

Mesmerize



Jennifer Sue





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MESMERIZE

By Jennifer Sue

Part 1

The job was thankless and often boring, but at least upper management recognized it's importance because the salary was double what similar positions paid. Lydia Templin was quite efficient as the research/reference librarian for a major pharmaceutical company. In this position she was responsible for indexing articles in scientific and research journals so that if one of the researchers in the company wanted information, she would be able to promptly obtain it. In addition, she was responsible for filing and cross referencing all research documents produced by the company.

When upper management decided to try to find a drug to control the unbridled sex drive of child-mo-

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lesters and rapists, a request came in from R & D for information on drugs that reduced sex drive in males. Lydia pulled up every listing of drugs that had references of reduced sex drive and then set about to dutifully cull every reference. One drug, TTX, seemed to repeatedly pop up but none of the clinical studies showed any consistent results. Lydia's sent all the information on to R & D.

Curious about TTX, over the next few months whenever she had a bit of free time Lydia pulled up all the information available on the drug. She discovered research done independently by several universities in which TTX had been tried as a means to wean drug addicts from narcotics. As in the clinical results of the sex drive reduction, all the reports indicated tremendous discrepancies in the results within the test groups. In the sex drive reduction of sex offender studies and the studies to end drug addiction TTX had achieved every goal in some patients while others patients met not even a single goal. Repeated tests with all types of controls resulted in the same extremes. At no time in any of the studies was there any middle of the road response. TTX had either done exactly what the researchers desired or it did nothing. None of the researchers had been able to find a clue as to why TTX worked or didn't work. Several researchers offered the opinion the positive results were because the test patient WANTED the drug to work and attributed the success to a placebo effect. Since the researchers in all of the studies could not find a reason for the discrepancies they had abandoned the research on TTX and moved on to other more promising prospects.

These contraindicative results made Lydia even more curious. Not being a professional researcher but having the where-with-all to do some skilled research,

Lydia began combing the reports on TTX. The only common factor she could find was the summation of most reports concluded the effectiveness of TTX had been due to a placebo effect. The frustration of not finding a clue in the many reports as to why TTX had such extreme results ate at Lydia. TTX kept popping into her mind as she mentally rehashed the research. Lydia assumed the researchers were simply not thinking outside the box. However, she couldn't find an answer either.

A few months later she received an e-mail about a YouTube video that showed a hypnotist putting a group of college students under and having them react to his suggestions. The video was entertaining and humorous, but she didn't really see what was so great that it had been e-mailed to her.

A week later she was again pondering the TTX dilemma when she recalled the video. What if TTX induced some type of hypnotic effect that caused the patient to mentally correct the problem? What if those who responded to TTX received VERBAL encouragement while those who did not respond received no verbal encouragement? Was TTX somehow opening the mind of the recipient and going to the basic depths of a person's mentality? Was it making them suggestible? Did it let the mind of the recipient unconsciously react to the suggestions and create the desired results? If so, what was the window of suggestibility? The answer seemed be that the drug was obviously psychotropic in it's effects. Somehow it opened the mind of the person taking the drug to suggestions!

When Lydia brought her insights to the researchers, they had chuckled and been quite condescending to

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her. After that, she vowed to keep her conclusions and suspicions to her self. But the idea that she was right ate at her until she felt compelled to prove herself right just to rub it in the faces of the arrogant scientists.

Part of Lydia's job involved going to the research labs at least once a week to drop off and collect reports. Thus, she was not an unusual sight in the labs. With daring, she managed to secure a supply of TTX. From her reading she knew the drug could be taken orally and with a bit of digging was able to determine a safe dosage as well as ascertain a probable window during which suggestions would be effective. All she needed was a suitable subject.

It didn't take much thought to think of a candidate. Allen, her lazy philandering husband, would certainly benefit from a good shot of suggestibility. Taking the TTX home, Lydia slipped some into her husband's coffee on Saturday morning, then waited twenty minutes for the drug to take effect.

"Allen," Lydia asked sweetly. "I'd really like you to stay home instead of going golfing. It has been so long since we spent some time together."

As in the past, Allen smiled, kissed her on the cheek, and hugged her. "The other guys are waiting and I have to go but I promise to make arrangements to stay home next Saturday."

Lydia thought her experiment failed and was near tears of frustration and anger since she wanted her man to stay home. As she forlornly watched her man prepare to leave she was surprised. Instead of grabbing his golf clubs and heading out the door as she had expected, Allen stopped cold in his tracks. It was plain to see that he wanted to pick up the golf clubs and go, but something was making him hold back. It became

clear that Allen was growing angry and concerned with his inability to pick up his golf clubs.

"Allen, please call the guys and tell them you can't make it," Lydia once more stated as she left her seat and hugged him warmly hoping against hope that the drug was working.

Allen shivered and it was plain to see a terrible internal war was raging. With a grunt he flicked her hands off his arms and struggled forward one step. The blood vessels in his temples were standing out due to the effort he was exerting.

"Allen, call your buddies and tell them you will not be golfing today," Lydia ordered in a firm voice. "You want nothing more in the world than to stay home with me. It will make you happy to make me happy. In fact, your main goal in life from now on will be to make me happy and do whatever I want you to do."

Allen shivered and shook as he fought to do as he wanted until finally he gasped, doubled over, then slowly stood straight. "Honey, I'm sorry," he apologized. "Please forgive me for being so selfish. Of course I'll call the guys and cancel our game."

Lydia was delighted as he dialed the phone. Then a worry hit her. What if the guys grew suspicious about his sudden change in attitude? She had to be more discreet. "Darling, instead of canceling, why not go today. Just invite the guys over here for a drink after the round is over. We can tell them then that you won't be playing golf anymore."

Lydia was anxious for next few hours as she waited for the round of golf to be completed. It was quite a relief to see Allen arrive home with his golf buddies pulling in behind him. Allen played a great game and the guys were more than willing to return to his home for

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free beer. What they didn't know was that Lydia had spiked their beer with TTX. Without comment she made them sandwiches and kept smiling while waiting on them.

When she felt enough time had passed for the drug to take effect, she began speaking in a loud firm voice. "May I please have your attention."

"I want to tell you that your days of selfish indulgence are over," she proclaimed when they all looked at her while she was boldly hoping they were under the spell of the TTX. "From now on the number one pleasure and relaxation in your lives will be making your wife and children happy. In addition, you will begin going to church as often as possible. You will become active in church affairs. You will never again use profanity or rude gestures. Even hearing profanity or seeing rude gestures will make you uncomfortable. Smoking will be something you despise and object to quite strenuously. Consumption of alcohol will be for social or taste purposes, not to become inebriated. You will be mindful of how much you consume so that you do not become drunk. Never will you use illegal drugs. Your hygiene will improve. You will shave every day. You will endeavor to remain as clean as your job allows. You will help with the housework. You will complete, as best you are able, home improvement projects that need doing. If Allen or I call and ask you to come over and have a drink, you will do so as soon as you can without destroying your other obligations. You will NOT remember that I told you these things. All you will recall is that you came here with Allen to have a few beers, that I served you sandwiches, and that you had a good time. You may resume your conversation as if I never disrupted you."

The men shook their heads and began to talk. Lydia relaxed, her fear that they were not under the spell of the TTX was erased. Much to her delight, all the men snuffed out their cigarettes vowing to quit starting that instant. Profanity, which had been a trademark of their conversation, simply vanished from their vocabulary. In sixteen minutes, all had left to return to their families whom they dearly missed.

Lydia waited patiently to see what would happen. During the next month Allen became a real go-getter about the home, finishing every project he had ever started plus some that needed to be started. Every Sunday they went to church. He became a model husband and perfect role model for their seven-year-old son, Stephan. The same was true of the other members of the golfing foursome. Their families were delighted with the sudden changes in the men. They had no idea what sparked the changes, but they were not about to look a gift horse in the mouth.

Once she was sure there was no back-sliding and no ill effects among the men, Lydia used TTX on her son to improve his manners, obedience, and deportment. During the next month his grades soared to straight A's and his messy room was meticulously maintained. He helped with the chores, never spoke back, and never used profanity. In fact, he became an ideal son and student which made him quite unpopular with the boys in his class. Lydia made sure he did not buckle under the peer pressure but continued with his new habits.

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All during this time she secretly used the drug to influence her husband and son whenever she wanted to instill a new desire or habit in them or to eliminate a behavior or habit she did not like. By keeping track of her suggestions, she realized that each dose of TTX took effect about twenty minutes after consumption and the window of suggestibility was open for about fifteen minutes. In addition, it appeared as if the person would accept all suggestions, even if it went against their desires and beliefs. Once suggested, the desired alteration took effect and no additional doses were required. With further experimentation she found she could cancel any previously suggested changes. She also discovered that the person under the drug's influence is open to audio suggestion by anyone, including television or radio commercials. This was revealed when Allen brought home ten cases of Rice-A-Roni because it was the best! Lydia was quite bewildered at his actions until she realized that a commercial for Rice-A-Roni had been on the television while she had been making a suggestion. After that, she administered drug only when she was certain nothing and no one but her would make suggestions and then took the added precaution of first instructing the person to respond only to her suggestions and orders. She also realized she had used TTX to virtually but kindly enslave her husband.

Lydia also slipped TTX into the coffee she served to her bosses and co-workers at the pharmaceutical company to make her working conditions better, to get good evaluations and raises, to get a better budget, and to get unlimited access to TTX. With doses to the researchers, she made them forget about her earlier suggestion that TTX had hypnotic qualities. She also ensured that the idea would not occur to them. Doses

also ensured that the missing TTX was listed as being as used in experiments, as out of code, or as contaminated.

During the next year life for Lydia became almost idyllic. Thanks to the never failing effects of the TTX, whatever she liked, Allen and Stephan liked. Whatever she disliked, Allen and Stephan disliked. There was no rancor or argument in their home. Allen's new drive and positive attitude, combined with inviting his bosses home for dinner where Lydia served everyone TTX, earned him promotions that tripled his salary. Since Lydia was an honest person she made sure the promotions and work Allen received and did were worth the increased salary. Since Allen's earnings alone were now more than enough to meet the needs of the family Lydia suggested to the powers that be at the pharmaceutical company, after giving them a dose of TTX, that they hire a librarian clerk. This clerk would handle the day to day drudgery of Lydia's job so that Lydia could go to part-time status while maintaining the position of librarian. By working an average of one day a week, she could oversee the continued efficient operation of the library while saving the company several thousand dollars. Naturally, they bought her plan. Lydia interviewed and hired the clerk. The first day she gave the clerk a dose of TTX. With the training done under the influence of TTX, the clerk had only to be shown something once to have the skill mastered. Within a week the clerk was up to speed, found her job to be the most satisfying job she ever had, and was totally loyal to Lydia. Lydia dropped to part-time status at a quarter of her previous salary while maintaining all benefits and perks.

All was not a bed of roses. Allen's worthless brother, George, and girlfriend, Hilda, on an all too

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regular basis, called begging for help to pay their rent or some other expense. Then came the day they were busted for drugs. They needed money for bail and a place to crash since they'd been evicted. Lydia had always disliked the alcohol and drug addicted couple and so was inclined to tell them to get lost. Allen begged her to give the destitute pair a chance to get their act together, especially since their minds were so burned out they could barely function. Lydia smiled as a plan began to form. She agreed to bail them out and bring them home. The grateful couple instantly came under the influence of TTX.

Lydia used TTX to purge them of any desires other than to serve Lydia, Allen, and Stephan. The Templin home soon began to sparkle as an alcohol and drug-free George and Hilda took on the roles of butler/gardener and cook/maid. This created two problems. The first was that their suburban home was now crowded. The second was that George and Hilda's friends kept dropping by to either freeload or to attempt to entice the pair back into the world of drugs.

Another draw-back to having George and Hilda as butler/gardener and cook/maid was that the two were constantly exhausted and often ill due to their frail health from the deprivations of their previous drug use. Lydia decided to experiment, to see if the effects of TTX could reach so far into the depths of a person's mind as to influence the body.

First she made sure she would be undisturbed while once more putting George and Hilda under TTX. Once their minds were open, she began to instill her orders into the deepest recesses of their minds, into the very core of their base instincts and impulses. George was instructed to grow eight inches and bulk

up to be a handsome Arnold 'Schwarzenegger-like muscle man. For emaciated, sickly 110 pound five feet six inch man, this would be a major challenge. Hilda was instructed to grow eight inches and bulk up to be a muscular and athletic yet very curvaceous and beautiful female. For a scrawny, sickly, 90 pound five feet three inch Olive Oyl-like woman, this would be a major challenge. Both were also instructed to be in perfect health, speak precise and proper English with a noticeable German accent, to have perfect manners which would include bowing and curtsying, and to act like body guards for the Templin family. The changes would slowly occur over a six-month period.

Some of the changes began almost at once. Within a week both spoke precise proper English with a heavy German accent and bowed or curtsyed as appropriate for a formal butler and maid. Their food consumption soared as their bodies grew and bulked up. Their health problems disappeared. It took the full six months for all of Lydia's deep-seated orders to be fulfilled. Fortunately, George and Hilda still looked like George and Hilda, just larger and more robust.

Naturally, Lydia was delighted with this new application for TTX. Looking at Allen, she decided that she'd like him to be taller, stronger, have blue eyes instead of grey, and to grow a thick wavy mane of dark hair on his bald head. These suggestions were soon in place also with a six-month completion time so that the changes would be subtle. Again, the changes began almost at once.

The week after Lydia began her experiment with the TTX on George and Hilda she had George contact some of his degenerate friends and invited about a dozen over for a party. Naturally, the prostitutes,

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thieves, drug-disabled welfare recipients and other assorted creeps assumed it was going to be a blow out so eagerly came with several others. Twenty people arrived. They eagerly accepted the TTX laced beer George handed out. Once all were in the TTX window, Lydia stepped forth. In short order, there were twenty drug and alcohol free people who were fanatically grateful to the Templin family. Upon leaving the Templin home each cleaned up their act and found steady employment. Each week they would check in with Lydia often bringing addicted companions who quickly joined the ranks of the drug-free. At each meeting Lydia questioned the former addicts and, with TTX to make things compulsory, offered guidance on how to be a better person. Once she saw the physical changes that were possible with the TTX, Lydia used the TTX to restore the health and minds of the ex-drug addicts. Each ex-drug addict was also implanted with the desire to voluntarily pay one percent of their annual income to the Templin family as repayment for getting the drug monkey off their back. To make the changes seem less fantastic, Lydia attributed things to religion and accordingly instilled in each ex-drug addict a deep faith in God and a need to worship and praise the Lord for their miraculous cure. By the fourth and last visit, the former drug addicts were well on their way to becoming healthy, happy, productive, upright, church-going, tolerant people. They would, after their first year of being clean, begin to donate one tenth of their income to the church they attended.

Lydia could not rest on her accomplishments. For each drug addict she cured, at least five more came to her to receive the cure. As a good person, she could not refuse to help them. To this end she formed a small

consulting business to handle the growing influx of drug addicts. Each signed a contract pledging to pay Lydia one percent of their income per one year as long as they remained drug free. With her growing expertise in curing the addicts and setting them on the right path, she was able to do the cure in one sitting. She also expanded her cures from drugs and alcohol to gambling, smoking, food, sex, even pedophilia. Of course, she made up a check-list of unhealthy habits to eliminate and good habits to instill. As her fame spread, people came from all over to receive her one-day cure.

Lydia answered all inquiries about the miraculous success of her technique by stating that it was due to her faith in God. The way she actually did the cures was to bring a group of up to a hundred people into a rented church or temple sanctuary. She had two props, one a large spinning pinwheel for inducing a semi hypnotic state and the other a large water cooler with a five-gallon water bottle laced with TTX. Classical music played softly in background. Once everyone was seated she began her cure session.

“You are here because you want to be cured of your addiction. I charge no upfront fee for this session. You have not signed any commitment. The only thing I ask of you is that when your addiction is cured, you voluntarily give one percent of your income to Faith Cure for however long your addiction stays cured. You can and will be cured during this single session, but only if you trust in God. It does not matter if you’re a Jew, Moslem, Christian, Hindi, Buddhist or any other faith, even Wicca. All beliefs have a powerful divinity and that is who will help you beat your addition. All faiths require a purification ritual. We will now conduct a symbolic purification. Please come forward, take a cup and fill it with water from this cooler. Then step in

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front of me and drink it. Drinking it will symbolically clean your body of it's addition. There is a trash can to toss the empty cup as you return to your seat."

Once everyone had returned to their seat she continued. "Now that you've completed the rite of purification I'll give you simple instructions that may sound ridiculous but they will be what makes the cure stick. Your lives will change. The desire for drugs, alcohol, smoking, gambling, sex, food, or whatever your personal addiction will no longer have any power over you. You will abandon all actions that lead to evil. This means you will no longer use foul and uncouth language. You will dislike to even hear foul or uncouth language. You will refrain from using obscene gestures. You will strive to be the best person you can be. To do this you must stay healthy. This means your diet must be healthy, balanced, and not overindulge. This doesn't mean you can't enjoy treats, it means you will enjoy them more because they won't be overindulged. You will also strive to maintain a healthy weight. Exercise will be a part of your daily routine. Joining a gym is not necessary but you will find a daily exercise routine with which you are comfortable to get into shape and stay there. Because your addiction will be gone, you will be thankful to your divinity and become a devoted adherent. Every day you will set aside time to commune with your God. If practical you will endeavor to attend organized worship at least once a week. Part of being thankful for your addiction cure will mean you will donate one tenth of your income to your faith or other suitable charity. Family will be a vital part of your new lives. Love is a two-way street. You will only receive love if you freely share your love. This means you will also care about your fellow humans. All your actions will be honest which will

bring you honor and respect. In all you do you will do the best you can do under whatever circumstances exist. Do all these things and your lives will be happy and you will feel content and fulfilled."

Lydia's words were timed to fall within the fifteen-minute window of suggestibility that TTX engendered. At that point she would point out the large multi-colored spiral that slowly began to spin. "Look at the spiral," she would command. "Watch it spin. Sink into it's depths. Let all your inhibitions and fears go. Open yourselves up to your divinity. You are falling into a powerful hypnotic trance. You will hear nothing but my voice. You will obey my voice and no other. You will remember all I have said concerning the changes you will make. If you truly want to be cured, if you truly want to make the changes in your life which I explained earlier, through the power and love of your divinity, those things are now a part of you and can never be changed. When you awaken from the trance, you will immediately feel the changes. Your addiction will be gone. The cravings will be gone. You will love the new you. This is all possible by the grace of your divinity. Honor and worship your God. **BY YOUR FAITH YOU ARE CURED! SHOUT HALLELUJAH!"**

Those in attendance shouted "HALLELUJAH!"

"You may now awake," Lydia declared. "Each of you can already feel the difference in yourself! Remember what you've experienced here today. Stay faithful to your divinity. You may depart in peace."

That was it. Short, simple, and to the point. Lydia explained it as spiritual hypnotism. As to why she was so successful when others could not duplicate her suc-

cess, she merely shrugged her shoulders and said her results were due to her faith and trust in God.

Twice a week, four times on each day, Lydia held her cure sessions. She hired a small but totally loyal staff of cured addicts to clean, prepare, and schedule the supplicants. Naturally, they were unable to reveal anything about TTX since they knew nothing about the drug and had mental blocks imposed to make them blind to anything that might make them suspicious that a drug might be used or to doubt that what Lydia stated was the absolute truth. The sessions were held within a two hundred fifty-mile radius of her home in eastern Pennsylvania so she covered a great deal of the Northeast. What surprised everyone was that there was no up front fee for the cures. All they had to agree to is if the cure was successful they would send one percent of their income to the consulting business as long as they remained drug free.

This business resulted in a steady influx of money from the reformed drug addicts who came from all social classes and backgrounds. In fact, the earnings of the business quickly went into millions of dollars a year. Lydia made sure that twenty five percent of the profit went to deserving charities. Fifty percent of the profit went into loans at five percent interest to the cured so they could set themselves up in businesses or at least get a home to live and a vehicle to go to work. The remaining twenty five percent became Lydia's personal funds.

Two years after beginning the drug addiction cures, Lydia decided it would be nice if the family moved to the country. Accordingly, they located an five hundred acre dairy farm and moved. George and Hilda remained as butler/gardener and cook/maid while two

ex-farm boy and two ex-farm girl druggies were tapped to work the farm. These four were reshaped into robust, hard-working, quiet, compatible, loving, married couples, Harry and Debbie Strong and James and Janet Greth. Just before the start of the new school year the move to the farm was made.

By November, the income from DRUGCURE had soared to the point where Allen was able to quit his job. The original farm buildings were remodeled into a modern manor estate. The huge old stone farmhouse was completely refurbished with every conceivable amenity. Every one of the eight large bedrooms had a walk-in closet and private bath. There was a big family room, a large game room with a pool table and a ping pong table, a grand formal living room, a large library/office, a formal dining room, a huge eat in kitchen, a large well stocked pantry, and a laundry. Several large storage rooms came off the well-lighted and ventilated underground tunnel that connected the house to the old stone barn which was remodeled to include an indoor swimming pool in the basement, an indoor tennis court on the first floor, a gym, spa, and sauna on the third floor, and a craft area in the attic loft. A five-car garage which held all their vehicles was attached to the barn above the tunnel. George and Hilda lived in comfort as part of the family but still had to continue their duties as cook/maid and butler/gardener. The entire complex used a large geothermal heat pump to centrally heat and air-condition the complex.

The farm itself was modernized. The two farm couples, the Strongs and the Greths, built and lived in rustic kit-built log cabins with all modern amenities. A huge heated modern barn was built to house all the equipment and animals. The couples worked the land

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earning more than enough to pay all the mortgage plus the farm upkeep, expenses, and taxes from the farm earnings, keeping whatever extra they earned. Harry and James worked the dairy farm. They also raised steers for beef, a few chickens for meat and eggs, and a few hogs for meat. A stream through the farm was dammed to provide a small hydroelectric plant. A small fresh-water fish farm was established in the pond behind the dam. They planted grains and corn in the fields to feed the animals and for human consumption. In addition, they had a large vegetable garden and orchard. Debbie and Janet canned and frozen fruits and vegetables, made preserves and jellies, and baked homemade breads and pastries.

All these efforts provided more than enough food to feed everyone who lived on the farm. It took two years for all the rebuilding and modernization to be completed. It was only then that Lydia removed the infertility command she had placed upon Janet and Debbie and replaced it with instructions to simultaneously become pregnant with boys and three months after the births of their sons to become pregnant with girls. In addition, they were instructed to be devoted mothers. Both women quickly and happily became pregnant.

In all that Lydia did during the years since she discovered TTX, she was very conscientious to make sure the changes she instituted became a part of the person's revised personality. Everyone was motivated to be the best they could be but at the same time made to be content and happy with their lot in life. In every case the people were far better off than they had been before encountering Lydia and TTX.

With things settling into place during the fourth year after Lydia's discovery of TTX, she began to ease off her hectic pace. The farmer couples, the Strongs and the Greths, both had a healthy baby boys, Harry Jr and James Jr, and three months later were pregnant once more. Lydia took the time to enjoy the better things in life such as shows, plays, concerts, the ballet, museums and numerous other such enlightened activities. Naturally, Allen and Stephan accompanied her. Despite all this happiness and luxury, Lydia felt that something was missing from her life but could never seem to put her finger on exactly what was out of kilter.

One night while attending a performance of the NUTCRACKER BALLET, a cute girl in a fancy dress caught Lydia's eye. The obviously polite, well-bred girl was a pleasure to behold. The parents, especially the proud mother, were beaming with pride over their darling daughter. This incident struck a cord of longing for a pretty daughter to pamper. Suddenly Lydia realized what had been missing from her life. She desperately wanted a daughter who was sweet, loving, and well-behaved! She wanted a sugar and spice girl of her own!

This greatly saddened Lydia since after having a hysterectomy it was impossible for her to have any more children. With great longing and sadness she looked at Stephan, wishing that he had been a girl instead of a boy. This was aggravated by the squeals and giggles of the Strong and Greth babies, as well as by the advancing second pregnancies of Debbie and Janet. With a sigh Lydia tried to give up the thoughts of ever having a daughter as hopeless, bemoaning the fact that even her ever faithful TTX could not give her the daughter she wanted even though she was sure

TTX could enable her to repair her reproductive system.

The reason for this was simply that Lydia did not trust anyone enough to allow herself to be dosed with TTX and receive instructions. In desperation, she decided to record a message for herself. After all, she reasoned, if a commercial could influence a person, so could a tape recording. Accordingly, she made a tape. On the tape she gave instructions to go into a deep trance. Then she told her base self to have her body replace the missing portions of her reproductive system. She also instructed herself for perfect health, perfect speech, hairless body and delicately arched eyebrows, blue eyes, flawless fair easily tanned skin, long straight fine blonde hair, and to have her body and face assume twenty-year-old Christie Brinkley-like beauty while maintaining her own image. All the changes were to take six months to become complete. She made sure to wake herself from the deep trance and insured that she would remember all that transpired.

Several times Lydia anxiously listened to the tape to insure all was as she wanted and that nothing would place an undesired habit into her being. After instructing everyone to leave her alone in her room for three hours, she dosed herself with TTX. Twenty minutes later she turned on the tape. Much to her relief, no one disturbed her and all went well.

The tape worked to perfection and the changes began. Lydia looked forward to becoming pregnant and finally having the daughter she wanted. While she waited, she spent a great deal of time with the Strong and Greth babies. She was four months into the changes when Debbie Strong and Janet Greth went

into labor. Watching the pain these women endured gave Lydia second thoughts about becoming pregnant. As she thought back over the last stages of their pregnancies, she recalled her own discomfort and awkwardness when she had been pregnant.

Serious doubts about the wisdom of her desire to become pregnant with a daughter rose. This is not to say Lydia did not still want a daughter. It was just that she had become so comfortable in her life of relative luxury that she didn't want to return to the agonies of pregnancy and child birth. Still, Lydia persevered. While Debbie and Janet were in the hospital Lydia took care of Harry Jr. and James Jr. When newborns Darla Strong and Jeanne Greth came home with their mothers, Lydia also took care of them. She marveled at how physically similar children were before puberty influenced them to become masculine or feminine.

It was also during this time that Stephan was beginning to prove troublesome. While still a studious, polite, and well-behaved boy, he was twelve and entering puberty. This meant that he became a bit trying at times. His former ability to ignore peer pressure was seriously weakened by his need to prove his manhood. The shit hit the fan when Lydia returned home from a day watching the two toddlers and the two newborns to discover Stephan in his room jerking off while reading Playboy.

Lydia flipped out. The magazine went in the trash and she angrily demanded that he tell her where he obtained the filthy thing. To the best of his tamed abil-

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ity, Stephan met fire with fire and refused to tell her. Finally, Lydia ordered him to bed without supper.

Allen was no help, since he merely chuckled when Lydia told him what she had discovered. His “boys will be boys” answer infuriated her. Once more she wished that her only child had been a sweet adorable daughter instead of an irascible son. After several hours stewing, Lydia decided to solve her problem the only way she knew.

After dosing George, Hilda, Allen and Stephan with TTX, Lydia began to question her husband and son. She was a bit relieved to discover that Allen had not gotten the magazine for the boy but was still angry since he had known Stephan had it. Stephan was forced to reveal that he had obtained the magazine from classmates at school. Lydia was furious with both males and recalled Allen’s philandering ways before she dosed him with TTX. In a snit she decided both needed to be punished.

As she thought about a punishment, she also found herself lamenting about the agonies of childbirth and pregnancy. Then inspiration struck. With a wicked smile she turned to George, Hilda, Allen and Stephan. In the past she had always instructed them to forget any changes she instituted in anyone. This time she decided to let them remember and understand the power she wielded.

“I have something to confess,” Lydia stated with a menacing voice. “I discovered a new use for a drug called TTX. It opens a person’s mind to the very depths of their being. Once administered, the person will do whatever I tell them to do, up to and including actual physical alteration of their body. I’ve been using it to make you and everyone else behave like decent hu-

man beings, to cure the drug addictions, and to make the physical changes that were necessary. Up to now I have been blanking this out of everyone's mind. As punishment for the smut, I am going to allow you to remember what I do and what I can do. As of this moment you can remember everything about you that I've used TTX to change. While I do not revoke any of the changes I've made in you physically or any of the mental demands that made you change habits and behaviors, I do revoke the instructions that you LIKE the changes I have made. You can never use TTX nor can you even communicate your knowledge of TTX. You can never do anything against me in any way. You are and always will be totally devoted and loyal to me. In fact, if necessary you will die to protect me. You can never discuss my actions with anyone but me, and then only when we are in private and I give you permission."

George, Hilda, Allen and Stephan sat still on the couch, sweating profusely as they nervously listened to Lydia. All the hidden memories flashed into their minds. For the first time they realized that she had been using the TTX to put them into trances to not only make them do whatever she wanted them to do, but to actually change them physically. Even worse was the fact that she made them like all the changes. They also now understood that Lydia was responsible for all the drug addicts being cured and for how everyone had been physically changed.

"George and Hilda," Lydia began. "I will not release you from your servitude or the changes I have made in you. I feel I saved your lives and made you better people. You have many comforts and freedoms, more than you would have ever achieved on your own. In fact, you would probably be dead or in jail by

now if I had not changed you. I want you to think about what I've done to help you while I punish Allen and Stephan. When I dismiss them, I will give you the opportunity to request that I again erase your memory of TTX and its effects. If you decide to retain the knowledge, I will allow you to request having me make you totally happy with the changes I have made."

"Allen, you know how I feel about smut and yet you allowed Stephan to have that trash," Lydia stated as she turned to her husband. "Also, your cavalier attitude about the porn tells me that while TTX has stopped you from having any more affairs, it has not stopped your licentious attitudes. For that, I will punish you. You will no longer be my husband. Starting tomorrow, you will happily tell everyone that you and Stephan will be leaving shortly to fulfill a dream you've both had your entire lives. That is to move into the wilds of Canada to build a rustic cabin in the wilderness and live off the land. Your reality is that as of this moment, your penis will no longer become hard unless I command it to do so. Your prized manhood and testicles will begin to withdraw into your body. Your entire male reproduction system will transform into a complete female reproductive system. In fact, your entire body will genetically transform into a female. You will look like a wide eyed innocent yet provocative girl. You will be a sixteen-year-old version of Hillary Duff from her latter Lizzie Maguire years with straight blonde hair to your shoulders and your name will be Alicia. However, your mind will not change. You will still be Mr. Macho Allen with a man's thoughts, feelings, and desires. I want you to experience sex as a girl with a boy. You will act like a bubble headed blonde teenager, especially whenever you are



around boys. The transition will be completed well before the upcoming school year and you should have your first period in about five weeks. As a sixteen-year-old girl, you will return to high school as a tenth grader. You will become a provocative, teasing cheerleader and a straight A honor student who excels in all her classes. If a boy looks at you, you will flirt. If he asks you for a date, you will, within reason, accept. If he wants to have sex with you, any type of sex, you will allow yourself to be seduced. You will experience multiple orgasms and be compelled to milk the boy dry. All the time you are doing these things, you will remember that you are really a man. If you become pregnant your child will be girl whom I'll raise as the daughter I always wanted. I may at some point decide to return you to being a man, but that will be solely up to me so I would not count on it happening!"

Allen shrank in his seat as he listened to his fate. All that Lydia had done with TTX was now laid bare for him to see and fear. With the removal of the compelled like of the behavioral and habit alterations Lydia had instilled in him, he grew disgusted with the sissy wimps he and Stephan had been forced to become. At the same time came the knowledge that he remained helpless and hopeless to undo those unwanted alterations. Even worse were the changes Lydia was now forcing upon him. To be forced to become a sexy, alluring teenage Lolita, forced to flirt with horny teenage boys, to accept dates with horny teenage boys, and to allow himself to be seduced by horny teenage boys was simply horrible. The thought of becoming pregnant by one of the boys was too terrible to even contemplate. Tears of frustration trickled down his cheeks as he fruitlessly tried to overcome the onus of becoming a flirty teenage Lizzie Maguire clone.

“Stephan, you too will be punished,” Lydia stated as she turned to her terrified son. “I will not accept a bratty son abusing himself while looking at women who have demeaned themselves by posing for such vulgarity. You too will change. You will no longer be my son. Starting tomorrow, you will happily tell everyone that you and your father will be leaving shortly to fulfill a dream you’ve both had your entire lives. That is to move into the wilds of Canada to build a rustic cabin in the wilderness and live off the land. Your reality is that as of this moment, instead of being a horny preteen boy you will become an angelic nine year old girly girl. No longer will you be Stephan Andrew, you will be Stephanie Ann. Well before the new school year begins, you will be fifty four inches tall and weigh a petite seventy pounds. Your skin will be unable to tan and totally resistant to sunburn yet be fair and blemish free. Your sparkling baby blue eyes will be large with doe-like innocence. You will have a cute little upturned button nose with a light sprinkling of cute freckles across your rosy cheeks. Your lips will be full and quite kissable. Your hair will be soft, straight, fine yet full, reaching to your waist, and be a luscious ash blonde. Your nails will be strong to resist breaking and cracking. You will live by the following guidelines. You will always endeavor to live up to the obligations of prissy sugar and spice girlhood. You will make your femininity flourish like a spring flower. It will be your mission in life to bring beauty and grace to the world around you. Being sweet, gentle, and compassionate are virtues you will cultivate. Through your courteous comportment and dainty dress you will be a credit to the feminine gender. Ruffles and lace and ribbons and bows will be your emblems. You will revel with true delight in the myriad

joys of being a sugar and spice girl. To be the embodiment of dainty girlishness will fill your soul with gladness. You will remember all that has happened and all that you have been up to this moment. Unlike your father, I will allow you to assimilate your past into your future. Once you are a girl, you will be able to adapt to being a girl. You will be able to grow to like being a pretty girl. Eventually, you should be able to prefer being a girl. But it will take time and you will have to make the transition on your own. I will not use the TTX to make everything right as I have done in the past."

Poor Stephan almost wet himself as he listened to his sentence. To go from a horny preteen boy to a prissy sugar and spice little girl was simply horrible. To remember all that had been and all that he was losing was horrendous. Tears of disgust filled his eyes as he thought about how she expected him to eventually adjust to being a prissy girl and even like it! It just wasn't fair!

"All right," Lydia proclaimed. "I'll give you one week to wrap up your male affairs. You will tell everyone that you'll be leaving for Canada at the end of the week. For the next two weeks you will remain in your bedrooms while your bodies change into the new feminine you. You will sleep most of the time, awakening only to eat and relieve yourselves and even then you will be like robots, doing as you are told without thinking. By the end of the two weeks, you will be the pretty girls I have described. At that point, we will begin your training in feminine deportment so that you are ready for the start of the school year. I will tolerate no questions or arguments. We will speak nothing of this until after your changes are completed. Now go."

Allen and Stephan arose and slowly walked from the room. Neither could speak of their grief or distress. All they could do was go out and tell their friends of their impending departure to Canada.

George and Hilda had listened with awe to Lydia as she passed sentence on Allen and Stephan. With great apprehension and fear they held hands in an effort to comfort each other. All she had told them about their lives and fates had been true. While they listened, they also searched their souls.

"Well, what have you decided," Lydia asked.

"I think I speak for both of us when I say that we want to remember all that has happened and all about TTX," George stated softly. "You were right to change us. You have not been unkind to anyone until today with Allen and Stephan. Your anger has betrayed your goodness. I think it may help if you have us to talk to about TTX and the changes you wish to make. We cannot use or communicate our knowledge of TTX, but you need help to shoulder the burden. We can give you that help, if you talk to us."

"I think we'd also like to be able to be totally happy with all the changes you made in us," Hilda added. "We'd like you to put that back on us."

"Very well," Lydia stated. "You will once more love all the changes I have made in you. I also think you are right about my need to share the knowledge of TTX yet keep it a secure treatment. As for Alicia and Stephanie, I will not change them back into males. I may make them happy with the changes, but they will stay girls. Now, we need to redecorate two of the bedrooms. One for a perky teenage girl and one for a sugar and spice little girl."

During the next week, the tale of Allen's and Stephan's departure for Canada spread. Also spread was the story of the impending arrival of Alicia and Stephanie, supposedly cousins of Stephan and nieces of Allen. The girls would be arriving two weeks after Allen and Stephan left for their trip.

The two weeks of the transitions were hectic. George and Hilda were kept busy nursing Allen and Stephan through the drastic changes. Both males lost weight and height as they changed into dainty, feminine girls. They sweated and otherwise excreted the excess body material that had to be shed. Naturally, the smell and mess was not very pleasant. But in the end, the changes were completed.

Part 2

Stephan awoke slowly recalling all that had been done and all the changes that were to be made in him. That he was awakening as a girl for the first time frightened him. Slowly he opened his eyes and looked about his new bedroom.

The doors and all the exposed wood were painted a soft lilac. Above the chair-rail topped attractive tongue and groove board wainscoting, the walls were papered with bright pink rose blossoms on intertwined green stems with glossy green leaves. The ceiling was painted a light pink. The floor was covered with a plush light pink pile rug.

All of the furniture was made of wicker painted the same soft shade of lilac as the woodwork. A vanity table with lighted make-up mirror was on one side of the entry. The doors for the walk-in closet and bathroom shared one wall with a five-drawer dresser. Beside of

the single window which featured a built-in cedar chest bench seat was a hutch type desk with computer. The dainty canopy bed with bookcase headboard upon which he was lying was centered on the bedroom's single solid wall with a small single drawer night stand on either side of the luxurious bed.

Upon each night stand was a delicate porcelain ballerina doll lamp with pink lampshade. Under a glass dome to the outside of the ballerina lamp on one-night stand was an exquisite ballerina music box. On the other night stand a gaily decorated carousel music box under a glass dome occupied the similar space.

The window was decorated with pink satin pull back drapes covered by pink sheer lace Priscilla curtains. The skirts about the vanity table, the canopy of the bed, the coverlet upon the bed, and the cushion of the built-in window seat were made of pink satin overlaid with pink lace to match the drapes and curtains.

Pretty collector series dolls were charmingly displayed upon the tops of the dresser and upon the headstand of the bed. Upon the pillow of the bed, right beside his head, rested an adorable cuddly pink furry stuffed kitten. The top of the desk also served as a display for the spirited AMERICAN GIRL dolls, the entire series of AMERICAN GIRL books, and the tiny wardrobes that held the various period costumes for the adorable dolls.

All in all, it would have been virtually impossible for the bedroom to be any more feminine. Stephan looked forlornly about the room several times drinking in the absolute girlishness that surrounded him while sadly knowing that this would be his destiny for at least the next several years and possibly for the rest of his life.

That thought made him shiver and remember his mother's description of the girl he was to become. A tear came to his eye as he sensed his missing masculinity. Yet strangely, the sense of loss was not as intense or offensive as he thought it should be. This puzzled him and made him wonder if perhaps he had not been changed into a real girl. There was only one way to find out what had happened to him.

With a sigh he threw back the covers and peered down at himself. What he saw was a slender girl's body clad in an ankle length pink light soft poly flannel nightgown trimmed at the yoke with lace and pink ribbons. A V of ruffles went from mid chest up and over the shoulders. The wide ruffles were edged in lace and fluttered over the luxurious full sleeves. The sleeves were cuffed in wide lace edged ruffles. Below the cuffs his hands were small and delicate with well manicured, pink polished nails. As he moved his head he could feel and see his long, soft, straight ash blonde hair tumbling across his shoulders to his waist. To make sure he was looking at himself he wriggled his toes and noted that the glistening pink polish on his toe nails matched that upon his fingernails.

The only thing that was remotely familiar was feeling the call of a full bladder. Yet even this was quite different. For the past year almost every morning he had awakened to a full bladder and an accompanying piss hard-on, one of the signs of approaching manhood. This time the safe, confident sensation of an erection was absent. Not feeling the familiar hard-on painfully indicated that his mind had indeed changed him into a little girl by order of his mother's TTX impelled instructions. For a moment he was tempted to reach down between his legs to seek out the little girl vagina that should have replaced his once proud man-

hood. His hands would not obey, they didn't want to know the truth. Yet again he wondered at why he was not more upset about the loss of his proud masculinity. Before the change, during that last week when he was telling everyone that he was going with his father to Canada he had cried himself to sleep bemoaning the loss of his boyhood. Yet now that it had been lost, the urgency and apprehension he had felt was gone. Granted, he was not happy to suddenly be a girl, but it was not the terrible horror he had envisioned. For a moment he wondered if his mother had ordered him not to miss his boyhood, but he could clearly recall that she had specifically wanted him to remember the past.

Repressing a shudder of confusion, he sat up and swung his legs over the side of the bed. Upon standing up Stephan immediately noticed that, just as his mother had ordered, he had become much smaller and delicate. His bladder uncomfortably reminded him that it was still full, so with a sigh of fatalistic acquiescence, he padded to the bathroom to answer nature's call. The familiar tent that normally would have been created in his boy's PJs by a reassuring piss erection was quite obviously not duplicated in his frilly nightie as he nervously made his way to the toilet. Out of habit he lifted the toilet lid and seat and began fumbling at his groin for the old familiar flesh hose. With his face turning red he realized that the nightie did not have a fly through which to fish out his manhood. Then he blushed an even deeper shade of crimson as he realized there was nothing between his legs to pull out!

The unhappy discovery made him realize that he had indeed become a little nine-year-old girl. Yet even now that the loss of his boyhood was confirmed he was not overly upset. Sure, he missed being a boy, but

something else was missing as well. Suddenly it hit him, What was the right and need to be angry and upset by the loss of his boyhood! He wasn't angry or upset! By all rights he should be furious! What took away that anger and anguish? Standing before the toilet he pondered this paradox until his bladder once more demanded relief.

Brought back to reality, the seemingly simple natural task of taking a piss was now going to be much different without the familiar flesh to hold and aim the golden stream. Awkwardly he turned about and fumbled with the full skirt of his nightie raising it until he could reach his soft pink cotton panties. After taking a deep breath and steeling himself to see his much-changed groin, he carefully slipped the lace trimmed panties past his knees. Even though he didn't want to look, his eyes were drawn to his now exposed groin.

By all rights what he saw should have had tears of frustration fill his eyes. Gone was his often impertinent cock and the surrounding curly brown pubic hair that had marked his entry into male puberty. In its place was a soft, hairless vertical slit, the slit that led to the opening of his new femininity. All the pleasurable imaginative dreams of someday sticking his dick into a soft, yielding pussy ruptured as he realized that from now on he would be the one receiving a hard cock stuck into his soft, yielding wet pussy! The goosebumps that formed on his soft white flesh could have been caused by the slight chill in the air or the horror of confronting his girlhood.

As he continued to stare at the unwanted access to his vagina, he felt a weight lifting from his shoulders. Suddenly Stephan realized that the reason he wasn't

upset and angry was because the need and desire to use a penis were gone from his being! Without the raging testosterone flooding his body, he had returned to the prepubertal existence where the ability to function sexually was not a factor in one's daily life. At age nine a boy's penis was not a sexual tool that brought pleasure. It was simply a mark of being male and a convenient way to take a piss! Prepubertal girls had no estrogen pumping through their bodies so they too were in the same non-sexual world as prepubertal boys! Thus a vagina was not a sexual tool to nine year old girls. Since he was only nine years old why should he be indignant over the loss of his penis?

The fullness of his bladder impatiently reminded him why he was in the bathroom. For a moment Stephan was flustered. He'd never taken the time to think about how a girl relieved her bladder. The pressure to relieve his bladder, he could tell, was centered in his girlish slit. That meant he had to sit to take a leak. Carefully holding the frilly skirt of his nightie out of the way he sat upon the commode and released the voluminous fabric to cascade about his legs. Immediately he noticed a comforting warmth as the fabric covered his exposed legs and groin. At least, he thought, this was one nice thing about being a girl. He'd be warm while taking a piss.

With a sigh of uncertainty Stephan tentatively relaxed the muscles inside his slit that held back the discharge of his bladder. With a tiny spurt, the golden fluid shot out of his youthful girlish slit. The new girl quickly learned an embarrassing lesson. With his thighs touching, the urine had no path into the toilet bowl. This caused him to gasp in surprise and shock and jump a bit on the seat as he instinctively cut off the flow. The shock and confusion quickly passed as he re-

alized that his old familiar penis wasn't dangling down to point the stream of piss into the bowl. His saturated closed thighs reinforced that harsh lesson.

Fortunately he hadn't released enough urine to wet his nightie. With a nervous giggle of relief he lifted the skirt of his nightie. Using tissues, he gingerly dabbed away the embarrassing wetness. Stephan had just learned the hard way that he needed to keep his thighs slightly parted while releasing his bladder. After letting the hem of his night gown drop back over his legs he leaned over to the sink to rinse his hands. Reaching for the towel he dried his hands, made sure his legs were spread, then took a deep breath and tentatively once more relaxed the muscles of his bladder. This time the golden fluid erupted from his girlish slit to tinkle sweetly into the water at the bottom of the bowl. Stephan sighed with relief.

Once he was done there came another unexpected experience. Instead of merely shaking off his wang and stuffing it back inside his jockey shorts he had to daintily dab the hairless pubes of his femininity to dry off the excess wetness. Once this delicate task was completed, he stood, tugged his panties back into place, then rearranged the skirt of his nightgown to restore his feminine modesty.

It was only as he once more washed his hands that the full impact of the undesired sex change hit home. The dispiriting experience of going to the bathroom as a girl was now compounded by peering into the mirror above the sink. Looking back at him he saw an angelic, blue-eyed innocent blonde girl that he instinctively knew was him. With a shiver he understood for the first time that Stephan now existed only in his memories. Stephanie Ann had taken his place. It was

no longer appropriate for him to think of himself with masculine pronouns like his, him, and he. Stephanie Ann was a girl and thus had to be considered as hers, her, and she. Stephan sighed wearily. "I really am a girl now," he whispered in awe at his reflection. "I'm a girl. A cute girl. I'm wearing my pretty nightgown and I'll be changing into a pretty dress. I'm a girl..."

Something clicked in Stephan's mind and Stephanie Ann came into existence. She tentatively smiled at her reflection. "Well, girl, there's nothing you can do to change what has been done so you better just make the best of it," she told herself. "Mom... Aunt Lydia has made me into a sweet, prissy girl. I'll get nowhere fighting it, so I might as well make the best of my new life. Besides, I don't feel like fighting it. It might be fun being a prissy girl. I certainly won't have to worry about anyone calling me a sissy!"

With a giggle of delight and with new resolve, Stephanie Ann stood tall and smiled at her reflection. She was pretty and the night gown did feel rather nice, so why not have fun with her new existence. With a giggle of nervous anticipation she spun in a circle, thrilling to the way the skirt of her nightgown flared out.

Allen instantly awoke to full consciousness with the knowledge that the two-week transition was completed. Without moving he knew he had changed, that his familiar strength as well as the normal aches and pains of middle age had been replaced by an unfamiliar but quite comfortable sense of resilience and suppleness. Without opening his eyes, he could also tell

that he was lying in a soft bed in a sunlit room. Slowly he opened his eyes to note that he was lying in a four-poster bed with a pink satin sheet pulled up to his chin. Glancing down at his chest, he saw the outline of the twin mounds that were his firm full youthful all too girlish breasts rising and falling with his breathing. A shiver of anguish passed through him as he slowly raised his hands to touch the soft breasts, to make sure they were really a part of his body. The gentle touch of his fingers against the smooth flesh sent an instantaneous tingle of delight to his confused brain. An instant later he could feel his nipples swell and stiffen in response to the exploratory touch. At the same time, a pleasant warmth began deep in his crotch.

This really confused him. Mentally he felt the old familiar need to have sex yet it was quite different, even weird. The deviation was much greater than he thought could be attributed to his apparent sex-change. Suddenly he realized the remaining difference was his age. As a married man the urge to have sex meant making out with his wife... if he could get her in the mood. When he had been a sixteen-year-old boy the urge to have sex meant jerking off while fantasizing about gorgeous babes and what he'd like to do to them. The urge to have sex now was to jerk off thinking about buxom babes! Obviously, that was now quite impossible since it appeared his body had obeyed Lydia's commands and he had turned himself into a winsome sixteen-year-old girl!

While these thoughts ran through his astounded mind he unconsciously allowed his hands to continue to the twin peaks of his breasts where he encountered the super-sensitive twin nipples. The touch was like a jolt of electric which caused him to sharply draw in his breath. For a moment all thinking ceased as the raw

lust in his body temporarily took control. The need to explore his new sexuality was of the utmost importance. Thus, he pinched the nipples between his thumb and finger, gently rolling the turgid flesh back and forth. This sent waves of delight cascading throughout his body which caused him to arch his back and moan in delight. The pleasant warmth in his groin became an intense and demanding itch. On a mature adult level his former masculine mind realized with horror that he was turning himself on and in the beginning stage of female masturbation! To his growing horror he realized that the passion-crazed rejuvenated teenage male inside his mind demanded sexual release. But jerking off was impossible! At the same time the innocent but lusty new teenage girl inside his body was delirious with the sensations of growing feminine sexual pleasure and demanded more. While one hand remained playing with his perky breasts, the other slid down between his soft, fleshy thighs to the soft curly hot nest that lay at the junction of his legs. A gentle squeeze of his groin sent waves of near orgasmic delight throughout his body.

Sensing through his hand the adult masculine mind recognized the girlish feel of the groin and sensed the unspoken achy loss of the familiar cock and balls while at the same time knowing that the touch would drive the girl wild. The rejuvenated teenage boy was too excited by the prospect of getting into a cute girl's panties regardless of the fact that it was his own panties to stop himself from exploring further. The awakening teenage girl began to moan and wriggle her hips, arching her back as she sought to quench the blazing fire in her tummy. Allen watched his actions with growing horror as his fingers entered the warm, moist nest and sought out the source of the sexual demands. In sec-

onds he found and began to caress his super-sensitive clitoris. That was all it took to send off skyrockets and bombs as the burgeoning teenage girl he was becoming instantly went into a tremendous first orgasm. After that, there was no hope of control as he diddled himself to uncounted orgasms.

It was a good half hour later when Allen awoke for a second time. The blankets had been thrashed off the bed. The unmistakable scent of a satiated horny woman filled the air. Looking down he saw Alicia's sensuous sixteen-year-old body sprawled upon the bed. Her pointed nipples were centered in the perfect cones of her firm B cup breasts. There was not an ounce of fat on her sinewy, supple sexy body. The first impulse he had was to reach out and touch her delectable nubile body. Then everything he'd done earlier came back with tremendous horror as he recalled the stupendous orgasms. This more than anything else drove home the point that he was now a sexy teenage nymph!

At the same time he realized he had to go to the bathroom. Shaking away the horror of his unwanted sex-change, he sat up and swung his silky smooth, long, shapely legs over the side of the bed. The weight of his firm full teen breasts pulled on his chest and jiggled provocatively. Just that little sensation caused his nipples to erect and a pleasant warmth begin once more in the depths of his tummy. Allen realized he had to take his mind off his new girlishness or he'd never get out of bed. Looking about the room he noted it was decidedly teenage feminine. Posters of the latest hunks adorned the walls. As he looked at the near-nude posters, he again felt his nipples grow firmer and his pussy grow warm and moist. Shaking away his disgust at the all too feminine arousal he rose

to his feet to pad to the bathroom, but not without looking directly at the unmistakable bulges in the tight skimpy swimsuits the males in the posters wore. This further confused his sexual identity.

It took a great deal of masculine disgust and concentration to tear his budding teenage nymphet mind off those manly bulges. Allen decided to concentrate on an even more basic need, the need to relieve your bladder. Little did he realize that his normal need to relieve his bladder was one that would bring home the enormity of the changes he had undergone. As he made his way to the bathroom he could feel three distinct personas in his mind. One was his normal adult male self. This persona did what it had to do to get the job done. The second persona was that of a horny, sex-obsessed sixteen year old boy who's only goal in life was to get his horny rocks off. The third persona was that of a shy, timid, but rather bawdy sixteen year old girl. His... or was it her... bladder was full!

This seemingly simple task would now be much different without the familiar hose to direct the stream. Out of force of habit he walked up to the toilet, stood before it and lifted the lid and seat. For several seconds he/she apprehensively stood before the toilet. It wasn't until his/her dainty fingers once more encountered the puffy lips of his pussy that he/she realized he would have to change his past practices. It was now painfully obvious that it was now necessary for him/her sit to do the basic task.

After lifting the lid, he/she turned and sat. Tentatively he/she relaxed the muscles that controlled HER bladder. With a tiny spurt, the golden fluid shot out of HER nubile slit to saturate HER closed thighs. Fortunately it wasn't enough to wet the floor. With a frown

he/she used tissues to dab away the wetness. Like Stephanie a few minutes earlier he/she had just learned the hard way that SHE needed to keep HER thighs slightly parted while releasing HER flow. Slowly he/she once more relaxed the muscles of HER bladder. This time the golden fluid erupted from HER girlish slit to spray into the water at the bottom of the bowl. Once he/she was done there came another unexpected experience. Instead of merely shaking off his pecker and letting it swing freely in the breeze, SHE had to daintily dab HER femininity with tissue to dry off the excess wetness. This brought renewed arousal which he barely forced himself to resist.

After finishing his/her business Allen peered into the vanity mirror to see his/her new girlish face for the first time. All that Lydia had proclaimed about his appearance come true. Alicia was drop-dead gorgeous, a virtual teenage temptress ala Lizzie Maguire. Her hair had been gathered into perky twin ponytails on either side of her head and her bangs reached her delicate eyebrows. Her eyes were wide open and her mouth was opened slightly. Her appearance was one that exuded surprised innocence that would drive guys wild with desire.

With a shudder he/she realized that the boys would find HER feminine charms irresistible. Already he/she had painfully discovered that his/her body easily and almost instantaneously responded to stimulation in a sexual manner. There was little doubt in his/her mind that the sexy teenager he/she had become would not be able to refuse a good-looking guy's request for a date. A single tear trickled down his/her cheek as he/she realized that he/she would most likely get laid on his first date.

With all hope of somehow maintaining his/her girl-ish virginity gone, Allen yielded control of his body to Alicia. The newly awakened teenage girl smiled. Through HER eyes, Allen saw that the guys would be putty in her dainty hands as she posed, pouted, and flirted with the mirror. When he had been a teenage boy he had often wished to have a willing sexy girl like Alicia to satisfy his hot testosterone driven desires. Life would certainly be interesting for Alicia since she was every teenage boy's wet dream. Allen understood that although Alicia would put out for the boys she dated she would be able to get whatever she wanted from the enthralled boys. Of course, this was little compensation for the agony the mere thought of having a sex-crazed teenage boy humping his/her body caused. With a fatalistic shudder Allen knew Alicia would be quenching the testosterone fires of quite a few boys. Unable to cope with the prospect of being a teenage slut, Allen tried to curl up in the back of her mind and simply let her go. While he was able to give her free reign, unfortunately he could not stop watching and even worse FEELING all that she did.

While the burgeoning girl empathized with her adult male past, she was compelled by Lydia's commands to be a teenage enchantress. Alicia sighed and stepped into the shower and began to wash herself. In moments she was near orgasm again, only this time she playfully teased herself as she caressed her breasts and groin. Allen was horrified when Alicia close her eyes and summoned up the image of a huge, hard penis with a drop of precum glistening in the hole at the tip. Allen winced as he felt Alicia lick her lips with desire for a taste of that seed and moan as one finger slipped into her juicy twat. In her imagination she kissed that cock, licked it, nibbled it, and finally swal-

lowed it. Then she caressed the heavy balls and eagerly bobbed her head up and down the hot shaft as she nursed the manhood until the cock exploded, flooding her mouth with steamy cum. At that moment Alicia's torrid body exploded into a tremendous orgasm. Allen cried as Alicia's temporarily satiated erotic body crumbled to the floor of the shower in post-orgasmic delight and exhaustion.

An hour after Stephanie Ann had relieved her bladder she skipped into the library office. Like a happy prissy little girl she stood expectantly and waited patiently.

Lydia looked up in surprise to see the darling nine-year-old little girl smiling broadly. The pretty girl stood a mere fifty-four inches tall and weighed a petite seventy pounds. Her skin was fair and blemish free. Stephanie Ann wore a soft pink lustrous satin dress. The beautiful, dainty scalloping about the hem of the knee length skirt was made of two-inch-wide exquisite white lace. The attached eyelet lace trimmed organdy petticoat held the elegant skirt out 12 inches from her legs. The short puffed sleeves were drawn into snug scalloped cuffs of two inch wide exquisite white lace. The old fashioned scalloped collar was also made of the two-inch-wide exquisite white lace. Tied into a perky bow at the small of her back, the matching pink satin sash emphasized her trim waist below the princess seamed bodice. Delicate pink nylon anklets with rolled down exquisite white lace tops encased her slender ankles while glossy white Mary Jane shoes adorned her dainty feet. An pink satin hairband tied into a bow atop her head held her waist length silky

ash blonde tresses off her face. Stephanie Ann's sparkling baby blue eyes were large with doe-like innocence. A cute little upturned button nose with a light sprinkling of cute freckles across her rosy cheeks made her look adorably sweet. Each of these characteristics accented the absolute girlishness of the sweet young prissy miss.

"May I please speak about my change," Stephanie Ann asked as she dropped a remarkably well done curtsy for an inexperienced girl.

"Yes, Stephanie Ann, you may talk about your change," Lydia asked with growing hope that Stephanie Ann had already accepted her new life.

"Thank you for letting me speak, Aunt Lydia," Stephanie Ann began with sweet girlish innocence before suddenly going into a girlish pique. "But I don't like what you've done to me at all! It's simply not fair!"

"I'm disappointed," Lydia stated as she frowned at the cute but audacious girl. "I had hoped you would like being a sweet little girl."

"Oh I do think I'll like being a prissy girl," Stephanie Ann exclaimed seeing that Lydia had misinterpreted her words.

"Then what don't you like," Lydia asked totally off balance.

"I don't like being your niece," Stephanie Ann explained. "I want to be your daughter! I want you to be my mommie! Being your daughter will make us so much closer!"

Tears of joy filled Lydia's eyes. Unable to speak she merely nodded her head vigorously and held out her arms. Stephanie Ann instantly flung herself into the welcoming arms. Both began to cry.

"Oh Stephanie Ann," Lydia finally stated once regaining control. "I'd much rather you were my daughter than my niece. But it will be so hard to explain where you've been all these years."

"Oh Mommy," Stephanie Ann scolded. "Just use the TTX! If you could make fake records for me as your niece, you can certainly make them to show I'm your daughter! You can just tell everyone that I was living with Alicia's parents."

"Of course," Lydia exclaimed. "Well, my sweet little princess. I can see I'm going to have my hands full staying ahead of you!"

"Well, you wanted me to be all full of sugar and spice and everything nice," Stephanie Ann giggled as she snuggled into Lydia's warm embrace. "Some spices are a little zesty, you know."

"I'm becoming quite aware of that fact," Lydia laughed. "Now, my sweet little girl, why don't you go back to bedroom and quietly play with your dolls until Alicia comes down. I can hardly wait until she sees you!"

"Okay, Mommy," Stephanie Ann replied with a giggle. Then the bubbly girl grew serious. "I guess Alicia won't be too happy with the way you changed her."

"I'm sure she won't be very happy," Lydia replied. "But she has no choice in the matter. I also suggest that YOU keep your cute little nose out of Alicia's affairs and mind your own business. Now scoot!"

Stephanie Ann didn't need any more warnings. She remembered everything from her past. While she accepted her fate, she didn't want to push her mother any further and risk becoming like her poor father...

Alicia. With a polite curtsy she scampered back to her bedroom.

Once in her bedroom, Stephanie Ann went over to the pretty AMERICAN GIRL dolls arranged on the shelves above her desk. The dolls were all quite pretty and dressed in period costumes. Beside each doll were six books with stories featuring that particular doll as the heroine. For several moments she stood and stared at the dolls. Where in the past Stephan the only way Stephan would have looked at dolls was with disgust, Stephanie found herself smiling and attracted to the dainty dolls. The desire to play with the dolls was definitely present, but the bewildered girl had no idea how one plays with dolls. Just then she spied the latest copy of AMERICAN GIRL magazine lying on the desk top. Pulling out the chair, she sat down and began to read the magazine.

The magazine was of high quality and geared for seven through twelve-year-old girls. It featured articles on crafts, games, and activities. It featured a letters to the editor column, and asked a question that would be of interest for girls inviting girls to write in with their response. The responses in this issue were to the question asked in the last issue. Also featured was an advice column. Several short stories were included, featuring one of the doll characters. As expected, also included was an advertising section for the dolls and all the assorted accessories. Not only did they have period clothes for the dolls, they were available in sizes to fit real girls so it would be possible for a girl to dress just like her favorite character.

By reading the short synopsis of the characters included in the magazine, Stephanie Ann was able to familiarize herself with the girls from the stories. From

the colonial period, about 1784 there was Felicity Merriman, a spunky, spritely colonial girl from Williamsburg, Virginia with snappy green eyes and long, wavy, silky red hair that curled in soft tendrils about her face. From 1854 there was Kirsten Larson, a spirited pioneer farm girl with great inner strength from the forested northern mid-west with bright blue eyes and beautiful long blonde hair. From 1864 was Addy Walker, a courageous runaway slave girl of the civil war era living in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania with clear black eyes and beautiful brown eyes that sparkled and shined. From 1904 came Samantha Parkington, a bright Victorian beauty, orphaned and living with her wealthy grandmother. She had sparkling brown eyes that twinkled and curly long brown hair. From 1944, came Molly McIntire, lovable schemer and dreamer living during the WWII era. She had soft gray eyes, wire rim glasses, and long wavy brown hair. There were quite a few newer dolls as well.

By the time she finished reading the biographies of her pretty dolls, Stephanie was thoroughly in love with them. She simply devoured the rest of the magazine. Then, taking Felicity from her stand she selected the first book in the series about her life as a young girl. Cuddling the doll as if to let her read too, she began to read aloud to the doll.

A half hour after Stephanie Ann returned to her bedroom, Allen/Alicia sheepishly entered the library to find Lydia reading. After a few steps into the room she stopped and timidly waited.



Lydia looked up to see her former husband in his new role as her apprehensive niece. The pretty girl wore a soft pink pleated cotton miniskirt trimmed with white lace that barely covered her well rounded bottom as it swirled saucily about her creamy thighs with her every movement. The dainty white lace trim of her equally short pink nylon half-slip peeked enticingly beneath the whirling pleats. Daintily sheer lace topped pink anklets disappeared into the glossy white patent leather of an adorable pair of flat heeled baby doll styled single strap Mary Jane shoes. From the frilled hem of the naughty miniskirt to the tops of the lace topped pink anklets was more than enough soft, hairless flesh of her smooth, curvy white legs to drive any red-blooded guy wild with desire. The short sleeved, off the shoulder peasant styled mid-drift blouse was made of a delicate sheer pink satin. The open neckline that extended to include two inches of the delectably soft, smooth creamy white flesh of her arms was edged with a pink satin ruffle trimmed with white lace. The flirty ruffle barely covered the full firm B cup breasts of the teenage girl who was obviously not wearing a bra. The constant friction of the provocative ruffle against her perky breasts had caused her piquant nipples to swell and jut out defiantly so that they were clearly visible beneath the sheer satin. Between the seemingly innocently sexy peasant blouse and the provocatively short skirt was the taut undefiled pearly flesh of her bare tummy. The dimple of her cute belly button twitched bewitchingly with her every breath. As if all that was not seductive enough, her long blonde hair had been styled in a most babyish manner. Softly curled bouncy bangs whispered against her delicately thin eyebrows. A part down the center of her head separated the full shiny tresses into

twin ponytails. These were formed just above and behind her ears, secured by shiny pink satin ribbons edged with white lace and tied into delicate bows. This created fountain of silky blonde hair that seemed to erupt from her head to scintillatingly cascade down to barely kiss her exquisite exposed shoulders. What really set off the discordance of the erotic/pristine image Alicia so naturally projected was her face. A soft hint of light blue eyeshadow made her already sparkling clear baby blue eyes seem huge with naive childish innocence. Baby pink lip gloss accented her all too kissable pouty lips. But what cinched her obvious beguiling femininity was the chaste yet provocative smile across her rosy dimpled piquant cheeks.

"That outfit really looks nice on you, Alicia," Lydia stated with a broad grin. "I'm sure the boys will find you quite attractive."

"Thank you, Aunt Lydia," Allen/Alicia stated in a soft whisper as she looked at Lydia with huge hurt puppy dog eyes. "May I please speak freely?"

"Yes, you may," Lydia replied.

"Please, I beg you, please, don't make me do this," Allen/Alicia cried as huge tears rolled from the corners of his/her eyes. "When the boys see me... they'll want to... to... make out with me."

"They'll want to FUCK you, Alicia," Lydia stated coldly with a grin of satisfaction. "Just like you would have wanted to fuck a sexy girl like you have become when you were in high school the first time. Just like you were encouraging Stephan to become a teenage boy who would want to fuck a cute girl like you are now."

"I know and I'm really, really sorry," Allen/Alicia cried as he/she lowered his/her head in shame. "I did-

n't understand before. Please, let me be a man again. I've learned my lesson!"

"Forget it, Alicia," Lydia replied with a cruel smile. "You will be returning to high school just as you are. I've compelled you to dress as you are. By now you know how easily aroused you are. Just think how you'll feel the first time a boy comes on to you!"

"I know," Allen/Alicia cried as he/she dropped to his/her knees to plead before Lydia. "I don't want to be f... taken advantage of by a boy. Please, let me go back to being a man. I promise, I will go to the wilds of Canada and live the life of a rustic recluse. Please, just let me go back to being a man!"

"Alicia, you will go to school just as you are," Lydia pronounced. "I suggest that instead of begging for me to allow you to go back to a man, you instead beg me to be put on the pill. Or do you want to become pregnant?"

"Pregnant... Oh my God," Allen/Alicia turned pale and clammy. "Oh God, I can't become pregnant! Please, oh please, Aunt Lydia, put me on the pill!"

"That's much better, Alicia," Lydia declared triumphantly. "I'll see to it that you're on the pill. I'll also make you a deal. If you are a good girl at all times and stop asking me to allow you to go back to being a man, in one year I will give you the choice to go back to being a man if that's what you want. Of course, there are a few minimum requirements you must meet."

"Oh yes, please," Allen/Alicia exclaimed. "I'll be a good girl, I promise!"

"There are two meanings for being a good girl," Lydia stated with a chuckle. "The first type of good girl is a proper miss who is sweet and obedient to her

elders, always doing her chores and homework, and always concerned for others. The second type of good girl is the kind teenage boys like, a pretty girl who likes nothing better than to make out with boys. I expect you to be both types of good girl. I will know if you are a proper young miss, but you will have to prove that you are the second type of good girl. The requirements to do that are as follows. You will tell me when you first suck a penis and swallow the boy's load of hot cum. I must be able to confirm your blow-job by the smell of your breath. You will not only tell me when you lose your virginity, you will PROVE it to me. You will also tell me and prove to me when you have a boy first take you from behind. After you have lost your cherry in each of these ways, I want you to prove to me that you have satisfied a boy orally, anally, and vaginally all on the same date. Only then will I consider you to be a completely good girl in the sense boys like girls to be good. Those are the requirements you must meet to be eligible for a reprieve from being a sexy teen nymphet."

"But that's horrible," Allen/Alicia whined. "You actually want me to make out with boys!"

"Now Alicia," Lydia chuckled. "You've already discovered how sensual your cute little body has become since you've become a girl. Just think how yummy it will feel when a boy touches you! Just think how much you'll love having him fuck you!"

"That's cruel," Allen/Alicia protested indignantly while knowing that it was all too true.

"It's the truth," Lydia admonished. "Besides, there is a catch. You don't really think I'd let you off the hook so easily, do you? No, my sweet little niece, by the time you have lost your three cherries, and done all

three with the same boy on one date, you won't want to go back to being a man. Sex as a male will seem so humdrum and drab by comparison to the sex you'll experience as a girl. You'll be so horny you'll want to get laid every chance you get! So by making you this offer to allow you the CHOICE of going back to being a man after you've been thoroughly screwed, you won't be able to give up the new pleasure of sex as a girl. Now, I don't want to hear another word of this until you are ready to show me each step of your exploration of making out with boys."

Allen/Alicia shivered and bit his/her lip because she feared that Lydia was all too right in her summation of what making out with boys would do to him/her. "All right, I'll do what you want," Allen/Alicia stated softly. "I'll even stop talking about how all this will affect me. But I can't let you do this to Stephan. Please, don't do this to our son."

"Our son no longer exists," Lydia stated coldly. "You should have thought of his future before you allowed him to have that smut!"

"It's your fault he did it," Allen/Alicia lashed out with a bit of anger. "You made him such a sissy that all the guys at school hassled him and teased him. He was only doing those things because you had suppressed his normal male development!"

"I will not tolerate such accusations," Lydia stated coldly. "Granted, I did suppress him and probably did make him seem like a sissy to his classmates. But if I had not changed him, wouldn't he have been even more like them? Of course he would have! You know he got that trash from the boys who you claim he should be like! What you're actually telling me is that if I had not changed him into a sissy, as you claim I did,

he would have been an even worse inconsiderate, slobbish male chauvinist pig!"

All the wind went out of Allen/Alicia's sails. Again, all that Lydia claimed was true. Stephan would have been an even more obnoxious male chauvinist. Tears of frustration filled his/her eyes.

"I suggest, young lady, that you think about what your future holds," Lydia proclaimed. "But to put your worries to rest, I have not put Stephanie under the impulse to make out with boys as I have done to you. Stephanie will be a happy pretty little girl playing with dolls for a few years before boys come into her life in the ways they'll be coming into your life. She will be going into puberty as a girl with all her girlfriends. By the time she's physically ready for sex, she will have developed a normal girl's respect and fear for the consequences of such actions. She'll be just like most of the pretty girls when we were in high school. She'll want to date and do a little petting, but she will wait until she goes all the way. She'll be a far cry from the slutty girl you will be!"

Allen/Alicia hung his/her head in shame and defeat. Once more he/she had been out-maneuvered by Lydia. At least Stephan would stand a chance. As for his/her own future, he/she vividly recalled the reputation of the class slut and how she bounced from boy to boy, putting out for one and all, during his first time through high school.

"Stephanie Ann came down about half an hour ago," Lydia went on. "She is everything I ever wanted in a daughter. She has accepted her new persona willingly and only asked one thing of me."

When Alicia looked up expectantly Lydia continued. "Stephanie Ann asked that she be my daughter

instead of my niece. I agreed. What we'll be telling everyone is that you and she are cousins, and just as you have come to live with me, Stephanie had been living with your mother. Do you understand how important it is that we maintain this story?"

"Yes, Aunt Lydia, I understand," Allen/Alicia replied softly. "I'll do all I can to protect Stephanie Ann."

"I should hope so. Now, Alicia, darling, I want you to begin learning how to be a proper cheerleader," Lydia stated firmly as she handed the flustered girl a box. "I have purchased several instructional videos for you to watch and use to practice so that you will be ready for the cheerleader tryouts. You may go to the gym, change into your exercise leotard and tights, and begin working out. In a few months I expect you to begin to teach Stephanie all about fashions, make-up, hair styles, and boys so you better learn about those things too. I've gotten you the latest teen magazines for you to read."

Numbly, Allen/Alicia picked up the box Lydia indicated. Inside the box were several videos and about a dozen magazines as well as a package of tights and a leotard. Slowly she headed from the room.

"Alicia, you forgot to thank me for the books and tapes and to kiss me goodbye," Lydia stated harshly. "After all, you DO want to set a good example for Stephanie, don't you?"

Allen/Alicia hung his/her head in shame. "Thank you, Aunt Lydia," he/she whispered with a bright red face as he/she walked over to Lydia and gave her a chaste kiss on the cheek. "I do want to be a good example for Stephanie." With that he/she turned on his/her heels and scurried from the room.

By the end of their second week as girls, Alicia and Stephanie had adapted to their new lives. Naturally the household and extended farm family easily adapted to having the pretty girls about. The happy mother/daughter relationship between Lydia and Stephanie Ann was delightful for all to behold. While not happy about being transformed into such a wanton teenage girl, Allen slowly submerged himself in Alicia's identity once he was assured that Stephanie Ann and Lydia had a positive relationship. Several times a day the nubile girl would slip off to her bedroom to relieve her pent up sexual desires. Just being near a big, strong man like her former brother but now uncle George made her breasts tingle with desire. Whenever she crossed paths with Harry Strong or James Greth upon venturing outside she melted at their rugged handsomeness and would have willingly and eagerly followed them into the hayloft. About the third day George approached Lydia sweating profusely and begging her to do something about Alicia before he raped the constantly flirting and teasing sexy teenage girl. Lydia solved that problem by using TTX on George as well as on Harry Strong and James Greth to make sure they were able to resist Alicia's all too tempting charms.

In order to vent some of her pent-up energy, Alicia really got into her cheerleading. At least three times a day she would watch and work out with the cheerleading video. The practice outfit she wore was a duplicate of the one the school cheerleaders wore. Alicia really looked hot in the alluring outfit as she bounced about the gym floor mimicking the routines on the video.

The snug hot pink long sleeved stretch lace blouse featured a light pink satin-lined bodice that revealed yet enticingly veiled Alicia's every curve. A loose fitting but enticing see-through white lace vest with a white satin belted back added to the hidden seductive mystery. Hot pink lace trimmed the swirling light pink pleated satin mini-skirt which was held out by an exquisite white Chantilly lace petticoat layered for fullness. Snug light pink satin panties were teasingly revealed beneath the hot pink lace stretch nylon tights that showed off Alicia's smooth, long, shapely legs. Hot pink on light pink saddle shoes adorned her leaping and tumbling feet. Completing the provocative outfit was a frothy hot pink lace and light pink satin ribbon hairbow which secured Alicia's high, bouncy ponytail at the back of the almost constantly smiling and giggling girl's perky head.

At least once a day, Lydia also instructed Alicia and Stephanie Ann in jazz and ballet dancing. The dance outfit the girls wore was just as girlishly charming as the cheerleading outfit. Alicia and Stephanie Ann were dressed alike, although Alicia's outfit was quite a bit more revealing and provocative due to her voluptuous contours. Alicia really felt envious as she admired Stephanie Ann as her prissy little cousin so freely leapt about with little girl abandon. The form fitting one piece pink stretch satin leotard had snug three-quarter length sleeves and a front and rear scooped neckline that on Alicia came dangerously close to revealing her pert breasts. Only covering their soft, rounded tush by two inches, the attached saucy fluttering pink satin skirt dipped gracefully in the front and back creating an image of soft girlishness. The cuffs, neckline, and skirt hem were trimmed in one inch ruffled eyelet white lace with a thin pink satin

ribbon threaded amongst the frills. Hot pink stretch nylon tights and hot pink ballet shoes completed the darling dance outfit. For a cover-up there was a cotton button-front pink jumper with princess seams and a gathered waist with a knotted tie back to adjust the fit.

With the aid of TTX the girls quickly mastered the basic steps. Lydia then began teaching the girls a few short dance routines. Alicia blushed to the depths of her girlish soul as she heard the titles of the three oldies Lydia had selected. Stephanie Ann knew CHANTILLY LACE, YOU ARE MY SPECIAL ANGEL, and YOU'RE SIXTEEN were oldies, but to her they were new songs. Like any other nine year old girl, she just giggled at the mushy sentimentality but felt drawn to the lyrics hoping they would one day apply to her life as well as Alicia's.

For the first number each girl added a light weight pink satin knee-length poodle skirt to their basic dance outfit. As the number opened, Alicia and Stephanie Ann were strolling leisurely across the stage from left to right as saxophones played a few bars of hard driving rock.

"HELLO BABY," drawled a deep bass voice.

The girls stopped and looked over their right shoulder towards the audience with their eyebrows raised in question and a bit of shock.

"YEAH... THIS IS THE BIG BOOPER SPEAKING," the deep voice continued.

The girls wrinkled their noses and flipped their ponytails as they turned their heads indignantly away from the audience.

"HA HA HA HA... OH YOU SWEET THING," the deep voice exclaimed with laughter.

With this the girls turned to face the audience, placed their right hand on their hip, placed their left foot forward, and tilted their head to the right with their eyebrows once more raised in question and their mouths slightly parted.

“DO I WHAT,” the deep voice asked surprise.

The girls dropped their right hand to their side, drew their left foot back, slipped their right foot forward, placed their left hand on their hip and tilted their head to the left with their eyebrows raised in question with their mouths slightly parted.

“WILL I WHAT,” the deep voice queried.

The girls drew their right foot back, removed their left hands from their hips to hold both hands palm up in front of them at waist height about eighteen inches apart in an imploring manner, held their heads straight with eyebrows raised in question with their mouths slightly parted. Then they bobbed their heads and hands once as if reiterating their question.

“OH BABY... YOU KNOW WHAT I LIKE,” the deep voice almost pleaded.

The girls smiled broadly, made big eyes, giggled, and began to flounce about in a circle about ten feet across. As they danced, they wiggled their perky butts which made the short skirts twitch bewitchingly and their ponytails bounce enchantingly.

“CHANTILLY LACE AND A PRETTY FACE, AND A PONYTAIL, A HANGING DOWN, A WIGGLE IN A WALK AND A GIGGLE IN A TALK, MAKES THE WORLD GO ROUND! THERE AIN'T NOTHING IN THE WORLD LIKE A BIG-EYED GIRL TO MAKE ME ACT SO FUNNY, MAKE ME SPEND MY MONEY, MAKE ME FEEL REAL LOOSE, LIKE A LONG

NECKED GOOSE, LIKE A GIRL, OH BABY THAT'S WHAT I LIKE," the deep, resonant voice crooned with desperation and longing as the girls danced.

With this the girls stopped flouncing about the stage, faced the audience, placed their right hand on their hip, placed their left foot forward, and tilted their head to the right with their eyebrows once more raised in question and their mouths slightly parted.

"WHAT'S THAT BABY," the deep voice asked in a hurt tone.

The girls dropped their right hand to their side, drew their left foot back, slipped their right foot forward, placed their left hand on their hip and tilted their head to the left with their eyebrows raised in question with their mouths slightly parted.

"BUT..." the deep voice stuttered.

The girls dropped their left hand to their side, slipped their right foot back, placed their right hand on their hip, placed their left foot forward, and tilted their head to the right with their eyebrows raised in question and their mouths slightly parted.

"BUT..." the deep voice stuttered again with growing desperation.

The girls dropped their right hand to their side, drew their left foot back, slipped their right foot forward, placed their left hand on their hip and tilted their head to the left with their eyebrows raised in question with their mouths slightly parted.

"OH HONEY... I AIN'T GOT NO MONEY HONEY..." the deep voice pleaded for mercy.

The girls wrinkled their noses and flipped their ponytails as they turned indignantly away from the audi-

ence and crossed their arms across their chest as if pouting.

“OH BABY... YOU KNOW WHAT I LIKE,” the deep voice capitulated.

The girls dropped their arms to their sides, turned to face the audience, smiled broadly, made big eyes, giggled, and began to flounce about in a circle about ten feet across. As they danced, they wiggled their perky butts which made the short skirts twitch bewitchingly and their ponytails bounce enchantingly.

“CHANTILLY LACE AND A PRETTY FACE, AND A PONYTAIL, A HANGING DOWN, A WIGGLE IN A WALK AND A GIGGLE IN A TALK, MAKES THE WORLD GO ROUND! THERE AIN'T NOTHING IN THE WORLD LIKE A BIG-EYED GIRL TO MAKE ME ACT SO FUNNY, MAKE ME SPEND MY MONEY, MAKE ME FEEL REAL LOOSE, LIKE A LONG NECKED GOOSE, LIKE A GIRL, OH BABY THAT'S WHAT I LIKE,” the deep, resonant voice crooned with desperation and longing as the girls danced.

With this the girls stopped flouncing about the stage, turned to face the right side of the stage, placed their hands on their knees which meant their cute little tushes were pointing towards the left side of the stage, and turned to smile at the audience while making huge eyes. With a flourish the girls giggled, shook their ponytails, and wiggled their butts, all in a most teasing manner. Then they scampered of the right side of the stage.

The next number was much calmer ballet routine. For this number each girl added two long sheer pink silk scarves to their basic dance outfit. One was draped across their shoulders with opposite corners tied

about each wrist and the other was used as a mid-calf length fluttering wrap skirt.

"YOU ARE MY SPECIAL ANGEL, SENT FROM UP ABOVE," a soft, sincere, longing teenage voice sang sweetly after a brief romantic string intro.

The girls came twirling out onto the stage with their added scarves fluttering.

"THE LORD SMILED DOWN ON ME AND SENT AN ANGEL TO LOVE," the teenage heart-throb voice sang.

The girls did several en pointe pirouettes with fluttering arms.

"YOU ARE MY SPECIAL ANGEL, RIGHT FROM PARADISE," the teenage male sang.

The girls skipped lightly across the stage with their arms outstretched and the shoulder scarves and their skirt scarves fluttering gaily behind them.

"I KNOW THAT YOU'RE AN ANGEL, HEAVEN IS IN YOUR EYES,"

At this point the girls stopped dancing to pose standing with their left leg straight and their right ankle demurely across the left ankle. They had their arms crossed across their bosoms so that the shoulder scarf was wrapped modestly about their torso. They tilted their head slightly to the left, smiled sweetly, made their eyes big and innocently wide, and fluttered their eyelashes.

"THE SMILE FROM YOUR LIPS MAKES THE SUMMER SUN SHINE," the teenage boy sang with great feeling.

For this, the girls danced in place en point with their arms held out so that the shoulder scarves looked like

fluttering wings. Huge, happy grins filled their innocent faces.

“THE TEARS FROM YOUR EYES BRING THE RAIN,” the teenage boy crooned.

With this the girls went flat footed and hunched over a bit so that the scarves mimicked thunder clouds while the girls pretended to cry.

“I FEEL YOUR TOUCH, YOUR WARM EMBRACE; AND I’M IN HEAVEN AGAIN,” the boy serenaded.

The girls went back to an in place dance en pointe and moved their left arm as if to embrace an imaginary lover’s waist while the right arm was raised as if to wrapped about the imaginary lover’s shoulder.

“YOU ARE MY SPECIAL ANGEL THROUGH ETERNITY,” the teenage boy sang.

The girls remained dancing in place en pointe hugging their imaginary lover and mimicked kissing him.

“I’LL HAVE MY SPECIAL ANGEL HERE TO WATCH OVER ME,” the teenage voice sang with joy.

The girls released their imaginary lover, stayed dancing in place en pointe, but raised and lowered their arms so that the shoulder scarves were fluttering over the spot their lover had been while smiling happily.

“YOU ARE MY SPECIAL ANGEL THROUGH ETERNITY,” the teenage boy vocalized.

The girls remained dancing in place en pointe but returned to hugging their imaginary lover and mimicked kissing him.

“I’LL HAVE MY SPECIAL ANGEL HERE TO WATCH OVER ME,” the teenage boy intoned.

The girls skipped lightly across the stage with their arms outstretched and the shoulder scarves and their skirt scarves fluttering gaily behind them.

“ANGEL... ANGEL... ANGEL...” a chorus sang to a crescendo.

The girls once more began twirling about with their added scarves fluttering as they slowly moved off stage to the right.

The third number was another jazz dance. For this routine the girls replaced the scarves used as wrap skirts with the satin poodle skirts and kept the across the shoulder scarves.

“YOU COME ON LIKE A DREAM, PEACHES AND CREAM, LIPS LIKE STRAWBERRY WINE,” another teenage heart-throb sang.

The girls danced onto the stage in a flurry of softly fluttering skirts and scarves, smiling with unpretentious innocence.

“YOU’RE SIXTEEN, YOU’RE BEAUTIFUL, AND YOU’RE MINE,” the boy announced to the world.

The girls posed coquettishly with their arms held down and entwined before them with the heel of their left foot tucked into the arch of the right foot forming a forty-five-degree angle. They tilted their head to the right to tuck their chin into their shoulder while lidding their eyes demurely and biting their lips in nervous anticipation of being in their lover’s arms.

“YOU’RE MY BABY, YOU’RE MY PET; WE FELL IN LOVE THE NIGHT WE MET,” the teenage boy melodically bragged.

The girls smiled dreamily as they mimicked being held in their lover's arms while dancing to a slow, romantic song.

"YOU TOUCHED MY HAND, MY HEART WENT POP, OH WHEN WE KISSED I COULD NOT STOP," the teenage boy complained.

With this the girls stood on their right foot with their left knee bent at a ninety degree angle so their left foot was behind them while their arms were wrapped about their lover's neck with their lips puckered.

"YOU WALKED OUT OF MY DREAMS AND INTO MY ARMS, NOW YOU'RE MY ANGEL DIVINE," the boy sighed with a happy heart.

With this the girls slipped from their pretend lover's embrace to tiptoe back a few steps with their arms held out to their lover. Then they raised their arms in celebration and began to twirl in dreamy circles with their skirts and scarves fluttering.

"YOU'RE SIXTEEN, YOU'RE BEAUTIFUL, AND YOU'RE MINE," the teenage boy crooned.

Once more the girls posed coquettishly with their arms held down and entwined before them with the heel of their left foot tucked into the arch of the right foot forming a forty five degree angle. They tilted their head to the right to tuck their chin into their shoulder while lidding their eyes demurely and biting their lips in nervous anticipation of being in their lover's arms.

Part 3

Four weeks after emerging as a girl, Lydia took Alicia to the school for cheerleader try-outs. Every red-blooded teenage boy in the school found some ex-

cuse to be on the athletic field while the cheerleader try-outs were held. As the football coach had learned through years of experience, it was impossible for his players to work out while the cheerleader try-outs were being conducted. The result was that close to a hundred fifty horny guys and the equally horny football coach were lounging about while the trials were conducted. The guys were far from silent, never hesitating to whistle or let forth with cat-calls as the cute cheerleaders and prospective cheerleaders gathered for the try-outs. The cheerleading coach actually encouraged this since the lusty attentions quickly weeded out those girls who would be too embarrassed to perform in front of crude boys.

Alicia wore a snug light pink angora short sleeved sweater that hugged her slim torso and accentuated her ample provocative breasts. A hot pink mid-thigh pleated cotton mini skirt swirled enticingly as she ambled to the registration table. A hot pink ribbon tied into a bow secured her bouncy ponytail at the back of her head while light pink cotton anklets and hot pink sneakers completed her attractive ensemble. The guys hooted and hollered and at least a dozen guys yelled out asking for a date. Several guys grabbed their hearts and made as if to swoon. Alicia blushed demurely, smiled, and winked at the boys, shaking her ponytail in a most endearing and teasing manner.

Of course, that was not the way poor Allen felt entrapped inside Alicia's sexy teenage body. The moment of truth was at hand. The once proud man now faced the all too real prospect of being laid by one or more of the leering teenage boys. Allen could only cringe in fear as he felt Alicia anticipating such a liaison. The unfortunate man had no power at all over the wanton girl's lust since he had willingly abrogated

control to her during the unrelenting, feminizing four week sexual re-orientation. All he could do was helplessly watch and unwillingly feel all that Alicia did and thought.

Naturally all the other girls were jealous of Alicia's curvaceous body and beautiful smile. Everyone assumed she was a sexy bimbo with no talent hoping her great looks would get her on the cheerleading squad.

The coach explained a few routines to the aspiring cheerleaders as a couple of the experienced cheerleaders demonstrated the routines. Then the candidates lined up in groups of five and did their best to copy the performance of the cheerleaders.

Everyone but the enthralled watching boys were shocked into silence when Alicia put the girls she was with to shame with a spirited and flawless repetition of the demonstrated routines. The drooling guys went wild.

Not believing that a walk-on sophomore girl could be so good, the cheerleading coach paired Karen Chambers, the senior girl who was captain of the cheerleading squad, with Alicia to demonstrate and practice some of the more difficult routines. While the two stepped off to one side and began to work out, the cheerleading coach resumed the try-outs with the other hopeful girls.

This presented quite a dilemma for the guys since they wanted to see everything at once. In the end, most watched Alicia and Karen. Several of the football players edged closer to gape at the two girls as Karen fruitlessly tried to find a some move that Alicia could not mimic. Alicia was easily able to keep pace with Karen, earning the girl's begrudging respect and admiration.

As the two girls paused to catch their breath, a couple of the football players got up and strode over to them.

Karen immediately brightened upon seeing that one of the guys was her boyfriend Jim Green, the hulking six feet ten inch, 280 pound center for the school's offensive line. With him was Dave Barnett, the starting quarterback for the football team. Dave, the most desired hunk in the entire school, was clearly infatuated with Alicia. Alicia blushed as Dave came on to her, and despite some nervousness, she meekly accepted his offer to take her out.

Needless to say Alicia made the cheerleading squad. With Karen's enthusiastic support, the rest of the cheerleaders accepted Alicia into their clique. This isn't to say they were not jealous of Alicia, but at least their jealousy was understandable. It was unheard of for a sophomore girl to so easily snag the most eligible hunk in the senior class. The fact that naive Alicia didn't even know Dave was the most sought after guy in the school irritated the other girls. What made it all the more galling for the rest of the girls was that Alicia had done nothing to encourage the main campus jock.

Saturday arrived much too soon for Allen. The poor man knew Alicia's date with Dave was also his date with destiny. There was no doubt in the perky sixteen-year-old girl's mind that she wanted to sample all of Dave's manliness. It was just after lunch that Allen finally managed to wrest control of the sexy teenage girl's body away from her. Quickly he scurried to Lydia who was relaxing in the library.

"Aunt Lydia, may I please speak," Allen whispered with more than a hint of desperation in his voice.

Lydia looked up to see the terrified expression upon the pretty girl's face. The trembling in her voice as well as her entire body language signified that Allen was in control.

"Very well, Allen, you may speak," Lydia sighed.

Allen/Alicia blushed deeply. "Thank you. Aunt Lydia... Lydia... please, don't do this to me. I've done everything you've wanted. I've allowed Alicia to be the flirty girl you wanted her to be. I haven't fought it at all. I've done everything you've asked. Please, I don't think I can handle this date. You know what will happen when Dave gets his hands on me... Please... don't do this to me!"

"It's the only way you will learn your lesson about what it means to be a girl," Lydia replied stiffly as she tried to keep up the cold front. "Alicia is the kind of girl you always wanted, now you have her... in spades! When Dave touches her, she'll melt in his arms. You will learn what it means to be a woman in heat."

"But I can't handle that," Allen cried as he/she dropped to his/her knees and clasped his hands before Lydia. "Please..."

As Lydia looked down at the cowering girl her heart melted a teenie bit. "I will not revoke what I have created," Lydia stated softly. "Alicia's destiny is to make out with boys. Your punishment is locked in, you will have to go along for the ride. What I will do, if you ask, is to ease your agony. I can give you a dose of TTX and tell you, Allen, to accept and enjoy all that Alicia does. Allen, you will watch and feel everything Alicia feels. When Alicia reaches her orgasm, you will forever merge into her psyche. Allen will cease to exist

as a separate entity but his every memory and emotion will become part and parcel of Alicia."

Allen/Alicia looked into Lydia's eyes with undisguised loathing. "That's simply horrible," Allen whimpered.

"The choice is yours, Allen," Lydia replied. "Either way, Alicia is going to get laid tonight."

Tears of frustration rolled down Alicia's rosy cheeks as Allen cowered. Alicia slipped back into control. "Please, Aunt Lydia, give me the TTX to make me whole."

"Ah... Alicia," Lydia chuckled. "My sweet little niece is trying to pull a fast one on me. Allen is the only one who can ask me to do this."

"But Aunt Lydia, he can't do it," Alicia exclaimed. "I know him better than you do. His stubborn male pride won't let him ask to be turned into a girl. Give me the TTX, then give me the order to merge with him when I reach orgasm with Dave. After you do that, call Allen to the surface and offer him the chance to cancel the order. If he remains silent, it means he accepts his fate. It will be easier for him to let it happen rather than to ask for it to happen. Please, Aunt Lydia, do it this way for all of us."

Lydia looked deeply into Alicia's eyes. In the deep blue depths of the young girl's soul she could see the truth in her pleading. "Very well, let's do it."

Moments later, Alicia sat before Lydia, savoring the taste of the TTX laced Coke. Lydia smiled at the pretty girl as the drug took effect. "Alicia, tonight when you make love with Dave, at the peak of your orgasm, you will totally assimilate Allen into your being. His every thought and memory will become yours. In prepara-

tion for this, your growing arousal will numb his male anxiety about going all the way with a boy. As a reward, you will no longer need birth control. Until released, you will be incapable of becoming pregnant. Now, let Allen come forth."

Alicia closed her clear eyes, and a moment later opened them to reveal fear filled orbs. "Allen, you have heard my orders to Alicia. You can revoke the orders simply by saying REVOKE. However, if you do, I command Alicia to become pregnant from tonight's tryst with Dave and I will never allow Allen to speak again. I will count to ten. If you have not said REVOKE before I reach ten, the first orders will take effect. If you say REVOKE, the last order will take effect. ONE..."

"Lydia, you can't do this to me," Allen exclaimed angrily.

"Two..." Lydia stated calmly.

"Damn it Lydia, I never agreed to Alicia's deal with you," Allen yelled.

"Three..." Lydia continued.

"You know damn well I don't want to become a slutty girl," Allen accused.

"Four..." Lydia went on with unrelenting calm.

"I certainly don't want to be trapped inside a pregnant teenage girl," Allen bemoaned.

"Five..." Lydia stated as a smile began to form at the corners of her mouth.

"Lydia, please, I can't do this. I don't want to become a girl or stay inside a pregnant girl," Allen begged with growing desperation.

"Six..." Lydia stated with a full grin upon her face.

"Damn it Lydia, you KNOW I can't remain in a pregnant girl," Allen cried as tears began to trickle from his pretty girl's eyes.

"Seven..." Lydia chuckled.

"You've made sure I can't stop you from merging me with Alicia," Allen cried.

"Eight..." Lydia laughed as she watched Allen squirm.

"Lydia, please... don't do this to me," Allen cried as copious tears flowed from his/her eyes to cascade over his/her rosy girlish cheeks.

"Nine..." Lydia whispered. "It's your last chance, Allen."

"Lydia... Please... damn it Lydia... Damn YOU, Lydia," Allen screamed as he struggled to his/her feet. "Fuck you, you sadistic bitch, I'll say it! RE..."

"TEN," Lydia crowed with obvious delight.

"...VOKE," Allen blurted out hastily as his eyes grew wide with fear. "There, I said it, you bitch."

"Yes, you did, my sweet little niece," Lydia snickered as she reached out to condescendingly pat the pretty agonized tear-streaked girlish face. "Unfortunately, you were a tiny bit late. I said TEN before you finished saying REVOKE. So, my dear sweet husband, you will merge with Alicia tonight when Dave sticks his rock-hard cock in your tight virgin cunt!"

"No... No... I said REVOKE," Allen whined as he realized he was trapped.

"Goodbye, Allen," Lydia stated. "Your time of freedom is ended. If you had not resulted to such vulgarities, I intended to cut you a bit of slack by letting Alicia's arousal numb you, but since you resorted to

such macho vulgar outbursts, I hereby eliminate that leniency. You, Allen, will experience every detail of Alicia's seduction and orgasm as the macho male you have always been. Alicia will be into control until Dave is sucking her nipples and has a finger in her cunt. Then you, Allen, not Alicia, will resume control. You will not be able to stop your seduction, your girlish body will be too far gone to rein in. Dave WILL have his way with YOU while Alicia watches. Allen, you will have to beg to taste Dave's manhood and his seed before he plunges his cock into your pussy. If you do not swallow every bit of his first seed down your pretty little throat, it WILL make you pregnant when it pumps into your vagina! At the point of your orgasm, Allen, you will forever merge with Alicia. Now, good-bye and good riddance forever, my wayward macho ex-husband!"

Allen felt himself being engulfed in Alicia as the perky girl once more rose to control. All protests and pleading were effectively silenced as he realized he had condemned himself to the horrid fate that awaited him.

"Aunt Lydia, this isn't fair," Alicia complained as she looked forlornly at her Aunt. "I want to do it with Dave, not let Allen do it!"

"Relax, my sweet little nymph," Lydia chuckled. "You will experience everything Allen does, and everything Dave does to your body. Your arousal will be just as enjoyable and delightful as if you were really doing it alone. It's just that poor Allen will be getting screwed right along with you. For a moment, cut off Allen's ability to hear."

Alicia cocked her head to one side. "He can't hear you, Aunt Lydia."



“Good,” Lydia stated. “Alicia, I wouldn’t be so cruel as to shut you out of your first sexual experience. You will be the one directing the action. You will remain in control throughout your seduction and orgasm. Allen will only THINK he has taken control when I told him he would. He will believe he has to do those things to keep from getting pregnant. It will only be when you merge with him that he will learn the truth, but by then you will be one and his agony will be his final punishment. I’m ordering him, without his knowing it of course, to be so wrapped up in his terror that he will not notice our little deception. Alicia, my precious niece, you will be free to totally enjoy making love with Dave.”

“Thank you, Aunt Lydia,” Alicia exclaimed as she flung her arms about the gloating woman. “Now I’ve got to get ready for my date!”

Allen helplessly watched through his/her sparkling baby blue eyes in terror-stricken disbelief as his teenage nymphet alter-ego Alicia preened and posed before the full length mirror in her bedroom. He knew all too well what the pretty girl wore. A skimpy pair of sheer pink nylon lace bikini panties barely covered her perky butt while the matching front closing pink lace bra just contained her pert breasts. Her pointed, already aroused nipples were clearly visible through the sheer lace of the bra and the sheer pink lace midriff blouse that tied into a knot just below her firm breasts. The tempting expanse of Alicia’s silky smooth flat tummy was broken only by the dimple of her cute navel. A one inch wide fragile pink lace ruffle edged the virtually non-existent legs of the skin tight pink denim

hot pants that accentuated her inviting curvy butt. Alicia's long shapely legs were totally hairless and silky smooth. The pink lace ruffle on her darling little girl anklets matched the ruffle on the legs of her hot pants. Innocent and utterly girlish pink and white saddle shoes covered her cute feet. Her long silky blonde hair was styled with softly curled bangs that whispered against her forehead and just kissed her delicately thin arched eyebrows. A part down the center of her head separated the remaining hair into two bunches. Each bunch was gathered together with pink satin intertwined ribbons above and slightly behind her ears to form twin fountain-like spouts of dazzling hair that seemed to erupt from her head, flare up, then spray out in a scintillating cascade to bounce and shimmy in response to her tiniest movement. Alicia's pouty lips were painted a hot, inviting pink to match her long brightly polished fingernails. No blush was needed as the healthy flush of her rosy cheeks was more than satisfactory. Just a hint of blue eyeshadow made her already bright baby blue eyes seem even larger and more pristine. With a smile of satisfaction, Alicia giggled at her sexy reflection,

Allen wished he could just die as he contemplated the unwanted imminent date with Dave Barnett. That Alicia would get laid was a certainty. The fact that he would have to beg to suck the horny boy's cock before intercourse or become pregnant made him feel quite ill. While he didn't want to lose his identity by merging into Alicia's personality, if he didn't give Dave a blow job he/she would become pregnant. To make matters worse, Lydia had condemned him into permanent silence if he didn't merge with Alicia. If he couldn't talk to Lydia about his hellish existence there was no hope of ever ending it. There was no way he could

handle being pregnant! Allen understood that Lydia had boxed him into a corner where he had no choice but to ask Dave to allow him/her to give the horny teenage boy a blow-job and thus end his own existence by merging with Alicia. All he could think of was how unfair Lydia was being. After all, he really had not done anything to deserve such cruelty, he was just being a normal guy!

“Alicia, Dave is here,” Lydia called up the steps.

Dave shriveled inside and fought back the tears of frustration as Alicia beamed. Picking up a tiny purse, Alicia winked at her perky reflection and headed downstairs.

Dave Barnett waited anxiously by the front door. It was quite obvious from the furnishings and decor that the Templin family was quite well off. To have landed a date with the cute niece of the family seemed like quite a coup. Lydia had been a gracious host while he waited, engaging him in probing small talk about his family. Then she appeared. Dave’s mouth dropped open and a very visible tent appeared at the front of his jeans as he beheld his date.

Alicia noted Dave’s silent approval and licked her lips in anticipation as she stole several glances at the bulge in the boy’s jeans. With a giggle of delight, she kissed Dave modestly upon the cheek which caused the boy to blush bright red.

“Have a good time, kids,” Lydia told the young couple. “Just remember to be home by eleven.”

“We will Aunt Lydia,” Alicia giggled as she slipped her arm about Dave’s arm and began to tug the mesmerized lad towards the door.

Dave's cheek burned with a fever where Alicia had kissed him. The touch of her hands upon his arm sent electric tremors to his brain and groin. The nearness of Alicia's sexy body made him shiver with barely controlled passion. Without any words but with a silly grin upon his infatuated face he stumbled out the door on Alicia's arm.

Allen would have pissed himself if he had been able to do so. That Dave was totally agog over Alicia was never in doubt. That they would soon be making out was not even a question.

Once outside Dave recovered and slipped his arm about Alicia's slender waist, marveling at the velvety softness of her flesh. The bulge in his jeans would just not diminish. Already his balls ached with need for the sexy girl. The dumbfounded boy was worried about what might happen if Alicia would not want to satisfy his needs. Date rape seemed a very distinct possibility.

Alicia slipped sexily into the front seat as Dave gallantly held the door open for her. With a smile upon her face, Alicia licked her lips sexily as she blatantly stared at the obvious tent in his jeans. Dave smiled and stood a bit straighter as their eyes met and Alicia winked at him. Dave slammed the door closed and scurried around to slip behind the steering wheel. With a spinning of tires on the gravel, the car zoomed down the driveway.

Alicia leaned over and rested her head upon Dave's shoulder while clinging to his arm with both hands. "Let's not drive too far," she cooed softly. "Why waste time driving about when I have to be home by eleven."

Dave hastily nodded his head as Alicia slipped one hand off his arm and onto his lap to gently tease the tent in his crotch. While not a virgin by any means, the

boy's mouth was dry. Never had he been so aroused by a girl. "A... Alicia," he stammered. "That sure feels good, but if you don't stop I might have an accident."

"Oh my poor baby," Alicia cooed as she soothingly patted the quivering tent. "We certainly can't have you wasting what's inside this cute thing, now can we? I think you'd better find a place to park soon though, because I don't think he can wait too much longer."

Allen could feel and sense everything Alicia felt and needed. Alicia's swollen hard nipples were burning with desire. Her pussy was sopping wet with lust for the handsome boy. Allen knew that in moments he would have to take over and ask to suck the boys rock hard cock. Allen wanted to puke.

Sweat was pouring from Dave's brow as he pulled into a dirt lane in a stand of trees. They had driven perhaps a quarter of a mile and were still on the property of the Templin farm. After pulling in far enough to conceal the car from sight of the road, Dave turned off the engine and swept Alicia into his arms for a soul wrenching French kiss. Alicia melted into his enfolding arms and welcomed the zealous boy as Allen fruitlessly tried to hide from the inevitable.

Alicia sensed Allen being forced to the surface to take control and beg Dave to be allowed to suck the horny boy off. It felt really weird as her consciousness split in two identical tracks. One track remained in Alicia's consciousness while the other went into Allen's consciousness. Alicia was able to control and experience all that was happening as well as monitor Allen's hellish thoughts. Poor Allen did not know that Alicia remained in control, he thought that he was in control of his/her actions, forcing himself to degrade

and demean his masculinity in order to save himself from a life-long silent co-existence inside Alicia's head and body. By doing Dave, Allen hoped to avoid the promised pregnancy and end his existence by merging with Alicia.

Instead of the dark corner he had hoped to hide in, Allen suddenly found himself eagerly sucking on Dave's probing tongue as the teenage boy attempted to drive his tongue down Alicia's hot throat. His/her hand was wrapped about the hard jean sheathed flesh in Dave's groin. As Allen struggled to gain some sort of control over his unwanted situation, he felt Dave undoing the button that closed Alicia's hot pants. Allen tried to buck the insistent boy off but instead only succeeded in raising his/her hips off the seat so Dave could tug the panties over his/her soft, rounded buttocks and down his/her soft, creamy thighs. Allen tried to scream but only succeeded in letting Dave's tongue tickle his/her tonsils.

The deep kiss took Allen's breath away as he realized he was helpless to stop Dave's assault. Before Allen could react, his/her panties were down past his knees, and soon joined the hot pants in a puddle upon the floor. Allen realized he still had a firm grasp upon Dave's penis, and as long as he kept that grip, the boy would be powerless to fuck him/her and make him/her pregnant.

Unfortunately, Dave had other ideas. While maintaining the pressure of the deep soul kiss, he began unbuckling his belt and tugging his jeans down. Despite his/her best attempts to maintain his/her grasp on the rock-hard erection, as the jeans slithered down, Allen lost the raging hard-on. In moments the entrapped man felt the burning heat of the manhood as it brushed

the hot flesh of his inner thigh on it's way to fill the soggy nest of Alicia's womanhood.

With a tremendous surge of strength, Allen managed to break the kiss and twist about in Dave's embrace. Dave's probing manhood slipped between Alicia's ass cheeks to touch her tight rosebud. Allen gasped as he felt the unwanted heat and pressure at his/her rear entrance. At the same time, Dave was not to denied as his groping hands grasped the jiggling mounds of Alicia's firm breasts. Skyrockets went off in Allen/Alicia's head as the undeniably delightful sensations of having his/her breasts mauled engulfed him/her. An unwanted but not to be denied low, urgent moan escaped Allen's mouth as the sexual frenzy grew.

Dave was past reasoning. Alicia had him so aroused he needed to fuck her NOW! If she wanted it up the ass, so be it. With his hands filled with the sexy girl's breasts, he shoved against the tight sphincter. Allen gasped in shock and drew in his/her ass cheeks in a futile attempt to stop the unwanted yet desperately wanted intrusion. Sensing the resistance, Dave instinctively began to nibble on Alicia's neck. This nibbling made Allen gasp with unexpected delight which relaxed his ass just enough for Dave to thrust his rock-hard manhood deep inside.

Allen squealed like a stuck pig as he felt the penetration. Dave stopped only when fully embedded in Alicia's hot tush. The couple lay together several seconds as they struggled to sort out the myriad sensations and situation. Slowly, Dave began to fuck Alicia's tight hot ass. Alicia was in heaven as Dave made love her. Allen's agony made the experience all the more erotic. She knew that if the poor guy knew

that he was merely a helpless puppet in this seduction his agony would be greatly diminished which would then take away from the added excitement she felt from Allen's sense of being violated.

Despite his distress Allen couldn't help but moan with undeniable delight as Dave humped him/her. The dazed man wondered how it could feel so damn good to be fucked up the ass! Yet even as he remorsefully reveled in the delightful sensations Allen recalled Lydia's warning that he had to eat Dave's first seed or become pregnant and stuck in Alicia's body forever. But how could he stop the insistent youth? Worse yet, now that Dave's cock was deep up Alicia's ass, how could he, Allen, ever hope to suck the invading organ?

"Oh baby you feel so damn hot," Dave whispered as he pistoned in and out of Alicia's tight butt. "I want to fill you with my hot cum!"

"Oh Dave... it feels so damn good," Allen moaned as he/she panted to catch his breath while unwittingly meeting each of Dave's powerful thrusts with a demanding counter thrust. "But please... don't come yet... I... I want to suck your cock. I want to taste your seed as it enters my body for the first time."

Dave could hardly believe his ears. This foxy chick was too damn sexy to believe. Here he was fucking her up the ass and she wanted to give him a blow-job! "Damn, Alicia, you got it," Dave gasped as he slowed down but did not stop his insistent stroking in and out of her tush. "I can control it a bit longer so let's just cool down a bit while we enjoy each other."

Allen was beside himself in simultaneous self-hatred and desire for this powerful boy. That the arrogant lad could control his manhood so effectively was

agonizing to the former married man. Allen also felt that enjoying the sensations of being fucked up the ass was a disgrace. The fact that he found himself actually wanting to taste the boy's seed was downright despicable. Allen took little solace in the fact that when Lydia had condemned him to this fate, she told him that he would enjoy having sex with the boy. Yet as the slower but no less passionate copulation continued Allen realized Dave was butt fucking him/her beyond loathing and beyond caring about his innate normal male fear of homosexuality. After a few more sensual thrusts all Allen wanted was to suck off the boy, then have him fuck his/her tight pussy, take his/her cherry, and make him/her explode in a glorious orgasm so that the damning ordeal would be forever ended in the permanent absorption of Allen into Alicia.

Dave finally pulled out of Alicia's tight butt and collapsed behind the steering wheel to catch his breath and attempt to control his urge to cum. Allen whimpered, shivered, and wriggled his/her hot buns provocatively at the sudden loss. It was almost in a pout that his/her abused no-longer virgin ass puckered closed. Slowly turning about to face Dave, Allen looked at his/her conqueror with fear and awe. Never in his life had he ever dreamed of being sexually used by another man. Never had he contemplated making love with another man. Yet here he was, still savoring the delicious afterglow of being butt-fucked while looking forward to giving the boy a blow-job! These illicit guilty thoughts of Allen drove Alicia right up the wall. Her own very feminine sexuality was so hot she was barely restraining her orgasm. She decided to hold off until Dave shot his load in her mouth, knowing that climaxing at the same time would crush Allen's lingering masculinity by the sheer audacity



that his/her body was so turned on by sucking off a boy.

Still totally unaware that he was being manipulated, with a nervous smile, Allen lowered his/her eyes to drink in the sight of Dave's wet, erect manhood as it bobbed gently in time to his breathing. The aromatic scent of Alicia's butt was very detectible in his/her nostrils as Allen found himself drawn irresistibly nearer to the musky wetness. Allen's lips quivered with repulsion and excitement as he stared at the open hole on the end of Dave's penis. A translucent milky whiteness, the handsome boy's precum, was slowly oozing out of the hole. A shiver of loathing swept through Allen as he forced himself nearer his horrid goal. In moments he knew he'd be betraying every bit of his transformed manliness by savoring that appetizing man meat.

Dave waited and watched as Alicia stared at his waiting manhood. The girl was absolutely mesmerized by his hard-on. It was only his need to control his orgasm that kept him from grabbing her head and pulling it onto his torrid flesh. She would do it without his help, that much was plain to see. With a triumphant smile he relaxed and let Alicia do as she pleased.

Allen saw his exhaled panting breath cause the oozing pre-cum to flutter gently. It was too late to stop. Allen wanted to die, to end his own life before he could further demean his natural masculinity. But there was only one way to end his agony, and that was to simply do the waiting boy. Suddenly an image of Don Quixote tilting with a windmill in order to save the fair damsel Dulcinea filled his mind. Allen saw himself as Don Quixote and Alicia as Dulcinea. The windmill was Dave, and the lance was bobbing just

micro inches from his/her face. Hoping it would be a glorious death, with a heavy sigh of defeat, Allen flicked out his/her tongue to gently lap a bit of the precum from the tip of Dave's lance.

The taste was electrifying. Salty and musky, so horribly male yet also so delicious! It was so atrociously delightful. Closing his/her eyes Allen leaned forward enough to softly kiss the wet tip of the quivering penis and inhale the musky scent of their recent encounter.

Dave tensed as he felt the first tentative flick of Alicia's tongue as she lapped at the precum. Moments later the kiss made him moan with undisguised pleasure and delight. "Oh baby, don't tease me, do it if you want or I'm going to fuck your sexy brains out," he crooned. "Suck my cock, Alicia, suck it NOW!"

Allen shivered as he licked the salty fluid from his/her lips. Why had Dave gone and told her to suck his cock? The crudity and urgency in the horny boy's voice ruined the warped illusion that Allen was a knight that had to sacrifice himself for the lady's honor and lust that had been enabling Allen to overcome his natural loathing of doing what had to be done. Yet at the same time Dave's ultimatum spurred Allen on to finish the disgusting deed, to become the faggotty cock sucker every man despises, to make his alter-ego Alicia become the cock sucking girl every guy adores.

Allen closed his/her eyes, steeled himself to see the ordeal through to the bitter end, and leaned forward until his/her lips touched Dave's burning flesh. Despite his powerful desire to do it quickly and end the damning ordeal as quickly as possible, Allen felt compelled to make the blow-job enjoyable for Dave. Of course, that was because Alicia was really controlling his/her actions and she DID want Dave to enjoy being

sucked-off. Besides, Allen's agony was a fantastic turn-on for the nymphet girl.

After a brief, lingering kiss on the tip of Dave's raging erection, Allen slurped the bulbous head into his mouth. Dave gasped and placed his hands gently upon Alicia's head, grasping the twin ponytails as if they were handles. "Oh yes, baby, yes," he mewed. "That's the way! Do it Alicia, do it! Suck me off! Oh baby!"

Allen almost choked and panicked as he felt Dave grasp his/her ponytails. Fear that the horny boy would begin to force his head down the hard shaft engulfed him. When that didn't happen Allen decided he'd better do the boy and get it over with as quickly as possible even though the damning order to SUCK ME OFF filled the former man with self-loathing and disgust. Remembering all the delightful blow-jobs he'd received, Allen felt, and in reality was compelled to try his best to copy the pleasing techniques that had been used on him.

Despite his misgivings, Allen carefully, in a playful manner, began to run his/her tongue over the silky smooth surface of the head of Dave's cock. When the tip of his/her tongue crossed the hole in the tip, Allen thrust the tip as deep into the hole as possible. At the same time one hand cupped and began to gently play with Dave's semen laden balls while the other wrapped around the base of the hard cock and began a slow, urgent pumping motion.

Dave gasped and dropped his head back onto the seat rest. "Oh God, Alicia, that feels so damn great," he exclaimed as he panted. "Oh man, if you keep that up I'm going to cum!"

That's the whole idea, dummy, Allen dismally thought as he intensified his/her efforts to make the boy shoot his load. With his/her tongue boring into the hole at the tip of the engorged penis, Allen drew in the sides of his/her mouth as he began to rhythmically suckle the despised but also unanticipated tasty manhood. Allen could feel Dave's balls draw tight and could feel the boy catch his breath. It was such a naughty but yet an exhilarating feeling knowing that he/she was rapidly bringing the boy to the point of no return. When Dave really grasped Alicia's ponytails to hold her head firmly in place, Allen knew the boy was about to shoot his wad of hot boy juice down his/her throat.

Allen was too confused by the hate/love qualities of what he was doing to Dave to really care. All the former man wanted at that moment was to know that he had brought Dave off. In seconds Allen felt the boy's already engorged penis swell and spasm twice. On the third spasm a steamy, salty fluid exploded into his/her mouth. Quickly filling his/her mouth, Allen had no choice but to swallow the cum or choke. Almost eagerly, he swallowed while continuing to suckle the head of Dave's cock, pump Dave's shaft with one hand, and attempt to squeeze any lingering cum from Dave's balls. The taste and smell of the boy's hot juice permeated Allen's sinus cavities. Allen knew he had betrayed everything he had always believed in as a man. Allen was mortified to know that he had become a cock sucker, a faggot, a queer. The only consolation he had was that his agony would soon be over. As Dave's cock began to soften, Allen spit the gamey manflesh out of his mouth in disgust. At that moment things became worse.

Alicia released the barely held control on her own orgasm as she savored Dave's orgasm and Allen's indignity. Letting the shrinking manhood plop from her lips while letting Allen think he was spitting it out, Alicia let herself explode in a body quivering climax. Allen was flabbergasted that his/her body suddenly shuddered into orgasm. The exquisite sensations in his perky breasts and tight pussy demanded satisfaction. Allen understood that his girl's body, Alicia's body, want to be fucked!

"Please Alicia.. take over," Allen silently begged. "I can't handle that!"

Alicia remained silent as she squirmed and cooed softly as she rubbed her body against Dave. Poor Allen was at a loss as he sensed his/her body trying to arouse Dave. The more Allen tried to stop the seduction, the more demanding of penetration his/her body became.

"Oh baby that was great," Dave purred as he pulled Alicia's hot body tightly to his. "Now, you sexy little bitch, I'm going to fuck you senseless!" With that he rolled Alicia onto her back in the driver's seat and slipped between her wet thighs.

Allen wanted to puke as he felt Dave thrust his tongue down his/her throat in a hot soul kiss. A cool wet trail crossed the creamy soft flesh of his/her thighs as Allen felt Dave's rapidly swelling penis slide across his/her legs as it sought the promised land. Sudden panic filled Allen as he realized he was about to get fucked.

"NO, Alicia, NO," Allen pleaded. "Take over, for God's sake, take over! I can't handle getting fucked on top of giving him a blow-job!"

It was too late, for the probing head of Dave's manhood found it's way to the soft, blonde thatch of

Alicia's lovenest. Allen wanted to squirm out from beneath Dave's oppressing, insistent body and so desperately ordered his/her body to wriggle free. Alicia was delighted since she eagerly directed her body to wriggle. Much to Allen's growing terror, as he twisted his/her body beneath Dave, the determined boy dropped right into the valley between Alicia's thighs. Horrifically Allen felt Dave's hard rod find the hot wet hole it was searching for and force itself inside.

Allen's world went white in combined pain, shame, terror, and orgasmic delight as he felt his/her cherry being popped by the insistent cock that was driving deeply into the most intimate spot on his/her body. Dave only stroked twice before his body shuddered and his swollen cock began to spit it's male venom deep into Alicia's womb. Allen could feel each spurt of semen as it pumped into his/her no longer virgin pussy. Allen could feel the rapidly growing orgasm gripping Alicia's sexy body. Allen was never so humiliated and ashamed of his/her wanton actions as at that moment. He, a grown, married man and father had willingly allowed and enjoyed being fucked up the ass. He, a grown, married man and father had willingly sucked a horny boy's cock and had been so aroused by the faggotty deed that his/her body had also climaxed as he/she swallowed the pungent manseed. Now, the worst humiliation was being fucked, having his/her cherry broken by that same demanding boy, and even worse loving every damning stroke and plunge of that hot manhood as it penetrated his/her all too willing flesh. The orgasm could not be denied, Allen screamed out his agony as his/her body rocketed to the moon in the most fantastic sexual experience he had ever endured.

In his last, fleeting independent thought, Allen realized that he'd been used, and justifiably so. All his life he'd taken women for granted, as something to be used. Now he saw the error of his past. He understood and saw the devious plot that Lydia had forced him to endure. He realized he had been a helpless puppet during the seduction. He saw how his agony had heightened Alicia's experience as his very being forever merged into Alicia. With great shame for his past, he willingly subsumed himself to Alicia.

Alicia screamed as she exploded and writhed beneath Dave's pounding manhood. She dug her nails into the small of his back as she tried to draw him deeper into her insatiable body. His seed filled her, not only physically but spiritually as well. Wave after fantastic wave of orgasmic delight washed over her as she bucked against Dave's manhood and cooed into his ear. Finally, the exhausted pair collapsed together, too spent to even pull apart.

After resting for half an hour, Alicia began to writhe beneath Dave who promptly responded by once more swelling. This time he rode Alicia to a slower but no less satisfactory orgasm. Three more times that night Dave succeeded in draining his depleted balls into Alicia's all too willing body, one of those was in the butt.

Lydia was waiting for Alicia when she entered the house. The smile plastered across the teenage girl's satisfied face spoke of love fulfilled. Lydia could tell that Allen had been absorbed within the perky girl's persona. "I take it everything went well," Lydia asked.

"It was absolutely fantastic, Aunt Lydia," Alicia proclaimed. "You were absolutely right about Allen being a man who only wanted women for sex. Allen's agony over being on the receiving end of male lust was simply divine! At the end he realized how wrong his philandering treatment of females had been. I'll never forget tonight! Dave is simply a fantastic lover!"

"That's good," Lydia smiled. "Now go to bed darling. You'll need your strength for tomorrow's date!"

"Aunt Lydia," Alicia paused before heading up to bed. "Can I ask two favors?"

"Of course you may, Alicia," Lydia replied.

"While I like being the way I am, please don't make Stephanie the same way," Alicia asked. "Second, at some point, please let me stop being so easy. I want to continue enjoying sex, but I want to find a good man to marry and become a good wife and mother."

"I readily agree to both favors," Lydia smiled. "Stephanie will be a sweet chaste girl until she marries. As for you, you have already done all I've asked. I'll release you from the compulsion to be 'easy' whenever you'd like."

"Thanks Aunt Lydia," Alicia giggled. "If you don't mind I think I'll wait until I finish high school."

Lydia chuckled as she watched her perky niece skip up to her bedroom.

Alicia became Dave's steady date. Dave strutted about like a peacock with the vivacious cheerleader clinging to his arm. The rest of the guys were jealous of Dave's fortune. The other cheerleaders felt pressured

by Alicia's example to mimic her willing lust with their demanding boyfriends. Alicia begged Lydia to at least see to it that the other cheerleaders received immunity to pregnancy. At a sleep over in mid-September, Lydia did just that as well as immunity from all STDs. After that, the cheerleaders and their fortunate boyfriends led a most ribald life.

Lydia was not content to stay at home and rest on her laurels. After seeing how much fun Alicia was having with Dave, Lydia began to have just a tiny bit of regret about her decision to change her husband into the cute teenage nymph. Of course, she also realized that it was much too late to undo the seeds she had sown. Still, in her own rejuvenated body, her sexual appetite demanded she find a loving loyal man. To this end she fabricated the tragic deaths of Allen and Stephan in a boating accident. As a widow, and a beautiful wealthy widow at that, Lydia began going to the local country club where she met many eligible men. With her grace and beauty, she was an instant hit amongst the men and on the verge of becoming a pariah with the jealous women.

To solve this, with darling little Stephanie in hand Lydia approached the prim and proper older women of the country club with a request that they use their expertise to educate young girls like Stephanie into the proper social graces. The elder ladies were delighted with the idea and quickly set about organizing a monthly formal garden tea party. At Lydia's request, helped by TTX laced tea, the ladies agreed to open the tea parties to any girl who wished to attend. In this

way, Lydia wormed her way into the friendship of those who counted.

Lydia also limited her dating to men who were otherwise unattached. This usually meant men over forty-five who were divorced or widowed. Of course, Lydia was not concerned since she knew she could change any man she found into her ideal mate. Of course, she would do a TTX background check to find the right man.

Stephanie was aware of her former father and now older cousin's sexual indiscretions. The modest, prissy girl recalled her own budding prurient male desires and could not help but wonder what it felt like to be on the receiving end of a boy's sexual aggressiveness. Of course, at nine years old she was much too young to even consider exploring that aspect of girlish life. Instead, Stephanie made friends with the other prissy girls in school. Together they took dancing lessons and joined the girl's club sponsored by the refined elder ladies of the local country club.

The giggling pretty girls attended monthly formal garden tea parties with fancy dresses and voluminous petticoats. Quite naturally, the other girls, those with tomboy tendencies, wanted nothing to do with the more sedate frilly girls. The boys in their school class enjoyed picking on the prissy girls. Flipping skirts and pulling pigtails became a passion with several rowdy young men. Of course, the boys were quickly punished for their misdeeds, but this only added to the appeal of the game.

With Lydia's influence the country club became a focal point in the social life of the community. It quickly became a person's manners and bearing that determined membership, not wealth. Those who could not afford to pay the membership fees were given the chance to work off the expenses or in a few needed cases grants were provided to enable unfortunate but deserving people to join the elite group. By the same token, those who were wealthy bores and snobs were edged out of the country club. Members helped other members change jobs and receive promotions. No one ever suspected Lydia and TTX might be behind these changes.
