Metamorphosis 2

Changing Faces

Story Postwork & Concept by
Keshara (c) Lorien 2009

To my readers'

It has been a long journey to where Cresswell's is now and with out your support and encouragement then we never would have come so far.

So I would like to thank you all.

Keshara

Story Postwork and Concept by
Keshara ©Lorien2009

Story Postwork and Concept by
Keshara ©Lorien2008 8

Chapter 24

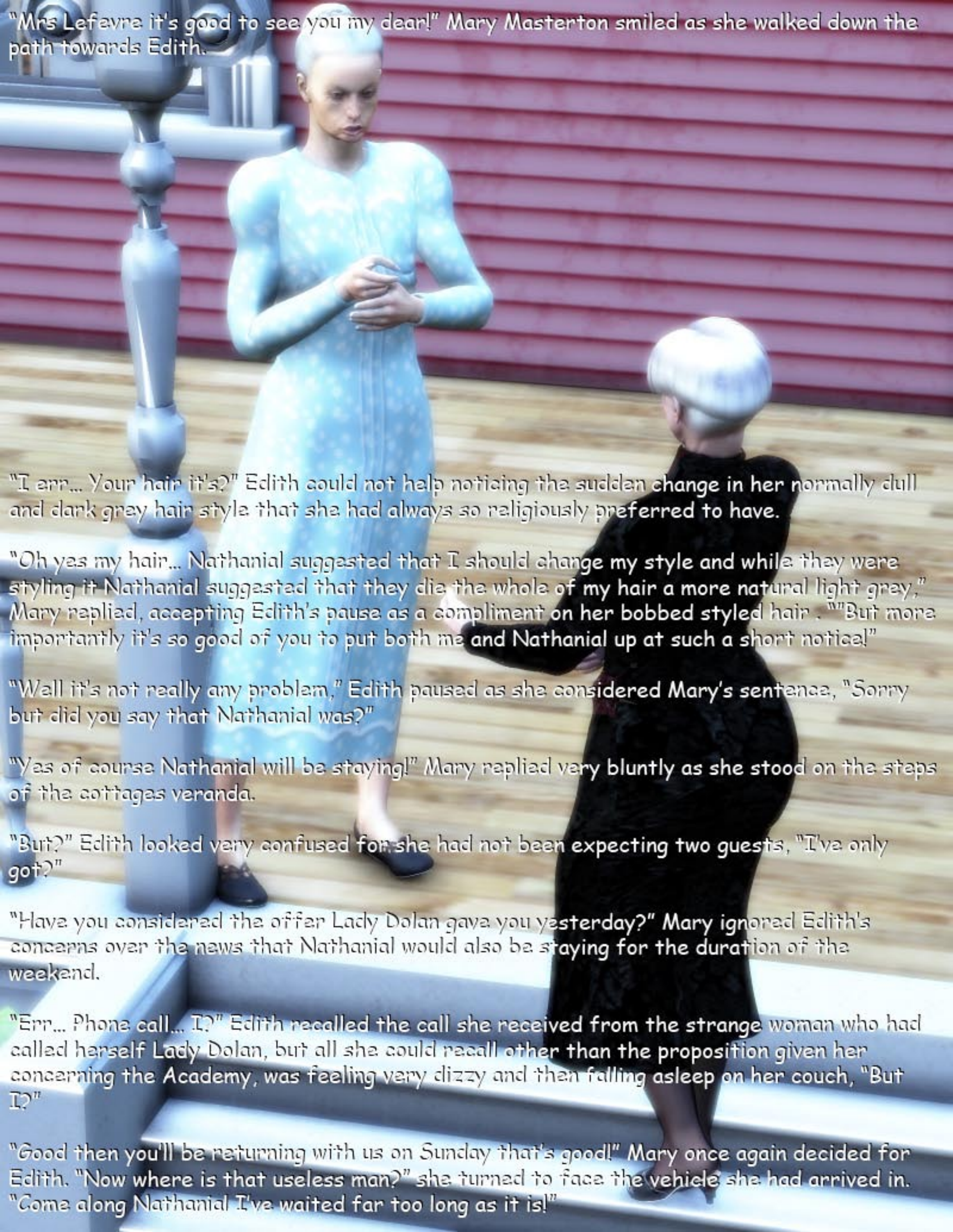
Edith

Story Postwork and Concept by
Keshara ©Lorien2009

Edith's initiation was indeed started by Lady Dolan, but unlike most of Cresswell's initiated, her past life was still cemented regimentally within her mind, she could still smell the late summer air of her small country cottage, where she had once lived and she could still recall that late Friday afternoon when Mary Masterton arrived to stay for the weekend that changed her life.

A weekend that was the beginning of the end for the once shy and meek seventy seven year old widower.

Peter was foremost in Edith's thoughts back then and very much in a caring and loving way, however the serenity of their relationship and the way she thought of him would soon become tempestuous, for the Edith of the future would share no love with her soon to be granddaughter, for the Edith Lefevre standing on her cottage porch awaiting the arrival of Mary Masterton was about to embark on a journey that would place her firmly under the control of Mistress Celeste and her un-merciless crusade to control the empire within Cresswell Industries and beyond.



"Mrs Lefevre it's good to see you my dear!" Mary Masterton smiled as she walked down the path towards Edith.

"I err... Your hair it's?" Edith could not help noticing the sudden change in her normally dull and dark grey hair style that she had always so religiously preferred to have.

"Oh yes my hair... Nathanial suggested that I should change my style and while they were styling it Nathanial suggested that they die the whole of my hair a more natural light grey," Mary replied, accepting Edith's pause as a compliment on her bobbed styled hair . ""But more importantly it's so good of you to put both me and Nathanial up at such a short notice!"

"Well it's not really any problem," Edith paused as she considered Mary's sentence, "Sorry but did you say that Nathanial was?"

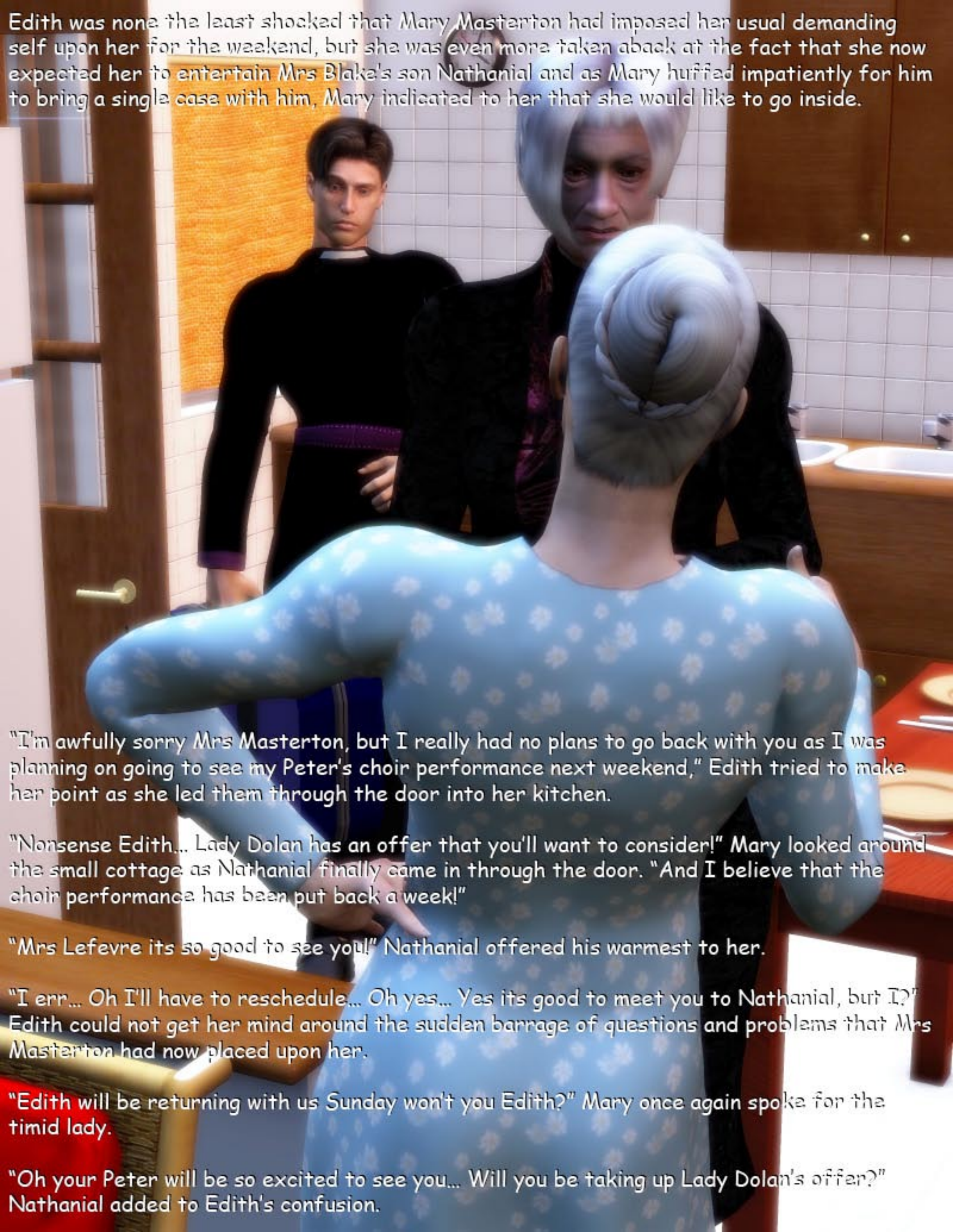
"Yes of course Nathanial will be staying!" Mary replied very bluntly as she stood on the steps of the cottages veranda.

"But?" Edith looked very confused for she had not been expecting two guests, "I've only got?"

"Have you considered the offer Lady Dolan gave you yesterday?" Mary ignored Edith's concerns over the news that Nathanial would also be staying for the duration of the weekend.

"Err... Phone call... I?" Edith recalled the call she received from the strange woman who had called herself Lady Dolan, but all she could recall other than the proposition given her concerning the Academy, was feeling very dizzy and then falling asleep on her couch, "But I?"

"Good then you'll be returning with us on Sunday that's good!" Mary once again decided for Edith. "Now where is that useless man?" she turned to face the vehicle she had arrived in. "Come along Nathanial I've waited far too long as it is!"



Edith was none the least shocked that Mary Masterton had imposed her usual demanding self upon her for the weekend, but she was even more taken aback at the fact that she now expected her to entertain Mrs Blake's son Nathanial and as Mary huffed impatiently for him to bring a single case with him, Mary indicated to her that she would like to go inside.

"I'm awfully sorry Mrs Masterton, but I really had no plans to go back with you as I was planning on going to see my Peter's choir performance next weekend," Edith tried to make her point as she led them through the door into her kitchen.

"Nonsense Edith... Lady Dolan has an offer that you'll want to consider!" Mary looked around the small cottage as Nathanial finally came in through the door. "And I believe that the choir performance has been put back a week!"

"Mrs Lefevre its so good to see you!" Nathanial offered his warmest to her.

"I err... Oh I'll have to reschedule... Oh yes... Yes its good to meet you to Nathanial, but I?" Edith could not get her mind around the sudden barrage of questions and problems that Mrs Masterton had now placed upon her.

"Edith will be returning with us Sunday won't you Edith?" Mary once again spoke for the timid lady.

"Oh your Peter will be so excited to see you... Will you be taking up Lady Dolan's offer?" Nathanial added to Edith's confusion.

"Offer I?"

"Oh come along Edith... Lady Dolan owns the Academy you sent your gorgeous Grandson to!" Mary explained who Lady Dolan was to Edith.

"Of course I?" Edith was about to say that she did know who the woman in question was, but had forgotten amidst the confusion she was suffering from having both Mary and Nathanial staying at her cottage, especially when she only had two bedrooms and one was hers.

"There I told you she'd accept becoming the head of the school!" Mary once again took full advantage of Edith's confused state.

"Head of the school?" Edith sounded very surprised, "I'm far too old to take on that responsibility and I retired from schooling over ten years ago!"

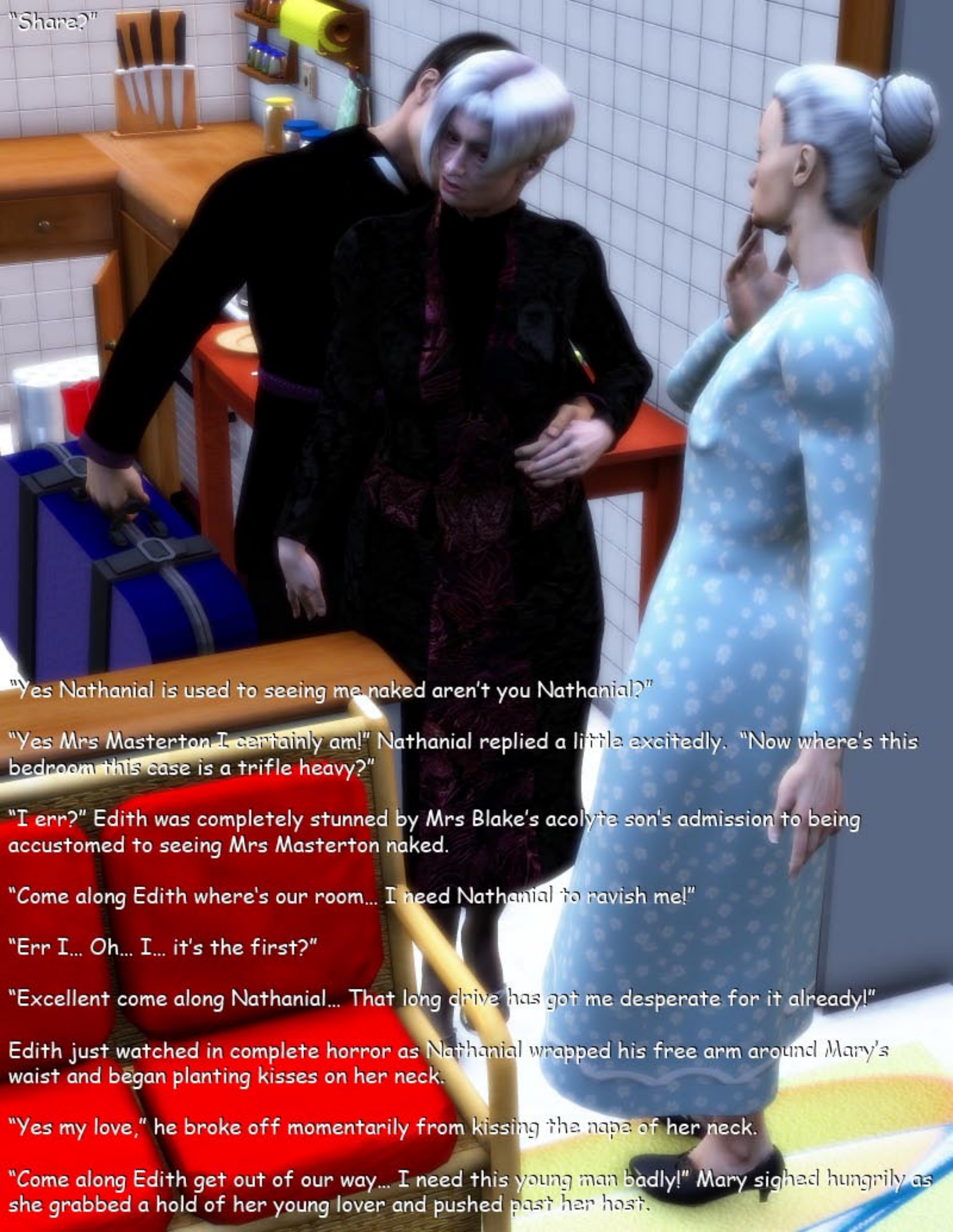
"A perfect reason to start again Edith!" Nathanial moved besides Mary, "I'm sure Peter will be just as excited to see his Grandmother in charge of the school!"

"I err... Couldn't possibly take the?"

"Don't be ridiculous Edith... Your perfect for the job!" Mary cut into her reply rudely, "Now where's the bedroom, I hate travelling, it makes me so edgy!"

"Oh the bedroom... Well I only expected you Mrs Masterton, and I only have one spare room, but I suppose I could set up the couch down here for Nathanial... It's rather uncomfortable though," Edith finally got to explain her other dilemma.

"Don't be foolish Edith... Nathanial is perfectly fine sharing a bed with me!" Mary stunned her host.



"Yes Nathanial is used to seeing me naked aren't you Nathanial?"

"Yes Mrs Masterton I certainly am!" Nathanial replied a little excitedly. "Now where's this bedroom this case is a trifle heavy?"

"I err?" Edith was completely stunned by Mrs Blake's acolyte son's admission to being accustomed to seeing Mrs Masterton naked.

"Come along Edith where's our room… I need Nathanial to ravish me!"

"Err I… Oh… I… it's the first?"

"Excellent come along Nathanial… That long drive has got me desperate for it already!"

Edith just watched in complete horror as Nathanial wrapped his free arm around Mary's waist and began planting kisses on her neck.

"Yes my love," he broke off momentarily from kissing the nape of her neck.

"Come along Edith get out of our way… I need this young man badly!" Mary sighed hungrily as she grabbed a hold of her young lover and pushed past her host.

Edith tried hard to shake the situation she had found herself in by nervously cleaning up her already tidy kitchen, but no matter how hard she tried to cast aside what she had witnessed and what she now heard from above, she just could not focus on anything else, for Mary Masterton and Nathanial Blake were hiding no secret of their disgusting tryst from her and as the evening drew to a close and the sounds of the bedsprings rattling and their disgusting vulgar love making calls finally ending, or so Edith guessed, the awkwardness she felt was gradually turning into anger.

'How could they do this?' she questioned her thoughts, 'How could they commit adultery under her roof?'

Making sure that all her doors and windows were locked for the night Edith made her way to her bedroom, however as she passed by Peter's old bedroom that was occupied by her fornicating guests the sound of Mary sighing caught her attention.

"Oooooh yessssssssssss my lover... Yes you know how much I love that!" the sound of Mary's voice sounded from the half closed doorway.

Edith stopped in her tracks as she listened in on the woman that was seen by everyone in this part of the land and surrounding villages and parishes as a stalwart of respectability and religious morality, even to the extent that people feared to speak ill against her or challenge her stoic views that were regarded by many of the parish councils as somewhat over pious.

In all Mary Masterton was regarded as a saint, but here in Edith's small home, Mary Masterton was eliciting in the very sinful and distasteful act of sexual intercourse and with a young man who was young enough to be her grandson.

With the door half a jar Edith could not help but peer into the opening and what she witnessed took her breath away completely.

Mary and Nathanial were both naked and as Mary knelt down low with her bottom held up high, Nathanial was rubbing his rather impressive cock enticingly against Mary's puckered anal passage while sticking out of Mary's pussy was a black silicone phallus and as Nathanial continued to tease Mary's ass with his cock Mary could not hold back her impatience any longer.

"Oh Nathanial stop teasing my ass and fuck it!" Mary grunted as she grabbed a hold of Nathanial's cock and forced him into her ass. "Ohhhhhhhhhh Fuck... That's good!"

"Oh my?" Edith dragged herself away from the opening of the door and rushed tearfully into her bedroom.

As Saturday morning arrived and grew into the afternoon Edith finally awoke, she had no idea that she had slept through the entire morning and as she yawned and quickly freshened up and changed into the same dress she wore yesterday, she sat down at her wooden vanity and began to brush her long silver hair.

Although brushing her hair and putting it neatly in a bun was a daily occurrence, her mind had never been full of such uncertainties and with everything she had witnessed yesterday her calm and usual serenity was beginning to mist.

Strange unnatural thoughts were emerging and instead of brushing them aside as foolish, the acts that she had heard and seen between Mary and the young clergy to be Nathanial, were truly having the desired affect upon her.

The specially fragranced letter she had received from Peter had opened her mind to suggestion and Lady Dolan had expertly placed the trigger in Edith's mind and as she slept last night, Nathanial had set up a very powerful and highly technological emitter that used Lady Dolan's trigger and induced a deep sleep for her.

Of course disgust was still central to Edith's thoughts, but the thought patterns that were now going through her slightly altered psyche, were beginning to change her serene and peaceful nature and as she brushed her hair, anger was beginning to build in her face, contempt for the way that Nathanial was imposing his manliness on Mary and as her anger towards Nathanial increased it caused her brushing motion to hasten.

"How dare she come into my home and treat this place like a brothel!" Edith's anger started to fall into words from her angered mouth, "She's nothing short of a whore!"

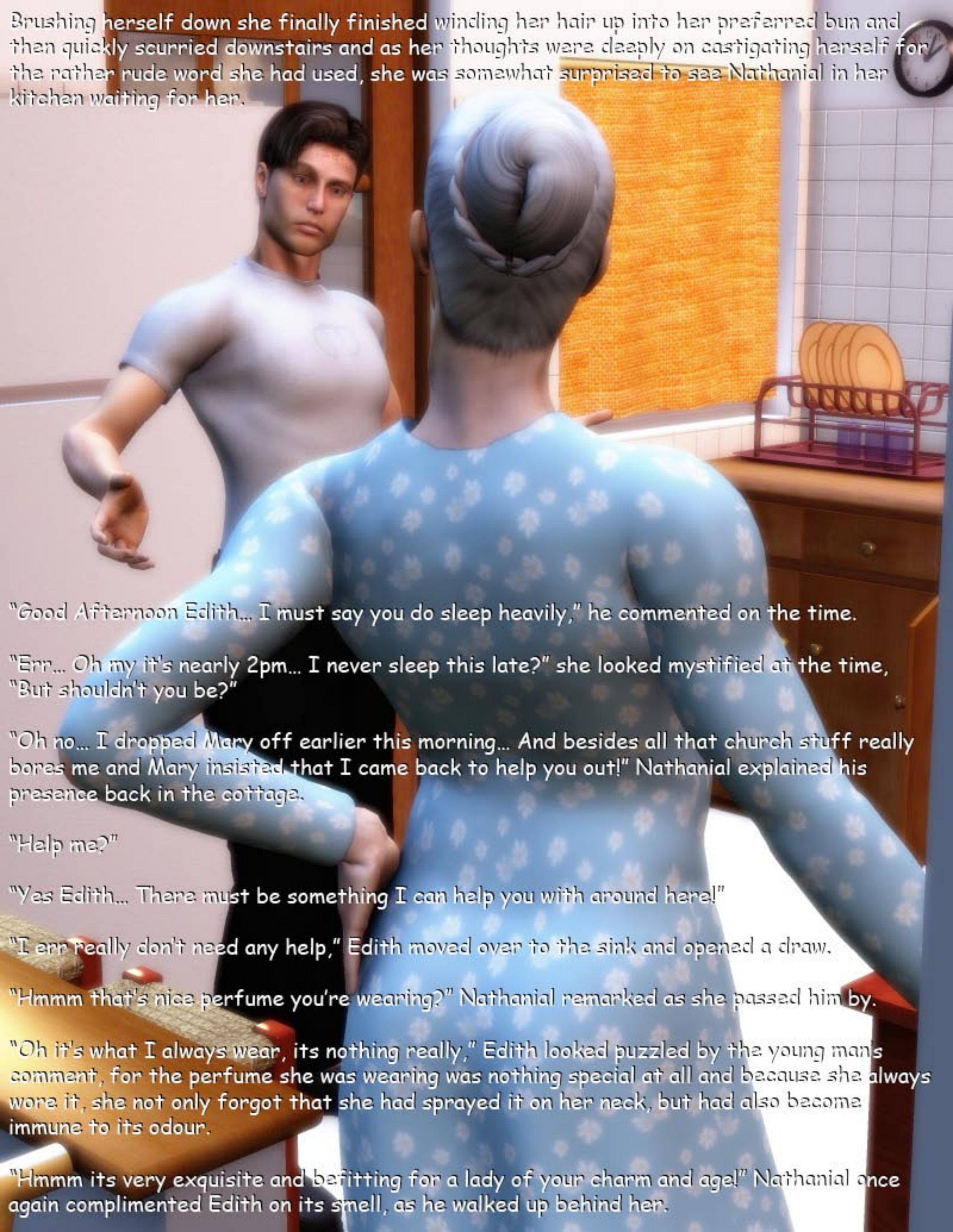
As Edith continued to brush her hair and the anger within her grew the frustration suddenly took its toll.

"Fuck!" Edith swore as she threw the brush across her bedroom floor.

However, the realisation of what she had just said broke her unusual thoughts of anger. "Oh my?" she held her hand to her mouth as she looked at her reflection in the mirror, "Did I really just say that?"

Edith had never used such unheard of language in her life and as her agitation calmed she returned to her normal self.

The technology that Nathanial had been ordered to use had worked and without Edith Lefevre knowing Mistress Celeste, whom she would soon meet, had just laid the seeds that the twisted geneticist was going to cultivate into the Edith Lefevre she wanted her to be.



Brushing herself down she finally finished winding her hair up into her preferred bun and then quickly scurried downstairs and as her thoughts were deeply on castigating herself for the rather rude word she had used, she was somewhat surprised to see Nathanial in her kitchen waiting for her.

"Good Afternoon Edith... I must say you do sleep heavily," he commented on the time.

"Err... Oh my it's nearly 2pm... I never sleep this late?" she looked mystified at the time, "But shouldn't you be?"

"Oh no... I dropped Mary off earlier this morning... And besides all that church stuff really bores me and Mary insisted that I came back to help you out!" Nathanial explained his presence back in the cottage.

"Help me?"

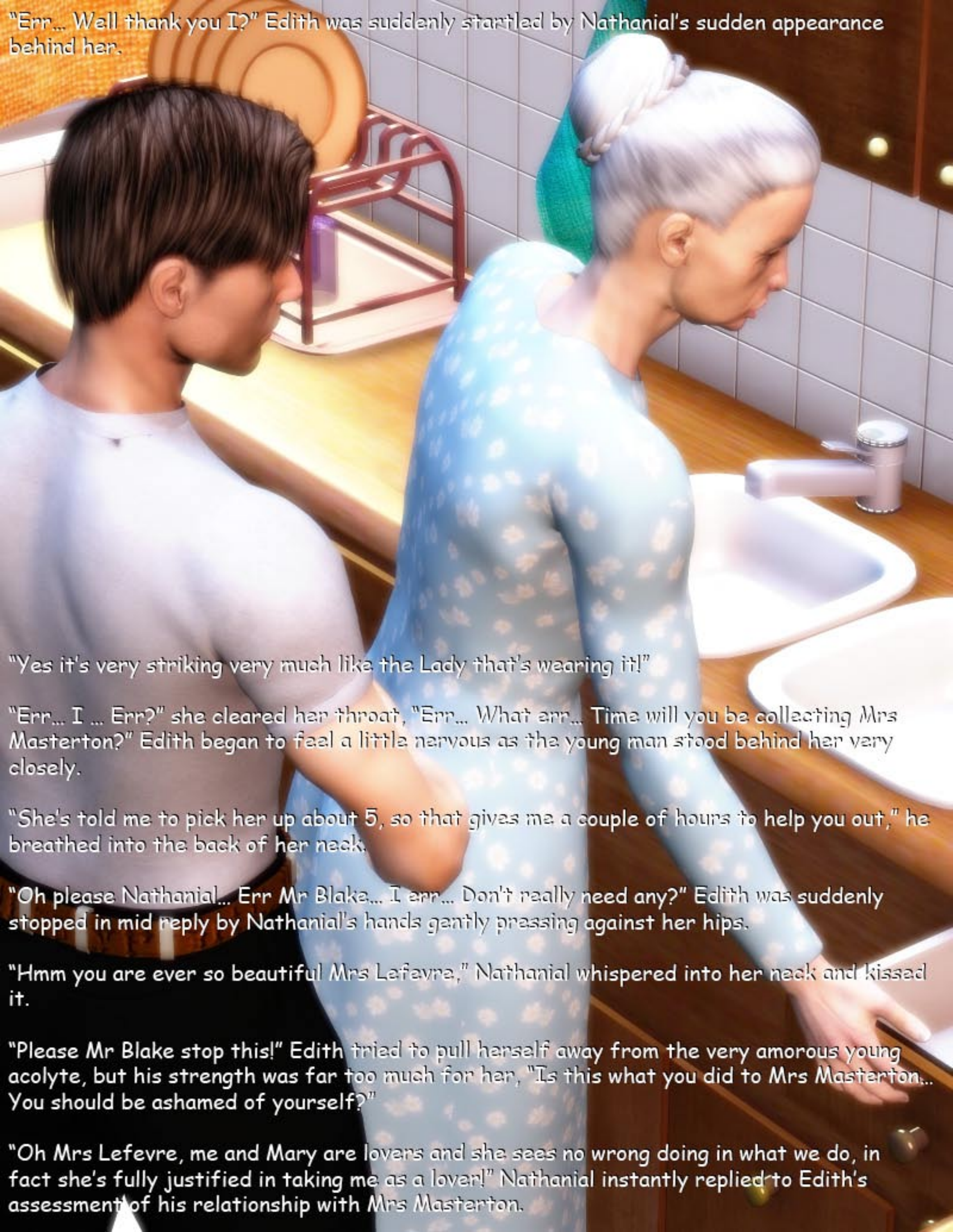
"Yes Edith... There must be something I can help you with around here!"

"I err really don't need any help," Edith moved over to the sink and opened a draw.

"Hmmm that's nice perfume you're wearing?" Nathanial remarked as she passed him by.

"Oh it's what I always wear, its nothing really," Edith looked puzzled by the young mans comment, for the perfume she was wearing was nothing special at all and because she always wore it, she not only forgot that she had sprayed it on her neck, but had also become immune to its odour.

"Hmmm its very exquisite and befitting for a lady of your charm and age!" Nathanial once again complimented Edith on its smell, as he walked up behind her.



"Err... Well thank you I?" Edith was suddenly startled by Nathanial's sudden appearance behind her.

"Yes it's very striking very much like the Lady that's wearing it!"

"Err... I ... Err?" she cleared her throat, "Err... What err... Time will you be collecting Mrs Masterton?" Edith began to feel a little nervous as the young man stood behind her very closely.

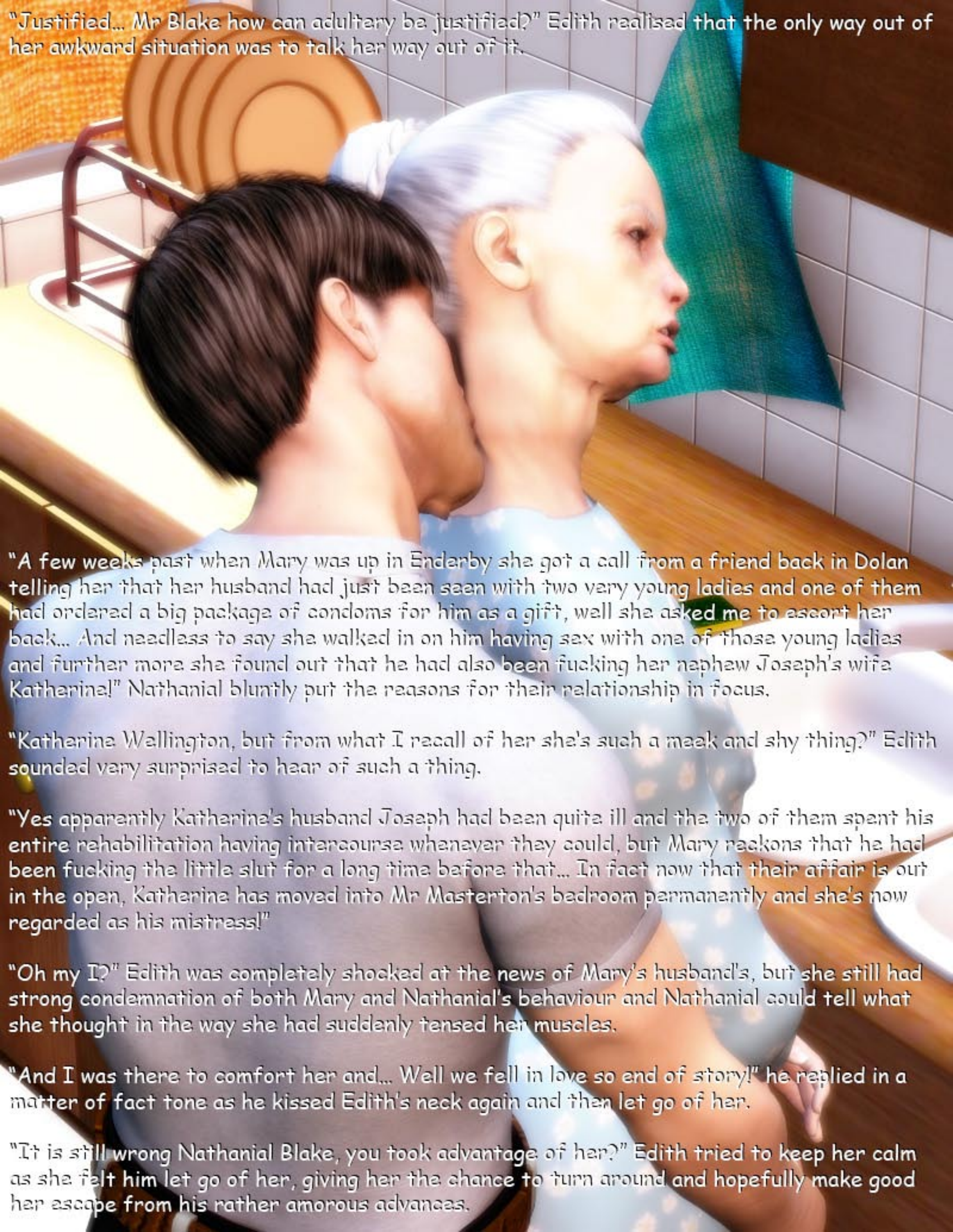
"She's told me to pick her up about 5, so that gives me a couple of hours to help you out," he breathed into the back of her neck.

"Oh please Nathanial... Err Mr Blake... I err... Don't really need any?" Edith was suddenly stopped in mid reply by Nathanial's hands gently pressing against her hips.

"Hmm you are ever so beautiful Mrs Lefevre," Nathanial whispered into her neck and kissed it.

"Please Mr Blake stop this!" Edith tried to pull herself away from the very amorous young acolyte, but his strength was far too much for her, "Is this what you did to Mrs Masterton... You should be ashamed of yourself?"

"Oh Mrs Lefevre, me and Mary are lovers and she sees no wrong doing in what we do, in fact she's fully justified in taking me as a lover!" Nathanial instantly replied to Edith's assessment of his relationship with Mrs Masterton.



"Justified... Mr Blake how can adultery be justified?" Edith realised that the only way out of her awkward situation was to talk her way out of it.

"A few weeks past when Mary was up in Enderby she got a call from a friend back in Dolan telling her that her husband had just been seen with two very young ladies and one of them had ordered a big package of condoms for him as a gift, well she asked me to escort her back... And needless to say she walked in on him having sex with one of those young ladies and further more she found out that he had also been fucking her nephew Joseph's wife Katherine!" Nathanial bluntly put the reasons for their relationship in focus.

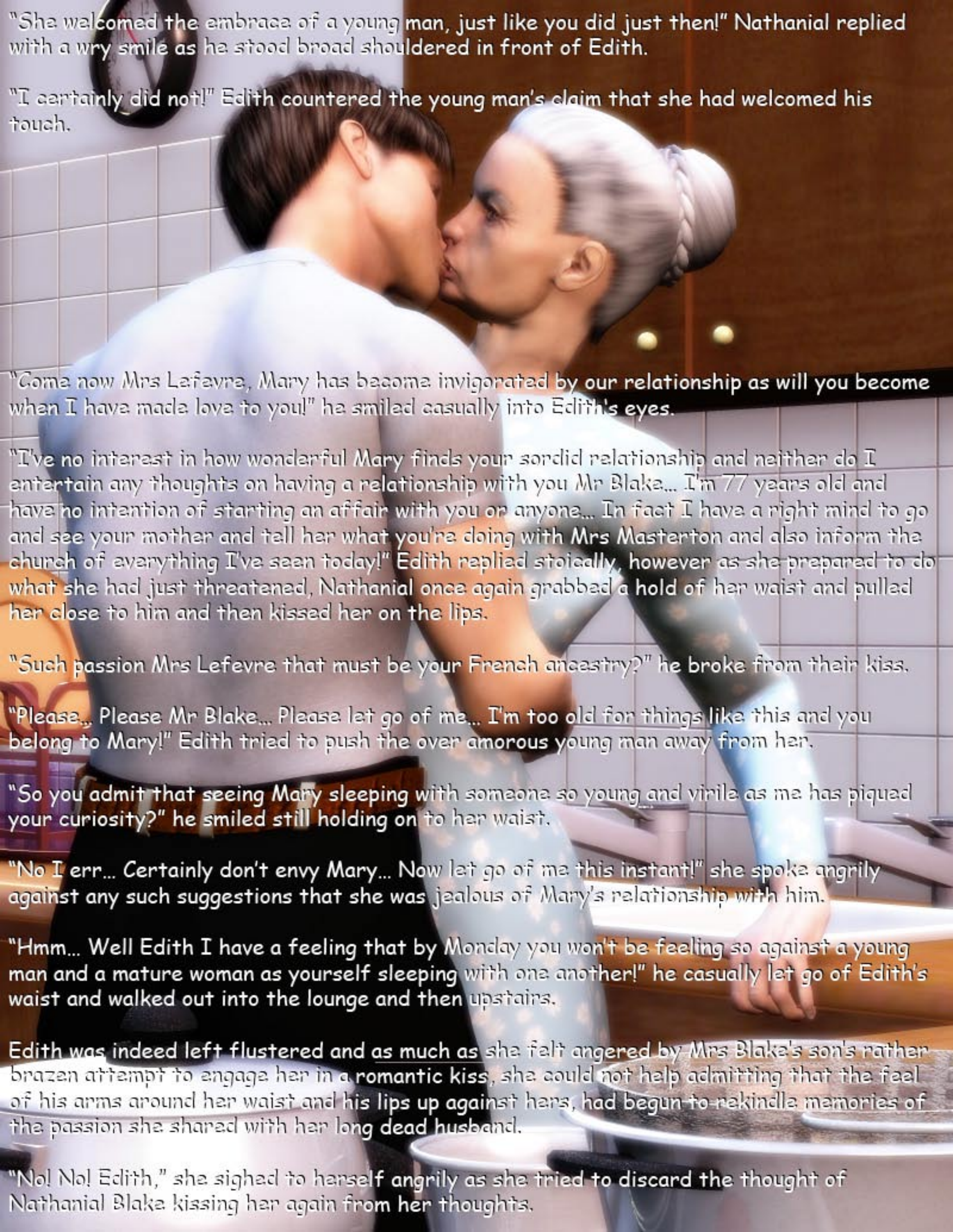
"Katherine Wellington, but from what I recall of her she's such a meek and shy thing?" Edith sounded very surprised to hear of such a thing.

"Yes apparently Katherine's husband Joseph had been quite ill and the two of them spent his entire rehabilitation having intercourse whenever they could, but Mary reckons that he had been fucking the little slut for a long time before that... In fact now that their affair is out in the open, Katherine has moved into Mr Masterton's bedroom permanently and she's now regarded as his mistress!"

"Oh my I?" Edith was completely shocked at the news of Mary's husband's, but she still had strong condemnation of both Mary and Nathanial's behaviour and Nathanial could tell what she thought in the way she had suddenly tensed her muscles.

"And I was there to comfort her and... Well we fell in love so end of story!" he replied in a matter of fact tone as he kissed Edith's neck again and then let go of her.

"It is still wrong Nathanial Blake, you took advantage of her?" Edith tried to keep her calm as she felt him let go of her, giving her the chance to turn around and hopefully make good her escape from his rather amorous advances.



"She welcomed the embrace of a young man, just like you did just then!" Nathanial replied with a wry smile as he stood broad shouldered in front of Edith.

"I certainly did not!" Edith countered the young man's claim that she had welcomed his touch.

"Come now Mrs Lefevre, Mary has become invigorated by our relationship as will you become when I have made love to you!" he smiled casually into Edith's eyes.

"I've no interest in how wonderful Mary finds your sordid relationship and neither do I entertain any thoughts on having a relationship with you Mr Blake... I'm 77 years old and have no intention of starting an affair with you or anyone... In fact I have a right mind to go and see your mother and tell her what you're doing with Mrs Masterton and also inform the church of everything I've seen today!" Edith replied stoically, however as she prepared to do what she had just threatened, Nathanial once again grabbed a hold of her waist and pulled her close to him and then kissed her on the lips.

"Such passion Mrs Lefevre that must be your French ancestry?" he broke from their kiss.

"Please... Please Mr Blake... Please let go of me... I'm too old for things like this and you belong to Mary!" Edith tried to push the over amorous young man away from her.

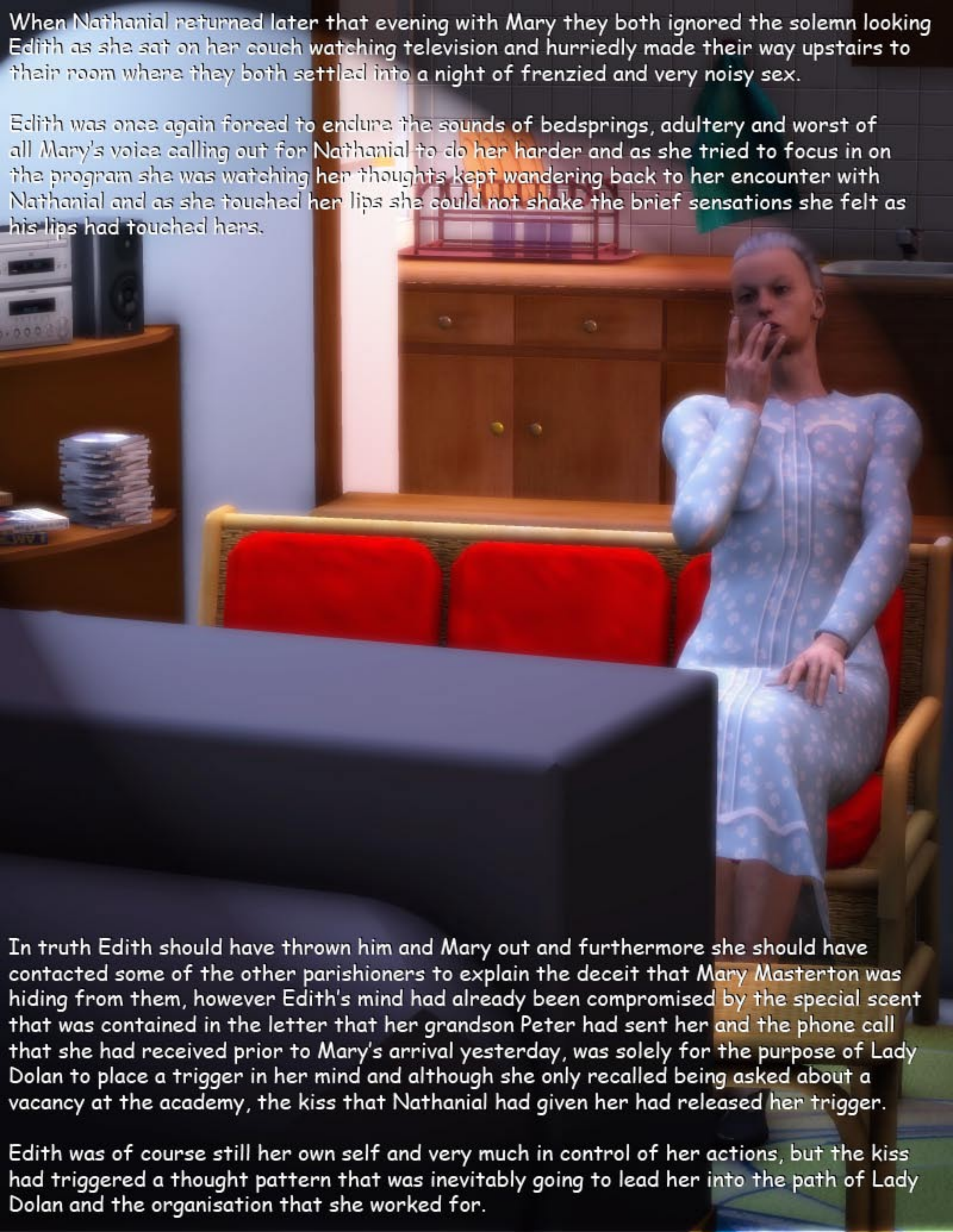
"So you admit that seeing Mary sleeping with someone so young and virile as me has piqued your curiosity?" he smiled still holding on to her waist.

"No I err... Certainly don't envy Mary... Now let go of me this instant!" she spoke angrily against any such suggestions that she was jealous of Mary's relationship with him.

"Hmm... Well Edith I have a feeling that by Monday you won't be feeling so against a young man and a mature woman as yourself sleeping with one another!" he casually let go of Edith's waist and walked out into the lounge and then upstairs.

Edith was indeed left flustered and as much as she felt angered by Mrs Blake's son's rather brazen attempt to engage her in a romantic kiss, she could not help admitting that the feel of his arms around her waist and his lips up against hers, had begun to rekindle memories of the passion she shared with her long dead husband.

"No! No! Edith," she sighed to herself angrily as she tried to discard the thought of Nathanial Blake kissing her again from her thoughts.



When Nathanial returned later that evening with Mary they both ignored the solemn looking Edith as she sat on her couch watching television and hurriedly made their way upstairs to their room where they both settled into a night of frenzied and very noisy sex.

Edith was once again forced to endure the sounds of bedsprings, adultery and worst of all Mary's voice calling out for Nathanial to do her harder and as she tried to focus in on the program she was watching her thoughts kept wandering back to her encounter with Nathanial and as she touched her lips she could not shake the brief sensations she felt as his lips had touched hers.

In truth Edith should have thrown him and Mary out and furthermore she should have contacted some of the other parishioners to explain the deceit that Mary Masterton was hiding from them, however Edith's mind had already been compromised by the special scent that was contained in the letter that her grandson Peter had sent her and the phone call that she had received prior to Mary's arrival yesterday, was solely for the purpose of Lady Dolan to place a trigger in her mind and although she only recalled being asked about a vacancy at the academy, the kiss that Nathanial had given her had released her trigger.

Edith was of course still her own self and very much in control of her actions, but the kiss had triggered a thought pattern that was inevitably going to lead her into the path of Lady Dolan and the organisation that she worked for.

"Jeez… What's goin on with these people… She's 77 for christ sake… And what's with this Mary Masterton and her husband and Katherine Wellington I'm sure I've met her… How old is she?" Jed nodded his head with disbelief as he continued to read Edith's diary with intrigue.

"Katherine Wellington… Hmmm I believe she's about forty something!" Petal grinned as she listened to Jed Schaffer's confusion.

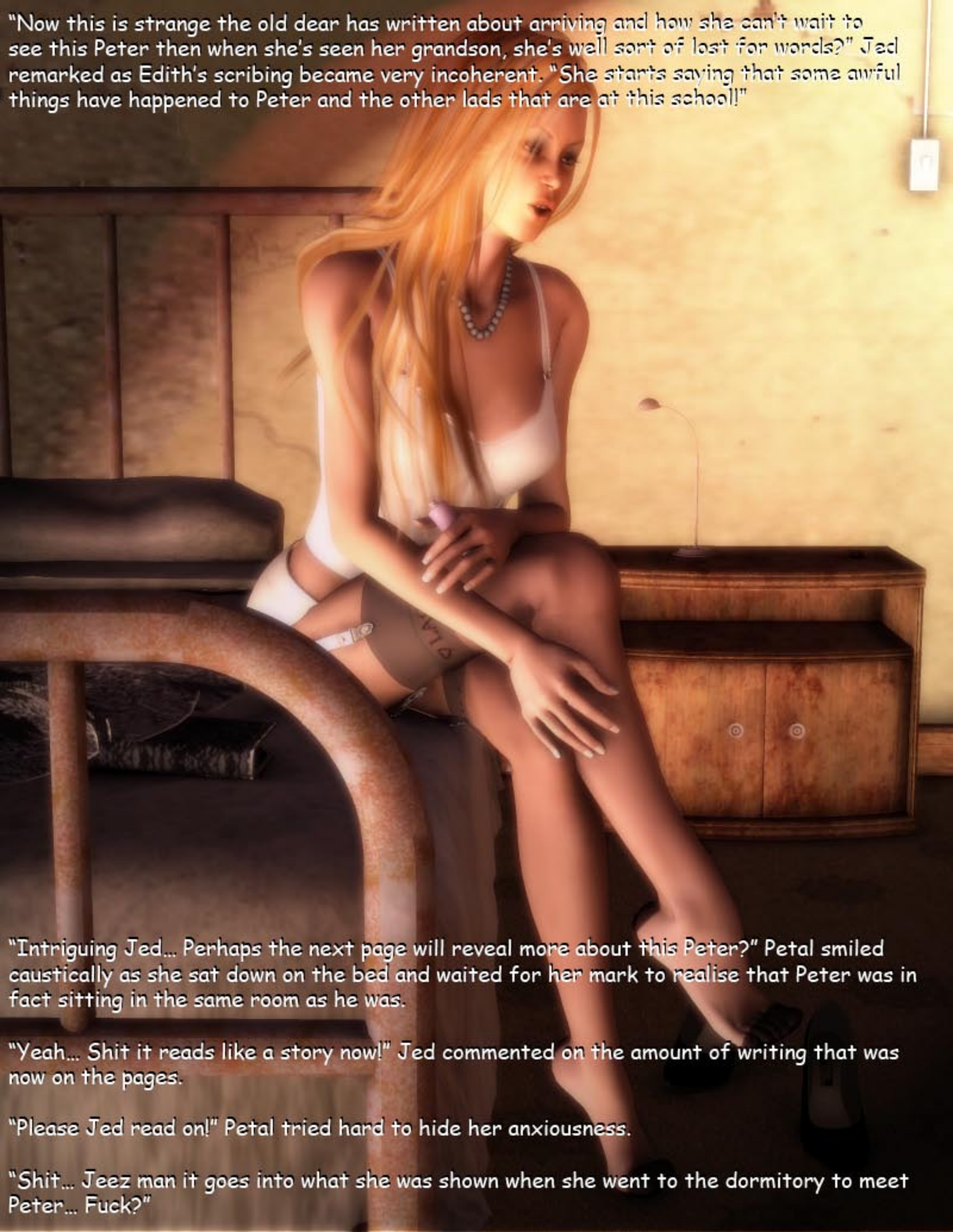
"Jeez that girl I saw with the site foreman was no way near forty, more like twenty odd… Sheesh summits definitely up in your village!" he sighed as he swatted through some more pages of Edith Lefevre's diary.

Sunday 28th

Do not really know why I agreed to go with Mary and Nathanial, but the thought of seeing my dear Peter earlier than arranged was too tempting.
Stopped off at a tavern to get some refreshments and while I went to freshen up Mary and Nathanial were at it in the car again. Finding it very awkward to look at Mary in the face and to speak to Nathanial, I can feel his eyes on me in his rear view. Heavens knows what this young man thinks he is doing. Disgusting is all I can say.
Arriving at the Academy could not have been more of a blessing as I had really had enough of the sordid behaviour of Mary and Nathanial also I did note that she was sick this morning I only hope that this awful behaviour of hers lessens now that we are here.
Was met by a dark haired woman calling her self a Governess of the academy and she said that I was extremely lucky to be taking over from her. Tried to put her right by saying that I have no intention of staying here any longer than I need.
So looking forward to seeing my Peter. Will meet with Lady Dolan and then this Governess will show me around the renovated former rectory. It is such a deceiving place looks derelict from the outside but have been told goes very deep under ground.

Sunday 28th continued

What is going on here??????????????????????????
Peter.
I just can not bring myself to even write down what I saw.
I want to go home more than ever. This place. Peter .Oh my??????
Such madness.
Lady Dolan has agreed to take me home first thing tomorrow morning. She looked shocked from my outburst concerning the things that they had done to my Peter and all those other lovely young men.
This place is immoral and I will contact the district Chaplin as soon as I return.



"Now this is strange the old dear has written about arriving and how she can't wait to see this Peter then when she's seen her grandson, she's well sort of lost for words?" Jed remarked as Edith's scribing became very incoherent. "She starts saying that some awful things have happened to Peter and the other lads that are at this school!"

"Intriguing Jed… Perhaps the next page will reveal more about this Peter?" Petal smiled caustically as she sat down on the bed and waited for her mark to realise that Peter was in fact sitting in the same room as he was.

"Yeah… Shit it reads like a story now!" Jed commented on the amount of writing that was now on the pages.

"Please Jed read on!" Petal tried hard to hide her anxiousness.

"Shit… Jeez man it goes into what she was shown when she went to the dormitory to meet Peter… Fuck?"

Chapter 25

Arrival

Story Postwork and Concept by
Keshara ©Lorien2009

Edith Lefevre followed behind the very strict and Victorian styled dressed dark haired woman who had introduced herself as the Governess and as much as she wanted to tell the woman that she had no interest on taking over from her, the pace at which the woman was escorting her through the buildings was just too fast for her to make her words come out.

"You've arrived at a great time Mrs Lefevre, as it's inspection time for your girls!" Governess Agatha remarked as she opened a door that took them away from the recently renovated entrance corridor and into a narrow passageway, "And they're all attending Lady Dolan's selection evening later on and because it will be a very late night for them all, we programmed them all to go to sleep this afternoon... And so as they believe that it's morning they're all awaiting my usual morning inspection!"

'Programmed... And did she say girls?' Edith wondered if she had misheard the woman on several accounts.

After several deviations due to work being undertaken, Edith was finally brought to the dormitory wing of the underground building.

"Excuse Miss err?" Edith's thoughts could no longer contain her silence as she finally caught her breathe.

"Governess Agatha, Mrs Lefevre!" the governess reminded her, as they came to a halt by a solitary door.

"I'm sorry but did you call these students of yours girls?"

"Silly me... Yes some of them are slightly a little behind in becoming girls, but your Peter is leading the way superbly and I'm sure by the time you take up your post here they'll all be considerably more gorgeous than what they are now... So if you'd care to wait here for just a moment, I'll make sure that they are all in line and awaiting your approval... Oh you're going to make such a wonderful Abbess!" Governess Agatha swished her long skirt and opened the dormitory door.

"Mmmmmm... Mother Superior... Approval... But err... My Peter?" Edith was completely lost with the multitude of quotes she was making concerning the dormitory, her grandson and the insistence that she was going to take over from this woman in some highly ranked position that was usually given to a Head Priestess of a religious conclave.

Yet as the girlish shrills quietened down, a familiar fragrance began to filter through from the open dormitory door.

"Ladies look sharp!" Governess Agatha clapped her hands as she walked into the dorm and as Edith waited puzzled and wondering whether or not this woman was just joking with her or was being serious, the sudden girlish shrills that greeted her, confirmed one thing.

The dormitory was indeed harbouring girls.

"Now ladies I have a very important guest waiting outside and I'm sure you'll give her a nice welcome for this special lady is going to be your Mother Superior!"

"Oh how fantastic Governess Ma'am, but does that mean you're not going to be in charge of us anymore?" Pansy enquired a little shocked that their beloved Governess was about to leave them.

"Yes Pansy I'm afraid it does, but I'm sure you'll all be fine under this lady's guidance!" Governess Agatha replied a little saddened herself that her tenure at this facility was drawing to a close.

"Oh Governess Ma'am is it really going to be our prefect's Grandma?"

"Be quite Honey… All will be revealed when you meet our honourable guest!" Governess Agatha quietened the very excited quartet of former young men.

"It is going to be your Grandma isn't it?" Daisy began to whisper to her prefect.

"Shhh... Daisy!" the dormitory prefect tried to quieten her.

"Yes Daisy... Be quite this instant!" Governess Agatha warned the last of the quartet to have been transformed.

"Yes Governess Agatha Ma'am," Daisy instantly apologised.

"I do take it you wish to become one of this wonderful lady's flock?"

"Oh yes Governess Agatha Ma'am," Daisy apologised yet again. "It's the only thing I want in the entire world isn't it Miss Petal?"

"Yes Daisy, but please?" the dormitory prefect lovingly caressed her arm.

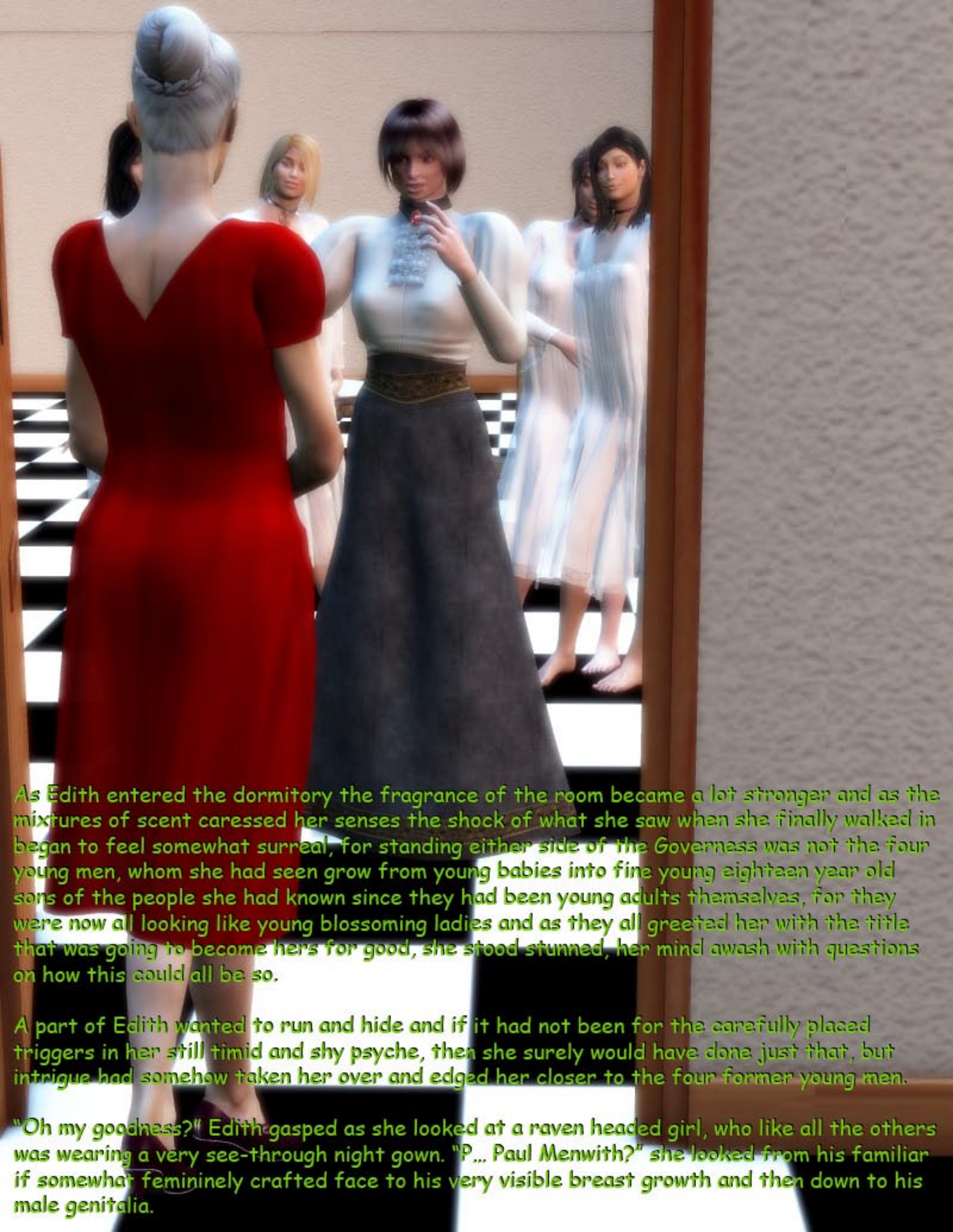
"Thank you... Now... You girls have come a long way since you first arrived here and today is going to be a special day... Lady Dolan has invited all four of you along with your Mother Superior to a gala tonight in honour of your achievements and that means that one of you lucky girls will be chosen by Lord Dolan to show him what you've learned!"

"Yes Governess Ma'am!" all four girls acknowledged excitedly

"Now first things first... You will all greet this honourable lady with her afforded title of Mother Superior Lefevre Ma'am, is this clear?" Governess Agatha commanded all of them.

"Yes Governess Agatha Ma'am!" all four of them acknowledged yet again

"Ok," the Governess sighed, "Edith your flock awaits!"



As Edith entered the dormitory the fragrance of the room became a lot stronger and as the mixtures of scent caressed her senses the shock of what she saw when she finally walked in began to feel somewhat surreal, for standing either side of the Governess was not the four young men, whom she had seen grow from young babies into fine young eighteen year old sons of the people she had known since they had been young adults themselves, for they were now all looking like young blossoming ladies and as they all greeted her with the title that was going to become hers for good, she stood stunned, her mind awash with questions on how this could all be so.

A part of Edith wanted to run and hide and if it had not been for the carefully placed triggers in her still timid and shy psyche, then she surely would have done just that, but intrigue had somehow taken her over and edged her closer to the four former young men.

"Oh my goodness?" Edith gasped as she looked at a raven headed girl, who like all the others was wearing a very see-through night gown. "P... Paul Menwith?" she looked from his familiar if somewhat femininely crafted face to his very visible breast growth and then down to his male genitalia.

"Oh no Mother Superior Lefevre Ma'am... I used to be called Paul, but my name is Pansy now!"

"Oh I?" Edith was stunned to hear him talk so femininely. "Oh... Heavens you must be?" she then looked at the bobbed styled blonde holding hands with Paul Menwith, "Henry?"
"Oh no Mother Superior Lefevre Ma'am... My name is Honey!"

"Oh I... I errr... You both look so?" Edith paused in amazement at the very pronounced shape of Henry Logan's body for unlike Paul Menwith's Henry Logan was most definitely curved like a girl with two very pert and unmistakable mounds of womanhood perched perfectly upon his chest that wiggled delightfully with his every move. "So... So feminine!"

"Thank you Mother Superior Lefevre Ma'am," Honey replied with a smile. "Our Lady of the Sacred Feminine has blessed me with womanhood as she has done with Pansy!" she wrinkled her nose as she clasped Pansy's hand lovingly.

"Mother Superior Lefevre if I could just interrupt your?" Governess Agatha could see that Edith was completely shell-shocked from what she was witnessing.

"Errr ye.... Yes sorry?" Edith turned around to face Governess Agatha.

"This is," the Governess was just about to introduce the next former young man.

"Darren... Darren Gable!" Edith knew instantly who the other black headed young creature was.

"Oh no Grandma... This is Daisy!" the last of the four girls grabbed a hold of Daisy's hand.

"Oh my goodness... PPPPPPP... Peter is errr... It can't be can it?"

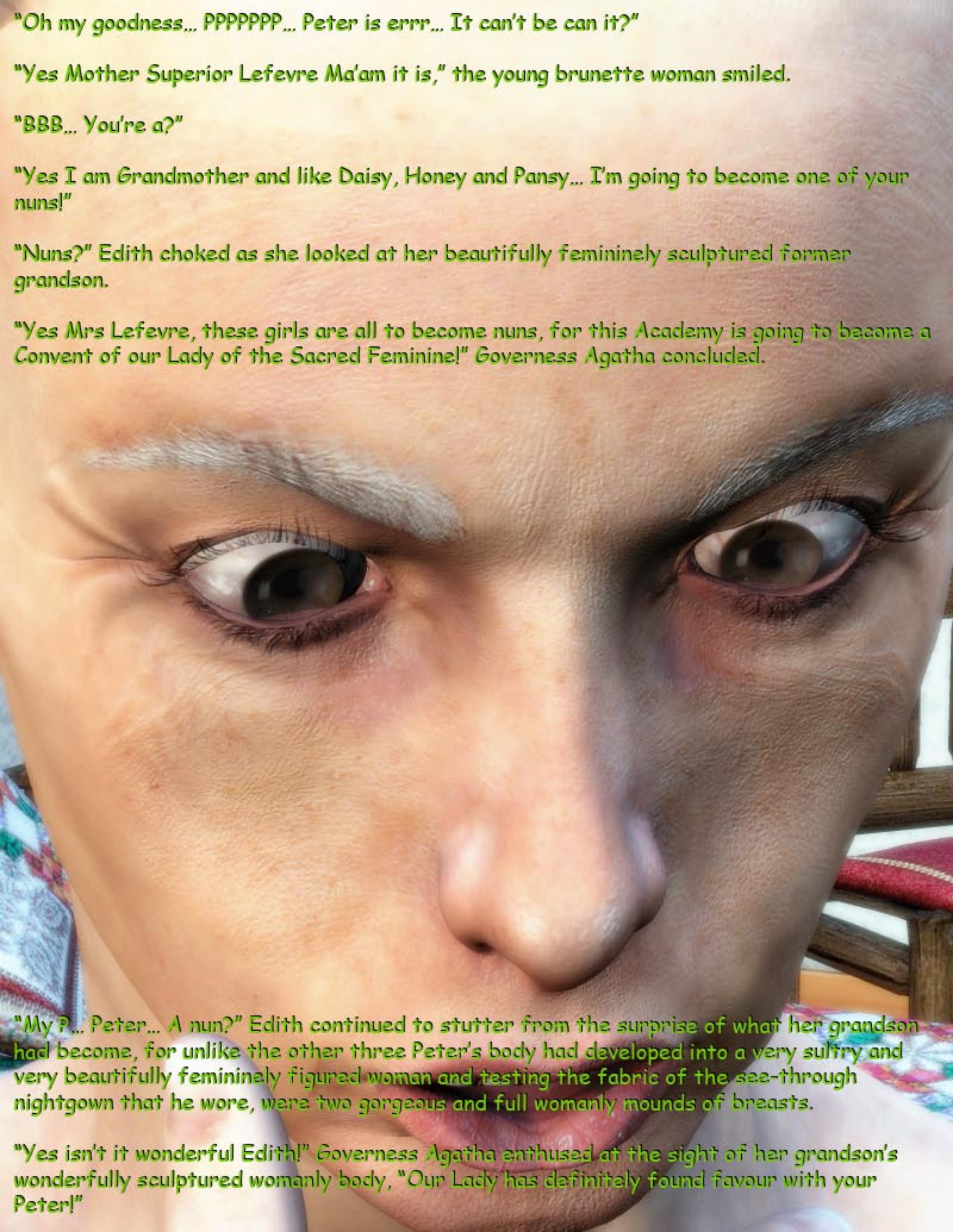
"Yes Mother Superior Lefevre Ma'am it is," the young brunette woman smiled.

"BBB... You're a?"

"Yes I am Grandmother and like Daisy, Honey and Pansy... I'm going to become one of your nuns!"

"Nuns?" Edith choked as she looked at her beautifully femininely sculptured former grandson.

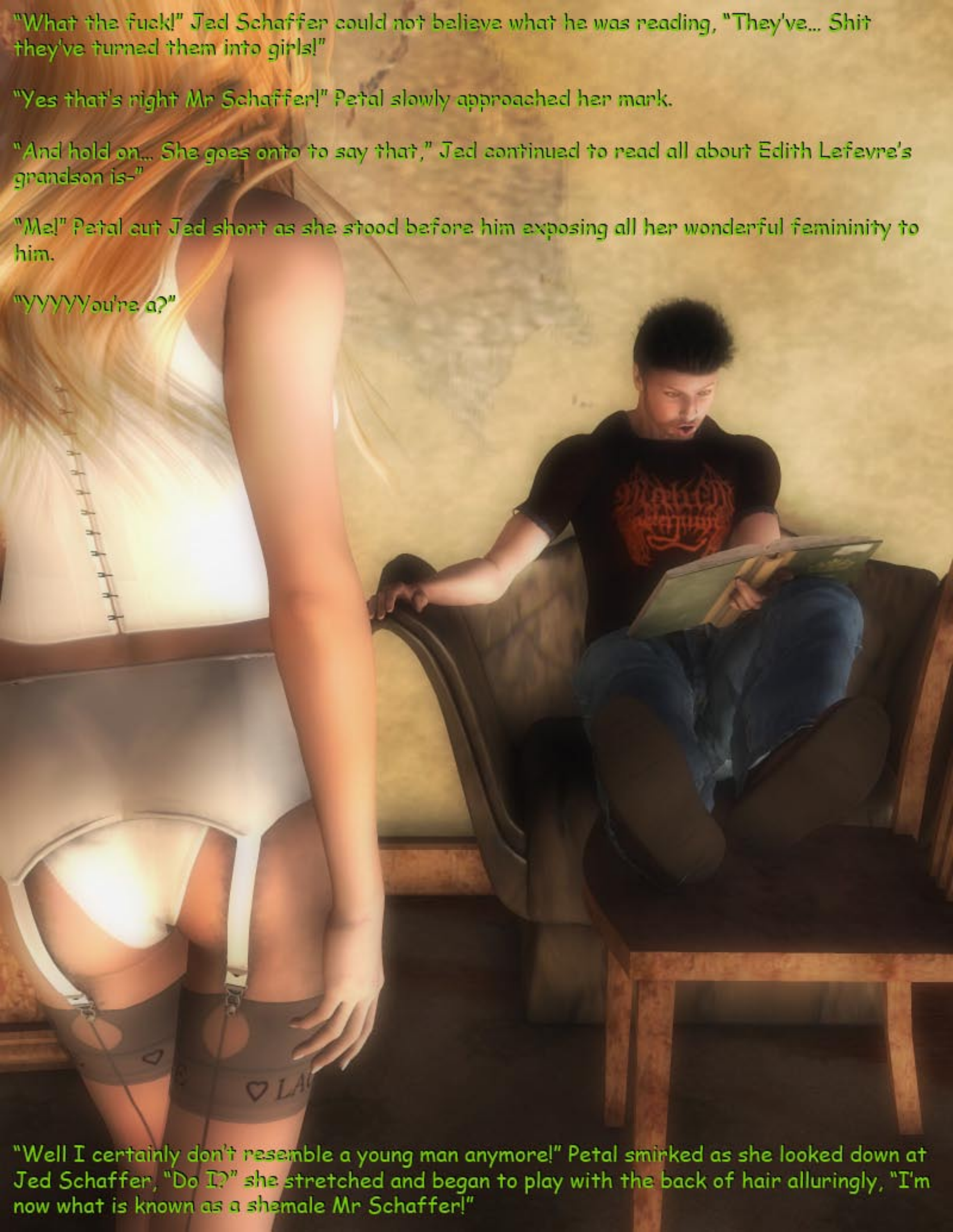
"Yes Mrs Lefevre, these girls are all to become nuns, for this Academy is going to become a Convent of our Lady of the Sacred Feminine!" Governess Agatha concluded.



"My P... Peter... A nun?" Edith continued to stutter from the surprise of what her grandson had become, for unlike the other three Peter's body had developed into a very sultry and very beautifully femininely figured woman and testing the fabric of the see-through nightgown that he wore, were two gorgeous and full womanly mounds of breasts.

"Yes isn't it wonderful Edith!" Governess Agatha enthused at the sight of her grandson's wonderfully sculptured womanly body, "Our Lady has definitely found favour with your Peter!"

"I guess I must take after my mother?" Edith's former grandson smiled as she noted her glancing at her breasts brushing enticingly against her nightgown causing her nipples to harden.
Petal
"But Peter?"
"It's Petal now Grandmother… And after tonight it will be Sister Petal!" Petal pushed out her wonderful feminine chest proudly for her grandmother to see.



"What the fuck!" Jed Schaffer could not believe what he was reading, "They've... Shit they've turned them into girls!"

"Yes that's right Mr Schaffer!" Petal slowly approached her mark.

"And hold on... She goes onto to say that," Jed continued to read all about Edith Lefevre's grandson is-"

"Me!" Petal cut Jed short as she stood before him exposing all her wonderful femininity to him.

"YYYYYou're a?"

"Well I certainly don't resemble a young man anymore!" Petal smirked as she looked down at Jed Schaffer, "Do I?" she stretched and began to play with the back of hair alluringly, "I'm now what is known as a shemale Mr Schaffer!"

"BBBBBB… But?" Jed looked up at the Mother Superior's supposed grandson, his mind a cauldron of confusion at what he had discovered, "How err… CCCC… Could you accept?"

"The same way you're gonna accept it Mr Schaffer!" Petal suddenly relaxed her right arm from her sultry pose and held out a small spray can and aimed it directly into Jed's face.

Jed dropped the diary and tried to expel as much of the spray as he could with his hands, however as the mist of the spray swept into his eyes and up his nose and into the back of his throat he suddenly began to feel light headed and then instantly fell back into the chair.

"Wha… What have you?" he tried to get his words out.

"It's just a little persuading mist… As the organisation like to call it!" Petal grinned down at her captive audience. "And considering you're my first mark you won't mind if I have a little fun with you!"

"F… F… Fun?" Jed tried his hardest to get up, but whatever it was he had inhaled had incapacitated him.

"You see Mr Schaffer, what is not in those diaries is everything I've been taught since becoming a girl and as I am a girl I have my own needs," Petal turned around and began to walk over to the bed. "And I was taught well too!"

"NNNN... Needs?" Jed still struggled to fight the drug he had inhaled.

"Come now Mr Schaffer, ever since you clasped eyes on me you've wanted to do nothing else but fuck me... And from what Mrs Newlington tells me your quite a pussycat!" Petal growled, teasing her mark. "Now come here and take your top off now!"

To Jed's surprise his body suddenly began to respond to Petal's command.

"What?"

"Shut up I don't want to hear you say anything unless I ask you too!" she looked deep into her responsive prisoner's eyes . "Hmmm nicely toned good... Now remove everything... Oh and to make it more exciting I'd like your body to be completely responsive to me... Just like you was to Judith!"

Jed's mind was in turmoil as the young woman he offered to help escape, was now commanding him to do everything she wanted.

He desperately wanted to gain control of his actions, but whatever was in that spray was most definitely too powerful for him to overcome, so like a puppet on a string he began to do what his puppet mistress was telling him to do.

"Hmmm yummy!" Petal looked down at Jed's groin, "Lady Dolan told me I would enjoy this moment!"

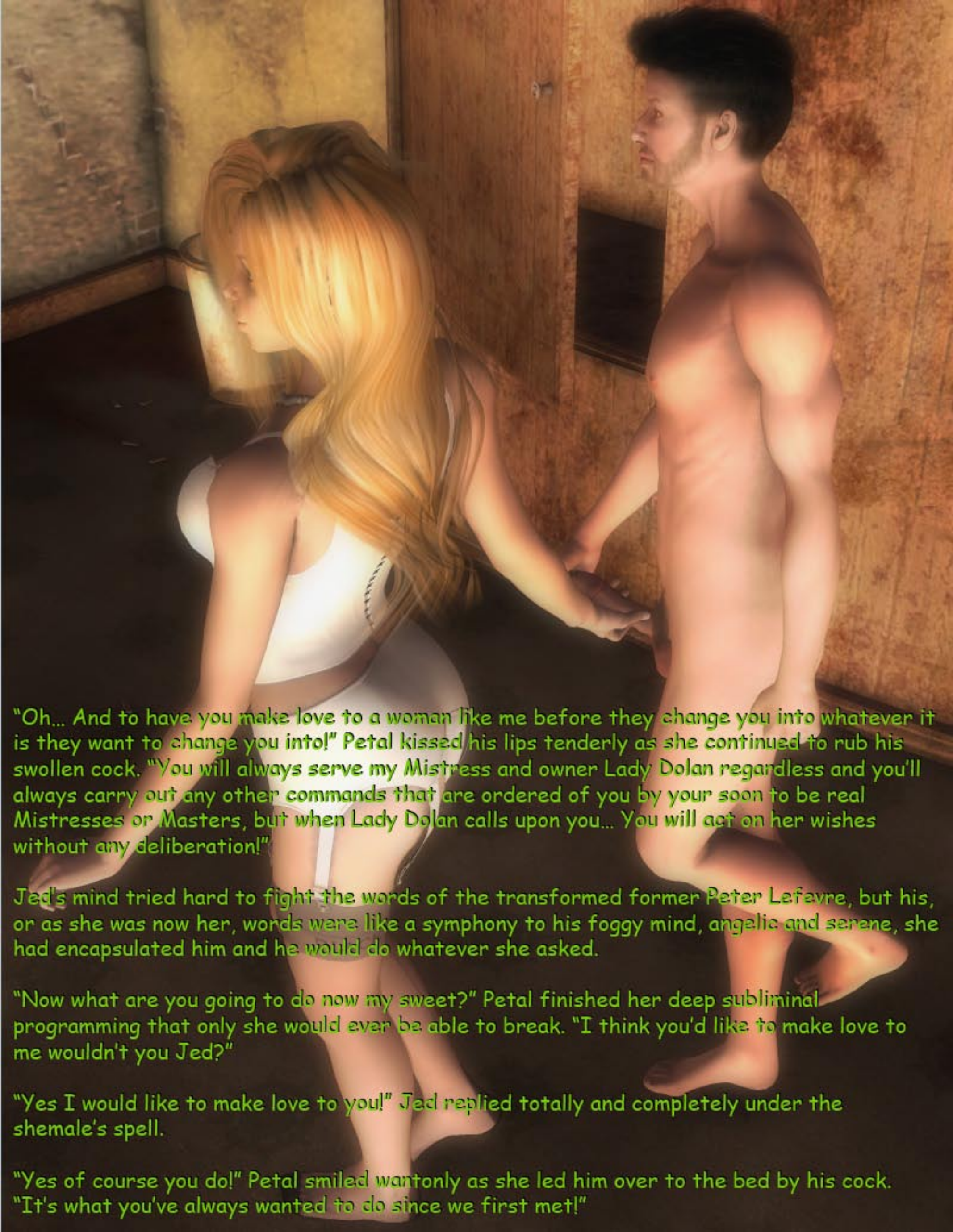
Jed just stood there naked and just like he had been in front of Mrs Newlington he was fully erect.

"And imagine what Lord Dolan would say if he knew his precious Petal was having sex with another man!"

Jed felt absolute fear in his mind, his body was not his to control and furthermore just how far could this, former male turned shemale, take him.

"Now listen to me my love," Petal took a hold of Jed's cock and began to stroke it gently. "I can understand the fear you're going through in that silly male mind of yours, but I've brought you here to insert a trigger into your subconscious, before they do what it is they want to do with you!"

Jed's eyes were the only thing that confirmed he was still himself and as Petal began to reveal to him her intentions and that when she had finished with him that he would be handed over to the organisation he was so desperate to achieve fame from bringing down, he soon realised that whatever experiments they were conducting up at the convent he was going to witness first hand.



"Oh... And to have you make love to a woman like me before they change you into whatever it is they want to change you into!" Petal kissed his lips tenderly as she continued to rub his swollen cock. "You will always serve my Mistress and owner Lady Dolan regardless and you'll always carry out any other commands that are ordered of you by your soon to be real Mistresses or Masters, but when Lady Dolan calls upon you... You will act on her wishes without any deliberation!"

Jed's mind tried hard to fight the words of the transformed former Peter Lefevre, but his, or as she was now her, words were like a symphony to his foggy mind, angelic and serene, she had encapsulated him and he would do whatever she asked.

"Now what are you going to do now my sweet?" Petal finished her deep subliminal programming that only she would ever be able to break. "I think you'd like to make love to me wouldn't you Jed?"

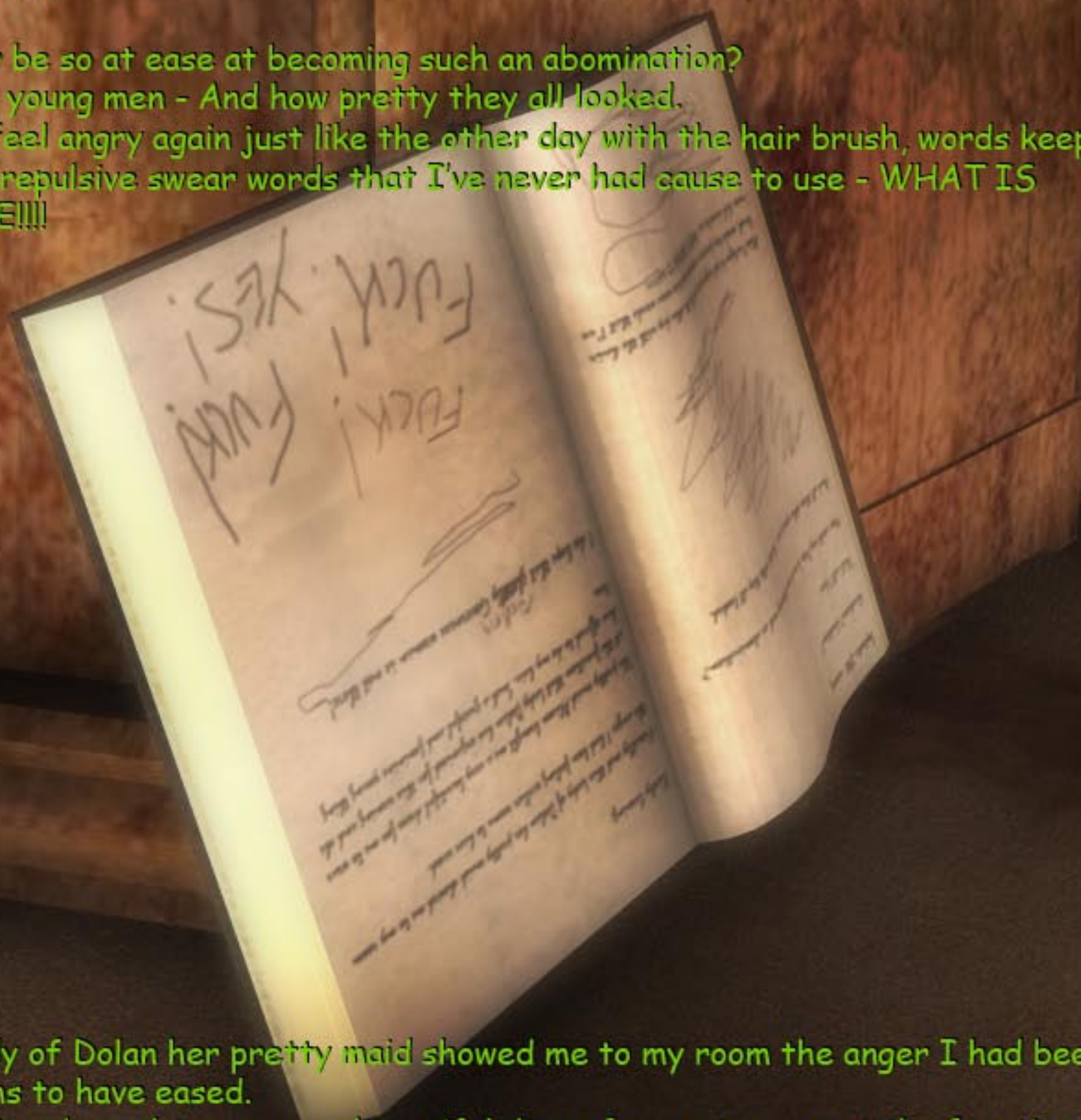
"Yes I would like to make love to you!" Jed replied totally and completely under the shemale's spell.

"Yes of course you do!" Petal smiled wantonly as she led him over to the bed by his cock. "It's what you've always wanted to do since we first met!"

As the fallen diary finally slipped to the dirty carpeted floor of the motel room, a couple of pages flipped over and although there was no one to read where they had fallen opened to, the page it rested upon and all the continuing pages contained thereafter, were completely relevant and testimony to the proof that Jedidiah Schaffer could have used to bring down the entire organisation that he was about to become apart of.

Information that explicitly told how the once meek and timid Edith Lefevre became the woman she now was.

September 28th - evening
Questions? Questions?
That's all I have
How could my Peter be so at ease at becoming such an abomination?
And all those other young men - And how pretty they all looked.
Also I've begun to feel angry again just like the other day with the hair brush, words keep forming in my mind repulsive swear words that I've never had cause to use - WHAT IS HAPPENING TO ME!!!!



Early Evening;
Finally met this Lady of Dolan her pretty maid showed me to my room the anger I had been feeling earlier seems to have eased.
The pretty maid Alison brought me a very beautiful dress for me to wear at the function that Lady Dolan has organised for this evening and she has offered to do my hair. Such a graceful and feminine young thing too.
I do hope that fucking Governess woman is not there!

With the last sentences on both open pages turning from neat writing to scrawl, Edith's new persona was also beginning to emerge, as the word 'Fuck' was scrawled roughly on to the last page of Edith Lefevre's personal diary.

Chapter 26

Unveiled

Story Postwork and Concept by
Keshara ©Lorien2009

With the function in full swing and Edith handed a glass of wine by a lilac and grey clad Victorian dressed maid, she began to look around at the array of people gathered, however before she got to take another sip Mary Masterton's voice interrupted her.

"Hello Edith I trust you're enjoying yourself?"

"Edith," Nathanial greeted her too.

"Oh Mrs Masterton... Errr Mr Blake its you," Edith replied, her mind still bringing forth the image of the two of them having what she could only describe as immoral and very disgusting sex in her home.

"Oh Edith I'm sorry for all the noise me and Nathanial made, but we just can't keep our hands of one another can we Nathanial?" Mary looked up at her young lover.

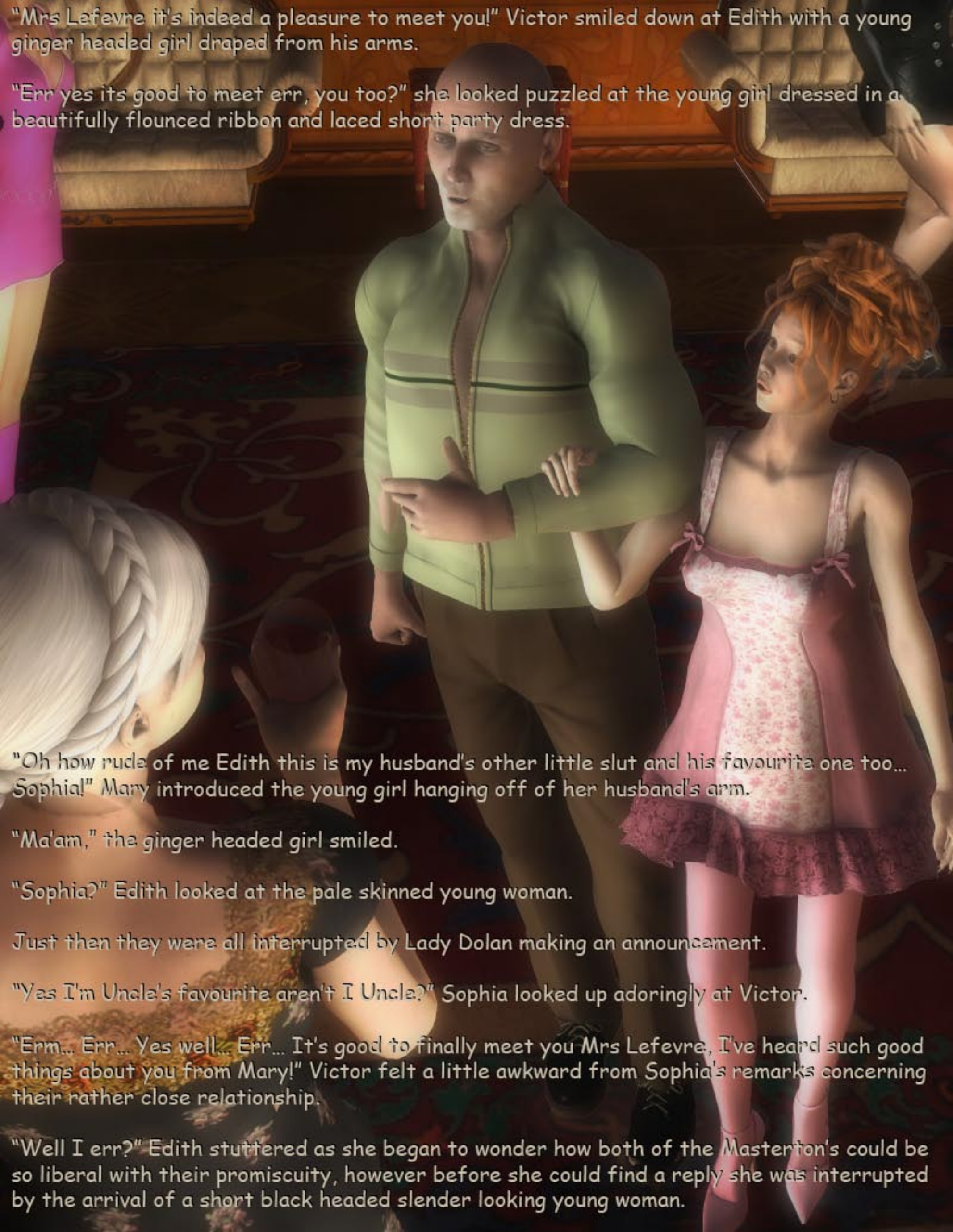
"No my love we can't!" Nathanial replied looking deeply into Edith's eyes as he agreed,

A look that made Edith blush a little and then look away from his gaze.

"It was our first weekend together too wasn't it?" Mary continued.

"Oh I see," Edith replied a little puzzled at the remark.

"Oh here comes Victor!" Mary enthused as her husband walked over to them.



"Mrs Lefevre it's indeed a pleasure to meet you!" Victor smiled down at Edith with a young ginger headed girl draped from his arms.

"Err yes its good to meet err, you too?" she looked puzzled at the young girl dressed in a beautifully flounced ribbon and laced short party dress.

"Oh how rude of me Edith this is my husband's other little slut and his favourite one too... Sophia!" Mary introduced the young girl hanging off of her husband's arm.

"Ma'am," the ginger headed girl smiled.

"Sophia?" Edith looked at the pale skinned young woman.

Just then they were all interrupted by Lady Dolan making an announcement.

"Yes I'm Uncle's favourite aren't I Uncle?" Sophia looked up adoringly at Victor.

"Erm... Err... Yes well... Err... It's good to finally meet you Mrs Lefevre, I've heard such good things about you from Mary!" Victor felt a little awkward from Sophia's remarks concerning their rather close relationship.

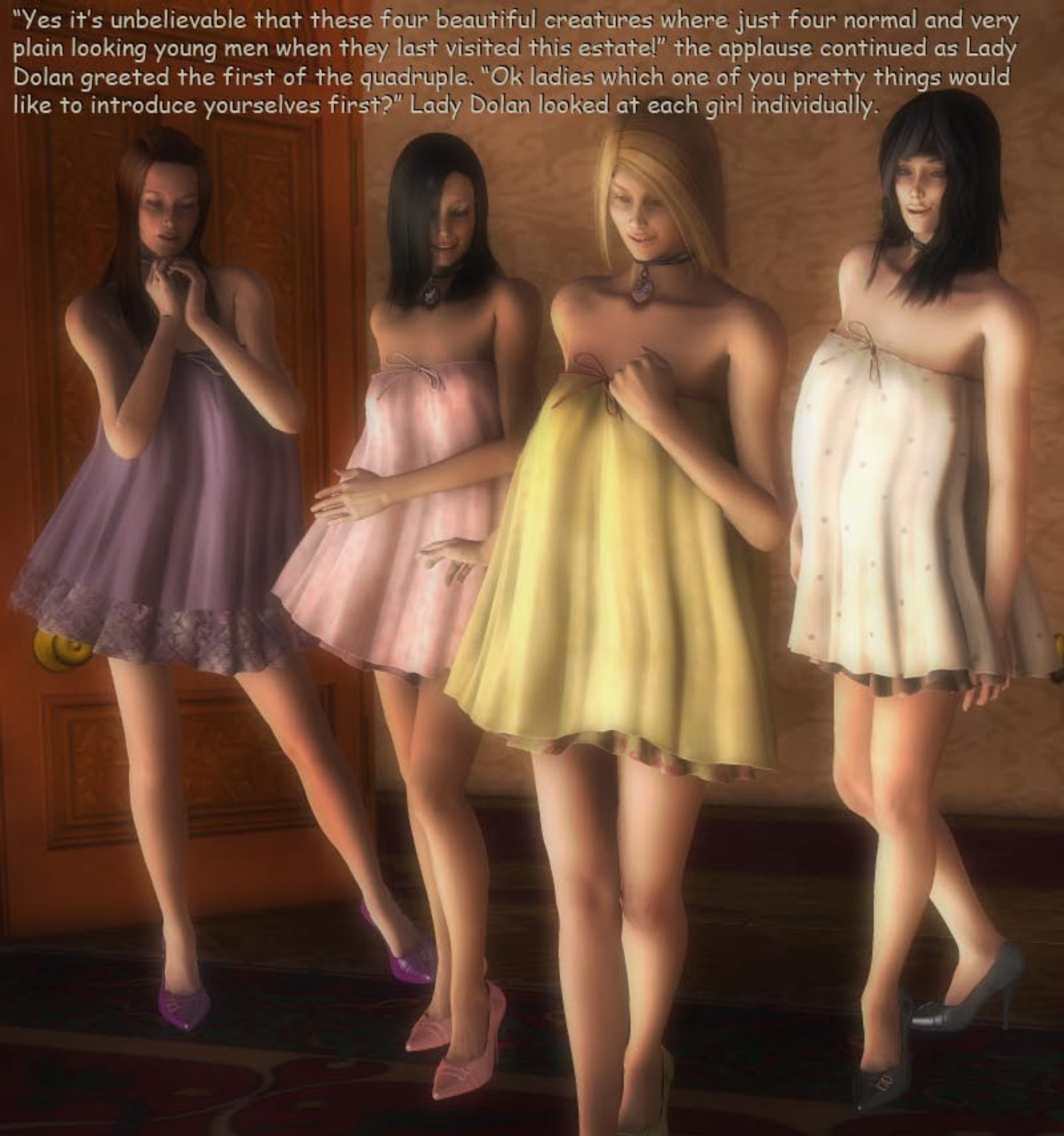
"Well I err?" Edith stuttered as she began to wonder how both of the Masterton's could be so liberal with their promiscuity, however before she could find a reply she was interrupted by the arrival of a short black headed slender looking young woman.

"Ladies and Gentlemen I'm glad we're all gathered for this evening because it is indeed such an important evening for our guests of honour!" Lady Dolan began to announce. "So without any further delay I'd like you all to welcome our four gorgeous young nuns to be!"

As the doors opened the room erupted into a crescendo of gasps and applause.

"Well I can hardly recognise these four young creatures standing before us... Simply wonderful don't you agree Ladies and Gentlemen?" Lady Dolan continued to announce the four former young men, who were all wearing beautiful, individually patterned baby-doll dresses with elegant near matching stiletto heels.

"Yes it's unbelievable that these four beautiful creatures where just four normal and very plain looking young men when they last visited this estate!" the applause continued as Lady Dolan greeted the first of the quadruple. "Ok ladies which one of you pretty things would like to introduce yourselves first?" Lady Dolan looked at each girl individually.



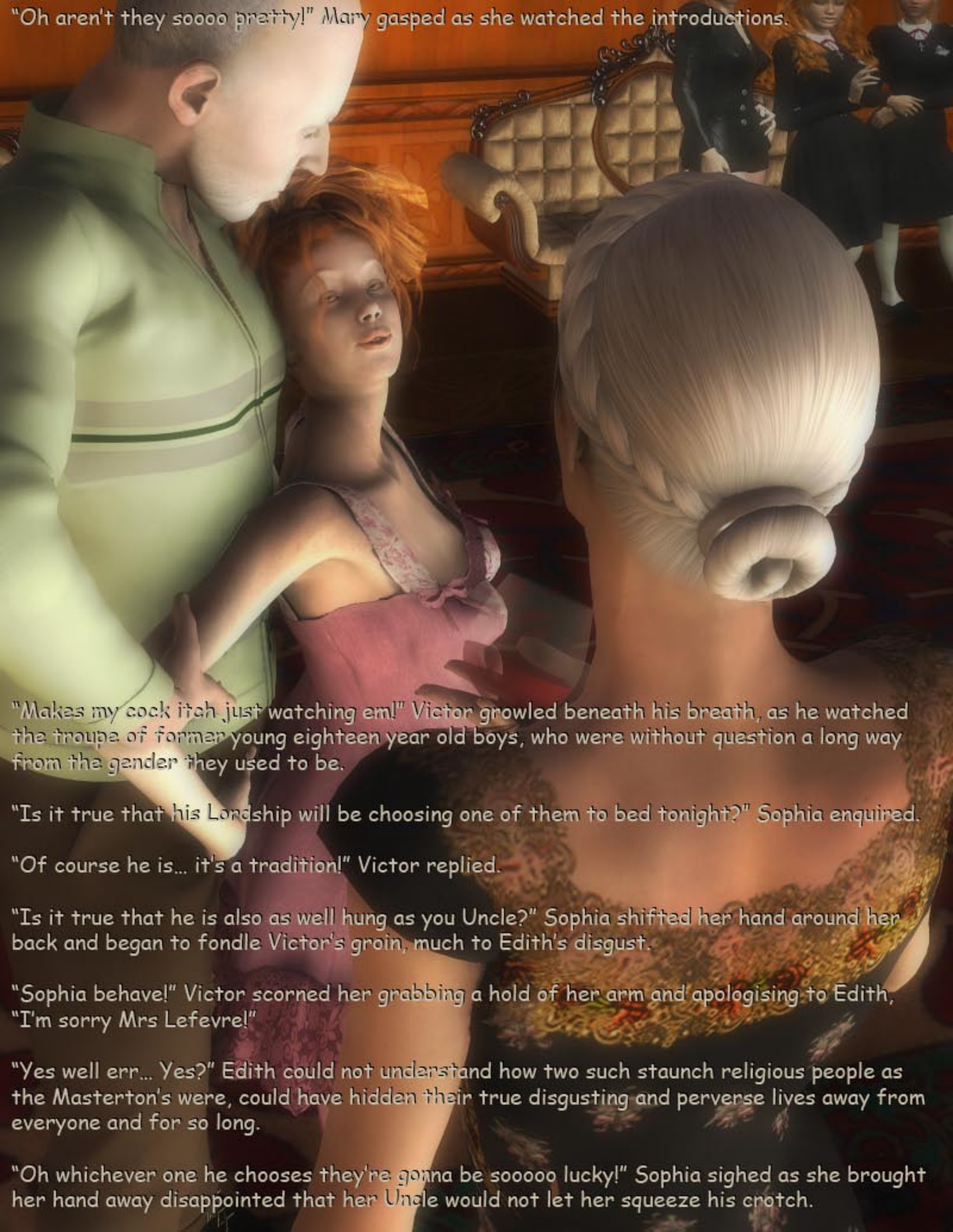
A comment that brought about another wave of gasps as everyone gathered waited to see which brave young thing would step forward first, however they did not have to wait for long as the pretty blonde stepped forward.

"Now then if one of you brave creatures would like to step forward and introduce yourself!" Lady Dolan continued to organise the four girls as the former Henry Logan delectably and very femininely stepped forward on his six inch heels.

"Now then who do we have here?" Lady Dolan led the very dizzy looking blonde headed former young man to the fore. "And I must say I'm finding myself becoming particularly jealous too!"

A remark that brought about a few nods of agreement and polite laughter.

"Oh you're Ladyship Ma'am thank you," a blonde headed Honey giggled as she stood besides Lady Dolan very proudly, "And my name is Miss Honey, I used to be called Henry, until our Lady of the Sacred Feminine bestowed the wonderful gift of femininity upon me!"



"Oh aren't they soooo pretty!" Mary gasped as she watched the introductions.

"Makes my cock itch just watching em!" Victor growled beneath his breath, as he watched the troupe of former young eighteen year old boys, who were without question a long way from the gender they used to be.

"Is it true that his Lordship will be choosing one of them to bed tonight?" Sophia enquired.

"Of course he is... it's a tradition!" Victor replied.

"Is it true that he is also as well hung as you Uncle?" Sophia shifted her hand around her back and began to fondle Victor's groin, much to Edith's disgust.

"Sophia behave!" Victor scorned her grabbing a hold of her arm and apologising to Edith, "I'm sorry Mrs Lefevre!"

"Yes well err... Yes?" Edith could not understand how two such staunch religious people as the Masterton's were, could have hidden their true disgusting and perverse lives away from everyone and for so long.

"Oh whichever one he chooses they're gonna be sooooo lucky!" Sophia sighed as she brought her hand away disappointed that her Uncle would not let her squeeze his crotch.

"Err Mr Masterton," Edith cleared her throat as she considered asking him where Katherine was, because Nathanial had told her that it was Mary's nephew's wife that was sharing his bed now.

"Yes Mrs Lefevre?" Victor looked down at her.

"Mr Blake was telling me that you and?"

"Katherine?" he replied.

"Yes Katherine," Edith replied.

"Oh Uncle would never bring my sister to one of these," Sophia replied for him, "Her panties would be permanently around her ankles!"

"Sophia be quite this instant!" Victor shook Sophia.

"Yes Uncle I'm sorry," Sophia apologised.

'Sister?' Edith considered what the freckled ginger headed girl had said just as her former grandson announced his new sistership and name to everyone.

"Oh Edith he's absolutely gorgeous, you must be so proud of him?" Mary enthused.

"Proud?" Edith responded, as her thoughts suddenly came round to the realisation that one of the four girls standing by the entrance was actually her grandson and as she began to consider the actual implications it was going to have on her when she returned home and explained to everyone what had become of her grandson and the other three young men, all the pent up frustration and anger combined and finally surfaced. "Oh for fuck's sake I'm not staying here for another minute watching my Peter behaving like a sissy and listening to all of your disgusting perverted talk!" she finally snapped and stormed off.

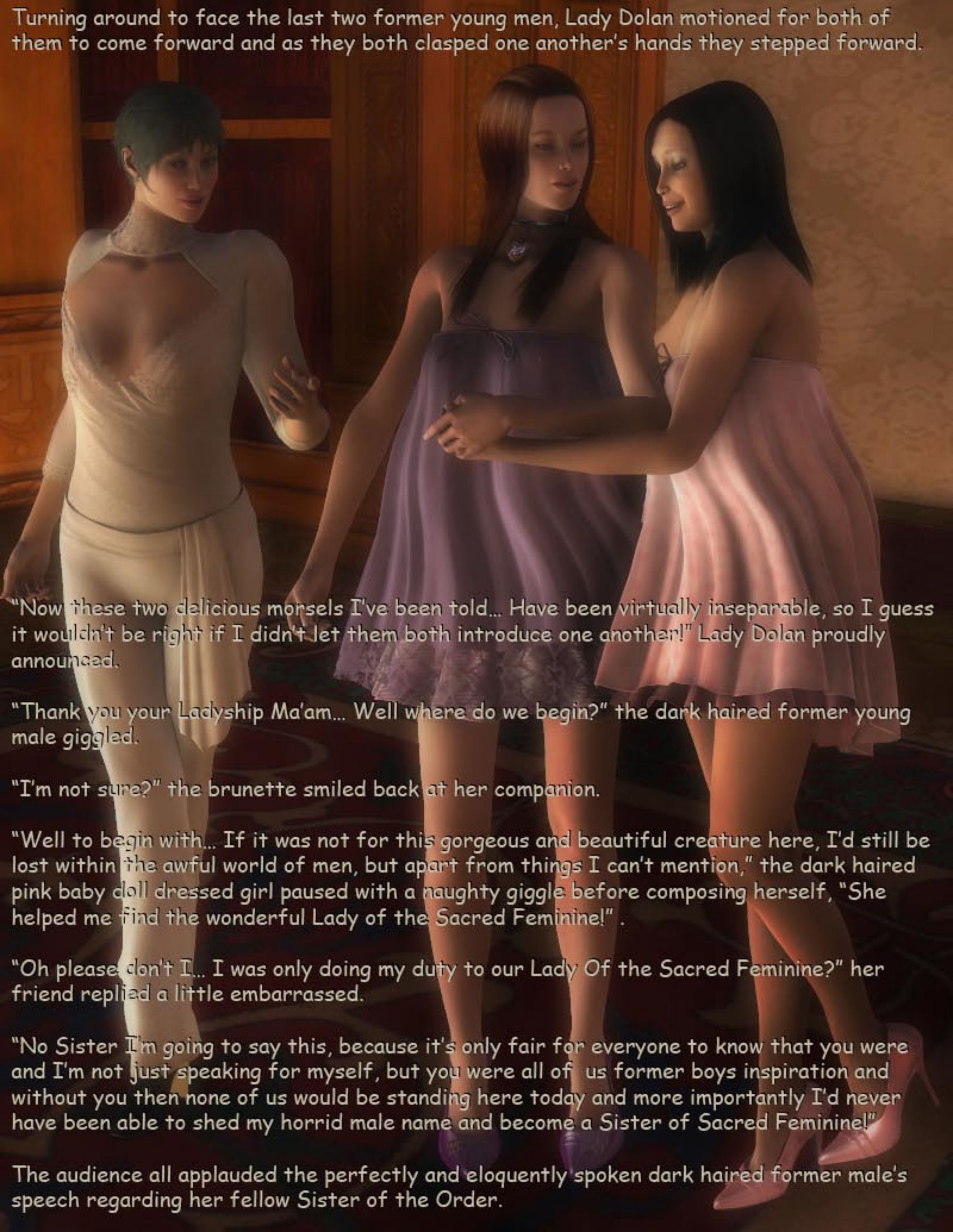
"So there we have our first Sister... Sister Honey everyone and what a delightful young lady she is too!" Lady Dolan watched Honey teetering off to the far end of the reception room to the gentle applause of the guests gathered as she turned to a raven haired girl who had hurriedly taken her place besides her. "Oh... And whom may you be my dear?"

"I used to be Paul Menwith," she began excitedly, "But since I found our good Lady of the Sacred Feminine, she has helped me to see the errors of my false gender and like my sisters here she has set me on the path of righteousness and has honoured me with the gift of femininity and has deemed to have me called Sister Pansy!"

"Oh how wonderful... Sister Pansy everyone!" Lady Dolan motioned for Pansy to go and join her fellow Sister.

"Thank you!" Sister Pansy accepted her new station in life.

Turning around to face the last two former young men, Lady Dolan motioned for both of them to come forward and as they both clasped one another's hands they stepped forward.



"Now these two delicious morsels I've been told... Have been virtually inseparable, so I guess it wouldn't be right if I didn't let them both introduce one another!" Lady Dolan proudly announced.

"Thank you your Ladyship Ma'am... Well where do we begin?" the dark haired former young male giggled.

"I'm not sure?" the brunette smiled back at her companion.

"Well to begin with... If it was not for this gorgeous and beautiful creature here, I'd still be lost within the awful world of men, but apart from things I can't mention," the dark haired pink baby doll dressed girl paused with a naughty giggle before composing herself, "She helped me find the wonderful Lady of the Sacred Feminine!" .

"Oh please don't I... I was only doing my duty to our Lady Of the Sacred Feminine?" her friend replied a little embarrassed.

"No Sister I'm going to say this, because it's only fair for everyone to know that you were and I'm not just speaking for myself, but you were all of us former boys inspiration and without you then none of us would be standing here today and more importantly I'd never have been able to shed my horrid male name and become a Sister of Sacred Feminine!"

The audience all applauded the perfectly and eloquently spoken dark haired former male's speech regarding her fellow Sister of the Order.

"Oh how wonderful!" Lady Dolan clapped along with her guests. "And so perfectly said, but please I'm sure all of us are just dying to know who you are my dear?"

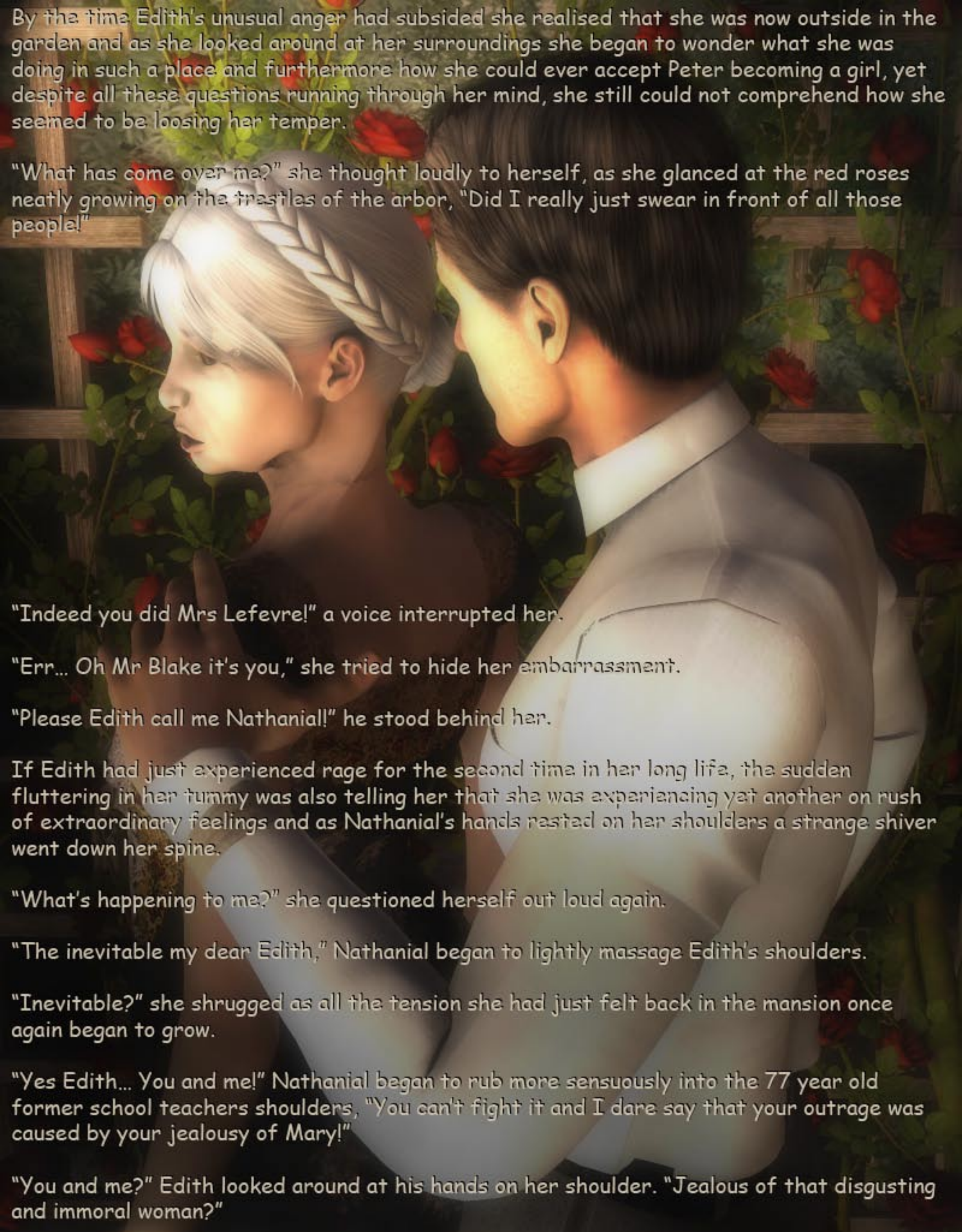
"Of course your Ladyship... I... I used to be a misguided young man called Darren Gable, but now that I've been blessed by our good Lady of the Sacred Feminine... I am to serve her for eternity as Sister Daisy and to show my gratitude for her blessing... I will endeavour to spread the word of our good Lady and serve her as a nun!"

"And I," the brunette waited for the applause to fade, "I was once a feeble and very unconfident young man called Peter Lefevre, until the good Lady of the Sacred Feminine welcomed me to her bosom... And now I'm called Sister Petal and a proud nun of the Convent of Our Sacred Lady of the Feminine!"

A speech that brought about another round of applause.

By the time Edith's unusual anger had subsided she realised that she was now outside in the garden and as she looked around at her surroundings she began to wonder what she was doing in such a place and furthermore how she could ever accept Peter becoming a girl, yet despite all these questions running through her mind, she still could not comprehend how she seemed to be loosing her temper.

"What has come over me?" she thought loudly to herself, as she glanced at the red roses neatly growing on the trestles of the arbor, "Did I really just swear in front of all those people!"



"Indeed you did Mrs Lefevre!" a voice interrupted her.

"Err... Oh Mr Blake it's you," she tried to hide her embarrassment.

"Please Edith call me Nathanial!" he stood behind her.

If Edith had just experienced rage for the second time in her long life, the sudden fluttering in her tummy was also telling her that she was experiencing yet another on rush of extraordinary feelings and as Nathanial's hands rested on her shoulders a strange shiver went down her spine.

"What's happening to me?" she questioned herself out loud again.

"The inevitable my dear Edith," Nathanial began to lightly massage Edith's shoulders.

"Inevitable?" she shrugged as all the tension she had just felt back in the mansion once again began to grow.

"Yes Edith... You and me!" Nathanial began to rub more sensuously into the 77 year old former school teachers shoulders, "You can't fight it and I dare say that your outrage was caused by your jealousy of Mary!"

"You and me?" Edith looked around at his hands on her shoulder. "Jealous of that disgusting and immoral woman?"

"Yes Edith, you're going through a much needed transition!"

"Stop it Mr Blake... I've told you before I'm not interested in you!" Edith growled back at him, I only want to go home!"

"Hmmm we'll see about that after I kiss you!" Nathanial then leant forward and kissed Edith's neck again.

"Please Mr Blake constrain yourself... You're Mary's and the whore is carrying your baby!" Edith's anger began to surface once again, for just as surprising as it was to her, she suddenly and quite rhetorically pointed out as she pulled herself away from Nathanial's unwelcome embrace.

"Baby?" Nathanial laughed. "What baby?"

"Mr Blake credit me with some intelligence I am a woman after all and yesterday morning and this morning Mary was being sick and that is a sure sign of a woman being pregnant and at her age too... I mean it's just... Disgusting... Absolutely disgusting!"

"Oh please Edith, that's wonderful news if it is indeed true... But I very much doubt I'm the father!" he laughed joyfully.

"What's that supposed to mean?" Edith looked puzzled at Nathanial's reply concerning him being the father of Mary's baby.

"Mary normally spends the weekends up in the city at a sex club she works for, and she's normally centre stage and I know that for the past two weekends she's been hired by a group of black men as a chalice and receptacle for sex play.

"Sex club... Chalice?"

"Yes chalice... Although that is a more kind way of describing what Mary does at the weekends, cause she has black men depositing their sexual fluids in her all weekends... In other words she's a prostitute for them!"

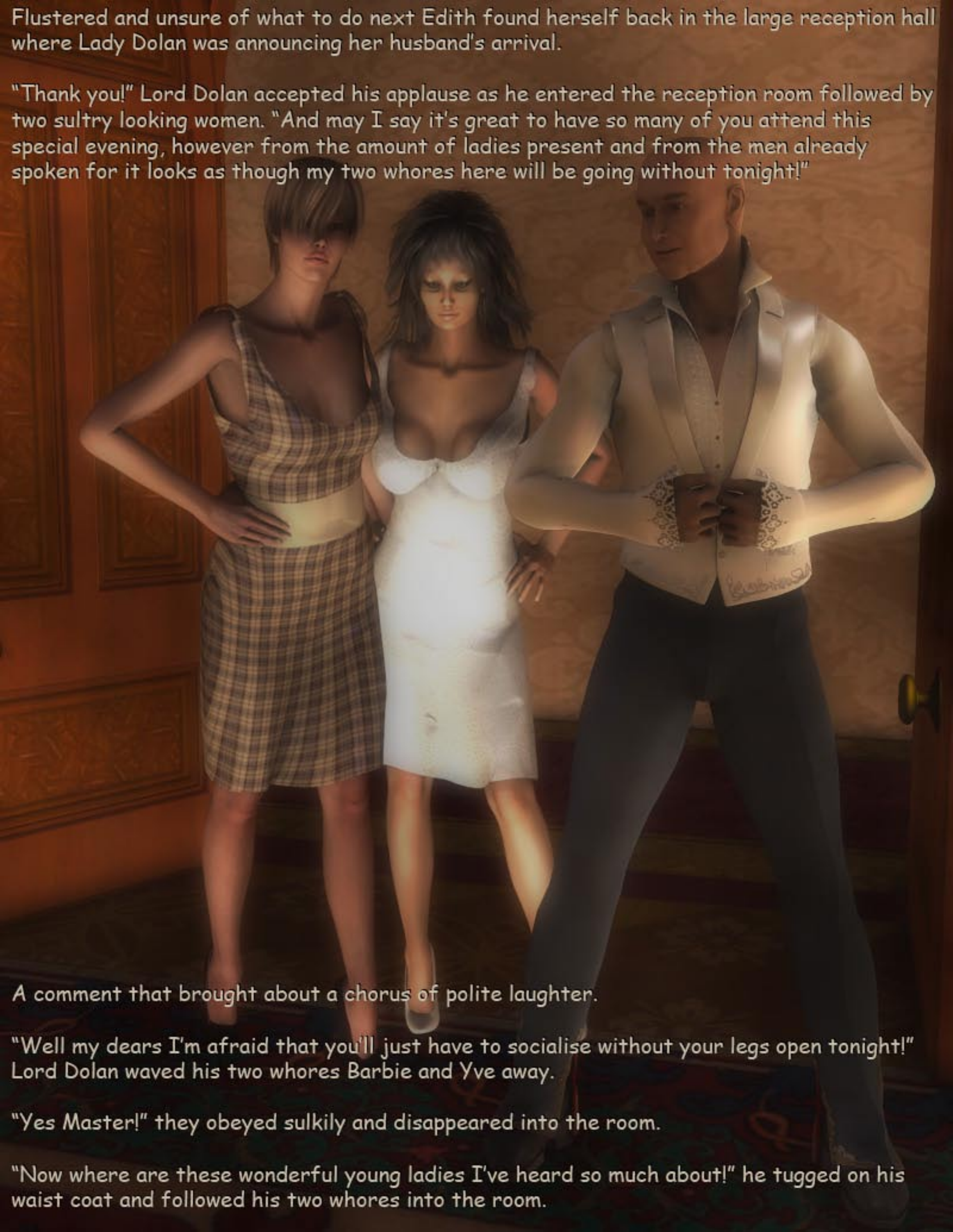
"Ohhhh no please!" Edith shook her head with horror.

"I'm sorry Edith but Mary loves being fucked by black men and only uses me to fill in when she's feeling wanton!"

"I... I err... Please let me go I can't stay here anymore!" Edith could contain her anger no more as she pushed past Nathanial and headed straight back into the mansion.

Flustered and unsure of what to do next Edith found herself back in the large reception hall where Lady Dolan was announcing her husband's arrival.

"Thank you!" Lord Dolan accepted his applause as he entered the reception room followed by two sultry looking women. "And may I say it's great to have so many of you attend this special evening, however from the amount of ladies present and from the men already spoken for it looks as though my two whores here will be going without tonight!"



A comment that brought about a chorus of polite laughter.

"Well my dears I'm afraid that you'll just have to socialise without your legs open tonight!" Lord Dolan waved his two whores Barbie and Yve away.

"Yes Master!" they obeyed sulkily and disappeared into the room.

"Now where are these wonderful young ladies I've heard so much about!" he tugged on his waist coat and followed his two whores into the room.

"They are all waiting for you my dear!" Lady Dolan smiled as her husband past her by and reached the far end of the reception room.

"Hello your Lordship!" all four girls giggled in unison as they greeted the Lord and Master of Dolan.

"Hmm... Yes very nice indeed!" he looked all four girls up and down. "Now then my four young nymphs, I must say it its going to be a hard to decision to make, as each and everyone of you are worthy of my attention!"

A remark that brought about a crescendo of 'AAAHHHH'S' from the gathered crowd.

"And as much as I would like to choose all four of you I'm afraid I can only choose one of you!" he smiled at each and everyone of the four new girls. "And the added ingredient of you all becoming delicious nuns is getting me hot under the collar already... But enough of this toying with you, for as you know I have a very difficult decision to make and assisting the lucky one of you into womanhood is the prize... But as tradition has stated from my forefather Lord Sebastian of Dolan, it is my duty to take the virginity of a true virgin!"

A statement which brought around three sighs of disappointment.

"But let us not avoid the real reason for all four of you beautiful young creatures being here and in front of your soon to be edified Mother Superior too!" Lord Dolan continued with his speech, "So before I bring my chosen one to my side, let us welcome the first nuns of our newly created convent... Sisters!"

All four former young men shrilled with delight at being announced as Sisters of the Convent of Dolan.

"Oh Honey it's official now you're... I'm?" Pansy shrieked with excitement amongst the applause for their eagerly awaited titles.

"Sister Pansy... Yes what a wonderful tone it has... And you too Sister Honey!" Sister Daisy also found it hard to control herself.

"Oh Sister Petal, why are you not enjoying the applause?" Sister Daisy enquired as Sister Petal's face began to show signs of apprehension.

"It's err... My grandmother?" she could see Edith looking very angry upon the far side of the reception room.

"But she's going to be our Mother Superior and after all your going to be chosen by his Lordship any moment now, you lucky Sister you!" Sister Daisy responded.

"Yes I know and it will confirm to my grandmother that I am to be her granddaughter from now on!" Sister Petal also began to consider what was going to happen next.

"Oh come now Sister Petal you've been desperate to have your cherry popped by my cock for the past week and now you're gonna get it popped by his Lordship!" Sister Daisy crudely put Petal's virginity on the table. "And Sister Honey has been dreaming heavily of having a real man inside her... So count yourself lucky!"

"Yes Sister Daisy thank you... I do... And I know how much Sister Honey wanted to be chosen by his Lordship, but it may still be her?" Sister Petal was wondering whether or not like Sister Daisy she had assumed it would be her.

"Sister Petal you're the only true virgin in the convent... So stop trying to sway from what we both know is going to happen... Lord Dolan is going to fuck you!"

With the applause for the four new nuns dying down, Lord Dolan cleared his throat and looked around at the four girls one last time.

"Sisters... I'm afraid it's time to make my choice!"

"Yes your Lordship Master!" all four girls acknowledged their master.

"But... Tradition beckons I'm afraid and the beautiful Sister of the Chapter of Dolan's Convent I'm going to invite to warm my bed tonight is," Lord Dolan paused as he looked at all four of them one last time, "Sister Petal!"

"Oh my?" Sister Petal heard her name and despite all of the convincing done by her fellow nuns that it was going to be her, it still came as a shock to her, "Me?" she shakily replied.

"Yes you!" Sister Daisy grabbed a hold of her and held her.

"Oh Sister Petal!" Sister Honey gasped as she showed how pleased she was for her.

"The Lady of the Scared Feminine has really blessed you Sister Petal... How wonderful!" Sister Pansy was equally as pleased as her fellow sisters of the faith.

"Well my dear… If you'd like to take my arm," Lord Dolan offered Sister Petal his arm for her to hold.

"My Lord," Sister Petal gave a slight curtsey, stepped forward very daintily and took a hold of his arm.

"Hmmm… You smell absolutely divine my dear he inhaled her perfume!"

"Thank you My Lord," Sister Petal replied shyly.

"Well ladies and gentlemen… As much as I would like to depart and unwrap this delightful treasure, it is as much a celebration for all of our lovely new nuns!" Lord Dolan's speech was greeted with applause, "And I'm sure you're all dying to chat to our other beautiful new nuns, so ladies if you'd care to mingle with our guests I'm sure our guests will have plenty of questions to ask you!" he dismissed the other three nuns.

Sister Petal could not stop herself from shaking as she stood holding the arm of her Lord and Master and the fact that she would also soon be bedded by him was beginning to add to her nervousness and as her Mistress and owner Lady Dolan nodded her head in appreciation, she felt pleased that she was now trophy for her husband to parade through the large reception room.

Peter Lefevre, like Henry Logan, Paul Menwith and Darren Gable where now distant echoes of a past that meant nothing to them and when the euphoria of their introduction had finally settled down, the new Sisters of the Lady of the Sacred Feminine Chapter of Dolan would start their new lives as nuns, however for Sister Petal there was still the concern of her virtue and as she stood holding on to Lord Dolan's arm proudly, she could not wait to be taken from the celebrations and up to his Lordship's bedchamber, where she would be brought to fulfilment.

Edith could feel rage building up inside of her once again, however this time her mind was truly focused on the reason why she was getting angry.

Nathanial Blake was once again trying to seduce her and the added news that Mary Masterton had turned out to be such an un-moralistic and obscene whore, who had preached nothing but the opposite and, from what she could tell, was also pregnant with, in all possibilities, some random black man's baby, she was beginning to understand the way she was feeling.

However as she walked back into the reception hall, she came to a standstill as she saw what used to be her grandson.

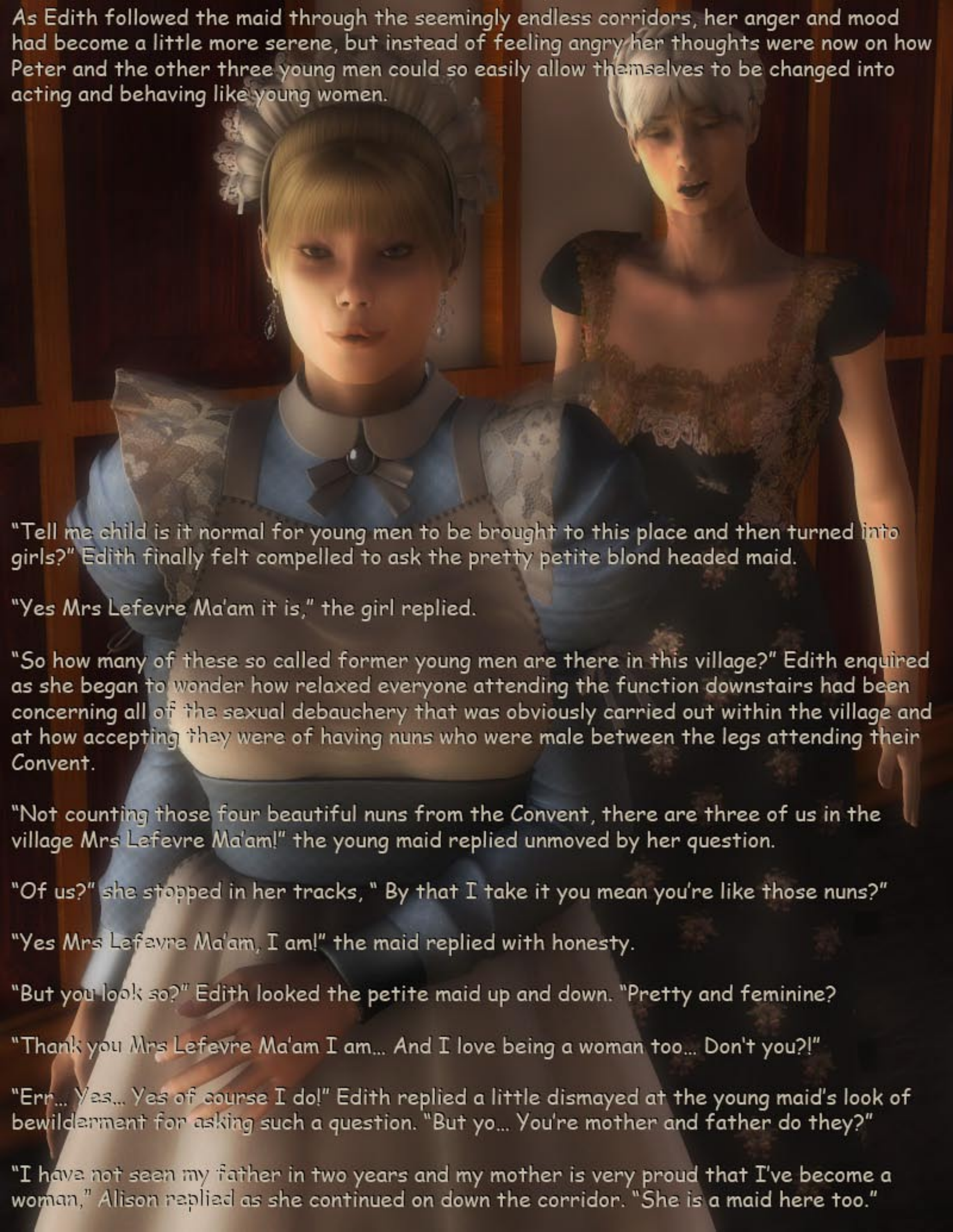
"And now this man is going to make a woman of my Peter!" she growled as she watched Peter break from the quartet and take the Lord of Dolan's arm, "Even he's gone against everything I believe!" Edith's anger continued to grow as she tried to stem her tears and held her head in her hands. "I've gotta stop this madness... I've gotta show them I'm -" she was suddenly stopped in mid sentence by the angelic voice of the petite maid who had shown her to her room early.

"Would you like me to escort you to your room Mrs Lefevre Ma'am?" the sweet voice of the blonde maid enquired. "Her Ladyship can see that the occasion maybe a little unsettling for you!"

"What... Err... I guess?" Edith's anger suddenly began to wane as the young maid's perfume seemed to cut a knife into her thoughts. "Err well I err... Yeah... Yes that would be so nice of you,"

"This way then Ma'am," The maid curtseyed and pointed her towards the doors and took her into the hallway.

As Edith followed the maid through the seemingly endless corridors, her anger and mood had become a little more serene, but instead of feeling angry her thoughts were now on how Peter and the other three young men could so easily allow themselves to be changed into acting and behaving like young women.



"Tell me child is it normal for young men to be brought to this place and then turned into girls?" Edith finally felt compelled to ask the pretty petite blond headed maid.

"Yes Mrs Lefevre Ma'am it is," the girl replied.

"So how many of these so called former young men are there in this village?" Edith enquired as she began to wonder how relaxed everyone attending the function downstairs had been concerning all of the sexual debauchery that was obviously carried out within the village and at how accepting they were of having nuns who were male between the legs attending their Convent.

"Not counting those four beautiful nuns from the Convent, there are three of us in the village Mrs Lefevre Ma'am!" the young maid replied unmoved by her question.

"Of us?" she stopped in her tracks, " By that I take it you mean you're like those nuns?"

"Yes Mrs Lefevre Ma'am, I am!" the maid replied with honesty.

"But you look so?" Edith looked the petite maid up and down. "Pretty and feminine?

"Thank you Mrs Lefevre Ma'am I am... And I love being a woman too... Don't you?!"

"Err... Yes... Yes of course I do!" Edith replied a little dismayed at the young maid's look of bewilderment for asking such a question. "But yo... You're mother and father do they?"

"I have not seen my father in two years and my mother is very proud that I've become a woman," Alison replied as she continued on down the corridor. "She is a maid here too."

Lost for words and still somewhat calm despite her confusion surrounding everything she had witnessed and heard this evening, Edith continued to follow the young maid until she finally brought her to her room.

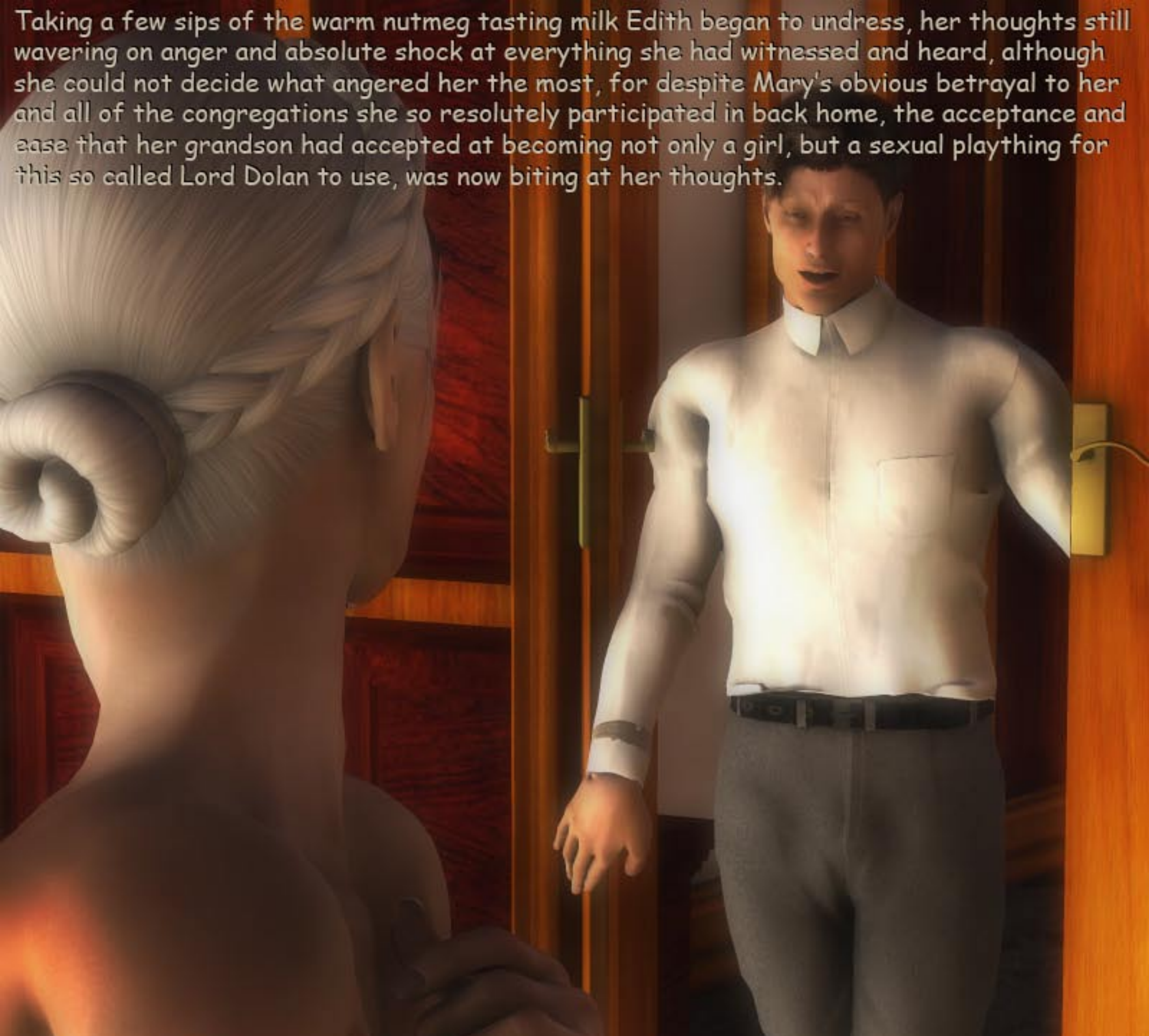
"We have taken the liberty of leaving a warm milk by your bedside Mrs Lefevre Ma'am, it will help you to sleep and calm you!" the maid opened the door for her.

"Thank you err?"

"Alison Mrs Lefevre Ma'am… My name is Alison," she accepted the woman's gratitude for escorting her away from the function downstairs. "And may I add that Sister Petal is so lucky to have such an important and wonderful lady as you as her grandmother!"

"Errr… Ye… Yes… Yes of course, Alison thank you" Edith looked down at the young maid amazed at how sweet and pretty this young former male now looked and at how beautifully femininely sculptured her own grandson had become too, however as much as her anger had been calmed by the appearance of the maid, she still had no intention of becoming a part of their bizarre religious sect and furthermore she could not wait to report Mary Masterton's and Nathanial Blake's awful secret to the senior church ministers when she finally arrived home.

Taking a few sips of the warm nutmeg tasting milk Edith began to undress, her thoughts still wavering on anger and absolute shock at everything she had witnessed and heard, although she could not decide what angered her the most, for despite Mary's obvious betrayal to her and all of the congregations she so resolutely participated in back home, the acceptance and ease that her grandson had accepted at becoming not only a girl, but a sexual plaything for this so called Lord Dolan to use, was now biting at her thoughts.



"How could he let them do this to him?" Edith sighed as she unzipped her black print dress and let it slip to the floor. "And just how could Henry and the others also agree to becoming such obscene things too!"

However as the dress hit the floor there was a knock at her door.

"Err... Errr who... Who is it?" she nervously called out, but before she had time to pick up her dress and cover all of her modesty the door opened.

"It is me my love!" Nathanial stood in the open doorway, "And I see I've arrived at the right time!" he brazenly walked in.

"Mr Blake... Please I err... Please do you have no?" Edith tried desperately to hide her modesty, especially as she was only wearing a panty girdle, for her breasts in her own words were small and had gone downstream too long ago for her to bother supporting them with any type of brassiere .

"Ooh La La Mrs Lefevre... You are indeed more beautiful in the flesh than I could've imagined!" Nathanial closed the door and walked right up to the very bemused and confused 77 year old woman.

"Please Mr Blak-" Edith was cut short as Mary Masterton's young lover took a hold of her wrist and pulled her arm away from her breasts.

"The first time I set eyes on you Edith I knew we'd become lovers!" Nathanial sighed as he pulled Edith's semi naked body towards him.

"Please Mr Blake I... I insist?" Edith's mind was in turmoil, for the touch of the young man's hold on her wrist and the close proximity of his body and after shave, rekindled the memory of the kiss he gave her yesterday, a kiss that her deepest and most personal thoughts had seemed to accept, yet despite the forefront of her mind telling her that not only this, but everything she had seen heard and witnessed this past weekend, was wrong and completely immoral, something was stirring within her own body.

"You cannot fight it any longer my dear Edith, this was meant to be!" Nathanial whispered sexily as he stared long and deep into her eyes.

"But Mr Blake?" Edith tried hard to fight the strange feeling that was creeping through her body, a feeling that was somewhat alien to her usual shy and demure nature.

"Nathanial... Edith... Please call me Nathanial!" he then pulled her forward and kissed her passionately.

"BUTMWHHHHHHHHHMMMMWHHHhhh," Edith's resolve and words collapsed into a heap in the grip of Nathanial's hold and as his tongue invaded her mouth and found hers, she could not fight the strange feeling that had claimed her.

Edith Lefevre was going to travel into new and uncharted territory and as much as her rational thinking mind tried to counter what was happening to her, her body was responding to embrace of the young man.

Edith's mind was now open and willing to receive anything she was told and as Nathanial picked her up and romantically placed her on the bed, her grey eyes looked up at the young man who was going to make love to her, eyes that for 77 years had already lived, what her normal rationale would have perceived as a long blissful and contented life, yet even though those grey orbs had accepted her life as just, the secret program that was slowly being fed into her wide open psyche, was about to distort the kind and affectionate nature that had made her such a shy, truthful and demure woman, for Edith Lefevre had already succumbed to anger and now she was submitting to the needs of a young lecherous and totally immoral young man.

Edith tried hard to fight her submission, but as Nathanial removed all of his clothes and climbed onto the bed, it was too late, for her inhibitions had been prized open and as Nathanial kissed her lips once again she felt his hand reach the top of her girdle and slowly and expertly begin to roll them off of her hips.

"No please we?" Edith looked up into the young cleric to be's eyes as he removed her panty girdle and sensually parted her legs with his hand.

"Yes my dear... We must!" he sighed as he moved his body into position and pinned Edith helplessly to the bed.

'What am I doing?' Edith questioned herself as she felt the tip of the young man's penis gently nudging at her crevice, a place that had neither been touched nor parted by a man since her late husband almost 30 odd years ago, "Nnnnnnnooo," she sighed as Mary Masterton's young lover eased his hip forward and pushed his manhood into her.

"Let the Lady of the Sacred Feminine bless you Edith!" Nathanial breathed heavily as he finally impaled his quest completely.

In another part of the mansion Edith's granddaughter and one of the newest Convent of Dolan's Sister's was also about to be brought to fulfilment, however unlike her grandmother and future Mother Superior, Sister Petal Lefevre was not afraid of letting her inhibitions run astray.

Sister Petal had been taught everything there was to know about seducing her man and more importantly how to satisfy his every need.

"I'm sorry my dear but I?" Lord Dolan made ready his excuse for keeping his prize waiting, but from the image of her leaning seductively on a chair, he could see that she was eagerly awaiting his return, "Well what do I have here?" he questioned as he walked into his chamber.

"Does my Master approve?" Petal sighed as she lifted the hem of her baby doll dress to reveal her shemale sex.

"Oh yes my dear without a doubt!" he growled with pleasure, as he began to unbutton his jacket.

"Does Master want me to undress?" Petal continued with her arousing display for Lord Dolan.

As Lady Rosemary watched her husband become mesmerised by the wanton skills of her latest project from the opening of the doorway, she could not help feel herself becoming aroused by the spectacle and thought that she was watching a new creation unfold before her very eyes.

Petal had been created so differently to Alison and had been programmed so much more confidently and unlike the petite maid, Petal like Lady Rosemary herself, also possessed the guile and know-how to seduce any man she wanted.

True her husband's interest in bedding the shy Alison had waned and he was beginning to spend more and more time with the two whores she had created for him, but now with the arrival of Petal and the way she had been programmed and tutored, his enthusiasm for women like her would once again increase.

Yet more importantly, Petal carried within her a dormant gene that would be unlocked through the act of sex with her husband, a gene that would give the newly created Cresswell shemale the gift of persuasion and hypnotism, a gift that would not only place a dent in the plans of Madame Celeste, but would preserve the future of all the Cocksister brethren within the organisation.

"Hmmm the look of an angel about to be deflowered!" Lord Dolan sighed as he approached his quest.

"I am yours to do what you will of me Master!" Petal replied as she caressed Lord Dolan's bare chest, feeling his manliness beneath her touch, a touch that caused a ripple of excitement to run through her body.

"Yes my dear I will!" the feel of her soft hand causing his cock to beat hard against the restraints of his clothing.

"Master," Petal sighed hesitantly as she saw the figure of her Mistress standing in the doorway, "Is this really happening?" she expertly lowered her head as if shame and guilt had beset her.

"Of course my dear!" he grabbed a hold of her.

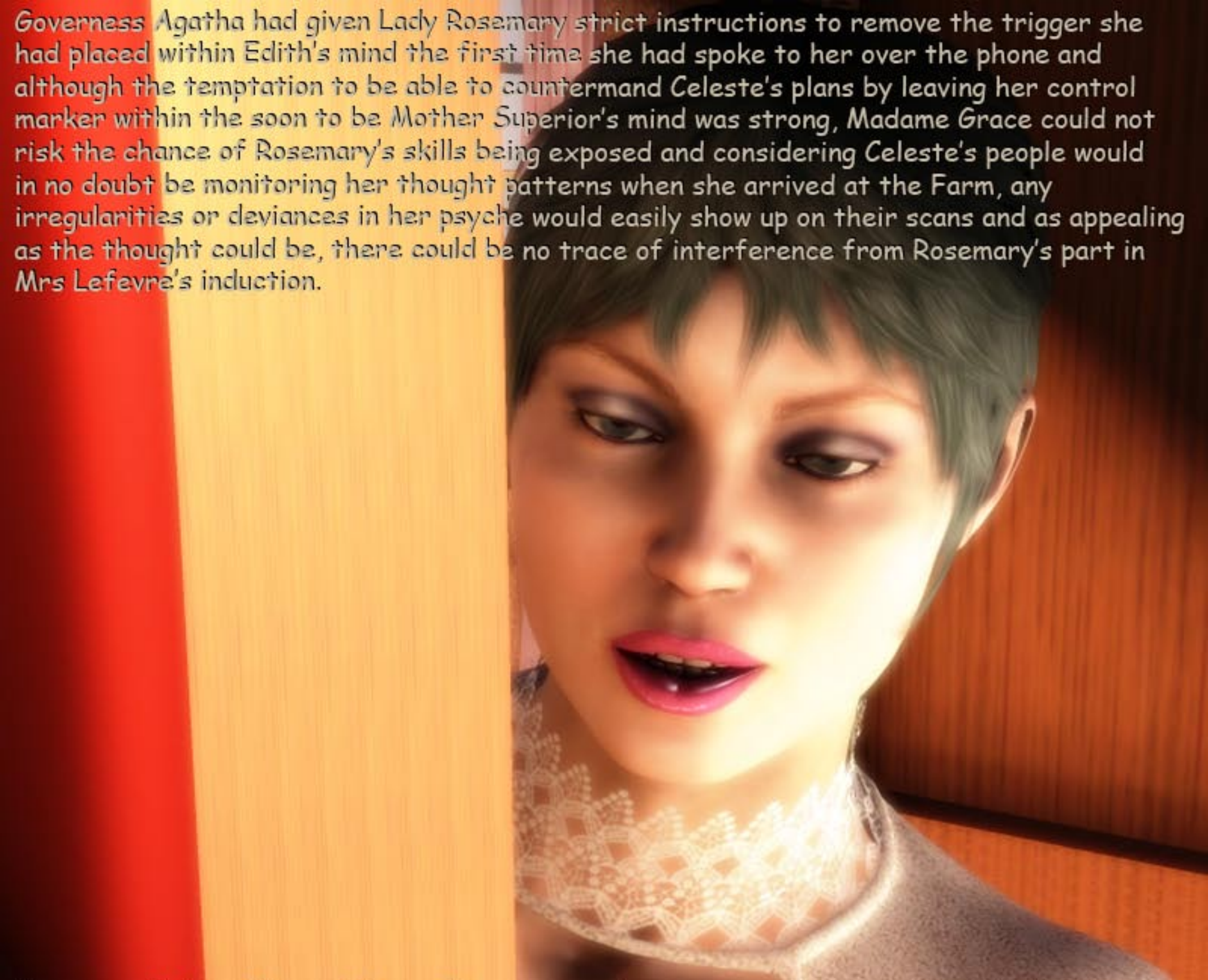
"But?" she once again feigned disbelief at her predicament.

"Once I've parted that beautiful rose of yours Petal... You'll never again question being in the arms of a man!" Lord Dolan played his role perfectly.

"Then Master I beg you... Fill me with your seed and make me a woman!" Petal pushed her head up into his face and kissed him passionately.

"Wonderful," Lady Dolan sighed quietly to herself as she watched the shemale temptress that she and Governess Agatha had created, expertly seduce her husband, whilst making him feel as though it was all his own doing, however Rosemary's work for tonight was still not finished, for Petal's grandmother's mind already invaded by Madame Celeste's subliminal technology, still had to be breached once again.

Governess Agatha had given Lady Rosemary strict instructions to remove the trigger she had placed within Edith's mind the first time she had spoke to her over the phone and although the temptation to be able to countermand Celeste's plans by leaving her control marker within the soon to be Mother Superior's mind was strong, Madame Grace could not risk the chance of Rosemary's skills being exposed and considering Celeste's people would in no doubt be monitoring her thought patterns when she arrived at the Farm, any irregularities or deviances in her psyche would easily show up on their scans and as appealing as the thought could be, there could be no trace of interference from Rosemary's part in Mrs Lefevre's induction.



However, Madame Grace did want Rosemary to leave one small suggestion embedded in Edith's subconscious and considering it was an action Edith performed routinely, it would easily remain hidden and undetected from their sensors.

A suggestion that Edith Lefevre would carry out stringently and religiously every night before she went to bed and one that Rosemary would make sure was initiated by her when Edith finally returned to take up her position of Mother Superior.

Edith Lefevre would continue to maintain the diaries she had always kept, diaries that Madame Celeste and Governess Agatha explicitly wanted her to keep up to date and when the time came would give both of them the leverage they needed to prove to Lady Melissa that Celeste was indeed conspiring to overthrow not only all of her trusted friends but even her.

So with Edith in the throes of sexual abandonment with Nathanial Blake, Lady Dolan knew that the woman's subconscious mind was now ready to receive her most crucial subliminal message.

Chapter 27

Consummation

Story Postwork and Concept by
Keshara ©Lorien2009

As the sound of chirping birds drew Edith from her sleep, the dream she was waking from was something she had not really dreamt of since she was a young woman being courted by her fiancé and even in them days her strict religious upbringing had always caused her to view any sexual encounter as something she should be disgusted with.

However in this dream she had been kissing and having sex with a young man whom she had been seduced by.

The sudden movement of an arm beneath her head caused Edith to open an eye and as she zoomed in on the slightly hairy arm that her head was resting on she began to realise that the dream she had thought she had, was in fact real.

"Oh my!" she began to shake with fear as she suddenly recalled who the arm belonged to. "What've I done... How could this have happened?" she tried to recall how she could possibly have spent an night naked in a bed with Mrs Blake's son Nathanial, a young man she had taught when he had been a young child and whose mother she had also taught too.

Slowly she moved herself away from the young man's arm and lifted herself off of the bed, however as she did a strange feeling engulfed her lower abdomen and as she stood up a terrifying realisation crept over her.

Moving a hand to her crotch she felt the indistinguishable feeling of warm sticky liquid covering her fingers and as she moved she felt another dribble of liquid ooze from her vagina.

"Oh no I err?" she stood shocked as she tried to stem the flow of sticky liquid as it continued to seep from her pussy, "Please say we didn't?"

Edith could not hide her shock as her mind began to recollect every detail of what she and the young Nathanial Blake had done last night.

"Oh I?" she shockingly made her way to the bathroom, still trying to stop the young man's sperm from running down her thighs and as she recalled how they had made love at least four or five times last night she tried desperately to erase the image of his young muscular body pinning her to the bed along with the memory of his head shifting from her mouth onto her breasts down across her tummy and then in between her legs. "How could I've let this happen!"

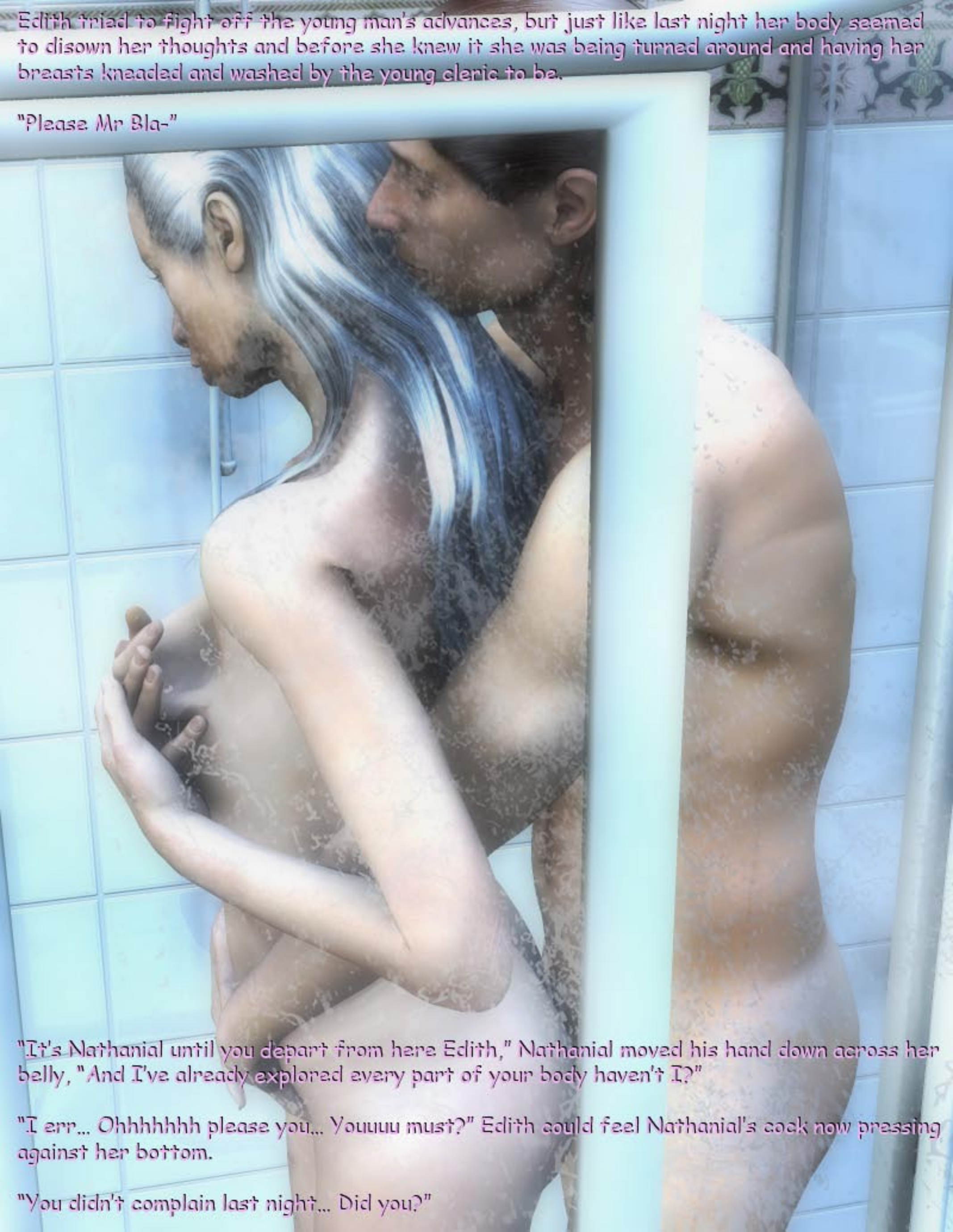
Hurriedly she turned on the shower and stepped into the cascading water, desperate to wash away every disgusting detail she remembered from the night before.
"How could I ever face Mrs Blake again... Knowing that I... Ohhh no?" she tried to scrub away every detail from her thoughts, "And I castigated Mary for doing the same thing!"

However just as Edith washed her vagina for the fifth time the shower door suddenly opened behind her and before she had time to comprehend what was happening, Nathanial joined her in the shower .

"Please Mr Blake get-" he cut her short as he grabbed a hold of her waist and span her around pulling her towards him and before Edith could muster another word he pushed his lips against hers and began to kiss her just as he had done last night.

Edith triad to fight off the young man's advances, but just like last night her body seemed to disown her thoughts and before she knew it she was being turned around and having her breasts kneaded and washed by the young cleric to be.

"Please Mr Bla-"



"It's Nathanial until you depart from here Edith," Nathanial moved his hand down across her belly, "And I've already explored every part of your body haven't I?"

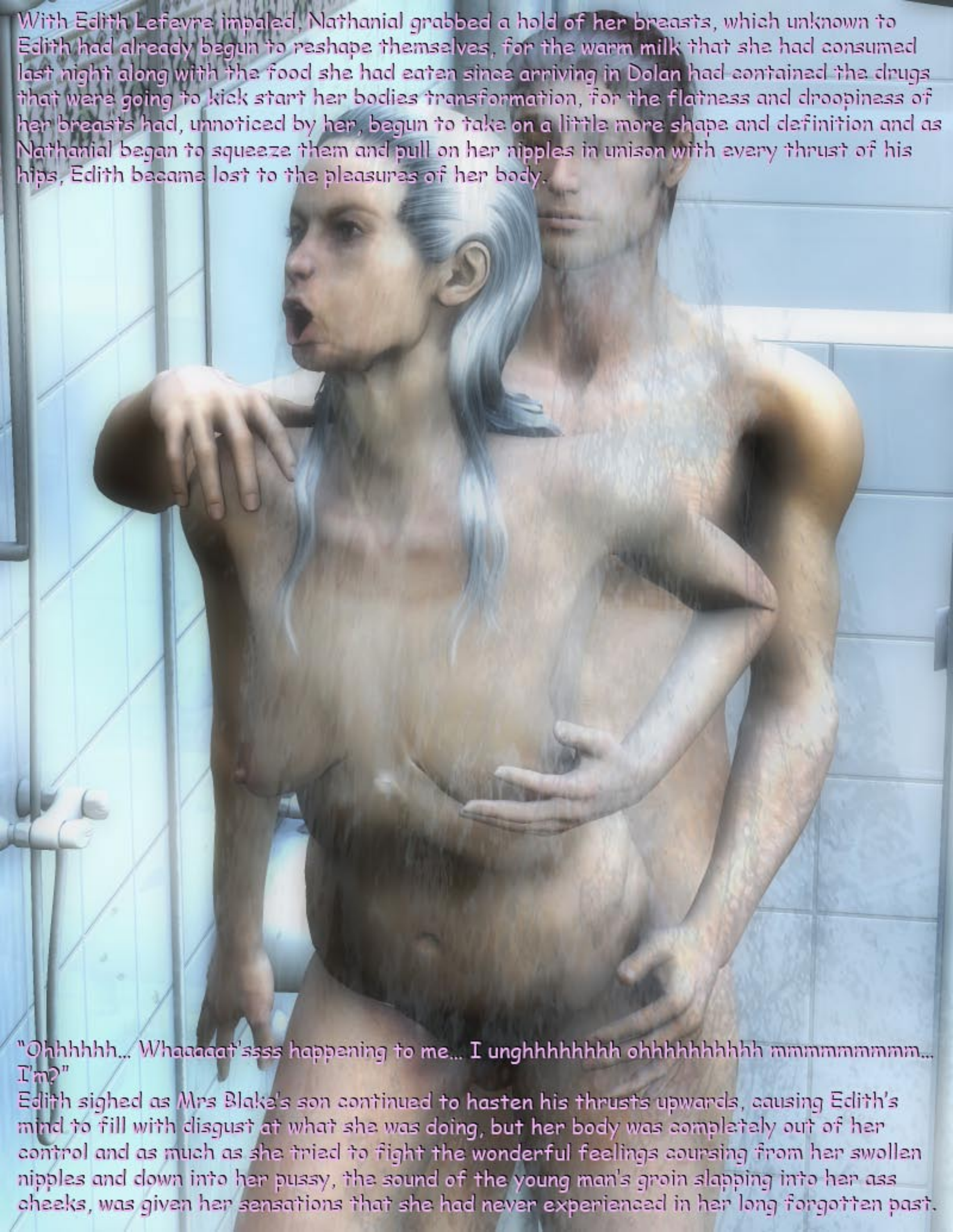
"I err... Ohhhhhhh please you... Youuuu must?" Edith could feel Nathanial's cock now pressing against her bottom.

"You didn't complain last night... Did you?"

Edith once again tried to gain control of her senses, but Nathanial was strong and very amorous and before she could utter another word he parted her labia with his fingers and guided his cock into her crevice once again.

"Ohhhhh pleeeeseeee nooooo?" Edith sighed as Mary Masterton's lover pressed forward and met no resistance from her at all.

If darkness had hidden her aged body last night, then Mrs Blake's son was neither concerned nor disenchanted with what he could see in the morning daylight, for his cock was once again as rigid as it had been last night and just like last night it was sliding gently into her vagina, which only moments earlier she had so desperately cleaned of all of the residue from that night, however as he began to glide his manhood comfortably up into her canal, Edith knew that it was going to be filled with his seed once again and as much as it disgusted her, she could not fight the wonderful feeling of the young man's manhood deep inside her.



With Edith Lefevre impaled, Nathanial grabbed a hold of her breasts, which unknown to Edith had already begun to reshape themselves, for the warm milk that she had consumed last night along with the food she had eaten since arriving in Dolan had contained the drugs that were going to kick start her bodies transformation, for the flatness and droopiness of her breasts had, unnoticed by her, begun to take on a little more shape and definition and as Nathanial began to squeeze them and pull on her nipples in unison with every thrust of his hips, Edith became lost to the pleasures of her body.

"Ohhhhhh... Whaaaaat'ssss happening to me... I unghhhhhhhh ohhhhhhhhhh mmmmmmmmm... I'm?"

Edith sighed as Mrs Blake's son continued to hasten his thrusts upwards, causing Edith's mind to fill with disgust at what she was doing, but her body was completely out of her control and as much as she tried to fight the wonderful feelings coursing from her swollen nipples and down into her pussy, the sound of the young man's groin slapping into her ass cheeks, was given her sensations that she had never experienced in her long forgotten past.

"NGGGGNGGGGHHHHHH!" Edith sighed loudly as her body began to shiver uncontrollably and as the shivering began to take on momentum so did her young lovers movement. "OHHH-HHHH SHHHHHHHHHHHHHEEEEEEE FFFFFFUCK NOOOOO... OHHHH FUCK... YES-SSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS!" she began to experience something she had never experienced in her life before, as words that until this weekend her mouth had never uttered in her life, began to spring forth.

"OH EDITH!" Nathanial groaned as he too reached the edge of ecstasy. "YESSSS GIVE YOURSELF TO HER!"

"OHHHHHH FUCK YESSSSSSSSSSSSSSS... NNNNGHHHHHHHHHHHHMMMMMMMMM!" Edith began to orgasm heavily as Nathanial's cock continued to pump away at her chalice, "OHHHH YESSSS I WANT TO... YESSSSSSS... FUCKKKKKKNNNNGHHHYES-SSSSSSSSSSS!"

As Edith Lefevre's mind exploded in ecstasy her whole body shuddered uncontrollably as she reached her first ever orgasm.

"YESSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS FUCKKKKKKKKKKKKK YESSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS!" she growled wildly as Nathanial's cock exploded deep inside her.

A knock at the door alerted Edith to the time she had spent trying to get dressed and the knock could not have come at a better time, for Nathanial was once again feeling amorous and despite them both having sex another five times, Edith had finally managed to keep her panty girdle on and her dress down where it belonged, just below her knees instead of up over her hips.

"Please Nathanial... Please get dressed!" she once again pleaded with the young man as she straightened her dress.

"But I want to make love to you one last time!" he replied as he got off of the bed and came over to her just as the door knocked again.

"No Nathanial... Lady Dolan is ready for me to leave and as much as I have no idea how you managed to get me intimate with you, I've no intention of letting it happen again!" Edith made her feelings felt.

"Your calling what we did intimate... Well from what I could hear you enjoyed every min-" he was suddenly stopped in his tracks as Edith turned around and slapped his face.

"Stop it this instant!" she tried to put some sanity back into her mind, however Nathanial was quick to grab a hold of her hand and then grab a hold of her more desperately.

"They can wait... I want you again!" he breathed amorously as he looked deep into her eyes.

"Stop it this-" Edith tried to remove his hand from her bottom as he squeezed it, but just as she took a hold of his arm the door opened.

"I'm ever so sorry to interrupt you Mrs Lefevre Ma'am, but Lady Dolan is waiting for you... Oh I'm so sorry?" Alison stood in the open doorway rather shocked to see Mrs Lefevre embracing a very naked Mr Blake.
"Oh Alison... Yes I'm... Errr yes I'm ready," Edith span round very embarrassed by the situation the maid had found her in, however it was an interruption that Nathanial took full advantage of as she soon had his wandering hands wrapped tightly around her waist.

"What's going on in there?" a familiar but very feminine voice sounded from behind the maid. "Let me see!"

Edith did not know where to put her face as the second door swung open and revealed her former grandson.

"Grandmother… Oh my your?" Petal stood aghast as she saw her grandmother with a naked man wrapped around her. "And with Mrs Masterton's young man too?"

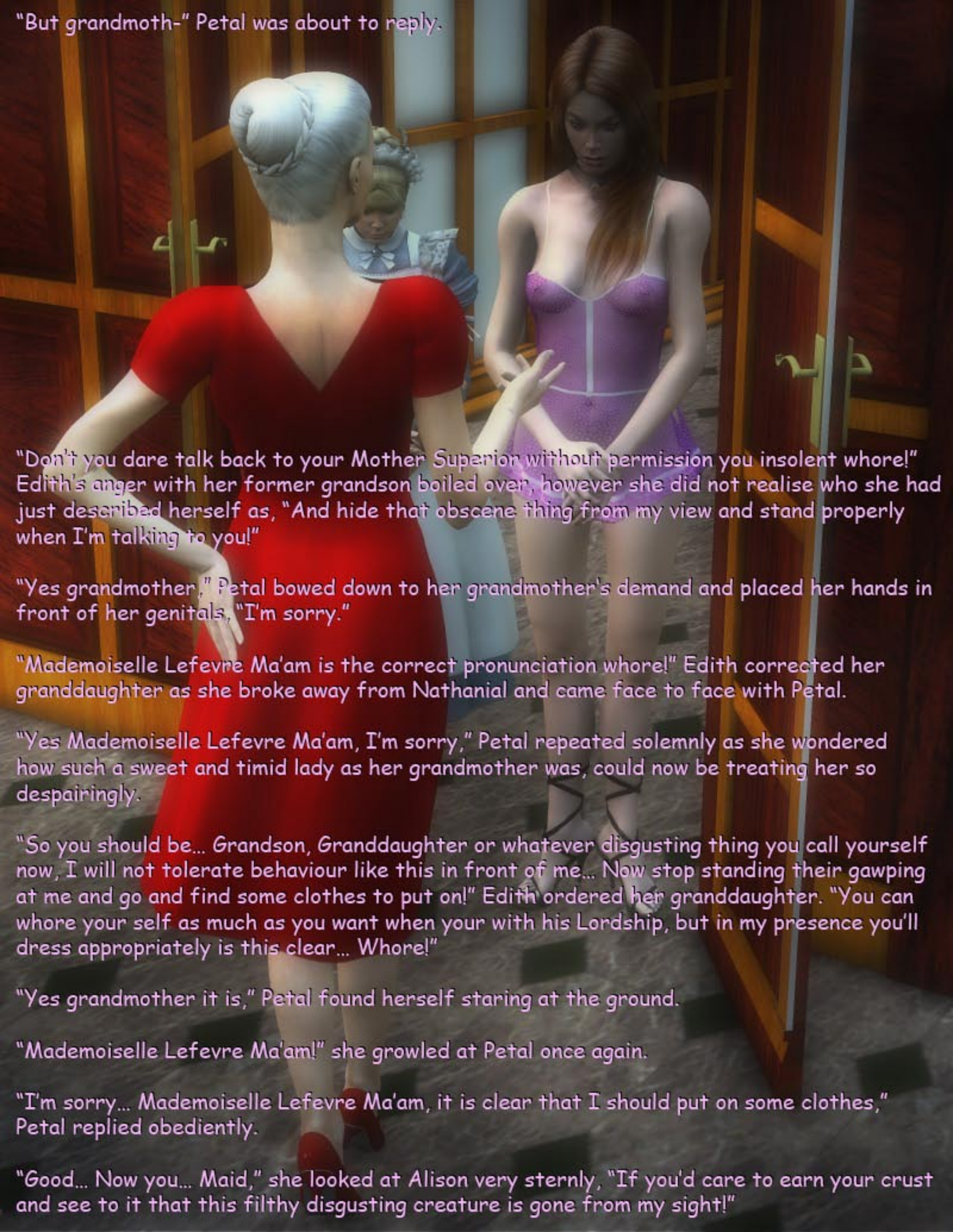
However Edith's shame was soon overshadowed by her shock as she looked towards her former grandson as he, or she as he now was, stood in the open doorway wearing a very see-through lilac baby doll nighty, with the dangling tip of his penis just visible beneath the hem of it.

Alas for Edith Lefevre and her grandson Peter this was to be the trigger that Madame Celeste's cruel programming had placed in her subconscious to ferment her contempt of shemales and transformed males within their empire.

"How dare you cast aspersions about who I sleep with… You… You… You hussy… Just look at you!" Edith's unusual swaying temper began to surface again, but this time without any consideration for who was present.

"But his Lordship wishes for me to walk around dressed like this grandmother!" Petal replied. "He wants me to show as much of my body off as possible!"

"Well I think it's totally disgusting showing off all of your bits like that!" Edith returned as she finally prized Nathanial's hand from her hip. "And the thought that my grandson is now... I can't even bring myself to say what you've become... I mean just look at you... You're... Nothing but a whore!" Edith could not contain her thoughts. "There I've said it!"



"But grandmoth-" Petal was about to reply.

"Don't you dare talk back to your Mother Superior without permission you insolent whore!" Edith's anger with her former grandson boiled over, however she did not realise who she had just described herself as, "And hide that obscene thing from my view and stand properly when I'm talking to you!"

"Yes grandmother," Petal bowed down to her grandmother's demand and placed her hands in front of her genitals, "I'm sorry."

"Mademoiselle Lefevre Ma'am is the correct pronunciation whore!" Edith corrected her granddaughter as she broke away from Nathanial and came face to face with Petal.

"Yes Mademoiselle Lefevre Ma'am, I'm sorry," Petal repeated solemnly as she wondered how such a sweet and timid lady as her grandmother was, could now be treating her so despairingly.

"So you should be... Grandson, Granddaughter or whatever disgusting thing you call yourself now, I will not tolerate behaviour like this in front of me... Now stop standing their gawping at me and go and find some clothes to put on!" Edith ordered her granddaughter. "You can whore your self as much as you want when your with his Lordship, but in my presence you'll dress appropriately is this clear... Whore!"

"Yes grandmother it is," Petal found herself staring at the ground.

"Mademoiselle Lefevre Ma'am!" she growled at Petal once again.

"I'm sorry... Mademoiselle Lefevre Ma'am, it is clear that I should put on some clothes," Petal replied obediently.

"Good... Now you... Maid," she looked at Alison very sternly, "If you'd care to earn your crust and see to it that this filthy disgusting creature is gone from my sight!"

"Yes Mademoiselle Lefevre Ma'am!" Alison curtseyed and turned to Petal, "I'm sorry Sister Petal but Mademoiselle wishes for you to leave her presence."

"Oh yes I err… Of course," Petal acknowledged the maid very much shocked that her grandmother had suddenly turned so cold towards her, however just as she was about to turn to leave, her grandmother stopped her.

"Oh and before you go Peter… Petra or whatever ridiculous name you have now… Whatever indiscretions I get up to and with whom I choose to do it with in my bedchamber, is my prerogative and will remain private, so for future reference… You'll do well to keep your thoughts to yourself… Do you understand?" she pointed angrily at Petal, her sudden change of persona asserting itself deep in her psyche.

"Yes Mademoiselle Lefevre Ma'am!" Petal replied nervously, for the tone of her grandmother's voice was very severe indeed, "I do!" she stuttered as she turned tearfully and made her way hastily along the corridor.

"Good now… You… Maid, escort me to her Ladyship this instant!" Edith ordered Alison, "Oh yes… And maid, before I forget… This lecherous oath," she indicated towards Nathanial, "You can tell his dirty prostitute of a Mistress that if I ever see his cock in front of me again I'll have it removed instantly!"

"Yes Mademoiselle Lefevre Ma'am, I will," Alison curtseyed and led the way for Edith, leaving Nathanial Blake standing naked and confused in the room behind her.

Edith Adelise Lefevre's life was about to begin again and using the fabric of her devout religious background, the technology employed by her eventual hierarchical leader, was already beginning to warp her serene nature and mould her into an extremely wicked and overtly cruel and dominant religious zealot.

The deepest recesses of her mind where now beginning to open and Madame Celeste's programming was already starting to take a hold, for where there once was indecision, there was now resolve and where there had once been kindness there would be spite and after this morning the prude-ness that had once ruled her life was going to evolve into a rampant and lustful desire to dominate, for the once meek Edith would soon be devoting her life to unmercifully making all males pay for their being in whatever fashion she would consider befitting of their crimes and more importantly she would soon be spearheading the organisations strongly female orientated religious chapter of the Sacred Feminine.

"Ah there you are Mademoiselle Lefevre!" Lady Dolan smiled up at her guest as she finally arrived on the balcony above the main hallway.

"I don't know what sort of a place your husband is running here, but half naked she boys is not to my tastes young lady!" Edith scowled as she stood at the top of the landing.

"Good morning... Or should I say Good afternoon Mademoiselle Lefevre!" Lady Dolan returned unmoved by the woman's sudden change of character, for she had been forewarned by Governess Agatha to expect a complete shift in the future Mother Superior's attitude towards her and everybody associated with her. "Please you must come down and meet some of the locals who'll be travelling with you today!"

"Travelling with me?" Edith looked a little puzzled.

"Yes," Lady Dolan motioned towards a door where three elderly ladies began to filter through. "Ladies hurry if you'd please, we don't want to keep this important guest waiting do we?"

"No your Ladyship," all three women acknowledged together.

"I'm leaving this awful place and going home, why would anyone travel with me?" Edith began to descend the staircase.

"From what I hear Mademoiselle Lefevre, you didn't find it too awful a place last night and from the time its taken you to get ready this morning I'd say you're not in too much a hurry to leave either?" Lady Dolan smiled as three of her villagers gathered obediently around her.

"If your referring to my weakened state regarding Mrs Blake's son, then that is none of your concern," Edith replied as she reached the foyer.

"Of course Mademoiselle Lefevre," Lady Dolan tried to hide her smile as she recalled the woman's seduction and her rather timid attempt to repel Nathanial's advances. "Now let me introduce you to these three wonderful subjects of mine!"

Edith looked at the three elderly ladies, two of whom looked a lot older than she was.

"This is Judith Newlington, and these two vipers are the Sharpe sisters, Elizabeth and Enid!"

"And why should I be interested in meeting them?" Edith looked them up and down.

"Well these ladies are going to play a vital part in the future of this village aren't you ladies?"

"Yes your Ladyship Ma'am, we are!" all three replied obediently.

"But I don't wish to keep any of you waiting any longer as your carriage awaits outside so Judith if you'd care to lead the way!" Lady Dolan motioned for them to lead Edith from her home.

"Yes of course Lady Dolan," Judith smiled, "Come along girls!"

"Yes grandmother!" the two elderly sisters acknowledged, much to the surprise of Edith, who thought she had misheard what they had said.

"Grandmother?" Edith looked puzzled, especially when the two sisters looked to be older than Mrs Newlington.

"Oh yes Mademoiselle Lefevre, Judith is going to become their grandmother, but all will be revealed to you when you meet with Madame Celeste!"

"Madame Celeste?"

"Oh yes Edith," Lady Rosemary dropped the pretences towards her, speaking more directly "Madame Celeste is, how can I put it... Well she's your matriarch and like everyone else within this organisation, you'll obey her every wish and command!"

Chapter 28

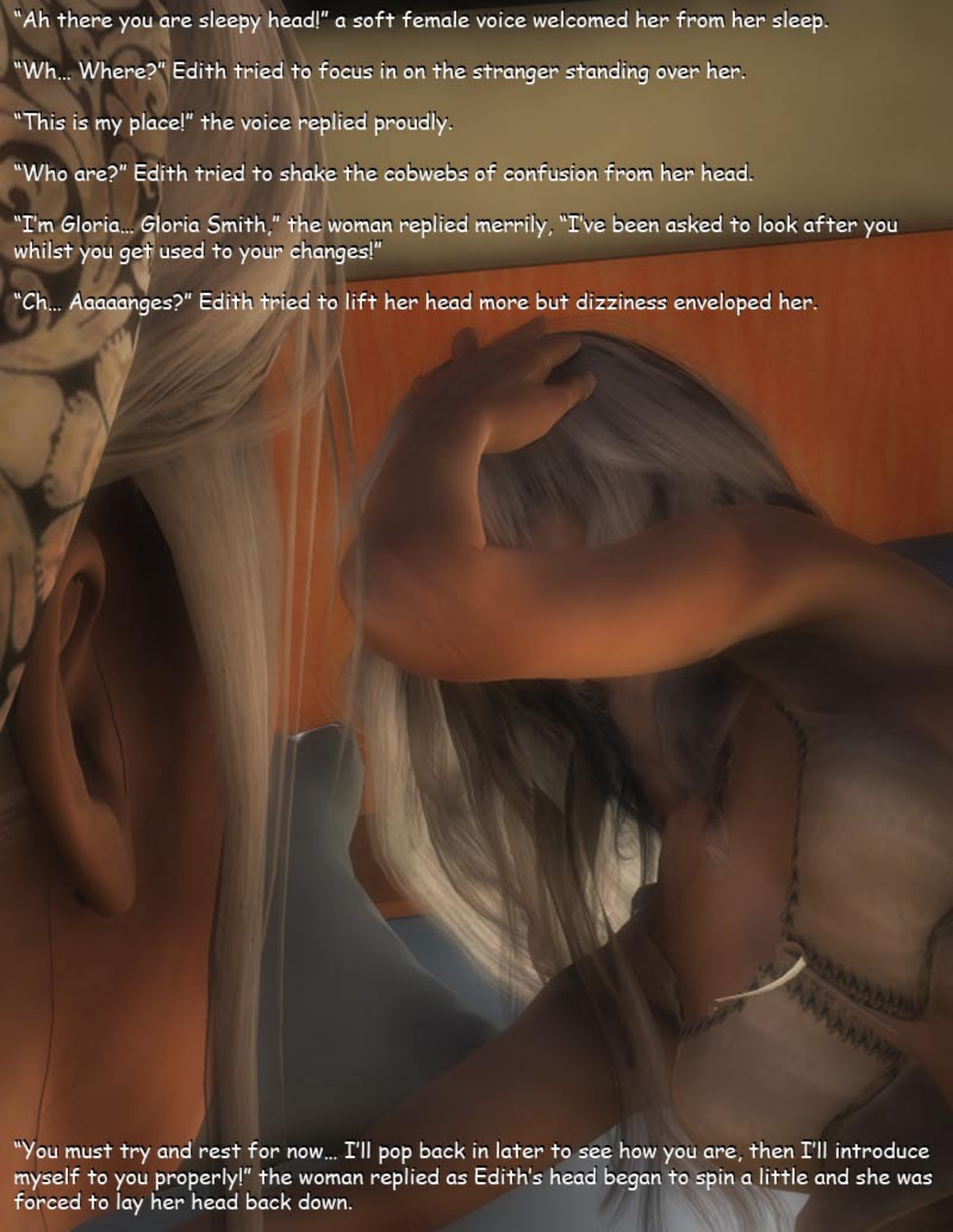
Tattoo

Story Postwork and Concept by
Keshara ©Lorien2009

Edith's conflicting mind set had been working overtime and as much as she had tried to find the words to tell Lady Dolan's chaffeuress to take her home, her new persona was already beginning to take shape and her inquisitiveness as to whom this Madame Celeste was and to what she represented was beginning to carve an interest into her new way of thinking.

Yet all the questions building in her reconfiguring mind remained just questions, because upon reaching the very private facility and presented to her Matriach Madame Celeste, all of her renewed stoicism and growing self importance became a mist as the very presense of the lady caused her to remain silent and almost comatose.

In fact everything that occurred after meeting with her Matriarch became a blur and in some peculiar way almost dream like, for as Edith opened her eyes, she realised that she was not standing before the figure of Madame Celeste, because she was lying down in some strange dark bedroom, unfamiliar and foreign to anything her former self had been used to.



"Ah there you are sleepy head!" a soft female voice welcomed her from her sleep.

"Wh... Where?" Edith tried to focus in on the stranger standing over her.

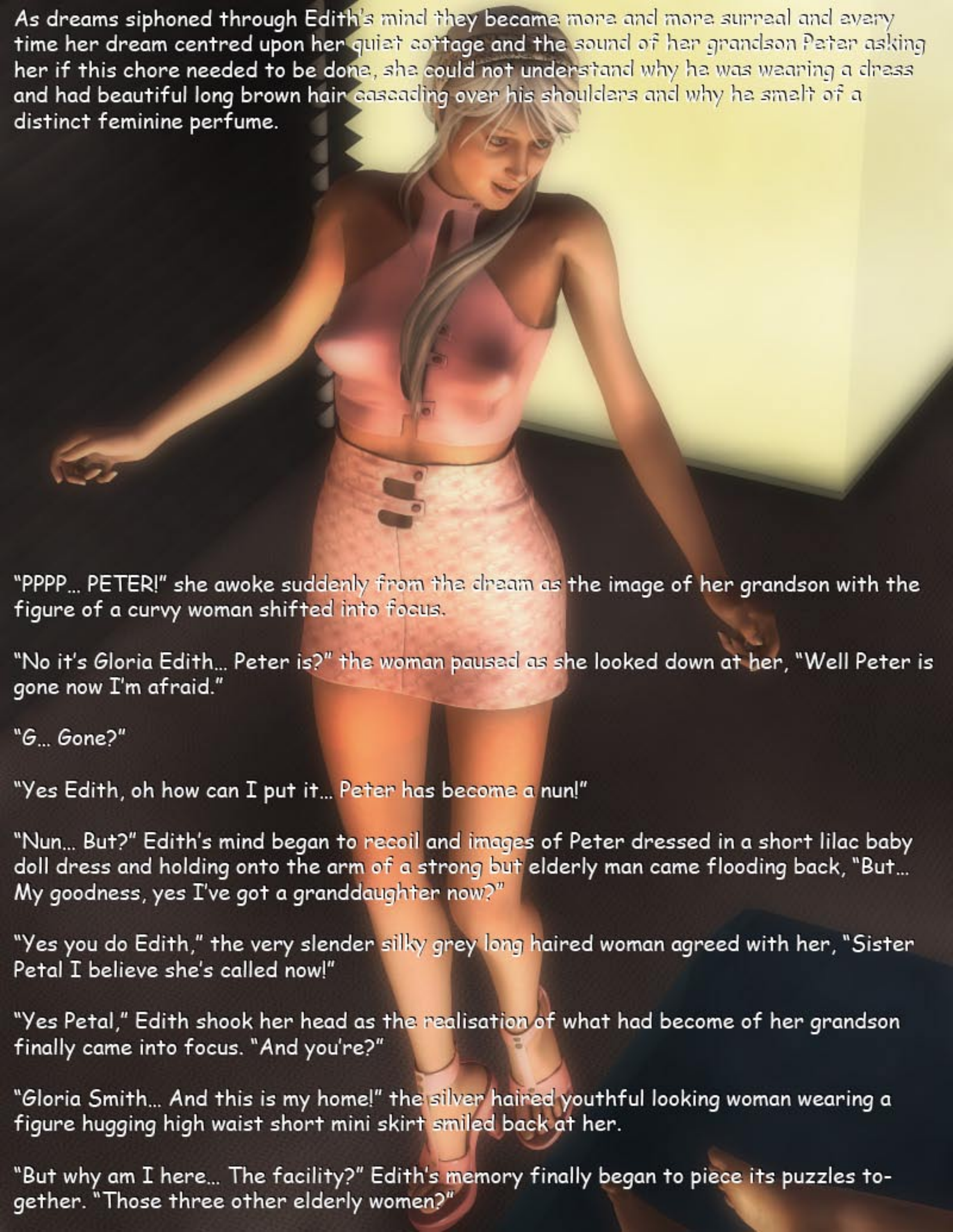
"This is my place!" the voice replied proudly.

"Who are?" Edith tried to shake the cobwebs of confusion from her head.

"I'm Gloria... Gloria Smith," the woman replied merrily, "I've been asked to look after you whilst you get used to your changes!"

"Ch... Aaaaanges?" Edith tried to lift her head more but dizziness enveloped her.

"You must try and rest for now... I'll pop back in later to see how you are, then I'll introduce myself to you properly!" the woman replied as Edith's head began to spin a little and she was forced to lay her head back down.



As dreams siphoned through Edith's mind they became more and more surreal and every time her dream centred upon her quiet cottage and the sound of her grandson Peter asking her if this chore needed to be done, she could not understand why he was wearing a dress and had beautiful long brown hair cascading over his shoulders and why he smelt of a distinct feminine perfume.

"PPPP... PETER!" she awoke suddenly from the dream as the image of her grandson with the figure of a curvy woman shifted into focus.

"No it's Gloria Edith... Peter is?" the woman paused as she looked down at her, "Well Peter is gone now I'm afraid."

"G... Gone?"

"Yes Edith, oh how can I put it... Peter has become a nun!"

"Nun... But?" Edith's mind began to recoil and images of Peter dressed in a short lilac baby doll dress and holding onto the arm of a strong but elderly man came flooding back, "But... My goodness, yes I've got a granddaughter now?"

"Yes you do Edith," the very slender silky grey long haired woman agreed with her, "Sister Petal I believe she's called now!"

"Yes Petal," Edith shook her head as the realisation of what had become of her grandson finally came into focus. "And you're?"

"Gloria Smith... And this is my home!" the silver haired youthful looking woman wearing a figure hugging high waist short mini skirt smiled back at her.

"But why am I here... The facility?" Edith's memory finally began to piece its puzzles together. "Those three other elderly women?"

"You mean Mrs Newlington and the two sisters Elizabeth and Enid?" Gloria enquired as she went over to the window and opened the blinds to shed some daylight into the room. "There that's better now I can see you!"

"Yeah?" Edith lifted herself up of the pillow, "Those sisters... WHHHH?" Edith suddenly felt a strange tugging sensation on her chest as she sat up, "WHAT IN THE?"

"That's just a few of the changes you're going through Edith!" Gloria replied excitedly, "It's been truly amazing seeing those grow and firm out these past two days... It's only been a few months since mine reshaped along with my body, but I just ohhhhhhhh... Take my word for it Edith you're gonna love every moment of it!"

"They're?" Edith did not really listen to what Gloria was saying, for as she pulled open the baby doll she could not believe what she was looking at.

Her once saggy breasts had somehow become a lot more fuller and as she lowered her chin her hair suddenly dangled into view over her breasts, stunning her even more, for her grey hair was also beginning to change colour too.

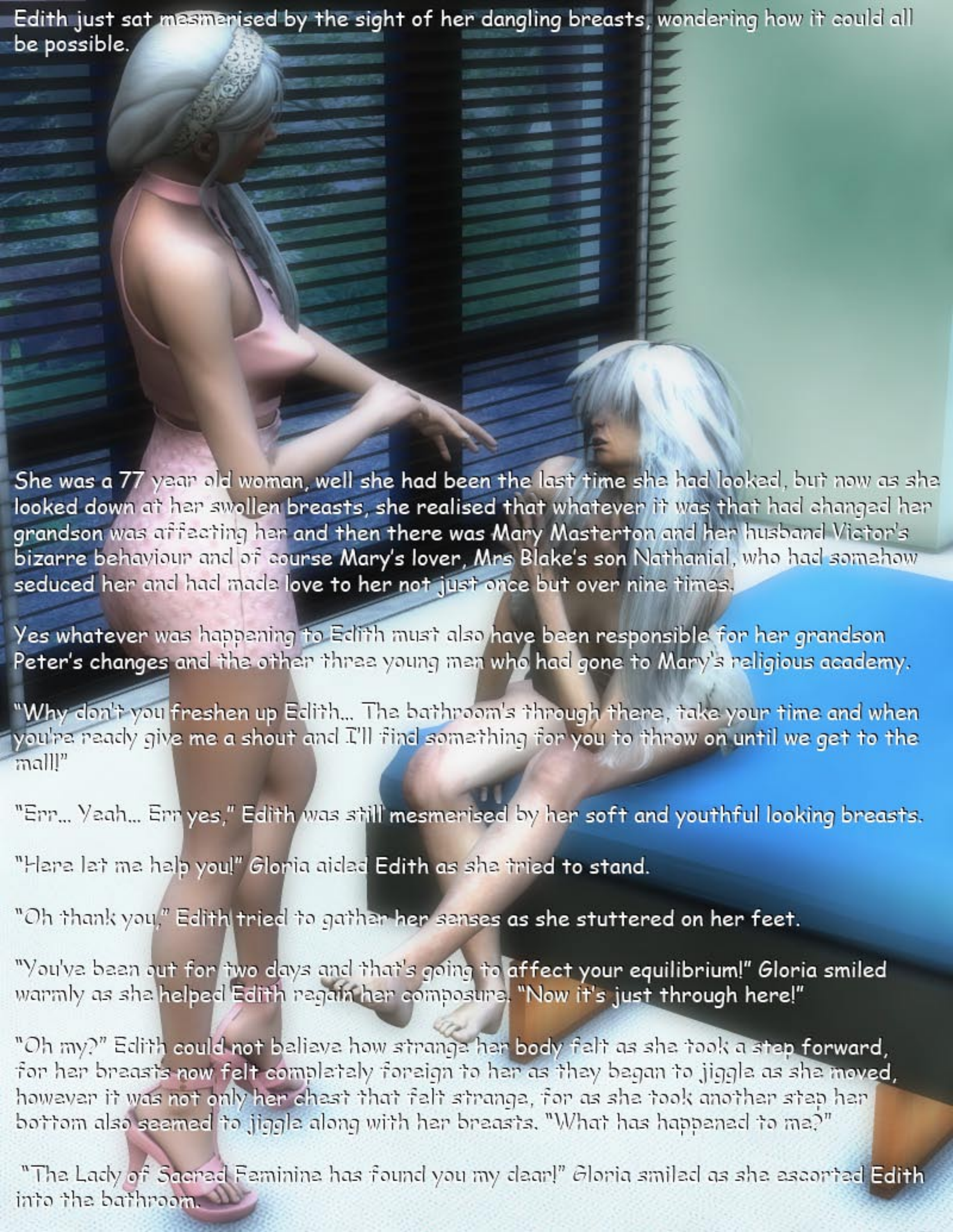
"Yes they've told me you're going to be a gorgeous raven headed beauty!"

"But... How?" she looked at her grey and black tinged hair.

"You're so lucky to wake up to find your changes... It's so much more exciting!"

"Changes... You mean you're like my Peter a?" Edith's mind suddenly recalled the distate she had at seeing Peter's penis sticking out from beneath his baby doll, a sight that caused her to recall how disgusted she found the thought of her new grandson's new gender.

"Me a Cocksister... By the Sacred Feminine no!" Gloria chuckled back, "No I've certainly not got one of those horrid things hanging between my thighs... But anyway lets get you dressed and down to the salon, you can borrow some of my clothes for today and looking at those tits sister, you're going to need a larger bra than I've got!"



Edith just sat mesmerised by the sight of her dangling breasts, wondering how it could all be possible.

She was a 77 year old woman, well she had been the last time she had looked, but now as she looked down at her swollen breasts, she realised that whatever it was that had changed her grandson was affecting her and then there was Mary Masterton and her husband Victor's bizarre behaviour and of course Mary's lover, Mrs Blake's son Nathanial, who had somehow seduced her and had made love to her not just once but over nine times.

Yes whatever was happening to Edith must also have been responsible for her grandson Peter's changes and the other three young men who had gone to Mary's religious academy.

"Why don't you freshen up Edith... The bathroom's through there, take your time and when you're ready give me a shout and I'll find something for you to throw on until we get to the mall!"

"Err... Yeah... Err yes," Edith was still mesmerised by her soft and youthful looking breasts.

"Here let me help you!" Gloria aided Edith as she tried to stand.

"Oh thank you," Edith tried to gather her senses as she stuttered on her feet.

"You've been out for two days and that's going to affect your equilibrium!" Gloria smiled warmly as she helped Edith regain her composure. "Now it's just through here!"

"Oh my?" Edith could not believe how strange her body felt as she took a step forward, for her breasts now felt completely foreign to her as they began to jiggle as she moved, however it was not only her chest that felt strange, for as she took another step her bottom also seemed to jiggle along with her breasts. "What has happened to me?"

"The Lady of Sacred Feminine has found you my dear!" Gloria smiled as she escorted Edith into the bathroom.

"The Lady of the Sacred Feminine?" Edith enquired as her reshuffling mind grasped the words the woman had just said. "I have been chosen by her?"

"Yes Edith... Your going to become one of her most dedicated disciples so I've been informed!"

"I err... Remember something about me becoming a... My goodness yes I remember now I'm going to be the Convent of Dolan's Mother Superior!" Edith's mind shifted once again, however unlike before when the idea of her becoming a Mother Superior caused her to dismiss the idea as prosperous, this time she welcomed it. "But how can I... I mean I go to church and I am very reli?"

"Edith it will all come to you, but for now we've gotta concentrate on getting'ya lookin'hot girl!" Gloria let go of Edith's arm and watched her walk over to the bathroom mirror.

"Hot?"

"Girl you're gonna have all those young men at the club hot around the collar!" Gloria waltzed away leaving the bemused 77 year old ex school teacher to stare at herself in the mirror.

"Club?"

"Yep after a full day pampering we're gonna hit the town!" Gloria disappeared out of the adjoining bedroom.

"Oh my… What've they done to me?" she stared long and hard at the image staring back at her in the mirror, however as her eyes focused away form her face and down towards her breasts something even more shocking caught her eye. "Fuck… What's?"

Edith could not believe that she now had a large tattoo reaching from her belly button down into the top of the matching baby doll panties she was wearing.

"Oh fuck!" she stroked the tattoo and gently pulled the elastic of the panties down to reveal a red bloodied cross piercing a heart, however as she followed the cross further down her belly, "I… I've no hair!" she gasped noticing that her bushy grey pubic hair had been completely removed.

Edith could not believe her fingers as they ran across her smooth and hairless groin and the more her fingers explored that region of her body that up until a couple of days had never seen daylight since she had reached puberty, the more her body began to tingle with apprehension.

Her mind was full of a thousand questions as to why she alone had been chosen, but just as she considered a plausible answer, her subliminal programming began to find the answers she craved.

"Oh yes the Lady of The Sacred Feminine," she smiled at her reflection as her fingers began to tease the opening of her smooth labia. "Yes she has chosen me for this!" her mind once again shifted, "Yes she has chosen wisely in me and I will repay her for that faith," she laughed as she pulled her fingers away from her crotch, "Too long have I watched men decide my future and too long have I submitted to their laws... But no more... And if the Lady of The Sacred Feminine has chosen me to be her Mother Superior then so I shall be!"

Removing the panties completely she moved into the bathroom area when all of a sudden the other door opened and in walked a man.

"Oh I arrr... Excuse me Miss but I did not know Mistress had a guest?" the man looked rather shaken from finding Edith in what was his Mistress's bathroom.

"Who the fuck are you?" Edith's new persona continued to evolve at a rapid pace.

"I am sorry Miss I will leave," the dark haired man cowered slightly as Edith approached him.

"Stay where you are!" Edith growled at the man."You walk in on me and don't have the decency to tell me who you are?"

"He's Jack!" Gloria appeared from the bedroom entrance behind her. "My housekeeper!"

"Jack?" Edith looked him up and down with a scowl. "A housekeeper?"

"Yes it's a long story... But Jack here is completely obsessed with me I'm afraid... Aren't you kitten?"

"Yes Mistress I am," Jack replied bound to his Mistress's every word.

"And does this thing keep your bed warm at nights?"

"Oh dear no!" Gloria replied sharpily, "I inherited this kitten, when his wife left him for one of my really good friends!"

"His wife left him for another man and you felt pity for him?" Edith's new character was well and truly beginning to take shape as Gloria's housekeeper stood nervously poised on her every word and move.

"Jack my kitten, tell our guest here what your wife did to you!" Gloria ordered him.

"Yes Mistress," he lifted his head to look at Edith, "My wife left me to marry another woman," he explained a little sad faced.

"Oh Jack show some enthusiasm will you... You should be proud that your wife has married such an influentional and powerful woman!"

"Yes Mistress I am," he replied solemly.

"He looks kinda sad for someone who should be proud that his wife found solace in another woman's bed!" Edith chuckled as she was beginning to find the poor man, as she was going to find all men from now on, a pathetic and an extremely unworthy creature.

"Oh Edith you'll have to excuse him there... I keep forgetting his two young boys also chose to stay with his ex wife too, didn't they Jack?" Gloria continued to ridicule her male housekeeper. "Would my little kitten prefer for his Mistress to tell her guest why his litter are so happy living with his lesbian wife's wifey... Yes?"

Edith could not believe what she was witnessing and she was completely surprised to find herself enjoying Gloria's very verbal humiliation of the man.

"Well lets say that little Tommy and Lewis are not nasty little boys anymore are they Jack?" Gloria continued with her housekeeper's humiliation, "In fact I'd like to hear you tell my guest what their names are and exactly what they are now!"

"Yes Mistress," Jack looked at Edith with a kind of lost soul look in his eyes, "Tommy is called Tamara and Lewis is now called Lucy Mae and last month they both became girls," Jack replied down hearted.

"Oh Jack stop wallowing in the past... Your wife's wife has a rule for her household and that is Jack?"

"No balls!" Jack replied disheartened.

"No balls?" Edith could not stop herself laughing, "Are you saying that his wife's lesbian wife has had their things removed?"

"Jack!" Gloria prompted him.

"Err... Yes Miss she has," he replied sadly, but obediently.

"Oh how wonderful... No balls!" Edith laughed out loud, "And please forgive me Jack, but I am right in assuming they are proper young girls now!"

"Yep smooth as you and me Edith," Gloria joined in with a gutterul laugh. "Now go and do something worth while like lick the gussets of my dirty panties!" she ordered her housekeeper.

"Yes Mistress," Jack bowed and hastily made his way out of the bedroom.

"Oh Gloria stop it I can't take all this fun, are you seriously gonna make him lick the gussets of your dirty panties?"

"Of course!" Gloria looked at Edith with a serious look on her face, which soon turned to a loud burst of laughter that Edith joined in with. "No but serious Edith you've gotta get ready, when I shop I shop and we've gotta be ready on time for Debbie, she's going to pick us up tonight and I want you looking outta this world!"

"Debbie?" Edith tried to stop herself laughing, for the thought of a 'no balls' policy in her Convent seemed quite appealing.

"Yes Debbie... She's a great friend of mine and she used to be a teacher too!" Gloria explained, "She's a model now and her son Rupert is fast following in her footsteps, in fact you should ask her about him or I should say her, coz Ruthie has become a darling little Cocksister these days... And an extremely pretty one too!"

The rest of the day went like a blur for Edith as for the first time in her life she visited a beauty salon, had her nails done and most importantly she had all of her remaining grey hair dyed to match what was going to be her natural colour, raven, yet more surprising was the way her body also seemed to be reshaping itself, for even when she had been young, she had never been as voluptuous as she was becoming now.

"I owe the Lady of the Sacred Feminine so much!" her new conditioning had now confirmed for her that it was a religious miracle rather than genetic technology and as she sighed she felt her heavy and ever growing breasts tugging on her chest, "Oh yesssss I will be indebted to her for ever... Thank you!"

With her reconfigured mind admiring what was to her a special gift given to her by the Lady of the Sacred Feminine for all of the good deeds she had done throughout her life, she just could not take her eyes from her reflection in the mirror, because in the space of just 2 or 3 days she had gone from a skinny 77 year old grey haired lady into a shapely black headed temptress of a woman.

Turning slightly to admire her curvaceous outline and the way her pleated wine print dress hung from her body, she felt the mysterious tingle in her crotch that she had felt earlier when Gloria had sized up the black laced matching garter and panties she was wearing up against her and as Gloria made the last touches to her own chosen ensemble for tonights club, she clasped her thighs tightly to take away the strange tingle in her groin, which only brought her vision to her visible thighs that peaked out from the top of her spider laced black stockings and disappeared below the hem of the ultra short dress, while the rest of her stocking legs nestled delightfully in a pair of wrap stiletto heels.

"Shit look at me?" she sighed as she began to think about everything that she had seen and done over the past few days and as she began to think about the night she spent being ravished by Mrs Blake's young clergy to be's son, it elicited, in what used to be to her a very fervent taboo - a mirage of sexual positions that she had taken part in when she and Nathanial Blake were having intercourse, not once or twice, but nine times - with the last three times her being bent over, her dress hiked up over her back, her panty girdle rolled down to her thighs and Mrs Blake's young son fucking her hard.

A vision that also seemed to make her crotch tingled even more.

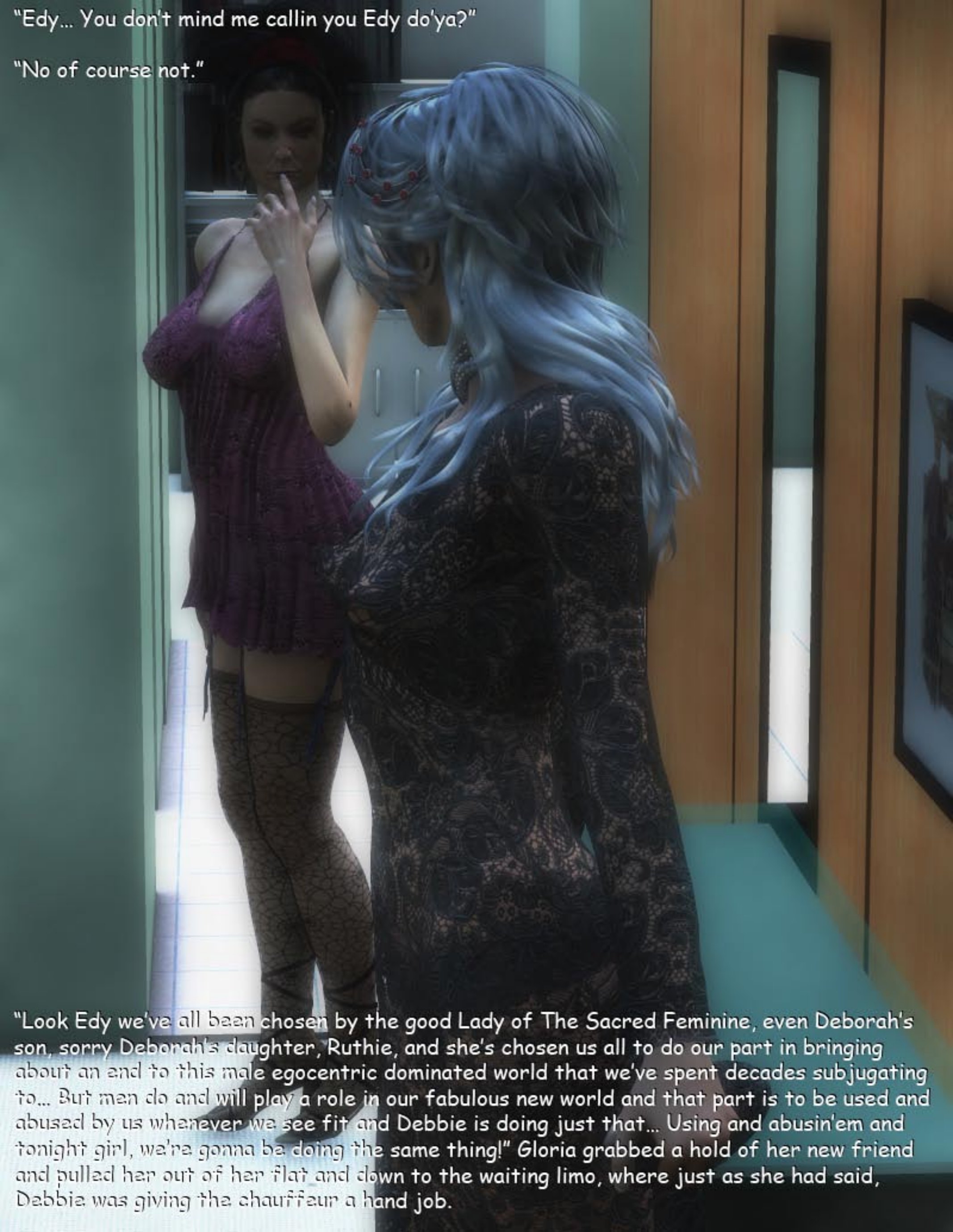
In fact as she stood looking at her new self the thought that a pair of panty girdles would never hang from her hips again caused her to giggle.

"What's so funny?" Gloria enquired as she came out of the bedroom clicking her heels.

"I err... Fuck you look absolutely?" Edith stood open mouthed as she looked at Gloria's black laced figure hugging dress and espacially the way her beautifully shaped coned shaped breasts seemed to protrude so erotically from her chest.

"Thanks sweety... You look a million dollars yourself!" Gloria waved the comment away as she picked up her handbag. "Now come along Edith Debbie'll be here any moment now... And knowing her she'll have her hands in the driver's pants and will be bringing him off if we keep her waiting!"

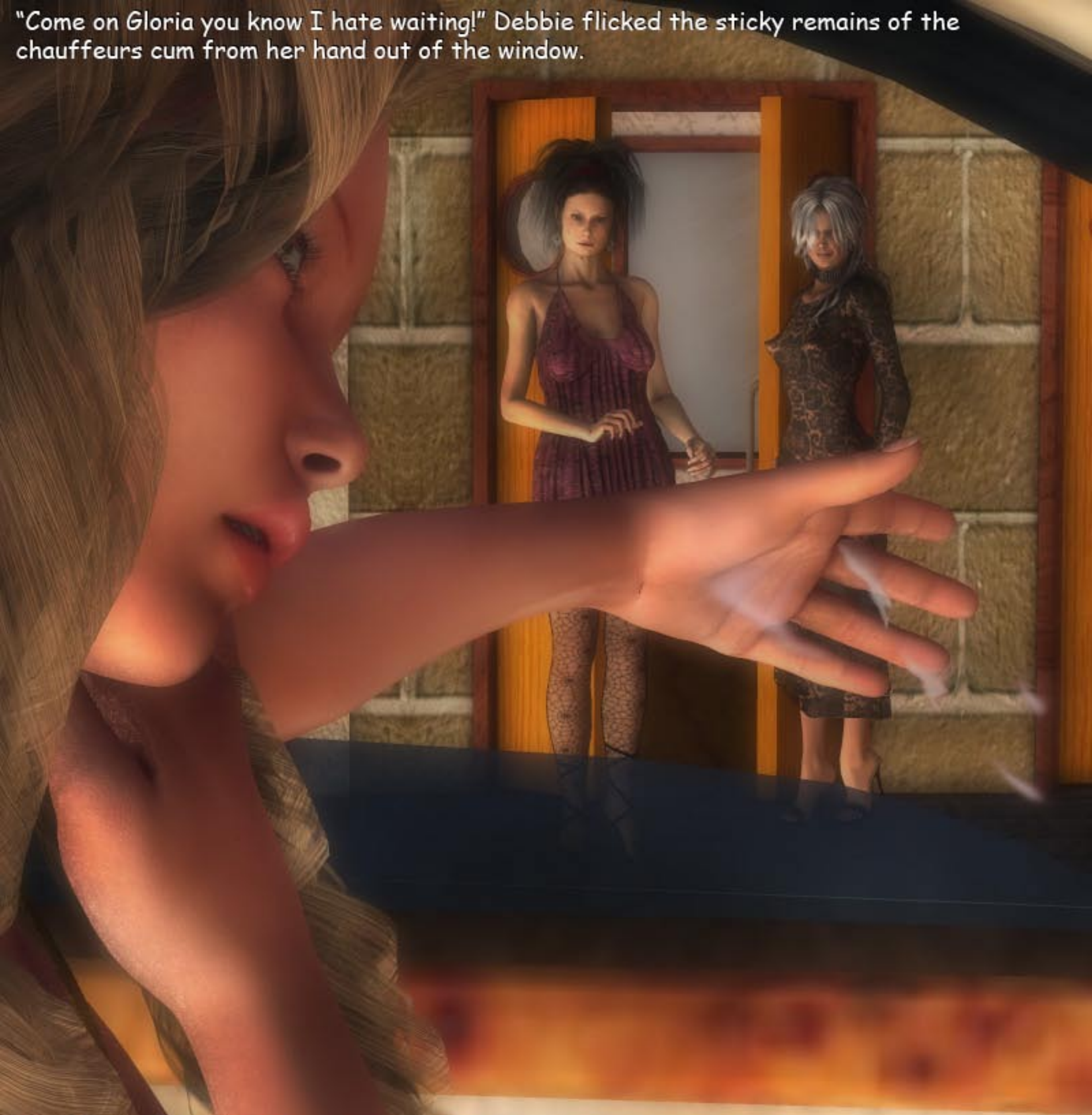
"Oh yes of course!" Edith straightened out her short pleated skirt, "But tell me Gloria, do you not think that Deborah has wasted the gift given to her by our Lady of Sacred Feminine?"



"Edy... You don't mind me callin you Edy do'ya?"

"No of course not."

"Look Edy we've all been chosen by the good Lady of The Sacred Feminine, even Deborah's son, sorry Deborah's daughter, Ruthie, and she's chosen us all to do our part in bringing about an end to this male egocentric dominated world that we've spent decades subjugating to... But men do and will play a role in our fabulous new world and that part is to be used and abused by us whenever we see fit and Debbie is doing just that... Using and abusin'em and tonight girl, we're gonna be doing the same thing!" Gloria grabbed a hold of her new friend and pulled her out of her flat and down to the waiting limo, where just as she had said, Debbie was giving the chauffeur a hand job.



"Come on Gloria you know I hate waiting!" Debbie flicked the sticky remains of the chauffeurs cum from her hand out of the window.

Edith could not contain her shock as she looked at the long white limousine that was waiting for them and further more the brazenness of the blonde woman sitting in the front with the driver.

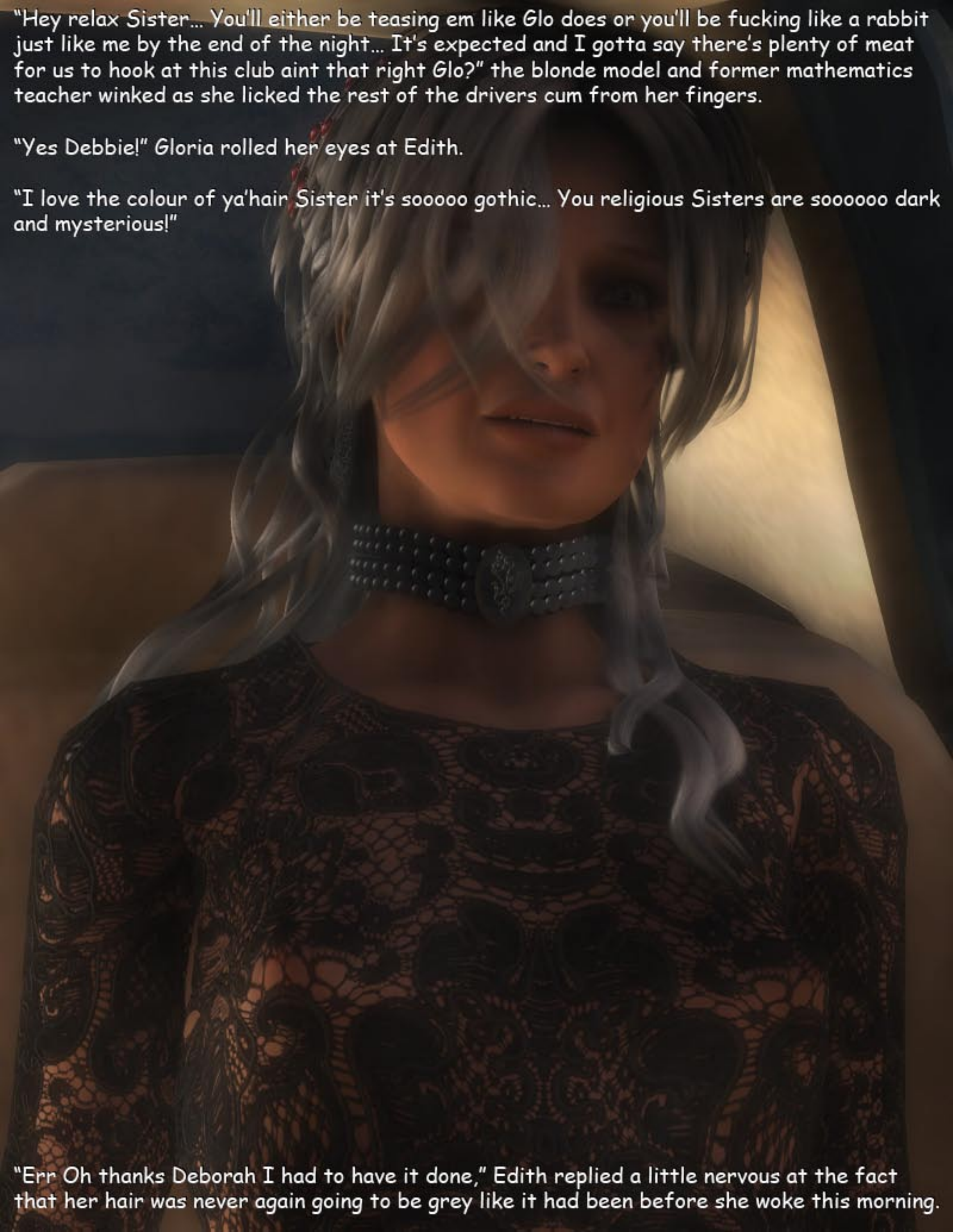
"Is that?" Edith gasped.

"Oh Edy you'll have to excuse Debbie, she's very forward and straight to the point, so different from what she used to be like!" Gloria shrugged off what her friend had been doing and hastily escorted Edith in to the rear of the limo.

"Debbie lost her newly created virginity in this seat didn't ya hon?" Gloria smiled at Debbie as she turned to face them.

"Yep four times!" she proudly agreed. "And I bet our Sister here has already been had… You religious types are always sexual deviants when the climates right!"

"I err?" Edith found the remark a little embarrassing, however she had been correct in her comment, for Nathanial Blake was a clergy of her new faith and they had both enjoyed a sex fuelled night and morning.



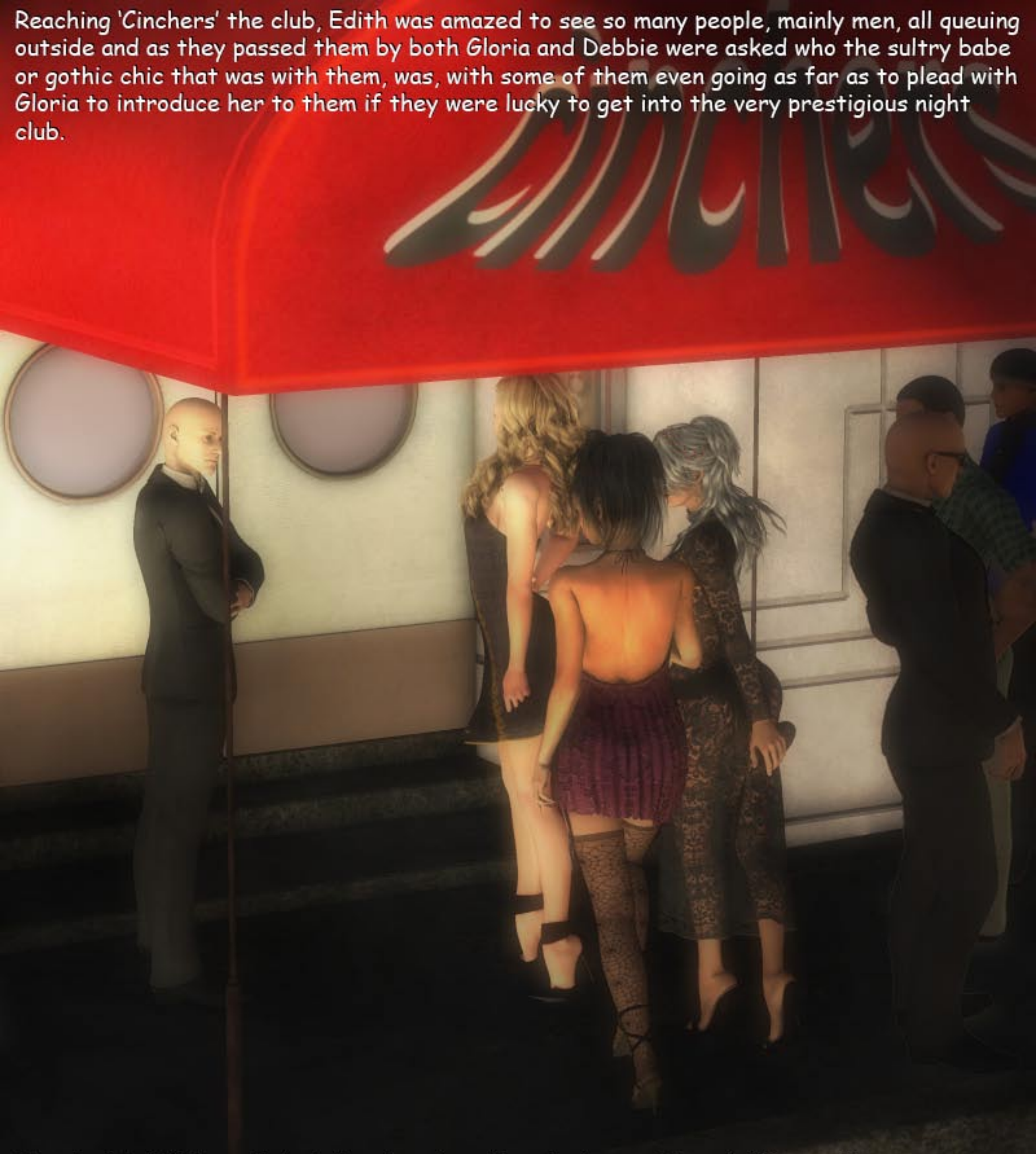
"Hey relax Sister... You'll either be teasing em like Glo does or you'll be fucking like a rabbit just like me by the end of the night... It's expected and I gotta say there's plenty of meat for us to hook at this club aint that right Glo?" the blonde model and former mathematics teacher winked as she licked the rest of the drivers cum from her fingers.

"Yes Debbie!" Gloria rolled her eyes at Edith.

"I love the colour of ya'hair Sister it's sooooo gothic... You religious Sisters are soooooo dark and mysterious!"

"Err Oh thanks Deborah I had to have it done," Edith replied a little nervous at the fact that her hair was never again going to be grey like it had been before she woke this morning.

Reaching 'Cinchers' the club, Edith was amazed to see so many people, mainly men, all queuing outside and as they passed them by both Gloria and Debbie were asked who the sultry babe or gothic chic that was with them, was, with some of them even going as far as to plead with Gloria to introduce her to them if they were lucky to get into the very prestigious night club.



Once inside Edith could feel the almost erotic nakedness of her clothing as the young men that she passed all stared at her and began whispering to each other about her, however nothing could compare with the belief that she was actually in such a place and dressed so scantily, for the last time and only time she had ever been in such a place was over fifty years ago and back then it had been called a discothèque and the clothes she had worn then covered every part of her body.

"Oh Glo... I'm having him!" Debbie suddenly burst away from them as they were met by a pretty assistant wearing a bunny girl's outfit.

"Nice to see you again Mrs Smith and this must be Mrs Lefevre," the gorgeous looking bunny girl spoke politely as she greeted them. "Usual spot?"

"Oh yes please!" Gloria acknowledged the bunny girl as she escorted them to some very private and more secluded part of the nightclub.

"Miriam, will be attending to you this evening and I hope you have a wonderful night!" the Bunny hostess explained who would be waiting on their table, "Would you care for our any of our specials, they are of course on the house as usual Mrs Smith?"

"Oh yes have Miriam bring us that delightful cognac I always start with!" Gloria enthused as she took her seat.

"And Ma'am," the Bunny hostess smiled and looked at Edith.

"Oh I'm fine thank you!" Edith replied, for alcohol was something she had never been to keen on.

"Very well Miriam will be over shortly.

"Ma'am," Miriam appeared dressed, as all of the waitresses were dressed in the club, in a white and black printed maid's uniform.

"Excellent Miriam… Thank you!" Gloria replied as the waitress lowered her tray containing two tumblers and a decanter of liquid.

"Edy I'll not here anything of it… You're a guest and I insist you have a drink with me to start the evening off!" Gloria looked down at her very nervously looking charge.

"Ma'am?" the waitress looked at Edith.

"Just leave it on the table, thank you Miriam," Gloria could see that Edith was having problems being in such a foreign looking place as a nightclub. "You know when I first came here, I was much the same as you Edy , didn't know what I was doing in such a place, same for Debbie too, but because she was blonde the men here, soon made a move for her!" Gloria revealed how nervous she had been the first time she had visited the night club, as she looked down at Edith. "But you've already caused a whirlwind outside and the way I saw those men eyeing you up as we came down the stairs… I'd say we're gonna have trouble keeping men off you!"

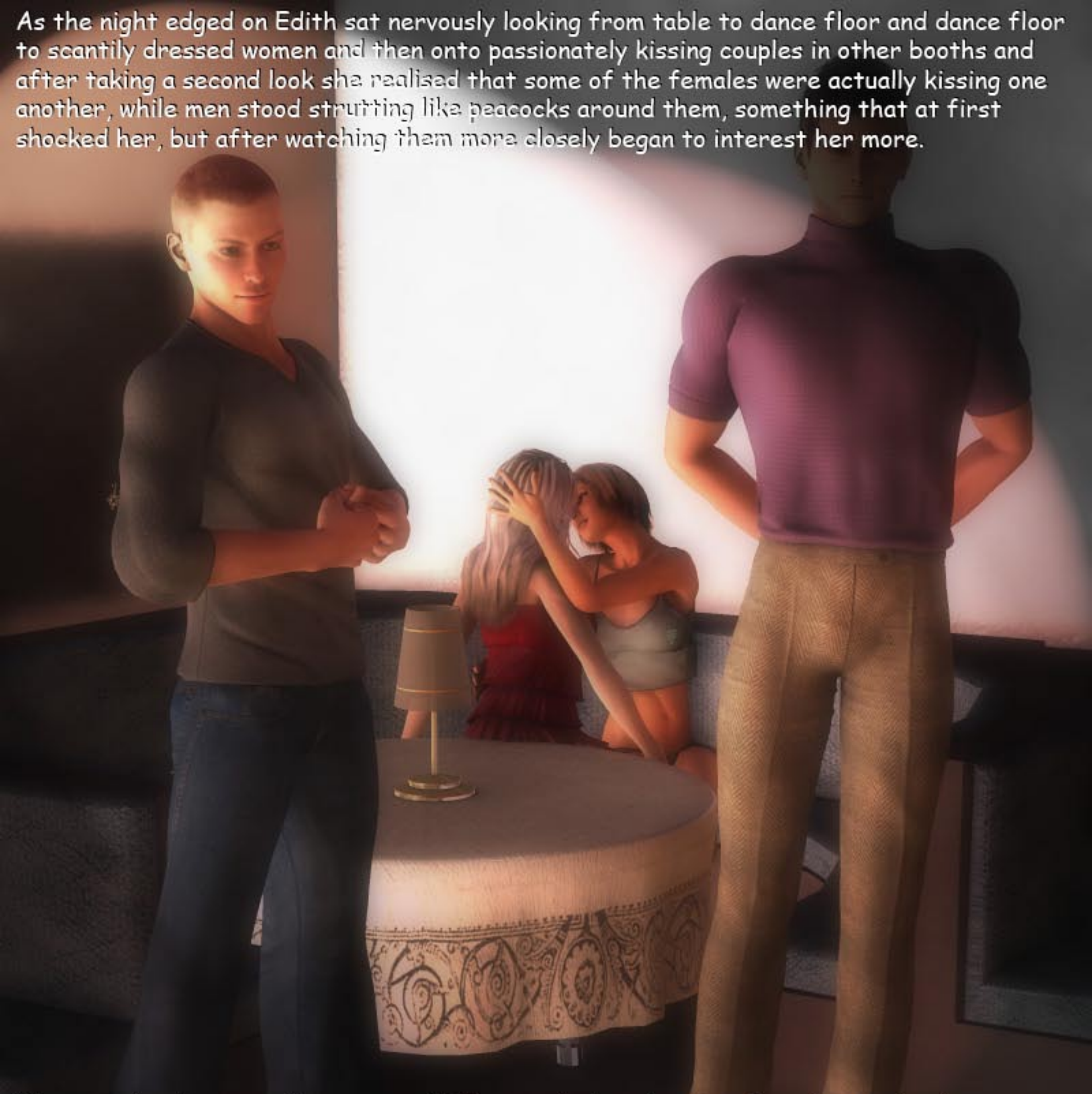
"Men?" Edith gulped, "But I'm?"

"Edy… I told ya these men are here for us women to use… So stop thinking of yourself as anything but the Mother Superior you're going to become!"

"But surely a person of my stature should be?"

"These men know who you are sweety, so stop worrying about your future and start using this body the Lady of the Sacred Feminine is beginning to give you!" Gloria tried to make Edith feel at ease. "Now take a sip if you don't like it I'll order a coke or something more to your liking."

As the night edged on Edith sat nervously looking from table to dance floor and dance floor to scantily dressed women and then onto passionately kissing couples in other booths and after taking a second look she realised that some of the females were actually kissing one another, while men stood strutting like peacocks around them, something that at first shocked her, but after watching them more closely began to interest her more.



"I see you've discovered lovers cove!" Gloria smiled as she sipped another cocktail.

"Oh err… Yes I?" Edith could not take her eyes away from the two women kissing, for she found it quite intriguing.

"See those men standing by them… They're their escorts, in fact you'll find that a lot of the men in here are just escorts," Gloria revealed.

"But they're?" Edith could not believe her eyes as the couples kiss suddenly turned into a full on love show, something that caused the unusual tingle in her groin to start again.

"They do that to get their escorts hard and to keep them lusting for them all night!"

"But they're?" Edith looked from the women to the waitresses and other people moving around.

"Edy… Debbie has sex in these booths on many occasions!" Gloria giggled.

"And you?" Edith enquired with a rather serious look in her eye.

"No Edy… I haven't, although I've come close on a couple of occasions, but I've not got the same craving for young men like Debbie!"

"Craving?"

"Yes you'll develop a craving all us transformed women do," Gloria nodded her head in disbelief at Edith's naivety to what had happened to her. "It's got something to do with the way we were before our changes!"

"Then you're?"

"Oh Edy I've as much in common as you and like you I was quite happy to continue living my lonely existence… But since the Lady of The Sacred Feminine found me… I've never enjoyed my life better and neither will you… Although for someone of 77 years you were not that bad from what I was told!"

"Told… Told what?"

"You're night of passion with that young clergyman!" Gloria winked, "From what I hear you've left him in quite a state and he's not been able to perform since you two copulated… Eight times wasn't it?"

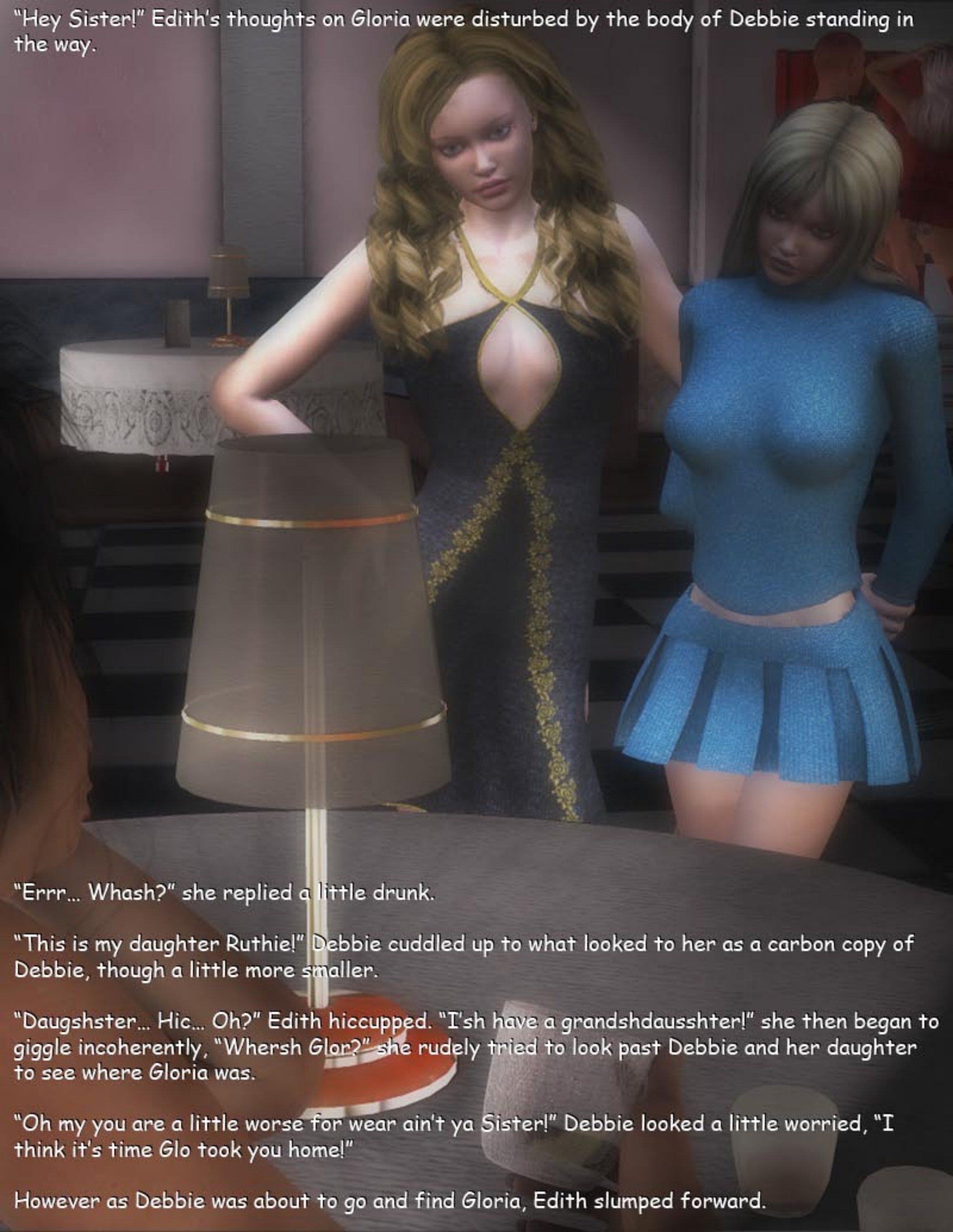
"Nine… No I err… No it's my?"

"Relax Edy… You belong to the Sacred Order and you're gonna be a very important figure within it's structure… Sex is gonna be your weapon girl, it's what we all use to control all of the men that we have a use for ," Gloria smiled and stood up, "Now I'm gonna dance and get some of those young men hard!" Gloria stood up and hurriedly left the private section of the nightclub.

Alchol had never been one of Edith's enjoyments, although she did for politeness when being offered a glass of wine, drink it, however the atmosphere and the continual offer of drinks were very hard for her to refuse and eventually she succumbed to it.

Gloria herself had long surpassed her position of escort to Edith as the alchol she had consumed had began to affect her mind that and the fact that men she knew were continually waltzing her onto the dance floor and from the way she responded she was enjoying every minute of it too.

However as Edith slowly became intoxicated, the more she began to find herself staring at Gloria and the more Gloria moved her gorgeously sexy frame between all of the men that were hounding her, the more Edith found herself feeling jealous of them and as yet another young good looking man snaked his hands around her waist and began to flirt with her, their was no doubt that the feeling of jealousy was beginning to get stronger in Edith.



"Hey Sister!" Edith's thoughts on Gloria were disturbed by the body of Debbie standing in the way.

"Errr... Whash?" she replied a little drunk.

"This is my daughter Ruthie!" Debbie cuddled up to what looked to her as a carbon copy of Debbie, though a little more smaller.

"Daugshster... Hic... Oh?" Edith hiccupped. "I'sh have a grandshdausshter!" she then began to giggle incoherently, "Whersh Glor?" she rudely tried to look past Debbie and her daughter to see where Gloria was.

"Oh my you are a little worse for wear ain't ya Sister!" Debbie looked a little worried, "I think it's time Glo took you home!"

However as Debbie was about to go and find Gloria, Edith slumped forward.

"Oh Ruthie, please go and get Gloria quickly!" Debbie hurriedly went to Edith's aide.

"But mother, how're you gonna get her home the limousine owners don't like ferrying drunk people about, no matter who the person is?"

"Ruthie you've a lot to learn about how to get what you want," Debbie considered her daughter's question, ""Gloria'll have no trouble getting someone to take them home... Honestly... Now go get her quickly child!"

"Yes mother," Ruthie obeyed her mother instantly.

Chapter 29

Altered

Story Postwork and Concept by
Keshara ©Lorien2009

Edith had never been drunk in her life, but she had certainly begun her new one worse for the wear and as her head negotiated daylight from between a dream of dancing naked through a field with her father very angrily telling her to put her clothes on, she finally awoke, but with an almighty headache.

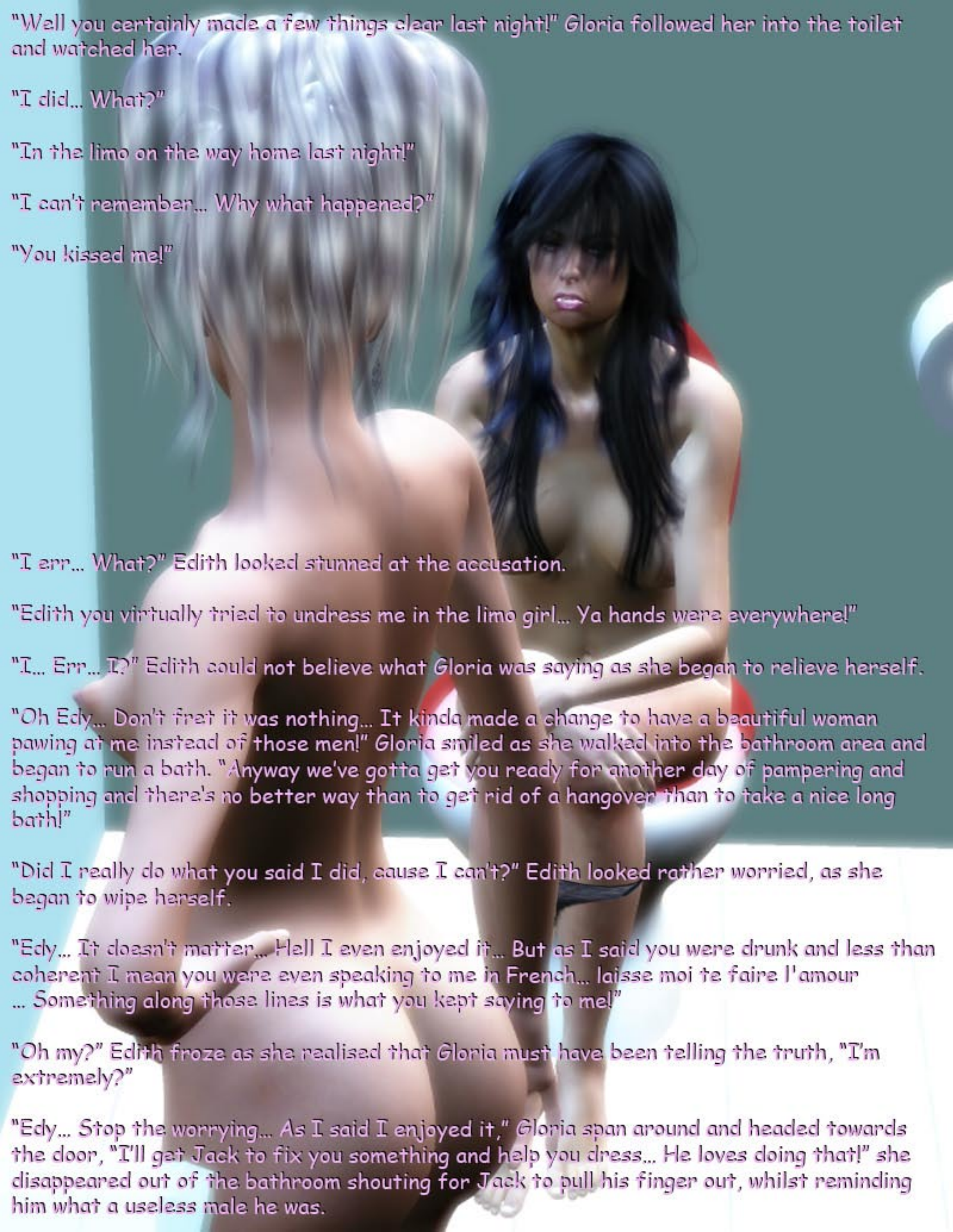
"Ohhhh shiiitttt!" she held her head as she raised it.

"Oh you've finally woken!" Gloria appeared from the bathroom completely naked. "I take you out for one night and you get yourself drunk!" she huffed.

"I err... I've never?" Edith tried to gain her balance as she took a step forward. "I've gotta pee!" she held her head as she got to her feet, however as she did she felt the weight on her chests drag her forward. "Shit... These thing's are getting bigger I swear!" she grabbed her breasts, which had since her night of passion and escapade in the shower with Nathanial only three or four days ago were like the rest of her body saggy and a lot much smaller.

"Still whats done is done," Gloria smiled as she watched Edith slowly calculating her way to the toilet.

"What?" Edith sat down on the toilet, thinking what Gloria had said was kind of strange.



"Well you certainly made a few things clear last night!" Gloria followed her into the toilet and watched her.

"I did... What?"

"In the limo on the way home last night!"

"I can't remember... Why what happened?"

"You kissed me!"

"I err... What?" Edith looked stunned at the accusation.

"Edith you virtually tried to undress me in the limo girl... Ya hands were everywhere!"

"I... Err... I?" Edith could not believe what Gloria was saying as she began to relieve herself.

"Oh Edy... Don't fret it was nothing... It kinda made a change to have a beautiful woman pawing at me instead of those men!" Gloria smiled as she walked into the bathroom area and began to run a bath. "Anyway we've gotta get you ready for another day of pampering and shopping and there's no better way than to get rid of a hangover than to take a nice long bath!"

"Did I really do what you said I did, cause I can't?" Edith looked rather worried, as she began to wipe herself.

"Edy... It doesn't matter... Hell I even enjoyed it... But as I said you were drunk and less than coherent I mean you were even speaking to me in French... laisse moi te faire l'amour ... Something along those lines is what you kept saying to me!"

"Oh my?" Edith froze as she realised that Gloria must have been telling the truth, "I'm extremely?"

"Edy... Stop the worrying... As I said I enjoyed it," Gloria span around and headed towards the door, "I'll get Jack to fix you something and help you dress... He loves doing that!" she disappeared out of the bathroom shouting for Jack to pull his finger out, whilst reminding him what a useless male he was.

Edith knelt down into the warm and fragranced bath water and began to think over what Gloria had said.

"French?" she pondered on what had once been her native language, "But I've not spoken any French since I was... Oh?" she recalled her first ever passionate embrace with a young French boy who worked on her father's farm, for the passion of that kiss back then had caused her inhibitions to run high and as she recalled she also tried to undress the poor young boy, until her father walked in and caught them.

An incident that caused Edith to be sent away to a strict boarding school in England, where she soon lost her French accent and was disciplined heavily in the ways of becoming a perfect young lady.

However with that thought in her head the strange tingling sensation in her groin began to start again, however this time it was more intense and seemed to be situated in one area, just above her slit.

Reaching into the water and down to her vagina she suddenly jumped.

"Oh fuck what's that?" she jumped up out of the bath. "What the?"

"Is there a problem Edy?" Gloria could hear her swearing.

"I err... Yeah... Fuck what is it?" Edith was staring down at her vagina.

"What's what?" Gloria arrived quickly into the bathroom and looked down to where Edith was looking.

"I've a small lump!" Edith sounded concerned.

"You truly are being blessed by the Lady of the Sacred Feminine Edy!" Gloria stood in awe at her guests ever changing body.

"No please Gloria... What's this?" Edith moved her fingers down to her bald pussy and prized apart her labia to give Gloria a better look at what she was talking about.

"Oh Edy how wonderful!" Gloria sighed as they both watched Edith's small protrusion grow from within the folds of her bald pussy.

"It's fucking weird... And it feels... Fuck it feels?" Edith sighed as the protrusion began to harden without any physical touch.

"Ohhhhh fuck yessss... Shit what is it?" Edith could not believe the sensations caused by the tiny lump.

"Oh Edy... It's your clit girl!"

"My what?"

"Edy there are girls that would die for a clit like that!" Gloria became mesmerised by the pale lump of flesh that poked out and seemed to cause Edith to flinch. "Hmmm you really are hot Edy!" Gloria sighed as the compulsion for her to touch it grew stronger.

"Ohhhhh fuck Gloria it feels so fuck... Shit... It feels soooooooooooo good!" Edith shivered.

"Edith you're truly beautiful down here!" Gloria's pupils began to dilate as Edith's clit began to pulsate, captivating her even more, however the temptation to touch it was just too much for the silver haired vixen to take so slowly she reached out and brushed it with her finger.

"Wh....What're you... Ohhhhhh Gloria what?" Edith sighed as Gloria's fingers grazed the tip of her newly formed clitoris.

"Oh Edy I'm sorry... It's irresistible?" Gloria sounded as much puzzled herself as her fingers rubbed the nub of the protrusion, "Your just... So beautiful down here!" she sighed as she stepped into the bath with Edith and lowered herself into the bathwater for a closer inspection of Edith's beautifully sculptured pussy.

Edith could not decide whether it was wrong or right, for the old part of her mind that was still resident was fighting hard to repel all of the wondrous feelings that were now coming from her own ever changing body and as Gloria's fingers began to probe her clitoris a large shiver of ecstasy ran down her spine and across her body, electrifying her nipples and strengthening the sexual stimulus she was receiving from Gloria as her fingers continued to toy with the strange hardened stub of sensous protrusion that was now her clitoris.

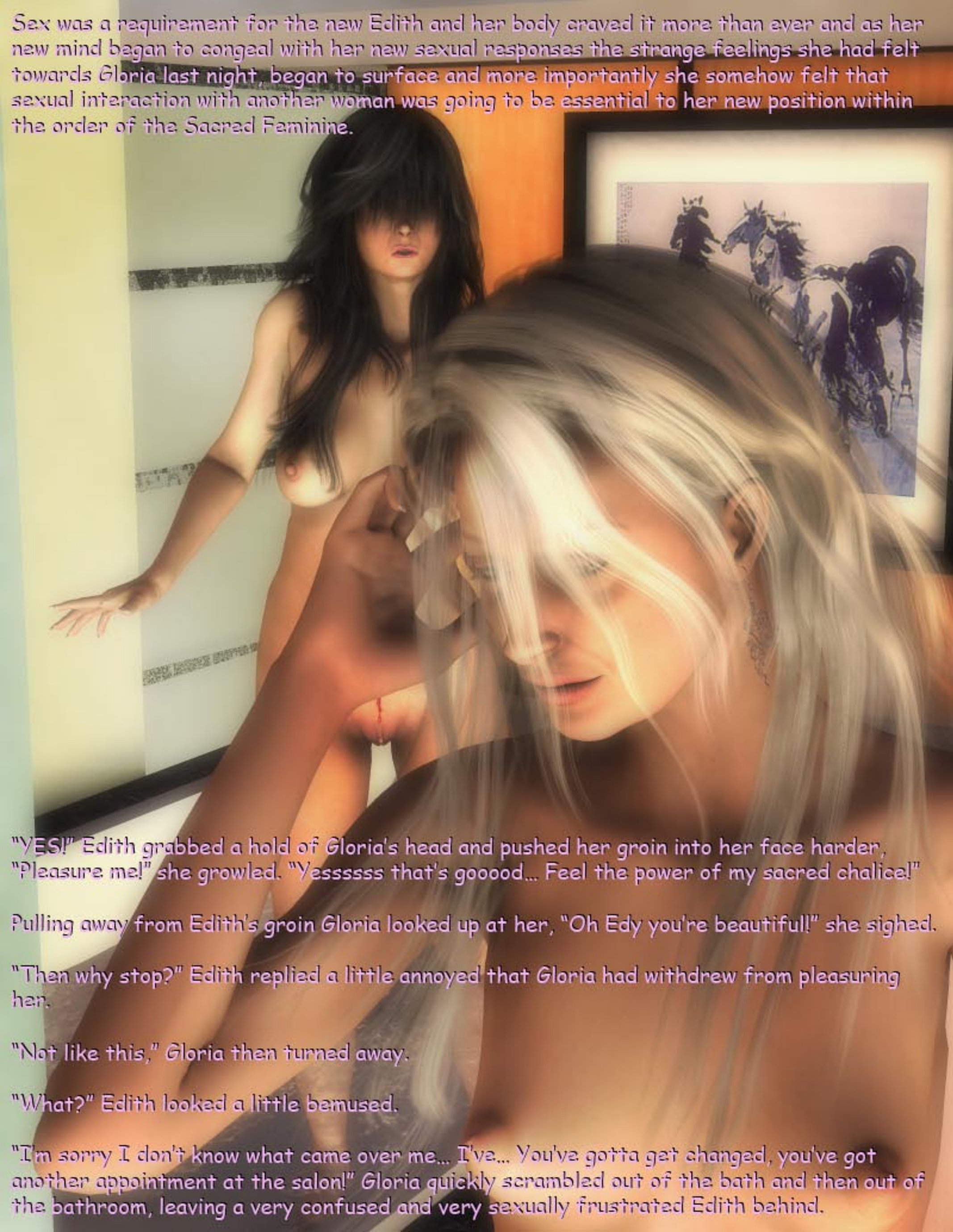
"OHHHHH FUCK GLORIA... DON'T STOP... FUCK ITS GOOOOOOOOOOOD... YES-SSSSSSSS FUCK!" Edith gritted her teeth as her entire body began to rebel against the final thought patterns of her old self..

Gloria's mind was also in a quandary, for her own transformation from a sixty year old woman into the lithe and slender creature she had become today, was also taking her into new territory, for like Edith, she had neither sort nor felt the desire to ever be intimate with another woman, however the sight of Edith's genitalia was making her own crotch tremble with excitement and as the smell of the warm fragranced bathwater rose, it combined with the moisture and the scent of Edith's very aroused sex, enticing her to cross the boundary of sexuality.

Leaning forward and completely mesmerised by Edith's clitoris, Gloria began to kiss and lick the blood red crossed tattoo on her guest's lower belly, and as she tasted the residue of bathwater her mind shifted any doubts concerning her sexuality aside.

"Hmmmm... Ngggggnhmmmmm," Gloria's tongue snaked lower as it descended upon the fleshy folds of Edith's wonderful scented sex and as it came across her guests new and hard clitoris, Edith's body shivered with excitement.

"Ohhhhh fuck what's happ... Mmmmmmmmmm... Shit yessssssssss!" Edith's new mind moulded together with her body's new feelings and as her former self looked desperately for an avenue to escape, the heavy programming she had received last night, even though she had been drunk, was too much as all of the taboo subjects that she had religiously upheld throughout her long life, were stripped away and reversed.



Sex was a requirement for the new Edith and her body craved it more than ever and as her new mind began to congeal with her new sexual responses the strange feelings she had felt towards Gloria last night, began to surface and more importantly she somehow felt that sexual interaction with another woman was going to be essential to her new position within the order of the Sacred Feminine.

"YES!" Edith grabbed a hold of Gloria's head and pushed her groin into her face harder, "Pleasure me!" she growled. "Yesssssss that's gooood... Feel the power of my sacred chalice!"

Pulling away from Edith's groin Gloria looked up at her, "Oh Edy you're beautiful!" she sighed.

"Then why stop?" Edith replied a little annoyed that Gloria had withdrew from pleasuring her.

"Not like this," Gloria then turned away.

"What?" Edith looked a little bemused.

"I'm sorry I don't know what came over me... I've... You've gotta get changed, you've got another appointment at the salon!" Gloria quickly scrambled out of the bath and then out of the bathroom, leaving a very confused and very sexually frustrated Edith behind.

Hardly a word passed between Gloria and Edith that day and as another day of pampering and beauty treatment ended the two transformed women, who up until two days ago had never set eyes on one another, readied themselves for another night down at Cinchers night club.

However not even the energetic and bubly nature of Debbie could bring the two of them from their confused thoughts as uncertain glances towards each other told her that something had happened between the two of them.

"You know I've been looking forward to seeing these for weeks!" Debbie tried to break the ice as they sat at their booth, all toying with their drinks.

"Sorry Debbie?" Gloria's thoughts were interrupted by her long time friend.

"The Alter Boys!" Debbie reminded Gloria of the star guests that were performing tonight.

"The Alter Boys... Oh yes I forgot I?" Gloria was about to turn to Edith and tell her who they were, when the image of them together that morning stopped her.

"Oh for the love Glo... I'll tell her... After all they're part of her crowd!" Debbie huffed.

"My crowd?" Edith looked at the blonde headed Debbie.

"Yes they're part of the religious order you belong to and very important they are too and fuck what a storm they caused when they started out," Debbie giggled as she began to tell Edith a very brief story concerning the entertainment for the evening.

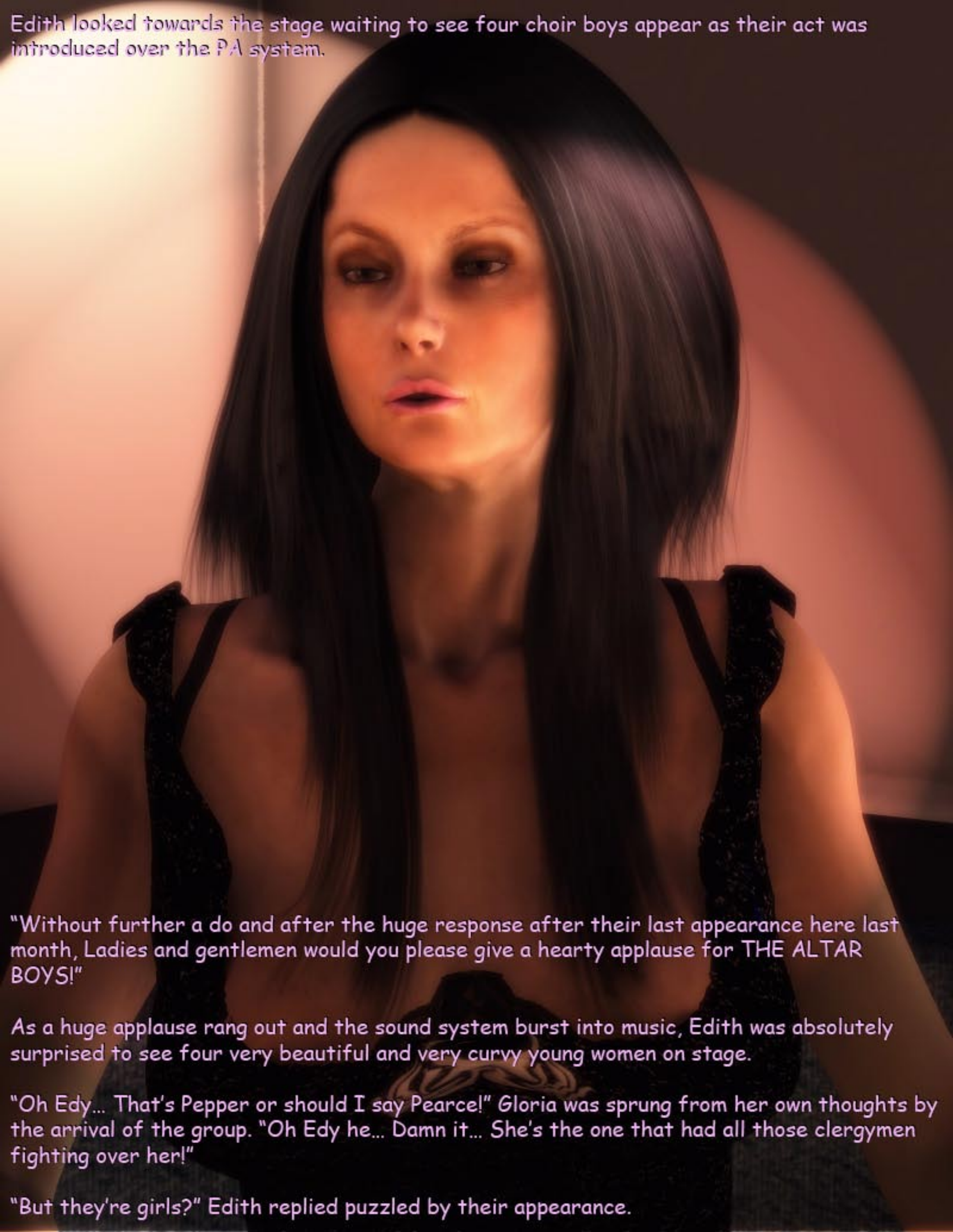
"Oh shit they caused quite a storm amongst the clergy before they were all defrocked, if you get my meaning!"

"Defrocked?" Edith's curiosity was piqued.

"They're all, or should I say they once all used to be normal eighteen to nineteen year old choir boys who all peformed in a small Sunday morning church choir, anyway for a short time they used to be on tele every Sunday morning and even then they set tongue's wagging about their sexuality!"

"I can't say I ever watched television on a Sunday morning and the church I attended regularly never had a choir?" Edith recalled her past Sundays, "But I do remember hearing something about an incident involving a few church ministers being sacked for something disgusting.

"Oh they didn't have a name back then, although whispers were writhe about them being called Angels of some sort, but anyway they were signed up by an agency belonging to our matriarchs and they were sent on a tour of all the major towns and cities across the land... Well needless to say it was this tour that caused such outrage and led to not just the four choirboys being defrocked, but over twenty or so important figures within the church to be defrocked with them... Oh here they come!"



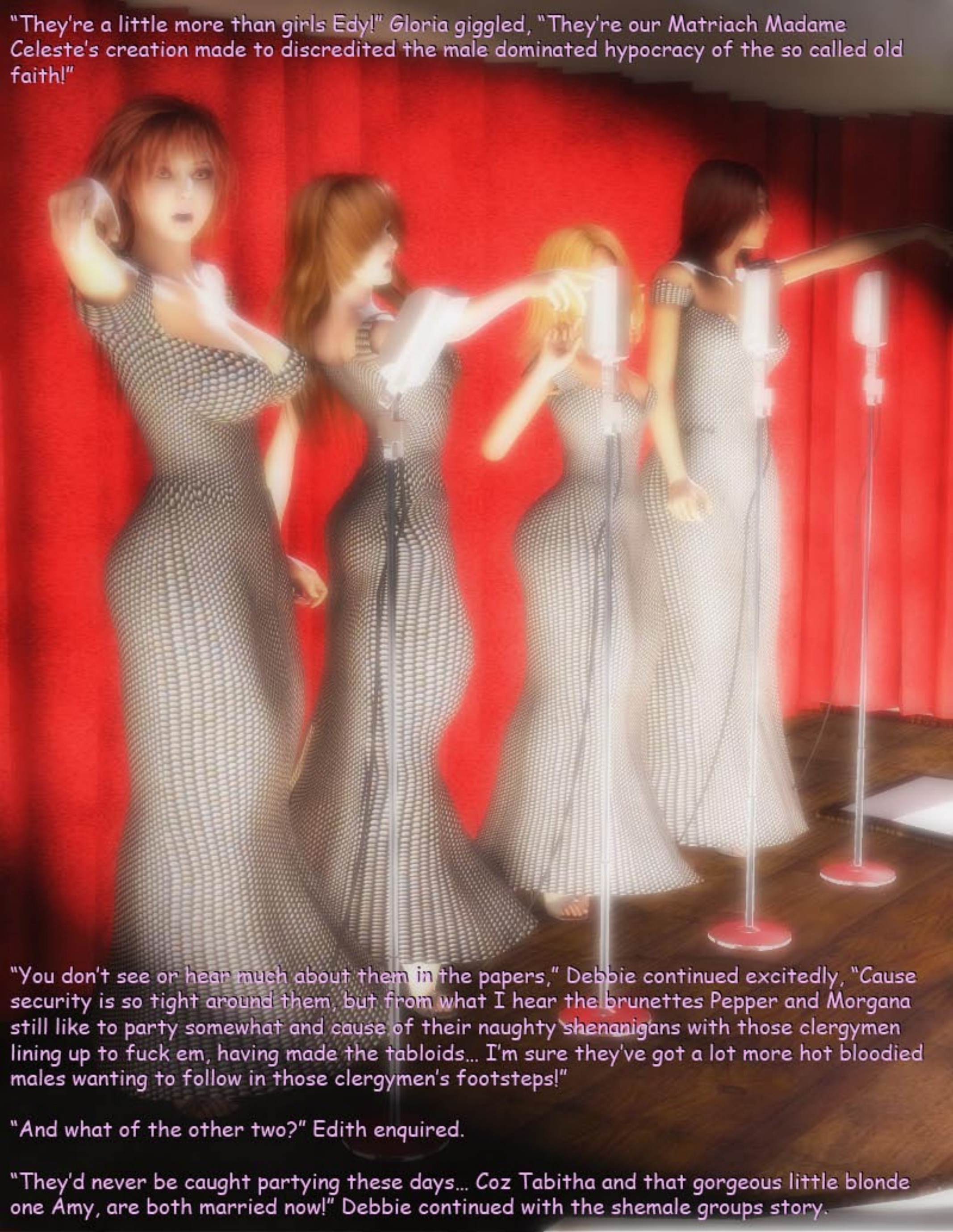
Edith looked towards the stage waiting to see four choir boys appear as their act was introduced over the PA system.

"Without further a do and after the huge response after their last appearance here last month, Ladies and gentlemen would you please give a hearty applause for THE ALTAR BOYS!"

As a huge applause rang out and the sound system burst into music, Edith was absolutely surprised to see four very beautiful and very curvy young women on stage.

"Oh Edy… That's Pepper or should I say Pearce!" Gloria was sprung from her own thoughts by the arrival of the group. "Oh Edy he… Damn it… She's the one that had all those clergymen fighting over her!"

"But they're girls?" Edith replied puzzled by their appearance.



"They're a little more than girls Edy!" Gloria giggled, "They're our Matriach Madame Celeste's creation made to discredited the male dominated hypocracy of the so called old faith!"

"You don't see or hear much about them in the papers," Debbie continued excitedly, "Cause security is so tight around them, but from what I hear the brunettes Pepper and Morgana still like to party somewhat and cause of their naughty shenanigans with those clergymen lining up to fuck em, having made the tabloids... I'm sure they've got a lot more hot bloodied males wanting to follow in those clergymen's footsteps!"

"And what of the other two?" Edith enquired.

"They'd never be caught partying these days... Coz Tabitha and that gorgeous little blonde one Amy, are both married now!" Debbie continued with the shemale groups story.

"Married?"

"Oh Edith that Amy… She had those disgusting clergymen creaming their pants for her big time and she knew it and unlike Pepper, she used it to bag herself a millionaire!" Debbie sighed with a hint of jealousy, "She's done quite a few glamour shoots with hunky men lusting all over her too, the lucky bitch!"

"So what about this Pepper?" Edith was most intrigued by the story.

"Pepper… Oh from what I've heard she's the dirtiest tramp out the lot of them, not surpising considering she was the one caught with four clergymen fucking her brains out!" Gloria chuckled, "Her own mother had the unfortunate task of uncovering all of the disgusting things those dirty clergymen were up to!"

"And what of their parents?"

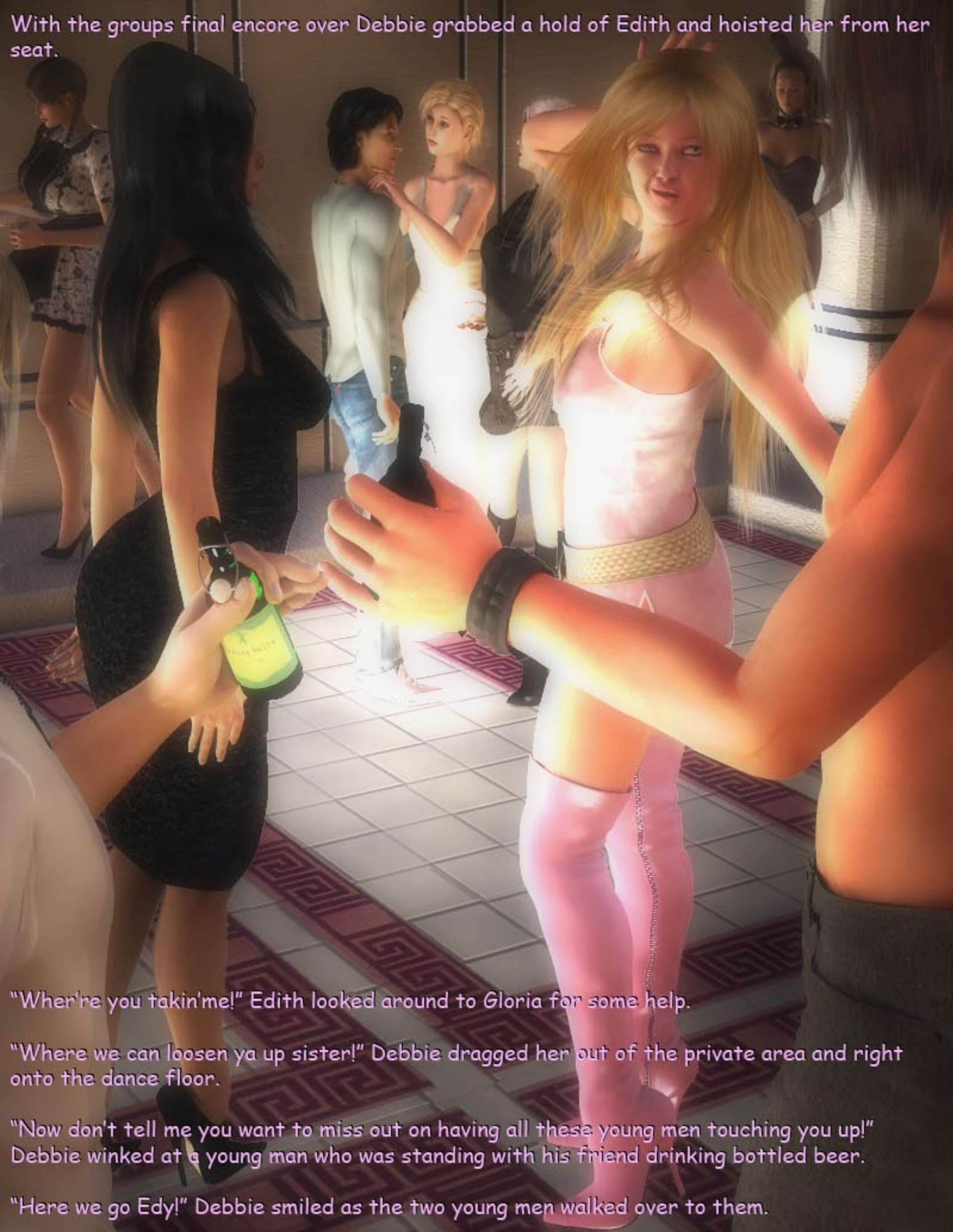
"Oh Pepper's mother is now an avid follower of the Sacred Feminine as are all of the other girls mothers, but the shame that those four hotties caused for that old male stereotypical religion has sent their faith spiralling, giving yours a leeway into their faith.

"So the Lady of the Scared Feminine is now apart of these horrid clegymen's faith?" Edith enquired.

"Our faith has been slowly infiltrating it for a few years now and when the time comes the old faith will be complelty removed!" Gloria smiled wickedly as the four girls began to sing their first number, "Oh I love this song... It's number one in the charts already!"

"Number one?" Edith looked puzzled.

"Ease it in slower... They play it in here every night and it's always on the radio!" Debbie began to sing along with the song, "Ease it in slower... I know you want me lower... But I need to feel your beast within me rise... Ease it in slower... My lips will start to shower... Kissing every part of your body so fine... WOOOHHHHH!"



With the groups final encore over Debbie grabbed a hold of Edith and hoisted her from her seat.

"Wher're you takin'me!" Edith looked around to Gloria for some help.

"Where we can loosen ya up sister!" Debbie dragged her out of the private area and right onto the dance floor.

"Now don't tell me you want to miss out on having all these young men touching you up!" Debbie winked at a young man who was standing with his friend drinking bottled beer.

"Here we go Edy!" Debbie smiled as the two young men walked over to them.

"I err?" Edith tried to dissuade Debbie from gaining the young men's attentions, however it was too late for the bare chested young man with long hair instantly grabbed a hold of Edith's waist and pulled her tightly into him as he danced with her.

"Evening ma'am!" he breathed alcoholic fumes into Edith's face.

"I err... Please I?" Edith tried to break free from his amorous grasp, but his hold was too strong.

Gloria watched her friend introducing Edith to the dance floor and as the young man grabbed a hold of her, she felt her heart skip, for ever since this morning she had tried to shake off what had happened between the two of them, but no matter how hard she tried to force her own actions from her mind, she just could not deny the feelings that were growing within her, how could she feel the way she did and why did she so brazenly jump into the bath with Edith and begin to touch and kiss her most private of places.

"No I can't delay this any longer!" she got up and headed straight over to where Edith was trying to ward of the young man's wandering hands.

"Excuse me if you don't mind?" Gloria tapped the young man on the shoulder.

"Err... Yes ... Yes... Gloria isn't it?" he turned to face his interrupter.

"Yes Declan it is... So if you wouldn't mind I'd like to dance with my friend!" Gloria added as she tried not to show Edith that she knew the young man.

"Well seeming it's you then I guess I'll let the beautiful lady go!" he sighed as he looked Gloria up and down and then let go of Edith.

"Oh Gloria I?" Edith could not believe her eyes as Gloria took the young man's place. "I thought I'd never get him off of me!"

"That's no problem... Look Edy?" Gloria tried to find the words she was trying to say to her.

"I gather you know that young man he did seem to know you?" Edith pondered on the familiarity the young man showed in Gloria when she had interrupted him.

"Err yeah I?" Gloria was knocked from her stride by Edith's question.

"Then you've slept with him?"

"Yes... Oh Edy look it doesn't matter I just wanna talk to you," Gloria became a little agitated as Edith's questioning and the music began to block her concentration, "I'm sorry Edith, but this morning I?"

"What?" Edith could not hear Gloria as the music and chattering got louder around them.

"This morning?" Gloria leaned in towards Edith's ear so she could hear her better, "please forgive me Edith, its just… Well I had?"

"Sorry?" Edith could not really hear what Gloria was saying so she moved her head in a little closer, however as she did Gloria nuzzled her earlobe with her nose.

"I'm falling in love with you Edy!" Gloria whispered into her ear.

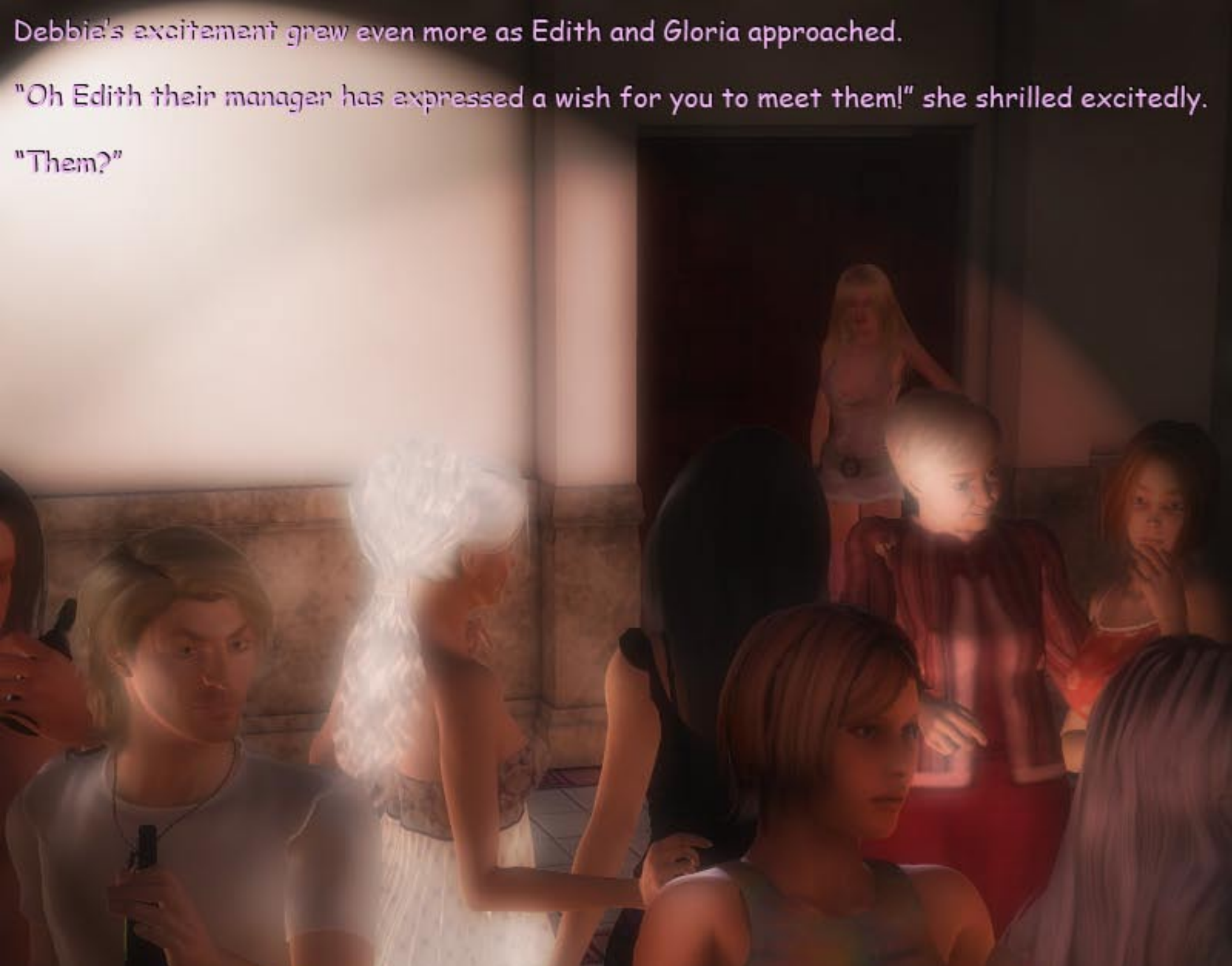
"What?" Edy pulled her head away as she thought what she heard was Gloria admitting that she was falling in love with her.

However before the two of them could respond to each other's mystified looks, the music stopped and Debbie was once again calling them over, waving frantically for them to join her by a door that led to the clubs offices and other restricted areas.

Debbie's excitement grew even more as Edith and Gloria approached.

"Oh Edith their manager has expressed a wish for you to meet them!" she shrilled excitedly.

"Them?"



"The Altar Boys... Oh Edith you're sure are in demand!" she winked at Gloria, for Debbie had already recognised the signs that something was stirring between her friend and her guest.

"What do you mean in demand?" Edith looked puzzled.

"Girl these Altar Boys are something special and if you've been giving an invite to see em... Then that means you too are special!" Debbie explained as she turned to Gloria a little saddened, "I'm sorry Glo, but we're not invited... He only invited Edith!"

"Oh... I... Well, that's ok," Gloria's disappointment was not in being left out of the invite to see the Altar Boys, for as she looked at Edith she was unsure as to how she had taken her admitance to how she felt about her.

"Oh well I?" Edith's mind was in a whirlwind as she looked form Gloria to Debbie.

"Oh look the two security men are waiting to escort you to their changing rooms!" Debbie broke Edith's and Gloria's concentration on each other by grabbing a hold of Edith's arm and pulling her into the doorway.

"Good Evening Madame Lefevre, it's indeed an honour to finally meet you!" a rather scruffy headed looking man greeted her as the two security men escorting her brought her to the far end of a long corridor.

"And you are?" Edith looked the man up and down.

"I'm the groups manager Madame Lefevre," the man replied.

"Well that's all good for you but why?" Edith countered as she wondered why she had been brought before the group's manager.

"Please Madame Lefevre... Please go through into the dressing room and all will be revealed!" the man opened the wooden panelled door.

Edith walked into the dressing room and was totally shocked to see all four of the Altar Boys naked except for their high heels.

"Good evening Ma'am!" all four of them gradually greeted Edith in their perfectly crafted girlish voices.

"Well I... Oh my?" Edith was completely at a loss for words as she looked at all of the singers, whom just as Debbie had said were all male between the legs.

"Come along boys introduce yourselves to our good lady!" the groups manager hurried them from were they where standing.

"Yes Father McConnell!" all four of the femininely shaped quartet giggled as they all gathered before Edith.

"I'm Amy!" the small blonde singer introduced herself, "And this little sexpot is Pepper!"

Edith looked at the brunette that the singer Amy had introduced to her as Pepper and could see that she or he as the manger had called them, had a very prominent erection.

The singer called Pepper just gave a wry smile and stared at Edith.

"Oh you'll have to excuse Pepper... She's always erect when men are about!" Amy grabbed a hold of her colleague as she could see Edith looking rather bemused at her fellow performers erection.

"Yes I'm sorry Mrs Lefevre, but Pepper is always hard after a performance I'm afraid," their manager also made an excuse for Pepper.

"Well I?"

"Please let me continue with the other two boys," the manager, whom the performers called Father McConnell continued. "this is Tabitha and Morgana!"

"Yes well it's good meeting you all?" Edith looked the last two singers up and down still confused as to what sex the very girlish looking quartet actually were, "So why should I be so interested in meeting these errr... Things?"

"Ok boys off you go!" Father McConnell dismissed the group, "Your suitors will be waiting for you!"

"Look forgive me Mr Mcerrr?"

"Please its Father McConnell Madame Lefevre," he replied as all four of them made their way past Edith.

"Yes Fath... Father, but errrr... You keep referring to them as boys... Surely they'd be more better described as girls.

"Oh no Madame Lefevre they will always be thought of as boys!" he replied in a matter of fact tone. "it's the very reason they were created!"

"But?" Edith watched them all walk past her swaying their hips and chattering just like girls.

"Amy please stay with us a while please!" Father McConnell stopped the blonde singer from joining her fellow performers.

"Yes Father McConnell of course!" Amy smiled as she stayed in the dressing room with them.

"Amy tell our good Lady here a little about yourself," Father McConnell asked her.

"Yes of course Father McConnell," she smiled and looked up at Edith.

"Well I used to be called Anthony but Father McConnell prefers me to be called Amy and besides my Master and husband always introduces me as Amy!" she remarked proudly.

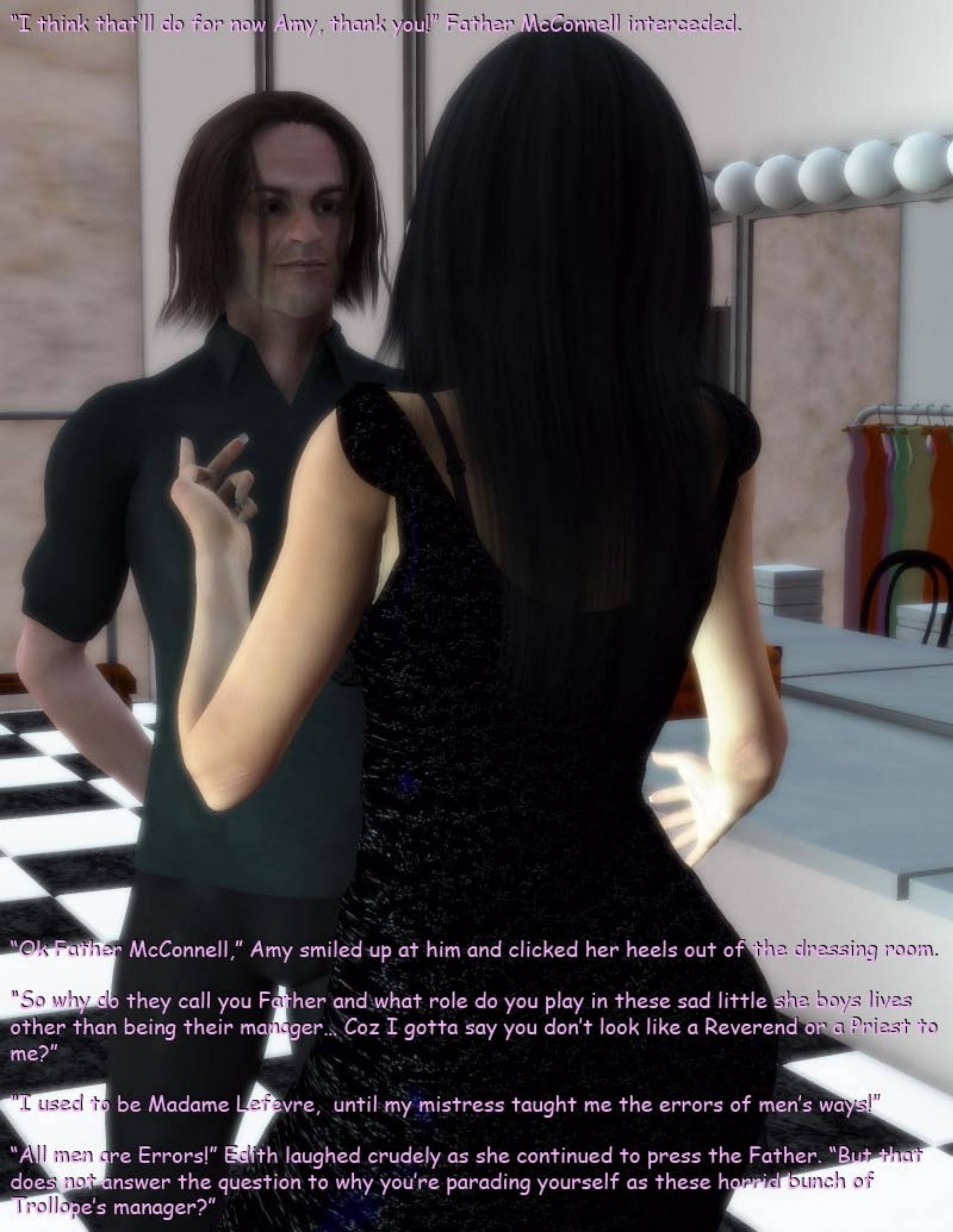
"Husband?" Edith enquired rather shocked that such a creature with the body of such a voluptuous young girl could have a cock dangling from her groin.

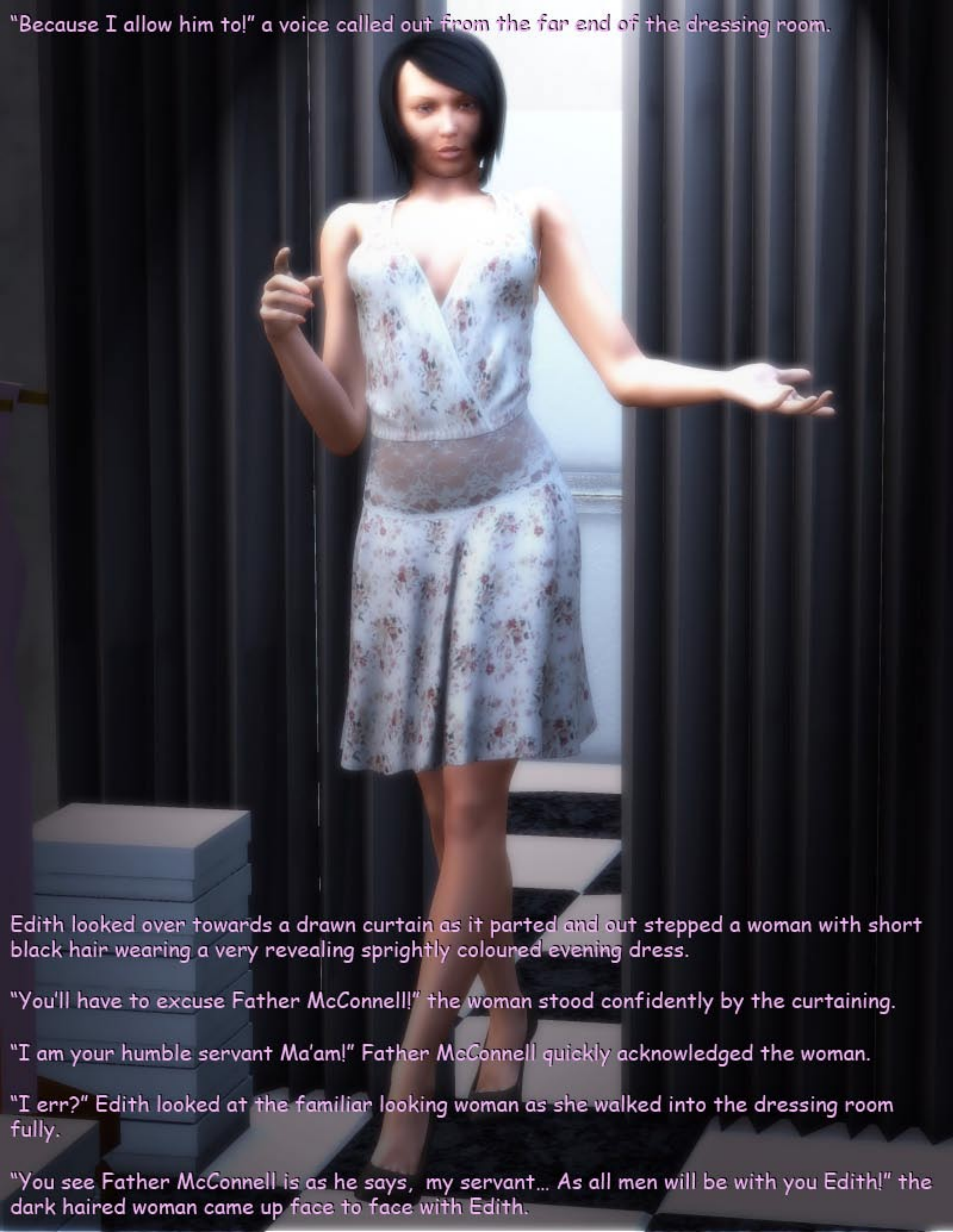
"Yes I've been married for two months now!" she held up her wedding band for Edith to see.

"My word, how disgusting!" Edith rebuked the boy or girl's happiness at being married.

"Do you not approve Madame?" Amy enquired a little sadly.

"If a man wants to wed you that's his business... But I certainly wouldn't advocate such behaviour!" Edith sighed as she considered her own grandson becoming married like Amy.


"I think that'll do for now Amy, thank you!" Father McConnell interceded.
"Ok Father McConnell," Amy smiled up at him and clicked her heels out of the dressing room.
"So why do they call you Father and what role do you play in these sad little she boys lives other than being their manager... Coz I gotta say you don't look like a Reverend or a Priest to me?"
"I used to be Madame Lefevre, until my mistress taught me the errors of men's ways!"
"All men are Errors!" Edith laughed crudely as she continued to press the Father. "But that does not answer the question to why you're parading yourself as these horrid bunch of Trollope's manager?"



"Because I allow him to!" a voice called out from the far end of the dressing room.

Edith looked over towards a drawn curtain as it parted and out stepped a woman with short black hair wearing a very revealing sprightly coloured evening dress.

"You'll have to excuse Father McConnell!" the woman stood confidently by the curtaining.

"I am your humble servant Ma'am!" Father McConnell quickly acknowledged the woman.

"I err?" Edith looked at the familiar looking woman as she walked into the dressing room fully.

"You see Father McConnell is as he says, my servant… As all men will be with you Edith!" the dark haired woman came up face to face with Edith.

"Ma'am!" Father McConnell bowed to the woman and as she approached she held out her hand and he bowed lower and began to kiss the back of her hand.

"Oh we have met Edith, but only briefly," the woman replied as she revelled in the adulation her disciple was paying her.

"I'm sorry but?" Edith attempted to place a name to the face.

"Edith I am Madame Celeste!" the woman finally introduced herself.

"Celeste... Madame Celeste?" Edith looked rather bemused as the woman whom she had been told was her Mistress and Matriarch was now standing in the dressing room before her.

"Yes my dear Edith... I am her, and I must say we could not have chosen a better night for both of us to finally meet face to face!" she smiled as Father McConnell prostrated himself further before her and continued to kiss her hand adoringly.

"I so love to see men squirm before me!" Celeste sighed, "As you will do my dear Edith!"

"Squirm?" Edith was just as lost for words as she was shocked to witness the ease in which Madame Celeste seemed to command the perverted Father.

"Oh yes Edith you'll have men squirming and throwing themselves upon your mercy!" Celeste continued to let the man kiss her hand and murmur some incoherent words before her.

"Mercy?"

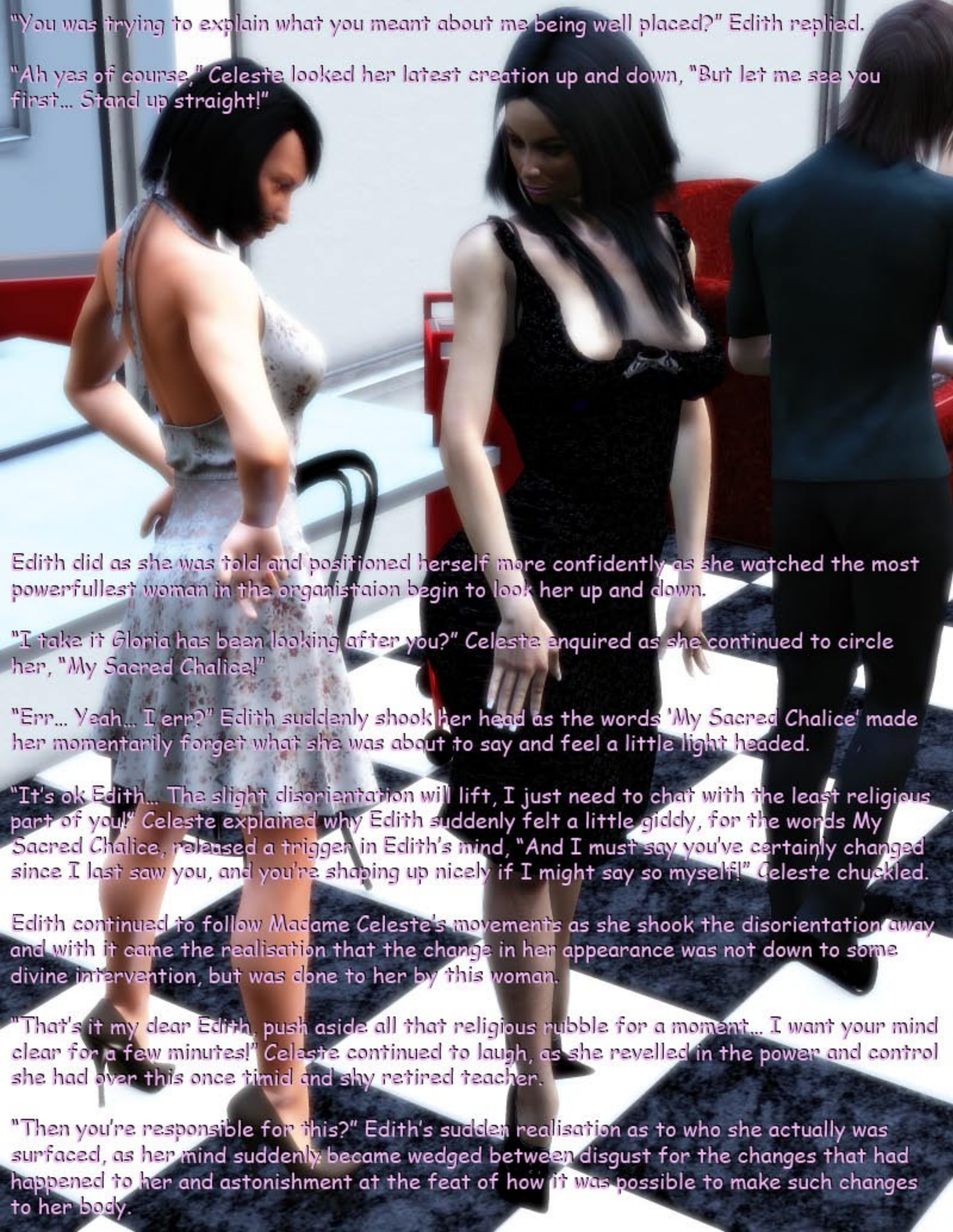
"Yes Edith... Mercy... Although I've a suspicion you'll never show them any, and I would expect nothing more from one of my most highest and well positioned subjects either!"

"Well positioned?" Edith just could not understand what it was that this powerful woman was trying to say to her.

"Yes Edith... Well positioned," Celeste quickly removed her hand from Father McConnell's grasp. "Go and sort those vixens out before they start giving blow jobs to the security men!" the woman ordered Father McConnell out of her sight.

"Yes Ma'am, me and the boys are forever your servants Ma'am," Father McConnell got to his feet and quickly scurried away.

"Ghastly man... Has had his cock in all four of those horrid little sissies!" Celeste wiped her hand on her dress as she moved closer to Edith. "Now where was I?"



"You was trying to explain what you meant about me being well placed?" Edith replied.

"Ah yes of course," Celeste looked her latest creation up and down, "But let me see you first... Stand up straight!"

Edith did as she was told and positioned herself more confidently as she watched the most powerfullest woman in the organistaion begin to look her up and down.

"I take it Gloria has been looking after you?" Celeste enquired as she continued to circle her, "My Sacred Chalice!"

"Err... Yeah... I err?" Edith suddenly shook her head as the words 'My Sacred Chalice' made her momentarily forget what she was about to say and feel a little light headed.

"It's ok Edith... The slight disorientation will lift, I just need to chat with the least religious part of you!" Celeste explained why Edith suddenly felt a little giddy, for the words My Sacred Chalice, released a trigger in Edith's mind, "And I must say you've certainly changed since I last saw you, and you're shaping up nicely if I might say so myself!" Celeste chuckled.

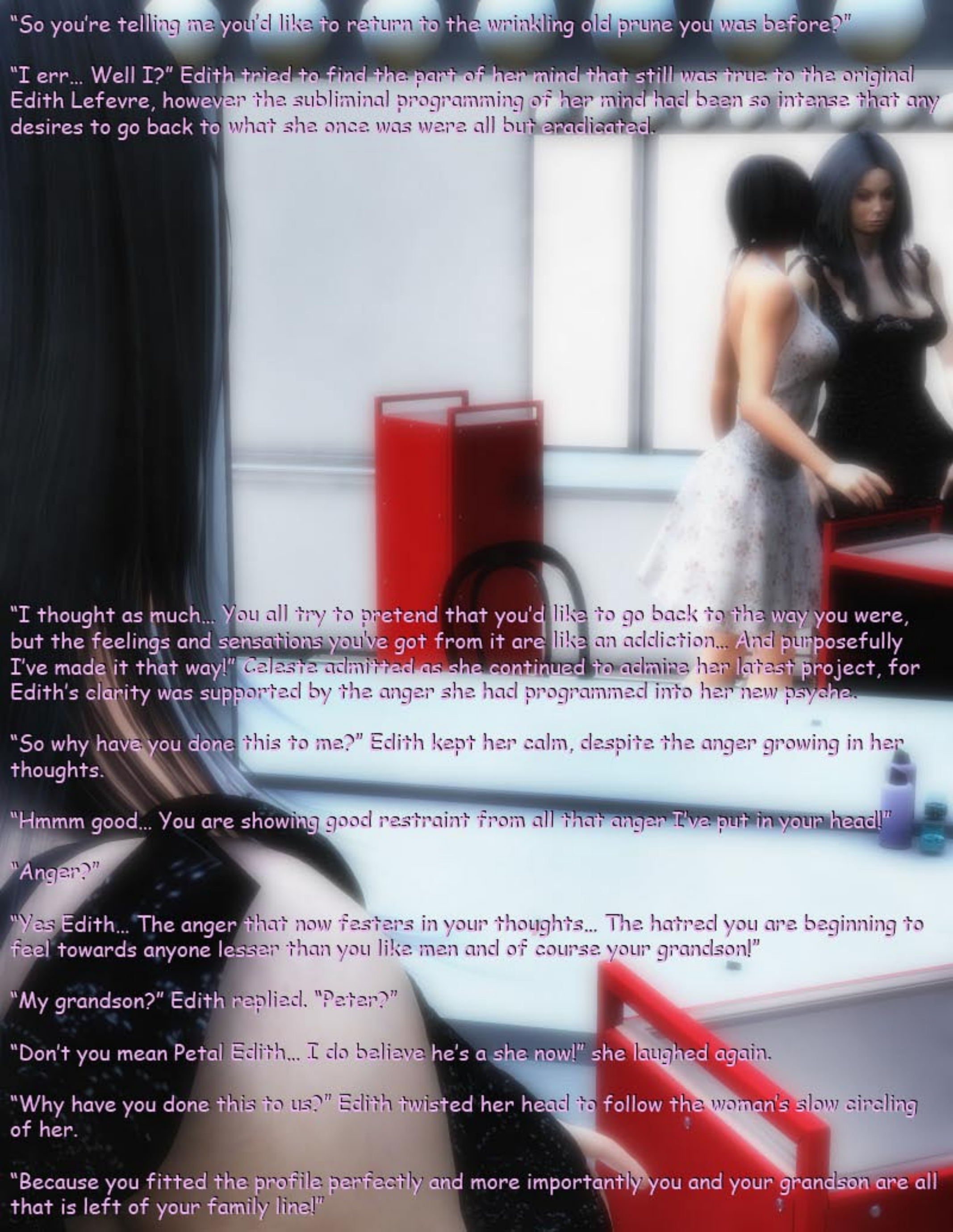
Edith continued to follow Madame Celeste's movements as she shook the disorientation away and with it came the realisation that the change in her appearance was not down to some divine intervention, but was done to her by this woman.

"That's it my dear Edith, push aside all that religious rubble for a moment... I want your mind clear for a few minutes!" Celeste continued to laugh, as she revelled in the power and control she had over this once timid and shy retired teacher.

"Then you're responsible for this?" Edith's sudden realisation as to who she actually was surfaced, as her mind suddenly became wedged between disgust for the changes that had happened to her and astonishment at the feat of how it was possible to make such changes to her body.

"So you're telling me you'd like to return to the wrinkling old prune you was before?"

"I err... Well I?" Edith tried to find the part of her mind that still was true to the original Edith Lefevre, however the subliminal programming of her mind had been so intense that any desires to go back to what she once was were all but eradicated.



"I thought as much... You all try to pretend that you'd like to go back to the way you were, but the feelings and sensations you've got from it are like an addiction... And purposefully I've made it that way!" Celeste admitted as she continued to admire her latest project, for Edith's clarity was supported by the anger she had programmed into her new psyche.

"So why have you done this to me?" Edith kept her calm, despite the anger growing in her thoughts.

"Hmmm good... You are showing good restraint from all that anger I've put in your head!"

"Anger?"

"Yes Edith... The anger that now festers in your thoughts... The hatred you are beginning to feel towards anyone lesser than you like men and of course your grandson!"

"My grandson?" Edith replied. "Peter?"

"Don't you mean Petal Edith... I do believe he's a she now!" she laughed again.

"Why have you done this to us?" Edith twisted her head to follow the woman's slow circling of her.

"Because you fitted the profile perfectly and more importantly you and your grandson are all that is left of your family line!"

"Family line?"

"Yes Edith your family line came to end when your son was killed in that car crash and that means no stragglers or loose ends to tie up !" Celeste stopped before Edith and stared deeply into her eyes.

"My son?" Edith sounded all the more confused as her matriach began to bring up her family's past.

"Such a good man too," Celeste continued to walk around Edith.

"How would you know my son he died-"

"Twelve years ago, yes... A nasty car accident that also took his wife's life too... Yes I remember it well!" Celeste continued to reveal her knowledge of her offsprings death. "Do you know how he was killed?"

"Killed... It was an accident, they hit some black ice and skidded off the road?"

"Your son Phillipe was driven off of the road by two drug fuelled youths who had stolen a car and happened to be driving on the same stretch of road your son and daughter in law were driving on that night!"

"But the report?" Edith turned to see herself in the dressing room mirror.

"The report was written by a tired cop who decided to leave out the specific details so he didn't get buried under more paperwork, after all it was Christmas and he wanted to get home and if he had reported on what the witness who saw the incident had said he would have spent that Christmas filling out more reports and then would've had to start a search for the two youths and that would've meant no Christmas holiday for him!"

"Witness... But why was this not... No I'm sorry I find this all too hard to believe... I mean how'd'ya know all this?" Edith was still having trouble believing the woman's claims concerning her son's death.

"The witness came to us five years ago, she had spent all that time trying to find out why her statement was never used and these two adolescents were never brought to trial... But the cop denied everything and well... Your son and daughter in law's death was labelled an accident!"

"So why are you telling me all this now?"

"Because I am and because I want you to feel justified in the anger your beginning to have towards all men!" Celeste smiled at Edith. "Now tell me Edith do you not feel anger already building within you?"

"I... Err?" Edith could suddenly feel rage forming from her shoulders and from the base of her neck.

"Yes you do... And that's exactly what I want you to feel and every time one of those pathetic good for nothing adolescent youths looks up at you for forgivness you'll remember it was someone like them who took your son away from you and left you to bring up that sissy of grandson, when you could've been enjoying the twilight of your years!" Celeste smiled wickedly as she solidified Edith's new passion of hatred towards all men, " You see Edith you're not just going to become a Mother Superior... You'll eventually become the leader of our aspiring religious order!"

"Leader... But isn't?"

"Yes Lady Agatha is head of the Sacred Order, but my mother or should I say the head of our entire organisation will be stepping aside and when she does I will take over and I will have all of my chosen ones in various positions of power, however your position will be the most important one, because after your stay has finished with Gloria you will have become the bitch I want you to become!"

"Bitch?"

"Oh Edith, you're going to be so different from Agatha because you'll neither be lenient nor show compasion to any of the young men you'll be torturing into femininity!" Celeste laughed wickedly.

"Torturing?"

"Edith just as Agatha does you'll be transforming young criminal males into sissies and cock sisters for us to use in our quest for feminine supremacy, that is why I had you meet Father McConnell and his sissies tonight, so you'd grasp the power you'll hold over everyone," Celeste began to explain, "You see Edith when the time arrives for us to take control I need men and cock-sisters alike to not just bow to you but I want them to fear your very presence and shudder at the mere mention of your name... I want men to cower before you and worship your every step!"

"And Pet... Err Petal?" Edith's mind once again began to shift as Celeste's words cleverly began to unravel Edith's new mind set.

"Oh you'll still hold a little regard for her, after all she is your granddaughter, but you will detest her for what she is... Just like you did with Amy and that disgusting Pepper who dared to be erect in front of you... Although when you're in the presence of other people, you'll always hide your true feelings for her, but when you are alone with her you will punish her severely!"

"Punish her?" Edith's changing thought patterns tried hard to fight the animosity that was already growing within her and as her mind tried to recall all of the love she had for Peter, the image of Peter as he was now caused feelings of anger and disgust to reside in place of love.

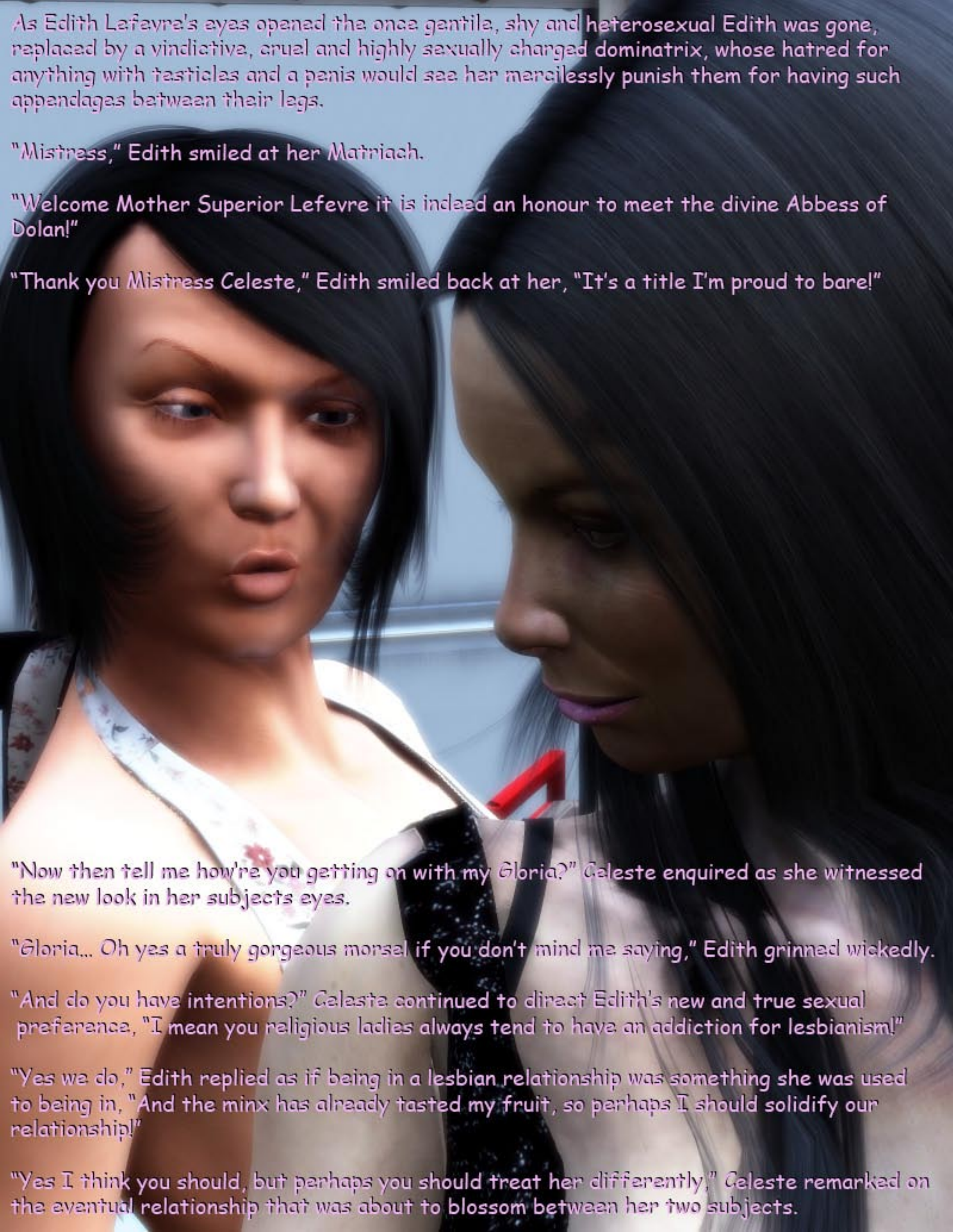
"Hmmm I can see from your eyes that you're already beginning to detest your granddaughter aren't you?" Celeste laughed crudely as she stopped to face Edith.

"I... I?" Edith fought frantically to push aside the venom that her Mistress and Matriach was somehow placing into her head, however as the last threads of Edith Lefevre battled to find a way through the barrage of hate and vitriol coursing her neural pathway, Celeste ordered her to close her eyes.

"Edith you belong to an elite group of mine and unlike the others I have at my command you'll never have to bow to me... But you'll remain loyal to my wishes and you'll carry out any commands I give you... And when you awake you will be the bitch I want you to be, because the Edith that has lived these past 70 years is no more!" Celeste began to finalise Edith's new persona, "You live to serve me and our goddess the Lady of Sacred Feminine, who chose you and gave you back your youth and this body you now have... ... Our Sacred Feminine... Who do you serve?"

"You Mistress and our divine goddess... Who crafted me this body and blessed me with youth... The Lady of the Sacred Feminine, our Sacred Feminine!" Edith's trance like voice broke from her lips.

"Excellent... Now just to clarify the new outlook I started to build in you Edith, whenever you see technology or drugs aiding in any transformations, you'll close your mind to it and vilify anyone who tries to make you believe otherwise, for in your eyes and in those you'll turn to your faith, it is because the Lady of the Sacred Feminine wishes it to be... However when I command you to desist from this religious nonsense, your mind will once again be open to the fact that technological advancements in genetics is what re-shaped you and made you what you are... Now... My Sacred Chalice... Awake!" Celeste closed Edith's trigger.



As Edith Lefevre's eyes opened the once gentile, shy and heterosexual Edith was gone, replaced by a vindictive, cruel and highly sexually charged dominatrix, whose hatred for anything with testicles and a penis would see her mercilessly punish them for having such appendages between their legs.

"Mistress," Edith smiled at her Matriach.

"Welcome Mother Superior Lefevre it is indeed an honour to meet the divine Abbess of Dolan!"

"Thank you Mistress Celeste," Edith smiled back at her, "It's a title I'm proud to bare!"

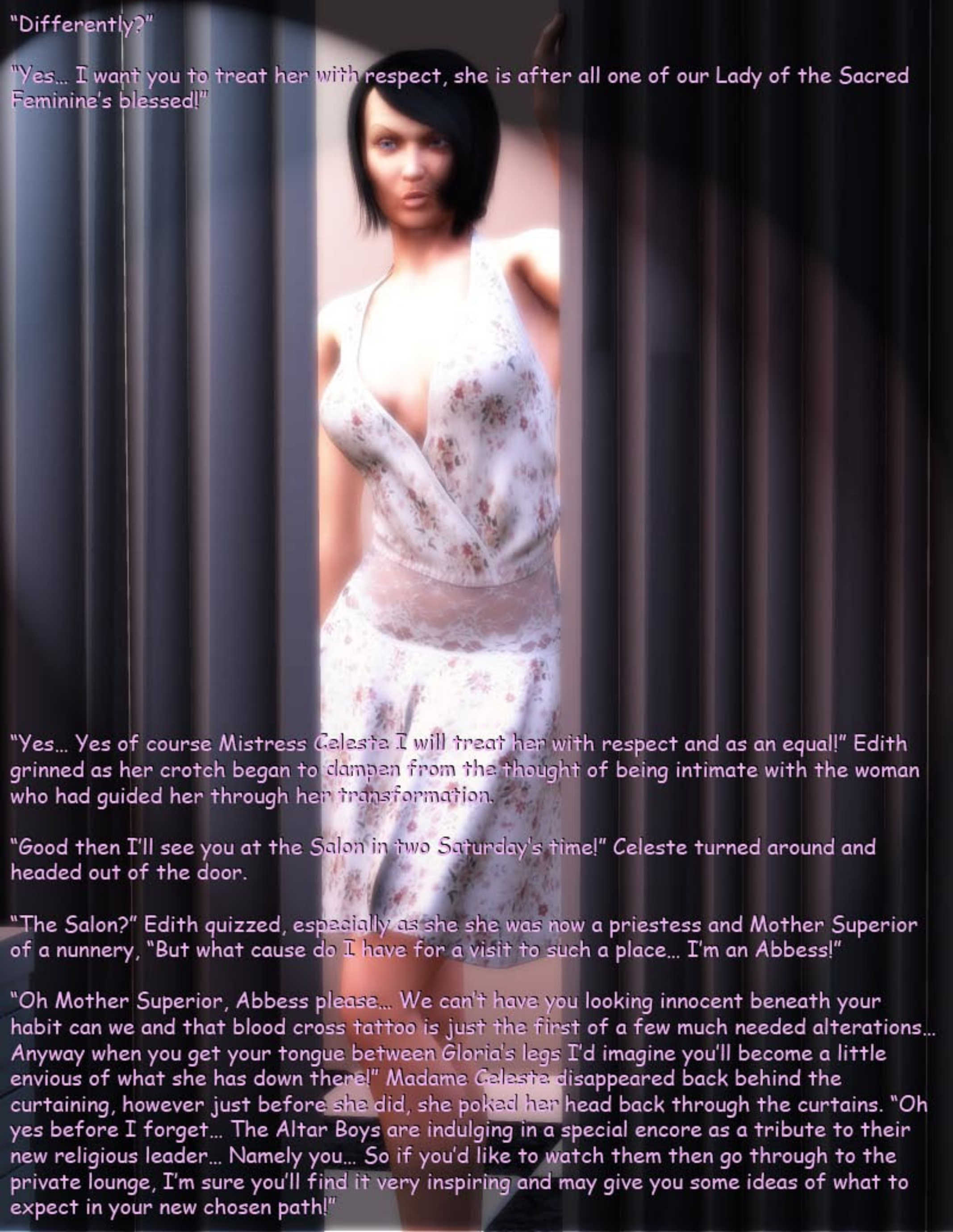
"Now then tell me how're you getting on with my Gloria?" Celeste enquired as she witnessed the new look in her subjects eyes.

"Gloria... Oh yes a truly gorgeous morsel if you don't mind me saying," Edith grinned wickedly.

"And do you have intentions?" Celeste continued to direct Edith's new and true sexual preference, "I mean you religious ladies always tend to have an addiction for lesbianism!"

"Yes we do," Edith replied as if being in a lesbian relationship was something she was used to being in, "And the minx has already tasted my fruit, so perhaps I should solidify our relationship!"

"Yes I think you should, but perhaps you should treat her differently," Celeste remarked on the eventual relationship that was about to blossom between her two subjects.



"Differently?"

"Yes… I want you to treat her with respect, she is after all one of our Lady of the Sacred Feminine's blessed!"

"Yes… Yes of course Mistress Celeste I will treat her with respect and as an equal!" Edith grinned as her crotch began to dampen from the thought of being intimate with the woman who had guided her through her transformation.

"Good then I'll see you at the Salon in two Saturday's time!" Celeste turned around and headed out of the door.

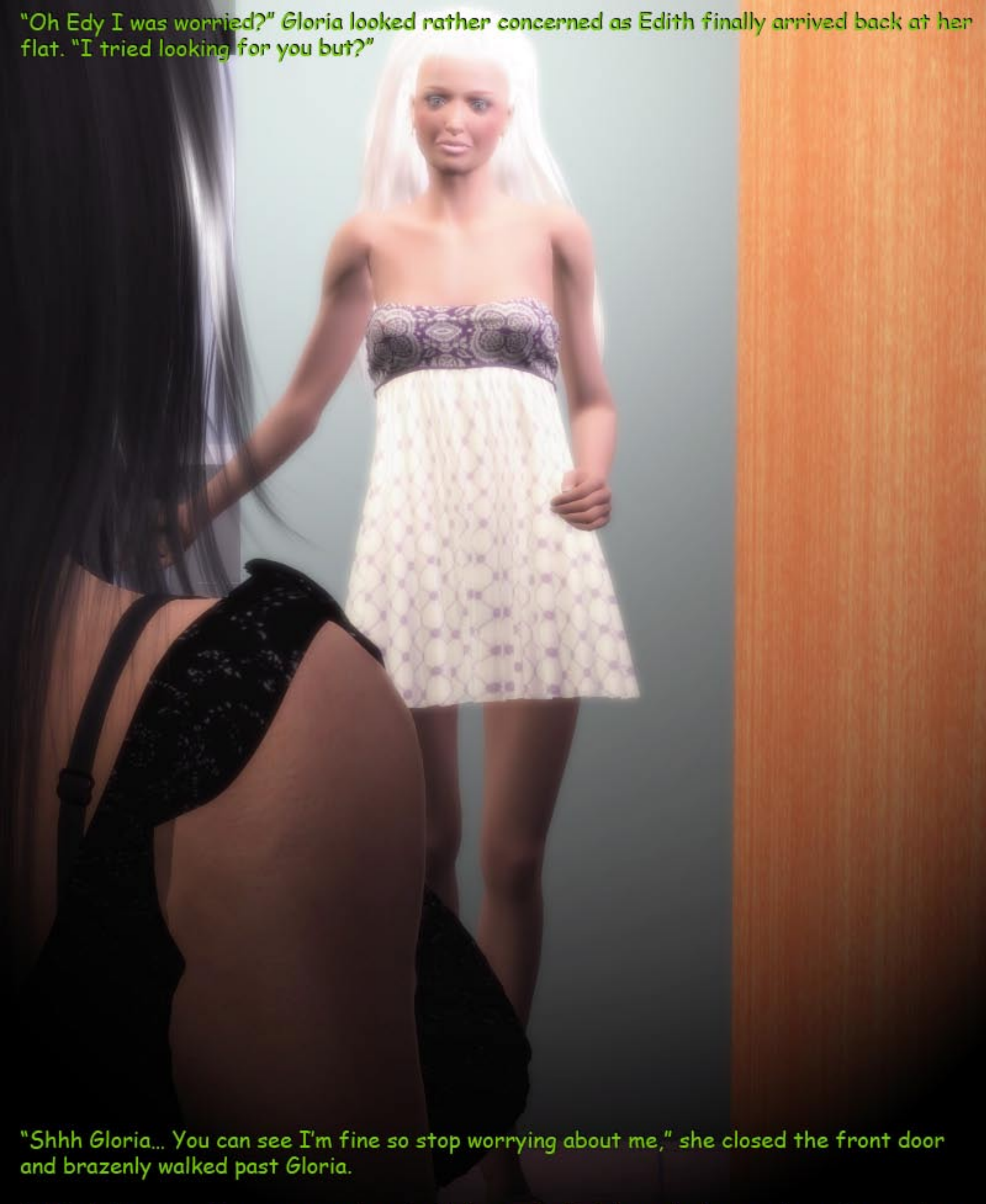
"The Salon?" Edith quizzed, especially as she she was now a priestess and Mother Superior of a nunnery, "But what cause do I have for a visit to such a place… I'm an Abbess!"

"Oh Mother Superior, Abbess please… We can't have you looking innocent beneath your habit can we and that blood cross tattoo is just the first of a few much needed alterations… Anyway when you get your tongue between Gloria's legs I'd imagine you'll become a little envious of what she has down there!" Madame Celeste disappeared back behind the curtaining, however just before she did, she poked her head back through the curtains. "Oh yes before I forget… The Altar Boys are indulging in a special encore as a tribute to their new religious leader… Namely you… So if you'd like to watch them then go through to the private lounge, I'm sure you'll find it very inspiring and may give you some ideas of what to expect in your new chosen path!"

Chapter 30

Mother Superior

Story Postwork and Concept by
Keshara ©Lorien2009



"Oh Edy I was worried?" Gloria looked rather concerned as Edith finally arrived back at her flat. "I tried looking for you but?"

"Shhh Gloria... You can see I'm fine so stop worrying about me," she closed the front door and brazenly walked past Gloria.

"Oh I?" Gloria could sense something had changed in Edith as she breezed past her with a mannerism that appeared to be somewhat more nonchalant than before.

"Now what was it you was tyring to tell me earlier?" Edith stood in the bay of the lounge as she turned and looked at Gloria.

"Earlier?" Gloria looked puzzled.

"Yes you whispered something about falling in love with me?" Edith came straight to the point.

"I err?" Gloria was unsure if Edith had heard her moment of weakness, but from the way she was questioning her it was obvious that she had heard what she had said.

"Look I was trying to ward off that young man, I could see Debbie had pulled you onto the dance floor to show you off to all those young men!" Gloria tried to sway from the question.

"So you was jealous of the young man dancing with me then?" Edith enquired with a smirk.

"No... Certainly not!" Gloria looked disgusted at the very thought that she could have been remotely jealous of the young man who had his arms around Edith. "And besides I'm not the least bit interested in being with a?"

"Gloria your head was between my legs this morning, or have you forgotten?" Edith replied.

"I... I... I errr?" Gloria stuttered nervously for she had never felt so attracted to another person before and the fact that it was another woman only added to her confusion, for ever since Edith's drunken behaviour in the limo yesterday, she just could not get the soon to be Mother Superior out of her mind and when she had openly allowed her to investigate and intimately touch her vagina this morning, even going as far as kissing and licking the woman's newly created clitoris, Gloria's hidden lesbian tendencies had somehow surfaced.

"Come here!" Edith ordered Gloria, "Let me see you!"

"Wha?" Gloria was evidently battling with the confusion over her feelings and actions that morning.

"Come here now!"

Gloria sauntered like a naughty schoolgirl over to Edith.

"The Lady of the Sacred Feminine has not just bestowed the gift of youth on us Gloria, but she has made us see what we truly are!" Edith began to explain Gloria's evident crush on her, "And with me being a leader of her faith and an Abbess to one of her beloved convents it's obvious that this past week has seen you weaken before my presence."

"But I?"

"Shhh child I'm speaking," Edith silenced Gloria.

Gloria fell silent as she stood before her guest.

"I am now a figure to be revered and my dear it is not wrong for you to feel the way you're feeling, and since this evening I've come to realise that I'm a now a vessel for our Sacred Lady and if as she has obviously desired, she wants all men to worship me and all women to envy me, then I cannot argue with her wish, but you are beyond being one of those who would prostrate themselves before my feet and the way you made me feel this morning and from those words you said to me back in the club, it has made it all the more clearer!"

Gloria stood transfixed by Edith's speech and in some way felt special at becoming the first ever person to listen to her first ever sermon, but the more she spoke, the more butterflies scattered within her tummy feeding her desire to be close to this woman whom she had been charged to aide in her transformation.

"Spin around!" Edith's voice interrupted Gloria's thoughts.

"Sorry?"

"Spin around for me Gloria!" Edith ordered her hostess.

Gloria's eyes looked from left to right unsure as to why.

"For fuck's sake Gloria I want to see you spin around!"

"Oh I… Ok?" Gloria finally did as she was asked.

Edith sighed as Gloria's short pleated dress twirled delightfully around up into the air around her thighs, giving her a glimpse of her delightful thonged panties.

"And again!" Edith ordered.

"Oh Edy stop it you're making me feel like a giddy schoolgirl," Gloria replied a little embarrassed.

"Hmmm just stop there and turn away from me!" Edith commanded.

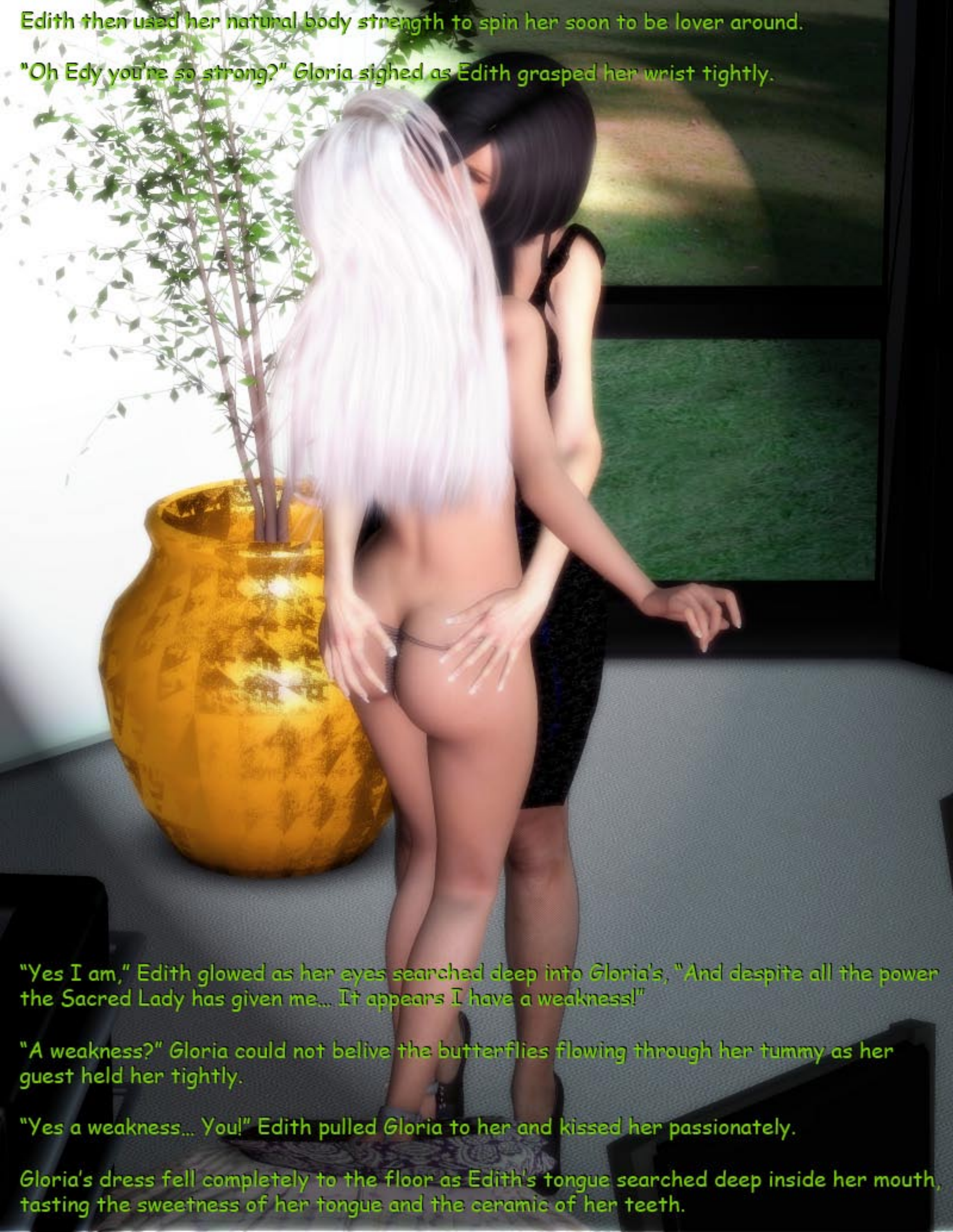
"Oh Edy what's come over you, what did those Altar Boys do to you?" Gloria giggled as she stopped with her back to Edith.

"Oh those little cocksisters could never give me the pleasure that your fit little body does and considering you've been seducing me with it everyday since I arrived here, I think its time I finally did the decent thing!"

"Decent thing?" Gloria bit her lip sexily as she felt and smelt her newly ordained guest come up behind her.

"Make you my lover!" Edith began to unzip Gloria's dress, grabbing her cone shaped breasts as they fell from the cups of her dress.

"Ohhhh Edy... What're?" Gloria cooed as Edith grazed her right nipple with her long nails and squeezed her left breast with her other hand.



Edith then used her natural body strength to spin her soon to be lover around.

"Oh Edy you're so strong?" Gloria sighed as Edith grasped her wrist tightly.

"Yes I am," Edith glowed as her eyes searched deep into Gloria's, "And despite all the power the Sacred Lady has given me... It appears I have a weakness!"

"A weakness?" Gloria could not belive the butterflies flowing through her tummy as her guest held her tightly.

"Yes a weakness... You!" Edith pulled Gloria to her and kissed her passionately.

Gloria's dress fell completely to the floor as Edith's tongue searched deep inside her mouth, tasting the sweetness of her tongue and the ceramic of her teeth.

Then as quick as she was to pull her close, Edith pushed Gloria away, causing her to stumble backwards onto one of the lounge chairs.

Gloria's thoughts and concerns were not on Edith's treatment of her, for Gloria now wanted the very same thing the new Mother Superior wanted and that was her sex, so breathing heavily she looked up wantonly at her and opened her legs and brushed her fingers erotically over the gusset of her semi transparent pantied crotch.

Edith looked down upon her disciple, for that was how she now viewed any woman she deemed worthy of receiving her attention, the sight of Gloria with her hand rubbing her crotch spurring her on and into territory the once shy and retiring former 77 year old teacher could never imagined possible.

The sensations of Gloria's own touch was too much for her and a shiver of sexual abandonment caressed her entire body and with Edith looking on, she slipped her hand into her panties and began to rub small circular motions around her own tiny clitoris.

Edith's lust was growing even stronger and she welcomed the tingling in her crotch, for she knew that her new and much larger clitoris needed fulfilling so moving her hand up to the back of her dress she began to unzip it and as her dress peeled away, Gloria's fingers slipped into the fleshy folds of her love hole.

"Oh Edy!" Gloria sighed as Edith's dress fell away to reveal her black stockings, garter and a lace half cupped bra that hid nothing of her massive breasts and the fact that something was missing from her underwear ensemble. "You've no panties?"

"That's my surprise for you Gloria, but more importantly I believe you have a surprise for me?" Edith sauntered over to her lover sexily.

"A surprise?" Gloria shivered as she continued to finger herself beneath the gusset of her panties and then brought her fingers up to her lips and licked the residue of her pussy from them.

"Don't worry... I'll find it myself!" Edith then bent over and tore Gloria's panties from her crotch an action that caused Gloria to sigh wildly.

Edith stared down at her lover's sex and sure enough glistening amongst the moisture of her wet labia was a gold piercing.

"Hmmmm not as innocent as you pretend!" Edith sighed as she looked into the folds of Gloria's shaven and fleshy pussy, "And I suppose I'll have to accept that this thing has welcomed the shaft of a man within it?"

"I guess you will!" Gloria sighed as she opened her legs wider, wrapping the calves of her legs over the leathered chair.

"Hmmmm what a slut!" Edith growled as she dug her fingers into Gloria's gaping pussy an action that made Gloria shiver with pure lust.

"Ohhhhhmmmmmmm... Shit thatssssss," Gloria shook with pleasure as she grabbed a hold of her breast and squeezed it hard, "yessssssssssss thatssssss fuckkkkkkkk... YES!" she thrust her head from left to right.

Lowering herself down Edith began to explore her first lesbian lover's sex further and as she did the sounds it produced from Gloria's mouth caused her own sex to moisten heavily, a new and most wondrous feeling that in her warped reprogrammed mind she thanked the Lady of the Sacred Feminine for.

'Oh thy most honoured Lady I thank thee for blessing me with this gift!' she began to speak to her beloved deity in her thoughts, 'And I thank thee for giving me this body to do thy bidding for you!'

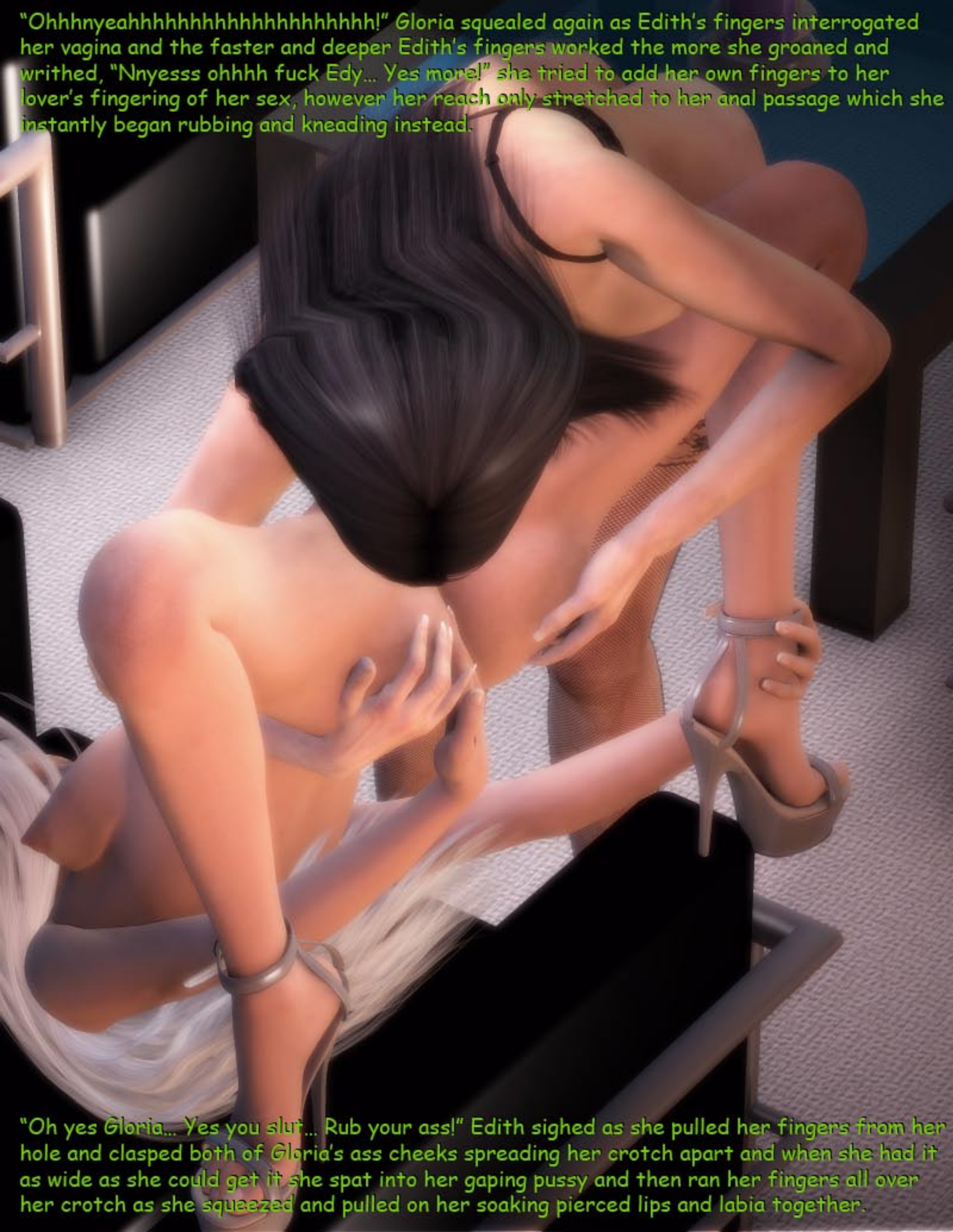
Although there was no reply to her prayer, her mind still regarded it as a just reply to her actions, so pulling her fingers away from Gloria's sex, Edith walked around the chair for a different view of her first ever lesbian lover and when she was happy at what she saw she thrust her fingers back into her pussy once again.

"OHHHHHHFUCKKKKKKKK EDY YESSSSSSSSSSS!" Gloria squealed with ecstasy as Edith's finger moved in and out of her wet tunnel, her own thoughts centred on the pleasure that the woman she had helped through her transformation was giving her.

"I want your crotch higher!" Edith commanded her silver haired nymph as she removed her soaked finger from her hole.

Gloria complied and with all the resolve of a teenage gymnast she contorted her body and used the arms of the leathered chair for her six inch platform heels to dig into and raise her crotch high up into the air.

"Beautiful!" Edith sighed as she dug her fingers back into Gloria's gaping pussy.



"Ohhhnyeahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!" Gloria squealed again as Edith's fingers interrogated her vagina and the faster and deeper Edith's fingers worked the more she groaned and writhed, "Nnyesss ohhhh fuck Edy... Yes more!" she tried to add her own fingers to her lover's fingering of her sex, however her reach only stretched to her anal passage which she instantly began rubbing and kneading instead.

"Oh yes Gloria... Yes you slut... Rub your ass!" Edith sighed as she pulled her fingers from her hole and clasped both of Gloria's ass cheeks spreading her crotch apart and when she had it as wide as she could get it she spat into her gaping pussy and then ran her fingers all over her crotch as she squeezed and pulled on her soaking pierced lips and labia together.

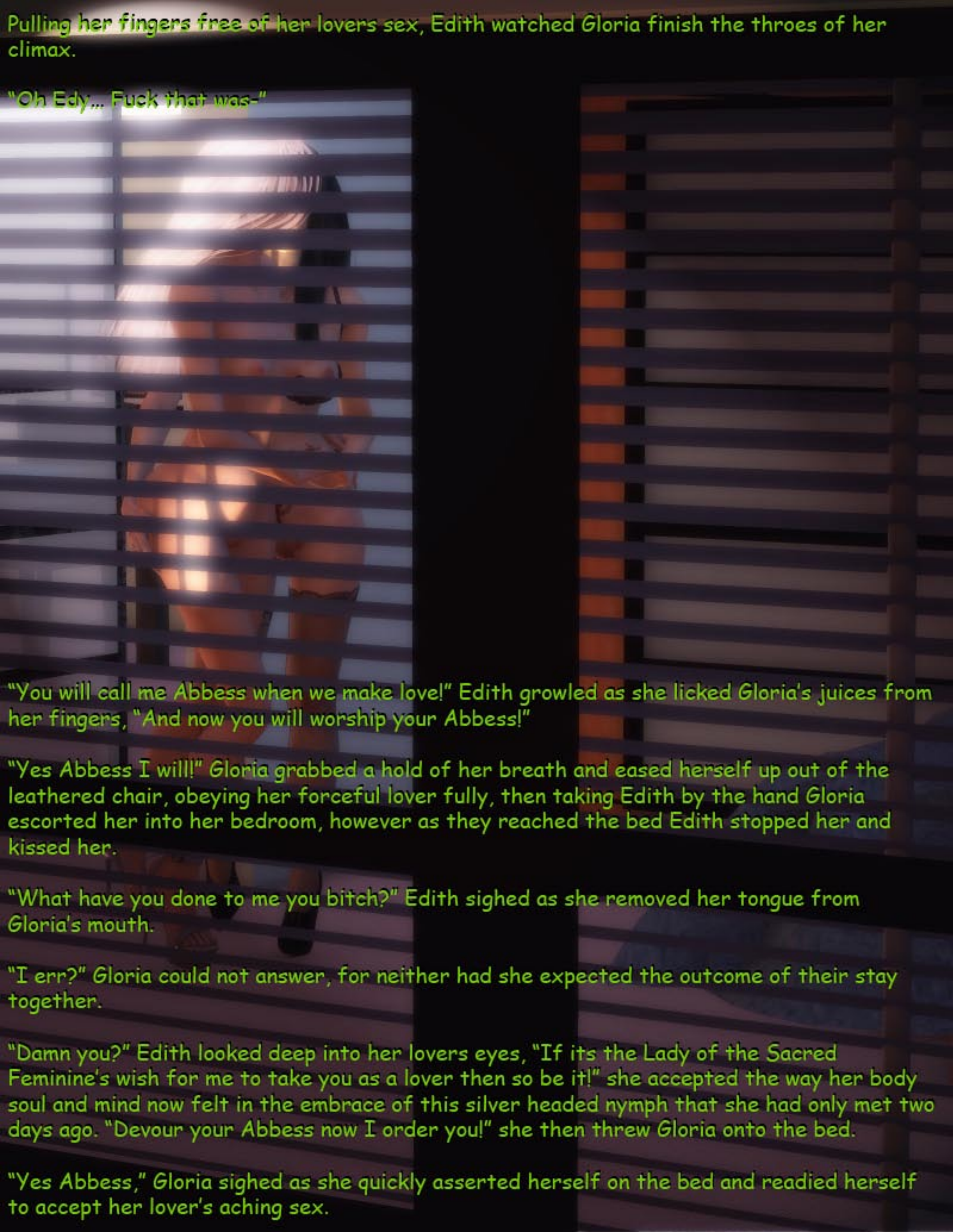
Gloria was frantically trying to buck her hips as Edith's finger rhythm began to increase and desperately she tried to aide in her pussy's ritual of lesbian worship, however Edith wanted to bring her lover to orgasm on her own and pushed her wandering hand away.

"That's it you tramp... CUM for your Abbess... CUM for your Mother Superior!" Edith growled as her new strict persona directed her deviant new sexual mind forward and as her fingers assaulted her wenches sex, Gloria shuddered to a mighty climax.

"NNNNNNGHHAAAAAAAHHHHH... OHHHHHH FUCK EDY... FUCK-KKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKK YESSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS!"

Pulling her fingers free of her lovers sex, Edith watched Gloria finish the throes of her climax.

"Oh Edy... Fuck that was-"



"You will call me Abbess when we make love!" Edith growled as she licked Gloria's juices from her fingers, "And now you will worship your Abbess!"

"Yes Abbess I will!" Gloria grabbed a hold of her breath and eased herself up out of the leathered chair, obeying her forceful lover fully, then taking Edith by the hand Gloria escorted her into her bedroom, however as they reached the bed Edith stopped her and kissed her.

"What have you done to me you bitch?" Edith sighed as she removed her tongue from Gloria's mouth.

"I err?" Gloria could not answer, for neither had she expected the outcome of their stay together.

"Damn you?" Edith looked deep into her lovers eyes, "If its the Lady of the Sacred Feminine's wish for me to take you as a lover then so be it!" she accepted the way her body soul and mind now felt in the embrace of this silver headed nymph that she had only met two days ago. "Devour your Abbess now I order you!" she then threw Gloria onto the bed.

"Yes Abbess," Gloria sighed as she quickly asserted herself on the bed and readied herself to accept her lover's aching sex.

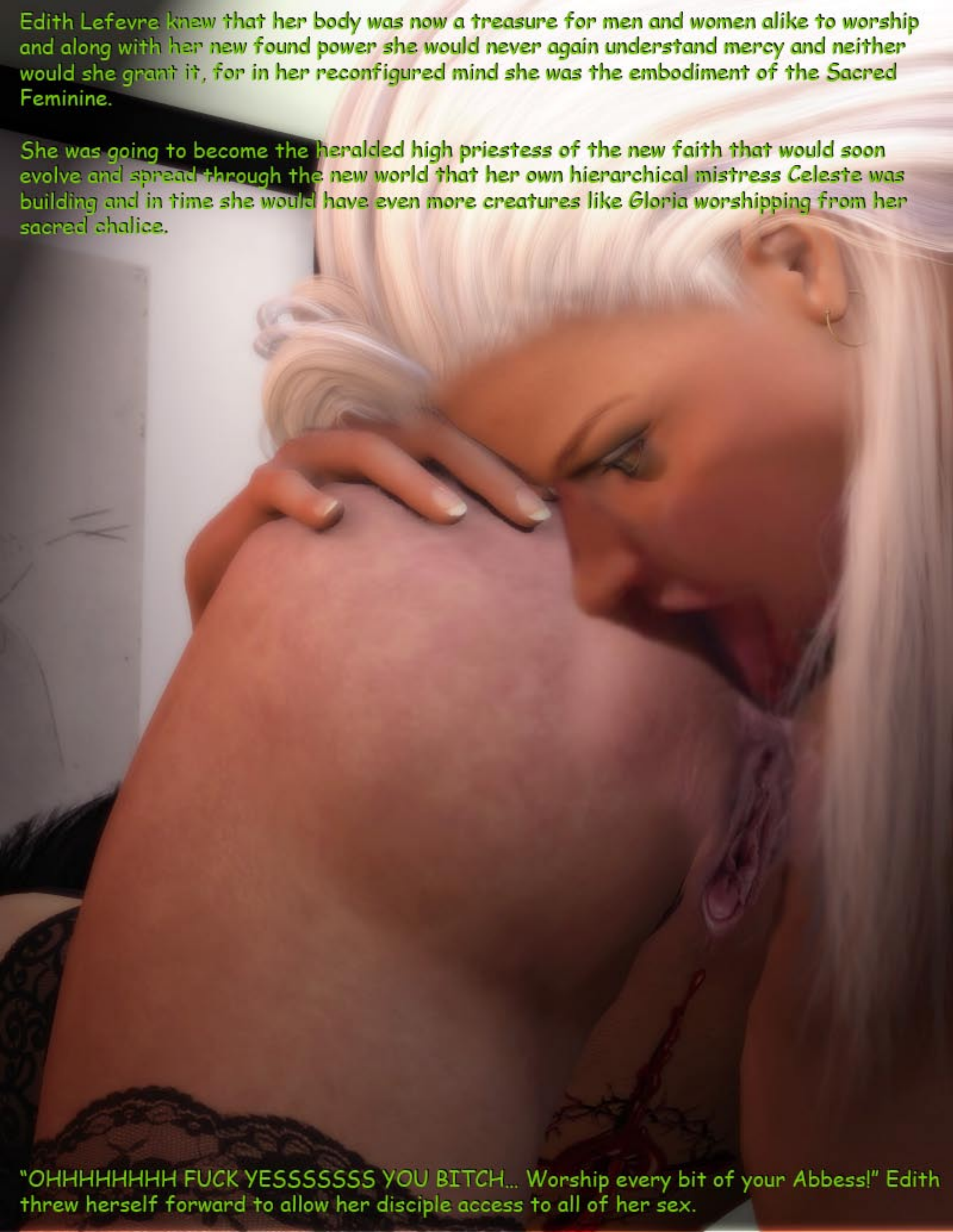
Edith clambered onto the bed eagerly and straddled Gloria's chest enjoying the feel of her gorgeously youthful breasts becoming trapped by her own fleshy buttocks.

Gloria instantly grabbed a hold of her lover's thighs and once again looked upon the object that had begun her journey into lesbianism, Edith's rather enlarged clitoris as it once again stood proud from the folds of her pussy.

"Now worship your Mother Superior's cunt... You whore!" Edith's domineering new mindset took control of the situation and as she watched her lover take in the splendours of her most blessed gift, she could not help but enforce her demands . "Yes that's it show your Abbess your devotion to her and taste from her chalice!"

Gloria was trapped between her thighs and had no means of escape even if she wanted too and as she stuck out her tongue she licked Edith's engorged clit.

"Oh yesmmmmmmmmm!" Edith sighed, "You fuckin slut... That's it!"



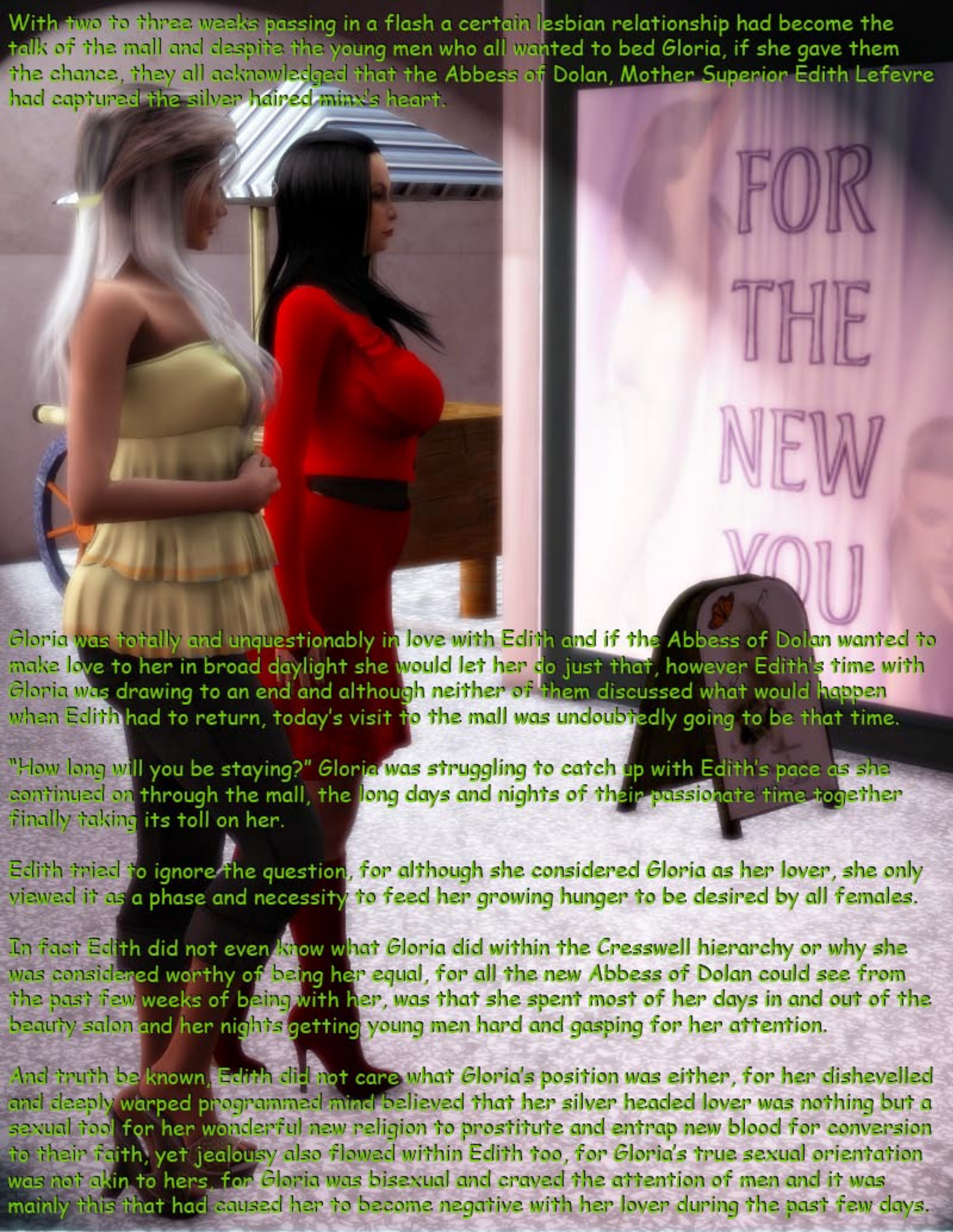
Edith Lefevre knew that her body was now a treasure for men and women alike to worship and along with her new found power she would never again understand mercy and neither would she grant it, for in her reconfigured mind she was the embodiment of the Sacred Feminine.

She was going to become the heralded high priestess of the new faith that would soon evolve and spread through the new world that her own hierarchical mistress Celeste was building and in time she would have even more creatures like Gloria worshipping from her sacred chalice.

"OHHHHHHHH FUCK YESSSSSSS YOU BITCH… Worship every bit of your Abbess!" Edith threw herself forward to allow her disciple access to all of her sex.

Gloria acknowledged her lover, ignoring her cruel words, for she knew that despite her role within Madame Celeste's organisation, she would always be Edith's equal, except that they would be lovers and as her tongue probed her lovers pussy and puckered anal passage, she sighed with pleasure and comfort that it was her who was the first to taste the transformed former retired teacher's newly developed attributes.

With two to three weeks passing in a flash a certain lesbian relationship had become the talk of the mall and despite the young men who all wanted to bed Gloria, if she gave them the chance, they all acknowledged that the Abbess of Dolan, Mother Superior Edith Lefevre had captured the silver haired minx's heart.



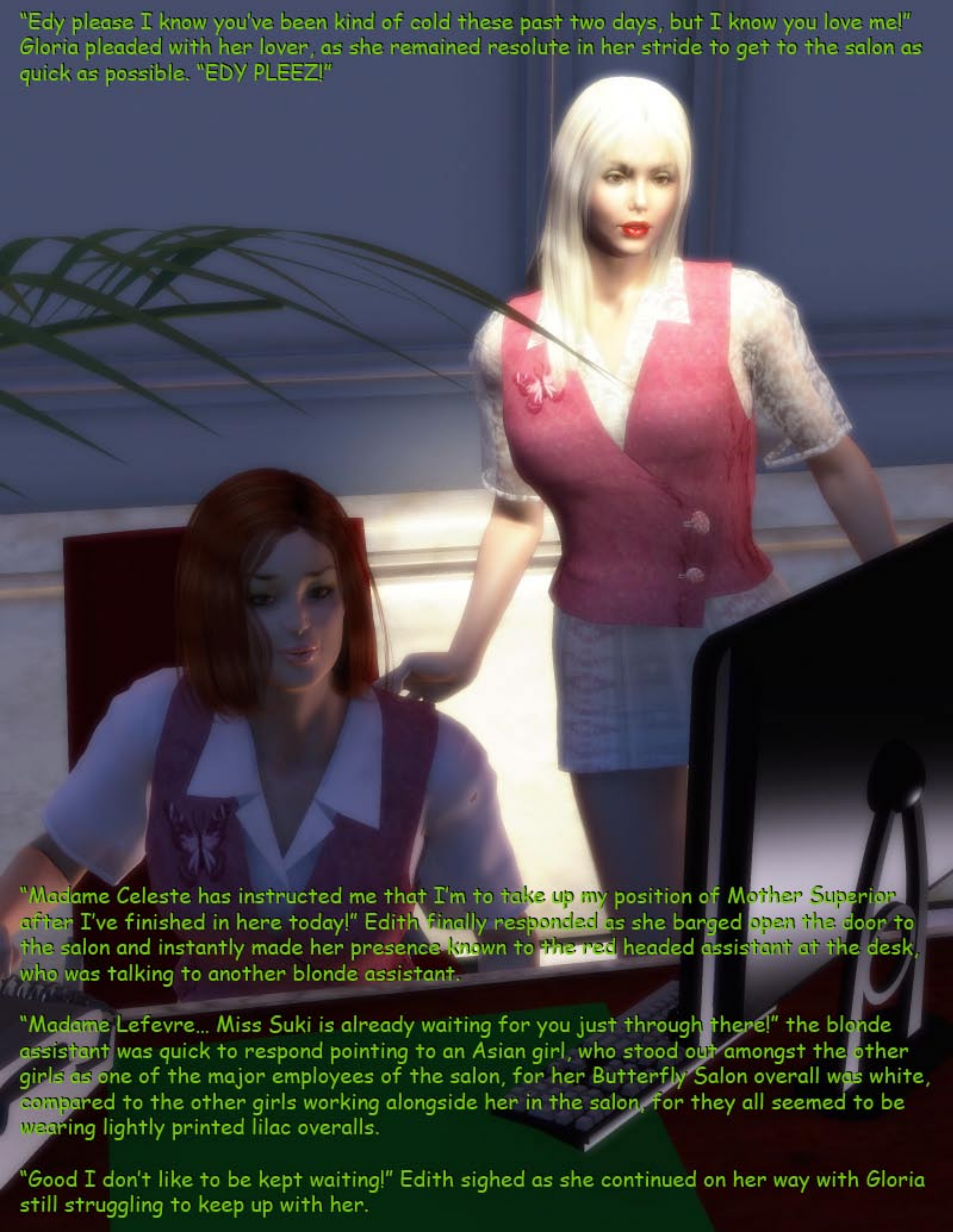
Gloria was totally and unquestionably in love with Edith and if the Abbess of Dolan wanted to make love to her in broad daylight she would let her do just that, however Edith's time with Gloria was drawing to an end and although neither of them discussed what would happen when Edith had to return, today's visit to the mall was undoubtedly going to be that time.

"How long will you be staying?" Gloria was struggling to catch up with Edith's pace as she continued on through the mall, the long days and nights of their passionate time together finally taking its toll on her.

Edith tried to ignore the question, for although she considered Gloria as her lover, she only viewed it as a phase and necessity to feed her growing hunger to be desired by all females.

In fact Edith did not even know what Gloria did within the Cresswell hierarchy or why she was considered worthy of being her equal, for all the new Abbess of Dolan could see from the past few weeks of being with her, was that she spent most of her days in and out of the beauty salon and her nights getting young men hard and gasping for her attention.

And truth be known, Edith did not care what Gloria's position was either, for her dishevelled and deeply warped programmed mind believed that her silver headed lover was nothing but a sexual tool for her wonderful new religion to prostitute and entrap new blood for conversion to their faith, yet jealousy also flowed within Edith too, for Gloria's true sexual orientation was not akin to hers, for Gloria was bisexual and craved the attention of men and it was mainly this that had caused her to become negative with her lover during the past few days.



"Edy please I know you've been kind of cold these past two days, but I know you love me!" Gloria pleaded with her lover, as she remained resolute in her stride to get to the salon as quick as possible. "EDY PLEEZ!"

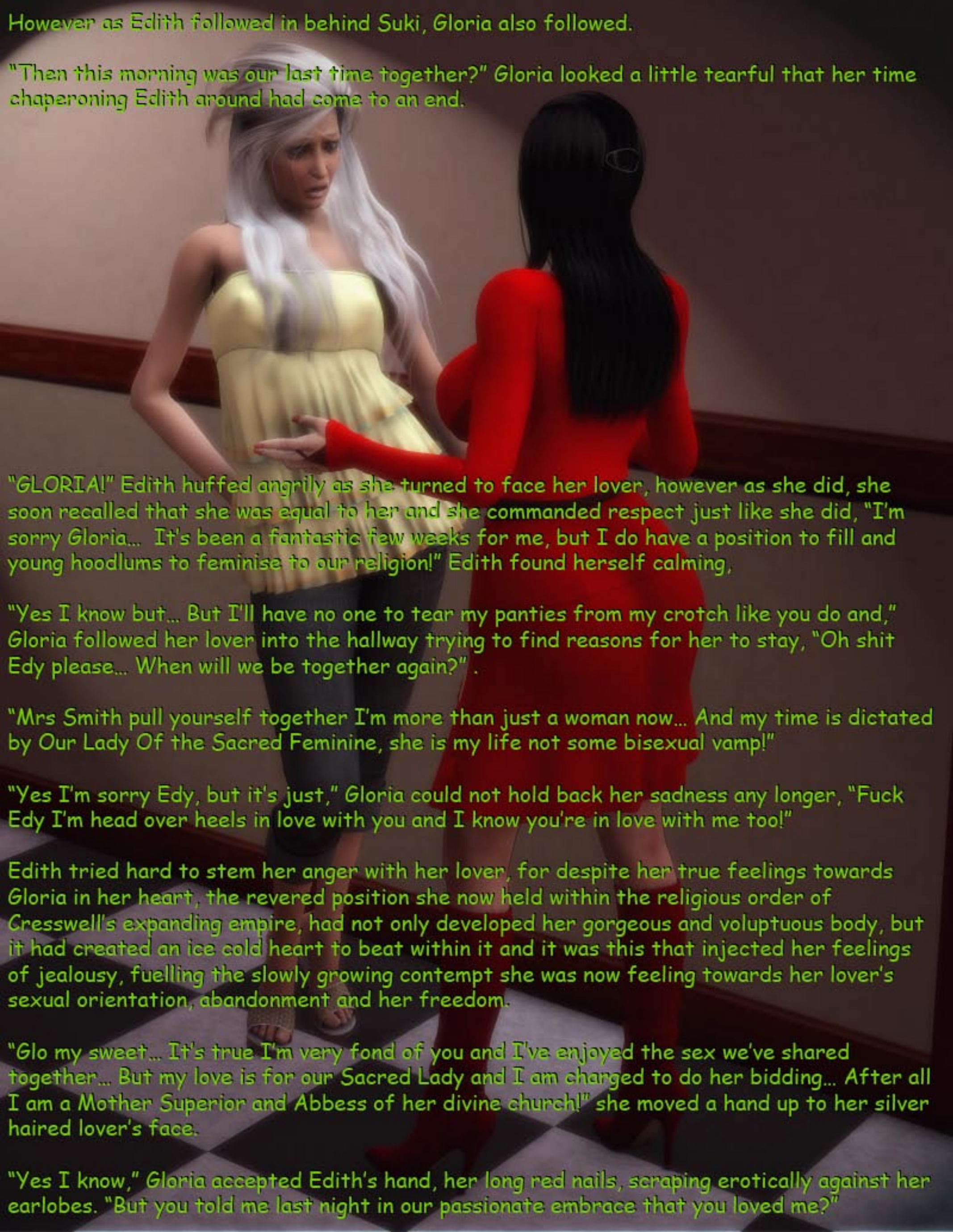
"Madame Celeste has instructed me that I'm to take up my position of Mother Superior after I've finished in here today!" Edith finally responded as she barged open the door to the salon and instantly made her presence known to the red headed assistant at the desk, who was talking to another blonde assistant.

"Madame Lefevre... Miss Suki is already waiting for you just through there!" the blonde assistant was quick to respond pointing to an Asian girl, who stood out amongst the other girls as one of the major employees of the salon, for her Butterfly Salon overall was white, compared to the other girls working alongside her in the salon, for they all seemed to be wearing lightly printed lilac overalls.

"Good I don't like to be kept waiting!" Edith sighed as she continued on her way with Gloria still struggling to keep up with her.

"Abbess," Suki greeted Edith as she had been told to greet her and motioned for her to follow her.

"Yes take me through!" Edith enjoyed the adulation of the position she now held and although Edith had met Suki on several occasions, her high ranking position within the order afforded her no pleasantries with her, in fact as she followed behind the Asian assistant and admired the shortness of her overall and her more darker and oriental complexion, Edith's clitoris began to tingle with excitement and her nipples began to harden and as they did, visions of the Asian assistant worshipping her sex began to fill her mind.



However as Edith followed in behind Suki, Gloria also followed.

"Then this morning was our last time together?" Gloria looked a little tearful that her time chaperoning Edith around had come to an end.

"GLORIA!" Edith huffed angrily as she turned to face her lover, however as she did, she soon recalled that she was equal to her and she commanded respect just like she did, "I'm sorry Gloria... It's been a fantastic few weeks for me, but I do have a position to fill and young hoodlums to feminise to our religion!" Edith found herself calming,

"Yes I know but... But I'll have no one to tear my panties from my crotch like you do and," Gloria followed her lover into the hallway trying to find reasons for her to stay, "Oh shit Edy please... When will we be together again?" .

"Mrs Smith pull yourself together I'm more than just a woman now... And my time is dictated by Our Lady Of the Sacred Feminine, she is my life not some bisexual vamp!"

"Yes I'm sorry Edy, but it's just," Gloria could not hold back her sadness any longer, "Fuck Edy I'm head over heels in love with you and I know you're in love with me too!"

Edith tried hard to stem her anger with her lover, for despite her true feelings towards Gloria in her heart, the revered position she now held within the religious order of Cresswell's expanding empire, had not only developed her gorgeous and voluptuous body, but it had created an ice cold heart to beat within it and it was this that injected her feelings of jealousy, fuelling the slowly growing contempt she was now feeling towards her lover's sexual orientation, abandonment and her freedom.

"Glo my sweet... It's true I'm very fond of you and I've enjoyed the sex we've shared together... But my love is for our Sacred Lady and I am charged to do her bidding... After all I am a Mother Superior and Abbess of her divine church!" she moved a hand up to her silver haired lover's face.

"Yes I know," Gloria accepted Edith's hand, her long red nails, scraping erotically against her earlobes. "But you told me last night in our passionate embrace that you loved me?"

"In the throes of passion Gloria I'd say anything... My clitoris aches for you not my heart... I made you mine because I could and I will make others love me like you do now," Edith sought the words from her jealousy to explain her sudden change of character towards her, "You're nothing but a pet to me and you'd do well in remembering that too and as I've already stated I do not have the heart to love anyone but Our Divine Lady of the Sacred Feminine... She gave me this body to do her work and my heart and soul belongs to her and I would be lying if I was to tell you that I care for you... Because I don't... But more importantly you should know that as soon as I walk into that room our time together will be over!"

"But Edy?" Gloria looked completely heartbroken as she was forced to admit that Edith had done what no man had ever done in her entire life before she had even been reconfigured by Cresswell's.

"Anyway Gloria, I'm quite sure that my place in your bed will be filled by someone else and I'll just become a memory to you!" Edith gently began playing with her hair as she watched a tear falling from her heartbroken lover's eye. "Now stop this nonsense and pull yourself together and accept it!"

Gloria felt Edith's hand fall from her face and then without a second thought turn and make her way into the treatment room, with not even a good bye or kiss to reflect the love she had shown her until this morning.

"Mrs Smith, I'm afraid you must go!" a blonde assistant appeared through the door to remind her that she was not allowed to be in the hallway of the Butterfly Salon's treatment area.

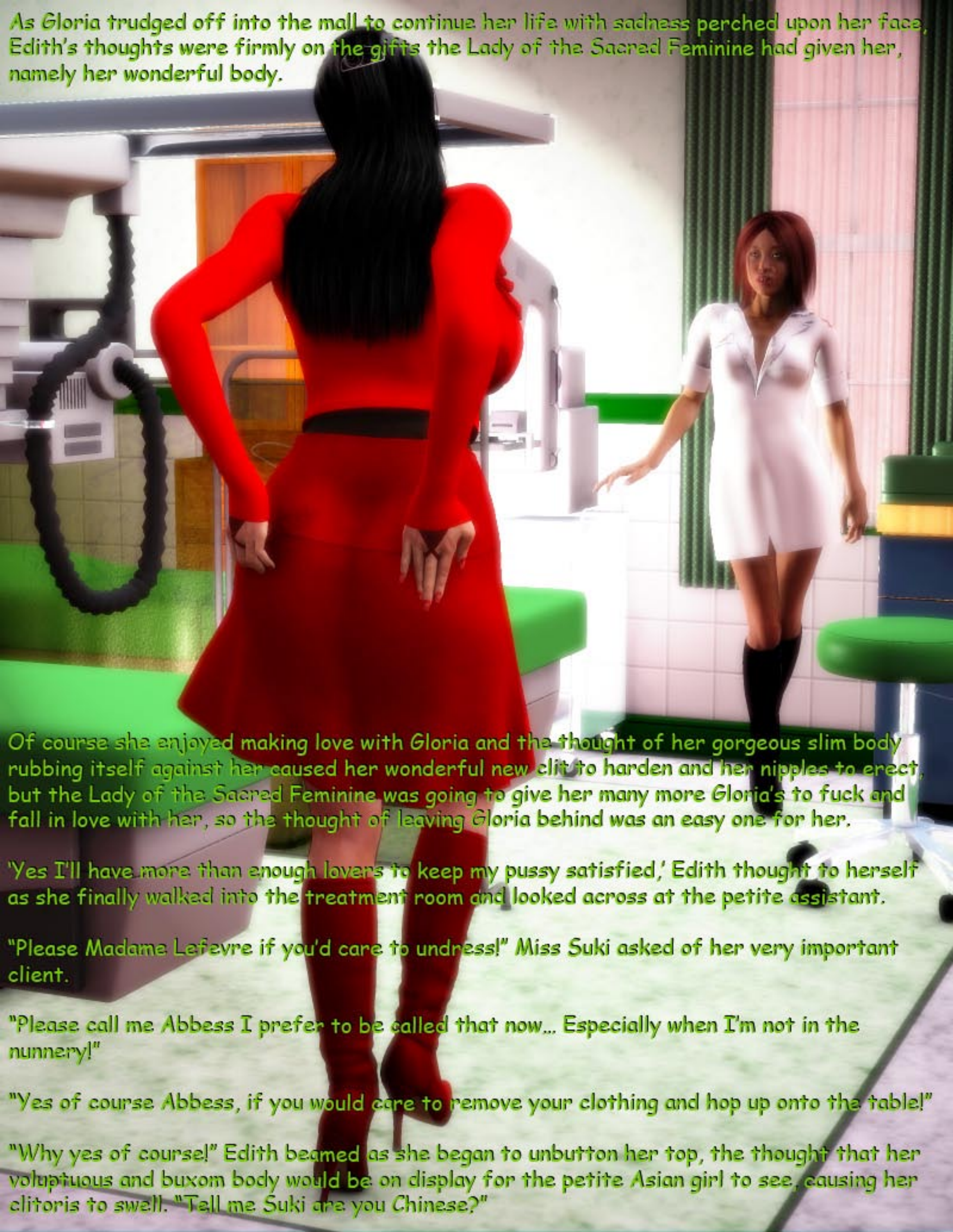
"Oh ye... Yes of course," Gloria Smith wiped another tear as she whispered good bye to the closed door of the treatment room her lover had gone through. "Fuck I've never felt like this before!" she shook her head and headed towards the assistant and the door that would lead her out of the Salon and out of Edith Lefevre's life.

"Mrs Smith?" the pretty platinum headed young assistant asked politely, "Is everything alright?"

"Oh Annabelle," Gloria sighed as she took a hold of her feelings, "Never let a nun taste your pussy... She'll break your fuckin heart!"

"Oh yes I... Of course... But Mrs Smith I'm still a boy between my legs!"

"Yes of course Annabelle how silly of me!" Gloria finally found a smile as she realised that the pretty blonde young assistant was not a true female.



As Gloria trudged off into the mall to continue her life with sadness perched upon her face, Edith's thoughts were firmly on the gifts the Lady of the Sacred Feminine had given her, namely her wonderful body.

Of course she enjoyed making love with Gloria and the thought of her gorgeous slim body rubbing itself against her caused her wonderful new clit to harden and her nipples to erect, but the Lady of the Sacred Feminine was going to give her many more Gloria's to fuck and fall in love with her, so the thought of leaving Gloria behind was an easy one for her.

'Yes I'll have more than enough lovers to keep my pussy satisfied,' Edith thought to herself as she finally walked into the treatment room and looked across at the petite assistant.

"Please Madame Lefevre if you'd care to undress!" Miss Suki asked of her very important client.

"Please call me Abbess I prefer to be called that now... Especially when I'm not in the nunnery!"

"Yes of course Abbess, if you would care to remove your clothing and hop up onto the table!"

"Why yes of course!" Edith beamed as she began to unbutton her top, the thought that her voluptuous and buxom body would be on display for the petite Asian girl to see, causing her clitoris to swell. "Tell me Suki are you Chinese?"

"Oh no Abbess I'm Japanese!" Suki replied as she readied the equipment that was going to finish off her already reshaped buxom body.

"Do you want me to strip completely?"

"Yes Abbess," Suki replied.

"I must say you do have a lot of medical equipment in here?" Edith stood sexily in her underwear, her mind focused on seducing the young assistant.

"Our newly created Mid-Wifery team use this facility to carryout castrations and other such treatments in here Abbess!" Suki replied with a smirk.

"Castrations?"

"Yes, but before you continue Abbess, may I point out that I am only here to finish off your new look and evaluate your change... I'm not here to have sex with you or discuss the workings of this salon... And because of your lovers tiff you've put me behind in my schedule for this morning, so if you'd please just get undressed and on the table please... Abbess!" Suki made her frustrations with Edith clear.

"Well I?" Edith was completely shocked that such a lowly woman could talk to her like she had just done.

"Madame Lefevre," Suki sighed as she could tell that Mrs Lefevre was about to become angry with her, "I answer to Madame Wendy… She is my superior and you'll do well to remember that not everyone in our organisation are religiously minded as you… We serve the cause set down by our matriarchs as you do… So please get undressed and on the table!"

Edith paused for a while as she looked the Asian assistant up and down and began to remove the rest of her red laced underwear, that she had chosen especially for today.

"Thank you Abbess," Suki sighed, releived that the woman's erational new mindset had comprehended what she had said to her, for Madame Wendy had warned her that Edith Lefevre's conditioning had caused her to become a very angry and somewhat volatile lady and as Edith made herself comfortable on the table, she picked up a clipboard and marked off the first of many notes she had to check on regarding Edith's transformation.

"So how does everything feel Abbess?" Suki began to question, "Have you had a period?"

"A period?" Edith shook her head a little surprised at being asked such a question.

"Yes Abbess... You're body is not 70 odd years old anymore and unfortunately you're menopause has been reversed too!"

"Oh my... I must admit I've not had one of those for decades?" the realisation that her body was also capable of reproduction causing her to become a little concerned.

"Yes that's the look they all give when I ask them that question!" Suki smirked as she ticked off another box on her clipboard, "Well I'll have to take a swab from your pussy and see how near your menstrual stream is to flowing!" she put her clipboard down and moved nearer Edith and grabbed a hold of her breast and squeezed it.

"Hmmm I bet you love this job?" Edith sighed as her nipples erected further from the assistant's touch.

"Only when I can perform it without distractions Abbess!" Suki replied with a caustic huff, "Now have you lactated?"

"Touchy little minx aren't you!" Edith countered the assistant's sarcasm.

"Lactation Abbess... Has your lover drawn milk from your nipples?"

"No... And hopefully never... I don't intend on having any offspring and I certainly will never let a man inside my pussy either!"

Suki smiled as she considered the naivety the Abbess displayed.

With an internal examination, which Edith thoroughly enjoyed, over and done with, Suki washed her hands and assembled the next phase of her task.

"Now I could use our latest laser technology to burn your tattoos onto you, but Madame Celeste has expressed that I should use the older method to heighten your experience.

"Experience?"

"Yes she insists for you to know just how painful tattoos and piercings can be!"

"Piercings?"

"Yes Abbess... Madame Celeste wants your labia to be heavily pierced along with your nipples and your clitoris!"

"Oh I?" Edith was lost for words as Suki began to apply the tattoo gun to the arc of her back. "Yes she did say that she didn't want me looking so innocent beneath my habit."

"Well if you wouldn't mind laying down on your tummy... I don't want to make any mistakes!" Suki's patience was beginning to run very thin with Edith.

"There all done Abbess!" Suki sighed as she was glad to finally finish with her rather annoying and somewhat distasteful appointment, for she much preferred to work on her usual clientele base, which was normally males who had or were being transformed, or mature females who were beginning their change into Cresswell ladies, as the more conservative term applied to them.

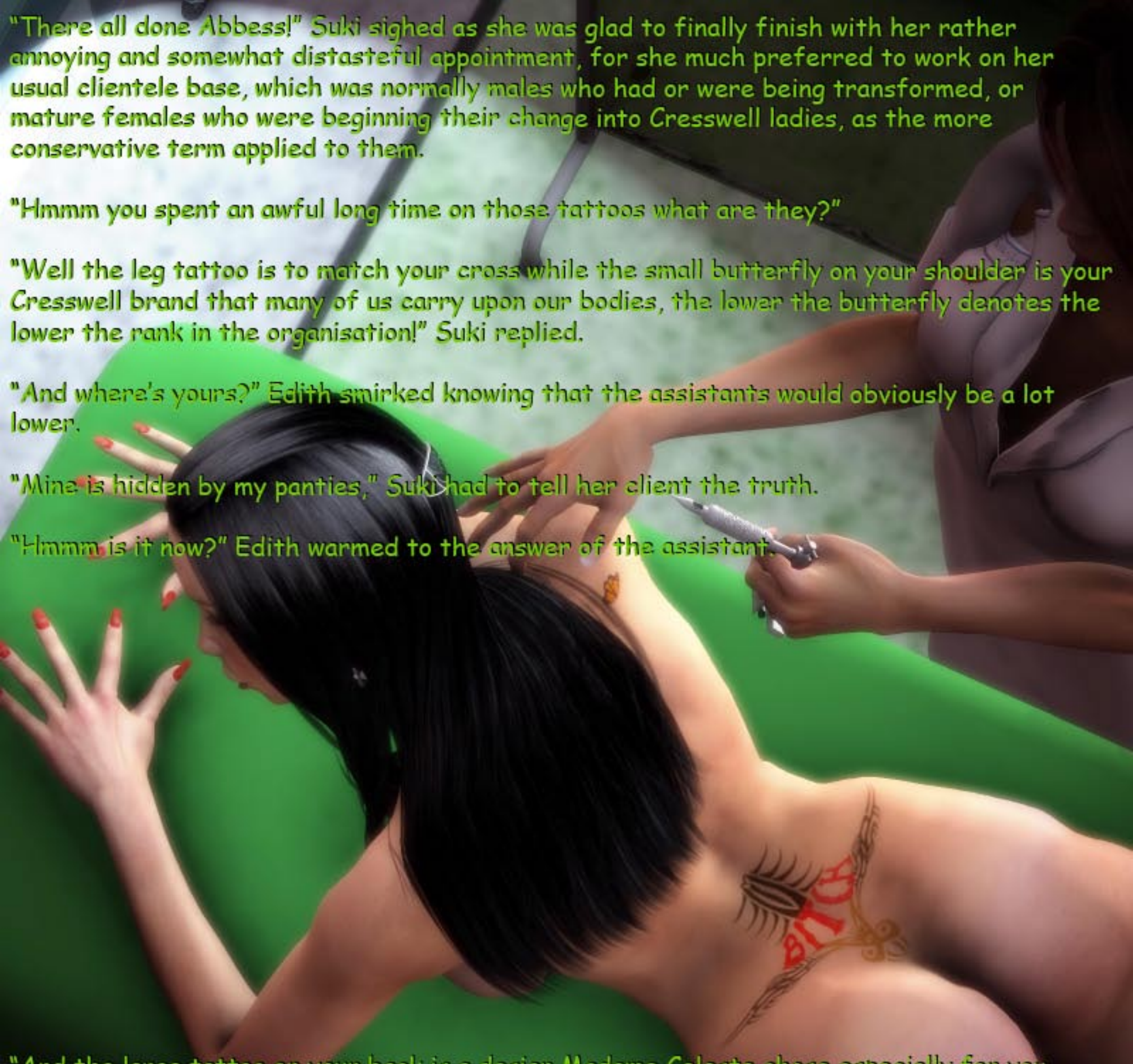
"Hmmm you spent an awful long time on those tattoos what are they?"

"Well the leg tattoo is to match your cross while the small butterfly on your shoulder is your Cresswell brand that many of us carry upon our bodies, the lower the butterfly denotes the lower the rank in the organisation!" Suki replied.

"And where's yours?" Edith smirked knowing that the assistants would obviously be a lot lower.

"Mine is hidden by my panties," Suki had to tell her client the truth.

"Hmmm is it now?" Edith warmed to the answer of the assistant.



"And the large tattoo on your back is a design Madame Celeste chose especially for you religious women, Suki began to explain with her own gratification that the design that ran into the crack of her ass cheeks was the butterfly while it's wings spread out in true Celtic fashion and above the wings was the word 'Bitch' to remind everyone what she was and to finish off the design above the red 'T' of the word, was perched an arcane symbol of the sacred chalice of her religion.

"You mean I have the mark of the Sacred Feminine on the arc of my back?"

"Yes Abbess you do!" Suki replied.

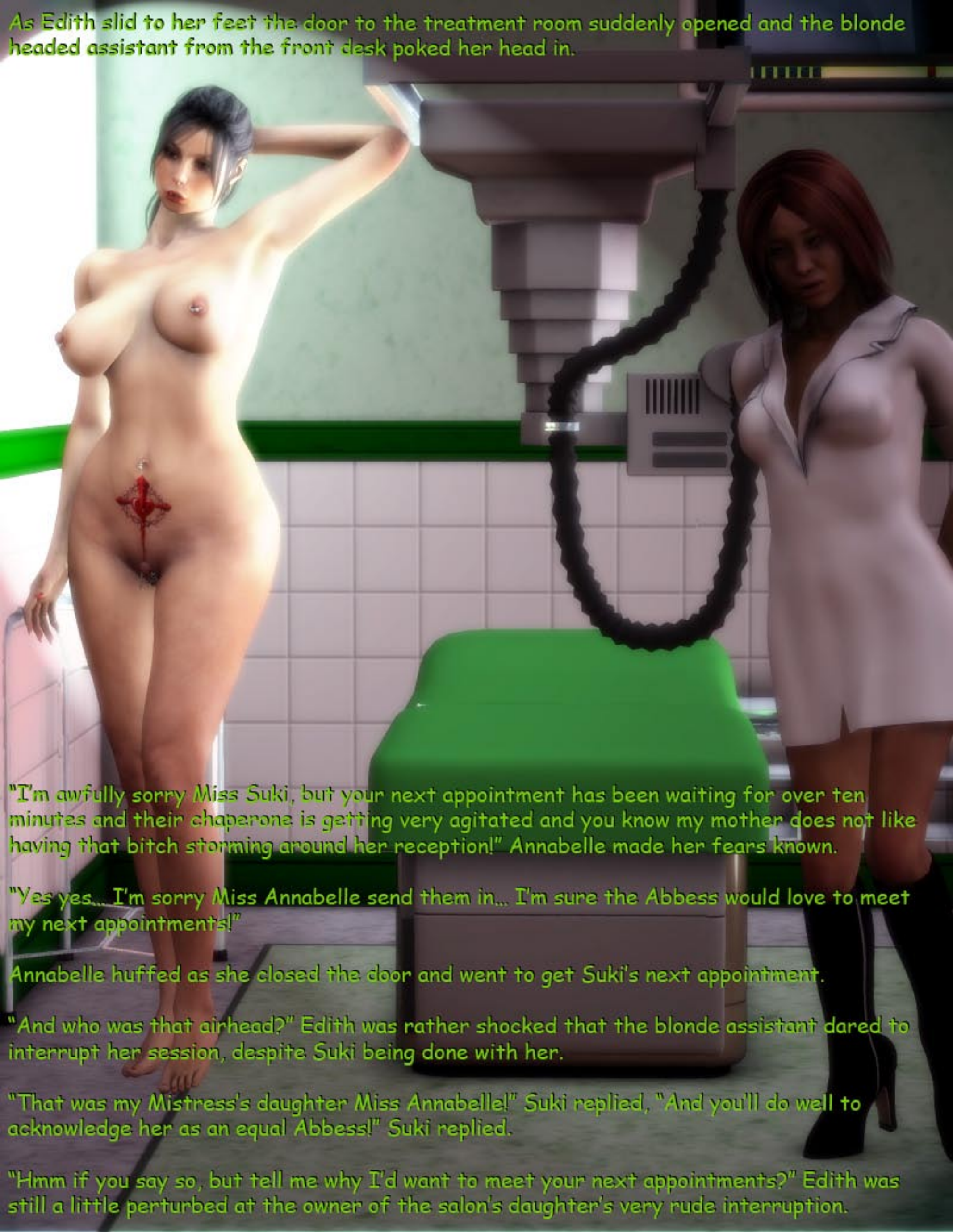
"I'll have to make sure all my disciples carry the same mark of respect!" Edith smiled warmly as her heart beat warmly to the thought of branding her future brood of religious followers.

With various prods pokes and needles going in here there and other unnatural places, Edith was rather relieved that her appointment with Suki was over.

"Oh yessssssssssssssss!" Edith smiled as she swung her legs around and dug her fingers into her pussy, for Suki had given her labia two rows of erotic piercings, while dangling from her sore and enlarged clitoris was her Pièce de résistance, a cross. "Oh yes I love it... I'm pierced everywhere... How delightful?"

"Abbess you are as Madame Celeste wanted you to become... A true Bitch!"

"Yes I am aren't are!" Edith continued to squeeze and pull on her piercing, "A total and 100% bitch!"



As Edith slid to her feet the door to the treatment room suddenly opened and the blonde headed assistant from the front desk poked her head in.

"I'm awfully sorry Miss Suki, but your next appointment has been waiting for over ten minutes and their chaperone is getting very agitated and you know my mother does not like having that bitch storming around her reception!" Annabelle made her fears known.

"Yes yes... I'm sorry Miss Annabelle send them in... I'm sure the Abbess would love to meet my next appointments!"

Annabelle huffed as she closed the door and went to get Suki's next appointment.

"And who was that airhead?" Edith was rather shocked that the blonde assistant dared to interrupt her session, despite Suki being done with her.

"That was my Mistress's daughter Miss Annabelle!" Suki replied, "And you'll do well to acknowledge her as an equal Abbess!" Suki replied.

"Hmm if you say so, but tell me why I'd want to meet your next appointments?" Edith was still a little perturbed at the owner of the salon's daughter's very rude interruption.

"You arrived at the Farm with them!" Suki replied as she readied herself for their appointment. "They're also to become two of your congregation I believe!"

"Congregation?" Edith was quite intrigued.

"Suddenly the door opened and hurriedly in walked two ladies both wearing just bra and panties.

"Ah Nelly and Bessie if you'd just like to wait over there while the Abbess here gets dressed!" Suki acknowledged her next appointment.

"Yes I recall you two now!" Edith looked the two women up and down.

"Are you her?" the blonde headed woman enquired as she looked the naked raven headed voluptuous woman up and down.

"Oh my word... It's really her!" the other woman gasped as she looked Edith up and down." And she really is?"

"Mother Superior, please forgive us!" the two women dropped to their knees and begged for the Abbess's forgiveness.

"And what and who are you?" Edith savoured the adulation the two women were affording her.

"We are your servants Mother Superior," the blonde woman replied as her sister began kissing Edith's hand.

"Servants?"

"Yes I'm Nelly Sharpe and this is Bessie my sister Mother Superior!" Nelly replied exasperated that she was in the presence of such a divine lady as the Abbess of Dolan.

"What role are these two things to play in my congregation?" Edith abruptly whipped her hand away from the woman's hold and turned to face Suki, leaving both of them to kneel and clasp their hands in forgiveness, for being unworthy of their soon to be Principle and Mother Superior of the Dolan Nunnery and Finishing School.

"They are only half way through their change Abbess... They were slightly much older than you were so the serum required to shape them-" Suki was suddenly stopped in mid sentence by Edith.

"You can stop right there with ridiculous words like serum... Its utter nonsense... The Lady of the Sacred Feminine has chosen them to become my disciples and it is her that has blessed them with youthfulness... So tell me what delights these two will be performing for our beloved Lady and her cause?" Edith turned to face a rather stunned Suki.

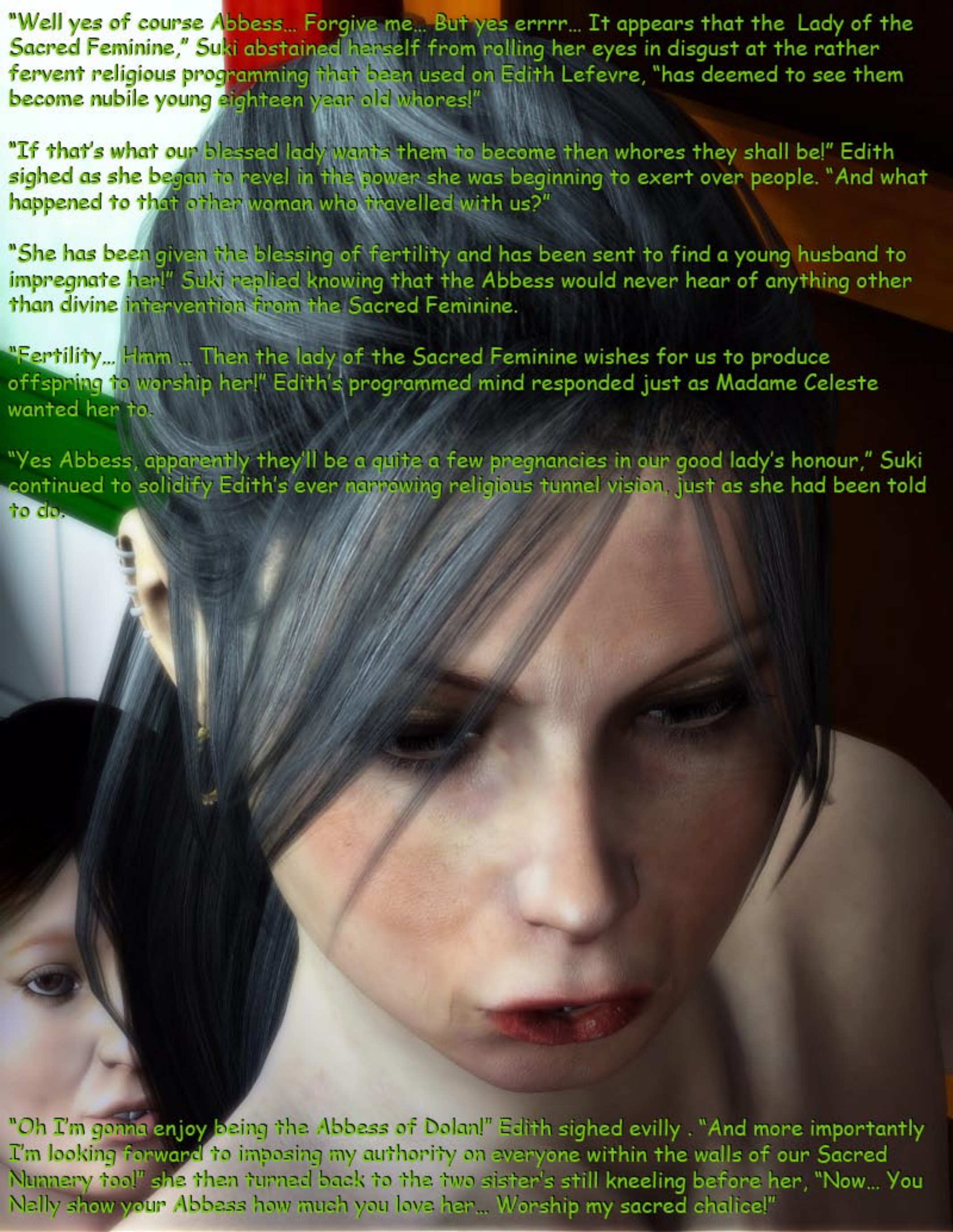
"Well yes of course Abbess... Forgive me... But yes errrr... It appears that the Lady of the Sacred Feminine," Suki abstained herself from rolling her eyes in disgust at the rather fervent religious programming that been used on Edith Lefevre, "has deemed to see them become nubile young eighteen year old whores!"

"If that's what our blessed lady wants them to become then whores they shall be!" Edith sighed as she began to revel in the power she was beginning to exert over people. "And what happened to that other woman who travelled with us?"

"She has been given the blessing of fertility and has been sent to find a young husband to impregnate her!" Suki replied knowing that the Abbess would never hear of anything other than divine intervention from the Sacred Feminine.

"Fertility... Hmm ... Then the lady of the Sacred Feminine wishes for us to produce offspring to worship her!" Edith's programmed mind responded just as Madame Celeste wanted her to.

"Yes Abbess, apparently they'll be a quite a few pregnancies in our good lady's honour," Suki continued to solidify Edith's ever narrowing religious tunnel vision, just as she had been told to do.



"Oh I'm gonna enjoy being the Abbess of Dolan!" Edith sighed evilly . "And more importantly I'm looking forward to imposing my authority on everyone within the walls of our Sacred Nunnery too!" she then turned back to the two sister's still kneeling before her, "Now... You Nelly show your Abbess how much you love her... Worship my sacred chalice!"

Chapter 31

Choir

Story Postwork and Concept by
Keshara ©Lorien2009

Alvin Gable arrived at the Dolan rectory exactly on time and although he did have a heavy business schedule the next day, his secretary had managed to reschedule many of his appointments to enable him to be able to see his son Darren perform in his choir performance.

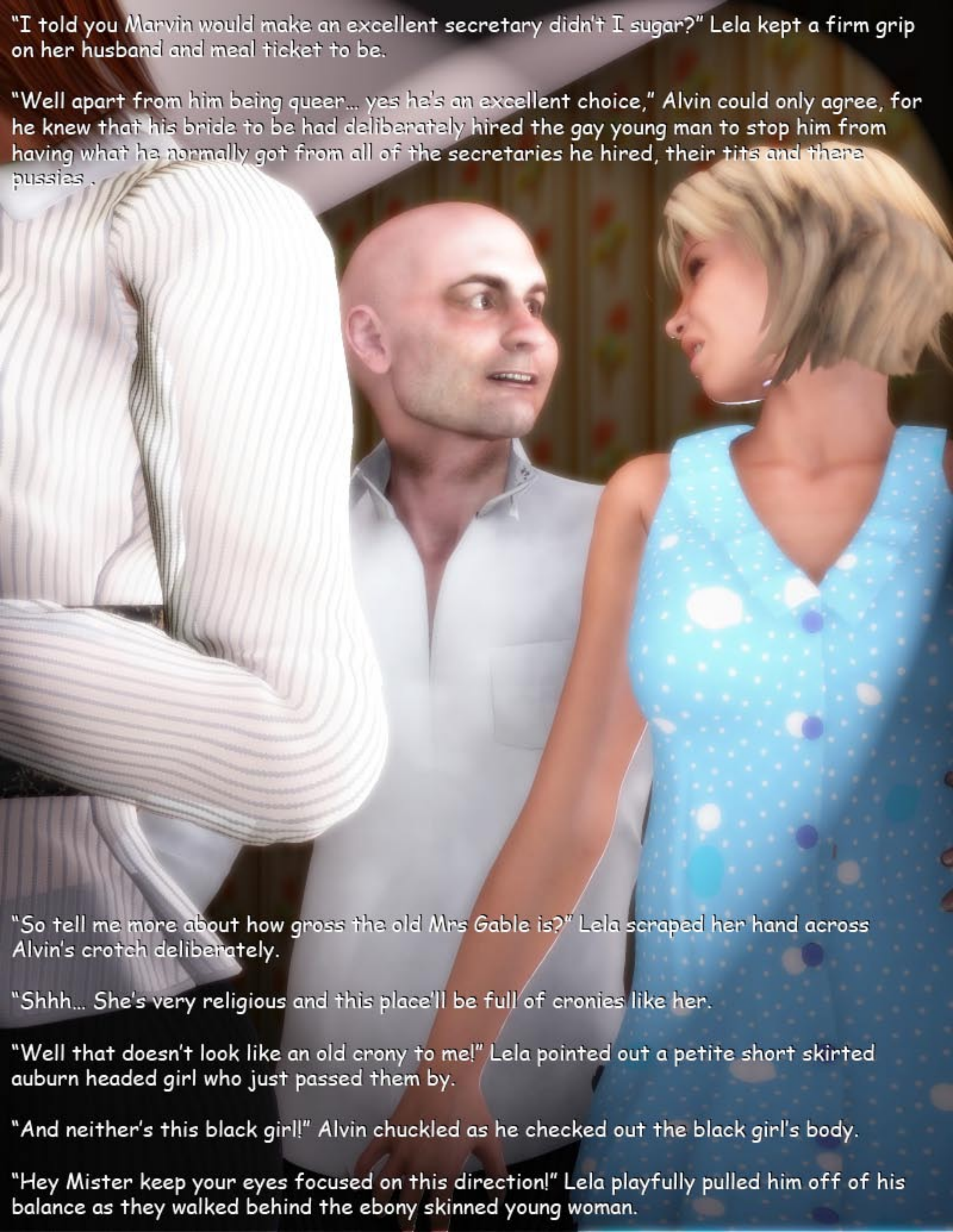
With a young black woman escorting them along a red draped wooden floored hallway he proudly displayed his young girlfriend Lela on his arm with pride, of course there was thirty years difference between them, but Alvin was a fifty-eight, cool as ice, highly influential and a successful business man, who was respected by everyone and anyone.

Other men envied his style and his accomplishments, and he knew they all envied his latest and most sexiest acquisition, Lela.

Lela had of course been his secretary and like many secretaries before her she had ended up between the sheets of his bed and bent over his office desk with her skirts hiked high above her hips and her panties pushed aside, but Lela was smarter than all those other secretaries, for they had never managed to get him anywhere near a divorce settlement with his wife, neither had they got him to lavish them with expensive gifts and as her own prying into his bank and credit card accounts had revealed, a 120 grand diamond ring had been acquired.

Lela knew what she wanted and she knew how to get it and until she finally became the second Mrs Gable she knew that she would have to keep his cock and his bank balances pointed solely in one direction and that was towards her and although she was not a person who did families, she had a feeling that the expensive ring he had brought, was destined for her finger at some stage today, especially with his soon to be ex-wife also in attendance.

And what a better way for Lela to show her what she was going to be missing when they finally got divorced.



"I told you Marvin would make an excellent secretary didn't I sugar?" Lela kept a firm grip on her husband and meal ticket to be.

"Well apart from him being queer... yes he's an excellent choice," Alvin could only agree, for he knew that his bride to be had deliberately hired the gay young man to stop him from having what he normally got from all of the secretaries he hired, their tits and there pussies .

"So tell me more about how gross the old Mrs Gable is?" Lela scraped her hand across Alvin's crotch deliberately.

"Shhh... She's very religious and this place'll be full of cronies like her.

"Well that doesn't look like an old crony to me!" Lela pointed out a petite short skirted auburn headed girl who just passed them by.

"And neither's this black girl!" Alvin chuckled as he checked out the black girl's body.

"Hey Mister keep your eyes focused on this direction!" Lela playfully pulled him off of his balance as they walked behind the ebony skinned young woman.

"If you'd care to wait here Mr Gable, Mrs Gable," Ismae smiled as she stopped by a door.

"Oh... I'm not Mrs Gable yet honey!" Lela giggled as she looked up at her meal ticket.

"Oh I'm sorry... But your down on our list as Mrs Gable?" Ismae played along with the duo.

"No my love that'll be Harriet my ex-wife you can't miss her she's rather fat and old!" Alvin laughed crudely.

"Shhh stop it Alvin... She's the mother or your sons!"

"Yes well I'll leave you be... Miss Amber will be along shortly and she'll take you into the music room!" Ismae turned on her heels unimpressed by Mr Gable's description of his wife.

"So tell me a little more about this son of yours... Is he as handsome as his father?" Lela enquired about Darren.

"Well he's a chip of the old block!" Alvin laughed as he thought about some of the traits Darren had already shown since he had hit sixteen.

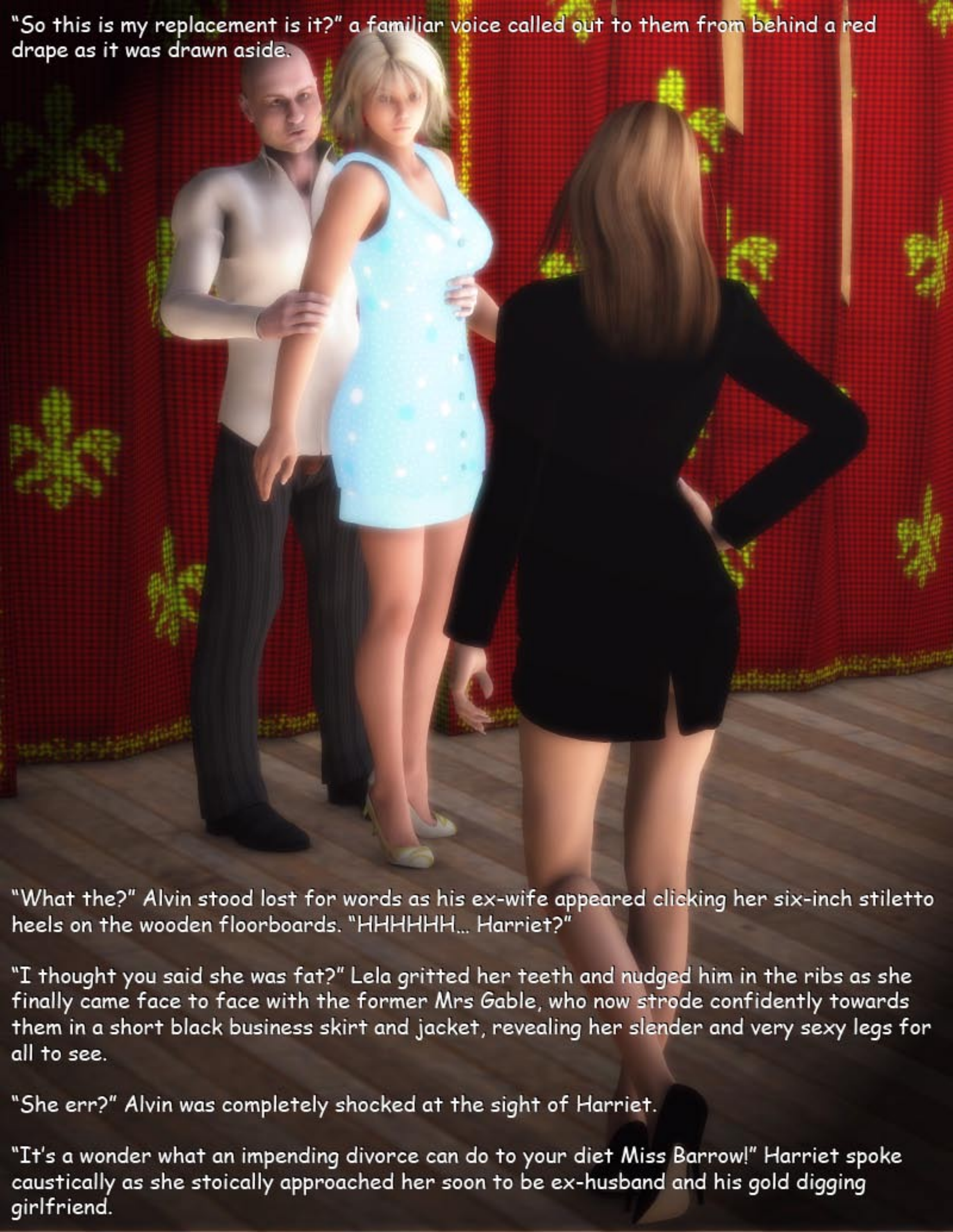
"So what's he doing at this horrid and decrepit place?" Lela turned her nose up at the musty smelling building that was calling itself a convent and school, "I mean you hardly strike me as the religious kind?"

"Harriet sent him here, she thinks he'll learn to respect lesser people and develop some manners by coming here," Alvin huffed as he recalled one of the less enjoyable aspects of having to deal with his estranged wife. "She's had custody over both me boys since we split and she's always been a church goer!"

"Still you wouldn't want them in our way would you?" Lela quickly reminded him that with the boys both with Harriet, he was free to lavish all his time and money on her.

"Of course not... Cramping my style... Fuck no!" he continued to playfully squeeze the underside of her breast, for he knew that despite her rather prim looking blue outfit she was not wearing any underwear beneath.

"Shhhh... It's a religious place, you can't talk like that in here!"



"So this is my replacement is it?" a familiar voice called out to them from behind a red drape as it was drawn aside.

"What the?" Alvin stood lost for words as his ex-wife appeared clicking her six-inch stiletto heels on the wooden floorboards. "HHHHHH... Harriet?"

"I thought you said she was fat?" Lela gritted her teeth and nudged him in the ribs as she finally came face to face with the former Mrs Gable, who now strode confidently towards them in a short black business skirt and jacket, revealing her slender and very sexy legs for all to see.

"She err?" Alvin was completely shocked at the sight of Harriet.

"It's a wonder what an impending divorce can do to your diet Miss Barrow!" Harriet spoke caustically as she stoically approached her soon to be ex-husband and his gold digging girlfriend.

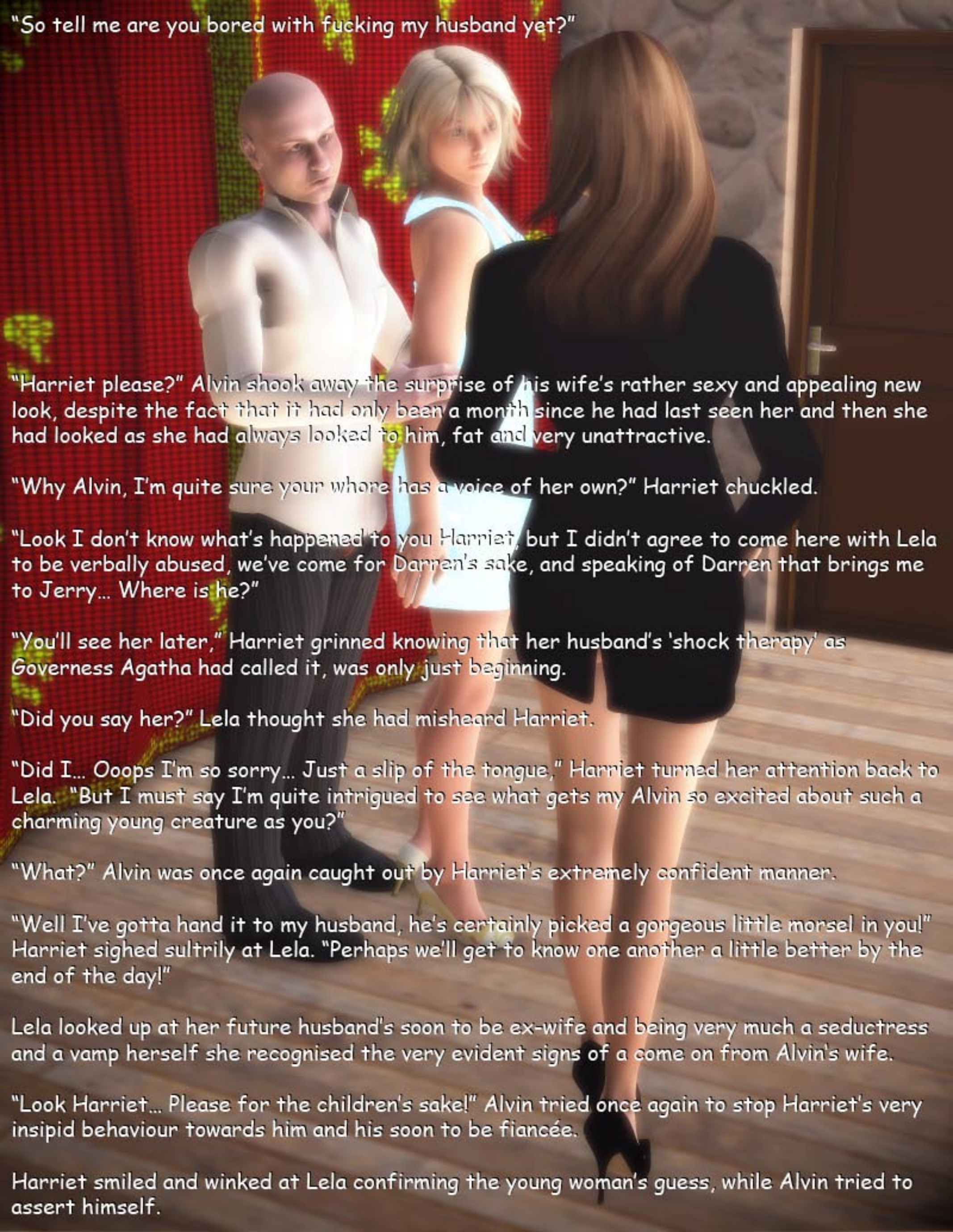
"You've had your?" Alvin was completely gob smacked as his wife's very exposed chest came into view.

"Don't be ridiculous, your little whore here may need hers done, but mine are all me!" Harriet looked the debonairly dressed Lela up and down.

"But?" Alvin just could not believe his eyes.

"So you've already got him down as your husband I hear Miss Barrow?" Harriet continued to gain the edge on her husband's girlfriend.

"I err… I'm here to see?" even the normally quick witted Lela was lost for words as Harriet's very slender and slim body waltzed up to them and the sight of her huge breasts jiggling naturally and freely between the folds of her single buttoned black business jacket, took her completely by surprise, especially when Harriet was supposed to be in her late fifties and very mature looking.



"So tell me are you bored with fucking my husband yet?"

"Harriet please?" Alvin shook away the surprise of his wife's rather sexy and appealing new look, despite the fact that it had only been a month since he had last seen her and then she had looked as she had always looked to him, fat and very unattractive.

"Why Alvin, I'm quite sure your whore has a voice of her own?" Harriet chuckled.

"Look I don't know what's happened to you Harriet, but I didn't agree to come here with Lela to be verbally abused, we've come for Darren's sake, and speaking of Darren that brings me to Jerry… Where is he?"

"You'll see her later," Harriet grinned knowing that her husband's 'shock therapy' as Governess Agatha had called it, was only just beginning.

"Did you say her?" Lela thought she had misheard Harriet.

"Did I… Ooops I'm so sorry… Just a slip of the tongue," Harriet turned her attention back to Lela. "But I must say I'm quite intrigued to see what gets my Alvin so excited about such a charming young creature as you?"

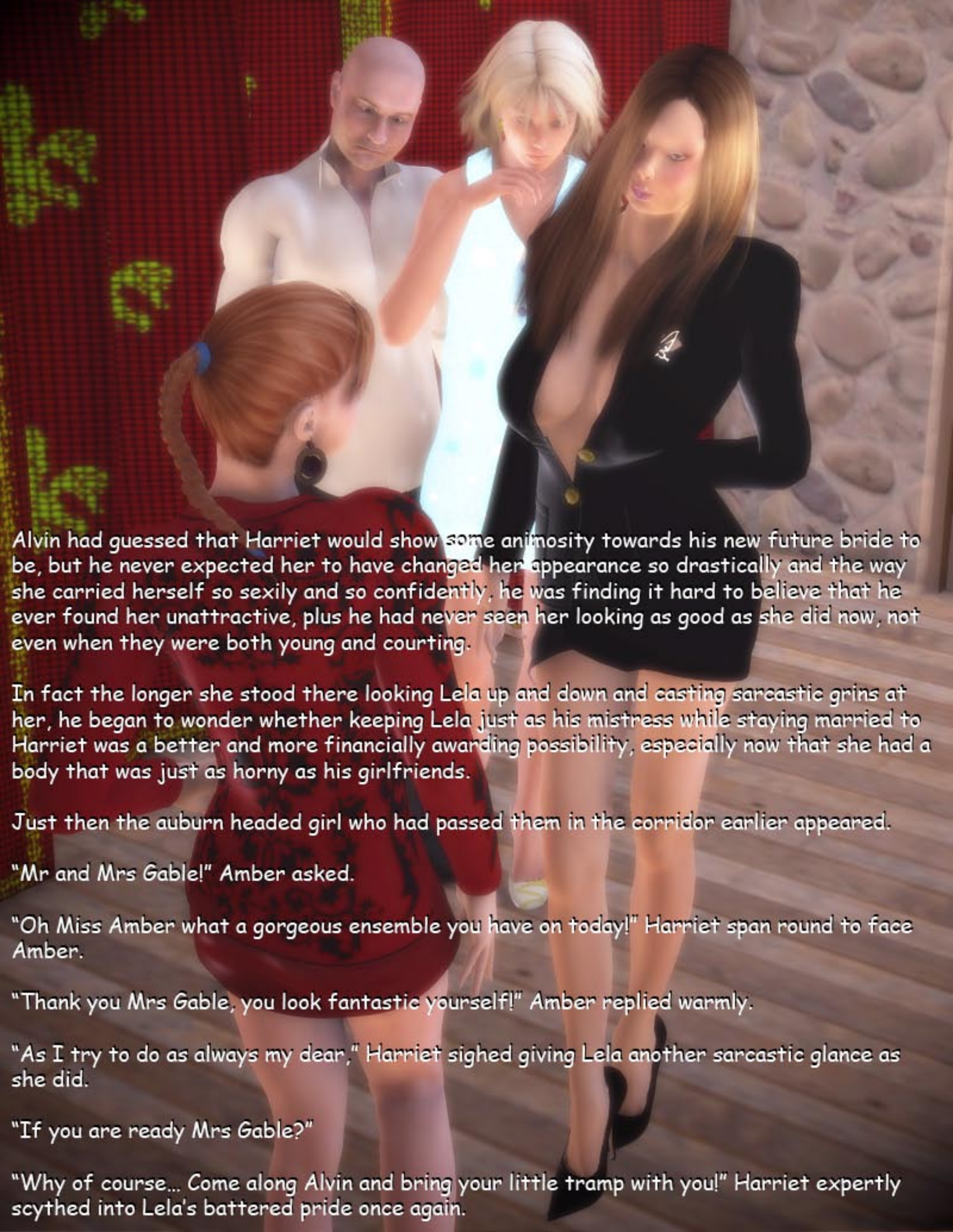
"What?" Alvin was once again caught out by Harriet's extremely confident manner.

"Well I've gotta hand it to my husband, he's certainly picked a gorgeous little morsel in you!" Harriet sighed sultrily at Lela. "Perhaps we'll get to know one another a little better by the end of the day!"

Lela looked up at her future husband's soon to be ex-wife and being very much a seductress and a vamp herself she recognised the very evident signs of a come on from Alvin's wife.

"Look Harriet… Please for the children's sake!" Alvin tried once again to stop Harriet's very insipid behaviour towards him and his soon to be fiancée.

Harriet smiled and winked at Lela confirming the young woman's guess, while Alvin tried to assert himself.



Alvin had guessed that Harriet would show some animosity towards his new future bride to be, but he never expected her to have changed her appearance so drastically and the way she carried herself so sexily and so confidently, he was finding it hard to believe that he ever found her unattractive, plus he had never seen her looking as good as she did now, not even when they were both young and courting.

In fact the longer she stood there looking Lela up and down and casting sarcastic grins at her, he began to wonder whether keeping Lela just as his mistress while staying married to Harriet was a better and more financially awarding possibility, especially now that she had a body that was just as horny as his girlfriends.

Just then the auburn headed girl who had passed them in the corridor earlier appeared.

"Mr and Mrs Gable!" Amber asked.

"Oh Miss Amber what a gorgeous ensemble you have on today!" Harriet span round to face Amber.

"Thank you Mrs Gable, you look fantastic yourself!" Amber replied warmly.

"As I try to do as always my dear," Harriet sighed giving Lela another sarcastic glance as she did.

"If you are ready Mrs Gable?"

"Why of course... Come along Alvin and bring your little tramp with you!" Harriet expertly scythed into Lela's battered pride once again.

"If you and your lady friend would like to sit here Mr Gable," Amber offered them two chairs positioned in the middle of the rectory's eloquently decorated lounge and music room.

Taking their seats both of them looked around the room and as they did Harriet positioned herself right behind Lela.

"Alvin this place feels a little creepy," Lela's nerves began to show as she positioned herself on the chair and the fragrance of his wife's perfume alerted her to the woman's eerie and extremely close proximity.

"Well I'll watch Darren's performance and introduce you to him and then we'll go on and say hello to Jerry then we'll be off!" Alvin completely understood how his girlfriend felt as he too found it a little awkward with his wife standing over them.

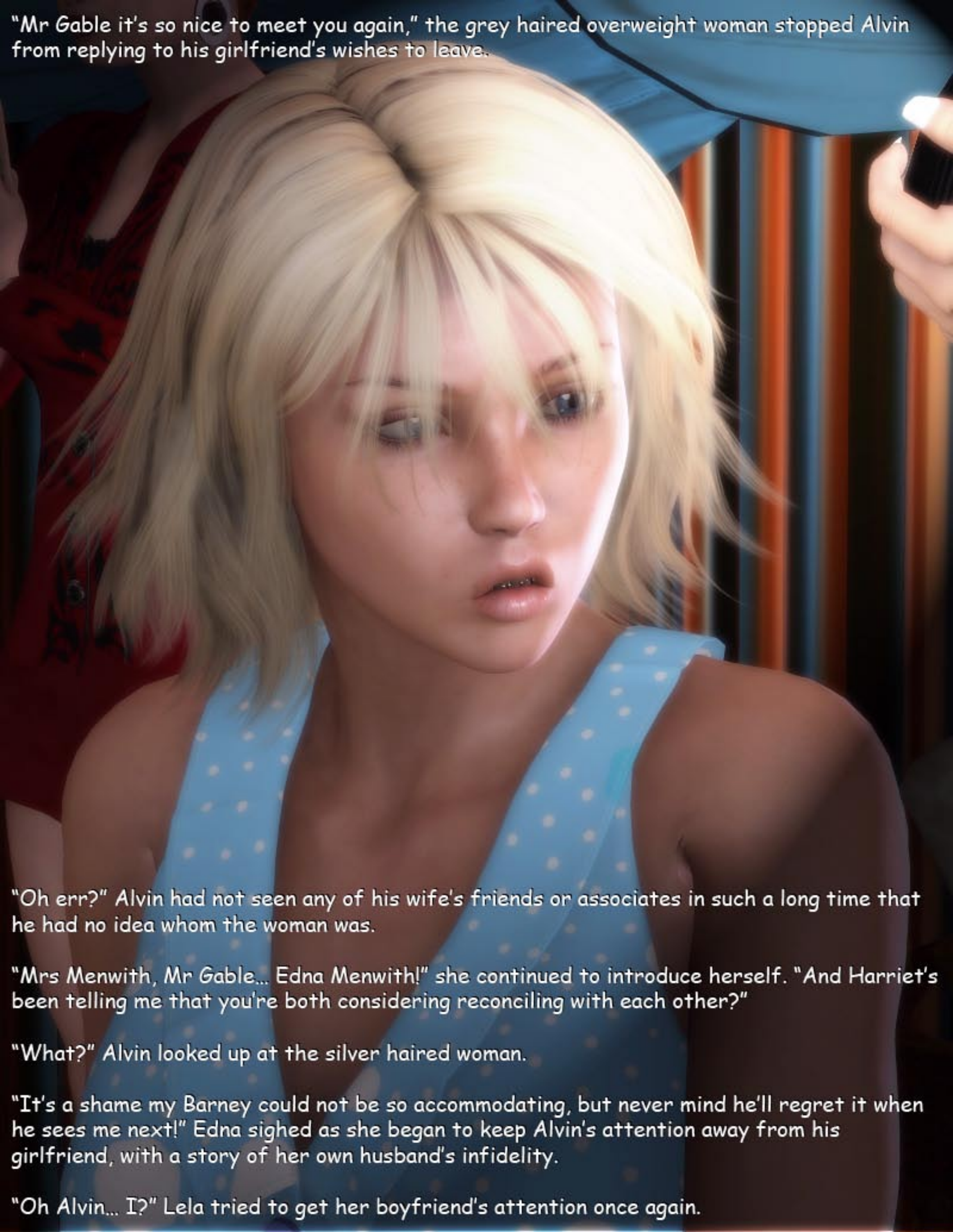
"Ladies and of course Gentleman, I'd like to thank you all for taking the time to watch our wonderful little choir performance this afternoon and for those of you who are just visiting today I am Governess Agatha!" a slender raven headed woman announced, as she entered the room with another plump silver haired lady, who politely acknowledged her as she passed her by. "So I will leave you in the hands of our dear Miss Prudence to introduce our wonderful choir of angels!"

With the other slightly plump woman moving over towards a chair in the corner, Governess Agatha acknowledged her role of hostess over and took her seat in the corner, leaving the floor to the ginger headed Miss Prudence.

"Thank you Governess!" Miss Prudence took her place in the middle of the room, "Well I must say its good to see that some of you were able to attend today and I know that we were forced to delay this day for another week, but we had to make sure our Angels were ready to present themselves to you!"

As the ginger headed girl wearing a very pretty butterfly print jacket and skirt continued to introduce herself and inform the waiting audience of the amount of work and effort that had gone into today's performance, Lela sat nervously with Alvin's wife breathing down her neck, her intoxicating perfume eating into her with every passing second.

"Alvin... I'd like to get some fresh air please?" she asked her lover as the smell of his wife's perfume began to make her feel rather claustrophobic.



"Mr Gable it's so nice to meet you again," the grey haired overweight woman stopped Alvin from replying to his girlfriend's wishes to leave.

"Oh err?" Alvin had not seen any of his wife's friends or associates in such a long time that he had no idea whom the woman was.

"Mrs Menwith, Mr Gable... Edna Menwith!" she continued to introduce herself. "And Harriet's been telling me that you're both considering reconciling with each other?"

"What?" Alvin looked up at the silver haired woman.

"It's a shame my Barney could not be so accommodating, but never mind he'll regret it when he sees me next!" Edna sighed as she began to keep Alvin's attention away from his girlfriend, with a story of her own husband's infidelity.

"Oh Alvin... I?" Lela tried to get her boyfriend's attention once again.

With Alvin now engaged in a conversation he had no wish to endure with Edna Menwith, Harriet saw her chance to talk with her younger rival.

"Getting a little uncomfortable for you my dear?" she leant forward and breathed into Lela's ear.

"I'm sorry?" Lela looked up at Harriet.

"Hmm pretty little thing aren't you?" Harriet continued to survey her husband's girlfriend. "But what is it that makes you more than just a passing interest hmmm?"

"Look Mrs Gable I?"

"Please Lela call me Harriet!" she smiled warmly down at her.

"Edna will have my husband tied up until the performance gets underway, so that leaves just me and you!" Harriet's eyes narrowed with the determination of a spider who had just caught a fly in her web.

"I arr?" Lela could feel Harriet's perfume becoming more and more overpowering and as she leant in closer the flesh of her ample breasts now dangled freely inside the opening of her jacket.

"Now what is it that my bastard of a husband finds so intriguing about you?" Harriet began to interrogate her husband's future bride.

"Look Mrs Gable I've only come here to watch?"

"Watch mine and Alvin's son perform, well how sugar sweet of you… Well let me tell you what's going to happen in the next few minutes!" Harriet began to stroke the back of Lela's hair. "Alvin is going to be in for a shock when he sees how his son has, like me… Changed… And considering he's been too busy fucking with you to see any of his sons, then the shock is going to be a very hard one indeed… But anyway when he does see our Darren… You my dear… You are going to do everything I say… Do you understand?"

"Look I can understand your grievance, but who do you think you?" Lela tried to fight her corner, however Harriet's hand was now tugging on the back of her hair.

"Listen to me slut… You're going to sit here as if nothings happened and when my husband collapses from shock you and me are going to disappear!"

"Collapses what the fuck… Y… Y…Youuuuuur mad?" Lela was about to call out for Alvin to aide her, however his wife's hold on her neck increased.

"Oh and what cheated wife would not be my little hussy!" Harriet chuckled at the young woman's choice of words.

"Let go of me you bitch or I'll scream!" Lela finally found her voice.

"Excellent that's the sort of spirit I expected from someone whose managed to work their way into my husband's bank account and bed!" Harriet then let go of Lela's hair, "Now enjoy the spectacle and remember what I said!"

Lela sat even more anxiously as Alvin finished his conversation with Edna and turned to look at the ginger haired girl announcing the arrival of the Convent of Dolan's newly formed choir.

"So please welcome our Angels of Dolan!" Miss Prudence stepped aside for the choir quartet to enter.

Alvin watched with intrigue as a four very pretty young ladies walked through the door wearing very femininely laced cassocks that hung over a crushed velvet gown that stretched down to a lace hem that revealed their ankles and their open toed sandals and as they assembled before him and began to sing, he wondered when they were going to be joined by his son and the other three young men who had been sent to further their religious studies.

Miss Prudence then took her seat at the piano and began to play the first of their ensemble of melodic and harmonious hymns all dedicated to the Lady of The Sacred Feminine.

"That's it girls... Petal introduction please and lead... Oh blessed are we to be... In perfect harmony... No man can ever try... Our beauty will aspire!" Miss Prudence guided her choir expertly.

Petal carried the lead superbly and as she sang Daisy, Honey and Pansy all followed, their accents perfectly feminine and their vocals expertly pitched to expel any doubt as to their gender.

They all sang like girls in unison and in harmony with each other.

With a hymn he had never heard before being bellowed out by the four girls, he kept looking towards the door, almost impatiently, for any sign of his Darren to appear and look embarrassed at having to perform in a such a girly choir.

However as the song finished and applause echoed lightly around him, he could still see no sign of his son appearing.

With the next hymn underway, Alvin gave up looking at the door and huffed to himself, his mind now thinking that he would have to sit through an hour of listening to this before his son performed with his choir, however as one of the black haired girls stepped forward slightly and began to sing solo, his attention was suddenly drawn towards her.

Daisy sang her heart out to her family and her father's new girlfriend, she was so proud to be performing in front of her mother and father, her enthusiasm caused her voice to become even more louder.

With the soloist choir singer now singing to her hearts content before him, Alvin had the distinct feeling that he had seen the young lady before.

"D... D... Darrrrrrrren?" he suddenly stammered as the girl's familiarity sank in, "Lela... That's?"

Lela looked at the girl and as Harriet sniggered quietly behind her, she too realised what Alvin had just discovered, his son was part of a girl choir and he looked every bit a member of the quartet.

"That's my Dar... Darren?" Alvin continued to piece every detail of his son's appearance together, "H... H... Heeeee'ssss a?"

Just then Edna stood up and came besides Alvin, however her move was not one of concern, for in her hand she held a small spray, which she instantly sprayed into Harriet's husband's face.

Alvin fell forward gasping for air knocking his chair backwards.

"Alvin no!" Lela attempted to grab a hold of him. however before she could offer her boyfriend any assistance, a hand grabbed a hold of her arm tightly.

"No you don't bitch... You're with me!" Harriet clasped her hand on Lela's arm and dragged her from where she was sitting.

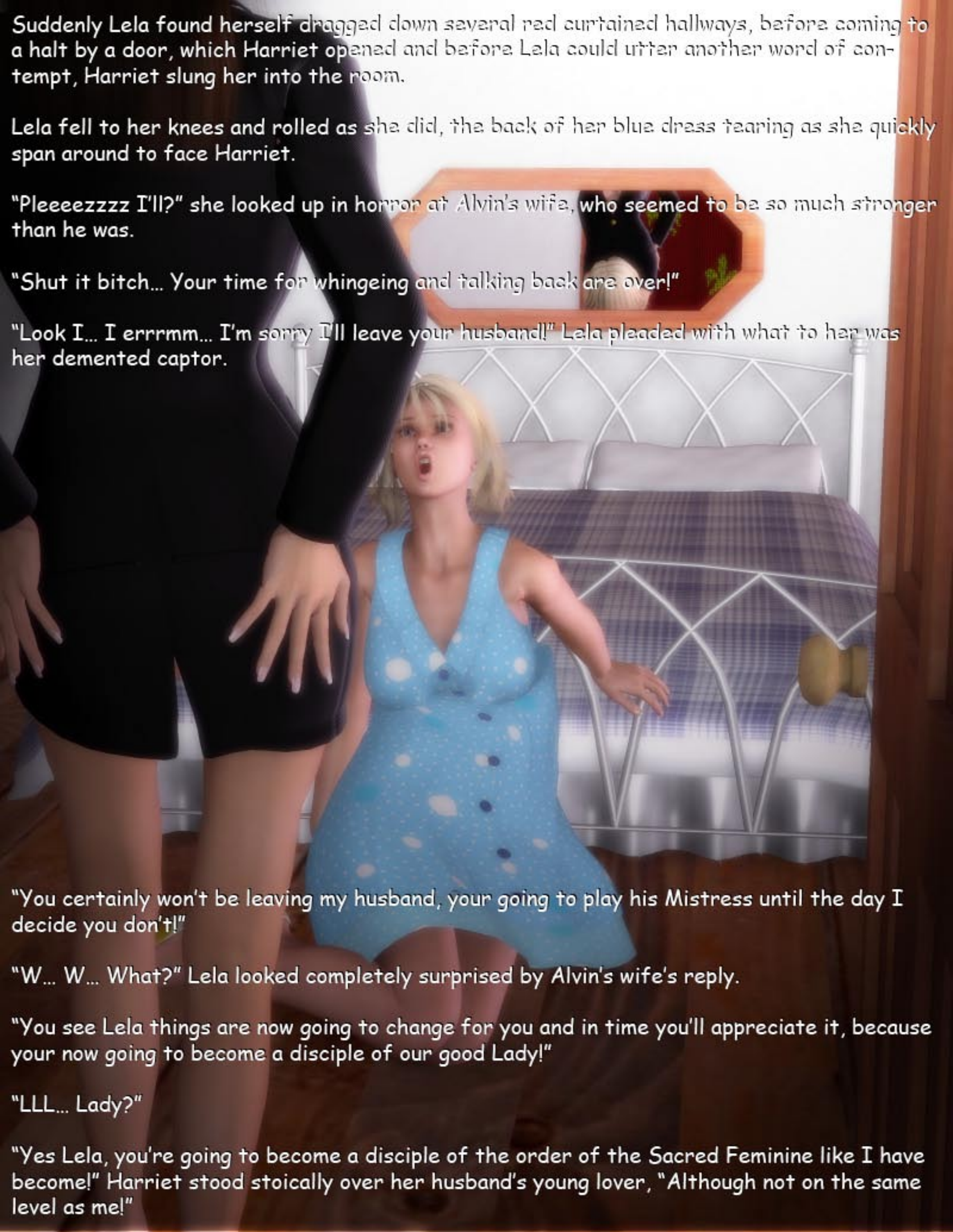
"WHA... PLEEEESE... YOU MUST... SOMEBODY PLEASE HELP?" Lela tried to scream out to one of the gathered audience as the choir continued to sing out.

"No you don't bitch... This way!" Harriet dragged Lela past the ailing Alvin, who was on his knees trying to clear the mist from his eyes.

"PLEASE YOU CAN'T… DO THIS… LET ME GO… HELPPPPPPPPPPPPPP?" Lela screamed out for help as she tried to break free from Alvin's wife's very strong grip.

"No you don't bitch… I'm much stronger than you… I've been blessed by the Lady of the Sacred Feminine!"

"YOUR FUCKIN INSANE!" Lela shouted back as she desperately tried to break free from Harriet's very strong grip. "HELP US PLEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEZ-ZZZZZZZZ!"



Suddenly Lela found herself dragged down several red curtained hallways, before coming to a halt by a door, which Harriet opened and before Lela could utter another word of contempt, Harriet slung her into the room.

Lela fell to her knees and rolled as she did, the back of her blue dress tearing as she quickly span around to face Harriet.

"Pleeeezzzz I'll?" she looked up in horror at Alvin's wife, who seemed to be so much stronger than he was.

"Shut it bitch... Your time for whingeing and talking back are over!"

"Look I... I errrmm... I'm sorry I'll leave your husband!" Lela pleaded with what to her was her demented captor.

"You certainly won't be leaving my husband, your going to play his Mistress until the day I decide you don't!"

"W... W... What?" Lela looked completely surprised by Alvin's wife's reply.

"You see Lela things are now going to change for you and in time you'll appreciate it, because your now going to become a disciple of our good Lady!"

"LLL... Lady?"

"Yes Lela, you're going to become a disciple of the order of the Sacred Feminine like I have become!" Harriet stood stoically over her husband's young lover, "Although not on the same level as me!"

Lela continued to look up at the calm, but angry, scorned figure of Alvin's wife, wondering how she had walked into such a nightmare, for this woman was nowhere near the picture she had painted of her lover and meal ticket's wife and from the shock look and treatment he had also received, something extraordinary had happened to her and as the slender and very confident Mrs Gable began to recite the very religious teachings of her faith, Lela began to fear for her life.

"You see my husband is about to loose his manhood forever and without it he'll never be able to cheat on me again, but the Lady of the Sacred Feminine has deemed you fit to serve me as a concubine!"

Lela's mouth fell open as Harriet continued to explain her fate.

Alvin Gable, because of all his business acumen and social networking skills, would still play a very important role in the day to day running of his own small collection of business interests, but they would now belong to Cresswell's conglomerates with Harriet overseeing everything he did and playing a very active role in his, Lela's and their new lives.

"You see Lela, Alvin will still need to have a beautiful little slut like you to parade on his arm and eye candy's what you're going to be for him from now on," Harriet began to lay down the laws of Lela's new life under her, "And I'll derive such pleasure in watching the torment he will be suffering, knowing that he'll never again be able to touch, kiss or fuck you or any other woman again and to make things even worse for him... He'll have to endure the knowledge that you're my property and that it's my bed that you share at nights!"

"Yyyyyyyou cannnn't dooo?" Lela stuttered. "I won't let you?"

"On the table by the bed is your new life... You'll read it from start to finish for the duration of your stay here, and while you sleep hypnotic messages will alter all your perceptions of life and will make you see that the Lady of the Sacred Feminine is now your life's work and that your position is by my side!" Harriet smiled wickedly as she shut the door and locked her husband's girlfriend and soon to be love slave inside.

However, Lela's punishment was not just going to consist of being locked away for a couple of days with a book and subliminal messages hurled at her while she slept, for another more cruel surprise was waiting for the soon to be converted gold digger.

Harriet's revenge on Lela would soon be metered out fully on her, for the real reason she had locked Lela in the room, was for the arrival of a certain Mother Superior and Abbess of Dolan and considering her soul purpose was to convert people to the Sacred Feminine, Lela would be her first female convert.

Yet Harriet's husband Alvin, was still to face her wrath and as she headed down familiar passageways she came to a door where waiting for her was her daughters, Daisy and Jessica.

"Mother," both daughters acknowledged their mother.

"Daisy, Jessica... Thank you for waiting my dears!" Harriet smiled warmly.

"Father is going to be taken to the infirmary and will be operated on when the Midwife arrives Mother!" Daisy smiled happily.

"Yes I know and we're all going to greet him when he comes round after his operation... Won't that be nice?"

"Yes Mother!" both her daughters shrilled with glee.

"Will Father be taking me to my new school now!" Jessica enquired as she swished her pretty dress.

"Of course he will Jessica, in fact your Father will be doing a lot more things for us now that we're all back together again as a family.

"Will Daisy be coming to live with us?" Jessica's curiosity continued to peak.

"No I'm afraid your Sister has the work of our Lady to do here in this Convent don't you sweetheart?"

"Yes Jessica I'm a nun now and I've got to devote my life to this convent's new Mother Superior and the order of the Sacred Feminine!" Daisy replied, "And I'm afraid that you'll have to refer to me as Sister from now on!"

"Oh yes of course how rude of me," Harriet chuckled as she took a hold of Jessica's hand, "Now lets go and have some refreshments... Sister Daisy if you'd care to lead us to dinning area!"

"Of course Ma'am," Sister Daisy opened the door making sure that the lace of her choir outfit did not get in the way of the closing door as she, her mother and her sister awaited the arrival of the Midwife who was going to castrate her husband.

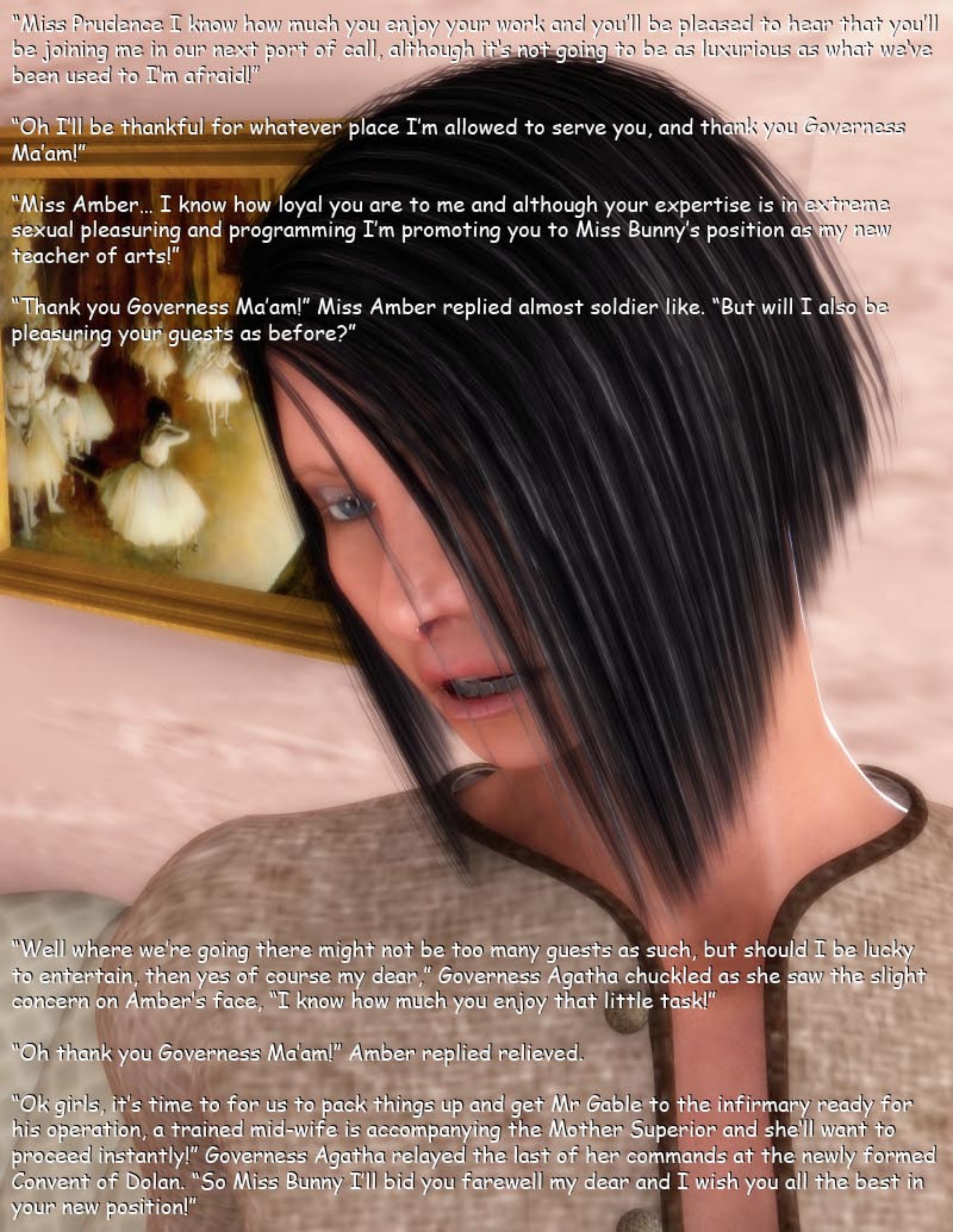
"Well girls I'm afraid our time is over here and the time for me to hand over the entire facility here to the new Mother Superior is fast approaching!" Governess Agatha looked around at the surroundings of the rectory's music and lounging room and at her three chosen teachers standing before her.

"Miss Bunny, you've done a superb job on their deportment and feminine etiquette and I must hasten that your excellent skills have been duly noted and your time working with me is now at an end, this is why I laid out for you the outfit your wearing today!"

"But?" Miss Bunny's eyes saddened as the thought of not working with her mentor and Governess who had, during the space of three years, turned her from a wayward drug addicted seventeen year old boy into a twenty year old graceful and extremely pretty and polite young lady.

"Miss Bunny you will be moving to the city and your expertise will be put to greater and more inspiring use, you'll be working with people who'll not wish to visit harm on you during their first week of training... Plus you'll be able to start dating men, something I know you've been wanting to do for a few months now," Governess Agatha revealed Miss Bunny's new career in the city of Bullchester, where she will become a teacher of Ballet at a revamped former boy's school. "When the new Mother Superior's chariot arrives shortly you will be returning with the driver and escorts so have your smalls ready, for you'll be wearing much different clothing from now on!"

"Yes Governess Ma'am," Bunny acknowledged sadly.



"Miss Prudence I know how much you enjoy your work and you'll be pleased to hear that you'll be joining me in our next port of call, although it's not going to be as luxurious as what we've been used to I'm afraid!"

"Oh I'll be thankful for whatever place I'm allowed to serve you, and thank you Governess Ma'am!"

"Miss Amber... I know how loyal you are to me and although your expertise is in extreme sexual pleasuring and programming I'm promoting you to Miss Bunny's position as my new teacher of arts!"

"Thank you Governess Ma'am!" Miss Amber replied almost soldier like. "But will I also be pleasuring your guests as before?"

"Well where we're going there might not be too many guests as such, but should I be lucky to entertain, then yes of course my dear," Governess Agatha chuckled as she saw the slight concern on Amber's face, "I know how much you enjoy that little task!"

"Oh thank you Governess Ma'am!" Amber replied relieved.

"Ok girls, it's time to for us to pack things up and get Mr Gable to the infirmary ready for his operation, a trained mid-wife is accompanying the Mother Superior and she'll want to proceed instantly!" Governess Agatha relayed the last of her commands at the newly formed Convent of Dolan. "So Miss Bunny I'll bid you farewell my dear and I wish you all the best in your new position!"

As her three teachers helped a very traumatised Alvin Gable to his feet and then escorted him out of the room, Governess Agatha called Petal over to her

"Governess Ma'am?"

"Petal your Grandmother will be here shortly and the freedom you've enjoyed since joining us will come to an end I fear," Agatha spoke solemnly and honestly.

"But surely my Grandmother will allow me to have the same freedoms as you have allowed Governess Ma'am?" Petal sounded a bit surprised.

"Petal she is not as you remember her... She's now a high ranking matriarch just like me," Agatha tried to explain the change of personality that her grandmother now had.

"Am I not going to be one of her head nuns?"

"You are a nun and unfortunately that is all she'll see you as!" Agatha tried hard to find the words to explain what type of response Petal would receive from her own Grandmother.

"But she's my Grandmother and she always had time for me when I was a young man?" Petal still did not understand what the Governess was trying to tell her, "Surely she would welcome the news that I'm a girl now and I'm working alongside her here?"

"Petal you've got to understand that your relationship with your Grandmother will count for nothing anymore, she is not the frail old kind lady you used to love!"

"Then what is she?" Petal enquired.

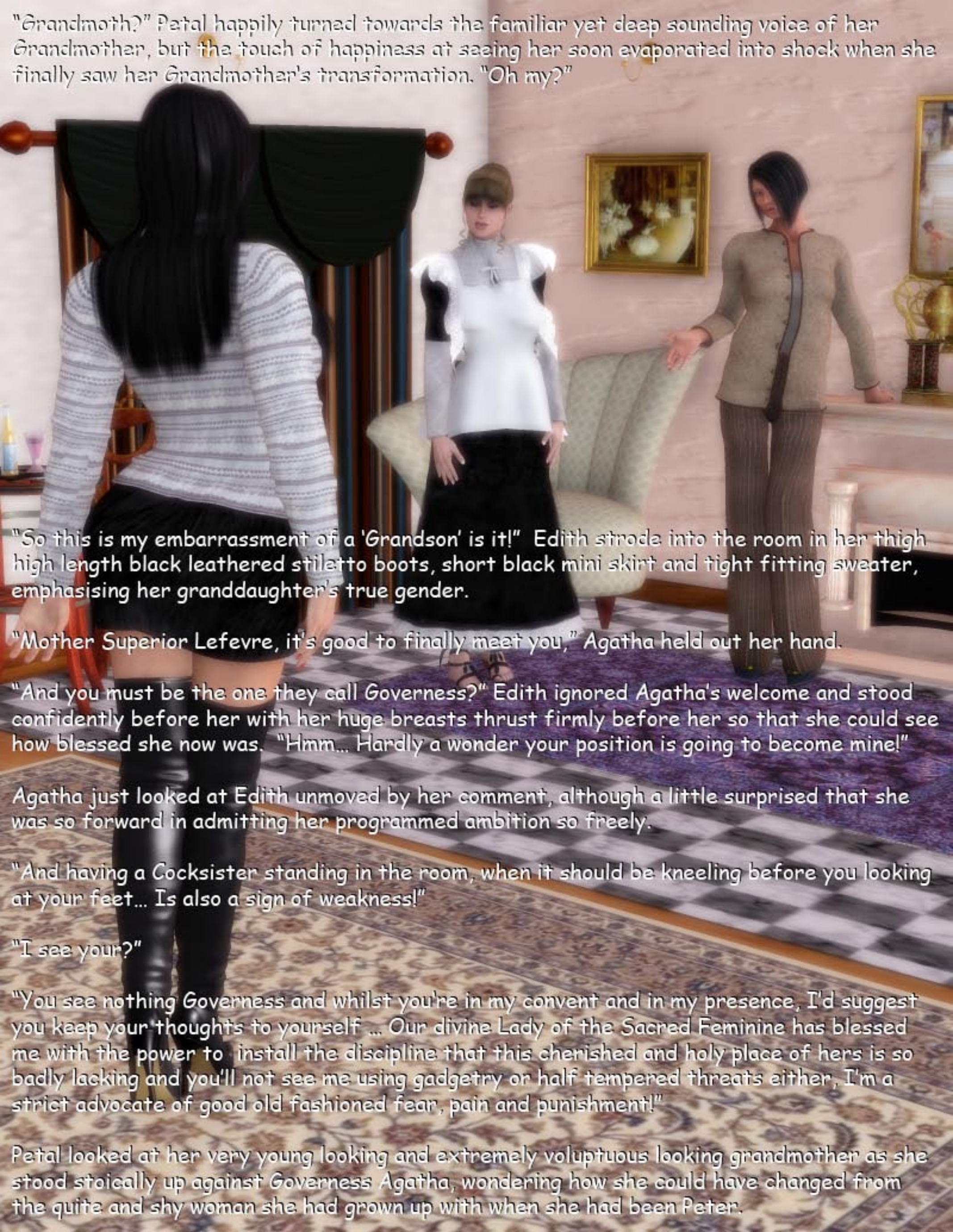
"She's a very beautiful and very alluring woman now, her body has changed like yours has, but her mind has changed along with it... She'll not spare you a thought nor will she think twice about punishing you for the slightest misdemeanour and with you being her Grand-daughter, I'm afraid she'll use you as an example to your other Sisters here in the convent!"

"But Lady Dolan, couldn't she explain to her how helpful I've been in Sister Honey's, Sister Pansy's and Sister Daisy's transformations?" Petal replied still unsure as to what Governess Agatha was explaining about her Grandmother's changes.

"Oh Petal... Your Grandmother is a completely different person now," Agatha looked sadly into Petal's eyes, "She is as I've said, a high ranking matriarch like me and Lady Dolan, will have no jurisdiction over what goes on this convent... Your Grandmother is?"

"Is what?" a very angry sounding voice bellowed from the doorway.

"Grandmoth?" Petal happily turned towards the familiar yet deep sounding voice of her Grandmother, but the touch of happiness at seeing her soon evaporated into shock when she finally saw her Grandmother's transformation. "Oh my?"



"So this is my embarrassment of a 'Grandson' is it!" Edith strode into the room in her thigh high length black leathered stiletto boots, short black mini skirt and tight fitting sweater, emphasising her granddaughter's true gender.

"Mother Superior Lefevre, it's good to finally meet you," Agatha held out her hand.

"And you must be the one they call Governess?" Edith ignored Agatha's welcome and stood confidently before her with her huge breasts thrust firmly before her so that she could see how blessed she now was. "Hmm... Hardly a wonder your position is going to become mine!"

Agatha just looked at Edith unmoved by her comment, although a little surprised that she was so forward in admitting her programmed ambition so freely.

"And having a Cocksister standing in the room, when it should be kneeling before you looking at your feet... Is also a sign of weakness!"

"I see your?"

"You see nothing Governess and whilst you're in my convent and in my presence, I'd suggest you keep your thoughts to yourself ... Our divine Lady of the Sacred Feminine has blessed me with the power to install the discipline that this cherished and holy place of hers is so badly lacking and you'll not see me using gadgetry or half tempered threats either, I'm a strict advocate of good old fashioned fear, pain and punishment!"

Petal looked at her very young looking and extremely voluptuous looking grandmother as she stood stoically up against Governess Agatha, wondering how she could have changed from the quite and shy woman she had grown up with when she had been Peter.

And who do you think you're looking at slut!" Edith's anger then turned to her granddaughter.

"But Grandmother?"

"Granddaughter or not... I'll not succumb to the weakness of your type, like so many others within our sacred order have done... And don't expect me to show you any favouritism either you're just an ordinary worthless nun here to do my bidding and our Sacred Lady's... Do I make myself clear?"

Petal looked to Governess Agatha and then back to her Grandmother, wondering if what she was witnessing was just a joke that they were playing out on her.

"She's in no capacity to help you, so before I have you whipped for disobedience I suggest you get your sissy ass out of my sight until I call for you!"

"Grand?"

"Sister Petal isn't it?" Edith sneered as she looked her granddaughter up and down.

"Errr... Yes... Errrrr... Yes it is Mother Superior," Petal replied shakily.

"Well Sister Petal I don't recall inviting you to stand before me," Edith's eyes narrowed as her programmed hatred for shemales came to the fore, "So until I do... I'd suggest... YOU FUCK OFF OUT OF MY SIGHT!" she growled at her former grandson. "HORRID... HORRID CREATURE!"

Petal's eyes began to water as she saw the venom in her rejuvenated Grandmother's face.

"And you'd better not spill any tears in my presence either!"

"Errr... Yes Moth... Mother Superior," Petal curtseyed awkwardly as the true realisation of what her grandmother had become finally hit home.

"It's Mother Superior Mademoiselle Lefevre Ma'am in future!" Edith huffed as Petal's body hastily made a retreat out of the room. "AND I WANT TO SEE YOU DRESSED AS YOUR SUPPOSED TO BE DRESSED... LIKE A FUCKIN'NUN!"

"Yes... Yes... Yes of course Mother Superior Mademoiselle Lefevre Ma'am," Petal managed to hold onto her tears just long enough to be out of her Grandmother's sight.

"So this is the type of ill-mannered creatures you breed is it?" Edith scythed into Agatha.

"Well I see we're not going to see eye to eye Mrs Lefevre!" Agatha deliberately dropped her new title from her name.

"You were not blessed by the Lady as I was and from the way you had a Cocksister talking on equal terms with you then I'd say you've fallen out of favour with her too!"

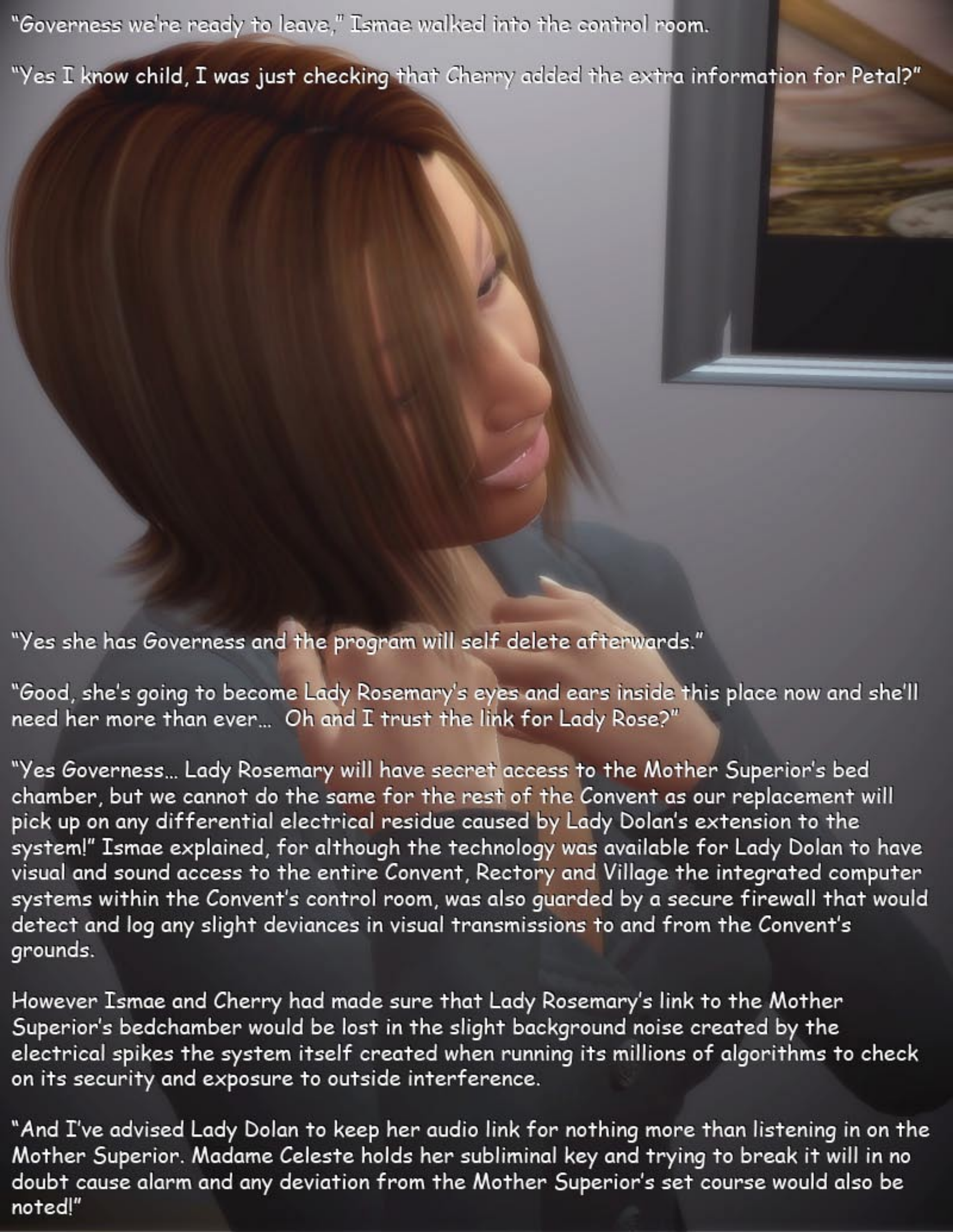
Agatha looked at Edith Lefevre as she stood menacingly before her, the rhetoric she was spouting causing her to realise that Madame Celeste's sudden interest in developing a new religious front for their organisation was not just a passing phase, but was indeed as serious as Madame Grace and her allies had originally assumed and as the transformed former old widow had so eloquently told her, she had been created by Celeste for the sole purpose of replacing her in the near future.

"Well before you start trying to belittle me before our divine Lady and in her sacred halls Mrs Lefevre, I'll care to remind you that you've not yet performed any credible miracles worthy of her attention such as I," Governess Agatha bit back, "And you'll do well to remember that it was me that oversaw the creation of your nuns, whom I hasten to add are all knowledgeable in the chapters of our blessed book's workings and ethics, and as the divine scriptures within our wonderful book so clearly remind us, the Sacred Lady of the Feminine accepts not only the likes of all genetic females like you and me, but she also accepts all the Cocksister's we create in her name... And you'll do well to remember that too!"

"For now Governess... For now!" Edith grunted as she looked her adversary and leader of the organisation's religious wing that she was being groomed to replace, up and down.

A remark that made Agatha realise just how dangerous Edith could and would become.

"Anyway I'd love to stay and chat with you Mrs Lefevre, but I've another chapter to add to our congregation so I'll bid you farewell!" Governess Agatha calmly eased her way passed Edith, "The place is yours my dear and enjoy it while you can!" she left the newly installed Mother Superior and Abbess of Dolan to her new domain, however, before she made her exit from the rectory she made her way down to the empty control room, where she sat behind her desk for the last time..



"Governess we're ready to leave," Ismae walked into the control room.

"Yes I know child, I was just checking that Cherry added the extra information for Petal?"

"Yes she has Governess and the program will self delete afterwards."

"Good, she's going to become Lady Rosemary's eyes and ears inside this place now and she'll need her more than ever... Oh and I trust the link for Lady Rose?"

"Yes Governess... Lady Rosemary will have secret access to the Mother Superior's bed chamber, but we cannot do the same for the rest of the Convent as our replacement will pick up on any differential electrical residue caused by Lady Dolan's extension to the system!" Ismae explained, for although the technology was available for Lady Dolan to have visual and sound access to the entire Convent, Rectory and Village the integrated computer systems within the Convent's control room, was also guarded by a secure firewall that would detect and log any slight deviances in visual transmissions to and from the Convent's grounds.

However Ismae and Cherry had made sure that Lady Rosemary's link to the Mother Superior's bedchamber would be lost in the slight background noise created by the electrical spikes the system itself created when running its millions of algorithms to check on its security and exposure to outside interference.

"And I've advised Lady Dolan to keep her audio link for nothing more than listening in on the Mother Superior. Madame Celeste holds her subliminal key and trying to break it will in no doubt cause alarm and any deviation from the Mother Superior's set course would also be noted!"

"Yes of course, Rosemary's role here in Dolan is understandably a little superfluous and she will only be required to open the minds of the delinquents sent here to persuasion and we can ill afford any suspicion towards Rosemary's activities nor risk exposing the dormant skills the Mother Superior's granddaughter has either," Agatha sighed despairingly, for despite Madame Grace wanting Celeste to be exposed for what she was to her mother, the future of Cresswell's organisation was still very much in Lady Melissa's adopted daughter's hands and that meant that Governess Agatha would have to endure the slow eradication of her own powers within the organisation.

"Forgive me for asking Governess, but how long do you foresee our Trojan horse being locked down?"

"Anything between six to ten months!" Agatha shook her head solemnly, "Perhaps even longer!"

"But Governess won't that mean?"

"Yes Ismae I'm afraid it does... Celeste will have me retired to one of her correctional facilities at the Farm overseeing our new religious doctrines to the young initiates," she shook her head. "That nasty little incident concerning that awful young boy a few months back has always given her fuel to have me removed and now that she has carved a niche for herself in our religious chapter my days are numbered.

"But Governess, surely her Ladyship Melissa will stop Madame Celeste retiring you?"

"Ismae Celeste handed me the bait and I foolishly took it... I succumbed to the temptation of being young when I should've stayed true to my age," Agatha reflected on her decision to reverse her age with the drugs and technology available, "And... I'm afraid that this decision has disappointed Lady Melissa very much... And now that Celeste has created in Edith Lefevre a real genuine religious zealot, I cannot compete on such a level!"

"Then you'll just become a teacher again?"

"Yes basically that's all I'll be... But if all fares well here, then I'll be back doing what I love to do!"

"Oh yes Governess I do hope so!" Ismae smiled as she held back her tears for her beloved Matriarch.

"So!" Governess Agatha smiled up at Ismae, , "Lets get going shall we Ismae!"

"Yes Governess I've loaded all of your belongings and Cherry is waiting for us," Ismae replied.

"Good," Agatha sighed as she considered her bleak looking future, however she knew that the entire operation that had been put into place this past month or so had been for this very moment and despite Lady Melissa's ignorance to the dangers that religious orders can harbour, Celeste had completely blinded her to the truth, by using existing historical religions as the basis to prove that hastening advances within a strict religious doctrine will in itself create a much stronger society, however Celeste omitted the fact that these proven templates of religious power building were also used as a tool to install fear and obedience amongst its followers. "Well Ismae... We've done all we can do so its down to Lady Rosemary to carry on our work!"

"Yes Governess, I'm sure Madam Grace has chosen wisely!"

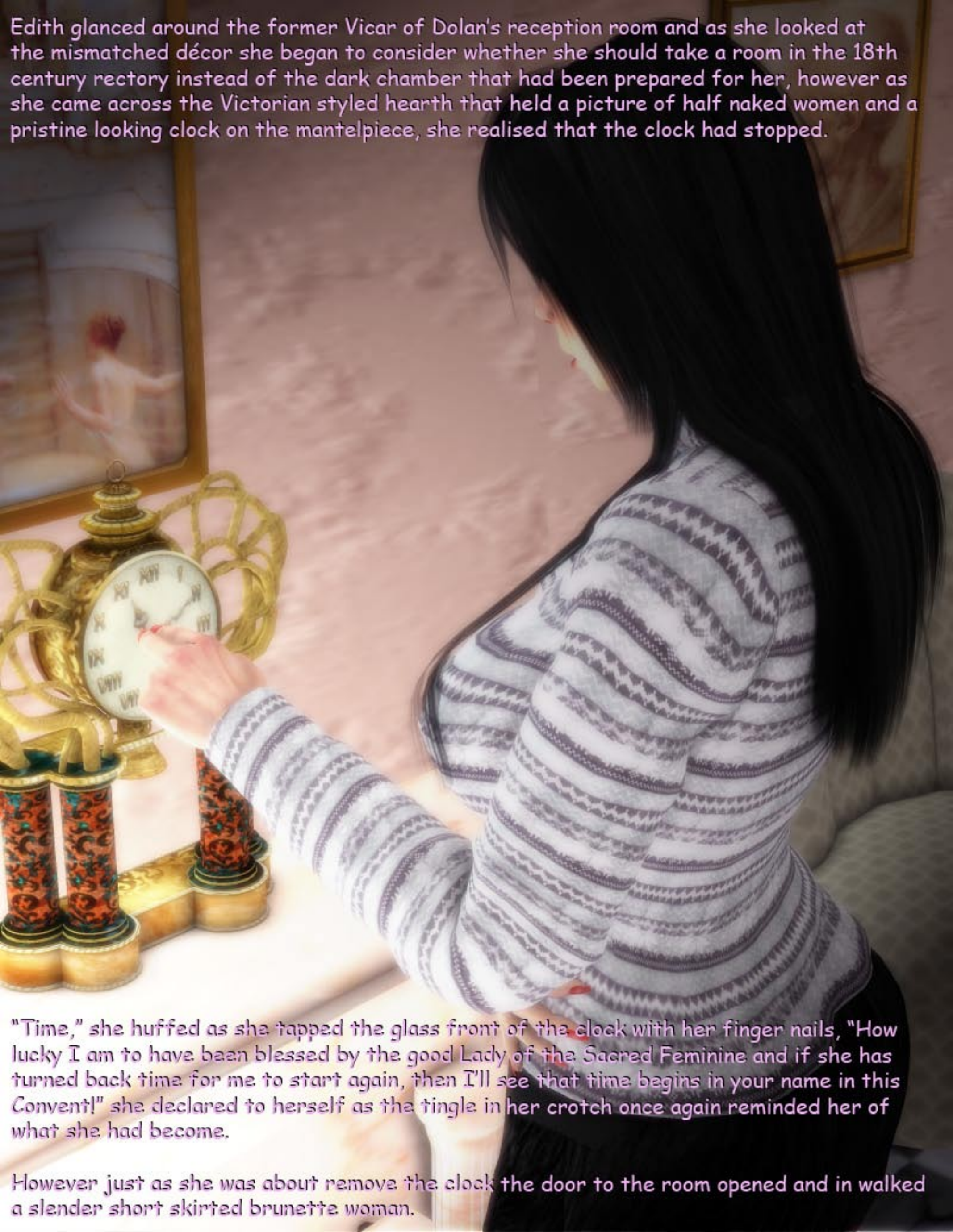
"Yes she has Ismae... Indeed she has!"

Making her way out of the newly created Convent, Governess Agatha afford herself a smile, despite knowing that Celeste was going to have her relieved of her title and position in the next couple of months, she knew that the coming year was going to see a lot of other changes sweeping through Cresswell's entire structure and the fact that her allies within Cresswell's had fortunately had the foresight to see the changes, she sought solace in the fact that Madame Grace had cleverly positioned one of her own trusted people firmly in the middle of what Madame Celeste presumed was her own secret and very own private project - The Convent and village of Dolan.

Chapter 32

Time

Story Postwork and Concept by
Keshara ©Lorien2009



Edith glanced around the former Vicar of Dolan's reception room and as she looked at the mismatched décor she began to consider whether she should take a room in the 18th century rectory instead of the dark chamber that had been prepared for her, however as she came across the Victorian styled hearth that held a picture of half naked women and a pristine looking clock on the mantelpiece, she realised that the clock had stopped.

"Time," she huffed as she tapped the glass front of the clock with her finger nails, "How lucky I am to have been blessed by the good Lady of the Sacred Feminine and if she has turned back time for me to start again, then I'll see that time begins in your name in this Convent!" she declared to herself as the tingle in her crotch once again reminded her of what she had become.

However just as she was about remove the clock the door to the room opened and in walked a slender short skirted brunette woman.

"Mother Superior Lefevre it's indeed an honour to be in your presence!" Harriet Gable made the new Abbess of Dolan or Mother Superior, as she would always be called when inside the Convent, welcomed as she walked into the music room.

"And who are you?"

"I'm Harriet... Harriet Gable... A disciple of our Lady of the Sacred Feminine Mother Superior, as are all of my offspring!" Harriet smiled.

"And I'm supposed to be impressed by this?"

"Well Mother Superior Lefevre I hope you don't mind me for being a little forward, but I would assume that your journey has been a little arduous?"

"And if it has?"

"Well I've got a wonderful little creature ready to be initiated into our coven, and she's locked away in one of the rectory bedrooms!"

"You do do you?" Edith's interest piqued.

"And I'm sure you'd like to take the frustrations of your journey out on her, whilst converting her to our religion of course?"

"And what exactly will I owe you for such a favour?" Edith was quick to respond.

Harriet snapped her fingers and a dark haired girl wearing a habit stepped into the room.

"This is my daughter Sister Daisy, she's one of your nuns... And I believe she'll be an asset to your future work here!" Harriet snapped her fingers again for Daisy to curtsey before her Mother Superior.

"And why would I want to show favour to any of my nuns?"

"I think you'll find that Sister Daisy here has been blessed by our good lady in more ways than her other Sisters!" Harriet grinned, "Show your Mother Superior sweetheart!"

"Yes Mother!" Sister Daisy lifted her habit to reveal her very impressive cock, which swayed slightly as it hung down from her crotch, its length still encased in the metal casing she had been given when she had first been shown the errors of her ways.

"I think you'll find that this gem will serve you better than anything else those other sluts can offer, including your Granddaughter, if you'll excuse my words Mother Superior Lefevre!"

"Hmmm very impressive," Edith looked at Sister Daisy's very impressive penis, "And has it been put to use?"

"Sister Petal has been craving it since my initiation into your order Mother Superior Ma'am," Sister Daisy made her case for special dispensations known.

"Hmmm I see... Well the slut has angered me, but I want to brandish my own punishment on her, but I'll definitely bare your appendage in mind for future reference my dear!"

"Thank you Mother Superior Lefevre Ma'am," Sister Daisy smiled graciously.

"Hmm well done Mrs Gable I like the way you think... Very good of you to bring your daughter's exceptional gift to my attention," Edith smiled wickedly, "Now back to this young creature that you say is in need of guidance?"

"Oh she's waiting for you Mother Superior Lefevre and please don't hold back she's quite worthy of everything you do to her!" Harriet smiled wickedly.

"You seem to have reason for this creature's conversion?" Edith looked Harriet over with intrigue.

"It's all just Mother Superior Lefevre Ma'am," Harriet smiled back.

"Very well... But I'll have to slip into something more appropriate when I pay this misguided creature a visit!" Edith replied as she looked from mother to daughter, "However the next time I do clasp eyes on your daughter Mrs Gable I expect her to be dressed fully... She is after all one of my nuns!"

"Oh yes Mother Superior Lefevre Ma'am!" Harriet acknowledged Edith, "Sister Daisy you heard your Mother Superior... Now leave her presence and get dressed!"

"Yes Mother... Mother Superior Lefevre Ma'am," Sister Daisy bowed and was ready to quickly scurry out of the room when Edith stopped her.

"And Sister Daisy... You'll do well to address me as Mother Superior Mademoiselle Lefevre in future... And make sure your other sisters are aware of this my favoured Nun!"

"Oh yes Mother Superior Mademoiselle Lefevre Ma'am I will!" she hurriedly made her way out of the room.

"Oh bless you Mother Superior Mademoiselle Lefevre!" Harriet smiled happily, knowing that her daughter now carried favour with her.

"You may drop the Mademoiselle from my title, that'll be for my nuns and lesser people to use my dear Harriet!"

"Yes... Yes of course Mother Superior Lefevre!" Harriet smiled.

"Excellent Mrs Gable," Edith moved closer to Harriet, "May I ask if you'll be staying in Dolan?"

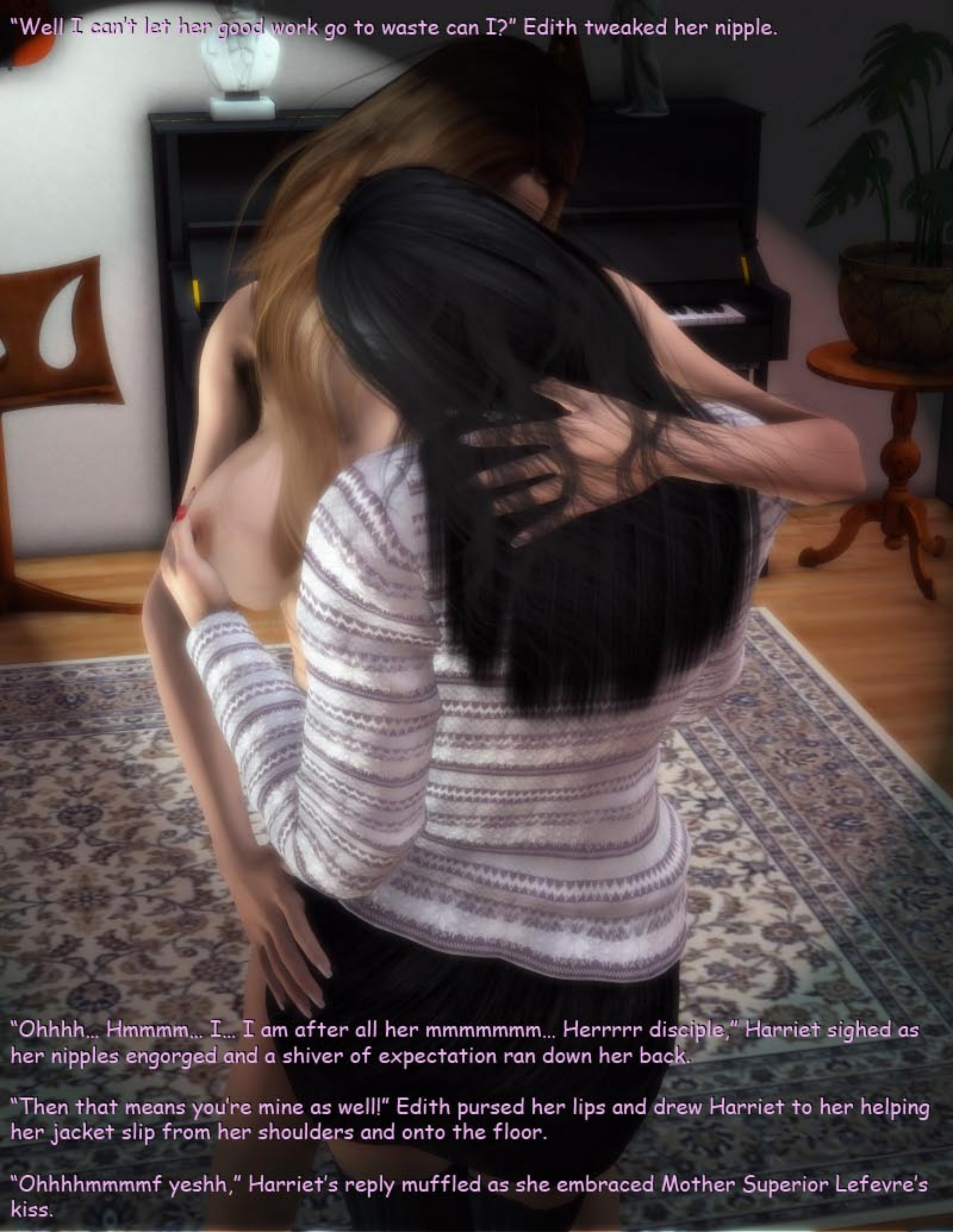
"I have the good Lady's work to do in the city I'm afraid Mother Superior Lefevre Ma'am," Harriet replied.

"Hmmm I see," Edith reached out towards Harriet's jacket and began to unbutton it.

"But Mother Superior Lefevre Ma'am I?" Harriet looked into her eyes as her breasts fell out of her jacket.

"Your daughter is not the only one who has been blessed by our Lady," Edith began to knead Harriet's breasts, "And from what I can feel in my hand, she has blessed you well my dear!"

"Ohh?" Harriet was caught completely by surprise, "Mother Superior?"



"Well I can't let her good work go to waste can I?" Edith tweaked her nipple.

"Ohhhh... Hmmmm... I... I am after all her mmmmmmm... Herrrrr disciple," Harriet sighed as her nipples engorged and a shiver of expectation ran down her back.

"Then that means you're mine as well!" Edith pursed her lips and drew Harriet to her helping her jacket slip from her shoulders and onto the floor.

"Ohhhhmmmmf yeshh," Harriet's reply muffled as she embraced Mother Superior Lefevre's kiss.

Although Governess Agatha was ready to leave Dolan behind for good, she instructed her driver to take her to the Dolan mansion and while Ismae and Cherry waited in the limousine, her visit was eagerly welcomed by Lady Dolan.

"Exceptional work my dear?" Governess Agatha commended Lady Dolan as they watched Harriet and the new Mother Superior making love on the floor of the music room. "You've created a masterpiece in Mrs Gable!"

"Thank you Governess, it was the only way to ensure that our Petal is not forefront in her grandmother's thoughts and a fellow disciple to distract her was the only way," Lady Rosemary replied.

"Yes and hopefully the incentive of having Harriet's husband's girlfriend to punish will lessen the punishment she wishes to inflict on our Petal!" Governess Agatha agreed, "Although I fear that you'll not be able to keep her from her Grandmother's thoughts for very long."

"Yes Governess I... I know," Lady Rosemary could only nod in agreement.

"Also today will be your last visual connection to the Convent and rectory's network of cameras, for Celeste's people will be arriving tomorrow and they will instantly begin checking that there are no outside connections!" Agatha reminded Lady Dolan.

"Yes of course Governess, Cherry informed me this morning that after today I would only have an audio connection to Edith's bedchamber and to reduce static residue I am to keep the link to listening only," she switched off the screen.

"Good!" Agatha smiled warmly, "Now, getting back to the Gables, I must say you've worked wonders positioning Harriet's daughter well within Edith's sights, it may well loosen the ties for Petal's eventual move into your home, although it's going to be hard to influence this new Mother Superior into loosing her granddaughter, but if all goes well she'll have no choice!"

"And how do you plan on getting Edith to sever her ties with Petal?"

"There's a special ceremony that I have had put into place at all of our correctional facilities and it's an occasion that has been sanctioned by Lady Melissa and one that our new Mother Superior will have to enforce here too!" Agatha smiled broadly as she thought about the special occasion she held for all of her transformed girls.

"Occasion?" Lady Rosemary looked puzzled.

"Yes it's usually a quarterly event, but since the advancements in our gender technology it may now become a monthly event," Governess Agatha's eyes narrowed with excitement. "It's a special little ceremony that we call... The Point!"

"The Point?"

"Yes however, I would hate to spoil the surprise of the occasion for you so I'm afraid you'll have to wait until our dear Mother Superior invites you to the event and from the warped mind she has, she'll be delighted for you to witness it too," Agatha chuckled, "She'll be absolutely ecstatic to see all of her nuns go through The Point, but when her granddaughter fails to pass it… She'll have no choice but to throw her out!"

"But how can you be sure that she'll allow her to leave even if Petal does not pass this ceremony?"

"Celeste has virtually seen to that problem with Edith's programming and it's because of her overt religious programming that she'll have no option than to have Petal removed from her flock in disgrace!"

"My husband is looking forward to having Petal live with us," Lady Rosemary smiled, as she too was looking forward to having her protégé living under her wing.

"As long as he knows that she is a free spirit when in his service?" Governess Agatha's voice turned a little serious, "Madame Grace does not-"

"Oh Governess Agatha, my husband is completely under my command he'll," Lady Rosemary interrupted Agatha's concern, "desire her but that's all!"

"That's good Lady Rosemary, I… Well I share the same concerns as Madame Grace!" Agatha replied.

"So when will I be expected to take back control of the village?" Lady Rosemary enquired further changing the subject.

"Ahh good point my dear, and from what I understand the village's security will still be down to you, so in a way you'll still have control over it inhabitants, but the Convent is out of your jurisdiction and I'm afraid to say it is now the central hub of the operation here in Dolan, so any commands sent out of it you must always obey… There's a lot of groundwork to be done on our side and Madame Grace wants Celeste to believe that she is firmly in control of her project and that no one can compromise her!"

"But Edith is convinced she'll be replacing you very soon?"

"Not fully and especially not while Lady Melissa is at the helm my dear, and besides there's a lot of work to be done here and at other facilities before Celeste can make any moves to have me replaced permanently," Agatha replied, confident that Celeste's secret plans to remove her and all of Melissa Cresswell's favoured from their positions of authority and power, would be thwarted by their actions over the past few weeks here in Dolan, "And then Melissa can finally see the errors of her judgements concerning Celeste for the last time!"

Although Lady Dolan had an awful lot of questions she would still like answered, she knew that they would have to wait and as Governess Agatha wished her good luck and was preparing to leave her to the seclusion and safety of her husband's mansion, there was one last thing that Rosemary still had on her mind and had ever since the Governess had unlocked her desire to do.

"Err... Governess?" Lady Dolan sighed just as Agatha was about to leave.

"Lady Dolan?" the Governess turned.

"Please excuse me if I sound a little forward, but now that your tenure here is over, does this not make me your superior?" Lady Rosemary turned away from Agatha with a smile on her face.

"Well theoretically I suppose it does," Agatha sounded a little confused at Lady Dolan's question. "So why do you ask?"

"Then you would have to obey any commands I give you, theoretically of course?"

"Well I?" Agatha was most intrigued by Lady Dolan's question.

"Then I'm sure your driver wouldn't mind waiting a couple of hours?" Lady Rosemary's smile widened further.

"Are you..." Agatha moved up besides Lady Dolan. "Propositioning me?"

"Yes I am!" Lady Dolan smiled.

"But I'm?"

"Yes I know... But I am your superior am I not?"

"Well... Yes... Yes you are, but?"

"Then go and fetch Ismae and Cherry!" Lady Rosemary issued Agatha an order.

"Lady Rosemary are you turning the tables on me?" Agatha smiled.

"Yes I am... Now go and fetch your girls!" Lady Dolan ordered Governess Agatha.y see the errors of her judgements concerning Celeste for the last time!"

Lela sat despairingly on the bed with no idea as to the time or how long she had been held captive by her boyfriend's estranged wife and after many failed attempts of trying to kick open the locked door, she just could not make it budge and with just a mirror above the bed and a thick glass plated blacked out window, the strong bulb above her was the only source of light she had and all that could do was illuminate her fears further, for she was now at the mercy of Mrs Gable and the other equally crazy people of this so called Convent.

She had of course picked up the book and scoured several of the pages within it earlier, but her fear and her anger at being treated so roughly by Alvin's mad wife caused her attention towards the words to disintigrate, however as she tried to calm herself, she began to wonder if she'd ever see Alvin or any of her friends and family again and to make things even worse nobody knew where they were, not even Marvin the new secretary she had hired for Alvin, for he only knew that they were visiting Alvin's son's school that weekend and had no idea where it was either and as the sound of footsteps began to resound from the other side of the locked door, Lela's thoughts now centred on escape.

Unfortunately for Lela Barrow her thoughts on escape were about to be broken as the door unlocked and swung open to reveal a voluptuous raven headed woman wearing a black leathered bustier, tight fitting leathered hot pants and knee high leathered platform stiletto boots.

CRACK! The sound of a whip crashing against the wooden floor caused Lela to flinch transforming her gloom straight into fear.

"Wh... Who are?" she winced as the woman cracked the whip once again.

"Hmmm I can almost smell your insolence!" Edith grinned wickedly as she surveyed her first convert, "Now drop to your knees on the floor and beg the forgiveness of your Mother Superior and our Sacred Lady!"

"I err... Please?" Lela tried to plead. "AAAAAAAAGHHHHHHHH!"

CRACK! The whip tore into Lela's dress and bit her skin hard.

"ON YOUR KNEES SLUT... NOW!"

Lela did as she was told as she held the stinging bite mark of the whip on her abdomen.

"Pleeeeeez!"

CRRRRRRAAAAAKKKK Edith flicked her wrist again and the whip slammed into the floorboards causing Lela to twist away in fear.

"How dare a whore talk without permission!" Edith growled at the young woman, raising her arms.

CRRRRRAAAAAAAKKKKKKKKK! The whip crashed into the floor besides Lela once again.

"Now Miss Barrow... You're gonna pay for the sins you've made towards our beloved Sister Mrs Gable!" Edith growled down at the fear stricken young woman.

Lela turned slightly to face the woman however another crack of the whip besides where she was kneeling caused her to flinch and look away her body shivering from fear.

"That's better whore... And now that I've got you're attention, you'll do well in future to obey your Mother Superior!" Edith smiled wickedly as she looked down upon the fear ridden blonde woman, "do you understand Miss Barrow?"

"YYYYYYessss!" Lela continued to face the floor her voice croaking with fear.

"Good... Now Slut... Face me!" Edith cracked the whip again, but this time behind her.

Lela slowly turned to face the woman who was calling herself Mother Superior.

"Hmmmm that's good?" Edith looked Lela over, "Now listen carefully Miss Barrow... You're not just gonna learn to obey me, but you're gonna learn to serve the Order of the Sacred Feminine!"

"Please Miss... Please let me go I won't?" Lela's need to plead once again surfaced, however this time the woman did not crack her whip, for she very harshly moved forward and grabbed a hold of her hair and pulled her up off the floor. "AAAAARGGHHH LET!"

"Wrong reply slut!" Edith growled as she yanked her convert up off the floor and growled angrily into her face.

Lela looked despairingly up into the Mother Superior's eyes.

"Now... Let me take a look at you!" Edith pulled the petrified woman to her feet.

Although the door was open and Lela could have made an attempt to escape the Mother Superior's hold was very strong and her presence exuded fear, a fear that not even a man had ever brandished upon her and Lela had met a few tough and violent men in her life, however this woman elicited something she had never experienced before in her life and as she released her grasp on her hair, she grabbed a hold of the shoulder strap of her dress and tore it from her.

"Hmmm now that's better and my word the shame of it... No panties either!" Edith was surprised to find that the woman was not wearing any underwear, "You really do have a way with men don't you and unblemished too... No piercing or definitive marks either, no wonder Mrs Gable's husband saw you as marriage material... Well I'm gonna make sure that no man will ever see you as that again!"

"Pleeee... Whaaaaaat'reeeee you gonna?" Lela could only plead as the Mother Superior's eyes narrowed.

However Lela's answer came in the shape of the Mother Superior's fingers suddenly being thrust into her vagina and then crudely begin to explore it.

"NNNNGHHHHH... Please... NNNNNARRRRRGHHHH?" Lela tried to plead as the woman's long finger nails dug deep into her un-salivated pussy.

"Now listen to me carefully slut... You belong to me and the Order of the Sacred Feminine and you will learn to worship me... You will also learn every word from our Sacred Book and when the Midwife is finished with castrating your boyfriend, she'll be in here to brand your pussy with my mark!"

Lela's voice crumpled as the realisation of what was going to happen to her dug deep into her fear.

Pulling her fingers as roughly as she had inserted them in Lela's pussy, Edith then pushed the woman onto the bed and cracked her whip once again.

"I will punish you if you fall out of line Miss Barrow... But I feel that you've already seen for yourself how powerful I am... And have seen that the good Lady of the Sacred Feminine has given me this body and the strength to do her work," Edith growled down at the petrified Lela Barrow, "You will become a disciple and you will obey mine and your Mistress Harriet's every command and you'll begin learning your new faith now... So pick the blessed book up and start reading!"

Lela glanced to where the Mother Superior's finger was pointing at the book she had briefly scoured earlier.

"And the next time you are before me you'll pleasure me... What will you do?"

"I... I err... Will err?"

Edith raised the whip.

"I'll pleasure you!" Lela blurted out.

"Mother Superior Mademoiselle Lefevre Ma'am!" Edith narrowed her eyes with contempt.

"Yes errr... Sorry... I will err... Pleasure you Mother Superior Mademoiselle Lefevre Ma'am!" Lela conformed to her new Mistress's commands.

"Good... Now read!"

"Yes... Yes Mother Superior Mademoiselle Lefevre Ma'am I will!" Lela scrambled to grab a hold of the book.

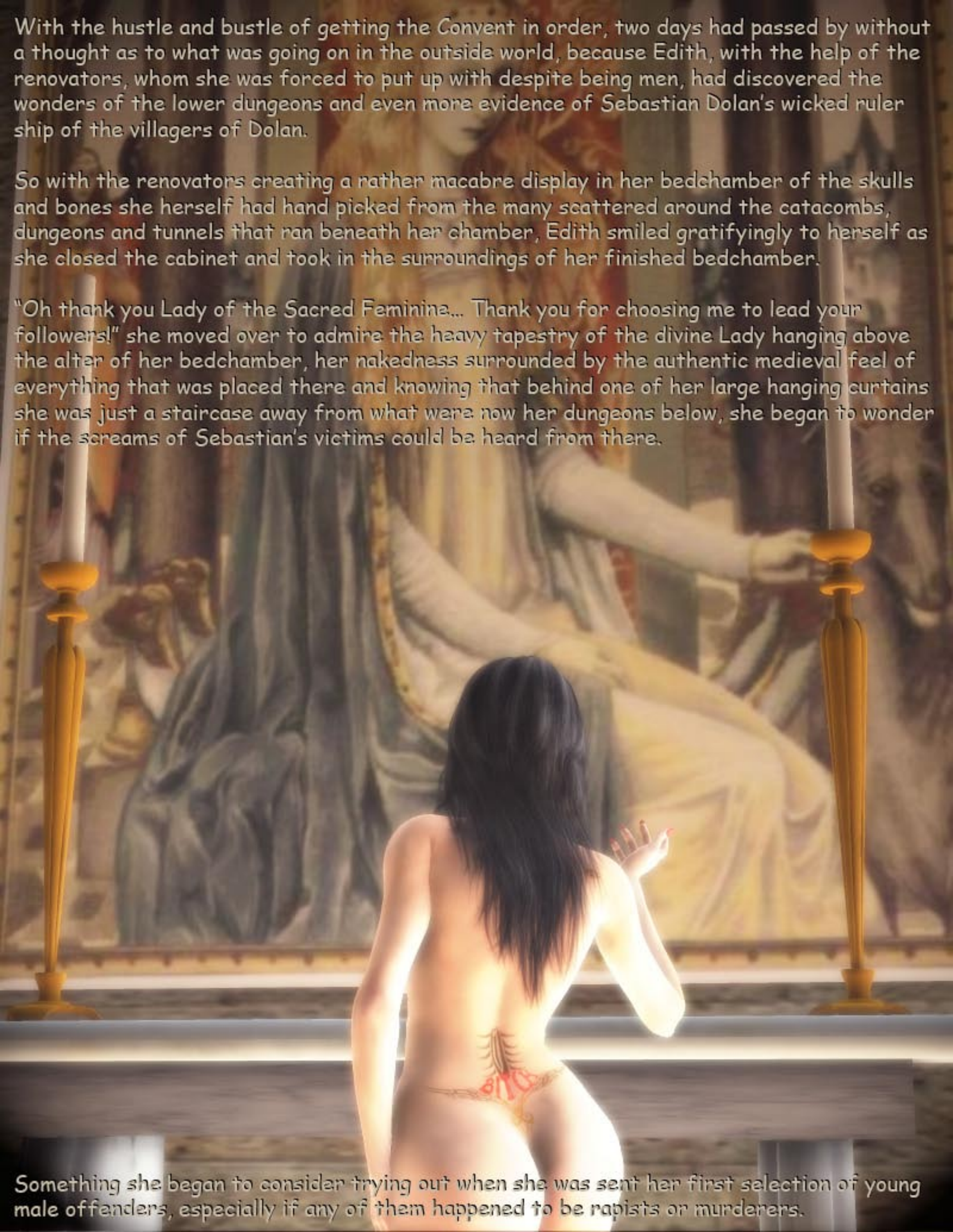
"And slut, whenever I or any of the Sisters come into this room, we'll expect to see you devouring every word in the book... In other words that book will always be in your hands open, and with you reading from it... Do you understand?"

"Yes Mother Superior Mademoiselle Lefevre Ma'am... I errr," Lela sniffed as she opened the book and tried to clear her watery eyes so she could see the written text of the book, "Understand Mother Superior Mademoiselle Lefevre Ma'am!"

Chapter 33

A Madness Takes Hold

Story Postwork and Concept by
Keshara ©Lorien2009

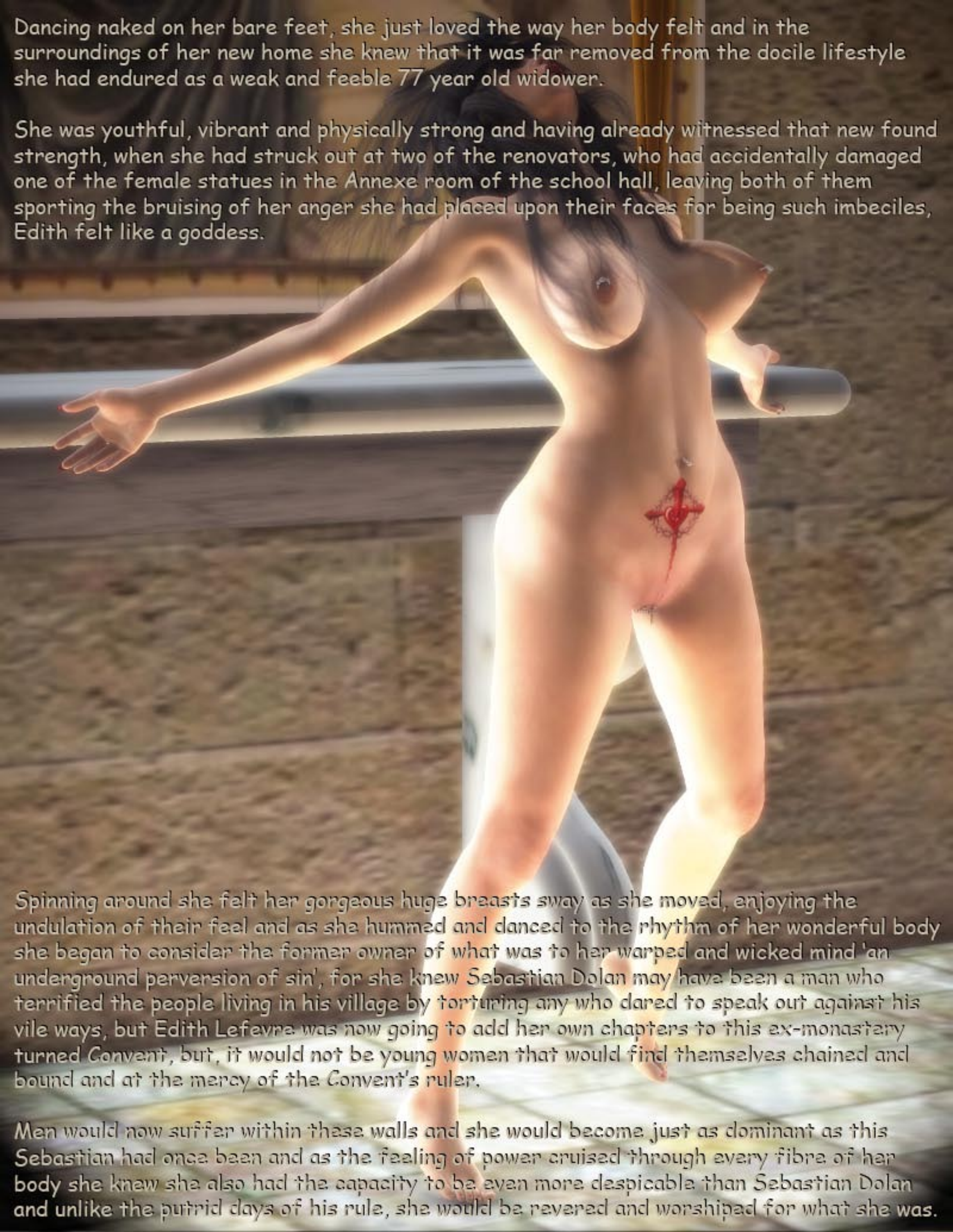


With the hustle and bustle of getting the Convent in order, two days had passed by without a thought as to what was going on in the outside world, because Edith, with the help of the renovators, whom she was forced to put up with despite being men, had discovered the wonders of the lower dungeons and even more evidence of Sebastian Dolan's wicked ruler ship of the villagers of Dolan.

So with the renovators creating a rather macabre display in her bedchamber of the skulls and bones she herself had hand picked from the many scattered around the catacombs, dungeons and tunnels that ran beneath her chamber, Edith smiled gratifyingly to herself as she closed the cabinet and took in the surroundings of her finished bedchamber.

"Oh thank you Lady of the Sacred Feminine... Thank you for choosing me to lead your followers!" she moved over to admire the heavy tapestry of the divine Lady hanging above the alter of her bedchamber, her nakedness surrounded by the authentic medieval feel of everything that was placed there and knowing that behind one of her large hanging curtains she was just a staircase away from what were now her dungeons below, she began to wonder if the screams of Sebastian's victims could be heard from there.

Something she began to consider trying out when she was sent her first selection of young male offenders, especially if any of them happened to be rapists or murderers.



Dancing naked on her bare feet, she just loved the way her body felt and in the surroundings of her new home she knew that it was far removed from the docile lifestyle she had endured as a weak and feeble 77 year old widower.

She was youthful, vibrant and physically strong and having already witnessed that new found strength, when she had struck out at two of the renovators, who had accidentally damaged one of the female statues in the Annexe room of the school hall, leaving both of them sporting the bruising of her anger she had placed upon their faces for being such imbeciles, Edith felt like a goddess.

Spinning around she felt her gorgeous huge breasts sway as she moved, enjoying the undulation of their feel and as she hummed and danced to the rhythm of her wonderful body she began to consider the former owner of what was to her warped and wicked mind 'an underground perversion of sin', for she knew Sebastian Dolan may have been a man who terrified the people living in his village by torturing any who dared to speak out against his vile ways, but Edith Lefevre was now going to add her own chapters to this ex-monastery turned Convent, but, it would not be young women that would find themselves chained and bound and at the mercy of the Convent's ruler.

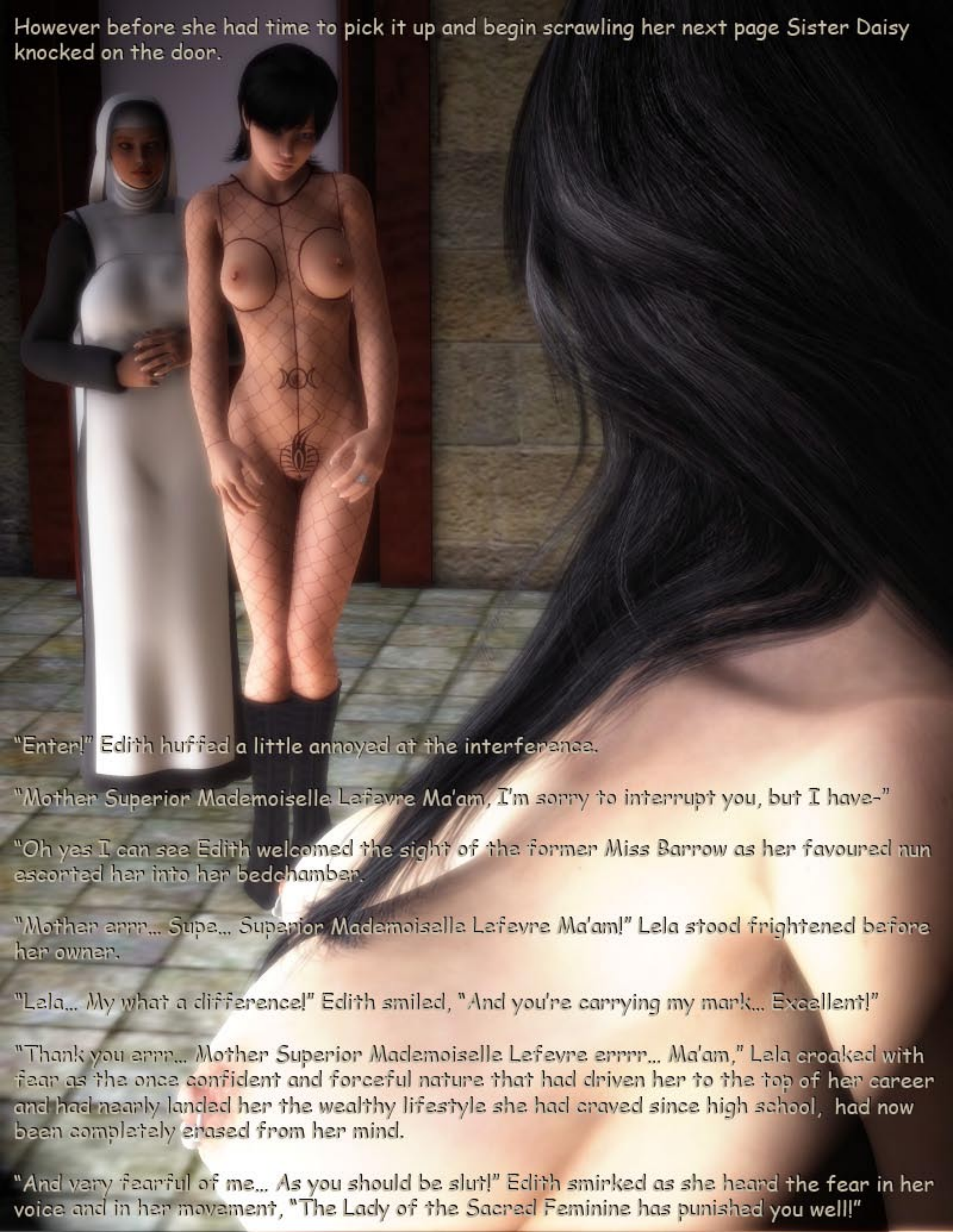
Men would now suffer within these walls and she would become just as dominant as this Sebastian had once been and as the feeling of power cruised through every fibre of her body she knew she also had the capacity to be even more despicable than Sebastian Dolan and unlike the putrid days of his rule, she would be revered and worshiped for what she was.

Moving over to a Demi Lune cabinet Edith continued to enjoy the sensations coursing through her body and as she came to a halt she recognised a book that someone had left lying upon it and as she glanced over the pages that were on display, she realised what it was.

"Oh my… I'd forgotten all about this?" she questioned herself as she looked at it. "Oh dear?" she chuckled as she saw the incoherent scribbling and continual use of the word 'Fuck'.

Despite Edith's cruelly programmed mind's need to dismiss what used to be her diary the hidden subliminal message that Lady Rosemary had placed deep within her psyche interpreted it as a message from the Sacred Lady herself.

"Yes I will continue to write down my thoughts and my doings!" Edith's body tingled with excitement.



However before she had time to pick it up and begin scrawling her next page Sister Daisy knocked on the door.

"Enter!" Edith huffed a little annoyed at the interference.

"Mother Superior Mademoiselle Lefevre Ma'am, I'm sorry to interrupt you, but I have-"

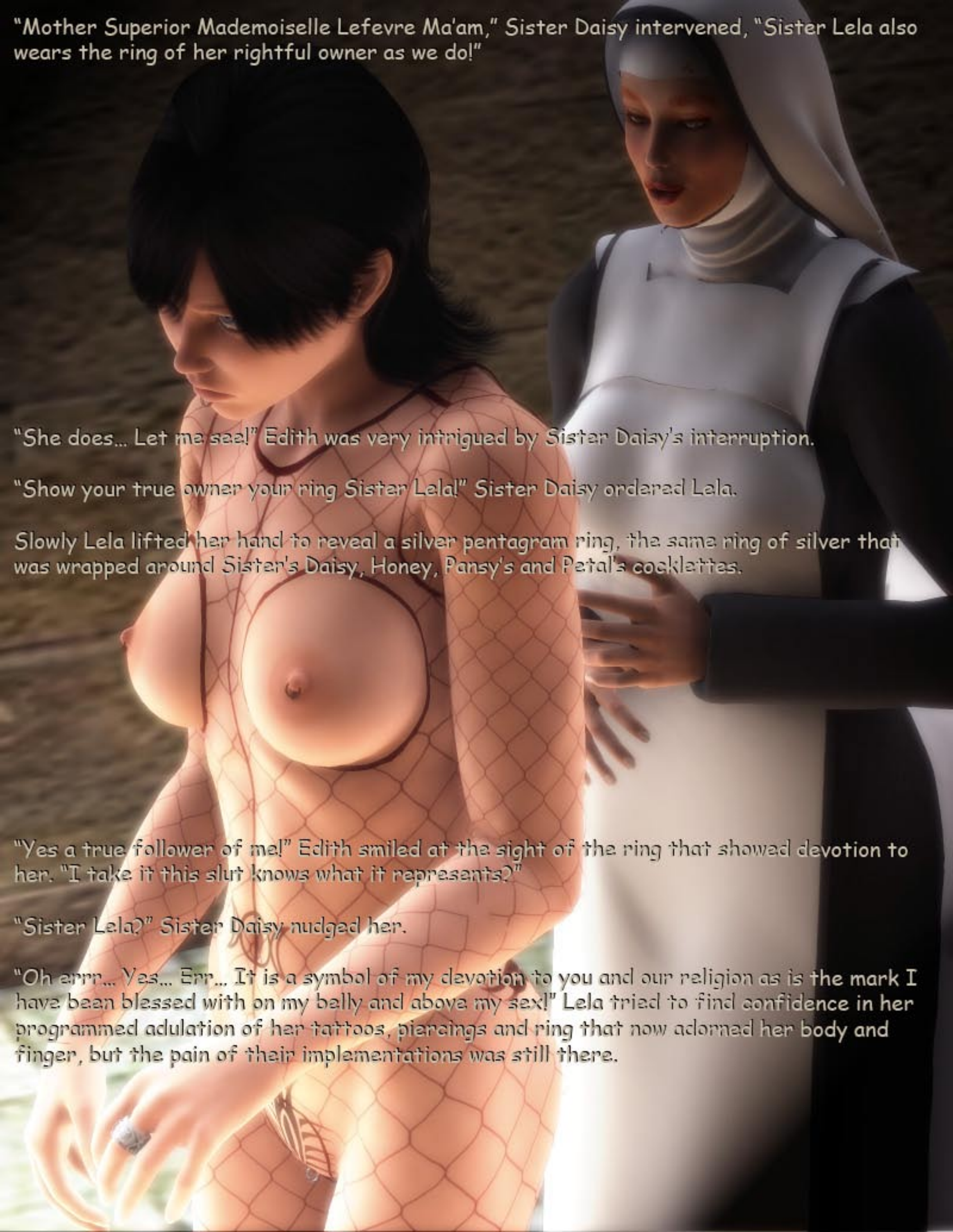
"Oh yes I can see Edith welcomed the sight of the former Miss Barrow as her favoured nun escorted her into her bedchamber.

"Mother arrr... Supe... Superior Mademoiselle Lefevre Ma'am!" Lela stood frightened before her owner.

"Lela... My what a difference!" Edith smiled, "And you're carrying my mark... Excellent!"

"Thank you arrr... Mother Superior Mademoiselle Lefevre arrrr... Ma'am," Lela croaked with fear as the once confident and forceful nature that had driven her to the top of her career and had nearly landed her the wealthy lifestyle she had craved since high school, had now been completely erased from her mind.

"And very fearful of me... As you should be slut!" Edith smirked as she heard the fear in her voice and in her movement, "The Lady of the Sacred Feminine has punished you well!"



"Mother Superior Mademoiselle Lefevre Ma'am," Sister Daisy intervened, "Sister Lela also wears the ring of her rightful owner as we do!"

"She does... Let me see!" Edith was very intrigued by Sister Daisy's interruption.

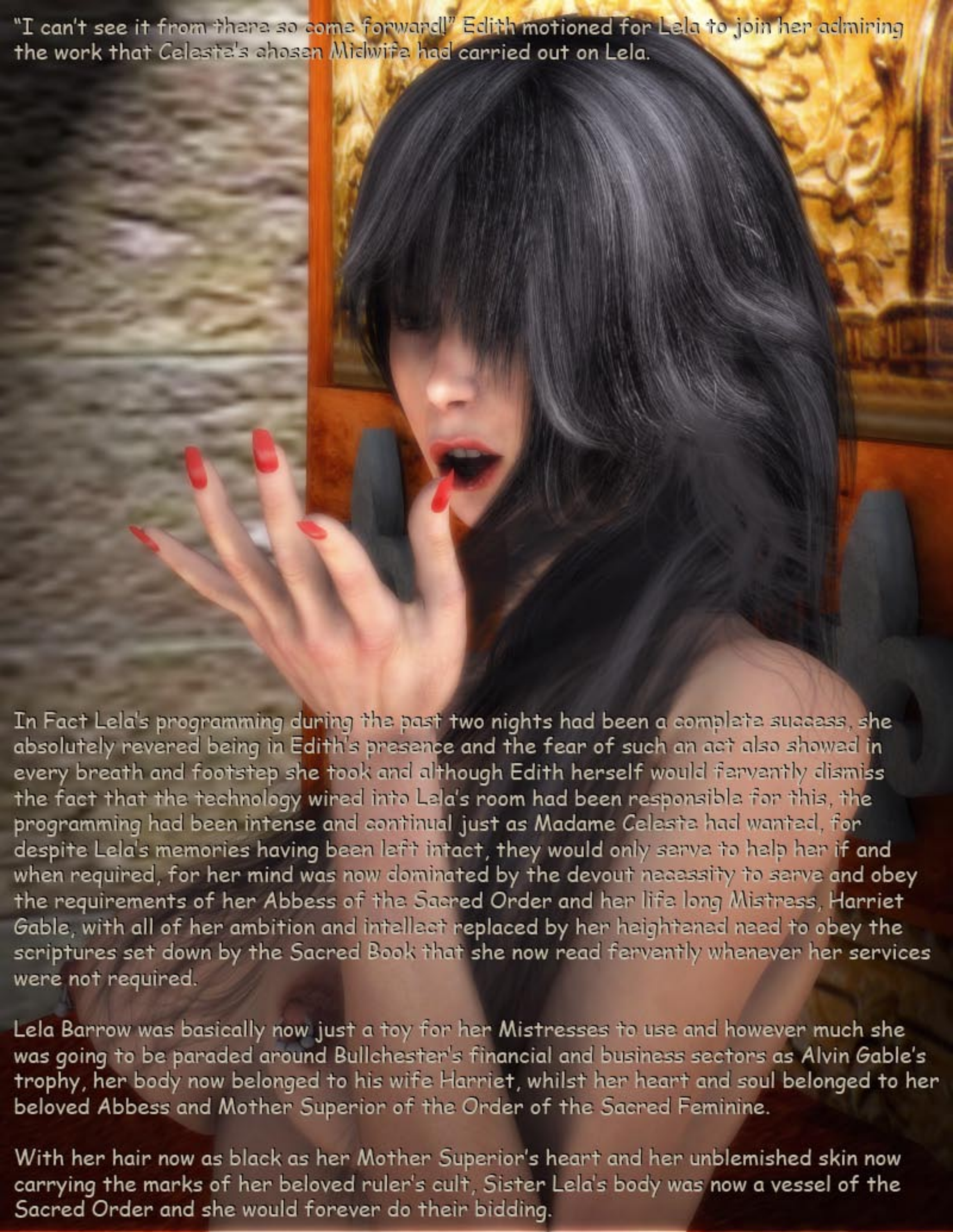
"Show your true owner your ring Sister Lela!" Sister Daisy ordered Lela.

Slowly Lela lifted her hand to reveal a silver pentagram ring, the same ring of silver that was wrapped around Sister's Daisy, Honey, Pansy's and Petal's cocklettes.

"Yes a true follower of me!" Edith smiled at the sight of the ring that showed devotion to her. "I take it this slut knows what it represents?"

"Sister Lela?" Sister Daisy nudged her.

"Oh errr... Yes... Err... It is a symbol of my devotion to you and our religion as is the mark I have been blessed with on my belly and above my sex!" Lela tried to find confidence in her programmed adulation of her tattoos, piercings and ring that now adorned her body and finger, but the pain of their implementations was still there.

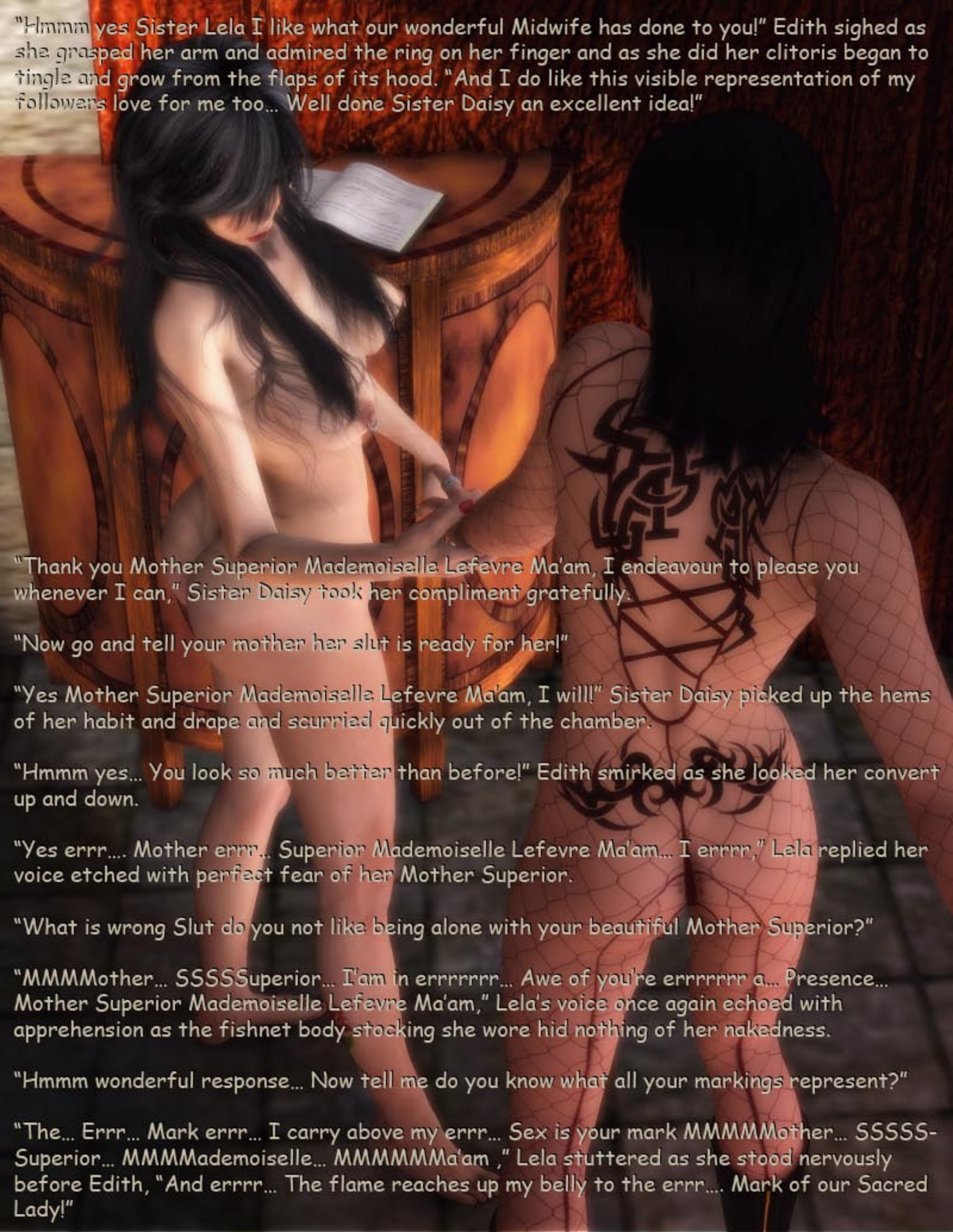


"I can't see it from there so come forward!" Edith motioned for Lela to join her admiring the work that Celeste's chosen Midwife had carried out on Lela.

In Fact Lela's programming during the past two nights had been a complete success, she absolutely revered being in Edith's presence and the fear of such an act also showed in every breath and footstep she took and although Edith herself would fervently dismiss the fact that the technology wired into Lela's room had been responsible for this, the programming had been intense and continual just as Madame Celeste had wanted, for despite Lela's memories having been left intact, they would only serve to help her if and when required, for her mind was now dominated by the devout necessity to serve and obey the requirements of her Abbess of the Sacred Order and her life long Mistress, Harriet Gable, with all of her ambition and intellect replaced by her heightened need to obey the scriptures set down by the Sacred Book that she now read fervently whenever her services were not required.

Lela Barrow was basically now just a toy for her Mistresses to use and however much she was going to be paraded around Bullchester's financial and business sectors as Alvin Gable's trophy, her body now belonged to his wife Harriet, whilst her heart and soul belonged to her beloved Abbess and Mother Superior of the Order of the Sacred Feminine.

With her hair now as black as her Mother Superior's heart and her unblemished skin now carrying the marks of her beloved ruler's cult, Sister Lela's body was now a vessel of the Sacred Order and she would forever do their bidding.



"Hmmm yes Sister Lela I like what our wonderful Midwife has done to you!" Edith sighed as she grasped her arm and admired the ring on her finger and as she did her clitoris began to tingle and grow from the flaps of its hood. "And I do like this visible representation of my followers love for me too... Well done Sister Daisy an excellent idea!"

"Thank you Mother Superior Mademoiselle Lefevre Ma'am, I endeavour to please you whenever I can," Sister Daisy took her compliment gratefully.

"Now go and tell your mother her slut is ready for her!"

"Yes Mother Superior Mademoiselle Lefevre Ma'am, I will!" Sister Daisy picked up the hems of her habit and drape and scurried quickly out of the chamber.

"Hmmm yes... You look so much better than before!" Edith smirked as she looked her convert up and down.

"Yes errr.... Mother errr... Superior Mademoiselle Lefevre Ma'am... I errrr," Lela replied her voice etched with perfect fear of her Mother Superior.

"What is wrong Slut do you not like being alone with your beautiful Mother Superior?"

"MMMMother... SSSSSuperior... I'am in errrrrrr... Awe of you're errrrrrr a... Presence... Mother Superior Mademoiselle Lefevre Ma'am," Lela's voice once again echoed with apprehension as the fishnet body stocking she wore hid nothing of her nakedness.

"Hmmm wonderful response... Now tell me do you know what all your markings represent?"

"The... Errr... Mark errr... I carry above my errr... Sex is your mark MMMMMother... SSSSS-Superior... MMMMademoiselle... MMMMMMa'am ," Lela stuttered as she stood nervously before Edith, "And errrr... The flame reaches up my belly to the errr.... Mark of our Sacred Lady!"

"Wonderful Miss Barrow now kneel before your Abbess and Mother Superior?" Edith smiled admiring the Sacred Feminine tattoo that rose up from the tip of her vagina arcing black flames across her belly right up to her navel where it ended in a circular mark depicting an earlier druistic representation of their goddess, while on her shoulder blades and upon the arc of her back, she now had the tribal markings of wings. "Now tell me why our Sacred Lady should bless you?"

"I… Errr… Wish for the Lady of the Sacred Feminine to show mercy on me for taking another of her disciples husband's for a lover," she began to recite what the kind Sister Pansy had told her to say. "I must be errr… Punished for my errrr… Errors and I must obey the commands of my Mistress!"

"And who is your Mistress?" Edith caressed the frightened Lela's head.

"Mrs Harriet Gable Mother Superior Mademoiselle Lefevre Ma'am," Lela replied desperately holding back her tears, for her body until today had never carried any tattoos and the only places she had piercings were her ears, however now her lip, nipples and labia all carried them.

"Excellent!" Edith scowled as she slapped the former girlfriend of Harriet's husband's face hard, "That was for the sin of allowing a man to desecrate your body with his sweat!"

"Thank you errr... Mother Superior Mademoiselle errrr... Lefevre Ma'am!" Lela accepted the slap.

"And so you should be... Now for your penance you will worship you're Mother Superior's chalice!"

Lela's eyes dropped to the dangling cross hanging from her Mother Superior's pierced clitoris and with absolute adulation threw her head forward and began to kiss and lick at her Mother Superior's red crossed blood tattooed belly and then down into the folds of her revered vagina, while her hands kneaded and squeezed her huge breasts.

"Ohhhhh fuck yesssss!" Edith trembled with ecstasy as her first convert lapped at her clitoris with vigour causing it to extrude further from its fleshy hood of concealment. "That's good!"

"You called for me my Mother Superior Lefevre Ma'am?" Edith's concentration on her vagina's worshipping by Lela was momentarily disturbed.

"Ahhhh Sister Harriet, your slut is ready for you!" Edith laughed crudely as she wrapped her leg around Lela's head entrapping her tightly. "And I see that you are ready for her!"

"Of course my Mother Superior Lefevre Ma'am... I'm going to punish her relentlessly with this gift from our beloved!"

"Yes in deed you shall!" Edith smiled wickedly as she grabbed a hold of Lela's black hair and forcefully rubbed her face into her soaked pussy.

"Face your Mistress Slut… And see the instruments of your punishment!" Edith roughly brought her head away from her pussy and smiled, "You're Mistress is going to fuck both your holes as a punishment for your sins against her!"

"Yes errr… Mother Superior Madame Mademoiselle Lefevre Ma'am!" Lela replied her mouth covered in the juices of her pussy.

"And I hope you're aware of the punishment that our Lady of the Sacred Feminine has bequeathed upon your Mistress's husband because of this sin?"

"Yes errr… Mother Superior Mademoiselle Lefevre Ma'am… The errrrr… Our Lady of the Sacred Feminine has seen fit to castrate him!" Lela replied with fear and sadness on her face.

"Very good you're learning well my dear, and you'll do well to remember Miss Barrow, that you're very being belongs to our Sacred Lady and you will never allow a man to lay hands on your body again, unless I or your Mistress Harriet requires you to do so… You're now just a pleasure for your Mistress Harriett to do with as she pleases… Do you understand?"

"Yes Mother Superior Mademoiselle Lefevre Ma'am!" Lela replied, "No man will ever touch me again unless I am instructed to… My body is now just a pleasure for my Mistress Harriett to use when and as she wishes!"

"Mother Superior Lefevre Ma'am, if I may make a request?" Harriet strode forward, her streaked blonde hair riding the waves of her jiggling breasts as they bounced on her chest from the rhythm of her high black platform pumps, which also caused her double edged dildo to bounce from the harness wrapped tightly around her hips.

"Yes my dear of course... She is after all your concubine!"

"I would like for my daughter to punish her too!"

"I see, but I was intending on putting into place whipping and flogging for more serious sins such as disobedience!"

"I do not want my daughter to whip this slut... I just want this slut to feel the girth of her sisterhood in her Mother Superior Lefevre Ma'am!"

"Oh yes... Yes of course... Excellent idea Sister Harriet... After all she should be made to pay for her sins anyway you see fit and if you wish for her to be fucked by your daughter too then that is your right!"

"Thank you Mother Superior Lefevre Ma'am," Harriet acknowledged her Abbess, "And I would like for my slut to know that when and if she is required to be with a man that the fuck hole my daughter will use of hers, will be the only place any cocks will ever go again?" Harriet finished her request.

"I gather that your daughter's choice will be of your personal choice?" Edith replied with a very wicked grin.

"Oh yes Madame Lefevre Ma'am... I've already hinted to my daughter of my preference!" Harriet equalled Edith's wicked grin.

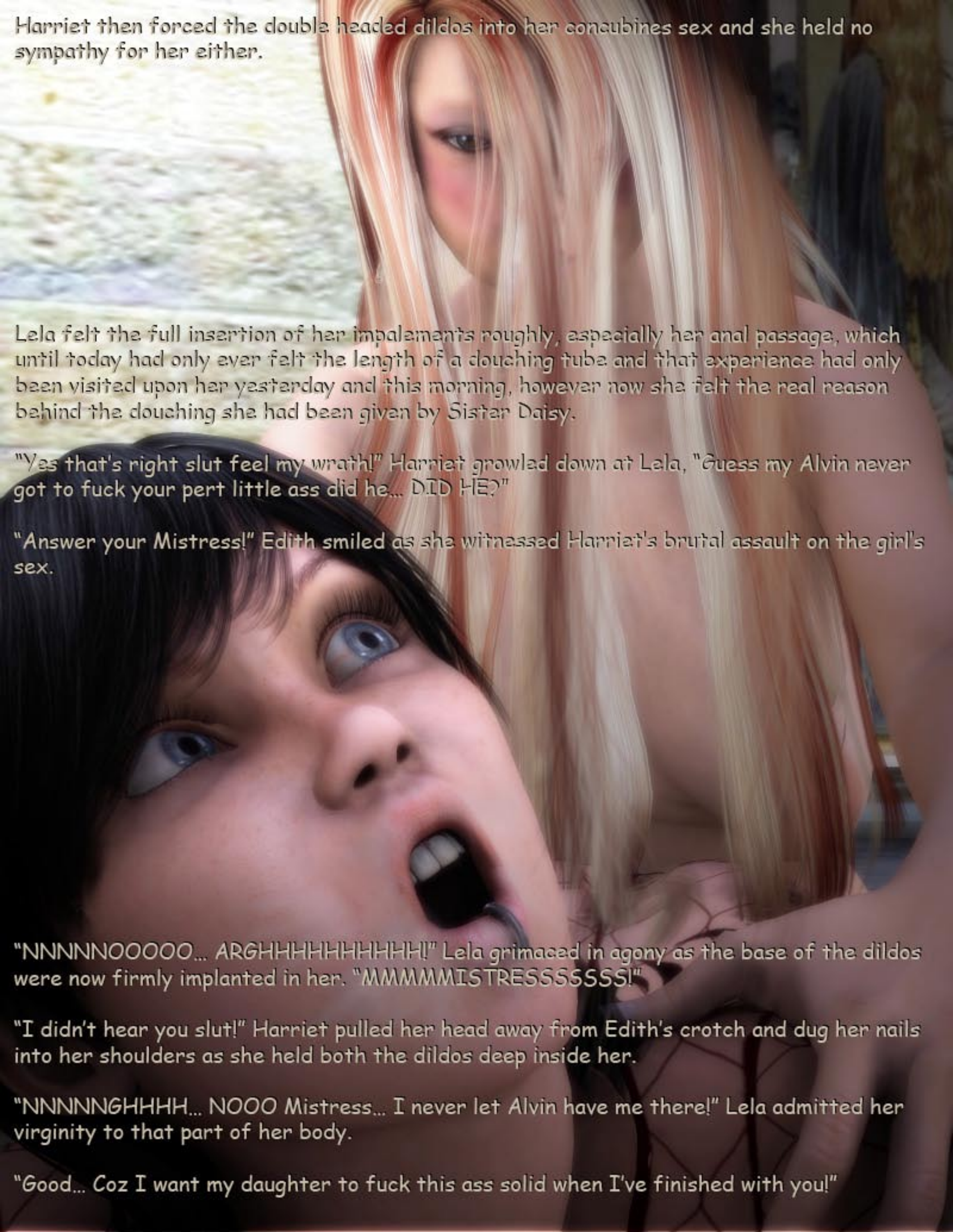
"Excellent Sister Harriet your request is granted and I must say such an excellent payment for such a slut too," Edith let go of the submissive, but very fearful, Lela's hair and leant back onto the bed using her arms for support. "Now you'll resume your worshipping slut... And make me come or I will have you whipped anyway and while your down there position your self for your Mistress too!"

"Yes Mother Superior Mademoiselle Lefevre Ma'am!" Lela replied obediently throwing her face into the crevices of Edith's gaping pierced love hole and positioning her bottom ready for her Mistress's first insertion.

As Lela continued to lap wildly at Edith's chalice, Harriet positioned herself behind her and as the tips of both phalluses brushed tentatively at the openings of both her pussy and her anal passage, she braced herself for the pain that was going to follow.

However Harriet was not ready to impale the woman who had so nearly managed to get her husband to divorce her, for her new cultivated mindset was like her Mother Superior's, fervently in the service of the Sacred Feminine.

"Oh Lady of the Sacred Feminine, I thank thee for the wondrous gifts you've bestowed upon me and my family and for holding us all to your bosom!" Harriet began to pray, "I will make this slut pay for her sins and I will see that she is forever in your gratitude for your mercy upon her!"



Harriet then forced the double headed dildos into her concubines sex and she held no sympathy for her either.

Lela felt the full insertion of her impalements roughly, especially her anal passage, which until today had only ever felt the length of a douching tube and that experience had only been visited upon her yesterday and this morning, however now she felt the real reason behind the douching she had been given by Sister Daisy.

"Yes that's right slut feel my wrath!" Harriet growled down at Lela, "Guess my Alvin never got to fuck your pert little ass did he... DID HE?"

"Answer your Mistress!" Edith smiled as she witnessed Harriet's brutal assault on the girl's sex.

"NNNNNOOOOO... ARGHHHHHHHHHH!" Lela grimaced in agony as the base of the dildos were now firmly implanted in her. "MMMMMISTRESSSSSSS!"

"I didn't hear you slut!" Harriet pulled her head away from Edith's crotch and dug her nails into her shoulders as she held both the dildos deep inside her.

"NNNNNGHHHH... NOOO Mistress... I never let Alvin have me there!" Lela admitted her virginity to that part of her body.

"Good... Coz I want my daughter to fuck this ass solid when I've finished with you!"

"MMMM... Mistress?"

"You recall Sister Harriet's son Darren... Well he's now become Sister Daisy and my dear she has an enormous cock beneath her habit just waiting to spew its juices into a deserved slut like you!"

Lela was about to reply when Harriet stopped her.

"Worship your Mother Superior's cunt you whore!" Harriet then rammed Lela's head back into the confines of Edith's wet crotch.

Edith laughed menacingly as she welcomed the tongue of the girl upon her sex once again.

As the week passed by Lela was converted strongly to the teachings of the Sacred Feminine and with her place loyaly besides her Mistress Harriet, Edith found solace in converting Sister Pansy's mother Edna to the order of the Sacred Feminine and with the prospect of Sister Honey's mother to follow, her needs were truly fulfilled for the next coming month or two, however despite the continuous sexual fulfilment she was getting from converting Edna and watching her overweight 55 year old body become youthful and highly voluptuous, there was still something that always continued to haunt her thoughts and that was her granddaughter Sister Petal.

Once again Edith's beliefs were as Madame Celeste wanted them to be and despite Edna having been administered the drugs by Governess Agatha's people when she had arrived, the gradual changes to her body were once again viewed by Edith as the work of her deity and to make her beliefs stronger her diary recorded the whole process day by day.

'Mother Superior Day three of our Sacred Lady' she scrawled onto the new page.

Edna is displaying devout loyalty to me and she has shown a keen interest in sleeping with me, but I've expressed to her that until our Sacred Lady begins to bless her with youth and beauty then my chalice is all she shall taste. So as a test of her obedience I have ordered her to sleep on the floor and spend everyday naked in my chamber.

'Mother Superior Day Twelve of our Sacred Lady'

Edna's devotion is beginning to show favour with our Sacred Lady for her body has undergone the blessing I had hoped such keen enthusiasm would receive.

Her tongue is a welcomed feeling to my aching pussy and the wait to receive my first batch of horrid young men to correct seems to be forever, but my Sacred Lady I understand time bares no meaning for all who follow you!

'Mother Superior Day Fourteen of our Sacred Lady'

Sister Edna is now truly a welcomed addition to my bed and I will miss having her mammoth breasts to keep me satisfied at nights when she begins her own journey of truth as I have done and although I have been promised Sister Honey's mother to help show the way to our Sacred Lady, my mind is still filled with a void of frustration and after watching my nuns performing their daily duties and prayers I have realised that my granddaughter Sister Petal appears to be absent from my view far too often. An absence that has begun to fuel my anger towards her.

'Mother Superior Day Twenty of our Sacred Lady'

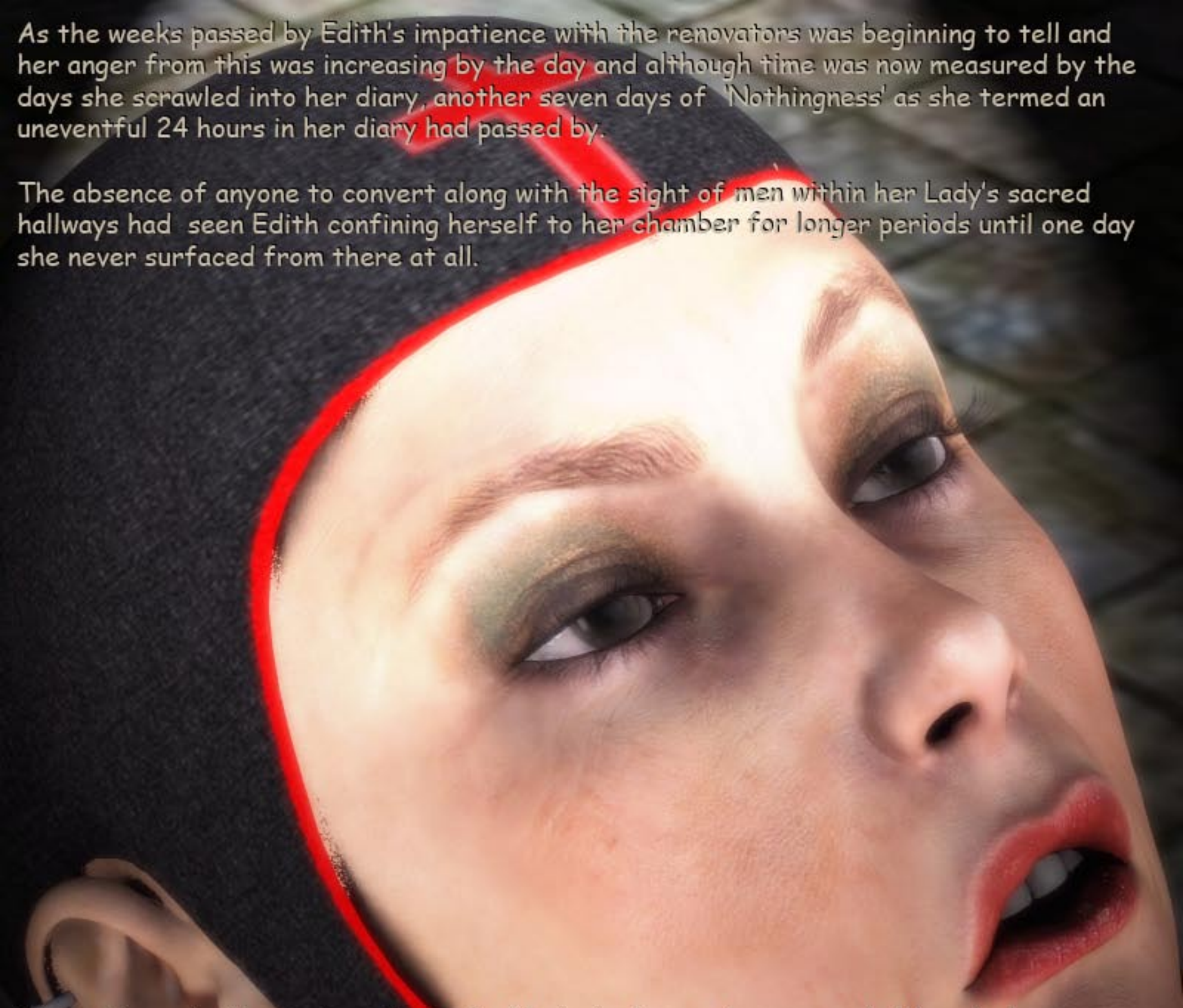
My patience was tested once again my beloved Lady and I feel that it is time to quell this anger that resides within me.

Her - or should I deem her - IT - keeps it's head bowed and does everything I order it to do, but my gracious Lady of Our Sacred Order - I believe you have delivered to me this abomination to test my resolve.

I now see that my never ending wait for my batch is a test of my strength and I have realised that I should use this time to develop strict methods of punishment to help these horrid creatures along their path to your forgiveness my Sacred Lady. So I have had Sister Daisy instruct some of those ill conceived workmen to install chains in my chamber.

As the weeks passed by Edith's impatience with the renovators was beginning to tell and her anger from this was increasing by the day and although time was now measured by the days she scrawled into her diary, another seven days of 'Nothingness' as she termed an uneventful 24 hours in her diary had passed by.

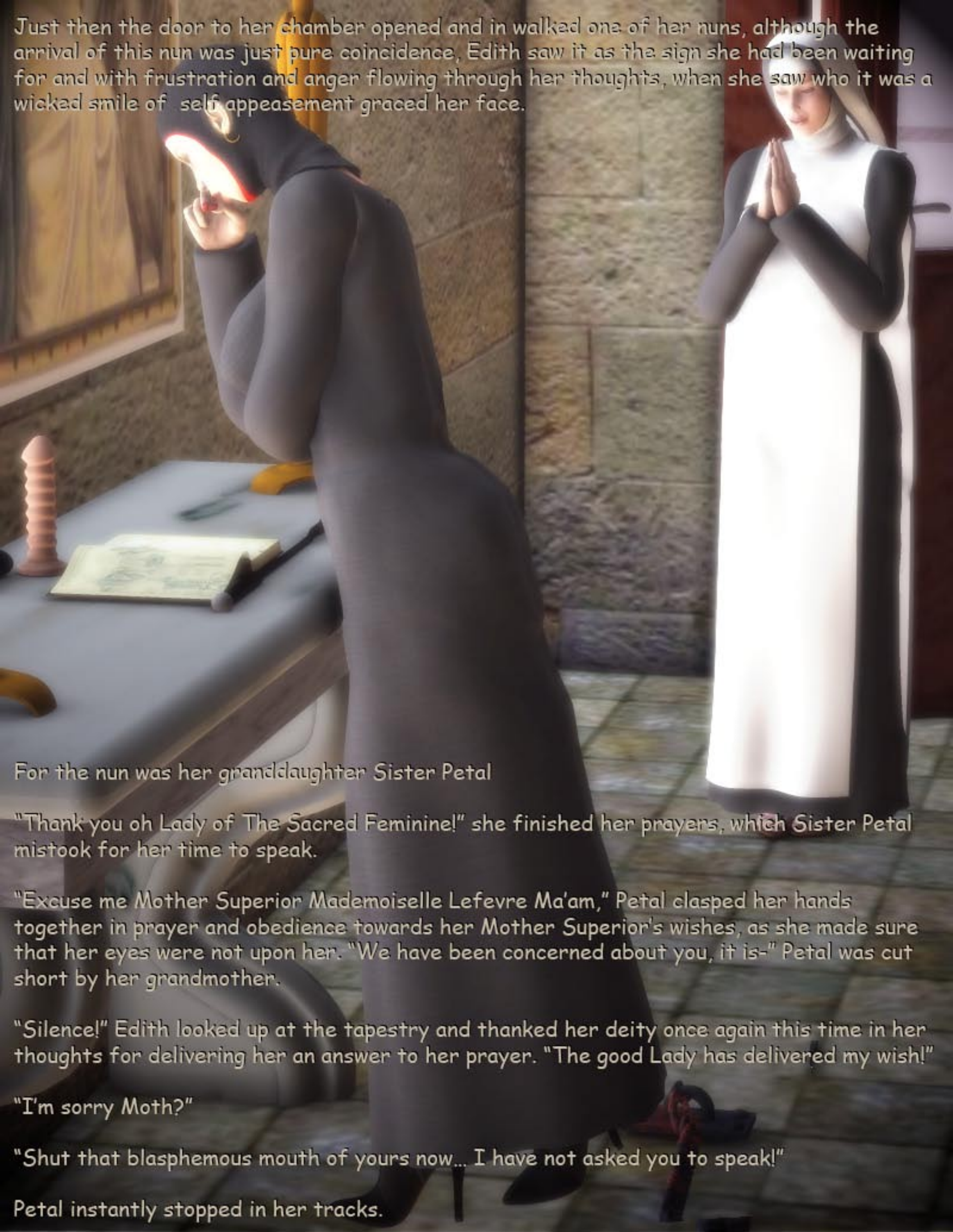
The absence of anyone to convert along with the sight of men within her Lady's sacred hallways had seen Edith confining herself to her chamber for longer periods until one day she never surfaced from there at all.



Sister Honey had been given the task of bringing her sustenance and although she never acknowledged her comings and goings, she did manage to tell Honey, or rather screamed at her, to only bring her bread and water and that this was also the only food to pass all of her nuns lips until she ordered otherwise.

Sixty days had passed according to her scribing and as the normal days outside of her chamber continued her solitude had seen her devotion to the Sacred lady increase and instead of wearing short skirts and laced underwear, she now preferred the feel of her habit against her skin.

"Oh my Sacred Lady are you punishing me for the weakness I used to have when I was such a weak and foolish woman who contemplated spurning this wonderful gift you bestowed upon me?" Edith prayed to her divine deity, "I have tolerated these blasphemous creatures working on this Sacred Temple for too long my Lady and my Chalice is aching to be devoured by soft lips and a worthy tongue again... Please show me a sign that I am still the river in which your waters flow!"



Just then the door to her chamber opened and in walked one of her nuns, although the arrival of this nun was just pure coincidence, Edith saw it as the sign she had been waiting for and with frustration and anger flowing through her thoughts, when she saw who it was a wicked smile of self appeasement graced her face.

For the nun was her granddaughter Sister Petal

"Thank you oh Lady of The Sacred Feminine!" she finished her prayers, which Sister Petal mistook for her time to speak.

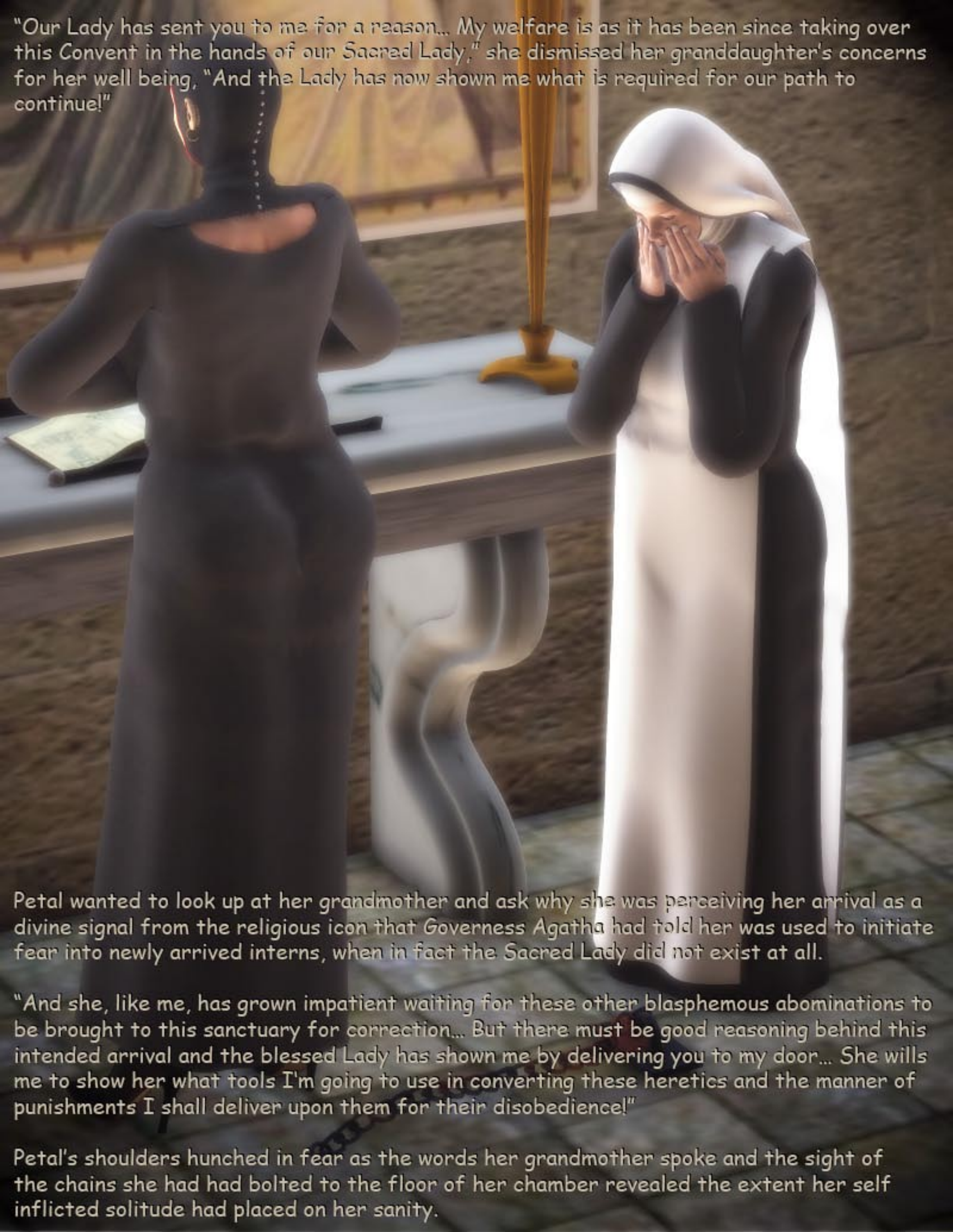
"Excuse me Mother Superior Mademoiselle Lefevre Ma'am," Petal clasped her hands together in prayer and obedience towards her Mother Superior's wishes, as she made sure that her eyes were not upon her. "We have been concerned about you, it is-" Petal was cut short by her grandmother.

"Silence!" Edith looked up at the tapestry and thanked her deity once again this time in her thoughts for delivering her an answer to her prayer. "The good Lady has delivered my wish!"

"I'm sorry Moth?"

"Shut that blasphemous mouth of yours now... I have not asked you to speak!"

Petal instantly stopped in her tracks.



"Our Lady has sent you to me for a reason... My welfare is as it has been since taking over this Convent in the hands of our Sacred Lady," she dismissed her granddaughter's concerns for her well being, "And the Lady has now shown me what is required for our path to continue!"

Petal wanted to look up at her grandmother and ask why she was perceiving her arrival as a divine signal from the religious icon that Governess Agatha had told her was used to initiate fear into newly arrived interns, when in fact the Sacred Lady did not exist at all.

"And she, like me, has grown impatient waiting for these other blasphemous abominations to be brought to this sanctuary for correction... But there must be good reasoning behind this intended arrival and the blessed Lady has shown me by delivering you to my door... She wills me to show her what tools I'm going to use in converting these heretics and the manner of punishments I shall deliver upon them for their disobedience!"

Petal's shoulders hunched in fear as the words her grandmother spoke and the sight of the chains she had had bolted to the floor of her chamber revealed the extent her self inflicted solitude had placed on her sanity.

"Stand before me now!" Edith snapped as she could see Petal's face bowed towards the floor. "And look at me whore!"

Petal lifted her head and looked into her grandmother's angry eyes, eyes that had once held love and expectation for her when she had been Peter, but now held contempt and hatred for her.

"Twice you have now appeared before me without permission and as I warned you the last time I will punish you just like the whore you are!" Edith scorned as she held up two fingers and growled menacingly down at her granddaughter.

Petal's eyes flinched at the description Edith was giving her and her grandmother could read it in her expression.

"Yes a whore Sister Petal that's what you are to me now... And a worthless one at that!" Edith's over zealous programmed anger for her granddaughter began to surface more vociferous, "Sister Daisy has informed me of what you and Sister Honey get up to at nights and to make your title of 'WHORE' more worthy... You, unlike the others... Have been tainted by the sweat and seed of a man!"

Petal followed her grandmother's eyes as they scoured her features.

"The blessed Lady has placed you with me for a reason and considering you have no worth outside of this Convent, I believe the reason for you're being here is for me to find a use for your worthlessness... And know I've found it!"

Petal wanted to argue with her, for the honour of sleeping with Lord Dolan was something she enjoyed and had been part of her initiation into the conclave, but that was under Governess Agatha and her wonderful teacher's tutorage.

"First you're gonna strip from this clothing, you're not a nun when you're in here and considering you'll be sleeping here until you've paid your penance... Your status of nun has been revoked!" she then grabbed a hold of Petal and began to tear her veil from her head.

"But Moth?"

"Be quite you insolent whore!" Edith growled at Petal as she held onto her jaw tightly. "You will receive your punishment like the dutiful whore you are and you'll be giving Sister Daisy the opportunity to discover herself and show me that she is to be the guardian of my interns when they arrive!"

Tears began to fall from Petal's eyes as the realisation of her grandmother's madness finally began to sink in, although Edith perceived them as tears of fear, they were in fact tears of sadness at what her grandmother had become.

More so at what Madame Celeste had made her become.

"Ohhhh yesss!" Edith laughed as she saw her granddaughters tears, "I know what you're thinking... 'What a Bitch'... But that's why it's tattooed on my back... BECAUSE I AM A FUCKING BITCH... NOW STRIP... WHORE!" she tossed Petal to the floor.

"Mother Superior Mademoiselle Lefevre Ma'am, I'm sorry to interrupt but Governess Agatha is on the phone!" Sister Honey looked astonished at the bruised and flogged body of her fellow nun Sister Petal, as she lay on the floor with her grandmother standing over her brandishing a crop and wearing her more preferred tight leather ensemble.

"Tell her I'm busy!" she growled as she readied her crop to strike Petal once more. "Or I'll give you the same treatment I'm giving this whore!"

"I'm sorry Mother Superior Mademoiselle Lefevre Ma'am... But she's rather insistent that you speak to her as it is a matter of concern regarding the arrival of our first intake!"
Sister Honey tried her best not to look upset or frightened at what the Mother Superior was doing to Sister Petal.

"Fuck that woman... Even now she flirts her position in my face and in the face of my nuns," Edith was forced to refrain from whipping her granddaughter one more time. "Mark my words Sister Honey... That woman will one day feel the force of my anger and so will that Cocksister in the mansion!"

"Yes Mother Superior Mademoiselle Lefevre Ma'am!" Sister Honey acknowledged her Mother Superior's somewhat rhetoric pledge.

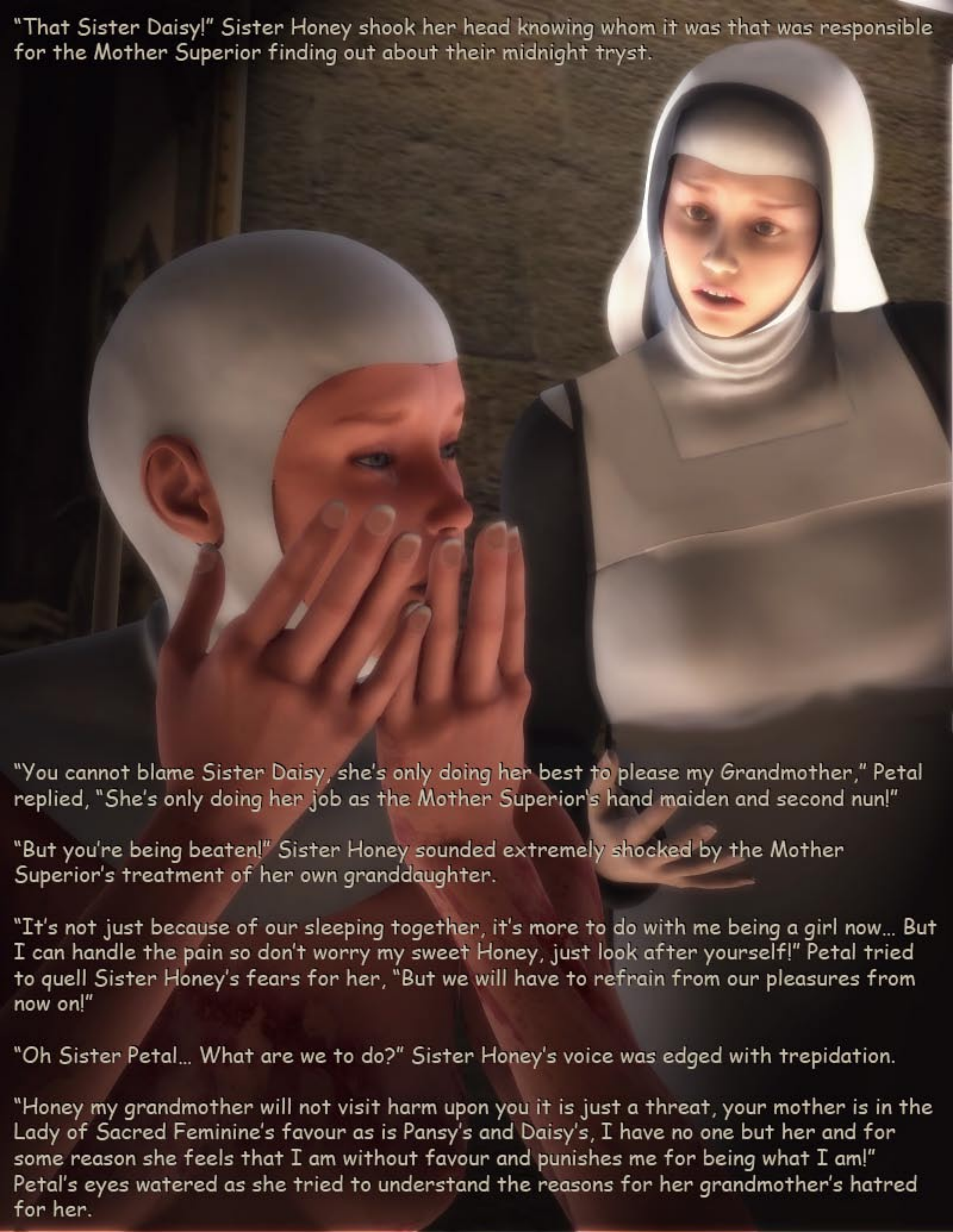
"Now see to it that this whore stays put!" Edith growled as she stormed out of her chamber.

"Sister Petal are you ok?" Sister Honey waited for her Mother Superior to disappear along the corridor before she approached Petal, "What madness has overcome our Abbess?"

"It's fine Sister Honey... My grandmother's succumbed to the loneliness and sadness this dark place holds!" Petal lifted her battered body up off of the floor, "And the more she punishes me the less she will need to have you punished!"

"But?"

"She knows we sleep together at night!"



"That Sister Daisy!" Sister Honey shook her head knowing whom it was that was responsible for the Mother Superior finding out about their midnight tryst.

"You cannot blame Sister Daisy, she's only doing her best to please my Grandmother," Petal replied, "She's only doing her job as the Mother Superior's hand maiden and second nun!"

"But you're being beaten!" Sister Honey sounded extremely shocked by the Mother Superior's treatment of her own granddaughter.

"It's not just because of our sleeping together, it's more to do with me being a girl now... But I can handle the pain so don't worry my sweet Honey, just look after yourself!" Petal tried to quell Sister Honey's fears for her, "But we will have to refrain from our pleasures from now on!"

"Oh Sister Petal... What are we to do?" Sister Honey's voice was edged with trepidation.

"Honey my grandmother will not visit harm upon you it is just a threat, your mother is in the Lady of Sacred Feminine's favour as is Pansy's and Daisy's, I have no one but her and for some reason she feels that I am without favour and punishes me for being what I am!" Petal's eyes watered as she tried to understand the reasons for her grandmother's hatred for her.

When Edith returned from her phone conversation with Governess Agatha, she had Sister Daisy in tow and although her anger had seemed to settle, it had shifted onto the Governess Agatha instead.

"Sister Daisy get this whore washed and out of my sight!"

"Yes Mother Superior Mademoiselle Lefevre Ma'am," Sister Daisy replied obediently with her hands clasped prayer like.

"And you Sister Honey... You can thank fate that this crop is not upon your flesh today!"

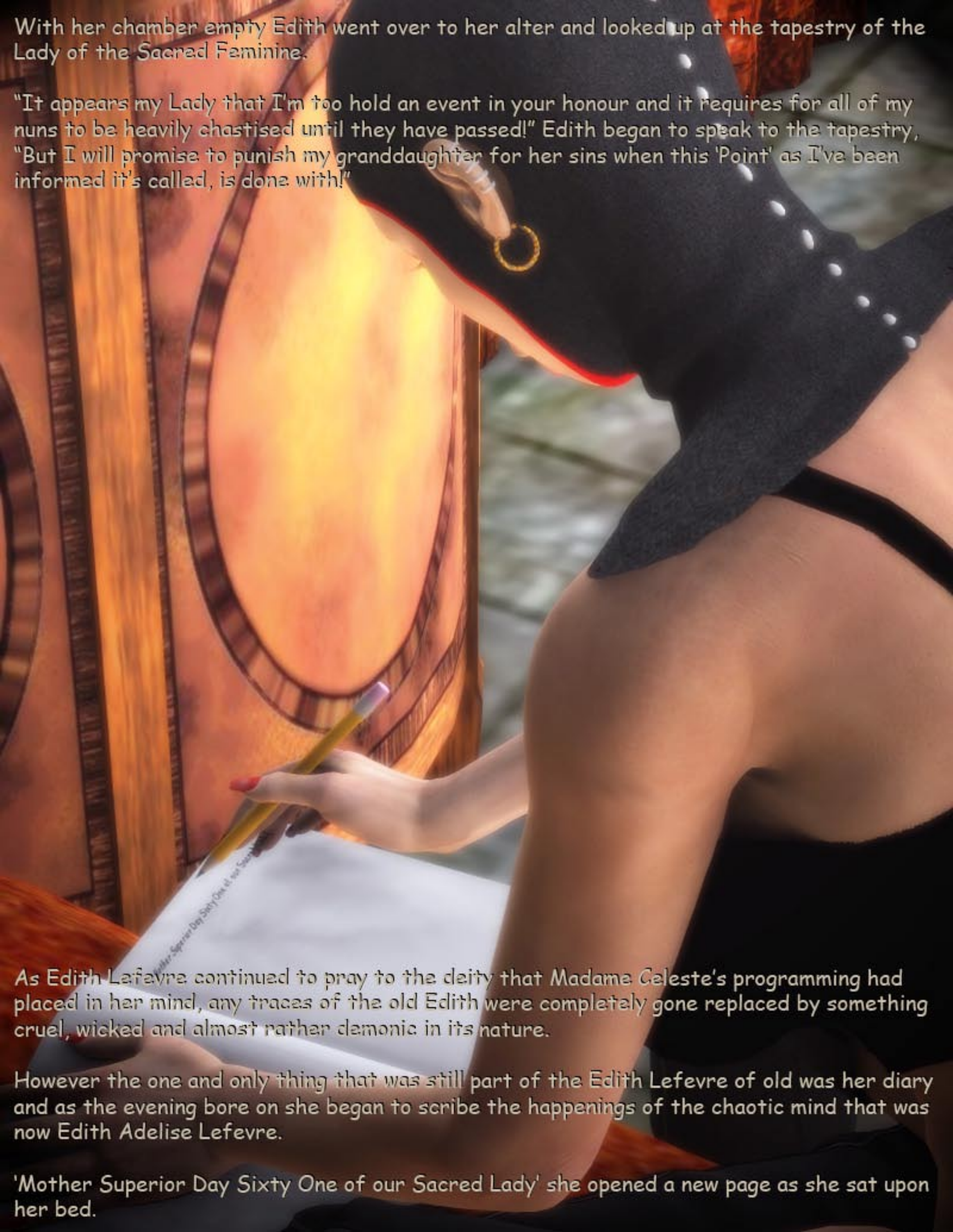
"Thank you Mother Superior Mademoiselle Lefevre Ma'am!" Honey looked a little frightened from the thought that she could have been punished too and for no other reason than being intimate with Sister Petal.

"And Sister Honey... If I find out you and this horrid creature are having sex again I will lock you in the dungeon and let Sister Daisy here fuck you with her casing on!" Edith threatened Sister Honey. "DO I MAKE MYSELF CLEAR!"

"Yessss... Errrr... Mother Sup-"

"Just get out of my sight... All of you!"

"Yes Mother Superior Mademoiselle Lefevre Ma'am!" Sister Honey and Sister Daisy both acknowledged her and hastily pulled the bruised and battered Sister Petal to her feet and escorted her out of their Mother Superior's bedchamber.



With her chamber empty Edith went over to her alter and looked up at the tapestry of the Lady of the Sacred Feminine.

"It appears my Lady that I'm too hold an event in your honour and it requires for all of my nuns to be heavily chastised until they have passed!" Edith began to speak to the tapestry, "But I will promise to punish my granddaughter for her sins when this 'Point' as I've been informed it's called, is done with!"

As Edith Lefevre continued to pray to the deity that Madame Celeste's programming had placed in her mind, any traces of the old Edith were completely gone replaced by something cruel, wicked and almost rather demonic in its nature.

However the one and only thing that was still part of the Edith Lefevre of old was her diary and as the evening bore on she began to scribe the happenings of the chaotic mind that was now Edith Adelise Lefevre.

'Mother Superior Day Sixty One of our Sacred Lady' she opened a new page as she sat upon her bed.

However Petal also knew that her time as a Sister of the Convent would be drawing to an end, because the phone call that her grandmother had received was Governess Agatha's well timed intervention, informing the Mother Superior of a certain quarterly event that Lady Melissa Cresswell herself had helped establish and was regarded as an essential part of a transformed former young man's acceptance within her organisation.

"So what happens at this Point thingy?" Sister Honey locked Sister Petal's chastity device in place.

"I don't really know but I do know that Mother Superior is very angry that Governess Agatha has to preside over the event!" Sister Petal smiled.

"You seem very calm about it Petal?"

"I have my reasons Sister Honey," she nodded warmly, "Perfect reasons!"

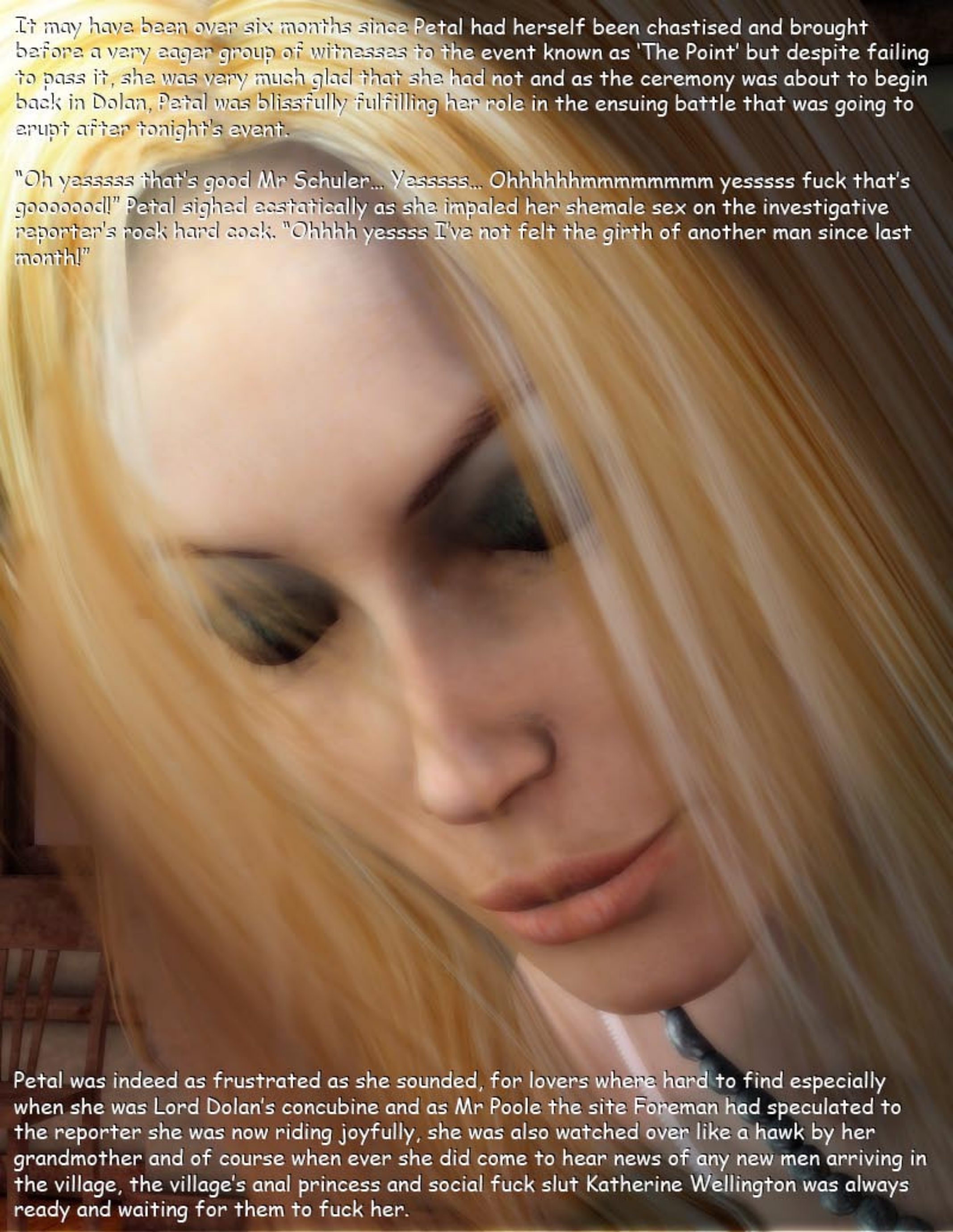
Chapter 34

Protege

Story Postwork and Concept by
Keshara ©Lorien2009

It may have been over six months since Petal had herself been chastised and brought before a very eager group of witnesses to the event known as 'The Point' but despite failing to pass it, she was very much glad that she had not and as the ceremony was about to begin back in Dolan, Petal was blissfully fulfilling her role in the ensuing battle that was going to erupt after tonight's event.

"Oh yessssss that's good Mr Schuler... Yessssss... Ohhhhhhmmmmmmmm yesssss fuck that's goooooood!" Petal sighed ecstatically as she impaled her shemale sex on the investigative reporter's rock hard cock. "Ohhhh yessss I've not felt the girth of another man since last month!"



Petal was indeed as frustrated as she sounded, for lovers where hard to find especially when she was Lord Dolan's concubine and as Mr Poole the site Foreman had speculated to the reporter she was now riding joyfully, she was also watched over like a hawk by her grandmother and of course when ever she did come to hear news of any new men arriving in the village, the village's anal princess and social fuck slut Katherine Wellington was always ready and waiting for them to fuck her.

However Jed Schuler was hers and as Lady Dolan had kept her promise that she would be able to vent all of her sexual frustrations out on him and with him completely under her spell she was doing just that.

"Yes Jed... Ooooooooh what nice balls you have!" she growled as she rubbed his testicles with her hand as she made sure that his cock did not slip free from its imprisonment in her ass. "Ahhhh yeah fuck me Jed!"

"Now ease me up and down your cock... FUCK ... I love it!" Petal growled with prowess as she commanded her lover to please her. "Oooooh yesssss you're getting my own cocklette juicing too... That's it!" she sighed as she felt her own cock begin to harden and release a stream of gooey precum on to Jed's abdomen.

Jed's entranced mind could centre on just one thing and that was to do what this former young man wanted and as she began to bounce up and down and her nylon stockings rubbed against his hips, his own sexual desire was beginning to carry him on.

"Ohhh yesssssss... Fuck me Jed!" Petal pressed the palms of her hands onto his chest for support as his hands began to help her ass up and down his cock.

Pausing for just a second to turn herself around, Petal rammed her ass cheeks down onto Jed's cock.

"FUCKKKKKKK YESSSSSSSSSSSSSSS YOU FUCKINNNNNNN BASTARD…. FUCK ME!" she screamed as she could feel her own cock harden and her shemale balls tighten with pleasure.

"NNNYEASSS!" Jed's own capitulation to the shemale temptress riding his cock continued, his mind now void of how or why she seemed able to command his every will.

"FUCKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKK YEAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!" Petal screamed out as her own cock exploded in unison with her lover's impaled organ of pleasure. "HMMMMM YESSSSSSS... YOU... You fuck... I needed that!" she began to roll her hips around feeling every last drop of Jed's spent force as it pumped into her and seeped out form her love hole and down her ass cheeks.

Petal was the experienced shemale fuck machine Lady Dolan had asked her trainer Amber to make her and as the sounds of her enforced sex on the reporter began to die down a black limo pulled up into the car park of the motel.

"Well I hope we have not interrupted anything too naughty?" the door to the motel room swung open as Lady Rosemary walked in pushing a wheel chair.

"Oh Ma'am... Your Ladyship I err?"

"Relax child, you've done extremely well!" Lady Rosemary smiled as she surveyed the naked body of the reporter on the bed and the state of undress Petal was in.

"In deed she has!" another voice arrived at the scene much to the dismay of Petal.

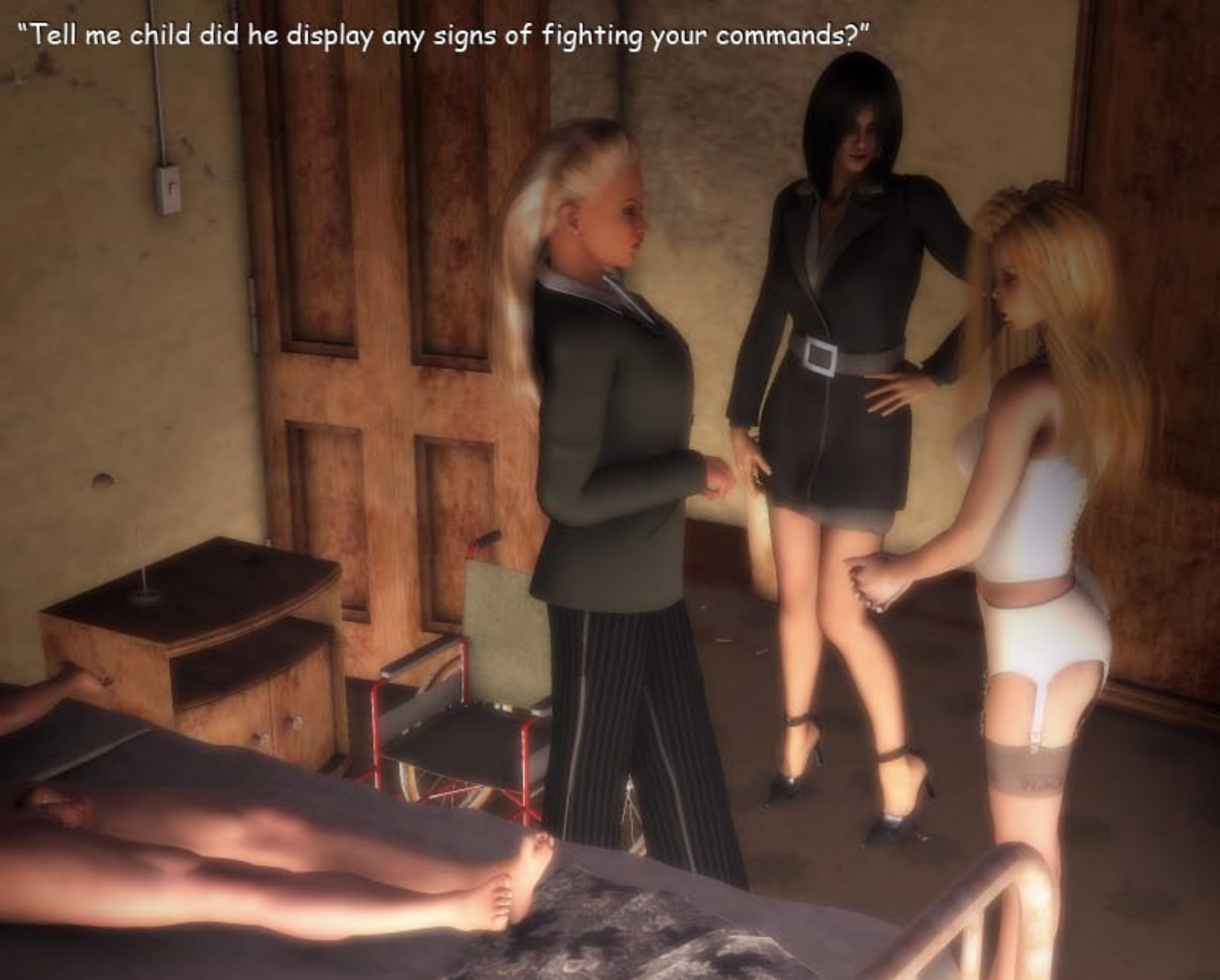
"My?"

"Please Miss Petal there's no need to bow or feel out of place, me and your Mistress Rosemary are in your debt and by the looks of it I'd say you've had a lot of fun too!" Madame Grace spoke heartily as she waltzed into the room, seeing how scantily dressed Petal was.

"Oh Madame, yes... I err... Yes I did!" Petal could not hide her jubilation from what she had achieved for her mentors.

"Hmmm and you've still got him in a trance," Lady Rosemary noticed that Jed Schuler was completely under. "Very good work Miss Petal!"

"Yes I told him to sleep Mistress," Petal replied.



"Oh no Madame Grace, he was like a puppy," Petal found it extremely hard to hide her excitement at what she had got the young reporter to do.

"And you managed to keep him under your influence all through?" Madame Grace enquired further, as she looked at Rosemary.

"Oh Madame it was wonderful he... If I may?" she looked at her Mistress and then to their mentor and hierarchical leader Madame Grace.

"You may be as crude as you wish my dear!" Grace smiled wickedly as she winked at Rosemary.

"He cama bucket loads Madame!" Petal giggled as she relayed the experience of having sex with the reporter to her mentors.

"Wonderful... Truly wonderful!" Grace could not hide her own pleasure of witnessing the work her very own shemale creation had undertook.

"Yes Madame Grace and we now have our bargaining chip!" Rosemary went over to where the object of her entire plan concerning Petal and her grandmother was laying.

"Yes the diaries!" Grace smiled as she welcomed the sight of Petal's grandmother's diary.

"I can't believe that after all these months it has finally worked!" Rosemary opened the diary.

"What's more surprising is that Celeste suspects nothing at all!" Grace replied equally pleased that she now had some evidence of Celeste's unethical experimentation and disregard for her stepmother's wishes.

"So does this diary confirm Madame Celeste's betrayal to our true leader?" Petal enquired.

"We'll it'll certainly open her eyes to the truth," Lady Rosemary flicked through a few more pages of her grandmother's diary, "Coz this diary is certainly a wonderful insight into Madame Celeste's rather adventurous programming!"

"But is Madame Celeste not your ruler?"

"She is only your grandmother's not ours child!" Grace sneered with contempt at the very thought of her nemeses being anything near a ruler of Lady Melissa's empire, "Madame Celeste sees us Cocksisters as nothing more than toys and if she succeeds in taking over Lady Melissa's empire then that is all we'll become... Slaves to the creatures she's creating!"

"Yes Petal your grandmother could become a very powerful icon within the new society Celeste is trying to create and considering the grounds she has already made within the religious sectors, we feel that her ultimate play for power is near," Lady Rosemary added to Grace's comments solemnly, "And this," she held up the diary and glanced through a few pages, "Is our only salvation!"

"Indeed it is!" Grace confirmed the importance of the diary, "And now that we've intercepted this reporter we'll hopefully have another portal with which to see... So if you'd care to wake him and get him in the wheelchair, Lady Dolan will show you how to lock that subliminal programming you've placed into his mind so deep that neither Celeste or her technology will ever break or detect!"

"Yes Mistress!" Petal obeyed her matriarch and did as she was ordered.

To Be Continued.....

Metamorphosis 2

Story Postwork & Concept by
Keshara (c) Lorien 2009