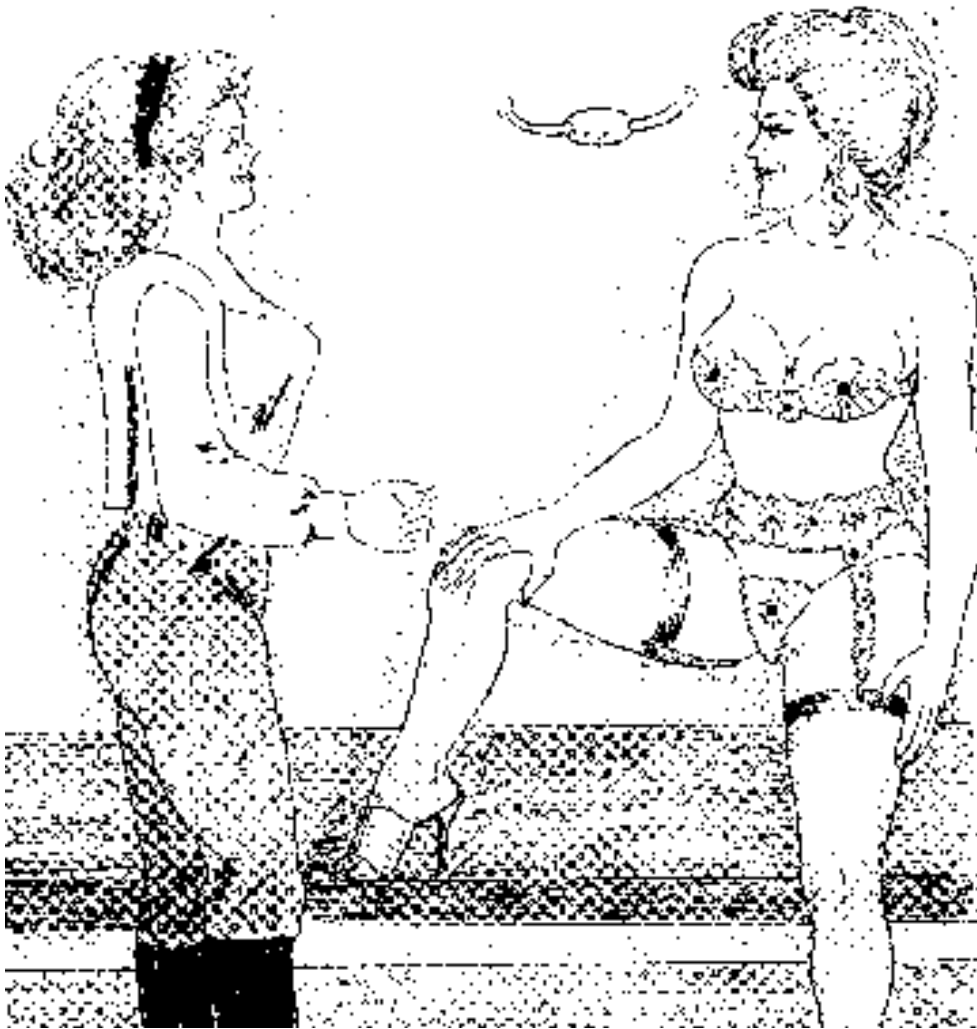


MISTRESS OF CHANGE

By R. Patricia Smith



ILLUSTRATED BY BRIAN DUKEHART

A 'NEW WOMAN' NOVEL

Copyright © 2000, Friendly Applications, Inc. - All Rights Reserved

Reluctant Press TG Publishers

This story is a work of fiction. Any similarity to persons living or dead is entirely coincidental. All situations and events herein presented are fictional, and intended only for the enjoyment of the reader. Neither the author nor the publisher advocate engaging in or attempting to imitate any of the activities or behaviors portrayed.

Persons seeking gender reassignment surgery, hormone therapy or any other medical and/or body-altering process should seek the counsel of a qualified therapist who follows the Benjamin Standards of Care for Gender Identity Disorder.

Protect Professional Fiction on the Internet!

We need *your* help! We want to keep providing our readers with low cost, professional quality fiction on the Internet. We spend thousands of dollars to edit, illustrate and typeset *each story*. It is important, therefore, that everyone works to help keep professional fiction alive on the Net.

This story is protected by US and International copyright law, and is owned exclusively by Friendly Applications, Inc, DBA Reluctant Press, which retains exclusive rights to publish these materials. The civil penalties for copyright infringement can be severe, including substantial monetary damages, injunctive relief, and liability for attorneys' fees incurred in prosecuting a case. If a court determines that the infringement was committed willfully, statutory damages of up to \$100,000 for each copyright infringed can be awarded. Even if not found to be acting willfully, a defendant can still be held liable for statutory damages of \$500 to \$20,000 for each copyright infringed. **These penalties apply even if money was not charged.** In addition, criminal penalties may be imposed if someone willfully infringes a copyrighted work for commercial advantage or private financial gain. This crime is punishable by up to five years imprisonment, up to \$250,000 in fines, or both. State civil damages and criminal penalties vary from state to state and country to country, but are always severe.

The best way to keep professional illustrated fiction available on the Internet is to do YOUR part to protect the author's and publisher's copyright. *You can be part of the solution.* Encourage others to purchase our stories. Never share the access rights you've purchased. **You** make the continued availability of TG fiction on the Internet possible. Thank you for your cooperation!

MISTRESS OF CHANGE

By R. Patricia Smith

CHAPTER 1 THE BEGINNING

As the beginning of my story, it is also the end of my career in the building industry. I had wanted for the longest time to become a carpenter, so I had been hired for the summer as a laborer to help on a construction site. I was twenty years old and trying to earn a little summer cash while learning more about my chosen profession, or so I thought.

I wasn't just some dumb kid who thought he knew it all with a smart mouth to match. I read books, I knew the building codes, I knew the safety codes, I read the blueprints and the building specifications for this job.

I argued with the foreman and I argued with the contractor, all to no avail. You put in a crooked foundation, you get a crooked building. In this case, a house. It was a small job, sure, but it was a house that could fall down due to shoddy workmanship and below standard materials. It could contain people when it fell and I wanted no part of that.

After I quit my job I went to the owner of the property and told him what I saw and felt. He brushed me off as some kid with nothing better to do than cause trouble.

Then I went to the Department of Public Safety and made another report to them. I went on record as having quit my job after noting and reporting safety and building code violations to the foreman and contractor and later to the owner.

I was finished in the building industry before I even got started and was very lucky because of it. Every contractor does a bit of cheating here and there. They have to make a buck. I didn't like dishonesty in this form in particular. No one wants to hire someone who has already turned in a previous employer for cheating. But the one I worked for cheated a lot more than just a bit.

The footings for the basement were not square or level but would take too many man—hours to straighten out. It was not profitable to do it. This made the walls for the basement out of square and off level too. And the whole main floor too.

On the second floor they ran out of studs for the outside walls so they used short pieces of 2 by 4's and butted them together without nails or scabs to hold them in place. One whole outside wall was put together this way. All of the walls were supposed to have bridging between the studs, not one wall did. It looked to me as though they were building it so that it would fall down with the first storm.

An insurance scam? Maybe. But what if someone died? Isn't that murder? They could call it an accident or an act of God, but I knew different. It was on purpose.

The Building Codes investigator who came to my apartment was a surprise to me. First of all it was a woman. A very young and beautiful woman. I have nothing against women in any trade, I was just surprised by her apparent youth and obvious beauty. I am a firm believer in women's lib. Women who can do the job should be equal to men who can do the job.

I am 5' 6" tall and answered the door in my bare feet, she wore shoes with 4 inch heels and towered over me at 5'—10".

She was slender without being skinny with a fabulous figure and long golden tresses halfway down her back. Her skin was lightly tanned so she couldn't have spent much time in the sun.

Her angelic face was framed by her golden curls and she used a minimal amount of makeup. She didn't need much because of her natural beauty. I could smell faint traces of her lilac cologne. She wore a short, mustard yellow shift dress and carried a briefcase instead of a purse. Her voice was so sweet when she spoke to introduce herself I felt sure it dripped honey on the floor.

When Annette spoke to me, there was no doubt in my mind that she was capable of the task assigned her. I invited her in and offered her coffee before we got down to the business that had brought her to me. She went over my report with me and asked questions every now and then.

My eyes were riveted to hers as I responded factually and candidly. It was almost hypnotic the way she held my attention with her big green eyes.

I like girls, always have. I have never ignored them and could appreciate them, even from a distance. But I had always been too shy and tongue—tied to ever ask a girl out on a date. I was told I would get over it as I got older.

With Annette here, and concluding her interview, I was afraid I would never see her again. I somehow found the nerve to ask if I could see her again some time for coffee, or lunch, or dinner, or anything. I almost fainted when she said yes. She wrote down her name, address and phone number and gave it to me telling me to call her that evening at seven and we could set up a date. As easy as she made it on me I was surprised I never had the nerve before to ask girls out.

I could still smell her lilac cologne hours after she left my apartment, and it wasn't that strong to begin with.

Annette was all I could think of. Her face, her hair, her presence in the room. No woman, or girl, had done this to me before. I was counting the minutes till I would talk to her again.

At seven o'clock sharp I picked up my phone and dialed the number she had given to me. She picked it up on the second ring and I almost lost my voice when I heard her say hello.

“Hello, is that you Gilbert?” she asked.

“Yes,” I replied slowly, my voice almost failing me. “It's seven and I was hoping to talk to you again.”

“I am very glad you did Gilbert. I need a favor from you.”

“What can I do for you, Annette?” I asked.

“I've been going over the blueprints and specs for the house you worked on and they are as you said. A team of building experts and I will be examining the house this evening. We could use a guide and I believe you are aptly qualified for this job.”

“You want me to show you around? No problem.”

“It shouldn't take more than a couple of hours. Then we can go out for a snack or something. Okay?”

“That's fine with me. Where should I meet you?”

“How about it if I pick you up, in ten minutes?”

“Fine, I'll be waiting by the front doors so you don't have to park. Just honk so I'll know it's you.”

“Okay Gilbert, see you in ten.”

It was the longest ten minutes I had ever spent. I was all ready to go out when I called her so all I had to do was put on my shoes and go down to the front doors. It was exactly ten minutes after I hung up the phone when Annette pulled up in front and honked her horn. I went out and climbed into the passenger seat of a bright red Corvette convertible.

The top was down as it was a beautiful evening for a drive with the fresh air blowing through our senses. Annette had changed into a red mini dress with matching low heeled shoes. I wouldn't feel so short standing next to her now. She smiled at me and told me to buckle up as she drove us out to the construction site in record time.

Her team of experts were already there and I showed them the infractions I had noted. They matched my written words to their eyewitness accounts and found much more than I had seen. They proceeded to take pictures and videotape the entire site. Most of their notes were made into tape recorders. The sheriff was called, warrants obtained and all future work on that site was halted.

There would be an inquest held immediately due to the number and seriousness of the infractions that had been observed.

They told me that my testimony would not be needed. They had enough in pictures and videotape. They would also be sure to find more when they began looking into the backgrounds of those involved and the previous sites they worked on.

CHAPTER 2

THE NEW BEGINNING

Annette and I left the construction site and she pointed her car north, away from the city. She was happy with the way things had gone and hummed some unknown tune as she drove.

“Where are we going?” I asked her after several miles.

“I know this wonderful little cafe that is open late, a few more miles up the road. Do you mind?”

I didn't and told her so and she continued to hum and drive while I watched her. She knew I was watching her and drove with her left hand only on the wheel giving me an unobstructed view of her perfect body wrapped within her tight fitting dress.

All too soon we were there, a run down little cafe out in the middle of nowhere. There wasn't even a town nearby that I could see. Annette walked in like she owned the place and I was right behind her.

She took a back booth and I slid into the seat across from her. The waitress brought us menus but Annette didn't need one. She ordered a tossed salad and a coffee.

I asked for the same. “Come here often?”

“Not so much lately.” she replied. “I grew up around here on a farm about two miles away. My family is gone now but I still own the place. I come out here when I'm feeling good.”

“I take it you're feeling good then?”

“You know it. I've inspected and investigated dozens of complaints against builders but they almost always slip through our fingers. Tonight we found links and proof that have always been missing.”

“Like what?” I asked as the coffee was served.

“Like Martin and Mary Connors.”

“Never heard of them. Sorry.”

“Don't be. They are a husband and wife team who work for us, supposedly anyway. We found proof that they are taking bribes from the crooked contractors. That's how they always got away. Thanks to you, we got them cold.”

“That's great Annette!”

“You bet it is. Only thing is you can't work in any of the construction trades now, at least until you change your name and move to another part of the country.”

“I'll find something else to do. I didn't do anything wrong, so I don't feel the need to run and hide.”

“Good for you.” she said as the salads arrived.

We stopped talking while we slowly ate the fresh vegetables and finished our coffee, all the while observing each other.

I paid the bill and we went back out to her car, got in and she took me out to her farm.

Dusk was upon us as she tooted the Sting Ray into a waiting garage and led me into the plushly decorated farm— house.

“I like to be comfortable wherever I am so I got rid of the country bumpkin decor and made it livable for me. How do you like it?” she asked.

I took my shoes off at the door and replied, "This place is great. All the conveniences of home I see."

There was thick carpet on the floors, paintings of beautiful young women on the walls, every appliance possible for making life easier including televisions, stereos, a VCR and movies, everything a modern home should have.

Annette kicked her shoes off and sank into a couch as she picked up a remote control to soften the lighting and put on some slow and easy music.

I browsed around the room before ending up beside her on the couch drinking in her beauty once more. I just couldn't get enough of looking at her.

But with my heavy rejection complex, looking was about all I could do.

She leaned over to kiss me which dissolved all of my fears and inhibitions, allowing me to return her affections. I took her into my arms and kissed her long and hard. She clung to me as I undid her dress and put my hands on her bare back.

My touch must have brought her back as she released her grip long enough to slip out of the dress and show me her almost naked form.

Her breasts were full and ripe with just a touch of sag to them, with large aureole and nipples which were hard and erect. Her stomach was flat and smooth with the lightly rippling muscles of a woman who worked out. Her hips were still encased in the smooth silk of her expensive panties and stay up stockings adorned her legs to mid thigh, but the fantastic figure was readily available to my admiring eyes.

Annette unbuttoned the front of my shirt while I undid my pants. Shirt and jacket came off together as she pulled me to my feet and dropped my pants with my shorts. I lifted my feet to remove my socks at the same time I stepped out of my pants. She rolled down her stockings and removed them before sidling down her panties and tossing them aside.

Completely naked she moved back to me for another hot kiss on the mouth as our hands explored each other's bodies.

My first date, my first kiss and the first time I was with any woman, and it had to be with the most beautiful woman in the world. I wasn't complaining.

"Had many women?" she asked me between kisses on my neck.

I could have lied as my masculinity wanted me to, but to such a gorgeous woman I could only tell the truth.

"None at all." I told her. "I hope you're the first."

"Hope? What do you think we're doing?"

"We're not there yet," I pointed out to her.

We got there quickly though.

First Annette taught me to enjoy sex, then she taught me how to make love to a woman. Making love can include male sexual fulfillment too, but not always. A man doesn't have to get his rocks off to successfully make love to a woman.

Later we lay on the carpeted floor in each other's arms and she talked to me.

“So Gilbert, how did you like this experience? Did it meet with your expectations?”

“No, it exceeded anything I had ever dreamed of. I have never seen a more beautiful woman than you are, nor dreamt that such pleasures could actually happen to me. Why did you chose to have sex with me?”

“You question it?” she asked me.

“I have to wonder, since I was a virgin. Why me?”

“I knew you were special and I wanted you the first minute I saw you. If you hadn't asked to see me again I would've asked you. If you hadn't called me I would have called you. I have the gift of sensing great things in some people and I sensed in you the potential for more than just a wonderful life.”

“More than wonderful?”

“Yes. I belong to an organization called Club New Dawn. We are people who look for and help those with the ability to become as rich, powerful and beautiful as we are. The pictures on the walls here are of some of our female members. All of them are absolutely gorgeous women.”

“You can say that again. But you surpass their beauty.”

“Flatterer. Something else we do is enjoy ourselves just as often as we can. Clothes, jewelry, cars, homes, sex and making love, fine foods and wines and anything else our hearts desire.”

“Does one have to be rich to join?” I asked her.

“No. Every member helps the others. We have rules like other clubs probably do but ours include things like honesty and public service ahead of members gains. Absolutely no one gets hurt because of us. We aren't pacifists, we will defend ourselves and our property, we just won't do anything purposely to hurt someone else. Want to join?”

“What do I have to do?”

“First of all you have to learn to enjoy yourself. We won't ask you to do anything we wouldn't do ourselves. Some of what we ask may sound a bit odd, but you have to learn to trust us. Your best interest is what we are thinking of. Also, secrecy. No one can know you are in our club or what the club is about. We have people who scout about to find new recruits, then people like me to find out if they would fit in with what we are about. I will be working with you to teach you to enjoy yourself as much as possible.”

“Count me in Annette, what do I do?”

“Once you're in you can't get out. Once you've taken the oaths you're in for life.”

“If it's as you describe I can't imagine wanting out.”

“Its not all heaven though. There will be work too. But you will never go hungry nor be alone as long as you want our company.”

“Once again Annette, you can count me in.”

“Okay. This is the dawn of a new era and a new people. We don't need to rule the world, just make sure it continues to exist and help its occupants as much as we can. Swear secrecy of our existence to anyone, any time, anywhere.”

I did as Annette directed me and took it as seriously as she did. This was for real, though we were both still naked and seated on her carpeted floor. She took my face in her hands, kissed me on the mouth and proceeded to give me pleasure as I am certain only a hot—blooded, well sexed woman can.

My energy drained by her sexual appetite I was dozing off to sleep when she pulled me to my feet and into the bathroom for a shower with her. Revitalized, I pulled her to me to kiss and fondle her incredible body. She directed me as to how to give her the most pleasure possible in a shower. I did things with her I had never thought possible. Lifting, posing, touching and probing. I kissed every inch of her body and tongued every crack and crevice I found. She urged me on till I had her literally climbing the walls with sexual pleasure.

Done again I recall lifting Annette's lithe body in my arms and carrying her to her bed. Then I fell asleep. I awoke several times during the night to find her next to me and willing for more sex each time.

CHAPTER 3

SENSUAL DELIGHTS

I awoke in the morning alone between floral scented, rose colored satin sheets. As I sat up in the bed Annette came into the room wearing a white floor length, sheer silk gown.

“Good morning Gil. Did you have a good sleep?” she asked.

“Good morning yourself.” I replied wiping the sleep from my eyes. “Yes, I had a very good sleep. Did you sleep at all?”

“Some. I don't need much sleep. I have your clothes in the washing machine right now and breakfast is on the stove. Can you come to the table naked or would you prefer to wear something?”

“I think I'd prefer to have something on Annette, since you are almost wearing something yourself.” I grinned at her.

“Okay.”

She got out for me a sheer pink nylon negligee and a sheer nylon dressing gown to match.

“I have a lot of fun planned for you today Gil so we aren't dressing yet. You can wear these for now. How do you like your steak and eggs?”

“Steak, medium—well. Just a tinge of pink through the middle. Eggs, over easy. I can't wear this Annette!” I protested.

“Why not?” she asked innocently.

“I'm a guy, not a girl in case you didn't notice. Haven't you got something a little more unisex I can wear?”

“Yes, but every person has some of both sexes in them. We wouldn't be complete without them. I am a woman and enjoy it while still enjoying my masculine side as well. You are a man and are just learning to enjoy it. The best way I can think of to enjoy your masculinity is to learn about your femininity at the same time. Put on the negligee and gown and come down to the kitchen. Your steak is under the broiler and we don't want to burn it.”

I thought about it and decided to do as she said. I really wasn't much of a catch for any woman as far as I was concerned, yet here I was, with the most beautiful woman in the world catering to me. I slipped the negligee over my head and onto my body, then pulled on the gown and tied the belt. There was a pair of furry mules the same color as the gown by the closet, so I slid my feet into them as well. It was quite a chore walking down the stairs in those 3" heels, but I managed it. The mules gave me more to think about than just the sheer materials almost covering my body.

“Very nice.” she told me. “I am so glad you put the mules on too Gil. Now eat.” She placed a plate of steak and eggs on the table before me. She poured me a cup of coffee and added the cream and sugar for me as she had watched me do it the night before.

“I can understand you having a well stocked freezer,” I said, “but where did you get the fresh cream and eggs from?”

“Stopping at the cafe last night was like a signal between me and the milkman. He owns that place too and they know me there so he delivered at five this morning. Eggs, cream, milk, butter and cheeses. I'll call in an order to the grocery later and have them deliver fresh fruits and vegetables.”

“Were you ever a Boy Scout? You are really prepared for just about anything, aren't you?”

“I try. Remember, we are here to work on your pleasures. Not just what you think you want, but what I think you might like and what I think you might need too. I think you need to get really naked right after breakfast so finish eating please.”

“Is this more naked than I was last night and this morning?”

“Yes, as a matter of fact it is.”

“How is that possible? How can a person wear less than nothing at all?” I asked her.

“I'll show you later. Just eat. You need your strength.”

“Aren't you eating too?”

“I ate earlier, while you were still asleep. I have to ask you some personal questions, okay?”

“Ask anything you want Annette.”

“Do you have any family and where are they?”

“I never knew my father, my mother died when I was sixteen. I've been on my own since. No siblings.”

“I'm sorry to have to ask but I have to know.”

“It's okay Annette, it doesn't bother me.”

“All right. Do you have any religious convictions?”

“Not really. I studied a lot of different religions just so I had a basic understanding of what others believed in. I believed it might help me in dealing with people.”

“Very good Gilbert! It's important to learn. We believe that most of societies laws are just and right. However, there are a few we don't agree with and don't obey. Are there any laws you can think of you might want to disobey?”

“If I thought about it, maybe. Off hand I can't come up with any.”

“Club New Dawn members generally believe in the rights of the individual to total sexual freedoms. We believe that men and women should have the right to choose their own sexual partners. We do try to match people for procreation though, genetic engineering through selective breeding of people. We want to produce the best children possible. We are pro—life advocates, but only for ourselves. If a choice we made produces an unhealthy child we will still give birth and try to raise it with the highest quality of life we can provide. We owe this to both parents and the child.”

“You plan to be a mother then?” I asked her. I pushed my plate forward in a sign of completion.

“I am a mother already.” She got up and put my plate and utensils into the dishwasher. “Lets go up to the bedroom.”

Annette took my hand and helped support me as I struggled to walk in the mules. She didn't want me to take them off until I was back in the bedroom.

Then she removed her gown and asked me to do the same. Naked again we walked hand in hand into the bathroom. I could use a morning shower.

She had other plans.

“Aside from the sexual differences between us Gil, what differences do you see?” she asked me.

“Muscles, coloring and hair.” I replied.

“Again, very good! Hair is the one I was looking for. I have a small thatch at the juncture of my legs, eyebrows, eyelashes and a healthy head of cranial hair too. You have hair all over your body, face and head.”

“You don't like it?”

“It's not that I don't like it, its that I can enjoy more sensations all over because I don't have that hair. You need to experience these sensations as well so I need to remove most of your body hair. You can grow it back later if you want to.”

“Do you have a razor I can borrow?”

“No. I use a depilatory cream. Step into the shower please but leave the water off. I will apply it for you and wash it off when it has done its work.”

Annette ran a sink full of hot water, then reached into the cabinet under the sink and brought out her depilatory cream in bottles.

I had one days growth of beard on my face so she started putting it on there first.

“This stuff was developed by one of our chemists, Gil.” she explained to me. “It is made of secret ingredients that we don't want to share with the world just yet. It is gentle enough to be used on any skin type without any harsh side effects, yet strong enough to work on any hair type too. One problem with it that they can't seem to fix yet is that it hardens quite quickly and will force you to be immobile while it's on. That's why I am needed here and why I already have a sink full of water. I can wash my hands should they begin to tighten up on me.”

Annette applied the cream to all of my beard hair, then down my neck and my full torso. With my arms outspread and my legs parted, she covered my arms and legs completely and stopped twice to wash off her hands. She spread the cream over my posterior and completely covered my penis and scrotum too. Then she took a cotton swab and told me to breathe through my mouth as she wanted to get the hair on my upper lip all the way up to my nose. I could feel the cream just inside my nose too but couldn't tell her with my jaw locked up with hardened cream. She applied some of the cream to stray hair on my forehead, just for appearances, and told me to keep my eyes closed.

I did.

I heard her wash her hands again, then she told me she was applying some of her shampoo to my dry hair. Again, it was a special and secret mixture of all natural ingredients and would work really well.

She explained that when she washed me off the shampoo would work better if it was already on the hair. My hair was fairly longish for a short style, I was due for a haircut soon. She got her conditioner out before turning on the water, setting the temperature before putting on the shower.

She started washing me from my head down with the hand held shower nozzle. She did my face first to allow me to breathe properly and open my eyes. She did my hair next so as to allow the shampoo to begin its work while she rinsed the hardened cream from the rest of my body.

I could move again and watched as the cream washed down the drain. There was no sign of hair on my body, in the water or in the shower stall. In the shower mirror I saw my body which now looked to me like a pre—teen's, without all the hair I was so used to. Even my pubic hair was gone leaving me feeling more naked than Annette looked to me.

“You're looking really good Gil.” she said to me. “I can't wait to get started with your pleasure sessions. They'll be fun for me as well as you, and I'm getting horny.” She put the conditioner into my hair, then soaped up both of our bodies. The soap didn't lather well on me as there wasn't any hair to hold it. She rinsed my hair, both our bodies, then shut off the water before stepping out to towel us off. All I had to do was stand there. She wanted to do all the work so I let her.

“How do you feel Gil?” she asked as she toweled off her body.

“Naked.” I replied.

“I thought you might. More naked than before?”

“You know it. It's a strange sensation to me. It's not bad, just new and different. I feel somewhat self-conscious about my new found nudity. I wasn't before though, I guess because you were naked too. Now I feel different and feel the need to cover up.”

“Don't worry about it. That feeling will pass. We are going to explore some of your femininity so your current nudity is a must. The sensations can be indescribably wonderful.”

Annette led me back into the bedroom where she had me lay down on the satin sheets. The difference between before and now was so exciting my cock sprang to attention almost immediately. My excitement made her smile and she got down on her knees beside the bed to give me one of her fabulous blow jobs. I was so excited I came within mere minutes. She sucked and licked me clean, then stood up.

She got several stockings from her dresser drawer and trailed them along my hairless body. Nylon first, then cotton, silk and satin ones. The different materials running along my skin caused sensations I never knew existed.

Annette put a pair of sheer nylon stockings onto my legs, then pulled the other materials over top of them.

The incredible sensations I felt seemed to magnify while I was wearing the sexy nylon stockings. In order to proceed I had to stand where gravity took hold of the stockings sliding them down my legs to my feet.

To hold the stockings up Annette helped me into one of her pink satin and lace garter belts. It was too small for me so I had to suck in my stomach while she did it up behind my back. She showed me how to attach the garters to the stockings.

Then she had me put on a pair of pink nylon and lace bikini panties. I was erect again and couldn't hide it within the confines of the tiny garment. She ignored my maleness for now and helped me into the matching half cup bra. She filled the cups with a pair of bra forms she took from the same drawer. Then she helped me into a very short, pink nylon full slip.

Annette put her arms around my neck and kissed me on the cheek. “Hey little girl,” she whispered huskily into my ear, “want a little action?”

She laughed as I pulled her naked body close to my femininely semi-clad body.

Her hands went under the hem of the slip I wore, into the waistband of the panties and pulled out the length of my erect penis. When she directed the head to her waiting vagina I lifted her body and eased her down onto my hard pole. She wrapped her legs around my waist and helped me raise and lower her onto my shaft. Within minutes she had her first orgasm, and later she came again with me.

She tucked my drained and limp cock into the crotch of the panties, replaced them and smoothed out the slip I wore. Then she dressed herself in similar clothes to the ones I had on.

I sat down at the vanity beside her and followed her lead.

She applied lipstick to her lips and so did I. She put on mascara and I did the same. She used a bit of blusher and I tried it too. She had to help me with some of it.

She helped me brush out my hair, which was dry by then, and I watched as she ran her brush through her own long tresses.

Annette chose two dresses from her closet and handed me the pink one, while she stepped into the blue one. Again I followed her lead and stepped willingly into the dress. She zipped up the back for me and I did the same for her. She found me a pair of 4" heeled shoes while choosing to wear 2" heels for herself. I tried to put on the pair of pumps but they were too small for me. She got out a pair of open—toed sling backs which I was able to get my feet into. They also had 4" heels. She put on some jewelry and offered me the use of some as well.

I was amazed how well everything else of hers fit me.

I stood in front of her full length mirror and was astonished to see just how feminine I did look. She came up beside me and put her hand on my bottom. "I could really go for a girl like you." she suggested. "Wanna try lesbianism?"

"I'll try anything you want." I told her smiling.

She smiled, kissed me and said, "Later babe. I have to make us some lunch now. C'mon down to the kitchen and we can talk and prepare something at the same time. Besides, I want to watch you practice walking in those shoes."

"Do I really have to practice much? I thought we were just trying this out." The shoes hurt my feet.

"We are. But how do you know if you like it or not if you can't do it properly or don't give it a decent chance? Learn to act feminine and you'll be able to feel it more. There is a great deal of pleasure to be gained from all this, as a man or as a woman. At the very least you will have gained some insights into what women are about."

I went down the stairs with Annette and listened to every thing she had to tell me. Take small steps, lean forward slightly, point the toes straight ahead, add a little hip with each step, keep the knees together to sit, cross the legs at the knees, right over left. Sit up straight, don't slouch. Use the hands expressively when talking and avoid using contractions if at all possible. There were lots of little differences between men and women and she was teaching me as many of them as she could think of.

After a light lunch Annette took me outside to her garden patio for more walking practice. She led me around her empty pool, through the trellis gate and down the garden path. She coached me every step of the way and scolded me lightly if I strayed too far from her teachings.

"It's a lot to remember all at once." I told her.

"True." she agreed. "Is there anything of value you want from your apartment Gil?" she asked me.

"Not really, why?" I inquired from her.

"As our newest member you can have just about anything you want in life. As a way of shedding your past though we would like to remove all traces of your previous existence. Someone in our group will go and remove your belongings from your apartment and you will live here with me for now, okay?"

“Being with you Annette I have no reason to go back to where or what I was. I didn't have a future and though I don't know exactly what is in store for me with you, it has to be better than what I had.”

“I have to call the city. Want to listen in?”

“Okay.”

Annette called a woman named Hillary and I heard both sides of the conversation.

“Hello?” Hillary answered the phone.

“Hi Hilly.” Annette replied.

“Annette! What a pleasure to hear from you. Where are you?”

“I'm at the farm Hilly. What's new?”

“We're having a general meeting early next month. No one has gotten in touch with you so far have they?”

“No, I have been out of touch since last week. Why the rush meeting?”

“New members are apparently piling up. They want initiation as soon as possible. You are the only one in this area who can do the evaluations.”

“I know. I have a new member myself. That is why I called you. I need his place cleaned out A.S.A.P.”

“Name and address?”

Annette gave it to her.

“Your friend will need a membership code name, Annette.”

“What is available to me?” she asked.

“Just a second and I'll call it up. Uhh, he may not like this Ann.”

“Why? What's up?”

“You're slated to use a feminine first name with the real last name. All he can have for a code name is either Beverly or Brenda.”

“That's all the choice there is Hilly?” Annette looked at me and I held up two fingers. The choices were confirmed by her friend. “I guess we'll take Brenda then. Brenda Strauss.”

“Brenda Strauss it is then. I'm making the entry now so if you want to change it do it now.” I shook my head no.

“Leave it at that Hilly. How are the kids doing?”

“Fine. Susan misses not seeing you every day, but she is still doing quite well. I'll tell her you called and said Hi. I'll tell all of them you called.”

“Thanks Hilly. You know where I am if you need me. You can set up interviews beginning on Monday if you like. Then I can get some of those evaluations out of the way before the meeting.”

The women said their good—byes, then disconnected the call.

“Why did you choose Brenda?” Annette asked me.

“Beverly was my mother's first name.” I replied. “I don't need a constant reminder of her.”

“I guess not. I like the name Brenda too though.”

“Do all the guys in this club have feminine code names? And what is your code name?” I asked.

“I don't have a code name because I am in the executive branch of the club. I am just Annette Hamilton. Only the luckiest guys have feminine code names. One has to have a feminine name to make it into the executive branch or progress beyond the stature of a breeding stud. But all people in our club end up with more than they would if they lived outside of our society.”

CHAPTER 4 LEARNING THE ROPES

Annette started me on a totally feminine lifestyle there at her farmhouse. My clothes were put away and she shared all of her things with me. She laced me into a corset and taught me how to dress, act and speak like a lady at all times.

I learned how to put on makeup, how to select the proper clothes for each occasion and what jewelry went with what outfit. After four days of non stop practice I walked in 6" heels with absolute ease.

I bathed and changed clothes at least four times per day, some times as many as eight times per day. I washed my hair and put in the conditioner every time I bathed as Annette said it could not hurt me. I tried on every piece of clothing Annette had out there at the farm and I wore many of them several times each.

I preferred her dresses, though I tried on all of her jeans, slacks, pant—suits, shorts and tights too. My male genitals were more obvious when wearing pants. Laced into the corset I had an acceptably small enough waist to allow me to get into her sleekest and sexiest gowns and dresses. Naturally her hips and bust were larger than mine so I had to pad those places. Since I had to wear a bra with forms there were some gowns I just couldn't wear properly.

I think it was my second full day in her clothes that I asked her what it was like to have breasts as large as hers were.

“I think it's great!” she told me. “I wear a size 34D bra and love it.” I saw her bending over to drop her breasts into her bra cups before reaching behind her back to do up the clasps which is what prompted me to ask. “Why do you ask?” she wanted to know.

“I fit into your clothes quite well I think, even though I need the corset and some padding to make the fit right. I was wondering what it's like to be a real woman, that's all.”

“You'll never know what it's like to be a real woman Brenda, because you're not a real woman. But you look just as great in my clothes as I do.”

“Thanks Annette. Can you tell me why I don't have a shadow of my beard back yet? It has been over twenty four hours since you took it off with that cream of yours.”

"I forgot to tell you Brenda, you won't have to shave again for some time. In about six months your body will look as though you are just entering puberty. In about two months you will have some light facial hair again. Peach fuzz if you like."

"That depilatory cream works that well?"

"Yes, and my shampoo plus conditioner works just as well. I expect your hair to grow out full, thick and fast. It should be down to your shoulders within a week or so."

"Are you trying to make me really feminine?"

"Absolutely! I want you to experience as many of the joys of womanhood as you can before you return to being a man. But, no matter how feminine I make you, you'll still be able to perform your duties as a stud."

"That's good." I said. "It's too bad I won't grow tits huh?"

She didn't answer me, but continued to teach me all she could in the short time we had left. I had to be ready for the general meeting that was coming up in a few short weeks. Annette added massages to my daily routine and took care to rub the hot oil in expertly. She took particular care on my stomach with the lighter oil while on my buttocks, hips and chest she used a slightly heavier oil. She wore gloves to protect her hands from the oils, not that they were bad, but they were oils for the body and not the hands. More secret ingredient stuff.

Annette had exercises for the mind for me to do too. This was because Club New Dawn believed that all members should be as superior as possible to all outsiders on this planet. Annette believed I had the potential to expand my mind beyond what the others were capable of. She honestly believed I could become the leader of Club New Dawn at some point in time in the future.

She was right about me learning to enjoy my femininity, so perhaps she could be right about other things too. The exercises for the mind weren't really all that hard, they just took a lot of concentration plus a drink every now and again of a creamy blue mixture Annette had provided. It had the texture of a thick milkshake and the color of added blueberries, but tasted more like straight scotch whiskey. She called it a thought enhancer. Once again, secret, all natural ingredients.

"Doesn't it bother you that I look so good in your clothes?" I asked her one day.

"Not at all. I am proud of the fact that you do look so good Brenda," she replied.

"I like wearing your clothes Annette." I told her. "I just wish your shoes fit me better."

"Good. Then I can burn your old clothes, right?"

"You really don't mind that I like to wear your things?"

"Not in the least dear. I don't come from your 'normal' society Brenda. I have lived most of my life with Club New Dawn. For us, it's an honor to have a man dress, look and act like one of the girls. I am thrilled if you really do like it. If you have to go back to life as a man I may not be as happy."

"So burn my male things then Annette. I want to spend my life with you too. I do like all of your clothes, the dresses in particular though."

"I thought so." she said with a smile. "I think you'll like them even more in a few more months."

"What's in a few more months?" I asked her.

"You'll be a full member, we'll live in the city and out here once in a while, and we'll have a larger wardrobe to share."

"I know I have to appear in public dressed as a woman from now on Annette, but I am scared to death just thinking about it."

"So don't think about it, do it. We need some things from the grocery again so instead of calling in for it, let's get into the car and go get them. This town is so small we might see all of thirty people today. In a crowd who would notice if you made a mistake or two? No one." she answered her own question.

"I have to do it sooner or later Annette, lets go."

Maybe I was a bit hasty with my decision to try passing in public so soon after starting to cross dress, but I had an expert to help and guide me through all of the rocky roads ahead. Better to find my faults now and fix them than to find them in heavy traffic and end up lost.

Annette helped me choose a light summer dress that was comfortable while still being sexy and hiding my masculinity properly. Her choice of clothing wasn't as important as mine was, after all, she was a female and all knew it already.

I was the impostor who had a job to do fooling everyone. I hoped I was good enough.

The town was small and driving through it Annette pointed out the town hall, post office, sheriff's office and grocery store all in the same breath. Everyone in town was polite and friendly and came right up to be introduced to the new girl in town.

Annette made introductions as well as she could since there were a few of their names she forgot.

The women smiled politely and shook my hand, the men grinned broadly and when offered my hand they invariably kissed it.

The grocery backed up to the general store and when we had our purchases of food and fruits we went over and tried on dresses before going back to the car.

I over heard some of the elderly gents on the porch talking about that gorgeous girl, Brenda, who came in with Annette Hamilton. They called me a 'real looker' and added that I might bring some class to this backwoods town if I stayed long enough.

As we drove back to the farm I told Annette what I had over heard. She conceded that if the old men were on my side, then I had passed the local test. She felt that no big city could stop or intimidate me now.

Monday came and Annette had to go to the city for the interviews Hillary had set up for her. She had four that day and wouldn't be back till really late. It would be my first day at the farm alone.

Together we had filled the pool and cleaned the entire house and yard area.

With Annette gone I changed into a two piece string bikini to swim in, but stripped naked to sun bathe by the pool. When I got too hot I eased into the pool and went for another swim. I got a good amount of sun front and back, but not enough to burn.

When I felt it was time to get out of the sun I couldn't lace myself back into the corset so I put on panties, a halter bra with the breast forms, shorts and a halter top. I was still amazed at my hairless body and face. I kind of wished I had real breasts though, instead of the forms I had to wear. When Annette had me laced into the corset I could do without the forms as my skin pushed up high enough to make it look like I had small girlish breasts.

I took time in the afternoon though to do my mind exercises and drink the foul liquid that went with it. There was a higher purpose to the things I did and though I didn't know it at that time I was willing to take a chance on the future.

I had a dinner of barbecued spare ribs, steamed rice and a tossed salad ready when Annette got home at seven that evening. As I suspected she had driven straight home after the last of her meetings and hadn't eaten.

We ate together.

"I didn't know you could cook Brenda." she told me.

"I was a bachelor, remember Annette? I lived alone since I was sixteen, and with a working mother before that. Of course I can cook, and I like to do it too. I also like to eat."

I loaded the dishwasher while she took it easy for a change. Then I gave her neck a massage and asked how her day went.

"Oh fine." she answered. "Of the four guys I interviewed today only one is a suitable candidate for our membership, though he isn't anywhere as good as you are. I have to tell the other three women that their choices aren't of the quality we expect."

"Can't Hillary or someone else tell them?"

"No, I made the cut. I have to tell them. But not tonight. Tonight I want to get laid royally. How about it lady. Wanna strap on your dildo and fuck all night long?"

"You got it baby." I replied. "Let's go."

Arm in arm we went up to the bedroom.

I couldn't carry her while wearing my high heeled shoes.

She refused to let me act like anything but a lady. A lesbian, okay, but still a lady.

Even in our bedroom we were still ladylike in every respect. I had to copy her moans of pleasure as we undressed each other kissing the skin as we exposed it. Some of my moans were for real when she started removing my panties with her lips while kneading my buttocks with her fingers.

I did the same for her and made love to her like it was her first time, slow and gentle.

This is what she wanted and this is what she got.

CHAPTER 5 ON THE RISE

The next morning it was I who was up early while Annette slept soundly.

She had meetings today too and would need her strength so I laid out a choice of clothing for her, had my shower using her depilatory cream on my face again just to make sure, and her shampoo and conditioner on my growing hair.

My hair had grown several inches in just over a week using her products. I didn't have body hair anymore. Even my voice seemed to me to be slightly higher pitched than it had been.

I powdered my body and dressed quietly in a cool sundress before tip—toeing down the stairs where I put my sandals on. I had traded the corset for a smaller waist cincher which I could put on myself and one of Annette's bras with the breast forms.

I went to the kitchen and cooked us our usual breakfast fare of steak, eggs, toast and coffee. Then I went back up to our bedroom where I put on my makeup and decided on no jewelry.

Gently I awoke Annette with a kiss and calmed her fears of being late. I informed her of what I had done and that since breakfast was nearly ready she could get up for a leisurely shower and take her time getting dressed.

Showing her what I had chosen for her to wear she agreed on a green mini dress with the matching underwear. I put the other things away while she was in the bathroom.

I was bringing the food to the table when Annette walked in as radiant and beautiful as I had ever seen her.

I did a wolf whistle for her as she spun around to display all of her charms for me.

"I wish I had a camera," I said to her. "You are just too beautiful for words to properly express."

"And I wish the men in my life had been as complimentary to me as you are," she replied.

"They weren't? Fools, all of them!"

We laughed together as we had played these lines before. But I always meant it.

"Wanna go to the city with me today Brenda?" she asked. "I do have appointments, but we can have lunch together and a somewhat relaxed dinner before coming home."

"And what do I do between now and lunch? Between lunch and dinner?"

"We'll meet Hillary for coffee first, then she can take you shopping for some new dresses. You have such wonderful taste in dresses. After lunch she can take you to get your new complete set of identification and back to her house."

"I'm getting new I.D.?"

"Yes. Since you are living as a female now we only need to call you by your code name. Your civilian name is no longer going to be used. You are Brenda Strauss, now and forever to us."

“That makes sense. I'd love to go with you Annette, but I have to change first. I can't wear this into the city to spend the day downtown shopping. I need something more urban.”

She laughed at me as I ran back upstairs.

I changed into an orange cotton skirt with a white silk blouse and a blazer to match the skirt. I put on white open—toed pumps with three inch heels and took a matching purse which I quickly filled with the makeup I thought I might need.

The country comfort was gone from my appearance as I strode confidently into the kitchen where Annette was putting our dishes into the dishwasher.

I spun about for her and she gave me the wolf whistle.

She grabbed her purse, took my hand and led me out to the garage and her bright red Corvette.

“You clash with my car dear.” she told me.

I took off my jacket so only the white of my blouse showed through the window.

“That's better Brenda.”

“I know. I only thought about what would look good on me, not what we would be riding in.”

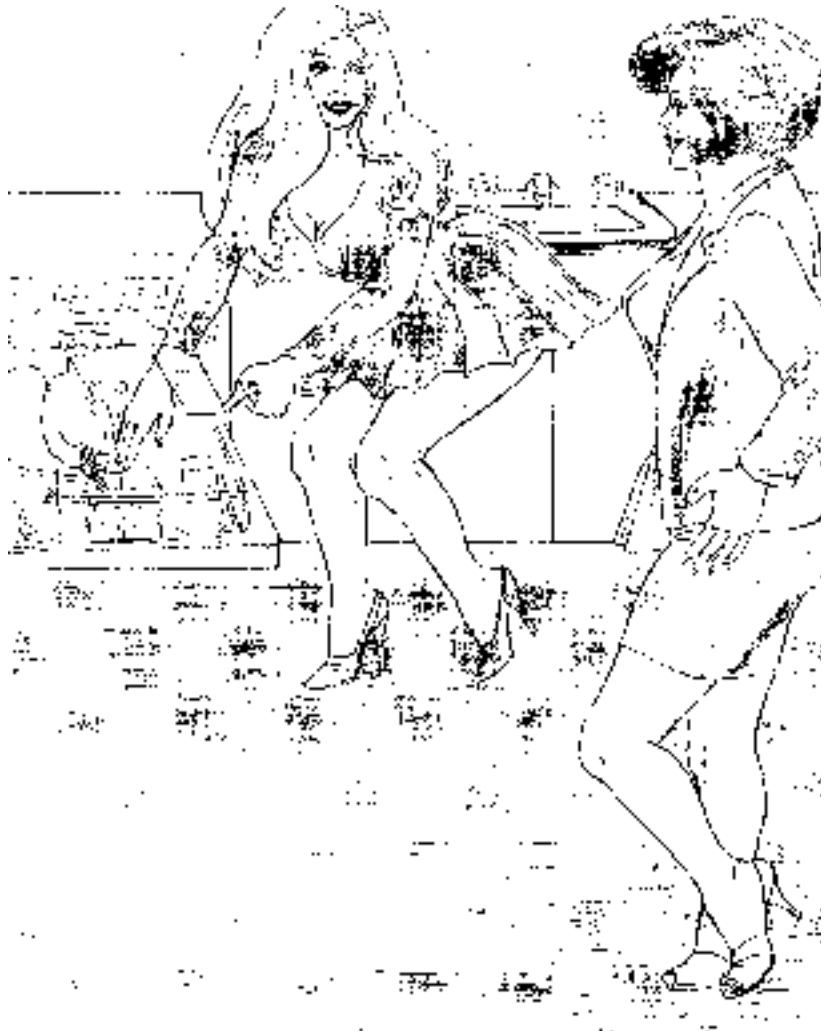
“That orange does look good on you with your short brown hair and brown eyes. The sheer stockings on your tanned legs look great with the above the knee length of the skirt. You look fabulous dear.”

“Thank you Annette. All compliments are gratefully accepted and filed in my memory for appreciation at any time.”

“I like that line, Brenda, where is it from?”

“I think I just made it up, Annette.”

The drive into the city was quite quick as Annette loved to take her sporty car to speeds the cops couldn't go to. The roads were empty so the cops didn't bother us at all.



She drove us straight to the New Dawn Hotel, the city's newest and finest hotel. The name definitely caught my attention.

We met Hillary, an older lady than I had thought over the phone, for coffee in the restaurant. After the introductions she told me how pretty I looked in my skirt suit.

“So very few of our young men are willing to venture out while dresses en femme so it is a great pleasure to meet you.” she said to me. “Annette tells me you will be dressing en femme all of the time Brenda?”

“That is correct.” I told her. “Having learned some of the great pleasure it is to dress this way I see no reason to dress any other way. Besides, Annette tells me she likes me this way too. I think I'm making progress.”

“I think so too dear.” Annette added. “Got to run dears. See you back here at noon. I made a reservation. Bye.” She blew a kiss to Hillary, but stopped long enough to kiss me full on the mouth. I was glad she had.

“Annette really likes you Brenda.” Hillary told me with some surprise in her voice. “I thought she just wanted you as a member in our club, but she really does care about you.”

“You noticed huh? I feel the same way about her too.”

“Good, let's go shopping.”

“Darn! I forgot to get money from Annette. I don't have any to spend.”

“Don't worry dear. Club New Dawn is already working for you. I am here today to show you what we can do without money.”

Hillary got the check for our coffees and signed her name with a number, I assumed it was her room number in the hotel. We left and climbed into a limousine parked at the curb chauffeured by a young man who couldn't quite bring himself to wearing only feminine clothing in public. At a glance he was a properly dressed chauffeur. But I saw that he was wearing ladies slacks and a ladies blouse. All the rest was male.

The car was privileged enough to park anywhere on any street without hassle from the police.

Hillary took me to several of the more chic dress shops in town where I got to try on dozens of the latest styles and fashions. We had a great time just picking things out and trying them on. We bought several dresses with Hillary just signing her name and the same number.

It came to me then that every place we had been had been another Club New Dawn member. The number after her name was a code of sorts allowing her to take anything she wanted.

Hillary offered to purchase some real diamonds for me in the form of a necklace, bracelet, rings and a watch.

“Whatever for?” I asked. “With the purchasing power you have, why flaunt it? Imitation diamonds are enough for me. I would worry about losing real ones. Fakes are less of a bother and look just as good to me.”

So she bought me some imitation jewelry that would go with the outfits we had purchased.

We got back to the hotel with time to spare so Hillary ordered for us a little drink she hated. It was the thought enhancer Annette had given to me. She drank it down all at once while I sipped mine slowly. I gave it time to work on me and cleared my head of useless thoughts. This stuff at the hotel was a lot stronger than the stuff Annette gave me, probably fresher.

I could feel it all happening to me. It was a combination of all of their products together. The depilatory cream on my body and face, the shampoo and conditioner on my head, the oils on my body and the drink inside of me. They worked with each other to change me from the inside out.

I was still a man, I mean I had working male genitalia. The rest of me was fast becoming feminine. But beyond that these chemicals worked to change my mind too. Not only my thoughts, but on the way my mind worked.

Annette sensed something special within me that could be an asset to her club. I doubt she knew what the chemicals would do to me. I doubt any of them knew. I had to keep it a secret for now. At least from Hillary whom I didn't know all that well.

My consciousness had changed all at once with the drink from Hillary. I could hear her thoughts now and the thoughts of anyone else in the room I chose to listen to!

I had to practice this at home later, but until then I had to keep my mind clear of all thought of my own. I might inadvertently send them to someone who didn't need them.

Annette arrived and I practiced trying to read her mind. It wasn't so easy to do, possibly due to the gift she had for seeing into other people.

Hillary on the other hand was so easy to read. She didn't like me but was putting up with me because she liked Annette. Hillary preferred to force little boys to dress as girls so she didn't like it when a male chose to dress as a female himself.

Annette was able to wrap her business up early and found us coming away with my new I.D. They had taken my picture and put it onto my drivers license. I even had a new birth certificate that proclaimed me to be female. All of the I.D. said I was a female.

I liked that.

Instead of staying in town for dinner, Annette and I drove home. We could enjoy our own food more and relax instead of worrying about the drive later.

"I think Hillary likes you Brenda."

"I think you're wrong."

"Why do you think that? She gave up her day to be with you."

"She gave up her day as a favor to you, not me."

"She is a people person. In her spare time she helps out with the child care facility one of our members operates for us."

“Hillary likes little boys Annette. She likes to make them dress up as little girls.”

“What's wrong with that?”

“Nothing at all. She just doesn't like men who dress themselves as women. She doesn't have the power then. Her chauffeur wears ladies slacks and blouse, yet still acts like a man. There she has some power but would prefer more. Hillary likes you and will do anything for you. She tolerates me now but may like me more when I become a member.”

“I suppose you know all of this for sure?” she asked.

“Some of it, yes. I'm guessing that she may like me more when I am a member.”

“So how do you know?”

“What was so special about me that you chose me Annette?”

“I don't know. Its just a feeling I get. It was really strong with you. It still is as a matter of fact.”

“I now know how it all works, Annette.”

“Good. You want to tell me cause I'm still in the dark about a lot of Club New Dawn myself. I am in the executive branch, but way down near the bottom.”

“The earlier they get someone, the better. The chemicals you have been giving me work best on young people, who have that certain quality you are able to detect. They are working on me. I came to the realization today at noon when Hillary got me a shot of your Thought Enhancer. I think this stuff today was stronger than the stuff you have here at home.”

“The hotel serves it. They make it in town.”

“I know. I am now telepathic. I can read minds though yours is really hard to read, probably due to your gift. Hillary and Mike were like open books to me! When we left Hillary, she was planning to take Mike home and physically force him to dress as a little girl. Mike likes her, but hates being made to wear little girl's clothes. As a man he would prefer to be forced to wear women's things more. Given his choice he would only wear men's things.”

“And you know all this for sure?”

“Annette, I just became telepathic today at noon. I am just learning how to use my mind beyond anything I had learned before. I am certain of what I told you but only you can check it out. You can call Hillary when we get home and ask her if she did as she had planned today. She will tell you if you question her. I need to know I'm not going crazy, which is why I am asking you to do this for me.”

“Okay Brenda, as soon as we get home. You can listen in.”

Annette called and asked the right questions and Hillary told her the truth. She had planned to dress Mike up as I had told Annette and did it when they got home.

Mike, her chauffeur, was sitting on the floor in front of her wearing oversized clothes that should have been on a three year old girl. He was busy playing with his new oversized doll and crying about his predicament.

Hillary loved it.

Annette was amazed.

CHAPTER 6 LEARNING BEYOND

We went up to our room to change into something more comfortable than the urban look we both had on. Annette thought I could use another oil massage and I agreed with her. I stripped naked and lay down on the table for her to work on me.

“Do you know what that oil does to me and why you have to wear gloves to rub it on?” I asked her.

“Yes, do you?”

“I do now. I figured it out earlier.”

“So tell me and I'll let you know it you're right.”

“The light oil you use on my back, legs, arms and stomach works to reduce fat buildup under the skin and improve muscle tone. The heavier oil you use on my buttocks, hips and chest works to break down muscle tone and build up fat deposits. If you use it often enough I should end up with a figure just like yours in about three months. Right?”

“I estimated about two months. Are you angry with me?”

“Not in the least honey. How could I be upset to get a body almost as perfect as yours is?”

“Almost as perfect?”

“I'll still have a penis. I won't be as perfect as you are.”

We took a shower and dressed casually to eat a relaxed meal and take our conversations into the evening.

I kept on trying to read Annette's mind, but it was hard.

I continued to use all of the chemicals Annette had provided me with just as often as I could. I washed my hair every time I took a shower and used the hair removal cream at least once a month. I put on the gloves and massaged my chest, hips and buttocks myself when Annette wasn't around. I drank the drink several times every day and concentrated on my telepathic powers.

I soon began to develop telekinetic abilities too.

I moved a rock off of the garden path with just a thought. It happened by accident and when I tried to do it again on purpose, I couldn't. I kept on trying and soon I was able to lift a piece of paper by thought alone. The rock had been an accident until I understood how I had done it. Then there were no more accidents.

I stayed home alone while Annette went into the city on her business. Not that I could always go with her anyway. I liked to spend as much time with her as I could and we still enjoyed fabulous sex and lovemaking together.

But, home alone I was able to practice with my new mind. To learn beyond what was already known.

I took a shower, toweled myself dry and stood naked in front of the mirror. I lifted my penis in my right hand and tried to imagine it at half its size. My imagining it had caused my somewhat large penis to shrink to half its normal size. So I tried to imagine my penis at its normal size and watched as it grew back. It was flaccid when small and flaccid when it returned to its normal size.

I imagined my genitalia remaining its size but being able to hide completely within my body cavity. The testicles withdrew inside of me first pulling the scrotum with them. Then my penis pulled itself up until just the tip of the head still showed. I could sit on the toilet and pee, but didn't have to worry about an unfeminine bulge in a tight fitting pants outfit.

I put on a pair of panties and stretched them across my groin. No male bulge. I imagined my buttocks and hips being the same size as Annette's and filling out the panties properly. It took mere seconds to fulfill that thought.

I put on one of her 34D bras and imagined having breasts to fill the cups. The cups filled completely before I found the matching garter belt to put on. When I found it, I wrapped it around my waist and wished my waist was small enough to fit it. The garter belt fit me perfectly.

I put on a pair of stockings, then took off the bra. I put on one of the off the shoulder dresses I had never been able to wear before but which looked so great on Annette. I wore it all day long with 4" spike heeled pumps which I got on by wishing my feet were small enough.

I practiced using my new powers for the rest of the day till Annette came home.

Annette arrived home just when I had dinner ready for us. She noticed the dress I was wearing as soon as she saw me.

"How in the world can you wear that gown, Brenda?" she asked me. "It requires real titties, not breast forms."

"I know." I replied. "My powers are increasing by leaps and bounds dear. I thought about hiding my penis so I could wear one of your tights and my penis hid itself. I put on one of your 34D bras and wished I could fill it out. My wish came true. The same thing happened with your garter belt and my waist. So I took off the bra and put on this gown."

Annette came up to me and pulled down the front of the dress I had on. She cupped my left breast in her hand and felt the heat of my flesh, the weight of my breast. Running her thumb across the aureole and nipple caused it to stand erect. She smiled at me, kissed me on the mouth lightly before bending her head to kiss and lick my taut and erect nipple.

I could feel the heat building within me as she moved her mouth from one breast to the other, then back to the first.

Her tongue, lips and fingers got me so excited I came in my panties. I held onto her tightly until my orgasm passed and she kissed her way back up my chest to my mouth where she gave me a long, wet and hot kiss on the mouth.

She pulled my dress back up to cover my breasts, then suggested we sit down to eat and discuss all of the new things I could do.

I had to change my wet panties, but she wanted me to wear them with my juices still soaking into them. The dress too would be stained with my cum.

Later, in our room, Annette helped me out of the dress so she could play with my breasts again. I started to get hot and she slid down my body to lick the tip of my penis through my wet panties. She got my panties down using her teeth and sucked all of my juices from them that she could. Then she was back up to my groin to lick the tip of my hidden penis between my legs.

She smiled up at me and said, "This seems to be a lot like a girl eating a girl. I love it!"

"I love it too."

She went back to licking and sucking the slit between my legs and I began to shiver with the growing excitement I felt. Annette must have felt my growing sexual intensity for she licked harder and faster and soon had me cumming in her face.

This experience was new to both of us. I had never felt such an intense orgasm as my load shot out of my hidden cock. It wasn't even hard inside of me yet had delivered such an overpowering orgasm.

Annette too hadn't expected what she got. It looked very feminine to her eye yet tasted very masculine. The cum was hot and sticky and shot forth like it would from a real and hard penis, yet there was no penis to be seen.

She stood up beside me after licking me clean between the legs.

I kissed her briefly, then turned us both so we could look at ourselves in the full length mirror. I ran the fingers of my right hand over the thatch of hair between her legs, the fingers of my left hand over my hairless slit. I wished for a similar bush as hers and we both watched as the hair sprouted and grew to resemble the same thatch she had.

Annette was shocked by what she had seen and turned to me to look into my eyes for some explanation.

I smiled at her and took her hand in mine to guide her fingers through my bush to the tip of my cock still hiding within my slit.

"Brenda, this is great! You have the power of a God!"

"I don't know about that yet love. True, I can make changes to myself, but I don't know that I can make changes to others, or that I would want to."

I let my male genitalia slide out of hiding and into her waiting hand, then grew an erection to her delight. She guided it to her labia and climbed onto me as I helped her get my cock into her pussy. I had to sit down as I no longer had the muscles to hold her up high. Annette bounced joyfully on my pole while I stroked her naked body with my hands, lips and tongue.

With her first orgasm I rolled her onto the bed where I could give her more specialized attention. I worked at her breasts with my hands while continuing to work my

cock in and out of her hot and wet pussy. My lips were busy planting hot little kisses on her face and neck. I kept up the action through her next three orgasms, then timed my own orgasm to coincide with her fifth one. We came together and that last one was the best of all for her. I enjoyed it too.

As we lay side by side she lifted her fingers to play with the nipples on my large breasts. Her vagina was sore from the rubbing I had given her and I knew it, still I let my fingers roam through her pubic hair and to her womanhood. As I touched her I wished for the same genitalia for me.

I felt my male genitals sliding back inside of me but this time even further back than before. I moved my fingers from her vagina to the place between my legs only to find there another vagina. The two were almost identical in every way except hers was real, mine wasn't.

“I have a surprise for you my dear.” I said to her. I took her hand in mine again and moved her fingers to the thatch of hair between my legs. She explored me by herself then, looking for the tip of my hidden penis. What she found was apparently a real and working female vagina.

“You gave yourself a sex—change?” she almost cried with joy.

“I think I can change it back.” I told her.

“How about growing a penis on me.” she suggested. “I would love to be on the giving end of a good screwing.”

I closed my eyes and put my hand over her vagina. I almost wished she had a cock as large as mine and just as useful. But I really didn't want it to happen, even if I could do it. I didn't mind making changes to myself, that was one thing. Being able to make changes to someone else would mean I was God and I didn't want that terrible responsibility.

Annette didn't grow a penis, even though I pretended to try. I wanted her to love me as much as I loved her, yet I felt that as a God she could lose her love for me. I had to be very careful with what I did and said from now on.

Annette fingered my vagina to try and get the juices to flow. She wanted to see for herself just how real my vagina was and to give me the pleasures only a woman with a vagina can ever experience. She had had sex with other women before and enjoyed it so there was no reason in her mind that I couldn't enjoy sex with her now that I was a woman too.

I felt like a real woman with Annette working to fulfill our sexual needs. She was working her fingers into my vagina so as to partially masturbate me before using her tongue for that most precious of all occurrences. The orgasms came for me as fast and as wonderful as they seemed to come for Annette when I had sex with her. She built me up to a climax and played me like a musical instrument until I began my fourth and final orgasm as a woman that night.

My vagina ached from the constant pleasure I had been given, but it was a good kind of aching.

Annette apparently enjoyed it almost as much as I had.

I wished I could change back and it started to happen while Annette watched. My vagina closed up as my penis reappeared.

Annette was happy to have me back to normal, but I knew I could never be normal again.

CHAPTER 7 HIDING THE TRUTH

I made Annette promise not to tell anyone what I could or could not do. It was the Club New Dawn products that had changed me and my abilities. Should anyone find out about me they had to find out about the products too, then the whole world would want to control them and me.

She agreed that it was dangerous so she promised not to tell a soul.

Annette continued to supply me with the fresher products and they continued to work their magic upon me. My understanding of the world and everything in it grew with my abilities to manipulate my environment.

I could, if I wanted to, change my appearance to become the exact duplicate of Annette. But she was, to me, the perfect woman. I didn't want to be her. I wanted to be her lover, her one and only lover. She understood that and was fascinated at the way I could change myself to become more feminine.

I made my nose a bit smaller, my lips a bit fuller and my eyes a bit rounder. I made my skin softer and removed any trace of my Adam's apple. I raised the pitch of my voice to more closely imitate a real woman's voice. And I kept my penis hidden at all times, unless I was going to make love to her. I had my metabolism under control, so I could eat what I liked without changing my weight or sizes. I weighed exactly what Annette did and kept her metabolism under control too.

We planned a little performance for the general meeting and my introduction to them. We worked on our plans until the day the actual meeting occurred. I referred to them as parlor tricks.

I wasn't nervous, I knew what I could do.

But these were Annette's friends and she was nervous enough for both of us. I wouldn't let her down.

The meeting was in the top floor ballroom of the New Dawn Hotel so, the day before the meeting we checked in to a suite at the hotel. We wanted to arrive fresh and not after a long drive.

We went shopping for and bought the gowns we were going to wear for the occasion. They were floor length, torso hugging, and off the shoulder. They were perfect. Annette's was light blue with a slit up the back to just below her knees, mine was a lilac shade of purple and slit up the left side to just above the knees.

Tables were set up in a loose circle with chairs along the outside of the circle only. In the middle of the room was a single swivel chair the inductee would be seated in to be introduced to the executive members. Annette arranged for me to be the last of the inductees presented.

The executive members sat around the inductee and could ask questions while the inductee turned to the speaker to respond.

The only torture we inductees had to endure was dressing femininely for the duration of the evening.

I loved it.

After being accepted each inductee left the room while the next one took their turn.

Male members usually brought females to be inducted, females usually brought males. There were times when members brought same sex inductees, but these times apparently were rare.

All members and inductees, male and female, had to attend dressed entirely as females. This applied whether they could pass well, or not.

Annette and I were among the first to arrive and watched with some amusement as the executive members made their entrances and took their places. Some of the males looked pretty good in their dresses, wigs and makeup while others didn't bother to put on any more than they had to. Some of the executive were real women and didn't have to worry about dressing up too much.

All of the inductees were men and I sat with them, though no one but me, Annette and Hillary knew it. They all looked and acted like men wearing women's clothing, while I looked and acted like a woman. Except for Mike they all had masculine code names too. Mike's code name was Michelle. He was Hillary's chauffeur.

One at a time the men were called into the inductee's chair and introduced first by their civilian name, then by their code name. Each one was asked if they had an understanding of the general rules and were willing to obey them.

They all replied with a positive answer and listed the qualifications they had and where they could work.

Annette had to confirm her interview with them and her approval of their membership.

I watched them all go through it and anxiously awaited my turn. In turn the sponsoring member brought forth her inductee and introduced him. If the sponsor was not of the executive they left with the inductee.

Only Mike and I had executive sponsors.

After Michelle left and Hillary stayed, it was my turn.

Annette came and taking my hand led me to the chair. She had a big smile on her face as she was about to announce my name to the executive members.

"At last!" one of the men exclaimed. "A female inductee! I would have thought she would have a male sponsor though."

"Executives," Annette called out, "I would like you to meet my inductee, Gilbert Strauss, code named Brenda Strauss."

All eyebrows except Hillary's went up in amazement as the realization struck home that I was a male.

"I have evaluated this inductee and approved of his acceptance." Annette returned to her seat.

"You are very beautiful Brenda." a woman said to me. "How long have you been dressing in women's clothing?"

"The first time I ever put on any woman's clothing was the day after Annette and I met. That was about five weeks ago."

"How is it you look so good then?" a man asked.

"I have Annette to thank for that, and all of you. She has worked very hard day and night to train me, while you people have provided me with the means to learn so much."

"What means have we provided?" a woman asked.

"Besides the means to live I have used the chemical formulas you people have created to make my changes. And I have changed a great deal and hope to continue changing."

"Name the chemicals please," came a female voice.

"The depilatory cream, shampoo, conditioner, massage oils and the thought enhancer," I replied.

"Has your mind expanded?"

"Yes, considerably."

"Show them," Annette requested.

"I need an unbiased volunteer to help me."

The male chairperson volunteered.

"Stay seated please," I said and looked at him.

He nodded and I saw his chair start to rise in my mind's eye. It rose with him in it. I saw the chair come to rest on the table before him and that is what it did. The surprise in his face was priceless to me and Annette both.

Before he could say a thing I raised him up again and put him back where he came from.

"As you may have guessed," I began speaking again, "your chemicals have allowed me to do this as well as other things. I was all male when Annette found me and your products couldn't make the changes to my body that I now enjoy. When my mind had changed to this point I was able to use it to make faster and better changes to my body. I now live as a woman all the time and enjoy it. I have telepathic and telekinetic powers which are still quite limited. I have no idea how far they will grow. I never had any of these powers before I met Annette Hamilton, or tried your products."

"Yes, I can do other things." I replied to the unspoken questions.

"No, I am not a God not do I want to be one."

"No, I don't want control of this club or of the world."

"No, I cannot make changes in other people," I lied.

I was spinning my chair with my mind to face the person who was thinking and answer their unspoken question. I amazed all of the executive except Annette. She, I merely surprised with the effectiveness of our plans.

I was accepted into Club New Dawn.

CHAPTER 8 EXPECTING DUTIES

Hillary's attempt at friendship with me after the meeting was more honest than our last meeting had been. Knowing I could hear the truth before she spoke made her think before approaching me again. But she approached with the thought that I might someday become the leader no matter what I said now. She wanted to be on my good side no matter what happened.

I couldn't blame her for that.

Annette and I went down to the dining room for a late night celebration of sorts. Our presentation had gone off without a hitch and she was feeling quite relieved about it.

The other sponsors and their inductees were there too and we were joined by the executive who didn't mind being seen in public in women's clothing, and hadn't changed. But some of the men had changed into male clothes, they had rooms too.

Food and drink were ordered, but I refused alcohol. Annette also didn't care to indulge, but we didn't object to others having a drink or two. The inductees drank more to help hide their embarrassment at having to be dressed in drag, as it were. The party lasted only a few hours as most had places to be in the morning.

Annette and I retired to our suite at midnight and made love for most of the rest of the night. The next day we showered and dressed together before breakfast in the dining room and checked out at noon.

We drove back to the farm at a leisurely pace and found dozens of calls waiting on the answering machine.

Annette sorted through them and began making return calls while I went for a shower and a change of clothes.

I had a new urge to be as clean as possible all the time. Perspiration and dust from the drive was too much dirt to have on me.

We had our next serious talk over dinner that evening.

I was expected to sire at least one dozen children with women from the club. Artificial insemination was frowned upon as sexual equality and freedoms was one of the main rules that governed the Club New Dawn. The clinical approach was only used when the natural method failed and that would take at least a year or two of trying before being determined and acceptance was assured.

"We can only stay together Brenda, as long as you fulfill your obligations to the club." Annette told me. "As much as we may love each other, if you don't try, we can't be together."

"But I don't want anyone but you." I countered.

“This isn't about what you or I want. It's about what is best for the club and the membership at large. We both made promises we have to keep. What they give, they can take away.”

“Okay, okay. But I want you to know up front that you are the only one I love. I may have sex with these women; but only once, and only to make them pregnant.”

“Can you guarantee they'll be pregnant after one bout of sex with you?” she asked.

“Yes.” I replied. “And I can make it fast too.”

“What do you mean by fast?”

“I can insert my penis into their vaginas, shoot my load without a single stroke and direct my sperm to their eggs before pulling out. If I stay connected long enough I can guarantee pregnancy and bypass all known birth control devices. Only a hysterectomy would prevent pregnancy, like you.”

“Who told you I had a hysterectomy?” she demanded.

“No one. I realized it when I tried to make you grow a penis, remember? You told me you already were a mother so I knew you had eggs at one time. With most of your female plumbing gone I realized what it had to be.”

“You're right, of course. But I don't want you to go with this fast route you just described to me. I want you to make love to these women and make them enjoy it. For some of them it will be their first experience with sex and I want it to be their best as well. I've been teaching you to enjoy yourself, you have to pass along the favor and teachings to others.”

“You're right too. I guess I can't be selfish all the time. I'll make love to them, but it's you I'll be thinking about while I do it.”

“That is allowed. The first woman I have set up for you is a well sexed young lady named Sara Jenson. She has been having sex with just about any man she can but has never had a baby. She will see a doctor before you see her and she will stay clean until you are done.”

“Is she ugly and how old is this woman?” I asked.

“Very pretty actually and she is eighteen years old.”

“How many children have you had Annette?”

“Six. I love them all and see them as often as I can. I leave their care and teaching to others, but that doesn't mean I don't love them.”

“I know that. It's just that we never discussed your family before so I didn't know. Your mind is still difficult for me to read.”

“I know that. Sara is going to our doctor today and her parents will see to it that she stays alone till you see her tomorrow afternoon. She has only had sex, so I want you to make love to her like it was me and my first time, please Brenda.”

“Okay Annette. It will be you and she will love it.”

I dressed simply for the chore of stud. I didn't like it, but didn't see any other choice. I would keep my penis hidden until it was needed and covered that part of me

with a pair of bright yellow silk panties. I pulled on a yellow linen sundress with small blue polka dots, the hemline was 4" above my knee. It had thin shoulder straps and a thin tie belt. I wore low heeled sandals I could kick off easily. No jewelry and just the barest hint of makeup.

I met Sara at her parent's house and Annette made the introductions.

All Sara wanted was to get it over and done with as soon as possible so she could go out with her friends. She knew I was there to make her pregnant even though I was dressed as a woman. She took my hand and led me up the stairs to her room.

After closing the door she removed her panties, lay down on the bed and lifted her dress up while spreading her legs.

"Make me pregnant," she said to me.

"Not so fast," I told her sitting down beside her.

I put her dress back down and pulled her up to sit facing me. Looking into her eyes I saw the fears of a little girl and the knowledge of life usually reserved for much older women. I kissed her cheek and pulled her close to my breast and held her there for a few moments. I undid her dress and helped her out of it while kicking off my shoes.

Sara helped me out of my dress and I stood so she could remove my panties for me.

"You're a girl." she whispered.

"No, I am a man." I told her. "A special man. I have the power to be whomever I want to be."

I willed the change and she watched as my penis sprang forth to its normal size and shape.

"I've never seen a man do that before." she told me.

"Of course not Sara, you've never seen me before."

I lay her down on the bed and began to pretend she was Annette and that it was her first time with a man. I made love to her as she had never had it before.

Her moans of pleasure were real as were her pleas for orgasmic release. She was in a sea of pleasure with wave after wave of orgasmic delight washing over her entire being.

I had several orgasms myself making sure each load of sperm was fertile and made its way to her eggs. I made myself stay erect and useful after each of my orgasms.

Sara learned what love and sex were all about that day.

We made love for over six hours, then I let her fall asleep before showering and dressing myself. I tucked her in before going out to Annette, who waited for me in her car.

"How was it Brenda?" she asked me.

"I think you would've been proud of me." I told her.

"No trouble with her?"

“She was in a bit of a hurry to begin with but I slowed her down and made her enjoy it.” I told Annette some of what had transpired, but left most of it between me and Sara where it really belonged.

“Did you save some for me?” she asked.

“I always have some for you, Annette.”

We went home and made love for several hours ourselves and I showed her what it was like to match her orgasm for orgasm without losing the erection. My juices were providing extra lubrication for her when her own juices ran out. No other man could do this for a woman.

The next morning Annette and I went over the list of women I had to impregnate. Since the executive branch assumed no man could be accurate every time they had laid out a list of twenty women I had to be with at least once each. After a month if the woman wasn't pregnant I would go back until at least twelve of these women got pregnant. They allowed a total of eight misses.

I wouldn't miss so Annette set them up for me, one every second day. I had her to satisfy between the others and had no problem keeping everyone happy. The oldest woman I had to have sex with was forty, the youngest was eighteen. Half of them were still virgins, but all of them were menstruating and ovulating.

As with Sara, all of them enjoyed the experience I gave them. They learned to make love and enjoy sex both at the same time. And they all got pregnant. To make it easier on Annette I used her apartment in the city for my rendezvous with these girls. I got my own Corvette to travel in too, a white one.

But, there was one major difference between these women and Sara. I didn't pretend with them that they were with Annette. I made love to them on their own merits and we both still enjoyed it.

After having sex with them all I ran into Sara again in a store when I was shopping for some new clothes. She came into one of the dressing rooms with me to try things on herself. She told me she was pregnant and that the child was healthy so far. She also told me she no longer settled for just sex with anyone. After me she began to look for lovemaking. Nothing else was good enough for her.

We went for coffee at the New Dawn Hotel and had a great conversation. She told me of her troubles in trying to find a man to make love to her.

“Find a young virgin youth and teach him to make love to you,” I told her. “Most men only want to get their rocks off, their pants back on and go out to brag to their friends about how great they are in bed with women.”

“You're right, Brenda. Why is that?”

“Most men are really stupid when it comes to women. They don't know what makes a woman tick and they don't care either. Being so much bigger and stronger they seem to feel that they have to be naturally superior too. But we know that is not the case, right?”

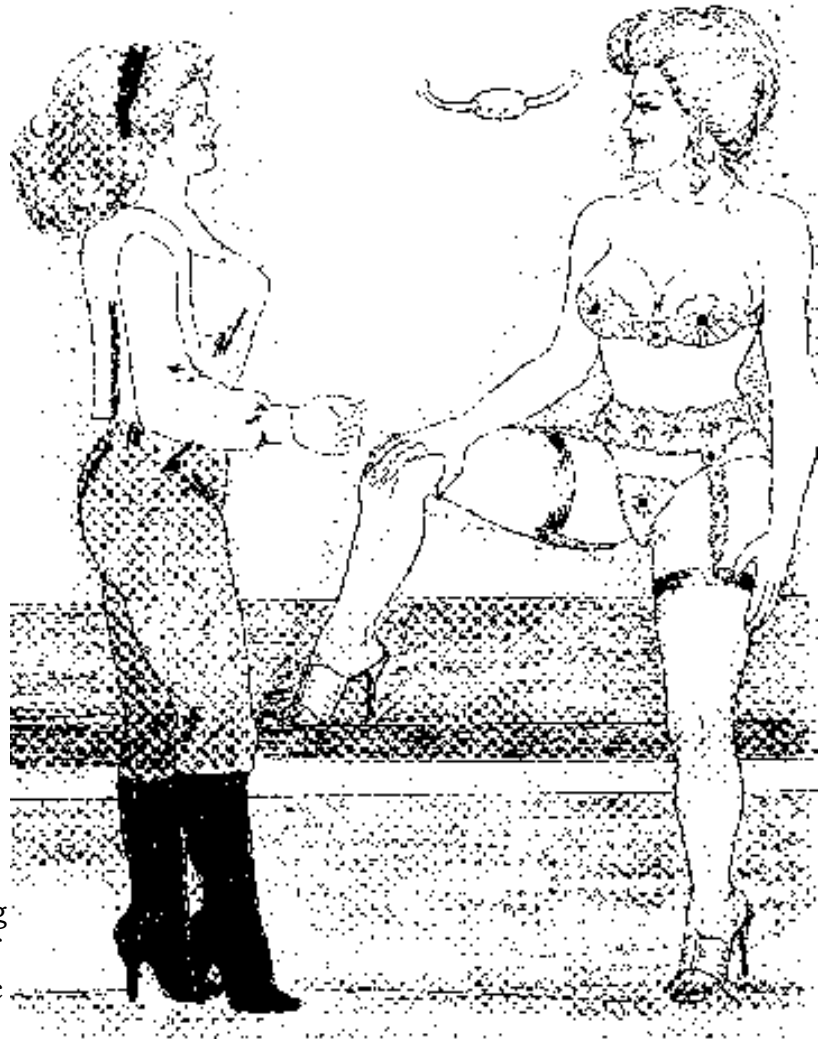
“Ain't that the truth! But why is it you're so feminine and caring Brenda?”

“I was really lucky, I think. I was masculine and shy when I first met Annette. She taught me to make love to her since I was a virgin at the time. Club New Dawn provided me with many new products which helped me change my body and my consciousness so that I could become the person I am. I am still growing and changing constantly.”

Sara asked me up to her room and I went. I was hoping for a chance to right my one mistake with her. I wanted to make love to her as herself, not as a substitute Annette.

Apparently, she had the same sort of thing on her mind as well. Lessons in lovemaking from someone who knew what they were doing, that is.

I showed her what I did to bring out the animal lusts within herself and make her beg for the orgasmic releases she needed. I taught her how to make love to a 'normal' man so that he would be willing to do anything at all for her. But most importantly I think, I taught her how to be in charge of her own body. She was a good student and learned very well.



CHAPTER 9 ANNETTE'S REQUESTS

“We have to talk Brenda.” Annette told me one evening after dinner as we cuddled in the garden.

“What about?” I asked her.

“Love. I love you so much.” she replied.

“And I love you. More than anyone or anything in this entire world.” I told her. “You know that.”

“Good. We have to take a rest from each other then,” she told me.

“What are you talking about?” I asked her in surprise.

“With my gift I found you and look at what we have accomplished together. My gift has located another man with the same aura strength you possessed. I feel he will

need my guidance to become all he can be too. Having witnessed what you can do, can I remain happy knowing I could have helped but didn't? I doubt it. It will tear me apart."

I knew she spoke the truth then. My difficulty in reading her thoughts had vanished and I felt her sincerity. We had to part for at least two, maybe three or four months. Whatever it took for her to bring out the best in this other man.

"It would be best I suppose for you to train him out here."

"Yes. You can live in my apartment in the city. We can be friends and see each other once in a while. We can get together for dinner or a show or maybe a hot night of wild love making."

"I guess," I responded.

"I want you in this time to meet other people and have sex with them," she told me.

"I really don't want to do that," I protested.

"Maybe not Brenda, but I think it's for the best. How can you love me if you've only been with other women to get them pregnant? I believe you need the experience with others to be certain I really am the one you love. I have six children with six different men. I had sex with at least a dozen more men and at least as many women too. I know I am in love with you."

"Your love is all I want."

"Maybe, but I want you to be with others before we live together again. Several of the executive branch have expressed to me their desire to sleep with you. I know, the women are so much older than you, but I know you can do it if I ask you to. Some of the men want to sleep with you too. I think you should at least try it even though I know you have no interest in men."

"You are asking a lot here Annette."

"I know Brenda. But I have to. I need to know you love me for me and I won't know that until you have had the experience of others, both women and men. I hope you understand."

I made love to Annette that night like it was our last time, as I knew it very well might be. This was our good—bye and we both knew it. I totally exhausted her and settled her into a deep sleep.

She would awaken in the morning and I would be gone. Better for her to do it this way.

I took a small bag of the few things I would absolutely need and left the rest for her. Being in the city I could pick up the other things I would need easier than she could replace them from out in the country.

I drove into town and occupied my new home, my home away from the home I loved.

CHAPTER 10 COASTING

I didn't sleep at all that first night alone in the city. I used the time to clean the place and make it habitable. I had to pack up some of the immediate reminders of Annette and replace them with new things.

I cleaned out the refrigerator and the freezer. I would go shopping later that day and start to fill them again. The closet and bureau drawers were filled with Annette's clothing so I kept out the ones that looked good on me and packed the rest for storage or shipment to her, whichever she preferred.

The decor wasn't bad but I felt I had to change some of the pictures she had on the walls. They were all of her children and her lovers with her and I didn't want that daily reminder. I put them away and would shop for new ones when I found the time.

All in all it was a lovely apartment, big enough that no one person could be cramped in it yet compact enough to make things easier. Originally there had been four bedrooms but the previous occupant had remodeled to make the four into two. One of the two had been converted into a personal home office with all of the conveniences to go with it.

I was dressed for the chore at hand, a ragged sweat shirt, shorts, sneakers, and had my long hair tied back into a ponytail to keep it out of my face. I dusted and vacuumed, packed boxes and rearranged furniture and worked the hours by without much notice to the time.

I did stop occasionally to view my efforts and have a cup of coffee and a shot of brain juice.

It was during such a break that the doorbell rang.

When I opened the door I was surprised to find Hillary and a somewhat nervous Michelle standing there.

I invited them in immediately.

"Pardon the mess please," I told them politely. "I am in the process of making myself at home. Can I offer you some tea or coffee?" I asked them.

"Tea please." Hillary replied for both of them. "I don't see the mess you referred to though."

"I've been working at it for hours and hours and it's just not right yet," I answered ushering them to my sitting room. I moved to the kitchen where I put the kettle on for tea.

"What a wonderful surprise to see you," I continued as I re—entered the sitting room.

"Annette called me a few hours ago and asked me to check up on you for her. She told me what is happening, so I stopped by to see if there is anything we can do to help. Anything you need Brenda, I am willing to get or do for you."

Her offer was genuine which made it a comfort to me.

Michelle was still nervous so Hillary sent him/her to finish making the tea.

"I see Michelle is attempting to live en femme," I remarked to Hillary. I knew it wasn't by choice either. "How is she doing?"

"I hope she will be fine in time. I want her to be the daughter I never had. Understand please, Michelle's femininity is my idea, not hers. I love to dress her up and take her out though she is always nervous about it. I can't seem to be able to get her to relax and enjoy the experience. Can you tell me the secret? How do you do it?"

"I like the person I am Hillary, and have everything to do with who I am. Could you try to give Michelle more choices in what it is she has to wear?"

"Like what? If I let her choose she would dress as a man."

"How about laying out a selection of dresses and letting her choose the one she will wear. She is about twenty one, right? How about letting her wear clothes more suited to her age rather than the little girl things you make her wear. If I had to prance about all day dressed like a child I am certain I would be just as nervous as she is."

"You may be right Brenda. I'll try it."

"Good. Help her to learn and I am certain she will become the daughter you want. Maybe use the little girl look as a form of punishment if she doesn't try, or is naughty."

"That's an idea Brenda, thanks. I can reward her with the clothes of a young woman her age! Wonderful!"

Michelle brought in the tea then and served Hillary as she had been taught to. She served herself next as I was sipping my coffee.

We changed the topic of discussion and chatted about the apartment and all of the chores I had to do to get it into what I wanted as a livable environment. I made sure to include Michelle in the conversation too and quite often asked her opinion about my place.

Finally they had had enough and were on their way again.

I saw them out, then went for a shower and a change of clothes. I had to go shopping to fill my fridge and freezer and couldn't go out unless dressed properly.

There were only two events for which I would allow my male genitalia back to their original position. Sex, or a shower. I hid them away again after the shower and dressed comfortably in a shift styled blue linen dress. I was sexy without being flashy, feminine without the worry of how I looked.

Men walk differently than women due mostly to the load they carry between their legs. With my load removed my walk was that of a natural woman. With my totally feminine figure all of my movements were that of a natural woman. From my naked self to my fully dressed, coifed and made up image, I felt the part I played and loved it.

I went to the larger market by car and purchased over three hundred dollars worth of groceries. A young boy who worked there helped me get them to my car.

Back at home I could park underground and close to the elevator so as to get it all upstairs without too much fuss or bother. I filled the cupboards, the fridge and the

freezer with more than just the basic necessities and wouldn't have to go out for more food for some time.

A cool shower, some soothing body powder and a comfortable gown allowed me to take a nap which turned into a rather long sleep. I guess I needed the sleep more than I anticipated.

I spent the next few days just going out and buying the things I wanted for my apartment and getting everything just right. I saw Hillary once in a while for coffee and saw she was doing things as I suggested. Michelle was less nervous wearing a dress more suited to her own age and acting her own age too.

There was one significant step forward I did take during that first month in the city alone. I found out for myself exactly what the active ingredients were within the products the Club New Dawn supplied me with. I also was able to duplicate them from their natural forms in my kitchen. I created my own version of the thought enhancer that while still blue in color, didn't taste so bad and was stronger in smaller doses.

I did not call Annette, nor did she call me. Through my telepathy I knew she was doing okay though. That is all that really mattered to me.

CHAPTER 11 GETTING OUT

After one warm morning of shopping for new clothes I decided to stop in to the New Dawn Hotel for lunch. I was dressed simply in panties, sundress and sandals. It was easier to change and try things on if I didn't have too much to take off.

Since I did not have a reservation the dining room staff did not want to let me in. I was fortunate enough that one of the executive was dining there with his wife and insisted I join them.

"Are you sure my joining you won't be a bother?" I asked Martin and his wife Susan.

"Of course not Brenda," he replied. "Brenda joined the club at our last meeting." Martin explained to his wife as I settled into their booth beside her.

"It's about time we had more women joining," Susan said.

"Brenda is a man," Martin replied proudly. "A truly beautiful woman, but a man nonetheless."

"Is this true?" Susan wanted to know.

"Why, yes," I told her quite matter of factly. "I doubt the full membership knows much about me, but the executive branch knows much more. I am more comfortable and much happier living dressed as a woman."

"You look fabulous!" Susan gushed. "Are you this gorgeous all of the time?"

"I try," I told her.

"Good. How would you like to attend a little reception we are having tomorrow evening for the French ambassador? Martin, give Brenda the address. It starts at seven but I would love it if you showed up early. Please say you will come."

"I haven't really been out since the meeting so I think I would love to attend your reception. It would give me a chance to brush up on my French. But I don't have an escort, so I will arrive alone."

Martin gave me the address on the back of one of his business cards. "It's by invitation only Brenda, but I can get you in if you arrive early and ask for me, or Susan, at the door."

"Thank you Martin," I said. "I will do that."

The waiter came and I placed my order for a tossed salad and tea.

"That's all you're having for lunch? That's a woman's meal. You can have anything you want Brenda," Martin offered.

"I know," I replied. "But I do have to watch my figure and since I have a lot of walking to do yet I don't want to eat too much."

"Sensible girl," Susan agreed.

"Boy," Martin corrected her.

Our meals arrived and we ate in relative silence though I knew that their eyes were upon me. In fact, most of the eyes in every place were invariably focused upon me. Why take the time and trouble to be beautiful, if not for the attention of others.

Martin settled the bills and we went our separate ways after I promised to attend their party. I did put the condition in that I find the right dress for the occasion.

Susan could accept that though Martin still didn't fully understand the concept of feminine pride and vanity.

He was a man.

I visited all of the shops and boutiques that specialized in evening gowns and dresses, but couldn't find the one I thought would be particularly enticing for this occasion. On intuition I entered a small dressmaker's store and found the perfect gown.

Cinderella couldn't have found a more perfect gown for her first evening at the Prince's ball. What was even more exciting was the fact that the dress was a perfect fit on me. The woman who made it also helped me into it and commented upon my lovely body. She sold me the gown only because it fit me so perfectly and because I told her why I needed it.

The gown had been created as the realization of a fantasy for the woman, not solely for profit. In fact the woman thought she might even lose money on it, as she didn't envision anyone actually wearing it.

But a reception for the French ambassador attended by a single young girl was a Cinderella situation if ever there was one. Being a hopeless romantic helped and I paid cash for the gown. I paid what it was worth, which was more than most wedding gowns complete would cost.

The seamstress had more ideas I liked and I promised to return to try on more of her creations. I was, after all, a consummate admirer and purchaser of fine feminine apparel. I took all of my purchases straight home from there.

I spent the next day getting the rest of my underwear and shoes together. I chose to wear pettipants rather than panties and had to buy several layers of floor length crinoline rather than wearing a half slip. For shoes I found and purchased a pair of pumps with 4" heels and in a shade of mint green to go with my gown. It took a bit of searching with my mind but I did find a pair of shoulder length white gloves that went perfectly with everything else.

I took my time in the shower and made certain I had hair only where it belonged. After drying off I pulled in my male genitals until I had a female's vagina.

I dried my long brown hair and put it back into a perfect French braid. I took that braid and wound it atop my head in a dramatic upsweep effect. Though I didn't need much makeup to look great I put on more than usual by adding eyeshadow and some eyeliner for a fabulous look.

Then I got dressed. Pettipants, crinolines and gown. I put on my gloves and added rings, a watch and a bracelet over top of them. I wore a delicate gold chain around my neck.

I carried a small handbag which contained only the items any woman would need on such a night. Make—up, identification, a bit of cash and keys to the building. I also made sure I put in the business card Martin had given me. I would wear a simple white crocheted shawl over my semi—bare shoulders.

I had arranged to borrow Hillary's limousine for the night and Michelle drove. I anticipated meeting someone with a car who was willing to take me home. I told Michelle to enjoy her evening after she dropped me off at the front door to Martin and Susan's home.

CHAPTER 12 PARTY!

Martin and Susan lived in a grand old home in the style of early nineteenth century American grandeur. Eight white pillars on a wide veranda supported a second floor balcony which would have normally been at the third floor height. Double doors stood open revealing a large entrance hall gleaming with crystal and silver.

Footmen, dressed for the occasion, opened the door to the car for me and helped me out. I gathered up the loose hem of my gown and ascended the stairs to be greeted by a doorman who was all business. He was looking for invitations, but expected me and the business card I presented. He had to call Martin, or Susan, for verification before he allowed me in.

Susan arrived first and escorted me into her home.

Martin came up as I was surrendering my shawl to a maid. Kissing me on the cheek he remarked upon how happy he was I had made it, and how lovely I looked.

I returned the compliment telling him he looked so dashing in his tuxedo. I held onto my handbag as I asked Susan where the powder room was.

She showed me there all the while marveling at my exquisite gown and the natural poise and sexuality I seemed to exude.

“You are definitely the queen of the ball tonight,” Susan told me as I arranged my skirts before I sat. “No other woman can match your beauty, or man,” she added.

“Forget the MAN stuff will you Susan?” I asked her. “I am happy enough to be regarded as a woman all of the time.”

“You certainly look the part, Brenda. Most male members who dress as women prefer all to know they are male. For the most part it is usually obvious too.”

“I prefer to be seen and accepted as a woman. I go to great lengths to be as undetectable as a male as possible.”

“I can see that. Are you planning a sex change too?”

“I don't have to,” I told her. I wasn't about to let the cat out of the bag just yet so I left it at that.

Susan was clearly jealous of my feminine appearance and I could read that she was worried about losing her husband to me.

I felt I should reassure her so I said, “You are so beautiful tonight yourself Susan. If you were single I think I would be trying to make a pass at you.”

“You like girls?” she asked incredulously.

“I have only been with girls so far,” I told her. “I don't have the desire to be with a man.”

Susan came to me and kissed me on the mouth. She took my hand and placed it on her breast. She needed some physical form of proof so I gave it to her. I locked the door with my mind and got her out of her panties with practiced ease.

My penis came out long and hard and lifting the hem of our dresses I forced it into her waiting pussy. I had sex with her in the standing position, against a wall, not allowing her to kiss me on the neck as she wanted to. The lipstick would be too hard to remove later.

Susan's orgasms came one after the other though I held off till I knew she was sexually drained. I made her cum one more time and shot my hot load of sperm into her convulsing body. She was now a convert to me and my desire for sex with women only. She knew I was no longer a threat to her happiness with her husband.

No sooner had my penis softened than I eased it out of her aching vagina. I pulled it as far back into my body as I could to create my own fully working vagina. It took us just a few more minutes to get ourselves back together and straighten up our makeup. No one could know what we had done together.

I, on the other hand, knew all that others did. Most of the guests had arrived by the time Susan and I left the confines of the powder room so she went to greet her guests. I took my time and made a more spectacular entrance down the wide curving staircase to the crowded room below.

I had Martin and Susan introducing me to not only other club members, but to the guests at large and the Ambassador too. With so many French speaking people all in one place I was able to learn the language and use it quickly. I learned through telepathy.

The time passed quickly and I made a lot of important contacts in politics and in the club. It wasn't just the executive members who wielded power. The guests started to leave and soon all that was left were club members. All of the staff were members too.

Martin was openly flirting with a waiter, who while being a member was also gay. It didn't bother anyone except Susan until someone realized I was there too.

"Hey Martin," one man called him, "isn't that woman a guest of the Ambassador?"

"Brenda is a member," Martin told him. He kissed his friend on the cheek, then introduced me as one of the latest members of our exclusive club. He tried to lean in and kiss me on the mouth, but I pushed him aside with my mind and he ended up kissing the floor.

Susan came forward to pick him up and told him to sober up.

Martin told the crowd that I was a man even though I was pretty enough to be a woman. He wasn't drunk at all, he just acted that way when he got too close to me. I made sure of that.

The crowd moved in to talk to me one at a time, the women thinking how beautiful they thought I was and expressing their desire for friendship. The men tried to hide their feelings about my desirability but failed. Most of them were strictly heterosexual, yet still had the desire to have sex with me. If I were a man, they were willing to try homosexuality.

Martin was more homosexual than heterosexual. Susan preferred men, but was willing to be with a woman too. Both of them wanted to be with me so I thought I would like to do Susan a favor.

I stayed till the others were gone, then played to their desires.

I agreed it was late and that perhaps I should stay the night since it was beginning to rain. Their driver could have taken me home but I had other plans, so did they.

Susan lent me one of her nighties and helped me out of my clothes. I showed her a penis so well hidden it looked like her vagina. She got down on her knees to look and touch so I pulled her closer and felt her lips and tongue caressing my womanhood.

I let Martin enter then and watch as Susan licked me to an orgasm. She stood up and removed her clothes while Martin took his off too.

"I thought you were a man," he told me undoing his shirt.

"I am both man and woman," I told him. "Susan now knows that, don't you Susan?"

"Yes." she replied. She smiled as she removed the last vestiges of her clothing and stood before me completely naked.

Martin was slower as he liked men more than women and didn't know what to think seeing both of us naked.

Susan snaked her left arm around my waist as she used her right hand to cup one of my breasts and moved closer to kiss my mouth.

Martin removed his shorts, then came to us to kiss, lick and fondle our combined cleavages. Susan backed off and asked me if I would let Martin suck my cock. He looked up with surprise all over his face as I smiled and replied affirmatively.

Both of them were surprised though none more than Martin when I released my penis and let it all hang out. I made it grow to its normal size soft and pulled Martin's hand to it. I let him work at getting me hard and really had to focus on Susan before I could get an erection. No man had ever gotten me excited before.

We both saw just how adept Martin was at pleasuring men. It felt more like an experienced woman's mouth on me than what I thought a man's mouth would feel like.

I shot a load of hot cum deep into his throat and held his head until he drank up every drop.

Susan loved watching, as Martin had never let her see him with a man, other than when he tried to pick one up.

I kept my erection and used it as Susan was hoping I would. I turned Martin around and gave him the length of it in his ass. I was surprised by just how much all three of us actually enjoyed the experience.

Susan was ecstatic at watching her husband being bum fucked.

Martin thoroughly enjoyed having a man's cock inside of him and was savoring the coming climax with anticipation. I never thought I could, but I enjoyed the bum fucking too.

After I was done with him I let Martin get hard and fuck my ass while Susan was impaled on my pole. It was a new experience for me, having anything stuck up my ass, but I could now understand how so many men enjoyed it.

I wasn't as repulsed as I was before, but it still took a great deal of self control to allow Martin to kiss me. I dreamed of the kiss I had shared with Susan and with my eyes closed let it be Martin instead. On its own merits, Martin's kiss wasn't so bad.

To further things along I let them watch as I drew my penis inside my body and made for myself a working vagina. I made him develop an erection as women in general weren't all that exciting to him anymore. I used Martin's penis to pleasure myself like a woman.

Susan watched and while she wasn't happy with seeing her husband screwing another woman, she knew what kind of woman I really was.

I had several orgasms before I let Martin cum too. After he shot his load he pulled out and let Susan get down and suck his juices out of me.

She milked his withered cock and licked off every last drop of cum.

I planted a seed within their minds that would grow with the memory of the night they spent with me. Never again could Martin cheat on his wife. She had no desire to be with anyone other than her husband. Martin could no longer get an erection unless Susan were there to lend her support. They could now enjoy sex together, or in groups, but they both had to be there and be willing.

I never did get to try on Susan's nightie.

We had sex all night long and in the morning I showered and dressed in one of Susan's outfits. Only one of her largest dresses could fit me as I was bigger than she was and had no intention of lowering myself to her size.

She had breakfast with me, then had her chauffeur take me home.

CHAPTER 13 FUN TIME BEGINS

Back at home I showered and changed into some of my sexiest clothes. Garter belt, stockings, bikini panties, demi bra and a body hugging full slip. I chose my lime green mini dress which showed my ample cleavage to the best possible advantage.

I went out that afternoon for dinner at one of the city's hottest restaurants. I sat alone, but had every eye in the place on me as I ate a wonderful meal, then headed into the singles bar next door.

I danced with about a dozen men before choosing four of them to escort me home. These were macho men and while they wanted to fight for the right to be alone with me, I kept them from tearing each other apart.

I had other plans.

They took me to a room one of them had close by and I taught them what sexual pleasure was all about. Their first orgasm took the fight out of them and they agreed they were lucky to have the others there for support. I had a cock in my pussy and a cock up my ass and a cock in each hand as they struggled to get their rocks off.

I let the guy in my ass finish first and climaxed myself as I felt his hot cum shooting into me, then let him back out and rest until I wanted him again. Then I let the guy in my pussy shoot his load with me and ease out of me as well. I took the guy in my left hand into my mouth and tasted male flesh for the first time. I held the guy in my right hand and he begged me to let him cum too. I tasted hot cum first, then had the other guy shoot his load all over my body.

I had two guys licking me clean while the other two rested. Each of the four guys I had picked up were clean and heterosexual, but were willing to do almost anything for fun. They all used their tongues all over my body and shot their loads into my mouth, pussy, ass and over my body. I didn't let them rest till I had enough from all of them.

Sex with men wasn't as awful as I anticipated it would be. I just never had it before, or the desire to.

But, being away from Annette for so long and spending so much of my time alone as a woman, helped change my thinking. Sex was good with men too though I still preferred women.

These guys had lost their horniness though I refused to let them go just yet. I wanted to share with them some of the pleasures they had bestowed upon me.

I wanted them to learn to enjoy each other too.

One by one I got them hard and into position for my idea. I straddled the first one and put his cock into my pussy. As he lay there getting his cock fucked I had his best friend straddle his chest to suck on my tits. That put his stiffening cock close to his

friend's face. I had the other two stand on the bed on either side of us to put their cocks to my mouth for a double blow job. They had to hold on to each other for support and had nothing else to do but look at each other.

Then I put my plan into action. I made the standing two decide to kiss and fondle each other's body parts. They thought it had been their idea, but it was mine. I let them leave to continue their caressing together.

With a cock and balls bouncing in his face the one on his back used his hand to move them away giving his friend even more pleasure. When I got up from the bottom one and moved away the one on top lay down to enjoy his friend's hand work. This gave him a view of the erection left unattended so he took it in hand and while massaging it also gave it a kiss. I thought a double blow job might look good on them so they did it.

I didn't use my brain power on them any more than it took to set up the situations. Progressions they made by themselves. I never removed their inhibitions but watched as they did it by themselves.

The two on the bed had moved into a 69 position and were giving each other the mouth to penis pleasures they both desired. The other two sat on the floor kissing and stroking each other's body and seriously worked at mutual masturbation.

I showered and dressed and found them still in their loving embraces. I sat and watched as the two on the floor spurted their cum over their own stomachs and thighs. They stopped their kissing to finger each others juices and taste it from their own hands. They were enjoying each other and gave me a wave as they resumed their homosexual adventures.

The two on the bed were giving and receiving their first blow jobs and had no desire to stop. The one on top shot his load first yet kept up his pace to make his friend cum too. They both got to taste cum other than their own tonight and really liked it. I doubted any of these guys would prefer a man to a woman, but they all learned that a man could be fun too.

I filed their names and phone numbers away in my mind for future use. There was the possibility that I might want them again some time.

CHAPTER 14

MINDING MICHELLE

I had planned to go up to the rooftop pool for a little private sun bathing and was wearing a new string bikini with a see-through short robe. I had on a wide brimmed straw hat and carried an oversized straw bag with my things in it.

As I opened the door I saw Hillary and Michelle coming up the hallway, so I waited for them.

Michelle was carrying an overnight bag and Hillary was urging her to move faster.

I let them in and closed the door behind them.

“Hi girls, what's happening?” I asked.

"I have a problem Brenda and I need your help. My whole house is being redecorated and I have to fly to Europe for a few days on business and I just can't take Michelle with me. I need someone to take care of her while I am gone and I was hoping you would do this for me. Please Brenda, I am desperate."

"Oh certainly Hillary. Michelle can stay here with me for as long as you like."

Hillary thanked me profusely, kissed Michelle on the cheek and was out the door as fast as she could. Something about a plane to catch.

I laughed out loud as soon as the door closed.

"What's so funny?" Michelle asked.

"Hillary is. She comes running in here with you pretending to be in a rush, drops you off with me for the next week and takes off running. That is funny and you know it."

"How, why?"

"The house is being redecorated, but only because Hillary wanted you here with me. She has a trip to take only to make it necessary for you to stay with someone, namely ME. Hillary doesn't have business anywhere other than right here in town. I know all there is to know about her Michelle."

"You read minds, right?"

"Yes, but I didn't have to read her's. Annette told me all about her before I could read minds. I learned a bit more myself after I learned how to read thoughts. Hillary rushed through here with the hope that I wouldn't have the time to read her mind and learn the truth. She kept it from you in case I read your mind."

"Why did she do all this then?" Michelle seemed confused.

"She is hoping that if you spend some time with me some of the things I can do may rub off on you. I believe she is hoping it will make you happier in your life as a girl."

"I wish I could look as good as you do. I would love to have breasts and wear a bikini like you do. You are a man, aren't you?"

"I am, or was, or will be again."

"You're very confusing Brenda. Hillary says you are a man."

"When Annette found me I was a man, true enough," I confided in him/her. "With the training she gave me combined with the products supplied by the Club New Dawn, I have learned to impersonate a woman to the point that I can have sex with a man and he won't know I am not a real woman. To complicate things even more for you, I can have sex with women and make them pregnant."

"How do you do all of this Brenda?" he/she asked.

"First off, do you want to learn to be like me? Yes or no."

"Yes." came the tentative reply.

“Fine. I will teach you to impersonate like me but this is outside the club requirements and no one can ever know all about either of us. Hillary may suspect, but I don't want you to tell her anything for sure, understood?”

“Yes,” she sounded more sure this time.

“Good. Now, understand this. The Club New Dawn gave me the products which changed me. I now make my own products that work even better than their's. The club products have temporary results, mine have permanent results. What I give you will give you the power to be whoever you want to be. It will take time and practice, but by the time Hillary comes for you, you will be the person you want to be. But the real secret is that these products only work this well on men who want to impersonate women as perfectly as possible.”

I took Michelle to my bathroom and had her strip naked. I used on her the depilatory cream and removed all of her body hair which Hillary only shaved. I removed her beard too. I applied the shampoo, then rinsed her off.

I had an old waist cincher which I got out for Michelle with some of her underwear. I used my creation and smeared the inside of the cincher with it, then laced it onto her waist. I applied my cream inside a pair of panties and had Michelle put them on too. Then I did the same with a bra.

I gave Michelle a robe to wear, then invited her to my sitting room for some tea. I put a teaspoon full of my secret mixture into her tea and had her drink it. This was a pleasant way to administer the product yet didn't dilute its effects.

We practiced telepathy between us and with both of us using my serum, we got quite good at it. On that first day we learned to converse without opening our mouths. Michelle had the ability to learn coupled with the desire to be the best she could be. I no longer referred to her as a he/she as she was hoping to be the best woman she could be.

The creams within the garments weren't going to do anything for her and I knew it. It was all just a trick to lessen the ideas that I was as powerful with telepathy and telekinetics as I really was. I used my mind power with the telepathic link we had established to transform her body into the one she wanted.

She wanted to look good as a woman so that is what she got. She developed breasts and hips and the smaller waist to go with the rest. She lost something from her nose and cheeks and her voice rose higher too. But I found she couldn't conceal her penis unless she understood that it really could be done.

On our fourth night together I took her into my bedroom and together we undressed to total nakedness. Viewing me as a female Michelle allowed her male instincts to come into play. She began to kiss and fondle me and I allowed her to do so. I let her explore every aspect of my femininity and found her to be a fairly good lover.

We had sex several times and she was convinced that I was a total female. I gave her oral stimulation and she did the same for me. Then, with her eyes intent upon my womanhood, I allowed my masculinity to spring forth. She saw it yet didn't believe it until I made it erect and had her stroke it for me. She caught my hot load on her belly

and watched it run down her smooth and hairless skin to her own rigid pole. She shot her load when my cum made it onto the base of her erection.

I then made my limp penis disappear right before her eyes. Seeing that it could be done she no longer resisted and I was able to help her pull her penis inside too.

Michelle paraded her naked self before the mirrors for hours as she examined herself from every conceivable angle. Every bit a female she looked for the flaws that didn't exist. I made her concentrate and together we added her pubic hair to her feminine appearing pubic mound.

I did a close inspection of her works and gave Michelle her first licking as a woman. There was an added attraction to having the feminine form I hadn't told her about before.

She was now capable of having multiple orgasms during intercourse.

She writhed with incredible passion as I taught her the joys of having her new form. She begged me not to stop too soon as she had never had such pleasures before.

I let my penis reemerge from its hiding place and proceeded to have sex with her as only a man can.

To say she enjoyed multiple orgasmic abilities would be a gross understatement. Michelle enjoyed continuous orgasmic pleasure unlike any person I had seen before. Her vagina filled her with such intense sensations that masturbation itself was a new and wonderful experience for her. Sex was fantastic.

I taught Michelle to use her mind to bring out the best in herself. Living as a woman all of the time was our best option, both her's and mine. We could then have breast all of the time and didn't have to keep switching back and forth which would be too hard on the system. With the penis tucked away, acting feminine was a natural experience for the both of us. No one could fault us as women or for our natural abilities.

The next day we dressed and went out for the first time since Michelle came to stay with me. We had a morning full of shopping at all of the best Club New Dawn boutiques, and I took her to the seamstress I discovered. She liked Michelle as soon as they met and was willing to make exquisite dresses for her too.

We went to the New Dawn Hotel for lunch and had every man and woman in the place panting for air. Both Michelle and I were gorgeous women which took the women aback as well as the men. Michelle loved every second of it and was sorry to have to go back to my place. But she came back and we had more sex together until she was finally sated.

I was slightly afraid that I may have created a nymphomaniac in Michelle. It took me almost a full twenty four hours to sate her sexual appetite completely for the first time. After that I found that she could be satisfied easily with only six to eight hours of steady sex. As a woman or as a man, it didn't matter to her. Sex was great.

She learned to live as a woman, shower and bathe as a she—male and enjoy sex in both roles.

Hillary had gotten a great deal more than she had bargained for. So did Michelle, but she wasn't complaining.

Hillary might though.

CHAPTER 15 RUNNING HOME

When I left Annette, at her request, I kept a telepathic link with her for several days just to be certain she was going to be all right. Then I forced myself to break it and would only re—establish the link once a week to check up on her.

The minute Michelle left to go back with Hillary I checked on Annette.

I felt her pain and knew she was in trouble. I flew out of my apartment and into my car, driving out to the farm. As I got closer, my link with her grew stronger and I knew there was more than just pain out there.

Annette had found a man who closely imitated the feeling she had when she met me.

But, his internal powers turned out to be different than mine, completely. He had two brothers and all three of them together were wicked and cruel.

Annette had tried to change all three at once, and they were in the process now of hurting her.

I found the first of the three in the garage taking apart her car. I gave him a mind to mind tap on the head putting him to sleep until I wanted to wake him up.

The second one I found in the kitchen destroying the place looking for money. I put him to sleep too.

The third one I found in the bedroom with Annette.

She was tied hand and foot to the bed and the scum was burning her with a cigarette. He did it for fun till I put him to sleep too.

I put Annette to sleep as well until I was able to untie her, ease her pain with my mind and move the scum bags out to an unused shed. Then I woke her up to talk to her.

She told me everything.



It appears that she had the youngest of the three there first and was teaching him to enjoy sex when the other two came along. Since she felt the same powers in them she tried to educate all three brothers. She got as far as removing their body hair, beards, and shampooing them before they turned on her and began to hurt her. They beat her first, raped her repeatedly before then beginning to torture her with the cigarette butts.

“My powers have increased Annette,” I told her. “I am going to take care of you now.”

“I'm sorry I made you go,” she told me.

“No, you had to do that. Living with what might have been would be too big of a burden for you.” I focused my mind on her burns and one by one they improved until her skin was once again clear and unblemished. I checked her internal organs and bones and found several cracked ribs which I fixed and kidney damage which while minor was still painful. I fixed that too.

“They bragged about liking to hurt people, especially women. Apparently they have done this before,” Annette told me.

“I think their punishment should fit their crimes,” I said.

“What do you have in mind Brenda?” she asked.

“I am going to teach them what its like to be an abused woman firsthand.”

“Impossible! they have to be women to learn that.”

I looked at her and gave her a smile with a wink and she realized my full intentions.

“You can't do that, remember?” she tried to remind me.

“I can now,” I told her. “And I am in the mood for revenge of the worst kind.”

“I am too,” she admitted. “What's the plan?”

“Follow me.” I told her.

We went out to the shed where I had moved these guys and Annette watched as I levitated them one at a time and stripped off their clothing with my mind. She got some rope and asked if she could tie them up. I held them high enough so that she was able to tie them to the cross beam above our heads. Then I woke them up.

“What the hell are you bitches doing to us.” the oldest one demanded.

“Revenge.” Annette told them. “You guys raped, beat and tortured me, you will get what you now deserve.”

“When I get down from here I'm going to kill the both of you so slowly you'll beg me to end it for you.”

“Lets start with the youngest one first Annette.” I told her. “He is the one who invited his brothers out here and so he should get to show them what I have in store for them as well.”

“Okay Brenda. What do I do?”

“Just watch and tell me what you like.”

I just had to use some special effects to make everything more unreal for these guys. I retrieved several cases of club products Annette had in her garage and smeared his stomach with the depilatory cream she had used to remove their body hair. I covered his chest, hips, and buttocks with the heavy massage oil. I let Annette climb a ladder and pour shampoo over his hair.

I had some of my own blue cream in my car and I had Annette apply it liberally to the guys cock and balls.

We went back to the kitchen leaving the three hanging and conscious so they could see each other and talk. We made ourselves some sandwiches and a pot of tea which we took back out there.

After what I deemed was enough time Annette got out the garden hose and washed off the guy with all the garbage on him. I asked Annette to make sure not to spray the other two as they would get their turn later.

As she sprayed the unsuspecting and unremorseful young man I used my mind to make the changes happen. I gave her a real and feminine figure with a real vagina. Her breasts were small but she had wide hips and bulging buttocks.

Annette dried her off and applied more of the oil to her breasts and more blue cream to her vagina.

Then we went to work on the second one the same way as we had done the first.

They couldn't believe their eyes or their feelings as one by one we transformed them into real women. They were so real that they could, if not careful, get pregnant.

Annette wanted that to happen too so I called Eddie in town and asked him to round up at least one dozen guys and bring them out here. I gave him directions and had him write them down. Eddie was one of the four guys I had on my little adventure.

“You girls are so ugly yet voluptuous that it would be a shame to beat and torture you the way you did to me.” Annette told them. “So Brenda has called some friends of her's to come out here and teach you three a good lesson. You will each have at least four men to satisfy although you may have to screw all twelve at least once each. If these guys are virile at all, you may have to insist they use condoms. You don't want to end up pregnant, do you? Luckily for you we know they don't have any STDs though.”

At Annette's request I gave them different lengths of hair and different colors. The youngest she called Blondie and made her hair shoulder length blonde. The next oldest became Brownie with longer brown hair. The oldest became Big Red and had flaming red hair down past her waist.

The youngest had the smallest breasts at DD. The other two had larger breasts that hung almost to their waists. But as feminine as I made them, they still had their fairly masculine faces. They were really ugly girls.

“Michelle is coming with some special things for us.” I told Annette. “I'll get the rest set up, you make a buffet for the guys in case all this sex makes them hungry. We'll set that up in the barn.”

“You made one call to Eddie.” she remarked as we walked up the drive. “How did Michelle know what to bring or even where or why?”

“I worked with her for two weeks in town and I have discovered that as both of us are former males, we have a telepathic link and can converse over long distances with just our minds. I called her and asked her to bring out a few things. I am still giving her directions to find this place.”

“Did you try other women and men like I asked you to?”

“Yes, I did.”

“How was it?”

“I found other women to be pretty mediocre in comparison to you, while I also found that I preferred women to men for sexual partners. I am still in love with you, Annette, and would prefer a full time relationship with you only.”

I let her think about that while I directed Michelle to park her truck over by the row of empty grain bins. I caused the bins to clean themselves out completely and installed an electric light in each. I installed a closed circuit TV camera in each bin and the screens for them went into the house. I covered the floors with mattresses and the mattresses with satin sheets and silk throw pillows.

Each girl got led one at a time to her bin by me and though they wanted to fight and run they could only do as I instructed them to. I caused each of them to have a degree of locked jaw whereby they could not bite any of their new lovers. They had long nails on lovely fingers, but would not scratch or hit either.

They had their male minds in their now female bodies and had no choice in what was going to happen.

Michelle left without finding out what was going on.

This was up to me and Annette.

CHAPTER 16 FULL REVENGE

The screens were set up on the kitchen table where Annette kept an eye on her captive audience.

“There is still time to change your mind.” I told her. “Do you want to go through with this revenge?”

“Yes, Brenda, I do. They hurt me and countless other women just for FUN. I won't enjoy this but I think it's the best thing that can happen. No court of law would ever deal out such a deserving punishment, not even a court of Club New Dawn.”

“The men are here now. Stay in the house and watch on the screens. I would appreciate it if you could make me some tea please. That other stuff is too strong and cold now.”

I went out and greeted Eddie and his friends.

“What's up Brenda?” he asked getting out of the lead car.

“You guys bring your condoms?” I asked with a smile.

“Don't really need them do we?” he replied.

“I guess not. I have three girls who want as many guys as I can line up for them. Just as often as you guys can give it to them too. They are virgins, but I do have to warn you, they are as ugly as the day is long. Maybe that's why they're still virgins. Any combinations you guys want to work is fine with them.”

“Lead the way Brenda,” Eddie said.

“When you don't want any more of them, there is food and liquid refreshments waiting in the barn. You have to stay away from the house though. I'll be there and a honk on the horn will bring me out.”

I pointed out where the girls were and Eddie inspected the bins and the girls. They divided themselves up, four per bin, then drew straws to see who would get to deflower each of the girls. I watched only till they entered the bins, then returned to the house where Annette had tea waiting for me.

Annette watched the screens intently getting huge doses of revenge all at once.

I caught glimpses of what was happening on the screens, but knew in my mind exactly what was going on.

Had the victims been as willing as they appeared to be it would be a great sex video. All the same, I ran the recorders and put it on tape.

All three girls lost their virginity in the missionary position with one lover and three watchers. They would have enough lubrication to take any erection that came along so they wouldn't be caused too much physical discomfort.

But, all three girls would learn to satisfy men completely.

Even being ugly didn't stop these guys from kissing them and pushing their tongues into their mouths. Each girl had her ponderous breasts lifted, squeezed, fondled, kissed, licked and sucked and fucked. Each girl felt hard flesh between her lips and tasted the cum shot into their throats and mouths. And they felt the hard cocks inside their bodies, both in their vaginas and up their asses and the hot juices shooting into them.

Each girl got taken again and again by each of the guys for a total of at least twenty four times apiece. But, the girls were somewhat lucky too as they were able to have orgasms, and if they were smart, they would learn to enjoy what they couldn't stop.

The guys took breaks to eat and drink and get their strength back for their third to sixth turns at these ugly broads. Some of the guys liked the way the girls gave blow jobs and let them specialize in that for them. The guys with the bigger cocks preferred the vaginas as they found a comfortable fit there.

When they were ready to go the guys put the sisters in the same bin and made them give a lesbian show.

Annette asked me not to stop it so I let it happen. Each girl was made to give each of her sisters a tongue bath and a vaginal licking. They got spanked lightly if they refused so the girls all did as they were told to, due to fear for their lives.

I counted heads and made sure all of the guys left before I called Annette to come out with the old clothes she had dug out of her storage closet. I led the girls out of the bins and into the barn where they ate and drank the leftovers. Finally I gave them back their voices and let them speak.

“You can't get away with this,” Red protested.

“Away with what?” I asked innocently.

“Changing our sex, having us raped by those guys.” Brownie chimed in.

“Yeah.” said Blondie.

“A sex change takes years to happen. Ask any doctor,” I replied as Annette laughed. “There is only the five of us here and we are all girls. You say you were raped? I have video to show there was no rape at all. Not one of you girls said NO or even refused to do as you were asked.”

“You took our voices away from us before the guys came.”

“And came and came and came,” Annette added. “You girls looked like you were having such a good time.”

She gave them the clothes and I made sure everything fit like it was their own.

All three dressed in mini dresses or skirts with sexy tops and sexy lingerie. They all put on high heeled shoes and garish makeup.

We let them go and they walked the two miles to the little cafe where they hoped to call the police and swear out a complaint against us.

CHAPTER 17 ONE LAST TIME

Annette had changed and would never again be the same person I had grown to know and love. She had a new outlook on life and the way she wanted to live it.

“You have the power of a God, don't you Brenda?” she asked.

“I suppose you could say that Annette. What is it you want from me?”

She didn't have to say it as I could hear it loud and clear in my mind.

“I want to test your power, Dear.” she lied to me. “I only want to know for sure what it is you really can and cannot do.”

She knew exactly what she wanted and testing had nothing to do with it. Her mind had gone from impossible to read to one of the easiest to read. I could do it without even trying.

I led her to her bedroom, had her remove all of her clothes and lie down atop her bed.

“I know what you want Annette,” I told her, “and am willing to give it to you if you verbalize the request for me with as much detail as you can. This is not a test and you know it.”

“Yes, Brenda. I want to be a man. I want to do the screwing and not to be the screwie. I want to be tall, strong, handsome and well hung. I want a magnetism to make

men and women fall in love with me. I want to be sexy with the stamina and control to make people climb the walls with their lust.”

I caused Annette to fall asleep while I did my work on her.

I had her grow six inches in height and fifty pounds in body weight. Her breasts melted into a muscular chest and her tummy expanded slightly with more muscle. The fatty tissues from her hips and buttocks dissolved leaving a newly muscled form behind. Her arms and legs lost their previous softness as muscles grew. Likewise, her face lost its softness as her features hardened a bit to show a more masculine image.

Then I caused her to become a him. There was no more vagina on this body. There was a penis and a pair of testicles within a scrotum. His cock would measure a full twelve inches hard and his balls contained enough virile sperm to impregnate all of the women in any town. I made his hands and feet larger to go with his new body. I made his hair shorter and a little darker in color. I gave him masculine body hair too.

I caused all of Annette's personal possessions to change for the person she had become.

Her blouses were now shirts, her skirts were pants. Her dresses became suits. Her lingerie became appropriate male underwear. Her feminine identification changed and showed him now to be Gilbert Hamilton.

I let him sleep as he needed the rest. I went to the kitchen and as I sat there alone I had his car put itself back together again.

I felt it when Gilbert awoke several hours later.

He sat up in bed and swung his feet onto the floor. His hands explored his new body and his mind marveled at just how perfect a man he had become. He moved to the mirrors so his eyes could confirm what his hands had found. He twisted and turned and posed running his hands from his muscular chest, over his taut stomach and down to his strong thighs.

Gilbert felt his penis and smiled as the thought of giving some woman a good screwing caused it to rise with anticipation. He got it hard and fingered it from the full and sensitive head to its base where his tender balls filled the stretched skin of his scrotum. He masturbated and shot his load of hot cum into his hand so he could smell and taste it. It was the same as any man's he had tasted, as a woman, according to his memory.

He took a shower and washed himself from head to toe. He checked his wardrobe and laughed out loud with approval. He put on a bathrobe and came down to the kitchen to make a cup of coffee. I still sat there and watched as Gilbert moved past me, oblivious to my presence. I could no longer stay in his world as I had moved beyond his perception of what a human being was and was capable of.

As a God in his eyes I could no longer exist in his life as a real person.

But I would be there if he needed me or should he get enough of his new life and want to change back.

THE END