

Polymorph



Dee Dee Perri



A "New Woman" Novel



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The Polymorph

by Dee Dee Perri

Chapter 1

Bobby Fenton didn't have many friends back in high school. He was a born leader without followers, you know the type I'm sure. He was forever organizing something, like Dungeons & Dragons only to stomp out the first time things went in a way he didn't like. Worse, the game was usually at his house, therefore every one invited was abruptly uninvited. Eventually he couldn't get anyone to come to his house, except me. He was personable, in an odd, slightly off-centered way, and, to be honest, I didn't mind too much that he was excessively bossy. He'd obviously never heard of Copernicus, leastwise, for him, the Universe continued to swing round and round with Robert J. Fenton, at the very center of creation.

Speaking of me, well I was the pent-ultimate pseudo-nerd back then, a loser. Worse yet, I didn't even have good grades at school and nerds were supposed to be intelligent, right? It wasn't like I was secretly smart but laid back, you know, I just played at being too cool to study. But academic success wasn't my only short suit. My Pa used to sneer at me and say I had the coordination of a wounded gazelle and he was probably all too right, so I had neither the aptitude of a jock nor the intelligence of a nerd. More of a dork than

anything else. As a general rule, Dorks don't have their own peer group, ok? Nobody wants to join that crowd. Dorks mostly try to disappear into the background and survive unnoticed or pretend to be, like me, a nerd or a member of some other more-or-less accepted adolescent social type. No, Dorks are evolutionary dead-ends, true social misfits by definition.

Bobby Fenton could be a royal jerk but he was about as close to a peer group I would ever have, or so I thought in high school. Bobby and me were like joined at the hip during this period and he needed me as much as I needed him, so much so that some of the guys said we were queer for each other. No way, that didn't happen. You see I never really 'liked' Bobby. As I already said, he was bossy and utterly self-consumed, spoiled. I was just background to him, you know, the *follower, his follower*. To be entirely honest, the alternative to attaching myself to his train was to be alone and completely isolated and I'm not talking just about school. Pa, my stepfather, was a moron, a nasty drunk, ok? And my Mom had left us for a traveling preacher when I was about three, which I guess might explain why I had a stepfather instead of a real dad in the first place. Mom was a bit unstable I suspect. Anyhow, I had no home life that was worthy of remembering. Hanging out with Bobby Fenton was a very positive alternative to being knocked half silly for no good reason at all by a dangerous drunk. It was not a childhood I would wish on any kid.

There were real tangible reasons for me to play the role of Bobby's camp follower. Bobby Fenton was rich or rather his folks were, at least in relative terms. So staying over at his house was pretty cool, a computer and 'stuff' and the eats were great. His Mom was the Mom I never had. No, that's not being entirely fair to Mrs. Fenton; she was a really swell Mom to me even if I wasn't her flesh and blood. Looking back now I realize that no matter how much of a jerk Bobby really was, it was his Mom that had made my life tolerable in those days. Bobby's old man was an entirely different matter. A lawyer, he was remote and usually preoccupied with his own issues, a non-entity in my childhood and in Bobby's life as well I suspect. All things considered however, Bobby's old man would have been a vast improvement over the one I'd gotten stuck with. I sometimes prayed that my Pa would have, you know, an accident of the fatal variety. For me, being an orphan would have been a slice of heaven. Anyhow, I got to

know Bobby better than I really wished to due almost entirely to that wonderful woman, Mrs. Fenton. Talking with Bobby was essentially a monologue with yours truly the passive recipient, not that I didn't have ideas of my own. But if it wasn't his idea, well it probably wasn't worth talking about.

Now to be completely clear on this, Bobby was seriously 'strange', I mean, like he thought, well, he was chosen by God, not that he believed in God of course. He would get this funny look in his eyes like he was seeing a different world then the rest of us mere mortals. He would get all breathy as if filled with passion as he flung his hands here and there describing multi-colored strands of silk-like threads that sprung out of everything. He was psycho with a heavy dose of megalomania.

When he wasn't being a nut case, he was a regular momma's boy, not that I could blame him for the latter. Mrs. Fenton, she allowed me to call her Ruth, believed that a child could not be spoiled and she was, perhaps the real reason Bobby was the way he was, spoiled that is. Anyhow, he and she were as affectionate as a pair of lovers. Even as a kid I knew there was something not quite right about that but then I would have given anything to trade places with Bobby, believe-you-me.

It was the rare night that I slept over at Bobby's place; it just wasn't usually done with boys. So most nights I went home to my own bed if I could get past my old man without getting pasted in the face or kicked half way across the room but more often than not, if Pa was up and moving around the house, I slept in the garage. Needless to say when I reached eighteen, the winter of '04, I eventually dropped out of school and joined the Marines and the rest is, as they say, history.

It was almost ten years before I returned to my home town. I was no longer that dork, that loser. I'd filled out in mind as well as body, that latter fact became all too apparent when I punched out my old man. That felt good, punching him in the kisser, damned if it didn't. I remembered bending over his body, blood trickling from his mashed nose, on my sleeve were the chevrons of a Marine Gunnery Sergeant. I was no longer a follower, two tours in Iraq and three in Afghanistan had settled out most of my self-doubts. I was somebody now, somebody with responsibilities. Men and women, Marines, looked up to me. There is nothing like combat

to sort out the wheat from the chaff, lives had hung in the balance of my decisions all too often.

I was on leave. I was inclined to re-up for another cycle but inclined wasn't the same as certain. I'd seen too many pals die or torn into bloody rags sans arms or legs. Over time one starts to think that eventually one has to use up all of one's luck and yet I'd found a home in the Marines. No it was not a decision I could make lightly. I'd come home to think things over and, to be entirely honest, to show off. I was a man's-man now, somebody substantial. I left my stepfather's house never to return, I had a room at the downtown hotel and I planned to be seen. I had no idea what I was about to get into.

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It was a long walk from downtown to the end of Ellsworth Street. I was willing to take the risk that I would see Bobby, as long as I got to say 'hi' to his mom. The more I thought about it the more certain I was that Mrs. Fenton was the only person in the whole town that I really wanted to see. Oh there were a couple of gals I remembered from high school. By this time they'd probably be old and fat with kids hanging onto their skirts, not that they would remember me. Still maybe they'd eat their hearts out once they saw just how cool a dude I'd become. I pulled up short, my heart pounding in my chest and it wasn't from the exercise. Fuck me! There was a foundation where the house, Mrs. Fenton's house, had been and nothing else. Weeds grew in confusion where once a well-ordered lawn had existed. There was even a wrist thick tree growing inside the foundation so the house had been gone for years and not mere months. I felt hollow, empty inside as I turned, disoriented and saddened by my discovery. Some homecoming, I thought. Was Ruth dead or merely just gone? Other than the chance to punch my old man out, my decision to come home was turning into a regretful error. What was that old saw: you can never go home again? Right, things change and nothing is ever exactly the same.

"Psssst"

I jerked from my reverie and looked around. "Huh? Who's there?"



“Over here,” replied a high, thin voice with a distinctive lisp.

“Over where?” I said as I scanned in the direction the voice came from. I saw no one or at least no likely source of the voice. A large brown rabbit with a fluffy white tail was standing on its hind legs right in front of the foundation. I watched it hop up onto the cement foundation and then stand up again looking intently in my direction. I laughed as I crossed onto what had been the Fenton’s lawn. “Very funny, whoever you are,” I said as I approached the cracked and discolored foundation. I was looking for the source of that voice, just a kid probably from the sound of it. Surely he or she was hiding there just out of sight. I wasn’t three feet away from the rabbit by this time. The fact that he hadn’t fled was surprising, to say the least. I laughed again and said, “My, you are the bold one, Mr. Cottontail.”

The rabbit wrinkled his nose and one ear flopped over and then it spoke. “About time I found you.”

“You can talk?” I laughed as I approached the foundation. I wasn’t looking at the rabbit but rather for the source of that voice. There was no one hidden behind the foundation nor was the grass high enough on either side of that brick and cement structure to provide cover. By this time I was close enough to reach out and touch that rabbit. The creature seemed, well, tame and overly large for a rabbit probably weighted in at a good fifteen pounds. He did turn his body as I moved past him and stepped over that two-foot high foundation wall. I looked right and left and up and down, there was nobody there. That fluffy but brave bunny hopped right up next to me and twisted its head up and looked at me.

“You are Lenny Snider, right?”

I jumped back, startled: “Rabbits can’t talk!”

He wiggled his nose and flattened his ears back, “Look pal, I haven’t got all day and besides there’s a couple of cats around here I’d rather avoid if you know what I mean? So are you Lenny Snider or not?”

I sat down on the ruined foundation and stared at that rabbit, “Yeah,” I said with a nervous grin on my face. A talking rabbit? Go figure.

“I kind’a thought so, but you really filled out a lot, pal. I wasn’t exactly sure it was you, if you know what I mean.”

“Ah? And you’re...?”

“Paul Phillip.”

“Who?”

“Seriously? You don’t remember me? I was captain of the football team, I dated Sally Burkhart, think man, two thousand and o-one?”

I remembered Sally Burkhart all right, she was a goddess back then, a couple years older than me but fit to serve my masturbatory dreams. I looked at this funny animal, this talking rabbit, and I was very confused. “Ok,” I said as if it could be ok, which it couldn’t.

“Fine, we got that out of the way. The Wizard heard you were in town and ah- he’s determined to say ‘hi’ to his old pal. Anyhow he sent me to find you.” He hopped down and started across the lawn.

“A Wizard?” I said as I hopped off the foundation and began to follow that talking rabbit. My curiosity was fully aroused. “Who? What?”

The rabbit stopped and turned, looking over his shoulder, “Master Fenton of course, Perryville’s very own Wizard. Look jerk, if it was me, I’d hit the road, run if you know what’s good for you.” He looked around as if expecting danger before fixing his gaze back on me. “Kid, if the Wizard wants to see you, no good can come of that, trust me.” He wrinkled his nose and began hopping down the sidewalk.

I was running now, chasing that rabbit. “Bobby Fenton’s a wizard?”

The rabbit stopped and looked back at me from over his bunny shoulder. “That’s Master Fenton to you and you best not forget that.” He looked around as if no make sure that we were still alone and then, in a squeaky whisper, added: “Like I said, he ordered me to find you and bring him to his lordship... but if I was you...”

"I should run, get out of Dodge, so to speak?" I laughed. This was insane. A talking rabbit and *Master Fenton*? "What the royal fuck is going on?"

The rabbit jerked to rigid attention, his ears straight up and his whiskers began to quiver. "Don't you ever do that again!"

"What?"

"Swear. Ok? This is no place for random curses, kid. Trust me. Words matter and ah- words with strong emotions... they have power. Best you keep your yap shut until you get out of the woods." He scanned the environment as if looking for some new danger and then after a few seconds he seemed to slump and relax. "Apparently no harm done. Um... nice meeting you Lenny, I guess. I'll tell his wizard-ship that you left before I could find you, ok?" He turned and bounded off down the street.

I muttered something like: "This is too weird", but I had to flat out run to keep up with that damned rabbit. I yelled after him but he didn't stop. I had questions, lots of questions left unanswered and that bunny wasn't about to escape if I had my say. Half a block later the critter left the street and headed deeper into the woods. I followed him as best I could, fortunately I was on a well-worn trail now, a regular footpath. A quarter of a mile later, now deep in the woods, the rabbit stopped, stood up on its hind legs and spoke: "Master Fenton, I did as you ordered, um, your lordship."

I could see no one except the rabbit. "Who are you talking to..?" I didn't need to finish. There he was, Bobby Fenton as I remembered him back in high school. At first he was nearly transparent like he was made of glass but gradually he seemed to solidify and I could no longer see the trees through his form. By the time he had become fully corporeal, he was staring at me. He hadn't aged at all, that is to say he looked exactly the same as I had remembered him ten years earlier, a skinny eighteen-year-old kid. That was impossible of course, here I was a man full grown and him, still waiting for his adulthood. "Lenny?" He said.

"That's Sergeant Snider, now Bobby." I laughed and flexed my muscles before extending my hand for a handshake. He was a skinny runt and always had been but now I was a substantial man, a man among men. My shoulders were twice as broad as his and I even had

a good three inches of height over him. The idea that he'd once dominated me physically as well as socially was like ancient history. It made me feel good. I stood there holding my hand out, he didn't move to take it. He was glaring at my hand as if it was un-clean.

"Sorry." He grunted rejecting my out stretched palm.

What the fuck was going? He was always a jerk of course but what? Too all high and mighty to shake my hand? I knew I was getting pissed off. I could feel my anger swelling; it was like facing a hot wind off the desert, I knew what that was like having served in Iraq, but that wind was coming from inside me at that moment. *Master Fenton? Lord high wizard? Bullshit!* I was pissed and, well, decidedly not willing to slide back into our old relationship. "*Fuck me!*" I said rather too loudly. I was about to add: What in the Hell is going on, anyway Bobby. Is everyone crazy here or what? Wizards, talking rabbits? Those words were never spoken, indeed even as I was forming my lips to finish my statement, my train of thought was abruptly mashed into tiny fragments.

"Paul," yelled Bobby as he jumped back and began to turn translucent once more, "you didn't warn him?"

"Honest your Lordship, I did, I surely did." The brown rabbit spun around in a circle, sniffing wildly, his eyes were rolling in his head now. "Making bunnies your Lordship, baby bunnies, oh my."

"PAUL! NO!"

Bobby's words seemed to have no impact on the rabbit as its random hopping became less random, forming a parameter around yours truly starting with what had to be a hard head bump against my exposed ankle. With each pass he was coming closer and closer to me. This wasn't happening, of course, but I was becoming sexually excited and worse. That rabbit was going to fuck me and I could do nothing to stop that from happening. "Bobby?" I cried but it came out as a high-pitched squeak as I dropped down on all fours and raised my butt into the air. I was huge relative to that bunny but I suspect that the size difference wouldn't last much longer. I couldn't quite slip my mind around what was happening other than it was. We were going to make baby bunnies... and I was quite incapable of doing otherwise.

A sound that could not have come from a human mouth filled the air, potent like a lightning strike and every bit as brief, flayed the woods. The rabbit was gone, simply gone but the urge, my abnormal reproductive urge wasn't. I cried out in frustration as an expectant vagina throbbed between my legs. I was still in the receptive position I had assumed and certainly no longer fully human. More human than rabbit but decidedly rabbit-ish. Bobby stood before me, nearly transparent, here but not exactly here. "Bobby?" I simpered lisping through a mouth somewhere between that which I had possessed before, human, and toward which I had been becoming, a rabbit. My upper front teeth were improbably large, an over bite of excessive proportion for a human but decidedly appropriate for a bunny.

"Sorry about that Lenny." The ghost like image that was Bobby sighed and then shrugged his shoulders. And then that phantom laughed.

I struggled to my feet but was unable to reach a full upright posture which was, well, reasonable considering my alter condition. "What's so funny?" I lisp, that simpering voice contained no anger, which, in itself, was surprising. I suspect it was that vagina between my legs, that hungry, expectant organ that still dominated my consciousness: I was in heat and that translucent form before me was... male, though human. I swayed forward, my forelegs wide and then I turned and elevated my rear end in his direction, assuming the sexually receptive position, rabbit like loins quivering expectantly, my ears folded neatly back.

"Oh if you could only see yourself now, Lenny."

"What's that supposed to mean?" I lisped but remained poised to receive his penis.

That ghost only waved his hand as if to say: it doesn't matter, forget it, before adding, "I hope you learned your lesson. No swearing and whatever you do... well *here* words are often literally functional, understand?"

I nodded. "Ok, you're the wizard so fix this."

He laughed, "Fix it? It's not my spell."

"Huh?" I eased back onto my altered backside. I was feeling sick inside and decidedly not sexually focused any longer. So much for Bobby being an all-powerful

wizard. The whole concept was phony as hell: magic, wizards and curses. Where it not for my current condition which was part human, part rabbit and all important, centered upon a hungry, expectant vagina, I could laugh it off... *Right!* “Are you saying I got to stay this way?” I lisped.

He was almost solid again. He began to walk around me, eyes focused on my person. But his movements, ghost like, created not a sound in the underbrush, not a leaf or branch moved as he passed through them, an impossibility. No crunch of leaves or snapping of twigs his feet merely glided across the ground. “Bobby?” I said as I turned following his motion.

“Don’t move,” he ordered.

I started to open my mouth and he added, “And don’t say anything, anything at all, understand?”

I froze. He was now behind me. And then it was obvious that he had stopped. I waited expectantly. “You can do something, right old pal?” He merely grunted.

“This is *fucking*...”

Before I could finish saying ‘horse shit’, Bobby screamed something and slapped a translucent hand over my mouth. There was no tactile impressing, no real physical consequence, but my mouth and tongue froze in mid process. I clutched my throat unable to breathe. And then, after a long cosmic minute, I could breathe again. Gasping for precious air I gave him a piece of my mind or rather that was my intent but what came out was nothing like what I had intended. “Golly-gee-wiz,” I snorted in a shrill, wispy voice. I screamed out asking what the fuck he had done to me but again my lips and tongue twisted my words if not their exact meaning and I lisped: “You’re making me very, very unhappy.” I added and then rolled my eyes, unhappy was rather much an understatement.

“Sorry, Lenny, You’re in enough trouble already, don’t you think?” He shrugged his shoulders. “When you invited the whole universe to have sex with you...”

“Huh? I didn’t say that. What I said was...” I stopped and looked for the F-word and found it all right. FUCK! “Ah...” I realized abruptly that I couldn’t form it with my mouth. That was pretty *fucking* bad considering the F-word in one of its many variations constituted a sig-

nificant portion of my marine vocabulary. As a general rule the F-word was used as a noun or verb and often sufficed as an adverb, pronoun or even an adjective, point in fact, a gunny sergeant, like myself, would be hard pressed to accomplish anything without a variation of 'FUCK'. Imagine John Wayne leading a platoon of marines in "Back to Bataan" screaming out: Follow me men and let's send some of those gosh-darn fatherless Japs to Heck! Naw, that didn't work. Even the slightly potent words like 'shit' and 'bastard' seemed alien to my tongue. For the briefest moment the idea of living without the F-word, let alone all the other useful words I found missing, took precedence over my current physical condition. Finally the implications sank into my thick skull: "Whoa," I sighed, I was in a very bad situation. "Ok," I said but it came out more like 'o-tay'. I was finally 'on-page' or 'situationally aware' in marine lingo. "And this?" I said flipping my brown furred paw-hand as if noting my physical condition for the first time.

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"Fuck me," he said the words softly and without emotion, "is a declarative expression of the passive-receptive form. Ok Lenny?"

"Try that again Bobby only this time in English?"

He sighed and shook his head. "It's like calling out: someone or something, ah- please have intercourse with me? It's a plea for sex as the fuckie and decidedly not as the fucker... see?" He shook his head, "You still don't understand. Ok, it was a declaration that you were accepting the female role in that contract but actually somewhat stronger than that. More like 'lets-make-babies'? A wish, but considering that you are male and I assume not gay Lenny, more of a curse."

"O-tay," I said.

"Anyhow, it was an open invitation to any and all."

"Like that gosh darn rabbit?"

"Correct. Poor Paul was as much caught up in the spell as you were. Anyhow, you are a sexual polymorph... now."

“Excuse me?”

“Able to assume any biological form necessary to accomplish the act of sexual congress but as a female of the species of course and with the obvious intent of procreation.”

“Whoa. Why a gosh darn female for Pete’s sake?”

“As I said, that was a passive-receptive statement, ok? Someone stick a penis inside me, please.”

“I.. I didn’t mean it that way, seriously.”

“I suspect not Lenny but magic in the hands of an untrained amateur, like you, tends to be both rather literal and very basic. Sex is for reproduction, sexual pleasure is not in itself the central biological force in play, ok?”

“Ah Bobby?”

“Yeah?”

“Look at all the animals over there. What’s going on?” It was incredible, really. The forest had seemed, well, almost empty. But now, not more than fifty feet away was one very large raccoon, two rabbits and... oh my gosh I realized as I scanned the immediate area around us, a fox, a dog, three cats and... the fucking forest was becoming crowded with critters. And none of them were paying attention to each other. They were all staring at me like I was the main course. “Bobby?” I squealed.

“You’re safe, I’m holding them back.”

“Why, I mean why are they here?”

“The curse of course, you twit. Which one do you want?”

I was horrified. “You can’t be serious Bobby?”

He tried to pat me on the shoulder but of course his hand passed right through my flesh. That was pretty creepy.

“Make then go away, please? And uh, I’m thirsty.”

“That could be a problem all right Lenny. I have no biological needs but you, my friend, do. There may be a

way out of this impasse but we'll have to stay here until nightfall."

"Nightfall?"

"My powers are much stronger after sunset. Go figure, they just are."

"But you can fix this, right?"

"The concept of 'fix' is a relative term, old pal."

I didn't like the sound of that at all. I looked around and the numbers of animals was steadily increasing. This wasn't good, not good at all. Skunks and even a pig, a domestic pig of all things, had just appeared in the growing assembly, a regular Noah's ark except... all male? That seemed, um, likely? A bunch of horny bastards all eager to make babies.

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"So she is dead now, right? Ruth? Your mother?" I could see the setting sun right through Bobby, indeed were it not for his voice, it would be easy to imagine that I was alone. All around me were sounds of the local wildlife, though most remained hidden in the brush. That they were there for me was very, very disconcerting. "Bobby?" I squeaked. His silence alarmed me for all too many reasons.

Finally he answered me, there was emotion in his voice, "I surely hope so."

"Hope so?" I squeaked, "That's...that's a terrible thing to say."

"You have no idea of what the other dimension is like. Corporal forms, impossible. Energy, vast, complex and totally alien energy fields."

"Magic?"

"That's only a word but yes to us here in this dimension it is... magical, un-bonded pre-energy and pre-matter. Anyhow when I opened Hell's Gate I expected the flood of that pre-energy and pre-matter into this dimension."

“Hell’s Gate,” I muttered. “With a name like that, why would you try? To open it I mean.” I looked at him but he merely shrugged. “So why did she die?”

“Iron,” he said.

“I don’t understand.”

“Iron. The moment the gate opened and the magic flooded in, the gate attracted all the iron for several hundred yards around. The houses that used to stand around my house came apart, wood frame you know, nails, plumbing, anything that contained iron.” He let out a long sigh before continuing, “Blood,” he said. “Dozens died in that instant, torn apart even as they were sucked into that gate.”

“Blood?”

“Yeah, it contains iron. Iron is found throughout the human body of course, not that it matters to any of them now.”

“And you?”

“I was isolated, protected. And when the gate slammed shut, I was here between the dimensions, trapped.”

“Trapped?”

“Oh yes, trapped. I exist but I am not alive. More like a ghost Lenny. I have neither biological needs nor pleasures. Perhaps I am immortal but after more than eight years of this existence I’d trade it all for mere mortality.”

“So you’re not happy.”

He sighed, “It would have been far better had I just died that night.”

“Better that you had never opened that dang gate if you ask me, Bobby.”

“That thought has occurred to me more than once, old pal.”

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The sun seemed to be frozen just above the horizon as if refusing to leave. According to Bobby, salvation waited upon the return of his full powers, that is, it waited for the night. And then I heard something monstrous crashing through the underbrush, an elephant perhaps. I jerked toward Bobby as if to cling to his leg but of course there was no actual contact, "What's that?"

"Good, finally."

"Huh?"

"That's Joe-Joe."

"Joe-Joe?"

"A local kid, nice guy but a little light in the brains department? Anyhow he's kind of like my Igor you know as in Frankenstein? Over here Joe-Joe."

"Coming boss man," he responded, the noise in the underbrush changed direction and now headed our way. Animals scattered before him but did not run away. "Hey?" He said looking down at me in surprise.

"Joe-Joe, I'd like to meet an old friend of mine, Lenny, Joe-Joe."

"Hey," he said leaning down and offering a ham-sized palm, "Nice to meet yah."

The moment our flesh met an electric buzz surged through my being. I was in a furnace of creation and my bones shifted from that appropriate to a four-legged mammal to that that walked on two legs. My forepaws transmuted into hands and arms that dark brown fur drew back and was gone. I was human again or at least would soon be once again. The fact that the emerging secondary sexual characteristics were female seemed somehow unremarkable at that moment, indeed even fortuitous considering the sexual desire that now fully raged in my body. The fact that I didn't pull him to the ground and try to ravage his body seemed, well, rather odd. That I had these thoughts was self evident, that I merely lay there, legs apart and eyes that said fuck me said something entirely different. What was the term that Bobby had used, 'passive-receptive'? Yes, both

terms fully applied, I was very receptive and utterly *passive*. He was a big hunky guy and seriously interested, how could he not be, but he was more concerned with Bobby's reactions.

"Boss I didn't mean, you know..." He stammered in confusion as if it was he that had evoked my transformation. Well actually he did or rather he full filled the requirements of my curse. And the way his crotch was bulging, he was more than a little willing to play his part.

"No problem Joe-Joe. My pal is kind of under the weather you might say, right Lenny? Anyhow I was kind'a hoping you'd come along."

Joe-Joe just nodded as he stared at the ghost that was the mightily wizard. "You want that I should do something?" he said hopefully as his penis made a tent pole inside his jeans.

"Actually, um, no. I think you have done enough. But thank you for asking."

I mewed like a frustrated kitten, loud enough for the kid to hear and surely he could code exactly what I wanted. The kid turned and looked at me with lust in his eyes and then back at Bobby.

"It wouldn't be no trouble at all, Boss."

Bobby laughed as if to say I understand. "It's a pretty nasty curse, kid and you don't really want any part of it but thanks for the offer."

"Sure Boss, I understand," not that he did of course. The lust dimmed in his eyes and after he received some instruction from Bobby he left us alone in the darkness that had finally descended. His travel out of the forest could readily heard for a long time.

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"What was that all about?" I said as I finally stood. Heavy breasts hanging from my chest mewed for attention almost as much as my vagina. I was all woman and definitely in heat.

"It wouldn't have been good for Joe-Joe."

“What’s that supposed to mean?” I was frustrated and frustration turns into anger rather readily. “I have more than half a mind to run after that big hunk.”

“You wouldn’t get fifty feet, ok Lenny?”

“Oh,” I said in a very, very meek voice. “ um, those animals? I just thought...”

“You are a polymorph. End of statement. Anyhow, had I let you and the kid do what you both wanted...”

“Yes?”

“He doesn’t have the maturity or the intelligence to make a good father. Both of you would have been utterly miserable eventually, you especially.”

“A father?”

“Bingo! Look, it is all about making babies. You have sex, you will get pregnant, understand? Your curse will be satisfied and you will no longer be a polymorph. Just a pregnant *passive-receptive* female forever attached to Joe-Joe. Do you understand? Of the bonded until death do you part kind.”

I blinked and sucked on my full lip for a moment, “Am I pretty?”

Bobby laughed, “Yeah, sexy as hell. So that’s ok with you, spending the rest of your life as a woman with Joe-Joe?”

“Sure... I mean I don’t know, ok? If that is what it’s got to be...”

“Look Lenny, for animals the curse is all about sexual reproduction, ok? But human’s can fuck you in a lot more ways than just sexually. Joe-Joe there or for that fact any human male would eventually really ‘screw’ you if you know what I mean?”

I shook my head, where was he going with this?

“A door mat, more like someone to wipe your feet on.” He sighed, “A true passive-receptive personality would make the perfect slave, ok? Joe-Joe would become *Master Joe-Joe* eventually. You would try so hard to please him that nothing except your babies would take precedence.

“So there is more to this than just sex huh?”

“Yeah Lenny. Power. Social dominance and you wouldn’t have any except for the attraction the male has for your fertile body and once the male understands that you are compelled to give yourself to him, compelled, you will have no power at all.”

“A sex slave?”

“Bingo! But there may be another way out, Lenny. And pal it could help me out of this mess.”

I looked at him, an alternative? As to helping Bobby, to be completely frank, that didn’t seal the deal. “You mean like escaping from your prison?”

He laughed, “Indirectly. What if I never opened Hell’s Gate?”

“You could do that?”

“Not me, you. And considering how close you and my mother were...”

“You mean I could save Ruth’s life?”

“And a lot of other people’s lives as well.”

“Me?” I said poking my chest with a finger.

“And if I never open that gate you will never become a sexual polymorph.”

I stood there looking at him. How was it possible to alter the past? Well enough impossible things had happened today to make the impossible not so improbable. But could I trust Bobby? Was there really a choice? Make a baby tonight and remain female and whatever species I had become forever or have my life returned to me. You know most animals don’t live very long, five-ten years assuming that something doesn’t kill them prematurely.

“If I do this, I do it as a male, right? And human,” I added.

“Correct,” he said showing his teeth in a smile a tad too wide, more like a used car dealer than a real friend. “Look Lenny you are the only one that really knows me.” He shrugged, “Excluding my mother of course but

she's um, not available. You will be in your old body but carrying all of your memories including what has happened today. It will not be easy to turn my attentions away from opening that gate, trust me. Living in a world nearly devoid of magic was for me like growing a watermelon in the desert without water, impossible. But if anyone can do it old pal, it's you."

I never really understood Bobby, ok? He was always weird, spaced out and, apparently, high on magic. Could I do this, turn him away from opening that darn gate? "How long would I have to do this?"

"One maybe two years depending on when you arrive. I opened the Gate at midnight, All Hallows Eve, two thousand and five to be exact, a little less than two years after you went into the Marines in the old time line. So I'll have to return you to a time before you left, understand?"

This sounded like bull shit to me but as I grasped and hefted one of my meaty breasts and felt the weight in my hands I had to conclude maybe it wasn't impossible just ridiculous. "Ok Bobby. When?"

"Tonight at precisely midnight. At the dimensional rift created by the Hell's Gate."

Sure I thought, at the Hell's Gate itself, this seemed like some kind of low budget sci-fi flick. I was now in Bobby's hands completely. Why didn't that feel entirely right? I'd be there, big tits and all, without even a nightie. Talk about asking for trouble.

Chapter 2

My transition at midnight took place in what had been Bobby's back yard not more than thirty feet from the empty foundation now illuminated by moon light. The event itself went entirely unnoticed by yours truly. One moment I was standing there naked and very sexy beside Bobby's ghost and the next moment I was alone. Of course I felt the shrill shock of terror expecting any moment to be attacked by a army of wild sex crazed beasts, I mean I thought he had just abandon me to my fate, but then I noticed that my magnificent tits were gone. Simply gone and, yes, I was no longer naked. A



white tee shirt and tattered jeans encompassed a skinny or should I say a frail not yet adult male body? I grabbed my crotch and found the familiar 'junk' between my legs confirming that Bobby had made good his promise at least to that extent, I was male again and this body was probably just a younger version of me. All those hard won muscles... gone, that and probably a good four inches in height. Of the latter I had no direct knowledge except I was nearly twenty four before I achieved my full adult height and now I was no more than eighteen years old or at least that seemed to be true. I was in the remote past, my past.

Also it wasn't a summer's eve, in that blink of an eye the layers of dead leaves and twigs that had covered the unkempt lawn of the destroyed house had been replaced by a carpet of fresh fallen snow. The latter lay smooth and unbroken. The air was cold but not biting cold as lazy flakes floated down to add their mass. The moonlight seemed amplified by the whiteness of everything. The trees were without leaves and the naked branches appeared covered in frosting.

I turned my head and there it was, exactly as I remembered, Ruth's house. The house was dark and quiet except for a smattering of yellow light that spilled out of Bobby's bedroom window on the second floor at the very rear of the house. I suspected that it was about midnight or late enough that Bobby's parents were already in bed. I stood there quietly for quite a while, reflective. There was a lot of furniture to move around in my brain and I was still recovering from my earlier fright as I scanned the darkness once more for wild beasts. There were none and my heart slowed noticeably. I wouldn't be here long; the chill was already working its way into my bones and refused to be ignored. My tee shirt was no protection at all.

Childhood memories that were fresher, stronger than they had been just a few subjective minutes earlier crowded my consciousness. Impossible memories from an adulthood that had yet to happen really scrambled my teenager frame of reference. Like most guys my age, that is my current age, there was something romantic and exciting about the idea of being in combat, to be a marine leading his people in battle. Actually battle itself, for I have seen considerable action during my service, was something best to be avoided. A horror that is *never* forgotten. Mel Granger's bloody head rolling down the pavement like a soccer ball. Mel

Granger, my friend, a young man at the threshold of his life, abruptly turned into bloody rags. What was romantic about that? Excitement fuelled by pure terror, addictive yes but also destructive. I realized at that very moment that I had decided not to re-up. That was pretty funny, all things considered, I hadn't even joined the service yet. I was a teenager again, eighteen, a kid still in high school and no longer the combat hardened veteran of twenty-eight. And yet I was, a combat vet that is, for the older me was every bit as real, as factual as that eighteen year old. It was very confusing.

I was a kid again, yes but my childhood had been pure shit. No one in their right mind would knowingly return to such a sordid past. Just this morning, subjectively of course, I'd punched out my step-father and felt really good about beating up an old drunk, what did that say about the 'good old days', huh? Did I come back to save Ruth? I wanted to believe that I had done so for her sake but I suspected it was more my terror of the unknown, that fucking curse. Being female hadn't been so bad but the idea that I'd be someone's willing sex slave, to serve and obey, that had honestly set my teeth on edge.

I remembered my intense desire to be fucked, *her* desire I should say. Even now there was something decidedly erotic about that memory. I tried to imagine what exactly sex in that body would have been like but failed for nothing had actually happened. There was still a lingering hunger there, one that my teenaged self had never known... but now I knew. Whoa, that was odd concept to integrate with my male memories. To have breasts that wanted to be sucked and a pussy in eager anticipation of being exploited, I had actually experienced that and to be perfectly honest... that was pretty cool. And then I remembered one more aspect of 'her', an aspect that seemed totally beyond my existing consciousness but one that was at the very core of her being: *babies*. Hey I always thought kids would be ok some day with the right gal. I mean ok, right, not exactly like winning the Super Bowl or even a really neat car. I don't think men were meant to experience *maternal* instincts. It was kind'a like lust but on a different plane. Getting off on a baby had to be some deeply wired brain thing that men just didn't have, right?

I felt a growing helplessness, as a twisted abnormal compulsion rose up inside me. I felt... the certainty of a well-fed, well-defined maternal urge, a desire that was

as palpable as a teenaged boy's desire to stick his thingy into a woman, the site and/or woman to be named later. An alien desire that was no longer alien, an instinct upon which humanity's existence ultimately depended: *I wanted to be a mommy!*

There wasn't anything more female than that, right? Either that curse had really re-wired my brain or that son-of-a-bitch Bobby had knowingly sent me back in time with that damned curse attached to my 'soul' or whatever. I guess it didn't really matter which hypothesis was correct or maybe it did. Had he sent me back to be his ever-loving sex slave? You know that would not be entirely out of character with the Bobby I knew. Forever the leader without followers except for yours truly, would not a vapid, sexy girly slave be just the thing for that loser?

I looked up at that window as my guts rolled with uncertainty. Had I been set up or was it the older and wiser Bobby's notion that I'd be more effective as a love struck calf sucking the younger Bobby's cock. One thing was certain, I needed time, a lot of time, to think things through. Being Bobby's sex slave was not an option on the table at this moment. Oh he would love playing the part of *Master* to be sure... Perhaps I was being too paranoid. There wasn't a lot of magic around now, right. That is why Bobby opened the Gate in the first place, too little magic. So I was safe, right? No turning into some hot babe with ultra-round heels, no magic, no change.

Or was that the worse possible situation, I mean I already missed those hooters, those restless puppies and a birth canal, womb etc & etc that made babies and girly sex possible. My body was so entirely wrong for the mind that was now my mind. A mind filled with manly facts and an entirely feminine persona. It would be downright impossible to make babies with the equipment I now had between my legs. I was decidedly transsexual in the medical sense.

I called out into the quiet night my despair in the strongest language my mouth would allow, "Golly-Gee-Wiz!"

"What's that you said?"

My heart stopped after I turned around. It was Bobby coming across the lawn. The crunch of his feet in the snow and the obvious trail he created was testi-

mony that this wasn't that ghost creature but the real Bobby. I waited for something to happen and if it did that would certainly answered most of my questions. "Uh, um, nothing really." It was a kid's voice and not my more familiar manly tone nor was it that of a super sexy lady just the pre-adult me.

"What the fuck are you doing here Lenny? I saw you standing there. Some kind of lurker? Pervert Peeping Tom? Huh?"

No explosion, nothing, so door number two was empty. "Just hanging out." And then I added, "I figured my old man might still be up and about." I knew I didn't have to explain any more. My step dad used me for a punching bag all too often and that was common knowledge.

"Cool," he said and then shrugged his shoulders. "You want to come in or something?"

"Naw."

"Fucking cold out here, I'm going back inside. Um... see you later Lenny."

"Yeah, later." I watched him walk away and tested my emotions. Certainly no wild hungry loins, no need-to-be-sucked titties but rather than being relieved I felt simply inadequate, incomplete. Did I find him attractive? Not really though I did see him somehow differently, more aware that he was male? I think had he shown sexual interest I would have responded and that was certainly not like the old me. *Passive-receptive*. Pretty safe combination if one is not a sexy young woman and the other a straight young male.

"Hey Bobby? Any chance I could get a soda or maybe something warm to drink? And yeah, I think we need to talk." I hurried after him.

He stopped and looked back at me as I ran across the lawn. The look on his face grew more and more puzzled. "You got a corn cob up your ass or what?"

I stopped, confused, "Huh?" I was breathless but not because of the short sprint across the lawn. I was already aware that something was wrong. Maybe it had been the way my hands had flapped from limp wrists like a baby bird try to fly or the way my knees kept hitting each other as my thighs slid against each other. I'd

seen girls run that way and, of course, Tommy Volts who was our local 'fem-queer'. "Oh!" I stood there speechless. That passive-receptive super mommy obviously wasn't all that well hidden.

"You're pretending to be queer, right? Jesus Fuck Lenny, that's just not cool, ok?"

I was cold now, really cold. As I crossed my arms and held my biceps I must have assumed a very feminine posture. If I did, it certainly wasn't deliberate. I think it unnerved Bobby. Me, his only pal, acting girly or rather still acting girly.

He gulped as he assumed a defensive posture. Head lowered, shoulders hunched slightly forward and fists clinched. All of this was probably unconscious on his part. "What the fuck is wrong with you?"

"That's what we need to talk about," I said now fully aware that my speech pattern, the way I talked, had altered. It was the same throat, mouth, lips, yes. But the effort rose more from the front of my mouth and much less from the back. My speech tone was only slightly higher but it gave a curious 'breathy' quality to the sound, softer and more rounded. Feminine.

~oOo~

If a sexual polymorph would readily assume the species of her potential mate, become whatever creature necessary, would she be the slightest bit choosy as to the identity of that particular male? I don't think so. Bobby might be nearly the last male a reasonable human female might chose to mate with, but I wasn't a reasonable female and perhaps not really even human. A creature of magic living in a world without magic, a creature for whom normal existence could only be achieved by becoming pregnant, I would probably accept any male. You might say, any port in a storm would be my current motto. Well this storm would be one for the centuries were it experienced by humanity but alas it was my very personal storm. Trapped in a male body with absolutely no reasonable hope of full filling the biological imperative, this baby machine had no stop button and was otherwise very, very broken.

I don't know whether it had been the cold or the fact of the spatial separation in our initial encounter, but



here in the warmth of the Fenton's kitchen with Bobby sitting less than three feet away, the distance defined by the width of the kitchen table, my loins were throbbing with every bit the intensity I'd experience with Joe-Joe. The problem was my equipment was so totally wrong for a passive-receptive sexual polymorph. My dick was rock hard and there didn't seem to be enough room in my pants for it and my balls. Where I anyone other than what I was, I might have raped poor Bobby or at least made a game attempt. If I was simply gay... well I wasn't gay. The ultimate, magically enhanced super mommy could hardly be considered 'gay' while trying to 'attract' a mate. I could have said I want to have sex with you or how about: I want to suck your cock. But I wasn't put together like that, ok? What part of 'passive' would that be? He was supposed to lust after me that's the way the curse worked.

All I had was body language. My shoulders hunched together creating as much cleavage as possible, which was none. My left hand worried and flipped at a strand of hair I'd captured, another common female tactic and this time at least the hair was more adequate since it came down almost to my shoulders. My right hand fluttered about restlessly, stopping from time to time to rest on some part of my body as to attract Bobby's attention to that physical aspect. The latter was only queer since it simply confirmed what was obvious, I was male. It was my eyes that were most effective. They had 'fuck me' written in capital letters or so I hoped and with every opportunity I met Bobby's gaze and instantly lowered my own, the ultimate 'passive-receptive' signal: do with me as you please.

Bobby wasn't oblivious to the messages I was sending but those signals of willful sexuality only seemed to make him more and more uncomfortable. He pushed his chair back and crossed his arm in a purely defensive posture. "I don't know you anymore. This..." he flipped his hand in my direction, "isn't you."

This was the right moment to tell him about the future, opening Hell's Gate and the rest. To deliver the message I was sent to deliver and yet it would accomplish nothing that was currently relevant to me. Talk about a weird twist of fate, but at that moment I realized that I needed that Gate opened if I was ever to have a real life. Ok, whatever a real life was I wasn't sure but my life at this precise moment was not acceptable. My core being trapped in this male body was a kind of the

ultimate horror. I had no idea of what to say or do, none.

“So this is a ‘coming out’ thing huh, Lenny?” He was feeling sorry for himself that was evident in his face. Hardly a surprise, it was just Bobby being Bobby. He was probably afraid of being painted by the same brush if word got out that I was gay. Considering all that time that we had spent together, that would be as good as calling him gay.

“Bobby it’s all about you,” I said and in a odd way I was being completely honest at a number of levels but of course he took the more literal explanation.

“You’re gay for me,” he said looking even more uncomfortable.

He wasn’t even close of course, what had Bobby’s ghost said, a sexual polymorph was the ideal sex slave, well under the right conditions, pregnant to be entirely correct. The concept that had so disgusted me mere minutes earlier suddenly became a life raft, a transient salvation. I now knew exactly what to say to Bobby and the truth was it would be an honest statement. “You are my *master*.”

Bobby’s eyes widened and he jerked back, “What!”

“I am your willing slave, Master. Do with me as you wish. I am totally yours to command.” I dropped down on to the floor and from under the table, reached for his legs with my out stretched hands. He pulled back to avoid my attempt to grope him. I threw myself completely prone and swiped at his feet this time but again he danced away.

“Jesus Lenny, I think you need to get back on those meds.” His back was flat against the wall now, no more room to retreat and he looked terrified.

I didn’t follow, I just lay there prone on the floor and then I began to sob uncontrollably. This was no act. He was my salvation or at least the only one I could imagine. Between sobs I cried out: “Master, take pity on your poor slave.”

“You’re fucking scaring me Lenny. For Christ sake get off the floor and... sit in that fucking chair.” He jerked back along the wall as I scrambled to my feet as if he was afraid of physical contact with me.

I push away the hair from my face and swiping at the tears that continued to leak out. I curled into that kitchen chair as if I were made of soft plastic, my every movement feminine and servile. This was no act. Having accepted the role, it had become satisfyingly sexual. I looked up and briefly held his gaze before once again assuming a supplicant posture. I said nothing and just waited.

“You were actually fucking crying.” He said, now safely standing at the other end of the kitchen with his back protected by the open door into the dining room, an open line of retreat if it were needed.

That was obvious and needed no response.

“What in the fuck do you want?”

The answer bloomed like a nuclear fireball in my mind. The answer was perfect: “I want to have your baby.”

The silence was deafening. I suspect that Bobby had stopped breathing for the next thing I heard was his drawing in his breath. “You’re not fucking serious? That’s... impossible!”

I jerked my head up and fixated him with my eyes, “No, not impossible. In a few years you will be a great wizard.”

That brought a smile to his face. “And you know this how?”

“I’ve been there.”

He laughed, “In the future? And?”

“With the magic you release, I will be a beautiful woman who will be forever yours to command, and we will make babies together.”

He stood there stunned, his mouth open and his eyes even more open. Finally he shook his head as if to clear the visions that now danced there, “Jesus Fuck, Lenny.”

“Master,” I responded.

“Whoa.” He said as he scratched his head. “Some fucking trip you’re on old pal.”



Nothing happened that night, well nothing of a sexual nature between Bobby and me. I left a few minutes later or rather Bobby escorted me to the front door with the obvious message that I was to leave. I was in no position to challenge his authority but to be honest the urge to do so was entirely absent. I really was his to command and I was surprisingly comfortable with that fact. I would have done anything for him and nothing was something.

He was thoughtful enough to give me a coat and pair of gloves for my journey back to my house so that said something, right? I didn't know what he had thought of my confession but I was certain that the idea that he would become a powerful wizard in less than two years must have hit him in his wheelhouse. Things are easier to believe when you want to believe them. And, except for a few details, I'd been entirely honest. Not mentioning that the future wizard would be trapped between dimensions, well pardon me, but I really needed him to open that Hell's Gate. I certainly could not lie to him if he were to ask a direct question and I suspect that eventually he would, so no harm done.

Going back to my house and, by definition, to my old man tonight should have been harder to do than it apparently was. If he was up, I'd take one to the chops, which was his favorite move. So what. He wasn't going to kill me and wasn't likely to send me to the hospital either. Heck, I'd been three hundred days in combat over the last eight years. Naw it was silly to worry about such things. Besides, I was half floating off the ground. I was in love with Bobby Fenton and the world now seemed delicious and yummy and Perryville was my own Disney Land in which only nice things can happen.

Rather than sneaking in through the panty door or hiding in the garage, I floated in through the front door and was then abruptly lifted clear off my feet, so much for floating. My stepfather apparently had been lurking in the entryway, why, I had no idea. He got paranoid on a long drunk, and this was after all the end of the weekend, which was about as good a hypothesis as any, not that it mattered. He was a big, powerful man with hard calloused hands from all the years working in the mill and he was in the process of killing me. Holding me by

my throat, my feet dangling in the air, I couldn't breathe. My body went entirely limp, boneless but not for the obvious reasons. The contact of his flesh on my flesh was the trigger. There wasn't much un-bonded magic in Perryville, leastwise not on this side of the tracks, but what was there had been drawn to my curse. It probably sucked the region absolutely dry. Most likely had Bobby touched me something similar would have happened but he hadn't. Too bad for Bobby.

It was like a powerful electromagnet had been applied to my emotions. Those feeling I had for Bobby had been abruptly erased. My old man would have been truly shocked had he known the state of my mind as he was slowly killing me. Changes were taking place across my body but certainly nothing like that which happened between me and Joe-Joe, modest changes because the level of energy available was simply inadequate but the mental changes required no magic, it simply reflected the creature I was. My old man was male and we were very much in contact, which produced the obvious response; I was in love.

He let go of me and I flopped to the floor. "Fuck, it was just you," he said by way of an apology.

I groaned but it wasn't from pain, my emotional reaction was intense.

"Damn you kid, quit clowning around. You ain't hurt." And then he gave me a kick in the ribs before stumbling down the hallway to his bedroom.

It was as close to a true masochistic experience that I ever had, especially that painful kick that connected with my mind-blowing affection now fully attached to my stepfather. I would have followed him to his bedroom and invited more of his attentions but that wasn't my style. Creepy when you think about it, but I was in roaring love. I laid there for the longest time enjoying the attention I had received. Yeah, I was seriously damaged goods.

I saw him entirely differently now: not as a mean, old drunk. Heck he'd raised another man's son as his own even after being cuckolded and finally abandoned by my mother without so much as a thank you. He worked hard and made good money, ok? So he was a little bitter, he had a right to be. Did I see him as attractive? Hardly, but being a polymorph super woman, I wasn't

in the business of being selective. Lord knows had he been a literal *rat* and the magic sufficient, we'd be making little *rats* right now, ok?

I finally pulled myself together and got off the floor. I walked quietly past his door and paused and listened to his cute snoring. I would find a way to make him happy if it was the last thing I did.

~000~

I went to bed a changed man, I mean literally. I had no idea of how changed I was until I stood over the toilet bowl that evening to pee. I reached in to grab my cock and for a second I found my heart pounding in my chest, it wasn't there. "Holy Heck! I swore with delight as I pulled my pants down. It was gone. I slipped my fingers through my sparse pubes looking for that special entrance where babies came from. Nothing. Just a pee hole? And then I found it, or what was left of it. The damn thing was still there. The balls were definitely gone however.

I kicked off my pants and turned to examine my reflection from the long mirror on the bathroom door. It was pretty cool. Shave those legs and they'd be super sexy. My dick was nicely hidden in my bush and over all one would be hard pressed to say that was the groin of a male. Turning to the side I could see a much-improved butt, round and wiggly. I hardly had to pull off my tee shirt to realize that I was still without breasts. I stopped and returned to the toilet bowl. I squatted and urinated, the latter came out as a spray and was a lot messier than when holding my dick in my hand, the latter was impossible now. My dick was more like a sensitive button than an organ for penetration. No more messy intrusion into my non-existent sex life. But I had to wonder exactly how that would affect my sexual reaction. Earlier tonight with Bobby, it had centered in that organ and earlier, with Joe-Joe, in my pussy, right. Now I had almost nothing.

I went over to wash my hands in the sink and looked at my face in the mirror. Nothing remarkable there was my first conclusion. It looked more feminine to be sure but I couldn't actually see any specific changes. Over all a softer, rounder look, my lips a tad bigger perhaps but that could just be wishful thinking. I tried to imag-

ine that face with makeup properly applied but to be honest I had no such skills. I guess eventually I would have to learn how to apply that stuff.

I was about to leave the bathroom when I picked up a pair of tweezers and began to thin out and reshape my eyebrows. It was a painful process but it satisfied something inside me, my inner woman.

I remember lying in my bed thinking that this had been the longest day of my life. Punching out my step father more than ten years into the future and then lying on the floor less than an hour ago wishing he'd make love me. Well, still wishing.

~oOo~

I started to masturbate that night with my thumb rolling against my fat button like penis. Thank God most of the nerve endings were there at the head and not at the shaft because there was no shaft. But then it went from soft to mushy which was pretty odd since sexual arousal always made my dick harder and longer. If that wasn't bad enough, it started to retreat deeper and deeper inside me until I couldn't touch it even with my index finger shoved as deeply inside as it would go. I pulled my finger out and sat there in frustration. And wouldn't you know it, as my arousal decayed, that annoying little button re-appeared from its rabbit hole. I started rubbing it again and just as it started to feel good, the damn thing started to pull back inside me again. Rather than finding sexual release this exercise only made me tenser. Damn.

Before I could get to sleep I knew I'd need to do something. I found myself in the kitchen in front of the refrigerator to be exact, looking for something superior to my finger. My hand closed around a cucumber of modest proportions. It was long enough and thick enough to be a penis, well more long and thick than mine had ever been. I carried it back to my bedroom thinking this was so wrong.

I'd found my lover at last. A bit on the cold side and surely devoid of affection but tireless in his attentions. The tactile impressions were magnificent as long as I didn't rub too briskly. And when the little bugger began its long retreat, unlike my finger, this homemade dildo could follow it down the rabbit hole. As I continued my



stimulation, I returned to the imagery I'd held minutes earlier. It was my old man looming over me, beer gut and all. Odd but there wasn't anything wrong with that image and a lot that was right. It wasn't incest for Pete's sake, we were not blood kin. His name was Edward and his friends called him Eddy. I like Edward better. Oh yes Edward fuck me harder, I called out in my mind. Of course I couldn't have used the F-word after what that ghost had done to me. More likely I would call out: Edward, more, more and harder, harder.

I jerked up with a start. "Gee-wiz!" That eight-inch pseudo prick was almost buried inside me. I had to dig my nails into that tough exterior of the cucumber to gain sufficient traction and even then I was afraid I might not get it out. I almost lost it then and there. Whatever sexual feeling that had been building had fled from my mind. All I could think of was I got to get this damn thing out of me. And then finally it broke free with a slurpy, sucking sound. Air hissed out of my mouth as I fell back on my pillow in relief. I wasn't about to do that again.

Minutes later I inserted a finger inside my new opening and immediately found my penis, it being perhaps a quarter inch from the opening. A few seconds later it reappeared, flush with the surface of my body and completely hiding the fact that I had a pseudo-vagina. By this time I was wide awake and sleep seemed impossible. I got up. It was a little after three in the morning.

~oOo~

My Pa, Edward, was an old man even by the standards of my twenty- eight year old frame of reference. At fifty-two he wouldn't be anywhere near as sexually responsive as say I was at twenty- eight not that my body was twenty- eight any longer. If you throw in his excessive drinking, well to be honest he might have serious trouble just getting it up. So as a candidate for some serious seduction he might be a hard nut to crack. I couldn't remember when he had last dated. It was certainly before his drinking had become excessive some six-seven years ago. Edward, my Edward would be no Don Juan.

Which raises the question, why bother? It was the nature of the curse. When I was connected to Bobby,

the world seemed to revolve around Bobby. But after last night, Edward had utterly displace Bobby. Completely. Don't get me wrong, I remember everything that had happened between me and Bobby and especially how he made me feel, like I was floating in the clouds. So there was nothing like a memory problem here. The ghost of Bobby had said I was the perfect 'sex slave' but what he had not said was that I had no guiding light. I was as committed as a gal could be to her guy unless another guy came along. To put it bluntly, I was potentially the worst slut in history unless someone made me pregnant. My commitment was total but alas very, very transient. What was the old expression, I was in love with the one I was near... whomever that was. I knew that, ok? I'm not stupid. But knowing and doing were entirely different universes, passive-recessive, remember.

I was madly in love with the greatest monster I had ever known, and it just didn't make any difference. So back to the real challenge: getting Edward to love me as much as I loved him. And for however long he and I lived I would be his. Heavy.

Ok, aside from his age there were a few other 'problems', like I was male, for starters. It was kind of important that he accept me as female, I mean that was a no brainer. And second, even though I was his stepson or stepdaughter, He wasn't really kin. The problem was after nearly sixteen years playing 'daddy' it might be hard to shift his point of view, right?

Like another old saying, the way to a man's heart was through his stomach was doubly relevant in this situation. I decided to be the best *wife* Edward could have and then, eventually, I might become his lover. Sounds like a tough assignment but as an old marine I, for one, looked forward to the challenge. Besides, there was no other game in town. Aren't curses swell?

I'd spent more than two hours cleaning up the kitchen. The easy part was the pots and pans. The floor was freshly mopped, the counter tops and kitchen table clean and freshly oiled. Not that I expected Edward to notice. Almost a decade in the Marines had taught me the advantages of a clean and orderly existence or as they say, don't shit where you eat.

I waited until I heard Edward leave the bathroom before putting in the bread to be toasted. The bacon was

nearly done as I started the eggs, scrambled as he liked them. When was the last time I'd gotten up before dawn to cook breakfast for my old man, try zero. It would never have occurred to a eighteen year old to do such a thing or at least it had never occurred to me in my previous existence.

I made a mean cup of coffee, which was the first thing I handed him as he entered the kitchen. I was certain that the smell of bacon would draw him in and it had of course. "Here Daddy." Daddy, when was the last time I called him that? Before middle school at least. From the look on his face I could have called him shit-bait and he wouldn't have heard.

His eyes were wide and immediately became suspicious. "What the fuck is going on?"

"Try it, you'll like it. The coffee, Daddy."

"Um..." He sipped some and then looked at me in surprise, "You made this?"

"Sit, sit," I said pulling back his chair before hurrying back to the stove and scooping up the eggs and bacon before returning the full plate and plopping it down before him.

"If it is about joining the Marines, the answer is still no."

He didn't look at me as I put the freshly buttered toast down on his plate, he was too busy eating. Drunks by and large seldom have healthy dietary habits. And I was certain his entire attention was focused on the food. It was a good thing too, for I didn't want a confrontation this morning and I had every reason to believe that such was utterly possible. If he had looked at me, I mean really looked, questions would follow. Questions I wasn't ready to answer. I need to build up some bonus points before we went down that particular road.

I disappeared into the hallway and called back, "I got to get ready for school, Daddy. I'll clean up later, ok?"

I didn't wait for an answer as I hurried for the safety of my room. Now with my back resting against the closed bedroom door I let out a long sigh of relief. Plucking my eyebrows last night had to have been just about the dumbest thing I'd ever done. One look at my

face this morning just before I started breakfast and I knew that my Edward would have had kittens. Between the subtle changes the magic had worked and my own effort with my eyebrows, my face was entirely too feminine to pass unnoticed. Oh sure eventually that was a good thing, a very good thing to be sure, but not before I could prove to him that I could take care of him and the house. I wanted him to feel that having me around was essential to his existence. Me, carrying my weight, heck, it was the right thing to do anyhow for the man I loved.

And then there was this thing about my ass. I knew I had filled out last night rather dramatically but when I put on a fresh pair of jeans this morning, I had succeeded only after great effort. Ok, so I looked terrific in those super tight jeans but Edward and I weren't there yet.

I waited until I heard Edward's car drive off before leaving my room. I wasn't going to school today. Not only did I not have time for that bullshit, for I planned to clean the whole house, do laundry and prepare a fantastic dinner for my man, I had no desire to do anything else. I was already old enough to drop out as I did before, except this time it would be a couple of months earlier. Unlike the last time it wouldn't be the marines that I'd join. If I couldn't make babies we could surely adopt some. I realized that my goal wasn't exactly realistic but did I have a choice? None what so ever, it was Mommy time and it was only a few minutes before midnight. My biological clock was ticking so loud nothing else mattered. Ok, that was just my curse talking.

~000~

I never worked so long nor so hard in my life, seriously housework can be strenuous. It was a decade of 'Spring Cleaning' all rolled into one short day. Thank God Edward had an hour drive to and from work, the extra time was necessary. And I was working at triple speed for I had a very finite window in which to work, five P.M. and not a moment later. The bathroom was by far the greatest challenge, the buildup of mildew and soap and stuff to horrid to think about was awesome. A lot of elbow grease with only short breaks to do another load of laundry or peel potatoes. Ten years of taking care of myself taught me a lot about cooking, as long as

the dinner was meat and potatoes or potatoes and meat. I could make a killer pot roast and my mashed potatoes were to die for. The secret of the latter was lots and lots of butter and sour cream in the mash. Anyhow my old man wasn't exactly a gourmet.

Of course I hadn't slept last night so I was running on emergency power and by noon was seriously questioning whether or not I could pull this off. I was in the kitchen putting the potatoes on to boil when Bobby called.

"Hey," he said.

Hey yourself, I thought but said nothing. I was exhausted. I cradled the phone against my shoulder and poured a cup of coffee for myself before setting down by the kitchen table. The sound of his voice had done nothing to me emotionally and frankly that was relief. I was afraid if he asked me to jump I'd reply... how high. Apparently that wasn't going to happen.

"You still there?" He asked with concern in his voice.

"Yeah Bobby." My voice was deliberately flat, unemotional.

"You aren't at school today."

"Golly, I hadn't noticed." And then I grunted, "I stayed home to help my old man out." And then added snidely, "If that's all right with you."

"So that stuff you said last night was just shit, right?"

"Mostly," I lied.

"Mostly?"

"I'm queerer than a designer of women's panties." The silence on the other line was deafening.

Finally after a long pause he said, "Oh."

"Not to worry honey," I replied adding as much sugar in my voice as I could, "I already got another lover so you're off the hook."

"Jesus H. Christ! Who?"

"Edward."

“Who?”

“My step-father, but he doesn’t know it yet.”

“Lenny... you’re one really sick... freak!” And then the connection was broken.

I put the phone back and returned to work more than a little satisfied. I had been worried about Bobby’s potential effect on me. I hadn’t become some simpering slave to his manly ambitions, at least not to the mere sound of his voice. I really wanted this ‘thing’ between me and Edward to work out, no, I was passionately committed to this end. I also felt liberated when I confessed my love for Edward. In fact I would have willingly yelled that truth from the highest hill top for the whole world to hear. But that’s just how love is, right?

~000~

By four o’clock all was on schedule with an hour to spare. The house not only looked clean, it smelled clean. Fresh sheets on the bed, clean towels in the sparkling bathroom. The air was filled with the aroma of pot roast slowly cooking in the crock pot. I’d done good. So why did I feel so anxious?

Obviously I wanted this to go smoothly. What I really wanted to do was to go up to the attic and go through some of my Mom’s old clothes. She left a lot behind when she took off. Needless to say Edward must have spoiled her terribly for her clothes were of a higher quality than one would expect for a mere mill worker’s wife, not that it had done Edward much good. Really nice clothes never go out of date and styles have a tendency to run in cycles. There was one little black cocktail dress in particular, your basic black dress, that would look charming on me. Or maybe not, who was I kidding, a low cut dress and me with no breasts? Anyhow, my old man would kill me first and then ask questions later. That dress or any dress on yours truly was not on my duty roster for tonight.

I knew why I was really anxious. Unlike this morning, I couldn’t just serve him and then hide in my room, which meant that sooner or later we would be eye-ball to eye-ball and he’d have to see what I did to my eyebrows. Heck that was almost worse than greeting him at the door with lipstick slathered on my lips, I couldn’t

wash off my plucked eyebrows nor reattached those hairs.

As the time for Edward to come home approach my anxiety switched to the more immediate concern, what if he stopped at a bar? The latter fear became reality as five o'clock became six-thirty and then seven. Alone I ate and then cleaned up. The roast remained in the crock pot turned down to warm and the fixings went into the refrigerator. The fragrant odor of pot roast would fill the evening air and when Edward came home, which he would eventually, he would know what I had done for him. It would be a sweet and very small victory. The faithful wife and the errant husband.

I was asleep before eight, exhausted by the longest forty plus hours of my life. The marine sergeant, the 'Gunny' was now merely memories of a life not lived, of a man that no longer existed... had *never* existed.

~oOo~

I was in the kitchen around five-thirty the next morning making breakfast, again eggs and bacon, when I heard Edward yell upon entering the bathroom. It certainly wasn't what I expected, you know like: you did a good job Lenny?

"You cut school yesterday! he yelled again as he stormed into the kitchen wearing nothing more than his jockey shorts. His eyes were on fire.

What could I say? Nothing. I felt my legs grow weak as I waited for the physical abuse. I cringed away from the stove.

He stopped, his eyes switched from anger to that of surprise. "What the fuck happened to your face?"

"Huh?"

"Don't huh me." He kept staring at me and then he seemed to shrink noticeably, certainly his anger was under control for his hands were no longer clenched and the red bloom was receding back down his neck. He looked toward the stove with the food being cooked and then looked over his shoulder toward the clean dining area and the revitalized living room beyond before looking back at me. "You're a fucking pansy, is

that what you are trying to say, huh? Not just queer but a swish?”

I wasn't about to die, not at this moment and that was comforting. I nodded my head 'yes' and let my body drop into its natural feminine defensive posture with arms crossed and shoulders drawn inwardly. I didn't try to return his gaze but kept my eyes lowered.

I heard him take a seat at the kitchen table and then in a surprisingly moderated tone of voice say, “Are you going to burn those eggs or what?”

He didn't look at me while he ate but he did talk between mouthfuls of food. “Look if it makes you feel any better I appreciated what you did, ok. I haven't slept on fresh sheets since God-only-knows when.” He was silent for a few seconds before he continued, “You know we had a guy at the mill years ago that was a sissy queer, anyhow he was that way; always wanting things clean and neat. Heck, maybe there is a place in this world for people like you. You want to play house, fine.” And then he looked up at me and fixed me with his stare. “But if you want to stay in this house, you stay in school. Got me?”

“But Daddy, I'm eighteen.”

“I don't care if you are free, white and twenty-one, understand, my house, my rules. You want different rules find a different house.”

I nodded. It was useless to argue.

“You got a boy friend?”

I lied, “Um, not yet.”

“When you do, keep him the fuck away from me, understand. Do whatever you do when I'm not here.” He eased back in the chair having finally finished his food but still working on his coffee. “I guess I'm being too harsh, ok? I'd rather meet your boy friend than having you two sneak around behind my back. And um, you know your mother never kept this place so... swell. I mean you'll make someone a good wife.”

That last statement made me grin from ear to ear. Little did he know, that was exactly what I wanted to be. Of course he would be shocked if he knew my real intentions, to be *his* wife.

When he left to get ready for work and while I was cleaning up the kitchen I had plenty of time to think. For starters things had gone better than I had reason to expect. I would no longer have to hide my femininity and that was a major weight off my shoulders. And yes, it wouldn't take long before he became adjusted to my wifely services.

Oh yes, if he thought I was 'girly' now he hadn't seen anything yet. And if he eventually accepted me as female was not the goal nearly in sight?

Chapter 3

I arrived at school earlier than usual, more than fifteen minutes before the front doors would be unlocked. A lot of the kids were already there. This was the 'see-me-watch-you' time. The girls forming tight little colorful clusters and the guys looser and decidedly less colorful tribes. There were a few couples to be sure of the boy-girl variety but most of the kids remained bonded to a same sex group. I wasn't one of them now, in spite of my eighteen-year-old body, my social index was decidedly adult. Ten years in the Marine Corp was more than enough time to resolve teenage social issues and frankly my feminine personal was decidedly more mature, set upon making babies now and not in some remote future. Those girls were not my peers though some were probably already sexually active nor was I a member of the male sex by any reasonable stretch of imagination. I was a magical creature in a land of mundane beings and therefore peerless.

I hung back near the very edge of the gathering and that was normal. I looked around for Bobby but if he was here I couldn't see him. To be entirely honest, after the phone call yesterday and the evening chat we had the night before, I'd be very surprised if he sauntered up to me here and now. At the moment, Bobby was a leader without any followers. I wondered how he liked them apples.

It was cold and I was wearing that jacket and gloves Bobby had loaned me and I was still cold. I crossed my arms and gripped my shoulders as if hugging myself, which seemed natural enough. I wasn't the only one doing so but I was the only 'apparent' male thus posi-

tioned. Obviously there were gender differences even when it came to conserving body heat. Anyhow abruptly there was a movement among the 'green and tan' group, green and tan being the school colors and green and tan jackets belonged to the jocks who ruled this particular turf. I would have been safer had I stood at one of the side doors into the school where losers waited. I was not among my social equals.

There is a lot of concern today about bullies, kid picking on other kids. I for one think that such behavior, ugly as it is might be is actually natural, kind'a hardwired in the brain. Wolves form packs much as teenagers do, but a deformed wolf, an abnormal member of a pack is often culled out, literally killed or at least driven away by the healthier pack members. I think something like that was about to happen right now as two jocks split away from their pack and headed directly toward yours truly.

There was time to retreat, plenty of time, since neither male was apparently eager for this mandatory confrontation. With the current school policies they could get into a lot of trouble if they were seen kicking my ass and yet such an assault was almost required and could result in a loss of face in their tribe if they failed to do something. By not retreating I was forcing them into a face-to-face encounter.

I hadn't suddenly become excessively brave nor foolhardy but as the bigger and more dominate member of this jock squad, this two man killer team, loomed ever larger and larger in my eyes, I felt the sweet slurp of transformational romance, love at first sight. God knows Lew Denton was a hunk. I mean it took magic to make me want Edward in a sexual way but Lew? What part of square jaws and glowering thick Neanderthal eyebrows didn't scream out that here was a virile, healthy male? Oh there was murder in those eyes and potential death in those knotted fists but what a lovely way to die.

The cold was now but a distant memory as my arms dropped and dangled at my side for a moment. In another instant both my hands were busy flipping from here to there as if primping before a mirror. He was in my face a few seconds later. I could even feel his breath on my forehead, oh my. He grabbed me by my shoulders in a most hurtful manner and was shouting something about queers and began to shake me. Oh it was

lovely. I didn't really care what he did as long as he continued to give me his undivided attention. I was boneless now, giving myself up utterly to his manly power. And then abruptly it ended, that delicious contact without even a kiss.

He had thrown me to the ground. I lay there face down on the cement for a moment before rolling over on my back. I spread my legs apart as if to invite entry though I felt no all-consuming passion. No mobile, hungry vagina like I had with Joe-Joe or a rock hard erection like I had with Bobby was present to give purpose to my sexual desires. My current groin was but a confused entity neither a real penis nor a real vagina and incapable of a meaningful expression of lust. And in that there was also freedom from pure lust. I was in love, which was a feeling from a much higher plane of existence.

Lew continued to glare down at me as I returned his glare with that softer passion. Like it says in the Bible, I was ready to turn the other cheek or as many cheeks as I had including my butt cheeks. Love wins out over all other forces. I lay there smiling with my mouth and eyes, eager for his continued attentions. A soft, vibrant purr issued from my throat, there could be no question of my emotional state.

Lew's frown dissolved into confusion and confusion into panic. He knew damn well that I wanted him. That I showed no fear, no distress, unmanned him as surely as if it had been me that had thrown him to the ground. He muttered something really quite horrible and mean before backing away.

I said, "I would love to," in reply to his promise to give me his cock and I wasn't particular about how he would do that though shoving it up my ass was surely only one of many, many interesting possibilities.

I pushed myself up into a sitting position. I wanted, desperately, to call out to him. I wanted him here, with me and not in that damn school. Of course I did nothing of the kind as I pulled myself together and finally stood. There was no hiding my emergent femininity as I rose like Venus from the sea. All faces were turned in my direction for a long moment, perhaps for the entire period of my lovely encounter with Lew. But now as I returned their gaze they recoiled, retreated from my eyes and once again returned their attentions to any-

one or anything but me. I was once again a non-person or perhaps not.

I had switched again. No thoughts of Bobby or Edward entered my mind. There was only Lew. That big, strong and so utterly male animal had to be mine for I was already his, now and forever. I was his bitch and I needed only air to survive for love filled all my other needs.

Apparently my contact with Lew had been so intense that I hadn't detected the movement of random, un-bonded magic. My jeans, which had been so very tight on me before, were tighter still especially in the hips, which were no longer boyishly narrow. My waist was noticeably higher, well above my belt line and possibly smaller but I had no way of knowing whether that was real or just an illusion created by my delightful womanly hips. I rested one hand on my newly created contour. If I continued to babe up, Lew would be mine eventually.

I licked fuller lips and flicked my longer hair out of my face. There had been magic at my dad's place and obviously some here at school. Where else? The answer was as plain as the nose on Lew's face, behind Bobby's house, where the Hell's Gate would eventually be opened. Ok, I didn't know that for a fact but... I turned and headed into the school, it was almost time for the last bell. It would be a long day in school but knowing that Lew was there, somewhere, right now made it the only place I wanted to be. I allowed my walk to take full advantage of my new and improved hips, walking toe-heel-toe-heel produced a lovely rolling motion. Too damn bad I didn't have tits!

~000~

And I avoided school yesterday? Had I only known. Oh thank you God, thank you, thank you! Homeroom was like a holding cell where the teacher took attendance and made some announcements. Mostly nothing happened. Twenty minutes of dead time before first period. Not today, not for me. My seat was in the back of the classroom where most of the dead beats and losers sat. Mr. Marks, our homeroom teacher, wasn't big on seating assignments based on the alphabet.

I'd come in just under the bell and hurried to my seat. I was probably wiggling like a stripper on speed but actually I was high on a natural dopamine that is common to someone in love. The world could get no better and then it did. I curled into my seat much like a gal might present her butt to a insistent lover and then wiggled as if he were inserting his thingy inside me and I was helping my imaginary lover complete this union. And there was Frank Smith, big ears and all, half turned around and staring back at me like I'd just landed from Mars. I didn't need Lew at all. I fluttered my lashes and all but blew him a kiss. Like I said I was way, way over the top by this time and Frank was suddenly the very center of my universe. It was like Lew had got my engine running and Frank had claimed the driver's seat.

"Lenny?" He said in a hoarse whisper, "What's got into you?"

I wanted to say: You, I hope, you big eared sex machine. But that was still a bar too high. Thank God I didn't say that. Gary with the thick-framed glasses who sat immediately to my right and who was hardly a few inches away was staring at me, his eyes all agog. Of course I returned his stare: Joe-Joe, Bobby, Edward, Lew, and now Frank... all gone. I felt the sunshine on my face. My heart ached for his touch. I'm sure I made a mewling sound that came from deep in my throat as our gaze met.

"Gosh Lenny, you're... pretty."

That was the nicest thing anyone had said to me since I became a sexual polymorph. I was breathless. Pretty? Oh sweet joy, at last. Of all the men in the world Gary was the lucky winner. First thing after school, I'd show Gary what this pretty polymorph could do for his manhood.

Well I didn't, of course, do anything to Gary after school that day. By the end of second period, Gary was but a name on a very long and growing list of names. It had been emotionally draining. I'm pretty sure a sexual polymorph gets laid and then pregnant in a few minutes, well I mean in a world where there is sufficient magic to service her needs, to make her complete. But this endless cycle of discovery and submission, this enormous furnace of unrequited love was burning me out.

I snuck out one of the side doors between second and third period. I needed a breath of fresh air and some personal space. And then I realized that I needed more than that. I kept the gym building between me and the school itself. I was cutting out and that was that. Escaping from what was growing into my own personal Hell.

As I came around the last corner with freedom only a few feet away, I collided with Tommy ‘fucking’ Volt. Perryville’s own want-a-be drag queen and I tangled together on the ground and I waited for the inevitable reaction. Nothing happened.

She said, “I wanted to meet up with you but...” she started to giggle as she and I sorted each other out.

Her laugh was infectious for in a moment I was giggling too. Finally silence descended between the two of us. We were sitting on the ground next to each other, touching actually, and there was no incipient sexuality in the air, leastwise not that I could feel. Finally I broke the silence, “Tommy, right?” We had never really met and that was a reasonable thing considering I had been straight and Tommy was way, way over the girly top.

“Pleased, I’m sure,” she said holding out her hand palm down and fingers slightly curled as if expecting me to kiss her knuckles.

That I took her fingers and lightly brushed my lips across her hand had brought forth a delighted giggle.

“No shit,” she said looking at her hand and then at me, “Nobody ever did that for me before.” She let her hand drop into her lap as she cocked her head and examined my face. “I saw you in action today. My God you were magnificent.”

Magnificent? “You really think so.” I grinned, “Well I’m kind of new at this.”

“New? You’re a natural Lenny.”

“So you know my name.”

She laughed, “Not before today I didn’t. Everybody was talking about you though. I just had to see for myself.”

“And?”

“You and me Lenny are going to be best friends.”

“You know, that seems like a swell idea.”

She frown, “Um... you wouldn't be that guy that hangs out with the nut-psycho in the black rain coat... um...”

“Bobby Fenton, yeah, guilty.”

“Jesus! Where did you get all the fucking hormones.”

“Hormones?”

“Nobody just gets that way, ok? Your folks must be pretty loaded, I mean that shit is expensive.” She looked pensive for a few moments and then added, “Sure must be nice to have supportive parents.”

I looked at her realizing what her life must be like and how ‘lucky’ I was being magical and all. “Wrong on both counts, my step dad works in a mill over in Canton and my mom left us when I was just a little kid.”

She reached out and touched my arm and gave it a little squeeze. “So it hasn't been easy for you either.”

“I think my Pa is starting to come around, just a little,” I said. “He asked me if I was ‘swish’ and I said yes but he's not ready to see me all dressed up. I need to give him time.”

“But would you like too, get all dressed up I mean?”

I hadn't really thought about it and I sure didn't know the first thing about this aspect of being a real girl. “Could you teach me about makeup?”

“Seriously?” And then she giggle, “Let's go honey.”

~oOo~

I never understood women and clothes, leastwise not as a male. Even the last few days as a woman, in mind if not precisely in body, hadn't really changed that void in my awareness. That morning up in the attic with Tommy and my mom's old clothes changed all of that. First of all, Tommy's excitement over this treasure trove was infectious. I found myself almost as

giddy as she was but I really wasn't in on the secret as yet. You see clothes are in themselves magical in a mundane sort of way. Depending upon what you wore, one could literally transform one's image. Some clothes were more magical than others but nothing was as transformative as the right pair of shoes. I didn't recognize this instantly but when Tommy slipped into those stiletto heels, everything about her was different. It wasn't just the tilt of her butt, now more elevated, or the phony appearance of longer, sexier legs, but the restrictions upon her every movement, the precarious balance achieved shouted *woman*.

But that was but my first introduction to the magic. The undergarments, panties and bras, slips and nylons, sang a melody against my skin that my old jockey shorts had never accomplished. It was almost sinful, a kind of sexual stimulation that bordered upon actual masturbation.

And speaking of beating the one eyed monk, it was while I prepared to slip into my first pair of panties that Tommy discovered my real secret. Her first reaction was that I was a girl. Not that that was bad in itself but that I had lied or worse that I was playing some kind of malicious joke on her at her expense. I grabbed her arm as she turned to flee down the ladder and out of the attic, "Seriously, Tommy I do have a penis. Ok? It's just very, very small. Look." I parted my public hair so that she could see my button.

She gave it a long side way glance and then her curiosity got the better of her. "Can I?" She said. I didn't have to answer as she knelt down in front of me and gave it a poke. She didn't say anything for a few seconds but then looked up at me. "So you're a hermaphrodite or something."

I pulled up my panties and replied, "Or something. I wasn't born this way. Heck I had a pretty ordinary dick just two days ago."

"No way."

"Way."

She was shaking her head, she just wasn't buying it. "And balls too?"

"Yep, two to be exact. Look I can't explain what I don't understand. Its magic see."

Her eyes got really big, “I could sure go for some of that only I wouldn’t go for no stubby little dick.”

We both laughed, “I had a real vagina for a few hours.”

“Now you really are shitting me.”

“It’s kind of a long story, Tommy.”

Her eyes were sparkling as she sat down on the floor beside me. I could see the hope in her eyes and that was sad. We wanted the same thing, to be complete women. It wasn’t going to happen, at least I didn’t see how it could. My curse happened ten years into the future, a future with lots and lots of stuff called magic. “I’d just come back from the Middle East, Tommy. I was a Marine sergeant on leave and the year was twenty-fourteen.”

~oOo~

I’m not saying that Tommy believed my story as much as she wanted to believe it. We bonded as sisters more than as mere girl friends that morning. For me it was really cool having her as a sister. And it was funny but sharing my story with her had taken some of the load off my back as well.

I don’t think that she wanted to be a sexual polymorph, there was just too much baggage in that curse. The whole sex-slave thing was simply Medieval. I couldn’t agree more with her. As to the mommy inside me, well she got a little teary eyed at that. So I suspected that she too had a mommy inside her.

I was surprised that she had thought of me as a potential sex partner. That is until she saw my groin. You see a nice cock and balls was something she could appreciate, just not the ones between her own legs. And no, she didn’t get off having her cock sucked. She’d rather pretend that ‘thing’ didn’t exist.

I admitted to her that I never once thought of her as a possible lover. But before she could respond because that statement could easily be taken the wrong way I added, “Because I knew immediately you were a real woman.” That seemed to placate her hurt feelings. But the truth was I was being totally honest as if my curse

let me discover a bigger secret: being male or female was more than the sum of the plumbing between one's legs.

It was mid-afternoon before I got my first lesson on the application of makeup. And talk about magic, the girl that fluttered her mascara leavened lashes back at me from the mirror was drop dead sexy. Notice I didn't say beautiful. I was fairly sure that I'd never have a face that would launch a thousand ships but then were faces all that important? I think women thought so but having been a male for twenty-eight years, I didn't. My ass, hips and waist were to die for and in that Tommy agreed.

I would kill for a great set of tits, that's all I really needed now. Their absence made a mockery of that little black dress. It was so me and yet empty or so it seemed. A bra with rolled up socks inside provided the illusion of something of substance there but having had a sweet pair of breasts for a few hours, I felt their intolerable absence. And of course there was no cleavage and it was the latter which would have made that cocktail dress such a potent dick magnet. And that stray thought made me laugh.

"What?" Said Tommy as she pushed me aside to gain more room in front of the mirror.

"Nothing."

"What?"

"I was thinking what it would be like to be a dick magnet."

She snorted and gave me an elbow as she made the last invisible adjustments to her hair.

For a biological male she looked great, ok? I mean I saw her naked and she had absolutely no resources to draw upon, she was just a skinny guy with a dick. What she did with clothing and makeup was simply beyond belief. Like my breasts, she was all illusion. And yet, sadly, no illusion at all. This really was her. "You ready?" I was concerned about the time. I didn't want to be here when my old man got home. Go figure. Not being 'in love' with him at the moment allowed me to picture him as he really was, an old, mean drunk.

It was a long three-block walk from my old man's house to Tommy's place. I had my Pa's old trench coat on over my gorgeous black dress, else I would have frozen solid to be sure. I was carry my high heels in one hand and had an old pair of sneakers on my feet for the moment so I wasn't fully 'in drag'. The latter was Tommy's idea having watched me flounder around the house in those same heels. The feel of nylon sliding against nylon was a delightful but novel experience to be sure. Tommy hadn't let me in on what we were going to do tonight, but I was content to let her take the lead on my first outing.

She was in and out of her house in a flash carrying a set of car keys, only stopping to replace her boy coat with one that probably belonged to her mother. "That was fast," I said as she started the engine and ripped the car into reverse.

"My old man," she laughed but it was a sad sort of laugh, "shits bricks when he sees me like this."

"But he still lets you use his car?"

"Hell no." She said as she floored the accelerator.

I looked back and I saw a middle aged man now in the street shaking his fist in our direction. "You going to catch heck for this?"

She laughed, "No shit. But it will be worth it."

"Where are we going?"

"You'll know soon enough honey."

~oOo~

"NO!" I yelled as Tommy turned on to Ellsworth Street. There were no bars or restaurants on that street, just homes and one home in particular. "This is about Bobby Fenton, isn't it?"

She gave me a brief glance. "He's the dude that's turned you into a real woman, right?"

"Yeah, what part of ten years in the future didn't you understand?"

“You said it yourself, he is already weird on magic, right?”

“He’s no wizard yet Tommy. And he seriously freaked out when I came on to him the other night. Man what’s he going to do if he sees me like this?”

She laughed, “See you like this? Trust me, he will see two over the top fantastic dames. Guy’s got dicks for brains or don’t you remember that. His dick will say, gosh it might be a fun night after all.”

I rolled my eyes. Two women wearing cocktail dresses just show up at his door, how was that going to work. “And that’s your plan, golly-gee-wiz!” I swore. I sure needed the F-word right now.

“We’re going to have a little car problem, that’s all.”

“Car problem.” I sighed.

“Once inside we’ll see how it goes. Um car problem and a wrong address that should work. Besides neither of us looks like teenagers, ok? Five years older, easily.”

“Ok, I’ll tell you exactly what will happen. We show up and his mother comes to the door. Bobby will probably stay in his room jerking off. Look Tommy if you want to meet Bobby so badly, get him at school.”

“Um, what’s wrong with that picture?” she laughed, “Hi I’m Tommy the fem-queer and I’m just dying to get to know you. I don’t think so Lenny. Um, that brings up another issue. Tonight you call me Brandy, ok?”

“Brandy?”

“It’s got a sexy quality to it.”

“Like stripper or whore?”

“Jesus, don’t crap on my parade. With that big ass of yours, you got to have a big ass girly name.”

“Big ass,” I grumbled.

“Like Hilda.”

I groaned, “How about Sissy, somehow that fits.”

“Perfect.”

“No, I was just kidding. I just meant that here we are two biological guys in dresses and that’s kind of sissy, you know.”

“Oh brother, you need to adjust your attitude. We are as we appear to be, one and the same.”

There was more than a little truth in that. I, for one, felt more complete at this moment than I had since traveling down time. “If this is going to work...”

“It will work, Sissy.”

“What I mean is...”

“Yes?”

“Let me take the lead, ok. I’ll talk and you just go along with me and for Pete’s sake, keep that coat on until I get us past Mrs. Fenton.” If I get past my dear Ruth, I mused. If anybody could see through this disguise it would be her. “And we got to ditch these heels, there is no way she is going to let a pair of over dressed hotties up into her son’s room.” As we pulled up next to the Fenton house I said, “Hold it.”

“What, you can’t chicken out now.”

“No, Ruth’s car is gone.”

“And that mean what, sugar?”

“It’s going to be a lot easier than I thought. Keep your heels on and drop that coat as soon as we get inside.”

~oOo~

I didn’t bother to knock, I just turned the knob and pushed the front door open. Tommy or rather Brandy gave me a sharp quizzical look. She didn’t understand. I knew better than to knock because Bobby probably wouldn’t bother to come down to see who was there anyway. As I pushed the door open, my mind went blank. The words I’d planned were simply gone. That was hardly surprising. Bobby was standing there not three feet away looking rather startled to say the least. I was in full passive-receptive mode, how could I not be. The essence of ripe womanhood flowed especially strongly in my brain. Poor Tommy, she’d be on her own

for I had been reduced to a simpering idiot, struck in the heart by Cupid.

When I didn't move, Tommy pushed past me and gave me the evil eye. And when I still didn't speak she went to plan A. "Sorry we had car trouble and," with a grand gesture swept off her coat revealing the very sexy girl it had hidden. She extended her hand, again palm down, "Name's Brandy."

Bobby barely touched those fingers, "Um," he said. Tommy had been right after all, Bobby had a penis for a brain at that instant. "Um," He said again, "Robert. Robert J. Fenton."

"And that statue standing there like a complete idiot is Sissy. Say hi to Robert, Sissy."

He turned and looked at me. It was the fuck-me flag in my eyes that must have connected with him. It was obvious that he didn't recognize me. What he saw was all woman and he approved. He actually stepped closer and closer to me. I thought, heart be still. And then he extended his hand. Pleased to meet you, Sissy." And then flesh met flesh and I felt 'change' particularly between my legs. The last time I felt a rampant vagina had been ten years in the future but only two and a half days subjectively. It wasn't a feeling I was likely to forget. And for the first time in the last day or so, there was a site on my body that could give residence to randy sexuality so I wasn't merely in love, I was in honest lust of the most consuming sort.

I think he must have felt something for he looked startled and then I realized, he really did wanted to fuck me. It was as real as if he had said it out loud. His eyes had that almost scary 'beast inside' look, the kind that a bull gets downwind from a cow in season. I didn't have to check his crotch to see if he was glad to meet me.

Flustered I fumbled with my dad's old trench coat. I could feel them now, breasts that filled the cups of my bra. Heavy, lively titties like I remembered. Was I complete now, totally a woman? Actually that question at that moment was far less relevant to me than the closeness of my beloved and the need that demanded attention.

"Here, let me take that." He looked down into my cleavage before returning his gaze to my eyes and then

snatched the coat from Tommy's hand almost as an afterthought.

I was still mesmerized as I watched his retreating back. Tommy grabbed me by my arms, swung me around and squeezed one of my breasts. "Holy, fucking shit! How in the fuck did he do that?"

Poor, poor Tommy. I shook my head, "No, it's just the curse. Bobby didn't do anything." The fact was, I half suspected that the ghost Bobby had sent me back specifically to bond with his younger self. What had happened last night and this morning might merely be incidental. But what did I know about curses and spells anyway. However there was certainty in this last transformation.

"Huh?"

"We need to be alone. I mean Bobby and I."

She looked stricken, heartbroken actually. "I can't control what's going to happen, but you can't be a part of this, ok?" Her face twisted up as if she were going to cry but I had completely miss-read her response.

"Oh honey I'm... so happy for you."

Bobby had just reappeared before us when Tommy said, "I'm sorry, I have to go. Something important came up. My coat?"

"You said you were having car trouble?"

Tommy looked flustered, "Um... I lied?"

Bobby looked non-plus. "You lied?"

"It's really my fault, Bobby." He swung his attention back to me. "Damn it all to heck, Bobby it's me? Lenny?"

He looked down at my cleavage and then back to my face, "Seriously?"

"It doesn't get any more serious than this Bobby. I love you and I want to have your babies."

Tommy giggled and then scampered out the door leaving yours truly utterly alone with Bobby. She stopped and looked over her shoulder, "Cinderella was always my favorite story. Love you sweetheart and good

luck with Prince Charming.” A few moments later I heard her car drive off. I hadn’t moved because I couldn’t and Bobby was too stunned to do anything. Finally he cleared his throat. “What you said the other night? You know about being a sexual polymorph?” I nodded. “I looked that up and ah, if it is true...”

“Trust me it is true, dear sweet love of my life.”

“Oh that so... totally awesome, Lenny. Oh my God like I want to do it right now.” And then he jerked around to look out the front window, “Fuck, that’s my Mom’s car coming up the street. Quick, hide in my room, I’ll be up later.” I turned to head for the stairs and he grabbed me by my arm, “You know we are making babies tonight.” He smirked, “And then you will have eyes only for me.” He patted my bottom with a heavy hand and added, “You’re my bitch now, Sissy, *now and forever.*”

I was half way up the stairs when I heard him call out to his mother. That I would not see her or have a chance to talk to her was a given but that didn’t sour my delight in the slightest. He could feed me dog shit and it would taste like steak in my mouth. It seemed like a lifetime for this to happen and not just a few days but it finally was happening or would happen. The mommy inside had already spread her legs just as she spread her affection. Lenny Snider was dead, dead, dead and Sissy was born. Nothing could be worse than being a sexual polymorph, this curse would finally end tonight, and baby makes three.

~000~

I shouldn’t tell you the details of the next few magical hours, it’s kind of private. If things had gone exactly as they should have, I would never have told this story, you can bet your life on that. But fate apparently had other things in store for me.

Bobby was a cherry, that is to say a virgin. Not that being a novice was a bad thing at all. The first time he tried to enter me, I felt his hot cum squirt across my thigh. For a moment he was grief stricken but it turned out for the best. There had been no foreplay, none what so ever unless one counts having ones clothes removed. He hadn’t touched my delicious breasts other than to painfully tweak them a couple of times. What

my dear tits really wanted was his soft, wet lips and tongue. As soon as he shot his first wad it was rather easy to redirect his attentions to where they were most needed.

The moment he had begun to suck on my left nipple, I knew this experience was going to be every bit as satisfying as I'd hope. A kind of micro-climax bloomed on my chest that triggered that most intense response in my vagina. The latter was a savage, mindless beast now, much as it had been with Joe-Joe. I keep describing my birth canal as 'hungry', which would seem the wrong descriptor, hunger being more associated with the digestive track. Ok, it was I that was hungry, all too eager to receive his willing flesh inside my expectant body. Some women say they can feel the release of their ovum. I certainly did. Apparently I had the ability to reflexively ovulate so the idea that it only required one mating to get pregnant, a sexual polymorph characteristic, meant that in a few minutes I would no longer be a slut. A faithful companion, lover, wife, or mother of Bobby's children, such titles were his to grant but I would be, no matter what he decided, a *mommy*!

Of course, as I discovered, it took hours for the egg to drop, and therefore hours for me to become pregnant. I was now fully in heat and that directly affected Bobby who in turn became a most dedicated lover. Thank God he was young and so very virile. The breaks between sessions of active intercourse grew longer and longer but so too did the duration of his attempt to implant his seed in me. It was just after eleven P.M. when finally I became a *mommy*. For a sexual polymorph there is nothing quite like the experience. I had climaxed many times that night, but never like this. The long, shrill scream that seemed to spring from my very soul, vibrated the windowpanes in Bobby bedroom. It was finally done, the deed complete and I was just a pregnant woman, did I say just?

The bedroom door banged open less than a minute later. There in all his magnificence stood Mr. Fenton, Bobby's dad. "Are you alright, son?"

Bobby didn't move for a moment as if to protect me or at least hide my presence but in the next instant Ruth was also there in that doorway, still fussing with her dressing gown. She flipped on the overhead light and any chance I had of avoiding discovery was gone.

Bobby covered himself with a sheet and then, as an afterthought, covered me as well. “Um..” he said.

There was a stern look on his dad’s face but also lurking there was the first hint of a smile. It was obvious he believed in the double standard. Had this been a daughter lying in that bed with a strange man things would have been entirely different of that I was sure.

There was certainly no smile on Ruth’s face when she said, “Introduce me to your, um, friend Robert. She never called him Robert unless he was in trouble or it was a formal occasion and this was most certainly not a formal occasion.

“Um, Mom this is Sissy, Sissy my Mom and Dad.”

I flashed them a grin as I pulled the sheet still higher to hid my breasts, “Hi.”

Bobby said, “It’s not exactly what you think, ok?”

“Pray tell son, what is it then?” Bobby’s dad turned and looked at his wife, “This should be good honey.”

“Willard, you are taking this too lightly.”

“Well boys will be boys.”

“You think so? Look again Willard.” She turned her full attentions upon me, hands on her hips, one eyebrow elevated and then slashed the air with a pointing finger: “That is a polymorph Willard, a wretched sexual polymorph animal. Bobby, how could you? Which one of your pals is this?”

“Lenny.”

“Lenny Snider?” She lost it then and there. “He was your friend, Robert, and possibly your only friend, how could you...”

“I.. I didn’t, I mean I don’t know how, honest Mom. I just found him like this, a sexual polymorph ready to be taken. I mean I read about them just yesterday, polymorphs that is, in the Book of Shadows. Gosh if it wasn’t me it would have been someone that would have made her, right Dad?”

“He has a point there, I mean if the spell had already been applied... I mean I was young once...”

“Are you both stupid? Especially you Willard. That is a baby factory lying there, one, two or even three bastards every nine months. Do either of you want to deal with a bunch of that animal’s brats, huh?”

“I was just saying...” Began Bobby’s father.

“This isn’t the dark ages any more Willard where you sell off the bastards or hand them over to your serfs to raise.” She looked at me, “Sorry Lenny, not here, not in my house and not with my son.”

I was stunned and it wasn’t just her attitude. It was like, you know, she knew all about this shit. And that might be just the tip of the iceberg, was she or for that matter any of them... human? I was human, where did this animal bullshit come from, what makes them so superior. I clutched at Bobby’s arm but it gave me little sense of security. My baby and me might not be three, oh that would be terrible. I needed Bobby like I needed air or water.

“Willard I think it is about time you had that father and son talk.”

“About the birds and bees?” Bobby said snidely.

“No, about who we really are and what your responsibilities are. It’s not nice to play nasty games with mortals, their lives are already so terribly and short. Look at your friend, do you not feel shame?” She groaned as she turned to her husband again, “I need to be alone with this poor wrenched creature.”

~oOo~

After the two men left she sat down on the edge of the bed beside me, the expression on her face was more like what I would have expected. There was concern in her eyes as she pulled back the sheet exposing my body. She reached over and took my hand in hers. “I always liked you Lenny. I mean I knew you were good for my son.” She laughed, “He could be a burden sometimes.” She stopped and searched for the right word and having found it continued, “A prick.”

That brought a smile to my lips. “What’s to happen to me, now I mean.”

“Well, the world doesn’t need more mortal babies at this time. Oh yes during the Black Death...”

She sounded like she was there or had been there. That wasn’t possible, I mean, that was many hundreds of years ago and...“You were there?”

She patted my hand, “The less you know the better, Lenny. It would only confuse you.”

“I know there is magic.”

She laughed, “Not a big deal, lots of your kind *believe* in magic.”

“But I know...”

“It will not matter, Lenny. You can shout it to the world and only a handful of people will believe you. Most will simply think that you are crazy or merely stupid.”

“So what’s to become of me and my baby?”

“This,” she said and then she was a blur of motion. Her hand and then her whole arm reached deeply inside me, up my vagina, into my womb and beyond. Sensitive flesh, my flesh was being rendered, destroyed. What she was doing was physically impossible which made it all the more horrid. I was being violated in a most ghastly manner.

I was unable to defend myself. It was a kind of rape-murder and then I realized, was she trying to kill my baby? Something about that last thought gave me the strength I didn’t have before. There is nothing more potent to a polymorph, now pregnant woman, then her baby. “DONT HURT MY BABY!” I screamed.

Ruth flew across the room like a fly that had been batted out of the air. She hit the far wall with a thud and then slid bonelessly down to the floor. Needless to say, seconds later both Bobby and his dad were back inside the bedroom, both attending to Ruth. I could have been chopped liver for all the attention they paid me.

I finished drawing into a fetal position and just surrendered to whatever fate awaited me. She’d hurt me, hurt me badly. I think the baby, my baby, was gone. No, I was certain it was. I felt hollow and empty inside. I

felt grief mostly but the horror of what Ruth had done would probably linger in my mind forever. The woman that I loved, the one I thought of as a mother, was a monster. I suspect that she had never seen me as a son but rather as a pet, a useful companion for her unpleasant child.

I saw Ruth pull herself to her feet, her dressing gown gaped open showing a body far too young for a fifty year old woman, let alone a five hundred or five thousand year old creature for that matter. And there was something definitely wrong with her physically, she had obvious difficulty standing and was definitely disoriented.

Finally she grabbed and held her gown shut with one hand. Her eyes wide, there was confusion written all across her face. "Who uses un-bonded, raw magic!"

~oOo~

We were sitting in the living room now. I was curled into a love seat on the other side of the room from Ruth, Willard and Bobby. I was dressed again in my little black outfit, hair combed and makeup reapplied. Ruth had seen to that, why, I had no idea. After what happened to Ruth, me throwing her across the room, both men seemed intimidated, though Willard was less so. That suited me just fine. Whatever affection I had felt for Bobby had been aborted along with my fertilized egg. I was no longer a polymorph, I was certain of that. No polymorph could have carried as much anger inside as I now contained. If I had a gun, I would have shot the three of them dead, assuming these creatures could be killed that easily. That they were ignoring me was a good thing, it gave me a chance to study them.

Apparently death frightened immortals as much as it does mortals, perhaps more since immortals were so unaccustomed to the idea of a finite existence. Whatever had happened between Ruth and I, and I really had no idea what exactly she was responding to, she had been badly shaken.

She had been in the process of removing my curse when she discovered the real nature of the beast, per-matter and pre-energy to be sure but of the un-bonded variety. Wild, dangerous forces unlike fully bonded 'magic'. It was like discovering that harmless

little Lenny polymorph want-to-be-mommy was in actuality more like an unstable nuclear reactor.

“A time loop, that’s what you created Bobby,” she hissed after she forced him to re-tell the story that I had told him but two days earlier.

“Hey it wasn’t me, I mean this isn’t supposed to happen until like um... in years? How can you blame me for what I haven’t done yet?”

“You are right sweetheart.” She looked at her husband, “it’s really more your fault.”

“Mine?”

“You should have started training Bobby as soon as he reached sexual maturity.”

“Why? He’s still just a kid.”

“Or maybe it was just too much bother? Failing to properly educate Bobby could kill us. No, Willard, it *already killed us*.” She shook her head, “Bobby opened that stupid gate and let in a flood of un-bonded magic thinking... what Bobby? What could you have been thinking?”

“Um, well if I wanted to be a real wizard I would need magic. I mean it’s all around us, right, but it’s all tied up and...” He paused and looked uncomfortable, “Um... actually I had given the notion of opening the gate some thought recently. I mean there it is sitting right there in our back yard and...”

She laughed, “Ironic isn’t it Willard. Here we are Guardians of the Gate and our own son was scheming to find a way to open it.” She shrugged and then said, “And he did. What’s wrong with this picture?”

“Nobody ever said I wasn’t supposed to open it. I just thought it was hard to do. Besides I didn’t even know you and Dad were wizards or... whatever. What else haven’t you told me?”

“Wizards indeed,” she laughed. We are just people, Bobby. But *real* people unlike those animals you see at school, the original humans made in God’s most perfect image, direct descendant of Adam and Eve. Anyhow Bobby, real people with real souls don’t fool around with un-bonded magic, son. Ordinary magic

works just fine once one learns the principles, right husband?" She glared at Willard and then back at Bobby. "Even descendants of Ham, like little Lenny setting over there, can manipulate raw magic my son. The last thing the People want is to give those animals raw un-bonded magic to play with. Think about it, there is so many more of them than us, they would destroy us in a heartbeat." She let out a long sigh, "But that's neither here nor there. In twenty months you will unleash a great ocean of raw power, killing us and trapping yourself in the process."

Willard cleared his throat, "Ruth, need you be so melodramatic? Surely we can simply stop Bobby from opening the gate, not that I think he would open it now considering what he's learned tonight? Right Bobby?"

Bobby briskly shook his head in agreement.

"That is the solution but not the problem, Willard." She spun and pointed a finger at yours truly, "That Hamish slut is still connected uptime, plugged in, you might say, to that pool of fucking raw magic like she was wearing a long extension cord. Almost ten years *after* the gate was open. I discovered that when I first tried to remove the damned spell."

"So we just kill her." Said my *beloved* Bobby.

"The time loop will snap back like a coiled spring, that's why not Bobby. We will immediately be sucked through Hell's Gate. It is, I'm afraid, a bit more difficult than just a simple act of butchering an animal. That animal is literally the doorstop that is keeping this time loop open, our salvation. The real question is how do we keep this miserable creature alive until that fateful night." She began rubbing her temple.

"I really don't understand," said her husband. "Why is her life at risk any more than that of any other mortal?"

I sat up all ears now, yeah, that seemed to be a good question.

"Random spells, stupid silly spells will leak out of her. Driven by her animal unconscious, whimsy... whatever. She has neither the intelligence nor the training to do otherwise. Eventually she'll do something really big and splashy, drawing attention to her, all too much attention."

“You are referring to the *others*, um, human-animal want-to-be wizards.” Said Willard, his face became drawn. “Yes, that would be, um... very dangerous for her.”

“They’d come to feast on her raw magic like jackals at a cadaver. And if they should sever the connection between the spell she carries and the future...”

“The time loop collapses prematurely and... the gate opens yet again and we die. But this daughter of Ham has no idea of how to use its power,” Responded Willard hopefully. “And, as you said, it is barely more than a beast from the fields.”

“Meaning?”

“They are good at only one thing, breeding. A spell that goes with an animal’s natural inclinations is hardly a spell at all.”

I uncoiled from my chair livid with anger, “I AM NOT AN ANIMAL!” I screamed. “I AM A HUMAN BEING!”

Ruth flicked her hand in my direction, “Sit,” she ordered as if speaking to a pet. “Now where were we, oh yes, Willard you are suggesting a basic sex spell to enhance *her* basic instincts, correct?” She didn’t wait for him to answer, “Driven by reproductive drives so intense that Lenny will have little energy or desire to focus on anything else?” She smiled, “Drives that ultimately she can satisfy but only temporarily thus returning her in an endless pursuit of that ‘closure’. Ah, Bobby you have a question?”

“She is already bonded with me and...”

Ruth sighed, “*Was*. My bad, that would have been the ideal situation for us all. Her, bonded to you, a slave, no desires but to please you. It would have been easy to muzzle this particular beast. But alas I damaged that spell and trust me, I’m lucky to have survived that encounter. And Bobby she is far too dangerous now to permit anything like close contact of a sexual nature so you best keep your penis in your pants. And it is natural that she hates her superiors, nothing is crueller than her kind and she has ample justification or so she believes, right child? So Bobby, consciously she might desire sexual congress with you, unconsciously she might perform, reflexively, a spell that you would find most... unpleasant. Understand? Neither

your father nor I could undo a spell of that nature, not one completed with raw magic. You could be truly unmanned my son.”

I was unable to move or talk and I hadn't been able since Ruth ordered me to sit and, like a trained dog. I had done her bidding: but surely my eyes flashed brimstone and damnation. How long had these creatures moved among us, pulling invisible strings, controlling our lives? And then I watched her fingers dancing in the air as she began casting her spell. I could feel my sexuality growing but along with it, that mommy voice had returned and if anything it was louder than before.

As if reading my mind she said as she finished, “Actually my son, your older self, your future self may have actually hit upon the perfect solution, a sexual polymorph *was* the perfect prison for this creature. We can make do with the ruminants of that spell. Now damaged you will never become pregnant and therefore you will never free of that compulsion and that should keep you fully occupied.”

Been there and done that. Would I spend the next twenty months seeking motherhood, too focused to do anything else? It seemed entirely likely. A sterile polymorph, an oxymoron, why not just say slut and be done with it. At least Ruth and her kind were no immediate threat to me. Indirectly my existence was vital to their existence, that is to say we had a mutual destruction arrangement. Had this been the intent of that Ghost Bobby all along? Using me as a doorstep to invalidate his ill-conceived experiment. Yes, that seemed likely. Had Ruth not attempted to intervene, his plan would have worked perfectly, me the love slave and easily controlled. But Ruth had intervened and that made all the difference in the world, hadn't it. The idea that I had the potential to work magic had an obvious charm, like finding Aladdin's lamp. And then Bobby interrupted my musing.

“How exactly does this fix the problem, Mom? She'll still be capable of using that magic, right?”

Ruth laughed, “She will spit out spells, to be sure, but little ones, insignificant events that should go un-noticed generally. Your father and I should be able clean up what mess she makes if it necessary. What spell might a pseudo-polymorph make anyway, a harder, longer, thicker penis for a random mate? An

enhancement of her personal appearance? I'm not saying that it will be particularly easy Bobby to keep things under control, what I am saying that it will be possible."

"Ah." Interrupted Willard. "But she knows too much to stay with the game plan my dear."

"Oh, that's easily fixed." She gave me the eye.

And then things grew fuzzy and my thoughts became less clear. Memories were repressed or deliberately distorted, though some were far too vivid to be erased entirely from my mind. My rape-abortion would forever remain a raw wound. Maybe more so because the mommy-me was in profound grief and might remain that way forever or, more likely, for the next twenty months. All sense that I had power of the magical variety was utterly erased but not the knowledge that the Fenton's were other than what they seemed. That there were wizards and magic in the world actually existed was, I think, deliberately etched in my mind. Those memories were useful to them, an invisible leash.

Chapter 4

It was Tuesday night, merely forty-eight hours since the future Bobby had sent me back from twenty-fourteen to the winter of '04. Forty-eight hours, it felt like a lifetime to be entirely honest. And then there was the cold. It was February after all and near midnight. The frigid night air was literally more than my exposed cleavage could take. I was once again in that delightful little black dress and my nylons were keeping my legs almost warm but for how long? I covered my sweet bosom with my hands but the cold air still attacked relentlessly. What was I doing outside and in front of the Fenton home? And then I remembered bits and pieces, enough; dreadful things had happened tonight. The Fenton's were inhuman monsters for starters: wizards.

It would be a long walk home, why hadn't I taken my coat? I remember the Fentons all but threw me out of the house and were glad to be rid of me. I guess the coat had been forgotten in our mutual hast to end this encounter.

I knew for a certainty that my memory had been altered but by how much, I had no way of knowing. I did know how utterly painful this night had been, the most precious spark of life in my personal universe, murdered by Ruth. And worse, I was going into heat again. The reproductive engine that drove my very being and rational thought would be once again at war. My old brain: limbic system and hypothalamus was far more powerful than my neo-cortex, maternal instincts and sexual desires apparently trumps mere logic. I was all too familiar with that situation. I was a polymorph and my role in the world was certain.

The headlights of a car parked across the street flashed on and the engine rumble just before the door opened and a familiar voice called out "Hey!"

"Tommy?" I turned and scurried across the street as fast as I could in my high heels and tight skirt and all but threw myself into the cold car. "Heat!" I ordered. And then added, "What? You were playing cop on stake out?" But before she could respond, I added, "You probably saved my life, Tommy. But we're not out of the woods yet," I said as I jabbed a finger toward Ruth's house, "there be monsters."

"Jesus," she swore and then stomped the accelerator and hung a U-turn. "So Prince Charming wasn't so charming, huh?"

"Oh that part went really swell, it surely did Tommy. But my mother-in-law turned out to be a real bitch from hell." And then for absolutely no reason at all, tears began flowing in copious quantities from my eyes and I was sobbing beyond control. Mascara and eye shadow making raccoon eyes and black tears drew haphazard streaks down my cheeks. I had no idea of just how much pain was bottled up inside me. Well it wouldn't be bottled up much longer. Tommy was cool, really cool and let me, you know, vent?

We were almost back to my old man's house before I could even try to talk, "She aborted my baby."

"What, you were pregnant?"

"Oh and so much more. Tommy I was a complete woman, pregnant and very in love and..." And I couldn't continue as I began to cry again, feeling even more lost and hopeless than before. It had all been too perfect, an illusion, but it had been real enough to me. If I

could turn back the clock, I could live forever in those precious hours before Ruth destroyed everything. I knew I wasn't being rational, I knew I was living a lie but what a sweet lie it had been.

It took me a good fifteen minutes after we got to my place to get my act together, thankfully the car heater was working. All this time Tommy was dying to know everything but she hadn't asked. I thought she might explode. "What time is it?"

"Almost one o'clock."

"You want to come inside? I'm not going to get any sleep anyway, not after what I have been through."

"Is it safe?"

"Should be, my old man has to go to work in a couple of hours. Com'on. I'll tell you what it's like to make a baby."

~000~

My old man sucker punched Tommy as she stepped through the front door, been there and received that myself all too recently. But when he put a choke hold on poor Tommy I went ballistic. I didn't have the upper body strength to break his hold but I leaped on his back anyway hoping to pull him to the ground. Poor Tommy, I promised her that she would be alright, what a dope I was.

"Son-of-a-bitch," I swore as my old man let go of Tommy and twisted about to grab me. And grab me he did, by my breasts. That seemed to get through his thick head, at least the novelty of what he had found. "Why do you have to be such a FUCKING ASSHOLE!" Even as I screamed those last two words I knew that all was lost. That bubbling feeling of uncontrolled lust and romantic delight made a mockery of rational thought. I loosened my grip and slumped toward the floor. My legs spayed apart, I was utterly receptive to his every whim and so fucking passive. No real woman would have responded this way, but I wasn't a woman but a full-blown pseudo-poly-morph.

My old man looked down at me in confusion. There was no recognition on his face as he rudely pulled

down my low cut black dress exposing my sweet breasts, he knew what to do with them and he was too drunk to care about the consequences. And he would get no resistance from me, "Oh Edward!" I groaned, I wanted desperately to scream out *fuck me* since I was literally overwhelmed with passion as he knelled beside me. It didn't matter this time that I gave him no overt signal, his hot mouth and wet tongue soon began to stroke frantically against a nipple so rigid, so needy, that had it been a penis, cum would have shot forth.

It didn't take him long to jerk down his jockey shorts but what I saw wasn't at all encouraging: a bad case of limp dick. Frantically I pushed up my skirt and wiggled out of those panties, all the while guiding his mouth back to my tit when it started to wander off track. How many times had I wanted this to happen, especially with my dear Edward. That he wanted me in a sexual way was a certainty and my heart soared. I knew what to do with a limp dick or at least I assumed I knew having never actually given a blowjob before.

Edward solved my passive quandary when he released my nipple and offered me his limp cock. Maybe it was an art, perhaps a talent or most probably the sincerity of my desire, but I got that limp dick firm enough to allow entry. My loins knew exactly what to do, even if the drunk riding my pelvic bone was nearly unconscious. It was marvelous, perhaps more so than when Bobby and I had make love, though this was no love making but pure raw sex, of the animal variety.

He soon began to flag, this was no teenager, no virile youth. I felt the flow of what had to be magic drawn from deep inside me, whatever it was, my intended became rejuvenated, his thrusts now deeper and deeper until I thought my body would be torn apart, it would be a delicious end to a fantastic union. But the longer it continued, the more certain I was that there would be no ovulation, no egg, no child. Was that the horror that Ruth had given me, to never be complete, made whole, pregnant. I was the ultimate slut and yet no slut at all, merely a broken baby machine.

He began to tire yet again. I felt the flow of energy, stronger this time from me to him. My vagina clutched at a swelling penis that seemed to grow even more rampant than before. My incipient climax was no longer incipient. The earth moved not once but over and over again, like an endless earthquake. I lost contact with

the world around me for what seemed like forever; I was self-consumed, self contained and mindful of only that sensuous plain which was my entire existence.

I opened my eyes. There he was, hovering above me, not the love of my life, not my dear sweet Edward, but my old man. There was no tide of romantic sweetness to falsely cover his ugly old face or make invisible that flabby beer gut that lay so heavily on my slender form. Nor was there any trace of lust inside me. No, the sweet lingering lust had fled before reality and reality was almost pure horror.

Edward collapsed and rolled on his back, breathing heavily and I crawled away as fast as I could, crablike. I never took my eyes away from him, afraid that he might make some movement toward me. I felt the same revulsion that I would have felt had I been in the embrace of a half rotted corpse. The memory of my climax turned bitter, sour. I curled into a tight defensive ball, partly to cover my nakedness partly to protect myself should he once more turn his attentions in my direction but mostly to control my stomach, I was nauseated both by him and what I had done. It wasn't rape, had I not willingly, no, eagerly applied myself to his sexual advances? What kind of creature was I that I could draw such pleasure from such an odious coupling? Had I been fertile, had my egg been completed, fertilized, I would in no doubt now be forever in his to control. As it was, all that had happened was that mommy voice inside me had been silenced for the moment, satiated, allowing me to see Edward as he was sans romantic clothing. I wished it could be otherwise, my old man, a mean drunk and now lover had to be the worst nightmare that I could imagine. And then Edward began to snore.

Still coiled into that tight ball I began to cry for the third time night. These tears were an odd mixture of relief and self-loathing. And then a pair of arms went around me. I almost screamed and then I remember, "Tommy! You gave me quite a fright."

"Holy Shit," Tommy said as she knelt down beside me and now fully embraced my huddled form. "How can you live like this?"

I continued crying and yet laughed through the sobs, "You call this living?"

"You should call the police or something."

I uncoiled enough to wrap my arms around her as well. What, a foster home? I was old enough to be on my own. And worse, I was as much at fault in this 'sexual congress' as my old man but I wasn't going to share that with Tommy. "Or something," I responded. I stood up and faced Tommy. She couldn't help but see how complete I had become as a woman: mature breasts and a real vagina, down to and including a very real clit. "I'm sorry Tommy. We'll talk about what happened um... tomorrow?"

She looked at me with understanding and simply nodded as I gathered up my clothes and headed for the bathroom. There probably wasn't enough water in the universe to completely wash away the stench of my old man off my body or to remove my self-loathing.

~oOo~

I waited until my old man was out of the bathroom before scurrying into the facility the next morning. I locked the door, of course, but I didn't really feel secure until I heard Pa's car engine start up. Parts of last night would give me nightmares for a long time, not that I didn't already have a good collection of nightmare material. Walking around picking up pieces of what had been friends will do that for you, so the old future me knew something about horror that put last night into some perspective at least.

I hadn't had a real chance to examine the 'new' me. The face that stared back at me, was all too familiar. It's most startling feature, my high, thin, arched eyebrows, were not a creation of magic but performed by yours truly two days earlier. I hadn't really realized how much of a gender defining agent eyebrows were, arched verses flat, thin verses thick, female verses male. Ok, maybe my eyebrows weren't the key to the femininity that seemed to radiated from my face, it was what was under them. My eyes were still ordinary, brown but if you really looked into them I saw Bambi, ok? It wasn't the color or the size that mattered, my eyes were a virtual window into my very soul: that passive-receptive persona. Hardly the bullet eyes that had stood me in such good stead as a Marine sergeant, but soft and passive. Lord knows had I had such eyes in the Marines, I'd never had made it through basic training. They seemed without guile or cunning. Ok, to be com-

pletely honest, more like one would expect from a polymorph, two feet beyond bimbo: fuck me eyes.

My nose was almost too long to belong to a girl though I knew girls with decidedly bigger noses. It was probably that single feature that blocked any chance I had of being actually beautiful. It was a proud nose and if I held it just so, I could look elegant, even Barbra Streisand could be elegant, right? Looking further down one comes to my lips. Teenage girl fullness, especially my lower lip. I know some older women get their lips pumped up to achieve this effect. It was more about apparent age than beauty however.

I'm afraid were I to flash my driver's license, the picture on that license would adequately reflect the face, sans makeup of course, in the mirror. Only the sex marked M would be wrong. No this face wasn't going to launch a thousand ships, not even a rowboat. Now my body on the other hand...

The mirror above the sink gave no view of the rest of me but all I had to do was to look down. I wasn't into girl sizes yet so I couldn't tell B cup from C cup but these puppies, weren't no lousy A cups either. Each had a nipple thingy of tan with pink tones and that area was definitely the sensitive part of my breasts. If one avoided touching that part of my tits, I discovered that I could pull and twist them in a most amazing manner without feeling pain. Pulled out nearly twice their length and let go and they bounced back into their original form, which was essentially conical. And yes, unless constrained by a bra, they were constantly out of step with my every motion, whether merely walking, turning or bending over. It was a physics laboratory for the study of inertia.

Sliding my hand first down to my full hips and then, obviously to the piece de la resistance, my sweet pussy. that is where my inventory stopped as I flashed back to last night.

Tommy hadn't left when I took my shower. Perhaps she stayed to protect me from my old man, but that was a wasted effort, he slept the whole night in the entryway. Or perhaps she was unconsciously aware of that heightened sexuality that Ruth had given me that evening. All the time we had spent together I had never once felt a sexual urge toward Tommy, and yet Tommy was a biological male. Aside from his feminine persona,

his prick and balls were perfectly formed and functional.

She climbed into bed with me, naked as was I. We lay spoon style with her groin against my backside. There was nothing sexual in that contact or at least not at first. I felt comforted by her presence and just a bit more secure. And I was with Tommy, as the British would say 'safe as houses', meaning of course Tommy had no interest in women except that she very much wanted to be one. We lay there cuddled together for a quite a while, all cozy like, when she asked, "Can I touch them."

"My breasts?"

"Um, yes."

I half turned, I understood her curiosity. I'm sure all these years that she had wanted a pair of her own she had never actually felt a single adult breast. I guided her hand to the nearest one. The touch of her fingers lightly exploring my nipple did for me what my own touch never did. I felt the first distant hint of anticipatory pleasure and then the familiar buzz that quickly trailed down my spine. I was in heat, of course, and easily turned on. I was also passive-recessive, remember. I wasn't about to call any attention to my rapidly rising arousal. Tommy's fingers soon discovered my growing erection, two nipples becoming distinct from the surrounding pigmented area, becoming longer and harder much as a penis becomes erect.

It was then that I felt something against my thigh that was also becoming longer and harder. I said nothing, I did nothing. I could not help wondering how much better sex would have been with Tommy than with my old man. Sure she wasn't 'manly' but perhaps manly enough and I truly loved her. That wasn't enough for me to cross the boundaries inside where I live. I couldn't say what I wanted to say.

I think perhaps it was the juices inside my vagina, that silent messenger, odor that may have caught Tommy's attention or, more likely, curiosity about what a pussy really feels like. Her exploring hand slid across my belly and found the wetness between my legs. "Oh fuck," she said, "I... I didn't realize what I must be doing to you Lenny."

I was panting now, “Oh, I’m doing ok,” I gulped wanting her to continue and very afraid that she would stop and completely unable to control what actually would happen. I did manage to twist around so as to face Tommy, my breasts now pleasantly squished against her chest, her breath in my face.

“Girls do it, all the time, right? I mean, girl-girl love making?” Tommy whispered as if sharing a secret.

Twit, I thought getting very impatient with Tommy, how could she be so clueless. But I realized it really was my problem, not hers. Tommy was certainly a cherry and most definitely not inclined to use his penis. Dead end read the road sign. And then she kissed me on the lips. And I was free or at least freer as I returned her kiss with interest.

Minutes later Tommy was inside me, it was kind of like a Star Trek adventure. This was certainly traveling to a new world, for Tommy that is. Almost immediately I could feel her erection declining. That was hardly a surprise. But then, like I had felt with my old man, there was a definite flow of magic from inside me and that girl’s penis quickly became thicker and harder than it ever had before. Within seconds her whole being seemed to be consumed with fucking me. It was like being attacked by a jackhammer. The thrusts were short and brief but amazingly powerful. On and on Tommy went until the two of us, slick with sweat, came at the same magical moment. Ok, it wasn’t a magical climax, not like the one I’d had with Bobby, but then I might never again experience an event like that if my speculation that Ruth had effectively sterilized me was true. Nor was it as intense as the one I’d had with my old man but more intense than any I’d ever experienced as a male.

I laid there stunned and Tommy was silent. That flow of magic I had felt with Edward had been even stronger with Tommy. And then, like my old man, Tommy collapsed and slumped down on the bed, asleep. At least I didn’t feel the revulsion that I had felt after sex with my old man. Tommy was still sweet Tommy, though that girl could not have been the man I’d felt dominating my body just minutes earlier. It seemed so utterly improbable. Tommy a hundred and ten pounds soaking wet, Tommy, sleek and slender like the real girl she was. And then I touched her still hot skin and jerked my hand away. What I felt ran a paral-

lel to what had happened between my old man and me, there was no way I could have willingly fucked Tommy, except that I had and I done both her and my old man in the same night. I was some kind of sick pervert or so it seemed at that moment.

While my old man had been disgusting, Tommy was like kin, a sister. Having sex with her was so wrong, well I felt almost as much self-loathing as I had earlier. I did manage to fall asleep, but I did so on the floor of the bedroom rolled up in a spare blanket. When I awoke this morning, Tommy was gone and, to be honest, I was relieved. I'm not sure I could ever face her again. Oh, poor Tommy, she must be in Hell right now. I knew I was, in Hell that is. If I could I would make it up to her, somehow. Were I a wizard like Ruth, poor Tommy would have that which she most desired, to be made whole, complete, one sex. Female. But alas I was not a wizard and rather less than a complete human being, a polymorph driven to coupling with whomever would agree to do so.

~000~

I was getting dressed for school. Why? Well laying about the house waiting for Edward to come home surely had no benefits. The idea that we had done 'it' I still found absolutely revolting. Which raised a lot of relevant issues. Like sleeping in the garage this time of year was a good way to die. I've been told that freezing to death was actually one of the better way to die. Wouldn't that put a kink in Ruth's panties? On the other hand, I wasn't a kamikaze or at least not yet. I wanted to live. Perhaps after school I could find some place warm for the night, maybe at the school itself. Or maybe Tommy and I could work something out but after last night, that might be a long shot.

Look for a job? I'd make a Hell of a stripper but, um, no. I'd be a full time prostitute faster than you can say 'yes' ok? That might be my only option in the long haul but it sure didn't seem attractive to me. I wanted, needed, a long-term relationship. That was how I was constructed, you know, forever faithful until the next male comes along. Man was I fucked.

Maybe I could waltz up to the Fenton's and confront her about my situation? Ok bitch, make my situation

better, a lot better, or I'll kill myself. Ok, right, and so she wiggles some fingers and I'm working in an old folks home serving pussy to toothless old men and having the time of my life for the next twenty months.

I could just go on the road and... Hitchhike? Maybe some trucker? I suspect that I'd be getting more than a ride and sooner rather than later, I'd be a sex slave or at least a functional whore and having no capacity to say 'no' I was unlikely to make much of a living doing that.

I pulled a tee shirt over my chest. It fit easily with the loss of shoulder mass even my boomers had room to roam and then some. Next I pulled on a pair of jeans, no underwear. The fit was like wearing a sausage skin, tight. A pair of penny loafers from the attic, no socks, and then finally an old red and black plaid wool shirt my old man wore doing deer season. The shirt fit me like a tent, ok, it hung down below my ass. It also hid my hips and bust. I mean I was utterly once again the classic dork.

Finally I pulled back my hair into a ponytail and tied it with a rubber band. I checked out my image in the mirror, I was 'safe-as-houses'. Everything that defined me as female was out of sight. I was all dressed up without anywhere to go.

I heard the front door open and my heart leaped to my throat. Had dear, dear Edward returned? Just that thought made my skin crawl. I peeked out my bedroom door and, fuck, just about the last person I expected to see standing there, his back to the still open door. Cold air was already flowing down the hallway. "Jesus Christ on a cross, Bobby, close the fucking door!"

"That's you, right?" He said, his voice carried some stress in it and from his stance he would run like a bunny were I to approach him. He was afraid.

"No, it's the fucking tooth fairy Bobby." There was no way that I was about to attack him. But the all too familiar sensations of being a polymorph in heat were growing second by second. He already looked very sexy and the memories from last night were still so very... sweet. What a twit I was. And then in a much softer and sexier voice I said, "It's nice seeing you again Bobby, so very nice." I was in full glamour now. I began walking toward him heel to toe, hips swaying as I pulled at that rubber band and freed my thick, long hair, stopping

only to shake my head, spraying hair every which way, across my shoulder and even across my chest, “Hmm, how can I help you Bobby?” Knowing precisely how I would like to help him.

He squeaked, “Stop! Ok, just fucking stop.”

I did as ordered though I had no desire to so. Oh to be in his sweet arms again, I thought. I was miserable now. He was terrified of me. The door behind him was still open and he was half turned as if to flee back into the cold morning. “What Bobby?” I said in my sexiest voice, the lust it carried was honest enough. Here was my enemy and yet I was his to command, a polymorph in heat.

“Er... um... my mother sent me over, ok? Just fucking listen. Um, Mom says to tell you not to anything rash, ok? When the Gate doesn't open on All Hallow's Eve, whatever happens during the time loop never happens. She wanted you to know that.”

“What does that mean?”

The original sequence of events, the real sequence will simply be. You'll go into the Marines in May of this year, eventually become a sergeant, the whole nine yards you know. None of this will have happened. You get your life back. And not only your life but the lives of all those people that died that night in '05.”

“Including your life, right Bobby.” He just nodded in agreement. “In the mean time, I'm supposed to live in hell?”

He looked startled, “Hell? Christ, laying around fucking all day and night, whenever you want for the next few months, what could be better?”

“I fucked my old man last night.” I said holding back my gorge. “If that wasn't Hell, what was?”

“Oh.”

“Yeah, oh. I can't stay here and I have nowhere to go. I'm broke, I have no clothes. I don't even have a fucking bra that fits Bobby. I swear to God if I have to fuck my old man again...” I shook my head, “I will not go through that again, never!”

He gulped, “Ah, what do you need?”

“A *safe* place to live, clothes that fit and enough money to get by until All Hallows Eve next year.”

“And that’s it?”

“Oh yeah. And I don’t want to be a fucking polymorph in fucking HEAT!”

He staggered back as if blasted by the intensity of my voice. “You don’t want to be a babe anymore.”

That hit me like a ton of bricks. I could not respond for the confusion in my brain. I’d been so focused on what was shitty that I hadn’t really thought about what was, well, swell. “Um...” I said. “Um...” That wasn’t a fair question, not fair at all. I was all woman inside. True it was due to Ruth’s spell but did I want to be the old me? No way. Jesus if I could be a man again, was that a choice I would make? “I’m cool, ok Bobby? I mean being a girl is ok but I don’t want to be a fucking slut. I want to be able to just say *no*, that would be a whole lot better.”

Bobby looked relieved, “I’ll tell Mom what you need. And I can’t promise that she can give you everything. Money, clothes and a place to stay is probably no problem.” He looked like he was holding something back, which he was.

“And this polymorph shit?”

He shrugged, “There are reasons you are a polymorph, Lenny. I don’t really know but I think it has something to do with the original spell, the one uptime?”

He was still hiding something but what? I let out a sigh. What was offered was a dang sight better than what I had at the moment. “Ok, what do we do next.”

“Just hang out and stay out of trouble. I’ll get back to you later.”

“Later?”

“Today, ok?”

“I better have a place to stay tonight.”

He grinned as he backed out the door, "That is probably not a problem." And then he stopped, "Um, be careful."

"Huh?"

"Um... Mom told me there is a reason my folks are Guardians of Hell's Gate." And then he was simply gone, vanished.

I hurried to the open door and looked outside, there was no one there. Had Bobby really been there in the flesh? I suspected from my physical reactions that he had been literally 'here'. And what was that warning about? There were 'others' involved, perhaps others that wanted the Gate opened? That sent a chill down my spine, it surely did.

~000~

I have to be completely honest but my decision to go to school rather than just hang out as Bobby had suggested was not motivated for the best of reasons. In the last twelve hours I'd fucked Bobby, Edward and finally Tommy, ok? The last two 'sessions' were of a questionable nature, especially my old man, but in all three cases the actual sex had been great. Ok, great hardly describe being sent off planet into the land of Oz. True I experienced a lot of post colitis um... recriminations of the self inflicted variety, but I had the bone in my teeth now. I was hooked on sex, hardly a surprise considering the spell I was wearing. And I hadn't been entirely forthcoming with Bobby this morning, my greatest fear was that tonight, when my old man got back home, I would willing do what I did last night. That is we would fuck until the cows came home. God knows there has to be a better way to live but I had no choice other than to vote with my feet.

I was wearing one of my Mom's sweaters, without a bra of course because her bras were too small. The effect was pretty dramatic. Otherwise it was just my ultra tight jeans, penny loafers and my old coat. Nothing fancy, nothing that would get me sent to the principal's office, that is to say women's clothing or makeup. Even Tommy had never dared to break the dress code. Ok, he had a couple of times but had been sent home each time. And I didn't want to be sent home, not today. Yesterday I'd been an effeminate boy without boobies and

carrying a short cock, today real breasts and a gosh darn sweet pussy. Sure all Hell would break out as soon as the teachers saw my real breasts under this tight sweater but they couldn't send me home to change, right, breasts aren't clothing.

Of course it wasn't the attention that I would receive, though that carried some weight, hundreds of over-sexed males would see or hear about me and some would respond. A polymorph couldn't chose a mate but like a particularly pretty flower, I was certain to attract a lot of bees once they knew I was a real gal and hot to play. I certainly had to do better than my old man for a lover. Ok, there were some problems in my plan but let's face it, if two or more males competed for my favors wouldn't I at least get the stronger mate? A regular Darwinian solution for the inherent limitations of being a polymorph.

It didn't matter if I got laid today, though I rather suspected that I would, what was important was that multiple males would court me in the days to follow. Right, I was a slut, I accepted that now, but at least I could be a desirable, sought after slut.

Well my plans went exactly as expected. I came into homeroom, just under the bell. Mr. Marks hardly noticed my excessively feminine deportment as I paraded back to my seat, heel-toe and flipping hands from broken wrists. It was pretty much all over the school by now, since my show yesterday, that the sissy-queer Tommy now had serious competition. I suspect that Mr. Marks, like the other teachers, pretty much decided just to ignore my 'antics' unless my behavior actually disrupted the class. And, as a general rule, the male students did likewise, though not without harsh whispered comments of an unfriendly nature. The girls, for the most part took it as a bad joke but didn't seem personally offended. All was cool until I removed my coat.

Giggles, gasps and outright laughter spread across the classroom, bringing Mr. Mark's nose out of the attendance book. This he could not tolerate. "Mr. Snider! The Principal's office, NOW!"

I got up from my seat slowly, with excessively feminine movements, before untying my hair and shaking it free once again. My fine breasts danced in delightful freedom under my sweater as I paraded toward the

classroom door, moving my hips to the extreme, my steps quick but dainty and my random hair flips, perfection itself. What had been a mild disturbance in my homeroom broke into a fully formed storm behind me and it wasn't all-negative. In fact as I stepped through the door and out into the hallway, cheers were mixed with the cat calls, applause with nasty words. There was always an inherent antagonism between the students and the establishment. Some may not like what they thought I stood for but they appreciated that I could stand up to the powers that be.

I was shown into the outer office of the vice-principal Mrs. Staghorn. Her secretary looked up at me, "Yes?"

"Mr. Marks sent me here."

"Why?"

"I have no idea. Some kids in class started laughing and he decided it was my fault."

"Um, " she said. "Your name, Miss?"

"Lenard Snider but everyone calls me Lenny."

She looked blank faced, "You're a boy?"

"No ma'am."

"But..." She went to the file cabinet and pulled out two files, both said Snider in big letters that I could read from across the room. She looked back at me, "There is no female by that name."

"No ma'am, the file probably says Lenard Snider... male."

"At 116 Oak Street. Father, Edward Snider?"

"Yes ma'am, that's the right file."

She looked confused and then turned without further comment carry my file into the vice-principal's office. A few minutes later, Mrs. Staghorn accompanied me to the nurse's station as first period began.



I knew what would happen once we got to the nurse's station and it did. Mrs. Staghorn informed the nurse, a little grandmotherly woman, to find out exactly what Mr. Snider was wearing under that sweater before spinning on her heels and returning to her office.

Once the door was closed the nurse said, "Mr. Snider, remove that sweater, please."

"Yes ma'am," I replied looking forward to seeing the expression on that woman's face that was sure follow. As I pulled the sweater over my head I watched her expression. It didn't change that much, perhaps turning slightly sour and I was a little surprised.

"Fine," She said. As she leaned forward, "Expose your arm pits, please?"

I sat there as she carefully examined my armpits and then she lifted my breasts to examine the undersides of each one.

"Oh my. These aren't implants are they dear?"

I didn't have to answer that but I did, "No ma'am."

She sat down in front of me, after taking a small stool away from the wall. "Who is your doctor? Your primary care physician?"

"Um... Don't have one. My Pa doesn't have coverage where he works and, well, I haven't been sick."

She eyed me suspiciously, "It probably took years for this condition to develop to this level, and it's called gynecomastia, Mr. Snider. And your father did nothing about this?"

"I doubt he even knows, ma'am."

The reaction I had initially anticipated finally appeared, she looked horrified. "You poor boy. this should be treated."

"Um... I'm fine with it, ma'am."

“Well it is not fine young man.” The she looked at me queerly, “Have you been on or are you currently on any kind of sex hormones?”

“No ma’am, just what come naturally.”

“Get dressed, I need to talk to Mrs. Staghorn.”

I waited at that nurse’s station throughout the whole of first period. What I thought would be a cool but quick jerk of the lion’s tail was anything but. I was bored to tears and half ready to leave. Had they just forgotten about me? Finally after the second period bell the nurse returned with a man.

“Sorry Mr. Snider for taking so long. Um, this is Doctor Kanger he is on contract with the school system. Doctor Kanger this is the boy I was telling you about, Lenard Snider.”

“Pleased to meet you son,” He said. “The sweater, please?” Like the nurse he poked around for a few moments before stopping, “Could you remove those pants?”

I was a polymorph of course and, although he was an old man, the doctor was a man nonetheless and even the latex gloves on his hands didn’t protect me from his touch. My juices were already flowing and my impulse was definitely carnal in nature. I had a shit eating grin on my face and lust in my eyes, but he wasn’t interested in my eyes or my pounding heart as I struggled with my over tight jeans. Once my pants were down to my knees, the nurse helped me remove them. That look I had been seeking now sat firmly on both of their faces.

The doctor stood there for a brief moment before turning to the nurse, “I’m not a gynecologist.” He shrugged and began a brief inspection anyway.

~oOo~

I didn’t get back to class until the middle of third period, just before lunch. Again I made a grand entrance, it wasn’t, after all, entirely an act. Surround me with males and all my systems go on full tilt. I handed Mr. Hook, my math teacher, the note from the office. I’d read it, of course, on the way back. It didn’t give any

relevant information about what was really going on other than asking him to give me some slack, in so many words of course. That my behavior probably had both biological and psychological aspects that were legitimate.

But I did watch his face after I sat down. He looked at me more than once in some degree of confusion. What he and the other teachers would find out after school was that my old man had raised a daughter as a son. That I was in fact female and always had been. Like right! More like sixteen hours, but who would have believed me had I told them the truth? The Fenton's, of course, but they weren't likely to be talking.

Boy was my old man in trouble. Speaking of my old man, he was on his way from work to the school. That was definitely not the meeting I wanted to attend. I kept watching the visitor's parking area for my old man's blue Ford. If he got here before third period was over, I was dead. The clock seemed to be broken as Mr. Hook sent one person after another to the black board. He never called on me, thank God for small favors.

And then Mrs. Staghorn entered the classroom and motioned for me to follow her. My old man must have parked on the other side of the building. Third period ended just seconds to late as I made that long walk to the principal's office. Just before we got there I grabbed her arm, "Ma'am, I'm afraid."

"Poor dear, you'll be safe."

"It's not now I'm worried about."

She took my hand in hers and gave it a little squeeze. And then we met: Mrs. Staghorn and me and my Pa in the hallway just outside the Principal's suite of rooms.

I waited for the familiar rush of romantic and lusty feelings, for this monster to become my sweet Edward, He looked younger, stronger almost handsome or was that the curse working? I felt my legs go all wobbly as lust mingled with the rising tide romantic love. If Mrs. Staghorn was not holding tight onto my hand I might have leaped into dear Edwards's arms, or maybe not, that profound passivity was still very much in evidence. I spoke with my eyes, with my gestures, with my every breath, I resonated with unrequited love. I was, indeed, in Hell. My rational mind screamed silently to

me and only me, a non-player in the act that was unfolding, my rational self was helpless.

Pa's eyes widened as he saw what looked to be breasts under my sweater. He stared at me and then, in confusion, at Mrs. Staghorn. "I'm sorry. He's been rather um... effeminate lately, ma'am." And then he stared at me again this time in obvious disgust. "What are you wearing under my wife's sweater? Yes he recognized the sweater but he had no memory of the events of last night, of our sexual union. What he saw was a stepson who appeared to be running amuck, a swish to use his words, a drag queen.

"Breasts," I said with a delightful quiver in my most feminine voice. I wanted to say, lovely, lovely breasts. I wanted him to touch them and so much more. My hand was doing flippy things with my hair but my other hand was still trapped by Mrs. Staghorn's grip.

"How could you Mr. Snider." Snapped Mrs. Staghorn.

Pa now looked totally confused now. "Are you saying he actually has breasts now?" He sputtered, "I certainly had nothing to do with..."

"Raising a daughter as if she were a son!" She all but shouted but caught herself in the last instant.

Disbelieve now dominated his face. "You're telling me that you are buying this sissy-queer bull shit." He stabbed a finger in my direction, "He's just a fucking fairy, you twit!"

The nurse and Mr. Roberts, who had been waiting in the conference room, upon hearing the confrontation joined us in the hallway. It was Mr. Roberts who spoke first, "Mrs. Staghorn, this is no place to have this discussion. Mr. Snider? Is this your son Lenny?"

"Yes, of course."

"Fine, that's settled. Mrs. Staghorn why don't you escort Lenny to the cafeteria. I believe Mr. Snider and I can settle this in my office. Um," He nodded toward the nurse, "if you would, join us Carol?"

Mrs. Staghorn was still holding my hand as we turned and walked down the hallway. That creepy feeling of being in love with my old man didn't abruptly

vanish on its own, it never did. But as we passed a couple of jocks, the transference of my attentions was immediate and once again I was free or as free as a polymorph could be. Let's face it if my old man had that influence on me by just being close was there anyone that couldn't? Females, like the woman holding my hand, didn't. "Um... I'm ok now, thanks."

She let go of my hand but she didn't walk away. "I saw the way you behaved, Lenny. Toward you father?"

"Step-father," I corrected her.

"He's abusing you, isn't he? Sexually?"

"I'm eighteen, of legal age."

"That doesn't answer the question or perhaps it does. Is this... ok with you?"

And then a flood of tears erupted, I collapsed to the floor, sobbing. No it wasn't all right. None of it was all right. She dropped down beside me and pulled me into her arms murmuring something like "You poor dear," and then she looked up, "Oh? Mr. Fenton."

Mr. Fenton? I also looked up but my vision was blurred with tears, tears that were still welling up. Fucking Fenton, one of them, what was he doing here. But he wasn't talking to me. I continued to sit on the floor as Mrs. Staghorn rose and accepted some papers. He quickly turned and walked away.

"Well, if that doesn't beat all," She said as she helped me to my feet.

"What?" I said wiping away tears, thank God I hadn't worn makeup this morning.

"Your step-father is being served with a restraining order as we speak."

"And that means what?"

"Apparently he has been abusing you for years my child, is that right?" I nodded. That was certainly a fact though nobody had seemed to care before today. The fact that I was now of legal age seemed to rule out any hope the county would provide me with safe housing so was I to go on the streets or what?

“Mrs. Fenton is the chairwoman for an organization that, among other things, provides housing for battered women,” Mrs. Staghorn said that as if I should already know that particular fact.

Why would I, less than a week ago I was a male, right, in this decade or the future decade. “Ok?”

“Oh my dear child, she will provide a sanctuary for you. Somewhere safe and free of that monster.”

Great, I thought, Mrs. Fenton would find a place for me all right, under her thumb where she wanted me to be all along. On the other hand, being free of *dear Edward* was no minor relief. “Gosh.” I said. “Um, can I go to the cafeteria now, I’m hungry.”

Chapter 5

I never did make it to the cafeteria and I was still hungry but that was the least of my concerns. I was in the car with Ruth and we were heading out of town. She was glaring at me in disgust only taking the time to make an occasional glance back at the road. “You have been a very busy little slut haven’t you?”

That didn’t deserve an answer. Hadn’t she or rather her son, one of them, made me that? Fuck her. Hell, fuck all of them, whoever ‘they’ were. So I just met her glare with one of my own. Thank God that passive-recessive aspect of my person was only aroused with males. Finally I responded, “You jacked up my sexuality, what did you expect, a nun?”

She looked alarmed, “You remember that?”

“Yes,” I said. That was a lie of course so much of what had happened at the Fenton’s house last night was a blur. It was actually just a guess but from her reactions I had to conclude that I’d hit the nail on the head.

“But your own father?”

“Step father,” I corrected her. For the first time I realized that she didn’t actually appreciate the depth of that curse. That I had absolutely no capacity to reject *any* male suitor.

“You people really are animals,” she growled. And then went on, “Well I got your message. Had you but stayed home today we could have avoided this horrid mess.”

“What mess?”

“You little cunt,” She snapped. Wasn’t it entirely clear that we demand no unwanted attention from the outside? That little stunt you pulled this morning... boy turns into to girl?” And then went on, “The *story* that your step father raised a girl as a boy, well we can live with that, just.”

I laughed, “I don’t think my old man is going to go along with that particular story, he knows better.”

She glanced back at me with a smirk on her face, “What’s the word of the town drunk worth anyway? Anyhow, he’ll be too busy to make much of a stink.”

“Too busy? Why?”

“You ask why?” she laughed. After what you did to him?”

“I didn’t do anything,” I said even as I remembered that flow of magic between him and I as we were coupled.

“Hung like a stallion.”

“Huh?”

“The libido of a sixteen year old. Anyhow, we’ll provide him some sexual companionship for a while. That should take his mind off this mess until nobody cares any longer.”

I groaned.

“What?” she said.

“Um, nothing.” It wasn’t my old man I was thinking about. *Tommy*. Poor, poor Tommy. She’s be driven half mad with a randy dick, considering how much she hated its very presence. Even over active glands would pose a serious problem for her especially glands of the male variety. Frustration and incipient anger that had hung around me like a heavy cloak was replaced by guilt. It was pretty obvious that Ruth didn’t know

about Tommy and all things considered, that was probably for the best. "Where are we going?"

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We'd passed through the town of Chester, Ohio. I'd never heard of it and for a good reason, population three hundred and sixty. It was connected to the world by a single county highway, if one could call County Highway 14 a highway. Tucked in the hills just south and east of Canton, it was little more than a wide place on a very narrow road. Just out of town Ruth pull onto an unmarked gravel road and headed back, roughly toward that tiny village. Talk about the middle of nowhere. She turned again, this time on a dirt path, the word 'road' would not apply and then after a quarter mile, the car slid to a halt. "We're here," she said.

Um... yeah. I thought. I sure was safe from my Pa now. I got out of the car and waited.

As Ruth got out the car she motioned me to follow her, which I did. And there, just over the next hill, stood a really old trailer up on cement blocks covered in rust and singing with neglect. "You can't be serious."

She laughed, "It is much, much nicer inside, trust me, and it is very, very safe."

"Safe," I laughed.

"Yes. There are wards surrounding the area out a hundred and fifty feet from your new home."

"Wards?"

"Magic guards. Anyone other than you or one of us will become deathly ill if they enter this area. Mostly nausea for the first fifty feet, then cramping and finally, if they actually reach the trailer, death."

"Um, no visitors huh?" Ain't that sweet, I thought.

"No unwelcome visitors, Lenny. If you chose to bring someone home with you, which you will from time to time, the wards will not function as long as you are present. It is all for your protection."

I looked around, there wasn't a house in sight. "Like that's going to happen out here."

She laughed, "There is a path just behind the trailer that leads to Crows."

"Crows?"

"A steak house, bar and grill, the works. They even have a band Friday and Saturday nights. More important Mr. Meeks is *one of us*."

"Seriously Mrs. Fenton, I'm going to go freaking nuts out here."

She looked surprised, "Didn't you ask for a safe place?"

This seemed entirely too safe as if I was being buried alive. Of course all that Ruth was concerned about was that I was alive, for the next twenty months. "Ok, what's inside?"

The moment that she opened the trailer door I knew she was playing straight with me, at least as straight as she could be considering everything. It was a single wide, fifty footer, which mean small except it didn't feel all that small inside. I'm not talking magic, merely spatial planning. the interior looked new, smelled new and felt new. No electricity or phone but propane gas for both heat and light, hot and cold running water. Both the water and the propane had to be delivered to tanks outside but that was not my concern. It was a two bedroom affair with the one tiny bedroom completely dedicated to clothing and a small makeup table like one might see in the theater, you know, surrounded by propane lamps that gave off a cheery glow when lit.

The clothes were another matter entirely. Ok, lots of silk and satin and very, very feminine to be sure but...

"You can't be serious?"

She frowned, "What?"

"This stuff is on the far side of slutty."

"And that means what coming from you?"

She had a point. Which brought me to my most significant request. "I told Bobby that I didn't want to be a

damn polymorph in fucking HEAT!" I shouted the last word.

"Oh my, but you are just that."

"What I'm saying is... I just want to be able to say *no*. This whole thing with my old man would never have happened if I had even a slight bit of control over my body, but no, every fucking male triggers a 'let's make a baby' response."

She blinked her eyes and gave me a blank stare, "So?"

"Does it have to be so *intense*?"

"Um... I suspect not."

Relief flashed over my being, was there hope? "Please Ruth, please. I need it for my sanity. I swear I'd rather kill myself than to continue like this."

That seemed to get through to her. She sure didn't want me to die on the other hand the principle spell had been cast in raw magic, not something she could manipulate. There was, of course, the spell that she had created, that could be modified, right? That spell obviously enhanced a somewhat damaged polymorph, a polymorph that might not be as dedicated to her task as she would otherwise have been. The purpose of Ruth's spell was to ensure that I remain compliant and utterly focused on an endless sexual odyssey with no opportunity to stray off into unwanted activities. Ok, all of that was but a guess but I suspect a reasonable guess. After she killed my baby I remember being free of that 'mommy voice', free to really hate.

"I'll give it some thought, Lenny." She finally said.

"It's important to me Mrs. Fenton."

She didn't respond, had my request fallen on deaf ears? For the next half hour she showed me how to function with the equipment at the trailer, the substantial selection of mostly canned goods that passed for food. Finally I interrupted her, "Money." I said.

"Not needed. You have an open line of credit with Mr. Meeks. You may eat there every day if you so care. And yes, if it money you want or just something to do, Meeks will be only too happy to hire you."

“What, as a whore?”

She laughed, “If that is your pleasure but seriously: cocktail waitress, bartender, kitchen help whatever skills you have or want to develop, he’ll let you take a crack at it.”

“Can I work somewhere else?”

She rolled her eyes, “The closest alternative employer is more than three mile away and you have no car, hum?”

“So it’s Crows or nothing.”

“Seriously Lenny what would you do with money anyway? Get into trouble I suspect.”

What was the old expression ‘keep them bare foot and pregnant? Well I wasn’t going to get pregnant. Ruth had seen to that. Oh she had me tied up into a little bundle all right, safe and tight.

A little while later she left and that’s when I discovered another unpleasant aspect of my situation. Have you ever had the feeling that someone was watching you, I did. And that feeling just would not go away. Yeah, safe and tight and watched. It was a prison.

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Early the next morning, more out of curiosity than anything else, I did get up and followed the trail to what had to be Crows. From the vehicles parked in the lot, I suspected it was shit kicker heaven: mostly pickup trucks, SUV’s and gun racks. I remember standing there just above the establishment thinking what would happen were I to go inside. The answer was all too clear. It was snowing now and this was no place to remain nor was I about to go down to that establishment to meet my fate. After that I stayed hidden in that trailer for almost two weeks. It wasn’t the weather that kept me bound there, though we had had a substantial snowstorm for a day. And I was certainly tired of eating beans out of a can. What I had said to Ruth had been true, I was utterly sick of playing the slut. Odd but I had no overwhelming sexuality, that is to say I wasn’t excessively horny and driven to look for sex every frigging minute, it was more of a reactive thing. The mere

presence of a male set off my body like a well-programmed robot. I was a creature of stimulus-response and surely what passed for free will had been compromised. On the third day, I didn't bother to get out of bed, nor did I eat.

For the next two days I remained in my little prison. I was eating again but just enough to get by. I was in the throes of a massive depression. That Ruth showed up at sunset on the fifth day wasn't entirely a surprise. That sense of being watched had never declined. She was concerned about me, to be sure it was a self-serving concern. She even lugged in some fresh food: steaks, vegetables, milk, bread, stuff you know. She really didn't have a clue as to what was wrong. I even repeated my demand to have some say in who I fucked. She thought that was very funny.

After she left I realized what I had to do. I hauled out the food that she had brought and the canned goods and anything else that was eatable from the trailer. I made a bon fire and began throwing all the food into the fire. It felt good, no, right. I was taking a stand in the only manner could. I would go on a food strike. Could I kill myself? That seemed unlikely and yet could Ruth and her kind take that risk?

Well obviously they could. It takes a long time to starve to death and they were not without resources. It was my tenth day in the trailer and the fifth day without eating when Mr. Meeks showed up at my door. Of course he could walk right through the wards, he was, after all, one of them. I hadn't heard him approach nor did he knock. He just entered the trailer.

I wanted to scream out 'fuck you' and 'get out' but that wasn't about to happen. He cared for me as one might care for a sick child. He feed me soup and little else at first. There was no sex involved, at least on his part, but my fast had been broken and, to be entirely honest, I was broken as well. The following morning I was at Crows and had breakfast. The natural forces at play were simply too much for me to overcome. That evening I began working the lounge as a cocktail waitress. My costume was that of a cow girl complete with red plastic high heel cowboy boots, a red leather micro skirt with red satin panties and a red halter top of silk, and, of course a big white cowboy hat with a matching red band. I would prove to be very, very good at that job and the tips were swell.

Acting like you wanted to fuck every man in the place certainly works when it comes to tips. The fact that I was sincere was lost on those hayseeds for the most part. None picked up my invitation given my passive orientation. I could hardly make the offer more clear without a direct suggestion which was decidedly not forth coming. I think for most of them it was a swell game, that is to say, I wasn't really serious. Oh the fact that a number of wives and girl friends were there perhaps also muted the potential action. Anyhow, Mr. Meeks took me off the floor well before closing time, thus ensuring that I didn't get laid by a drunken cowboy that first night. It was a family business after all, though weekends were another matter entirely.

I had almost a hundred dollars when I got back to the trailer and this was a weeknight. Thoughts of escape began to form in my brain. Not now but surely in a few days. One of those single young men could be easily had and a long ride to anywhere was the best plan I had. Or perhaps, that young man could just take me home and into his bed, long term that is, that was how I was fashioned. I could be the perfect farmer's wife and then some. That was the plan, the only reasonable plan I could come up with as a polymorph.

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Mr. Meeks was swell. It wasn't like I was actually an employee. When I became too involved with a customer to run drinks at the bar he would just pull a gal out of the restaurant to take over for me. He never said a word nor did it seem to bother him. Now I don't want you to think that I was screwing the customers or anything, I would have in a heartbeat, but it was more of a guy-gal sort of thing. Of course I didn't actively 'invite' any guy to do anything, what part of 'passive' don't you understand? Let's say I was a natural or rather a *supernatural* flirt. Guys, especially the very young and the very old, dig it. I was young enough and pretty enough to pull it off and, more important, I had no reputation. Indeed I appeared to be a tad on the shy side or so Mr. Meeks said after my second night working the bar.

Shy? What a load of crap. The fact that I couldn't hold a guy's gaze without lowering my own was pretty much built in, the old submissive response. Maybe it was a cultural thing, most of the locals were pretty con-

servative socially. Perhaps they saw me as they assumed women *should* be. Only a whore would be overt in her sexual advance and that included aggressive eye contact. I was incapable of being aggressive, merely very friendly in a girly way. I was a very sexy goody two shoes and this sure beat playing the role of slut.

I came in early Friday night. I was pretty sure things would be different tonight. Mostly singles on the make and not families was the word. Of course the band wouldn't set up until nine o'clock and the crowd wouldn't really swell until after eight. The restaurant was nearly empty so getting something to eat would be a snap. And as I walked in, there was Mr. Meeks setting at a table at the far end of the room. He waved me over.

"Hey Mary." He said. That was the nametag they gave me the first night I worked there and the name kind of stuck.

"Mr. Meeks?" I gave him a big smile before noticing that he wasn't alone. The 'other man' was in his fifties though in much better shape than my old man, of course I wasn't an objective observer by this time. It was love at first sight, which for me, was pretty much the rule.

"Mary, I'd like you to meet an old friend of mine, Richard Dawson."

"Good to meet you, Mary," he said as he extended his hand.

I had this stupid, goofy look on my face, to be sure, and when our hands touched, he grabbed my fingertips and raised my hand to his mouth. He kissed my knuckles much as I had done to Tommy when we first met. I blushed and lowered my eyes but my loins were already doing 'rock-and-roll' and my silly head was filled with romantic visions. Worse, I immediately suspected that Mr. Meeks had deliberately placed me in this situation. Not that I minded. What was the line from the Wizard of Oz spoken by the old witch... 'I'm melting'.

I saw Mr. Meeks exchange a glance with this stranger and nodded assent. "Well," said Richard as he stood and then cupped my chin in his hand and drew my gaze into his, "Marty she is more beautiful that you led me to believe, you old dog."

I bloomed with the praise. beautiful? I was already his anyway, talk about syrup in my head. That was the first and only time I used the guest bedroom on the second floor.

I found out later that there was more to this encounter than met the eye. Word of what I had done to my old man in the sexual area had prompted Ruth to call Marty Meeks. It was really more of an experiment than common whoring. Richard had been impotent for several years and never been much of a lover even when he was younger, the latter was common knowledge among the locals after a nasty divorce a few years earlier. Marty's prior connection with Richard was based upon a long term casual relationship, a friendship, but the chance to actually test run my 'talent' was too tempting to Mr. Meeks. If the contact proved fatal or merely disastrous to Richard, the evidence could be made to disappear. The latter said volumes about 'friendships' between a wizards and people like Richard and I, but that was an already well-established fact, wasn't it.

The experiment was a complete success, perhaps too much so. Richard rose from my bed hours later not only physically enhanced but well, supercharged. The latter effect wasn't immediately obvious but over the course of the next few days Richard Dawson evolved into a regular satyr, if the Greek myths are accurate, spending more and more of his time with Marty's whores than attending to his own business, more like a drunk on a bender than not. Richard's compulsive sexuality would have served me well except following that 'experiment' Marty had become excessively possessive of yours truly. And yes, Richard was more than a little interested in me after our tryst which was another reason I had to disappear from view.

It wasn't the sexual enhancement that attracted Marty, that being a minor spell that was little more than a 'trick' and of no serious consequence. That I used raw un-bonded magic to do so was, well, astounding to Marty. It was like using gold foil of the purest grade of gold to make a disposable paper cup or to fire perfectly cut diamonds as bullets from a gun. Un-bonded pre-mater and pre-energy was precious and, well, dangerous. There hadn't been this quantity of raw magic in the world for thousands, perhaps tens of thousands of years. Too little raw magic had been available for the *people* to develop the art of handling it safely and thus the danger it imposed. But, were he to

have access to what seemed like limitless raw magic, could not Marty Meeks become the most powerful person since the ancient gods?

Oh yes, I was the goose that laid golden eggs, though my eggs were far more precious than mere gold. How could he get me to lay those 'eggs' and do so without destroying Marty in the process? Visions of ascension to godhood, that which hadn't been accomplished since before mortals began recording history, filled Marty Meeks mind. Had Ruth Fenton missed the implications of this portal of raw magic? Well it was his gain and her loss. He would gladly sacrifice her and her family for the rewards that he could gain. The gate must be opened if only to ensure that this creature would be created and the ocean of raw magic would exist in this temporal frame.

First, he had to hide this precious goose.

To Be Continued...