

The witch's PROMISE



TG Fantasy Fiction by mignon



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Written & Illustrated by mignon



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Chapter One - The Promise



William studied the young woman resting on the couch with concern as Anissa stepped up close and gently placed her hand on his back, following his attention to the resting figure that was her lover.

“You shouldn’t worry,” Anissa said to him-her voice just a whisper. “She’s still recovering,” she reminded him.

“It’s been several days,” he pointed out.

“And she was gone for almost a year,” Anissa stated once again. “Suffering from stress and

uncertainty, being unable to find her way home. And on top of that, she wasn't able to get the nourishment that she needed. Think of it like someone being stuck in a desert without water for almost long enough to literally die of thirst."

"I didn't think she looked too bad, though. She was that far along?" he asked.

"Don't you see the color? She's doing so much better here, William. You almost certainly saved her life. I think you are going to be her hero for the rest of her long, sweet life."

William nodded silently. He didn't feel much like a hero. He was just doing his job. And, had it not been for Ivy, he probably wouldn't have even found the curiosity to dig the big story out of the messy weeds where it was hiding.

"Have you thought about my offer?" Anissa asked. "You seem to be doing OK, so maybe you don't..."

"No," William said abruptly, a bit more loudly than he meant, interrupting her in a very uncharacteristic matter. "I mean...yes. I have something for you to look at."

William held up a single finger before disappearing into his bedroom and returning with what looked like some sort of silly prop from a fantasy movie.

She burst out laughing as he handed it to her. "This is your wish?" she asked as she struggled to contain her laughter and study the seemingly never-ending writing that followed nearly the entire length of the scroll.



“Well, you said I could ask for as many things as I wanted as long as it on a single sheet of paper.”

Anissa shot him a suspicious look before turning her attention to the long, curling piece of paper in her hands. “This must be 5 or 6 feet long!” she said.

Ivy, having awakened from the commotion had managed to make her way over to see the long sheet of paper in her lover's hands and giggled furiously at the sight. William felt Anissa's icy glare and realized his joke hadn't landed quite like he had hoped it would. Of course, it wasn't much of a joke at this point—after all, he had nearly managed to fill the entire scroll with all sorts of vague requirements associated with the new life that she had said she could offer him.

Anissa placed a hand on his arm and offered a weak smile. "This looks awfully formal, William. As if you are trying to protect yourself from someone trying to twist your words. Don't you trust me?"

"I...it's not that I don't trust you, Anissa. It's just...you know, all of the stories that you read. Someone makes a simple wish and, the end result might be true to the stated words of their request but definitely not the intent. In the end, it's very seldom even remotely what they wanted."

"But William, I'm not really someone who grants wishes. This isn't some sort of unpleasant obligation, it's a favor for you saving Ivy's life. You can't imagine how miserable I have been searching for her all these months. By rescuing her from that man, you have made me so very happy and I just want repay you by making you happy as well."

William nodded. "I'm sorry. To be honest, I really did decide to use it as a joke. At least at first. I've had that silly thing for years and thought making the two of you laugh would be worth the outrageous amount that I paid for it at the Renaissance Fair so many years ago."

"It was cute," she said as she wrapped one arm around Ivy and took his hand in another. "How about you tell me what it is you have here and we can just work with that," she asked.

She and Ivy settled down on the floor while he took a seat on the couch. Ivy snuggled up close, lazily relaxing against Anissa's warm body. "I've missed you, baby," Anissa told the smaller woman before leaning down for a kiss. William watched their intense togetherness feeling a mix of both jealousy and great pride. He desperately wished he could be the one snuggled up to Ivy, but, at the same time, relished the fact that he had let the two lovers be together after such a long time apart.



Once Ivy was fully settled, Anissa looked over her shoulder to find William watching her carefully. “So, why don’t you stretch out there on the couch, and just tell me what it is you want.”

“We don’t need it in writing?” he asked.

Anissa shook her head. “Not really. I just thought it would be easier if it were on paper—for both of us. But I can see you are a little bit more detail oriented than the people I’m used to dealing with, so maybe this will work out a bit better.”

William nervously took a seat on his couch and then nodded toward her as he prepared to describe the various aspects of his wish to her.

“Nope!” Anissa interrupted. “Shoes off and stretch out there on your couch. I need you to be comfortable. I suspect this may take a little while,” she continued eliciting a light giggle from Ivy.

He wanted to protest, but realized that she was probably much more likely to win any argument they might have. After all, she wasn’t exactly human and had magical powers that enabled her to rewrite a person’s entire history. So, he complied.

He stretched out like she required and crossed his arms behind his head and stared up at the ceiling for a minute before he began. He turned his head and saw that she was looking up at him and she gave him a gentle smile as their eyes met for just a second before he nodded and turned his head back toward the ceiling.

“Well,” he started to speak, “I guess the first thing is that, no matter what sort of changes you make, I want to be sure I have at least the assets I currently own. This condo, for one, and my savings. I even listed details about my retirement plan and all of that.”

“That sounds wise,” he heard Anissa acknowledge from her position there in front of the couch.

“As for career, I really wasn’t very specific. I used to love journalism, but, as I’ve gotten older, and especially in this current political climate, it’s changed so much. I think I’m just ready for a change.”

“I see,” Anissa said.

“But, I did offer a lot of guidelines that I hoped you might work with. The most important being that whatever I ended up doing should be something I could quickly start out making good money in and I was careful to point out that I should have the necessary education, intellect, and instincts to become very successful.”

“Interesting,” Anissa pointed out.

“Financially, successful, I mean.”

“I understand,” she acknowledged.

“I mentioned that I should exhibit natural talent for the job and that I would get a lot of joy from it.”

“Love your job,” he heard her say, “that’s very important.”

“Then I went on to describe some really vain stuff, that part is a little embarrassing. Maybe we can skip it?”

“Nope. If you are going to be happy, William, you have to trust me. Who cares if what you want is a little embarrassing?”

William sighed and then thought for a minute, trying his best to remember exactly what he had written down. “Well, most importantly, I want to be young again. Not a kid, but young enough to have a long life ahead of me. And, that I would be attractive.” He confessed.

“Very attractive,” he corrected himself. “Enough so that I would be appealing to anyone I was attracted to myself. And that I were able to have as much sex as I wanted.”

Anissa laughed for a minute, and he thought he heard Ivy giggling just a bit at that. But, Anissa’s demands were effective and he was relaxed. Too relaxed to worry about the fact that he had just said something stupid, so he continued.

“And that I would age gracefully. I always felt like I looked old much sooner than I should have and I don’t want that.”

"That's understandable," Anissa told him.

"So that's about it. Money, beauty and youth. Could I get any more cliché?"

"Don't lie to me, William. I saw the last little bit, and you haven't mentioned anything about that."

In a way, William found himself drowning in embarrassment. He had been certain that she hadn't gotten anywhere near the end of his little scroll, so he had figured it would go unnoticed when he skipped it. And yet, at the very same time, he was greatly relieved because that last part had somehow become as important as all of the other points combined. Perhaps even more so.

"You read the whole thing?" he asked her.

"In a way," she said mysteriously.

"Then you already know..."

"William, this isn't about embarrassing you, or giving you a hard time, I promise you. But, I want to hear, in your own words, exactly what it is that you want. So, please, be completely honest with me.

"Well," he said tentatively, "I know that the two of you have...um...a sort of open relationship, but you had mentioned that most of the men that Ivy slept with were just one-time things, mostly because you didn't like to feed on people at random and risk hurting decent people."

"That's right," Anissa confirmed.

"But you did say you have had longer term relationships with other humans. So, I was hoping that I could be with the two of you."

"I see," she said.

"But, only for as much as you wanted. I don't want to get between the two of you or to interfere with what you've got going on here. It's just I really fell for her hard and the thought of being with Ivy has almost become an obsession for me, and I figured if I were safe from your feeding off of me, like those other people you've been with, then maybe we could...I don't know...have something a bit more than just a one-time hookup."

"William, I must point out that what you feel for Ivy is, at least in part, just the nature of her—well, her being a Nymph. At least, that's what the obsessiveness is, but I do sense this goes a bit deeper than a simple lustful urge, which pleases me in some way," she told him. "And, I must admit that I think that's very sweet, and I definitely appreciate that you don't want to steal my little Ivy away from me," she said with a chuckle.

"So..." William began, "does it make sense? Am I asking for too much?"

Anissa pulled herself away from Ivy and sat down at the far end of the couch. "I think it can work. I believe the both of us are drawn to you even as you presently are and that bodes well for something more long term, but I'm afraid that I'll have to make a lot of changes. Changes that might take some getting used to for you."



“I won’t end up as some sort of freak, will I?” William asked, suddenly concerned that he had wandered much further into the unknown than he intended.

“Not unless you want to be,” she said playfully. “Maybe freakishly tall?”

“No! That’s not what I meant.”

“I know. And, no, you will blend in just fine, though, you will probably catch more than a few people’s eyes wherever you go.”

That certainly sounded good to William. As a child, he had always felt invisible, except to his teachers who all adored the sweet little boy with a never-ending thirst for knowledge. He found himself suddenly very excited to be that guy that all of the women noticed and were

drawn to.

“What I have in mind would put you squarely inside both of our lives, Ivy and my own, I mean. Would you like that?”

“I...think? Yes. I would like that very much, if it worked out.”

“Then how about this,” Anissa said. “We give it a try for one month. That should give me time to regain my strength. Then, if you aren’t happy with your new life, I promise to return you back to this life that you have and we can figure something else out. Does that sound OK?”

William only nodded. His mind was still drifting away on thoughts of being the apple of every woman’s eye. After a moment, though, after Anissa sat watching him did he realize that she was waiting for an answer. “It sounds great! When do we get started?”

“How about now?”



Chapter Two - Let's Do This!

“Perfect!” Anissa said before making a gesture for him to stand. “Now, I need you to stand over there,” she said after pointing to the center of the living room, “and try to relax.”

William padded over to the center of the room as directed, feeling a bit self-conscious about the fact that he had really come to believe she could work magic. But, he had come to accept

that a little humiliation would be well worth it if there was even the slightest chance that what she said she could do was possible. He turned to face them but she directed him to face the wall, putting her and Ivy to his side.

“This will probably feel strange, and may freak you out a bit,” she told him, “but please remain as calm as possible. I promise, it will go a lot more easily for you that way.”

William nodded as he stole a glance from her and saw that her eyes were shut completely and Ivy had risen to stand beside her lover. Ivy offered a mildly curious smile as their eyes met. William wasn't sure she knew the extent of his wishes. Then, with a force that he couldn't possibly have expected, William found himself rising up a bit into the air and then just linger as if there were no gravity at all.

Except, it wasn't a lack of pull that kept him afloat. In fact, what he felt was the complete opposite. He was clearly being held in place and was largely unable to move. He tried to speak, but then remembered her suggestion and decided to focus on making himself calm. “It will go a lot more easily,” she had said. “It will go a lot more easily...”

It seemed like an eternity that he hung there, literally frozen in mid-air, when suddenly he felt a strange wave of warmth wash over his body and then, after it passed, he could feel the cool air caressing what seemed like his naked skin. He struggled to look down, but could only move his eyes—and only just enough that he could see his naked shoulders save for the straps of his undershirt. He was now dressed only in his underwear.

A Gentle cascade of giggles came from the pair of women and William knew that it was Ivy. That would be just like her, he thought. He knew it wasn't out of cruelty or even simple indifference. She was just the sort of person who lacked the typical awareness of things like shame or humiliation. Much like a child who unwittingly says something rude, not because she was intentionally being rude, but simply because she didn't realize what she had said or done wasn't appropriate. For whatever reason, Anissa had explained, Ivy and her kind simply never could really understand those concepts. It was just not written into their DNA.

Knowing that he was likely the most homely man either of these two women had seen in recent months, William felt great shame, but that was short lived as he felt yet another wave of warmth descend over his body, this time, it was followed by a tickling sensation all over his body, but much more pronounced across the top of his scalp. It didn't take long for him to realize, that his body was changing and that those funny tickling sensations were hairs stretching up from where they had long since stopped growing and then becoming long enough to drag their tips across his skin as they grew.

He was no longer bald!

How he longed for a mirror. But there was nothing in his line of sight that could offer the sort of reflection that he so desperately craved.

Is it still gray? He wondered. Am I a young man once again?

But his curiosities were interrupted as yet another deliciously warm wave washed over his body.



The tickling sensations returned, only this time, they were focused more intensely on his face, torso and belly. The feelings on his belly, however, were very different and felt almost as if his shirt were crawling upward. In addition to the tickling sensations, however, was a painless, but oddly disturbing sense of pressure across his entire body, but much more intensely on his face and hips. He was unable to see that his hair, which had begun turning gray in his early thirties was no jet black, just like it had been when he was young until a small lock stretched down across the front of his face.

I'm not gray! he exclaimed to himself.

His beard had disappeared and his face had taken on a different shape as had his waist and hips which now had a slightly feminine shape to them. Not that he noticed. Instead, he felt oddly satisfied. He was very certain that he was becoming younger and more attractive and desperately hoped that he would soon be appealing to his adorable little Ivy.

But the changes were hardly done and yet again, a gentle warmth washed across his body. He could feel his hair twisting across his neck as it continued growing longer. The bangs that had fallen in front of his face grew too, but also took on a color that wasn't nearly as familiar as

before. It was a dark brown that reminded him of so many beautiful women he had seen. Dark brown, with just a bit of a wave or light curl. During his younger days, he hated how straight and wiry his hair was. It seemed to mostly stick straight out unless it reached a certain length. But this hair, it was different. It seemed softer and that made him suddenly very happy. He was becoming more attractive. That had to explain it. No more weird toadish William, he thought. Now, I'll be someone people will want to meet!

But, a strange sensation interrupted his excitement. Something felt wrong...down there. It wasn't any specific like the sensations he had been experiencing. No, this was just a different feeling than he thought he should. As if his once sizable package no longer had the length it needed to dangle there inside his boxers like he was used to. Am I smaller now? he wondered.

And then, the waves began. This time accompanied by much greater pressure...and it was in places he wasn't quite certain about.



That strange pressure seemed to grow much more intense, this time, and seemed to come from both inside and out. It pressed firmly, yet painlessly, against the sides of his waist. He couldn't see, but somehow, he knew that it was drawing that waist inward. And much more greatly than was typical for a man. At the same time, the pressure also seemed to press out from the insides of his hips reshaping them as well, and—again, not in the shape typically associated with a man. The pressure didn't stop there. In fact, he felt it across his entire body, reshaping everything about him. He could feel his arms thinning out as it re-sculpting them. He could feel the pressure reducing the breadth of his shoulders, and even reshaping his legs in ways that were familiar, but not in a way that he would ever have considered appropriate for himself.

The boxers he had worn now felt strangely snug against his body and he could no longer feel the leg against his thigh. Something about them felt wrong. What was she doing to him? he cried to himself. He knew, deep down what was happening, but he wasn't ready to admit to himself that he had been fooled.

And then another wave ripped across his body and he was no longer surprised as the pressure reshaped his body, yet again, in an even more clearly feminine way. He could feel his waist being drawn further in and his torso become softer. His hair grew yet again and now tickled his shoulders. The oddly snug feelings he had felt from from what had been his boxers remained, but he could feel the fabric as it slid up the tops of his thighs to form panties. He could see them, of course, but there was no doubt in his mind what they had become.

Once this last batch had completed, William wondered if he was who she intended him to become. He felt betrayed, but not angry. Not at her, at least. He had accepted this, and he never really did specify to her that he remain male. It had seemed such a given that he hadn't even considered how obvious the oversight was. All of that planning and he had left the biggest loophole open.

His self hatred was short lived, though, as yet another wave of warmth washed over his now feminine frame once again.

Much like the previous change, William could feel the magic reshaping his body in a clearly feminine way. He could feel his hips widening yet some more while his waist continued shrinking inward. His arms seemed to swell just a bit and his face tickled, but this time, in a way that was very different from before. Unseen to his eyes, makeup was spreading across much of his now beautiful face while his body was graced with a soft feminine layer of baby fat. No longer was William a tall, lanky gentleman nearing retirement age, but a young woman with a beautiful face and a body that was both girlish and womanly at the same time.

William's mind swam in an emotional stew as he felt the last of the changes drawing his one time 'wife beater' up across his soft, womanly tummy into what may be considered a sports bra or other form of womanly underwear. What have I done? he wondered as the interval between this change and what he worried would come next. What more could there be? He asked himself. He couldn't quite bend forward enough to get a full view, but from what he could see of his chest, he already had fairly large breasts. Is she going to turn me into some sort of comic book character? he wondered.

And he wasn't disappointed, because one last wave washed over his body. Only this time, it

simply replaced the clothes that had been removed what seemed like hours earlier. Only, they weren't quite the same as they had been.

Once fully dressed once again, William felt his body gently lowered to the ground and, once again, regained the ability to move. The first thing he did was to shout, at no one in particular, "What have you done to me?"



William didn't have to look to know what he was now wearing because whatever magic had changed his body had also implanted memories of his dressing in them this very morning. Gone were the pants he had picked out of a discount bin at his favorite one-stop clothes store—in their place were a pair of sexy girl cutoffs that were cut much too high for any respectable woman. He was hardly surprised to know that his underwear had changed from boxers and tank top into cotton panties and matching bra. His sweater and shirt had changed into an attractive little lacey top over a tight fitting tee. Next to him sat a pair of wedge heels that had, presumably, been his boots.

William wanted to scream again and he had half a mind to throttle Anissa by the throat, but when he turned his attention in her direction, he found Ivy helping her onto the couch.

"Anissa!" he shouted as he raced over. "Anissa!"

Ivy put her finger to her lips and offered him a weak smile. "That took a lot out of her," she told him in a whisper. "She'll be out for a few hours, I imagine."

William relaxed a bit. Seeing her nearly collapse had him worried that she might have died and that he would be stuck like this...for the rest of his life.

He helped Ivy get her situated comfortably on the couch and the two watched as she drifted fully into a deep slumber. Ivy took the new woman's hands and guided her into the kitchen. Where she began rifling through his cabinets.

"Do you have anything sweet?" she asked. "Cookies or cakes or something?"

Ordinarily, William would have had to tell her no, but as a result of Ivy's recent presence in his home and her addiction to all things sugary, he was able to quickly direct her to the cabinet where he had unpacked a couple of family packs of her favorite cookies. Only, this time, he couldn't quite reach them.

Luckily, Ivy now had a few inches on his new body and easily snatched them off the middle shelf. "You bought these for me, didn't you?" she asked the transformed woman in a playfully teasing way.

William simply nodded. For some reason, the more he looked at her, the more intense his desire for her became. It was like a fire that was raging out of control. But, strangely, it didn't worry him. In fact, he found that he liked it very much.

She opened the package and took a few out before sealing it back up. "I'll put these on the coffee table. She'll really need them when she wakes up. Would you fix a glass of ice water for her?" she asked.

William didn't even hesitate. He just did as she asked and relished in being able to help her. He did, once again, find it unsettling that even the bottom row of glasses were hard to reach for him. Tip toes were apparently an important part of his life now.

He set the water down on the coffee table opposite the sleeping Anissa, next to the now slightly emptier pack of cookies before being guided, hand in hand with Ivy, toward his bedroom. Once there, Ivy closed the door and wrapped her arms around his neck before kissing him gently on the forehead.

She guided his own arms upward to rest against the back of her neck and stared down at him for a few seconds before leaning in a bit for a long kiss. "I hope you don't mind," she whispered. "You are too beautiful to resist."

William found himself floating once again, but, this time, it was purely upon a sea of emotions. He felt like he did back when he was very young and was about to get his very first kiss. That first kiss had also been initiated by a girl, only, she hadn't been several inches taller than he was.

Nor was she nearly as beautiful as Ivy.

His heart raced as the kiss continued and their embrace intensified just a bit, becoming a much more passionate embrace.

For a few moments, William forgot all about having been turned into a woman. And, perhaps, even if he had been able to remember in those first few moments, he wouldn't have cared.



Once the kiss had run its course and Ivy had broken away just a bit, William's heart leapt as he saw the expression on her face. This beautiful woman that he had first noticed months back

looking lost and broken had never looked at him in this way. Even after he had managed to hide her away from her captor, and began to recover from her enslavement, the look she gave him was one of appreciation. But this look was so very different. She wanted him and made no attempt to conceal her desire.

“Let’s see what kind of swimsuits you have,” she said suddenly. “I think we need to go up to that pool and enjoy the sunshine before it starts getting dark.”

William’s heart nearly popped out of his chest. “Pool?”

Chapter Three - The Boy and the Pool

William’s mind was swimming in a giant pool of anxiety. Did Ivy really expect he would let himself dress up in a women’s swimsuit and flaunt his new curves before these men and women that he had known for years...as a man?

“Pool?” he said once again, but Ivy never even noticed his concern.



When William had first helped her get away from the sleaze-ball, she had seemed to go through the motions of life much like a robot. Just sort of going about this as she was directed. But, once they had gotten into touch with Anissa and had gotten her outside a few times, she quickly began to change. And one of the obvious traits that one could use about this newly recovered Ivy was that she very much did what she wanted.

So, now that she had set her mind on getting William dressed for a trip up to the rooftop pool,

there was clearly no stopping her.

“Oh my god!” she said with great excitement, “these are all so cute!”

These being a large collection of colorful and sexy items. Items that were about as unlike anything William would have ever worn before as imaginable. And yet, all of them now belonged to William. She immediately began draping them, one by one, across the nape of his neck or over one of his arms, studying the colors against his newly girlified complexion.

“I really like this one,” she said as she studied a sexy little one-piece, “but you need more sun.”

That is when it really occurred to him. She really was going to dress him up in a woman’s bathing suit and parade him out in front of all of the people at the pool. And she said the one-piece didn’t show enough skin!

“Ivy,” William protested, “this was a big mistake! I can’t go out like this?”

“I know!” she said playfully. “Duh! You are way overdressed for the pool!” His concern was completely ignored and did nothing to interfere with her search for the perfect swimsuit.

“I don’t mean like that. I mean, like THIS!” the transformed man said as he gestured toward his entire body.

Ivy just laughed and then kissed him once again. “You are perfect! You just don’t know it yet.” She grabbed a particular suit and tossed it on the bed before kissing him one more time. This time, it was short and sweet, but it had his head spinning just like the previous kisses. After she pulled herself away, she began helping him out of his shirt.

She managed to get him completely undressed without a single complaint with that tactic. A sweet little kiss and then another garment removed. Before he knew it, he was dressed in a brightly colored floral print bikini that left far too much skin on display. She had nudged him toward the mirror where he got a final look while she rifled through his closet for a pair of sandals.

William was completely stunned by what he saw in the mirror. He had no doubts that he had become a woman, and he figured he was now very attractive, but, dressed in the bikini that Ivy had selected, with the makeup that had been magically painted upon his face during the transformation, William’s reflection was the perfect expression of the beauty of youth. She was clearly young, but not so young as to look childish. No, she was all woman, with all the right curves on display. She was, perhaps, as beautiful as Ivy and Anissa.

William could no longer deny it. She was a very beautiful young woman.

Ivy appeared behind her in the mirror and kissed her midway down her neck, sending her chills like she had never known before. She found Ivy’s hands passing on a pair of clunky heeled sandals into one hand. “Put these on, lover, and let’s get some sun.”

“Lover?” William asked as she looked back at the taller woman.

“Soon,” Ivy said with a mischievous grin before guiding the dazed girl over to the bed.

“I’m very confused,” William said as Ivy helped her with the first sandal. “You just saw Anissa

change me into a girl and you act like it's nothing unusual. Does she do this all the time?"

Ivy laughed a light laugh and shook her head. "I've only seen her use her magic like that once before and it was nothing compared to what she did for you just now."

"For me?"

"Of course. This is what you really want, even if you don't know it right now."

William was about to protest in his defense and point out just how wrong she was and how annoying it was to him that, once again, she seemed unfazed by it all but was cut off before she even began by Ivy continuing to speak.

"She talked to me about this last night," she said simply.

"Anissa?"

Ivy nodded. "She asked if I would like a girl," she said, "a human girl, to spend time with when she was away."

"So, she planned this?"

Ivy, having finished buckling up the one shoe immediately started to work on the next.

"I guess."

"So, this wasn't my wish at all?"

Ivy didn't respond until she had the second shoe firmly buckled into place on William's newly diminutive foot. When she did, it was as she was pulling the small woman back to her feet. Carefully helping the new woman to remain steady as she experienced heels for the very first time.

"But wasn't it your wish to spend time with me?" she asked as she helped him to his newly reshaped feet and settled into the foreign shape forced upon them from the high heels of the sandals. "And wasn't it your wish for Anissa and me, and everyone in the world, really, to want your sexy body?"

In many ways, William understood that the magic that had transformed him into a woman had completely rewritten his history so that his clothes were now her clothes and, in some respects, always had been. And while the newly remodeled William may have never actually worn heels before, she didn't find them nearly as challenging as she would have imagined. And, considering the number and heights of the heels she had noticed in the closet when they had first stepped into the newly reformed bedroom, the new William very much liked her heels and liked them to be tall.

"But not *this* body!" she protested, but even she felt like it wasn't completely honest.



She caught a glimpse of herself in the mirror and almost fainted.

“I can’t go out like this?” she protested as Ivy began guiding her to the door.

"Of course you can. You will LOVE the looks you get," she pointed out.

"No!" William said as forcefully as she could. "I won't go!"

Ivy responded with a simple smile and another of her magical kisses and led her newly curvaceous roommate back into her bedroom and proceeded to dress herself in the skimpiest of bikinis. All the while, William watched with a mix of terror and sexual desire. This was *her* dream girl and she was getting naked...right there! And then, once her bikini was properly situated, Ivy grabbed a couple of oversized tee-shirts and tossed one over to William, giggling furiously as the dazed young woman completely failed to catch it.

"Put that on, cutie," she instructed her. "Anissa made me promise not to make everyone think we were total sluts," she said with an exaggerated frown.

"You aren't a slut," William tried to assure her.

"And you don't have boobs!" Ivy said.

"You don't think that's offensive?" William asked her. "Because, it's not a nice word."

Ivy just shrugged. "Sex is awesome," she pointed out. "And sluts get to have lots of sex. So, doesn't that make them totally awesome?"

The logic was a bit obtuse, but William couldn't really argue with it. After all, sex was awesome, and girls...like Ivy...who liked sex...were pretty awesome. She was still pondering her comprehension of the world when she realized that Ivy had manipulated her all the way into the elevator, towels stuffed in a bag along with sun screen and bottled water. William was looking through the contents of the bag when Ivy snapped a photo.

"What are you doing?" she asked, feeling mildly annoyed at having been corralled into going out dressed in such skimpy clothes and even more so because her humiliating situation had now been fully documented.

"Just capturing the moment," Ivy explained. "Now, make a silly face!"

William just scowled, which apparently worked for Ivy because her camera flashed several more times.

"Now you take some of me!" she demanded before tossing the phone in William's direction. William struggled to catch the phone, which, she barely managed to do despite the background sounds of Ivy's laughter.

William didn't want to snap any pictures, but she felt like it was the only way to get this horrible situation over with. So, she made an even more exasperated face and proceeded to snap a few pictures of Ivy. And then a few more after Ivy struck a different pose. And then a few more after she gathered up her hair and made a kissy face.

"I think that's enough," William said, trying her best to sound irritated. She was still a little annoyed, but Ivy's playfulness was having an effect on her, and it wasn't quite the one that William would have expected.

William looked at her reflection from the elevator walls as the door slowly began to close and

decided she wasn't completely indecent. Sure, it was a sexy look, but it gave her a little cover and it made her feel a little bit more at ease.

The delirium cleared from William's mind, however, when a hand suddenly halted the closing doors. It was her neighbor Brad.



Brad was a salesman at an office supply company and was the rep that William's paper used for their various equipment needs. As a result, he and William had known each other long before they shared a hallway and William regarded him as a total sleaze-ball, largely because of how he tended to stare at the interns whenever he stopped by their office. However, because the new William was no longer employed at the company, it appeared to William that Brad knew

little to nothing about the girl that William had so recently become.

“Ladies,” the sleazy guy said as he stepped inside. “I see you’ll be joining me at the pool, then?” he said with a smile. William fidgeted at her oversized tee-shirt, suddenly wishing she had objected a bit more strongly about Ivy’s plan.

“Totally!” Ivy responded. Anissa had made it very clear that Ivy had a problem with people and that problem was that she never met a stranger and that she always assumed everyone was good. It was a trait that prevented her from being safe while Anissa worked. And was the reason she had become tricked into living a life under the influence of her abductor’s magical charm. He hadn’t needed it to get her to his home. He simply had to ask her once she had no better reason than to follow him home. “I hope it’s not too cloudy,” she said with a flirty pout.

“Clear as can be,” Brad assured her. “So,” he said as he extended his hand in William’s direction, “I’ve been wanting to introduce myself since I moved in, but I never had the chance. I’m Brad.”

William didn’t really want to shake the guys hand, but she didn’t want to be rude. So, she did what was expected of her. “I’m Annabelle,” she said without thinking. “It’s nice to meet you.” He took her extended hand and gave her a gentle shake, which sent a terrifying and completely unexpected thrill down her spine. *Am I attracted to men now?* she wondered, suddenly finding herself very angry.

“And you,” he said as he directed his attention to the taller blonde woman, “I’ve seen you around, but only a few times.”

As Brad’s attention switched over to Ivy, William turned her gaze as well and found herself greatly relieved that that Ivy was still attractive to her. In fact, her appeal seemed to have grown even more intense and made any attraction that William felt for Brad almost appear non-existent.

“Annabelle here rescued me from a monster!” she said playfully. “She let Anissa and me crash with her for a bit. Her place is really nice.”

“Rescued, you say. It really is a shame how many careless beasts roam this city,” he said. “And as for this Anissa, if she’s anything like to two of you, these property values are going to skyrocket with so many beauties coming and going,” he said with a slimy grin just as the elevator doors opened up.

“No. She’s way hotter than either of us,” Ivy suggested.

“Well, then you really have to introduce me!” he retorted. “But seriously, you and your friend chose the right girl to crash with. These condos are some of the best places in the downtown area,” Brad suggested as the trio stepped out into the small lobby that looked out onto the outdoor pool. “I hope to see you ladies around very soon, that is, unless the two of you would like to share a drink with me before you hop in. There is a sweet little bar there just around the way.”

“We’re good, thanks,” William said as she quickly turned toward the doors. She grabbed Ivy’s hand and dragged her as quickly as she could in the high heels in the direction of the pool.

“He seemed nice,” Ivy said as the two claimed Ivy’s favorite spot, which suited William just fine.

Unlike most of the other spots, this area had a bit of privacy thanks to some really tall tropical plants next to a pair of loungers on the far side of the pool. For Ivy, the large plants radiated a nice bit of energy that she could feed on while lazing in the sun. For William, both before and after the transformation, they also tended to block some sun, though, it was much too late in the day for that this time. There weren't many people out today, giving the pair a nice bit of privacy despite their public locale.

"Nice?" William asked. "The guy is a total slime-ball?"

Ivy wrinkled her nose and shook her head. "He's totally into you, you know."

"And any other woman that has breasts," William pointed out. "The guy is a total creep. You do NOT want to get to know him, I assure you."

"Fine!" Ivy said. She had gotten the message, but she wasn't entirely convinced. She was, however, desperate to put an end to the negative vibes William seemed intent on bringing along. "Stand back there and look sexy."

"What?"

"I want a picture!" Ivy pleaded.

William didn't like the idea of posing for a picture, but she knew Ivy well enough to realize that if she didn't get her way, she would simply keep asking until she got it.

"Take the top off first, cutie," Ivy instructed.



William took her place in front of a pair of the tropical plants and grimaced. Ivy giggled. “You are such a sour puss!” she teased. “But it’s still a hot picture.”

Luckily for William, Ivy was easily distracted by the contents of their little bag and let the

disgruntled transformee sit down after only a single pose. “Want me to grease you up?” Ivy said playfully.

William bit her bottom lip and struggled to answer in the most tactful way possible. This was almost straight out of one of her wicked little fantasies. Well, except for the fact that she too was wearing a bikini—even sorse, she now filled it out almost as well as Ivy filled her own out. “Um,” was about the best she was able to come up with.

Ivy was unmoved by her non-committal response and quickly hopped over onto the lounge with William and began applying some of the coco scented concoction over the new woman’s soft arms. “Your complexion is perfect,” she said as she gently worked the lotion deep into one arm and then the other. “You really are a beautiful girl.”

“But,” William countered—or at least, tried to counter, “I’m supposed to be a guy.”

Ivy snickered a bit at his words before kissing her gently on the cheek. “Guy? Girl? Does it really matter?”

“It does to me!” William said defiantly. “I am not happy about how this whole wish thing worked out.”

“But cutie,” the blonde pleaded, “you make a really awesome girl!”

William wasn’t sure exactly how to take that. After all, she may have been beautiful now, but that was hardly related to anything she could take responsibility for. She was simply the by-product of whatever magic Anissa had worked. But, she couldn’t deny she did enjoy Ivy’s attention. She just didn’t know how this strange arrangement could work out. *And wasn’t there a career in that wish too?* she wondered. She certainly didn’t know of any sort of job that she was starting out to do, nor even any sort of education she might have recently finished.

“OK, I think you can handle those sexy thighs yourself. There are a couple of biddies giving us the evil eye,” Ivy said as she nodded in the direction of two older women sitting about halfway down the length of the pool. William recognized the pair as two very respectable women that lived a couple of floors down. They were actually similar in age as William had been before the transformation, but they really did seem old to her now. She waved shyly in their direction which didn’t seem to go well.

“We should make out!” Ivy suggested. “They would probably have heart attacks!” she said with a giggle.

“No! I don’t want people to run us off!”

“They can do that?”

“There are rules, Ivy. If we end up being too crazy, they can complain.”

“Oh,” Ivy said as if she had never thought there could possibly be consequences to such behavior, aside from the intended affect of making the two older women uncomfortable. “I didn’t know.”

William had begun understanding just why Ivy depended on Anissa for her survival. Whatever it was about her that led her to be fun and *in the moment*, really did seem to interfere with her

judgement. Keeping the girl out of trouble really was starting to seem like a full-time job. And obviously, Anissa had chosen William for that particular position.

"It's fine," William said as she cupped the taller woman's cheek. "Is it time for my back?"

After Ivy saw to it that William was properly protected from the sun's rays, she repaid the favor, and found herself trembling as she touched the gorgeous body that she had loved from afar. She found herself drifting on a sea of wonderful sensations and would have been happy to have repeated it over and over again.

"I think that's enough, baby doll," Ivy said as she finished up the blonde's back.

"OK," she mumbled in reply as she slipped out of the lounge and over to the other. Once in place, she noticed Ivy was watching her with a strange smile on her face. "What?"

"You're just too cute," the other woman replied. "You have no idea who you are now, do you?"

"Of course I don't!" she said in her defense. "I'm not who I am supposed to be!"

"I didn't mean like that. You act like you are still that nerdy older guy, who was much more attractive than he realized, by the way."

"He was?"

"I mean, he was older than I am used to, at least when I am able to choose, but there was something about him."

"There was?"

"I mean, he was sweet. He never once took advantage of me. Even when I threw myself at him."

William remembered that night. It was shortly after *he* had managed to convince her to leave the hotel room she lured *him* into under her captor's strict instructions. *He* had treated her to all the ice-cream she wanted, which turned out to be a lot more than *he* had expected. And then, rather than return to the hotel, *he* had taken her to the park near *his* condo and then, after nearly an hour had managed to convince her that *he* could hide her from her captor, and even help her find Anissa.

Once she realized that she truly was there on her own terms, she had literally stripped naked and begged him to take her, but *he* refused to give in and insisted she sleep alone. It was the next morning that Anissa showed up and promised to grant *him* his fondest desires.

"I haven't really changed," she pointed out. "Inside, I'm still that nerdy guy, and I kinda want to go back to being a nerdy guy!"

"Don't be silly! You are so much better now! I mean, we could be besties!"

William did like the idea of being Ivy's *bestie*, even if she generally hated words like that. Coming from Ivy, though, it really did seem like a reasonable option. *But what exactly did that entail*, she wondered.

The transformed William pondered the pros and cons of being Ivy's bestie when she realized that Ivy was snapping pictures of her with her phone. "Stop!" she protested—something she

immediately regretted because she thought she sounded more like a whiney little girl than an adult protesting adolescent behavior.

“You are so sexy!”, Ivy proclaimed before hopping onto William’s lounge and wrapping one arm around her shoulders. “Let’s take a selfie together!”



William tried to protest, but found herself hoisted up to her feet and photographed even before she got the first word out. The result was not quite what she expected. Instead of looking angry, she looked a little bit intense, but mostly distracted. It took her a minute of staring at the picture that she realized it was something she had been feeling quite a bit lately, but had never seen it articulated on her face.

It was how she looked whenever Ivy touched her.

Ivy gave her a playful wink before she planted a sweet little kiss on her cheek and slipping back over to her own Lounger.

“You sexy bitch!” she said with a giggle. “This is definitely going on Instagram!”

“What?” William shouted. “Don’t you dare upload that!”

“Too late. Hashtag sexybitchdontknowit!”

“You have to take it down!” William demanded before she realized that Ivy had actually been recording her.

“That’s perfect!” she snickered. “You are so photogenic! My fans are going to eat you up!”

“You have fans?”

“Well, technically, they are subscribers. But I like to think of them as fans.”

“You are such an egomaniac, Ivy.”

“And, I think, you are my number one fan. But, I would rather keep you as my hot little bestie. Now shut up and lets get some sun before it starts getting dark!”

As had become pretty routine over the last few hours, William did as she was told and the women lay silent while they soaked in the warm sun. At first, she pondered over those words that Ivy had said before going silent. *keep you as my hot little bestie*. For whatever reason, they bounced around her head like a racquet ball. In many ways, they were simply realistic. Ivy was pretty much of average height and she literally towered over William now. So, if they were *besties*, William would definitely be the *little* one.

But, the way she said it made it seem different. More endearing.

And, for reasons William really didn’t understand, she really liked that.

Eventually, though, her mind gave up on digesting that particular bunch of words and she began to zone out and simply enjoy her current situation. As a man, William had never really enjoyed sunbathing. In fact, he was so inclined to sun burns, he typically avoided any sort of prolonged exposure at all possible costs. But, for some reason, in Ivy’s presence, she just couldn’t say no and found herself really enjoying the simple experience of laying there, without thought or pretense and just soaking up the sunlight. The concern of getting sunburned never even entered her mind.

The pair had already switched to sun their backsides and were about ready for another change when a familiar voice came from nearby.

"You two!" he said. "I think such sights should be against the law!"

William rolled her eyes, even though she knew that it was purely for her own benefit.

"You are so sweet!" Ivy suggested. "But, if we were illegal, then it would make life, like totally hard!"

William recognized the bimbo talk. Ivy used that quite a bit when she was talking to men. She hadn't ever used it with her, though, even when she still had a penis, but it was her typical demeanor when she was interacting with guys. Especially young and attractive guys, all of whom ate it up. William rolled over and shot her annoying neighbor a rather evil look.

He never took his eyes off of Ivy. Of course, it didn't help that she was making a bit of show for his benefit, wiggling just right as she *struggled* to turn around and resituate herself to be able to meet his gaze.

"Well, I'm not a lawyer, but I'm pretty sure there would be a get out of jail card for someone as sexy as either of you."

Ivy had clearly never played monopoly, or, perhaps it was just part of her bimbo act, but the look she gave him was exactly the look he hadn't expected but was exactly what he wanted to see. The look of complete incomprehension.

"It's a dumb game," William pointed out. "If you have that card and end up going to jail, you don't have to pay money to get out."

"Oh!" she said with a flirty giggle. "I think I need a whole bunch of those!"

"I bet you do. I bet the two of you can really get yourselves into trouble!" Brad said as he took a seat at the foot of Ivy's lounger. "Am I right?"

"Totally!" Ivy said. "Well, I can. Annabelle here is still learning the ropes, I'm afraid."

"Is that so! Well, let me tell you, I am a very skilled teacher when it comes to trouble makers 101!"

"She totally needs to take your course!" Ivy said with a giggle. "She acts like she's a 50 year old nerd!"

"You are neither a nerd nor old!" he insisted.

"How do you know I'm not a nerd?" William asked defiantly. "Do I look stupid?"

Brad was clearly taken aback and sat there quietly for a minute. "I...uh, I guess I'll leave the two of you to it," he stammered before hastily heading back toward the entrance. The two young women laughed at his hasty exit.

"Up for a swim," Ivy asked.

William scanned the area for a minute. "There are a lot of people!" she protested.

"I know! That's the best time to hop in!"

William desperately wanted to disappear. She was all curves in a very revealing bikini and she

wasn't entirely sure how she felt about that. But, more importantly, she wasn't even sure if she could swim any longer!

But, Ivy didn't hesitate. Instead, she grabbed the newly altered woman by the hand and practically dragged her toward the water. William initially tried to resist, but as soon as she realized that doing so was drawing even more attention, she gave in and found herself treading water face to face with the most beautiful nymph in the universe.

"I'm going to change your mind," Ivy said.

"Change my mind?"

"About staying Annabelle."

"Oh. So is this some sort of challenge?" William asked. "Because, I'm pretty crafty when it comes to that sort of thing."

"Oh, sweetie. You are nothing compared to me," Ivy retorted with a playful splash toward her newly beautified friend. "You are totally going to stay like you are and you are going to love every minute!"

William smiled, but didn't respond. Part of her was ready to accept defeat and just blindly follow whatever Ivy might want. Ivy really was fun to be around, and the way she looked at her now that she was Annabelle was almost intoxicating. But, deep inside, there was a part of her—a very important part—that knew that this was wrong and that she really shouldn't accept this as her life. She was promised to be whatever he truly wanted to be—and that didn't include having boobs of her own.

The two managed to escape too much more attention and eventually made their way back down to the room where they found that Anissa had devoured the entire package of cookies and had crawled off into the bath. She lay there with a glass of wine in one hand and a rather weary look in her eyes. Those eyes did light up, though, when they found her.



“There you are!” she said. “I didn’t expect you two to be back so soon.”

“Annabelle ran the guy off,” Ivy said. “She’s totally hot, but kind of a party pooper.”

“I am not!”

Anissa laughed and reached out to take *Annabelle’s* hand. “Pretty”, she addressed the newly transformed woman, “you did good.”

William studied the woman carefully. She didn’t really seem drunk, but she did seem a bit out

of it. But, nonetheless, she did appreciate that she was *in her corner*. “Thanks?” she replied.

“I know this isn’t what you expected,” Anissa said. “But, I made a promise. If in a month you aren’t happy with your life, I’ll make whatever changes you want—even if it means making you male once again.”

“No!” Ivy protested. “She’s so much better as Annabelle!”

Anissa reached for Ivy’s hand and pulled her to sit on the edge of the tub. “This is Annabelle’s choice, baby. If she isn’t happy with us, we have to help her find whatever it is that makes her happiest. Don’t you want her to be happy?”

Ivy didn’t say anything. In fact, she shot William a bit of an angry look before nodding. Anissa pulled her down for a half-hug and then shooed the two of them out of the bathroom. “I’ve got to work in a couple of hours!”

Anissa managed to put herself together, though, she was clearly not the same as she had been before working her magic on William’s life. In fact, it really bothered William to see her looking so...fragile.

“She’ll be fine,” Ivy said. “It will just take some time. If we’re lucky, she’ll find a jerk who hurts his girlfriend or something and sleep with him.”

“You mean feed?”

Ivy just shrugged.

“Doesn’t that hurt them?”

“She only does that with guys that suck. And she never goes *all the way*”

“All the way?” William asked.

“There was the one lady. She was like Anissa, you know?” William nodded. “She would *really* drain them. To the point where they ended up in the hospital. But, they didn’t stay there long.”

“What happened to them?”

“They died. I think they were said to have had heart attacks or sometimes overdoses. But, Anissa told me she doesn’t do that.”

“So, she just screws guys until they pass out?”

Ivy giggled a bit at the image and then shrugged. “I guess.”

“That doesn’t bother you?” she asked. She knew the answer, but the two were so close, it just seemed so strange.

“That she might end up screwing some guy tonight? Why would that bother me?”

That did surprise William a bit and she hesitated for a minute before answering. “Because, that’s something special that the two of you share, isn’t it?”

Ivy laughed and didn’t stop for a minute or two. “Sex is just sex, silly girl. What Anissa and I

have...and hopefully you too, is so much more than that.”

William considered this, and while she did, Ivy lunged onto her lap, pulling at her chin so that she had to look up to meet the bigger woman’s eyes. “I promised that I would convince you that you really are Annabelle, and now is when I start!”



And with that, she kissed William, and just like before, flooded her mind with a delicious cocktail of delightful emotions. Unlike before, this kiss didn’t stop. In fact, the kiss went on for a very long time and was the most passionate kiss William had ever experienced. But that was only the beginning.

After a while, Ivy, began exploring William’s new body, both in hand and with her mouth. One of her soft hands crept down to William’s slender waist while she nibbled along the shin up to her newly feminized ear. She whispered words that, in her delirium, William didn’t fully comprehend, but the thrills her warm breath elicited brought her to new heights of excitement.

Her hand eventually found its way under William’s shirt and then beneath the bikini top that she was wearing. It felt strange having a hand gently squeeze her newly formed breasts, but it

was exciting in its own right. Not because of any actual physical sensations, but because she now could be fondled in that way. For reasons completely unknown to William, that anachronistic experience was turning her on just as much as Ivy's hot breath against her neck as the beautiful blonde kissed her way down the nape of William's slender neck.

William could have tried to stop Ivy's ministrations. In fact, a part of her knew that this one act of love making could very well lock her in this form forever. But, despite that realization, she simply couldn't bring herself to care. And, not too soon afterward, Ivy had the new girl naked and was living up to her promise to convince William to remain as Annabelle forever.

Chapter Four - A Day in the Life

Life as a young woman definitely had their advantages for William, even though she still refused to accept her life as Ivy's sexy little plaything. She certainly hadn't made any attempts to refuse the girl's advances. She was just making the best of her situation. Or, so she told herself. In some ways, though, even after only a couple of days, she was finding life as Annabelle pretty normal. She still struggled with the revealing clothes, but Ivy and her magical kisses made sure that William never had a chance to go out looking even remotely like anything but a sexy young woman who loved showing off her body.



Aside from the feeling of overexposure, William actually enjoyed most of her new life despite herself. She loved seeing her reflection in the mirror and marveled at her newfound skills with

makeup. Whatever career Anissa's magic had prepared her for, it had granted her uncanny abilities to make herself truly beautiful. And, what's more, she loved the experience of doing it.

She found herself literally *playing* with different colors and styles and trying out new techniques. She tried her best to hide it, of course, but she really did enjoy much of this new world that she had found herself living in. She and Ivy often spent hours together in front of the mirror testing new color combinations against William's complexion and, while William protested as much as she could get away with, she really did enjoy those hours, almost as much as the much more intimate time they shared together.

They didn't spend all day at the vanity or on the bed, of course. But the pair quickly found themselves mostly inseparable, usually with Ivy dictating the what in the equation of how to spend that time. As a result, when they weren't laying out by the pool, making love, strolling along the nearby streets or relaxing in a park, they often whiled away hours watching videos on Ivy's smart phone. Something that William would never have considered doing before. He had known about the kitten videos, of course, but the things that Ivy enjoyed could easily eat away hours of a day, usually punctuated with expressions like "aw, how cute", or squeals of excitement, giggles or uncontrollable laughter. The pair even found themselves learning a little bit here and there as well, but most of the time, it was entirely for fun and William found herself just as engrossed in this content as her dream lover was-though, she did her best to hide the fact from Ivy and Anissa.

And so, despite the routine complaints and attempts at appearing defiant, most of the time that Ivy snuggled up with her only to whip out her phone or tablet, William would quickly find herself falling in line with what she knew the world would expect of a fashionable, flirty girl like her. She was amazed at how quickly her expectations from life had changed. It wasn't that she had really changed inside her mind, but that the experiences Ivy brought with her company simply resulted in a new point of view. And it was one that she had quickly grown to accept and to enjoy outright.

Anissa, though, was still very confusing to William. She kept her distance from the other two *girls*, at least sexually. But, was otherwise very interactive and involved in their daily lives—as much as she could given the hours she worked. She had been spending a lot of time away—even more than she had before William's transformation.

And, for those few days, she had provided a truly reliable routine. She worked each night until very late and then slept in late the next morning. She had largely managed to sneak in without disturbing the two girls, meaning that William hadn't really seen a whole lot of her. The smaller women would wake up early and quietly begin their day, spending a few hours alone and then with Anissa during the early afternoon before she headed back out to work again. William began to feel guilty watching her head out to work.

"You shouldn't worry about her," Ivy said one day while Anissa was preparing to leave particularly early in the day. "She's working the extra shifts, sure, but she likes it. I think working at that place is like me sitting at an ice-cream parlor."

William laughed. Things always seemed to find their way back to ice-cream in Ivy's mind.

Always.

"But she's not sitting, Ivy. She's working. And those places are filled with all sorts of degenerates," William pointed out.

"Degenerates?" Ivy asked.

"They are people who like bad things."

"Like women that take their clothes off for money?" Ivy said with an offended look on her face.

"Oh. I didn't mean her, Ivy."

"Are you sure?" Ivy queried.

The two sat silent for a few minutes and then, suddenly, Ivy burst out in the biggest laugh William had heard. "I'm just teasing you!" she informed him. "I know what a degenerate is. And I've been there with Anissa many times."

"Oh."

"She's fine, Annabelle. She doesn't always enjoy every aspect of it, but she does get more out of it than just money."

It was moments like that, that reminded William that Ivy was definitely not the dumb girl people generally assumed. She just preferred to look that way most of the time.

Nonetheless, William was still coming to grips with Anissa's job. She wasn't exactly an ordinary woman. Not only was she incredibly beautiful, she wasn't exactly human. In fact, the closest approximation to *what* she was was a mythological creature called a succubus. She wasn't actually a demon of any kind, at least, that is what she had assured him, but she did somehow feed off of men's' life force. But, as a stripper, she could feed off of their lust with zero side effects to the men. When William asked her if that was sufficient, Anissa described it like having a salad for dinner instead of a big, juicy steak.

And, because she was about as sexy as a woman could possibly be, she made a lot of money and elicited a *LOT* of lust. Money that she was now spending, rather freely, on Ivy and William.

Ivy took William back to the room that Ivy and Anissa had been sleeping in, and she spent the next hour or so playing with William's hair. Styling it one way and then another. Over the last few days, this sort of *girl time* had become very routine, and William loved every minute of it. And today, as she saw her reflection change so drastically with each new style, she recognized just how different it was as a woman. As a man, even before he lost most of his hair, William never really paid attention to his reflection. He always got the same cut and, aside from how long it may be at any given day, it looked pretty much the same day after day. But now, with each style Ivy tried, there was no denying it that William's newfound beauty was highlighted so differently, that she almost looked like a completely new person. William knew exactly what the other woman was doing. She may come off as stupid to most, but William saw through the *girl time* as an obvious attempt at nudging her toward the desired outcome. To remain with she and Anissa as Annabelle.

Just before Anissa dragged herself away, she kissed Ivy deeply and gave William a warm hug. "Take care of my baby," she told her. "Keep her out of trouble. I'm helping a friend get situated," she told the pair, "but I've got my cell if you need anything."

For the most part, with each passing day, William found herself enjoying her role as Ivy's playmate more and more. True, they weren't like typical childhood playmates. In fact, their time together was far more akin to men's fantasies of what their favorite playboy playmates might do if they lived together with little to do.



“Anissa gave me some money!” Ivy said after settling on a particularly cute style that framed William’s girlish face just perfectly. “I want to take you shopping!”

"I don't need anything," William protested. It was hardly untrue. In fact, William's closet had never been half as full it was now. And she knew that everything in it fit her sexy new body perfectly.

"It's not because you need to shop. We need to have fun!"

"Shopping isn't fun, Ivy. Not for me."

"That's because you've never been shopping with me!"

William wanted to protest, but she knew it would be for nothing. Ivy got her way every time.

Every time.

So, as with the last few days, Ivy dressed William up in a sexy little dress that fit the new hair style perfectly and the two hurried down to the neighborhood coffee shop for some much needed caffeine.

"How is Joe," William asked the woman who ran the little shop while she waited for their coffees to be ready. A young woman that usually worked in the back was struggling with the various confections that Ivy had specified for hers while her boss worked the register. Ivy had disappeared into the bathroom, despite having just left the condo only moments ago.

"He is good," she said with a friendly smile. Her English was always good, but she spoke it with a thick accent. William had loved listening to her speak when he was still a he and that hadn't changed any after the transformation. Apparently, their casual friendship had remained unaffected by William's rejuvenation. "He is getting ready for the two weeks," she said.

William nodded. "So, you will be a free woman," William teased her. "For two weeks, I mean."

Her friend smiled and nodded. "I guess. I don't want to be a free woman, though."

"He'll be safe. It's just training."

William grabbed her coffee when another customer stepped up to the counter. She took a few sips, looking around the tiny shop before she realized that the customer was apparently unhappy with the fact that Marissa had passed on the customer's order in Spanish.

"You people are in America now, honey," the older man pointed out. "You should speak the language."

"I'm very sorry, sir. I didn't mean to offend," she said. "It is an old habit with Luna. I apologize."

"God damnit!" the older man said angrily. "You people come here and don't even know how to speak the language? You take a job away from a good man like Joe. Now he's a real American. Good and strong! I see. You fire the American and hire some Mexican! Typical with people like you. You both should go back where you came from!"

Luna scurried out into the back while Marissa stared at the customer, apparently struggling with her response. But William couldn't control herself.

"Why don't you go back to where you came from," William demanded as she stepped in front of the older man and pointed angrily at his chest. "You see, unlike Marissa here, you

apparently don't deserve whatever this country provides. And before you complain that about her not being an *American*, maybe you should try just a tiny bit of education before you open that ugly mug of yours, because...guess what! Marissa is, at the very least, 100% as legal as you are! She was born in Puerto Rico, which, like it or not you stupid old fool, makes her a U.S. Citizen just like you and me.



“People like Marissa are the problem?” she asked. “I don't think so! I say that you and all the rest of the small minded garbage just like you are the real problem with the country today. All you had to do was give the nice lady your money and you would have gotten your coffee, just like you probably do every day. But, no! You had to go and insist that she speak to her cousin in English just because you are near?”

“I do have to admit that I agree with you on one point, however. And that is about Joe being

good and strong. But, guess what! Marissa didn't *fire* her husband. Instead, she's having to work the shop they *own* together without him while he gets ready to spend the next two weeks out of the country doing his service to this country.

"So, yes! Joe is good and strong. I agree with you one hundred percent! But Marissa and her cousin Luna are too. And just in case you need one more reminder, they are *all* Americans, regardless which language they are most comfortable speaking in together.

"Young lady," the older man said as he lunged around William, "put that camera away!"

William turned just as the old man stumbled a bit and watched as Ivy snickered just as she stepped back.

Humiliated by his own clumsiness, the man didn't respond. He stared at William for a moment and then looked back at Marissa who had pushed his order into place at the front of the counter.

"I'm not in the mood any more," he said before storming out of the coffee shop.

"I'm so sorry, Marissa," William pleaded.

The other woman just shrugged. "It happens. I learned a long time ago how to live with it."

"You are so awesome!" Ivy said as she hugged the smaller woman tightly. "Our fans will totally love it!"

William stared her friend down, "You will *not* post that."

"Already did, cutie. Your fans are going to eat it up when they see that you aren't just a pretty face, but a girl who will get into your face if you are a jerk!"

The two excused themselves from the shop and made their way down the street. "I don't have any fans. And neither do you, Ivy. We are just people."

"Nope. We are *Annabelle and Ivy*. The sexiest duo on the planet!"

"Right," William said as she stormed forward.

"See!" Ivy said, completely unfazed by William's dismissal. "It says it right here!"

Ivy had stopped in front of William and was holding her phone up in William's face. Making it impossible for her not to see a cute little logo of her renamed YouTube channel. "They love you almost as much as they love me!" she said playfully.

William rolled her eyes and stepped around Ivy. "Where are you going?" Ivy asked. "We are supposed to turn this way!"

The pair did make it to their destination, which was a large open shopping area with a huge number of boutique shops of all kinds. And, despite William's initial sour mood, Ivy knew exactly how to distract the other girl and, as William was beginning to learn, she really did know how to have fun. And how to force William into having fun with her. After all, even that terrifying trip to the pool was fun, in some ways despite William's concerted efforts to avoid actually enjoying herself. And now that William was growing more accustomed to being a

woman and not worrying so much about going out and enjoying herself, she really was starting to enjoy these excursions more and more. So, it wasn't long before she had forgotten about the outrage she had felt, and along with that, she pretty much forgot about the new video and let herself enjoy the afternoon.

But, that didn't stop her guilt about their situation. Especially not when she realized just how much the pair had spent by the time they returned home. But, it wasn't like the money was spent instantly. No, Ivy was nothing if not a shopping fiend and the girl knew exactly where the best places were for every little thing she believed William needed, which was pretty much everything.

But, unlike William's usual shopping experience, this was hardly a utilitarian activity. No, with Ivy, it really was a form of entertainment and much to William's surprise, she really did have a great time. The pair tried on everything from whacky socks, cheap (and not so cheap) accessories, makeup, stripper heels all the way up to slinky gowns suited for an expensive dinner. Ivy even managed to get William to try on a wedding gown that they found at an upscale second hand store. The two laughed and acted silly for hours before finally coming back to the condo and struggling to unpack their purchases before collapsing on the bed and instantly falling to sleep.



Chapter Five- The Cameras Love You

When William finally awoke, it was to Anissa checking in on her. "Anissa?" she croaked.

"Good morning, beautiful," Anissa said as she sat down beside her and leaned against the

sleepy woman. "Ivy's fixing breakfast if you are interested."



This was not uncommon for Anissa to do. Her interactions with William were extremely intimate even if the two had never come close to sexual contact. It was an intimacy that William was growing to appreciate.

Breakfast? William ask. What was Anissa doing up that early? she wondered.

Of course, when she peered over at the clock, it was clear that breakfast was being used rather loosely. It was after 11:00.

"You two were so out of it when I got in," Anissa said. "I guess you two had a good time."

"It was a lot of fun," William admitted, "but, dear god, that woman nearly killed me. She never stopped!"

Anissa laughed for a minute and patted William on the arm. "I think that means she's back to her old self."

“Would she have even stopped if I had passed out?”

“Probably. At least, long enough to make sure you hadn’t died. And I’m sure she would have found someone to move you out of the way so you didn’t get trampled while she finished up!” she offered with another laugh. “She does enjoy it, but she says the two of you had a really good time.”

“It was fun,” William confessed. “It was very different, though. Than what I’m used to.”

“Change can be good, beautiful.”

William scooted back to rest against the headboard and admired Anissa who sat there smiling. Like Ivy, Anissa was uncannily beautiful, but in a very different way. But, the more time William spent with Anissa, the more compelling this other woman became. She had a gentle confidence about her that that was so calming and reassuring. And, even though she hadn’t made even the slightest advance on William in their time together, her demeanor was such that she never once doubted that she really did care for her.

“You tricked me,” she dared to say.

She expected Anissa to deny it, but she didn’t. “I know. In all honestly, sweetie, I really do think this will make you happiest. Ivy and myself, too,” she pointed out. “I really think it was the best option,” she corrected herself. “But, I won’t deny taking a bit of advantage of your desires.”

“You told me that you wouldn’t do that!”

Anissa smiled a sad smile. “I did. But, in my defense, I really do believe that you can adjust and that your reservations aren’t anything more than simple refusal to accept how much you like it.”

She reached out and touched William’s newly tanned arm in a gentle sort of way before continuing. “I can read people in ways that most can not. And only a small portion of humans are really very *male* or *female*. Most are perfectly happy with however they are born.”

“So, you are claiming I’m transsexual?” William accused.

“Not one bit. You didn’t strike me in that way. On the contrary, I believe you are one of those who are quite content either way. But, you have a feminine quality that does stand out about you. It’s not gendered, per se, but it is undeniably feminine in the context of our society. And, I think that ultimately means that you’ll be happiest like this.”

“That doesn’t even make sense!” William complained.

“I know. But, it’s how I perceived you. I knew you wanted to be a part of Ivy’s life, but more than just a fling, and honestly, this was the only way for that to happen.”

“So. To prevent me from losing her, you figured it was better to just chop my dick off?”

Anissa paused for a moment and then stood up from the bed. “I didn’t *chop your dick off*,” she said with an angry growl. “I simply tried to resolve things to suit *all* of your true inner desires. I may have taken some liberties, but, forgive me, I honestly thought it would ultimately make you happy!”

William suddenly felt fear. This wasn’t an ordinary woman she was confronting. In fact, this was

the very woman that had turned him into a diminutive female with cumbersome breasts and an adorable smile.

Anissa sat back down on the bed and her expression switched back to the gentle, caring woman that William had come to know and she placed a hand on William's arm. "I really do mean that I will change things however you want once my powers have been fully restored."

"So, in this ideal world you've set up," William asked, "do you expect me to sleep with guys? If I'm Ivy's keeper, that is apparently part of the deal."

"You aren't her keeper and I don't expect you to do anything you don't want to do. As it is now, you are her companion—designed exactly to be someone she has wanted in her life for so long. But, more than that, you see things she doesn't and, I'm hoping, you'll help guide her away from making terrible mistakes."

"Is that even possible?"

Anissa laughed a little and shook her head. "Maybe not. But, you can at least offer her a distraction while I'm working."

William didn't like the idea of simply being a *distraction* and it showed on her face.

"Aw, come on!" Anissa said. "You can't tell me you haven't enjoyed yourself these last few days. From what I've seen, the two of you have been having a wonderful time together."

William nodded. Anissa was right and they both knew it. But, William still didn't feel like this was the right life for her. She just couldn't articulate why. So, she just let it pass.

Anissa watched her for a moment before kissing her gently on the forehead. "I should go down and check on Ivy. If someone isn't there to keep her in line, we'll end up eating bowls of whipped topping with chocolate syrup on top for breakfast."

Breakfast turned out to be enjoyable, even if it did involve multiple forms of sugar. There were pancakes, berries, syrup and, of course, powdered sugar that Ivy carefully sprinkled over everyone's plates before serving them.

"So, if I get diabetes," William joked, "can you cure me of it?"

Anissa winked. "I could turn you into a bee!"

"Oooh! Can I watch?" Ivy queried. "She would make an awesome queen. She would have all of those drones crawling all over her. That would be so sexy!"

William wrinkled her nose but knew better than to push her luck with these two. For all she knew, Anissa really could turn her into a bee.

Anissa left a bit earlier than she had before William's transformation, leaving her alone with Ivy once again. Ivy playfully teased William as the two cleaned up the kitchen and, after some time, found their way up to the spare bedroom where, much to William's surprise, Ivy had taken over and filled it with their purchases from the day before.

"OK!" Ivy said with great excitement. "We are going to do our first video together. A *SHOPPING HAUL!*"

William just stared blankly at her overly excited lover. "A what?"

"It's a video where we show off all the stuff we bought yesterday?" she explained as she began primping in the mirror that leaned on one side of the room. "Our fans will love it!"

"Ivy," William began, "we don't have fans. You have subscribers, and they don't care about me. They are there because you are amazingly beautiful."

Ivy ran over and gave William a very tight squeeze. "You are super sweet! But, totally out of touch with this reality."

William rolled her eyes.

"Seriously! You have no idea how many people have been asking about you. They are demanding that you do this with me!"

"Why?" William asked.

"Duh! That video from yesterday. You are like a total super hero!"

"What video?"

"Where you got all into that racist guy's face!"

"First of all, I didn't *get into his face*," William pointed out. "And...really? People want to watch me show them what I bought?"

Ivy giggled for a minute before giving William one of her magical kisses. "They totally do!"

"But, aren't they all guys?"

Ivy gave her a funny look and shook her head. "I guess there are some guys. But, most of our subscribers are girls! They want make-up tips, fashion tips and funny stories about nerdy journalists!"

"Nerdy journalists?"

"I'm kidding. I only mentioned you once, and it was a very vague reference."

"Ivy!"

"Baby! Calm down and let's get you ready for the camera."

Getting ready for the camera just meant William going through her regular routine. She actually had expected Ivy to do her hair and makeup, but the blonde was completely engrossed in getting herself put together. She did, however, have enough concentration to direct William according to her expectations. In the end, the two women looked like they were made up for a night of dancing and William found herself seated next to Ivy when the taller woman started recording.



“There you are, you sweet and wonderful people,” Ivy started the recording. “As you can see, I have a very special guest here. My very own and absolutely the best little sexy girl with just the perfect bit of hothead, Ms. Annabelle!”

“I’ve been telling her how much you guys have been asking about her, but she doesn’t believe me. So, why don’t you show us your love in the comments!”

“Annabelle, why don’t you tell them something about yourself before we get started.”

William froze. She hadn’t even thought about what to say. In fact, she hadn’t really planned on saying much of anything. “Um, I don’t know what you want me to say?”

Ivy just snickered and gave her lover a playful pat on the shoulder. “She’s such a dork! I told you!”

William just shrugged. “Dorks are people too!”

Ivy laughed again before planting a playful kiss on William’s cheek. “They really are. Some of the best people I know are dorks!”

The two bantered on for a bit longer and, slowly, William began to find her stride and, just like everything else she did with Ivy, found herself having a good time.

“So, this isn’t really about my girl Annabelle,” she told her cell-phone. “It’s about what we bought yesterday! Oh my god! We got so much cute stuff, and Annabelle and I are going to show it all to you, but rather than just show you, I thought the two of us would model it for you!”

“Wait, what?” William stammered.

“Again. I told you she’s a total dork,” she informed the camera before turning toward William. “Sweetie, we’ll just change into our things over there,” she said gesturing toward the opposite side of the room, “and do a little modeling for our subbies.”

“Ivy...I...” William started protesting, but Ivy was very well prepared and stuffed a garment box into William’s arms and playfully directed the new girl off camera to change.

“Now, while my bestie is changing into that, let me tell you about that thing we put up yesterday. You didn’t see it all, but that old man was, like, totally not being nice and called Annabelle’s friend ugly names and told her to go back to her country. I mean, that totally sucks! But, Belly here totally owned the jerk and saved the day. She may be a dork, but she’s my hero dork!”

William hardly felt like a hero, dork or otherwise, but she did find herself having a *really* good time when she stepped in front of the camera wearing the slinky little skirt and sweater Ivy had chosen for her. And, while Ivy changed into her purchase, William found herself quickly getting the hang of chatting in front of the camera. As a man, William had never been shy about speaking, except when it came to chatting up beautiful women. As long as *he* was comfortable with the topic, *he* found he could talk for hours regardless of the size of crowd he was addressing.

But, this was different. Not only did she enjoy it, she found that she could be quite funny and was confident everything she said was said in an interesting way, even if it was simply an anecdote about how messy Ivy was in the kitchen, or how she worried about Anissa at the strip club.

In the end, the two women ended up making two videos to cover their previous day’s shopping and they didn’t even show everything off.

“The camera totally loves you,” Ivy pointed out as the two sat together in front of William’s desktop computer, editing the first video.

“You look a better,” William said in a pitiful attempt to deflect. In fact, she really couldn’t disagree with Ivy’s comment. After those first awkward moments, she really looked completely natural and was fun to listen too. Hers was different from Ivy’s conversation technique, too. Ivy was all about being fun and saying things that you would expect a flashy, fun loving girl might say. But, there was something different to William’s dialog and even her jokes that struck her as being a bit more authentic.

“They are going to eat this up!” Ivy said once they had finished. “You, my baby,” she said before pausing to kiss her lover, “are so much fun to do this with.”

When kissing Ivy, William had found herself experiencing all sorts of different sensations. There were those magical kisses that practically hypnotized her into some sort of shameless obedience, and there were the fun kisses that sent sweet little shivers down her spine. And there were these other kisses where William found herself crushed by something so big and so wonderful, she never wanted them to stop. This kiss was one of the latter.

"I had fun," she whispered.

There was an intense explosion of emotions that went off inside her head as that kiss ended and when Ivy gently raked the tips of her fingers across one of William's cheeks, she felt a little bit dizzy. Ivy kissed her one more time and then slipped back into her seat, but snuggled up as much as she could while resting her head on William's shoulders. "I think it's ready to post."

William wasn't thinking of the video they had just shot, nor the hour or so they spent editing it. She just leaned her head against Ivy's and closed her eyes. It was times like these that she had begun to live for.

It didn't last too long, though. Ivy, being the proverbial *busy bee* broke the mood by lunging at the keyboard and bringing up her youtube page.

"How do you upload it?" William asked.

"It's right here," she said. "And we need a list of things for people to search for to find it."

For Ivy, this was routine, but it was all new to William and the transformed woman watched Ivy clicking and typing away with great skill. It was yet one more bit of evidence that the woman was far more capable than people would expect of her, given the way she presented herself. After a minute, William quit watching what she was doing and just found herself admiring the intense look on Ivy's pretty face as she worked through the process.

"Oh god!" Ivy said, shaking William out of her daze.

"What? Is something wrong?"

"No. We've got over 5000 subscribers!"

"Is that bad?"

"No! It's just that we only had about 3500 yesterday!" she said with great excitement as she continued clicking. "Oh my god!"

"What? Are they all creeps?"

Ivy laughed hard. "No! It's your video!"

"What video?"

"The one where you told that old man to get lost! It's got over 27 thousand views!"

William shrugged. "Is that a lot?"

"Baby! Mine usually only get 2 or 3 thousand...ever! I uploaded that, when, maybe 24 hours ago? That's a huge number....I think."

William just smiled as she sat back and watched Ivy gushing over how popular her little video had become. She switched over to *their* instagram account and found that the subscriber count had increased there too.

“Girl, these people love you!” she said as she started reading the comments from yesterday’s video. “Oh! Someone linked in some other video,” she said as she opened it up.

“God, this girl is so hot,” the guy holding the camera said as he focused on Annabelle. She had just stepped back to let the guy behind her order his coffee. The bustle inside the coffee shop rattled the speakers a bit as the grumpy man from the day before appeared in front of Annabelle, blocking her view from the camera. The camera guy just moved a bit to focus back on her. “God, I’m such a perv! But, look at her. She’s so pretty.”

You could hear the exchange behind the kid’s narrative, though. It was just as clear and ugly as William remembered it and then, William watched as she stepped in front of the grouch and gave him more than a little piece of her mind. William felt a chill run down her spine as she watched.

“Oh my god!” the camera’s holder said, “this girl rocks!”

The video lasted beyond the exchange and continued until William and Ivy left the shop. All the while, the kid was gushing over how cute she was.

“Why didn’t he remove the audio!” William asked. “He sounds super creepy.”

“Oh come on. So he was perving on you. I *love* it when guys sneak pictures of me.”

William gave her a disgusted look.

“Don’t you see. This video shows it all! Now there is no doubt you were standing up for someone and not just some crazy bitch picking a fight with an ugly old man!”

The two read through the comments on Ivy’s posting together. There were a fair share of people saying ugly things about how Annabelle was jumping to conclusions and being overly PC by calling the guy racist, but vast majority were encouraging comments with plenty of suggestions she was their hero.

The attention made her feel a bit conflicted. On the one hand, she had always been a very private individual and liked it that way. On the other hand, she really did like that people generally reacted positively to her natural response.

“Oooh!” Ivy said excitedly, interrupting her introspection, “We’ve already got, like 30 views on the shopping haul!”

Those comments, however, were very different.

“Who are these people?” William asked.

“Mostly teenaged girls, I would imagine.”

Ivy meant the people writing the comments. There were a couple of nasty haters who had obviously subscribed to bash the pair based on their dislike of William’s anti-racist rant, but most of the others said one of two things.

“They totally adore you!” Ivy said in response to the majority of comments which went along the lines of, “Annabelle is so sweet! And funny too!”

“Why do they want to know how I do my makeup?” William asked. William had grown accustomed to her new routine which did involve making herself up each morning. Sometimes several times a day, even. But, she never really considered that what she was doing was any different than what other women did, aside from maybe getting a little obsessed with it.

“Because, girlfriend, you look really beautiful! And, it’s a great look for you. They want a little bit of that for themselves and are hoping you might share with them how you do it.”

“Have you done that?” William asked.

Ivy laughed for a very long time. “You really need to watch the stuff I’ve posted! I’ve got probably 15 videos where I am either making myself up or trying something new.”

“And people watch them?”

“Yeah! Those are some of my most watched videos.”

“I bet it’s mostly creepy guys,” William said dismissively.

“Some, probably. But I’m pretty sure most are women. It’s fun to watch how others do it, and sometimes, you learn a little bit too. And then, there are the young girls who are just learning the ropes. They didn’t have Anissa to fill their head with such amazing knowledge.”

“Why don’t you make one now!”

“Now? Ivy, it’s almost 9:00.”

“Please?”

William had actually hoped she would use her magical kisses to make her do it, but Ivy didn’t. In her mind, by resisting these sorts of activities, even if she knew it was a hopeless expression of defiance, at least it showed she still was a *he* in her mind. But, the facts were that Ivy hadn’t been relying on those so much lately because William had learned that she usually had fun doing whatever it was Ivy wanted to do.

“OK,” William said after a few minutes of thought. “What do I need to do.”

As it turns out, William really enjoyed being the only one on camera and found that explaining her choice of colors and product came very naturally as did the goofy, playful banter.

“So, is it ready?” she asked Ivy after the pair had made a handful of minor edits.

“It is!”

“Why did you shut the browser down?” she asked.

Ivy just laughed. “We’ll upload it in the morning.”

“Oh.”

“Babe, we’ll make a couple more tomorrow and can feed them to our fans a little bit at a time.

We don't want to seem desparate."

"I'm not desparate."

"Well, I AM! I want some ice-cream!"

And with that, Ivy ran off down the stairs leaving William alone, staring at the computer. When William was still a man, that computer had been used primary for word processing and news reading with the occassional porn here and there. Now, with Ivy, it was being used for completely different purposes and was probably being used much more heavily than *he* had ever used it before.

"Oh god!" she heard Ivy call out from the first floor, "this new flavor is so good! You've got to come try it!"

And, like a good puppy, William did as she was told. In fact, the two had a great time just nibbling bites of ice-cream and chatting. And, like so many nights in the her recent past, when they were ready for bed, Ivy worked her sexy charms and the two made love for hours before falling to sleep.



Chapter Six - The Beach



William was out on the deck staring at her email, reading over that unbelievable email once more, but largely refusing to admit what it meant. She probably hadn't given much thought about the fact that she had applied make up and dressed in a very feminine slip to cover herself as she stepped outside. This behavior had become so ingrained in her daily behavior that she had completely stopped noticing it by this point.

For her, stepping outside without at least a tiny bit of make-up would feel awkward and inappropriate. And the thought of dressing in the most feminine of garments had become second nature to her. Had she been asked to choose between the slip or a pair of her old pajamas, she almost certainly would have chosen the slip as long as it wasn't too chilly outside

for it.

“There you are,” Anissa called to her. “Ivy’s fixing lunch, so I hope you are planning on an extra hour on the treadmill.”

“We don’t have a treadmill,” William pointed out.

Anissa pretended to be surprised. “Hm. In that case, I guess you’ll end up developing some truly killer curves.” She sat down in the chair next to Williams and stroked the smaller girl’s arm in a gentle, affectionate way.

“What are you reading?”

“Someone from a make-up company has asked me to let them sponsor me.”

“That’s great!” Anissa said. “Are they offering good money?”

“Anissa, why did you choose this career for me?”

“And what career would that be?” she asked.

“Obviously a youtuber,” William said with very real disdain.

Anissa laughed a soft, half laugh before responding. “I didn’t actually make any career for you. I just gave you the tools like you had asked.”

“Tools?”

“Well, you are beautiful, very photogenic and you can charm people ever so easily. But, I was actually thinking you would end up being a model or an actor.”

“Aren’t I way too short to be a model?” William asked. “Oddly enough, though, that’s kind of what they wanted,” she replied.

“The company wants you to model for them?”

“Sort of. It’s really more of an trial run for my being a spokes model and a brand evangelist, or something like that. There would be a few photoshoots and a couple of test shots for commercials and magazine shots. At the very least, they have offered to sponser Ivy’s channel, which would be a nice bit of money in exchange for putting their logos and stuff on some of the videos. Lots of free product too, which would make Ivy a little crazy.”

“Ivy, get jealous?” Anissa grinned. “Maybe a little, but you know what her attention span is like. Give her a day or two and she would probably forget all about it. But, seriously! That sounds pretty exciting,” the brunette suggested. “But you aren’t sure?”

“I ignored the first email they sent. But, after about a week, they sent another. It sounds like they really want to hear back, but, my time as Annabelle is pretty much up.

“Isn’t it?”

Anissa nodded. “If that’s what you want, William, then that’s what we’ll do. Have you told Ivy?”

William shook her head. “Not yet. I don’t think she’ll take it well.”

Anissa smiled a sad smile. "She's not used to not getting her way, but, again, she'll get over it in time. She really has gotten used to you being in her life. There will be a huge hole left behind."

"Hole? I was hoping we could remain in touch."

"William, as much as I would love for the two of you to remain close like that, it will change for her once you are a man. Her relationships with men just don't last. Men are like candy to her. She loves them for a few minutes, but ultimately she loses interest and starts looking for another flavor.

"You wouldn't be the first man to do a very kind thing for her and fall head over heels in love with her in the process. But, it always ends the same. She is so eager at first, but then, after a few weeks, starts feeling bored with them and, things usually end badly between them."

"But the two of you have been together for a long time?"

"Because I'm a woman. I can't explain it, William. I'm just telling you what I know.

"My best guess is that there is some sort of biological thing about them with men and it's probably related to their original roles together. Nymphs weren't supposed to be surrounded by people in giant cities like this. I've come to believe that they probably lived together in groups on the fringe of regular society, just near enough to seduce the occasional straggler, but their family were their sisters. These probably weren't quite the way we think of sisters, though.

"I've taken on that role for her and, with you in the mix, you are even more at that level, I think.

"Again, this is all just guesswork, but I've run into several over the years and they are either completely detached and in questionable situations or they are with a female fae. And I promise that I'm not just trying to persuade you to stay like you are. I honestly believe that your relationship with Ivy would not last even the rest of the year. Not in any meaningful, deep connection sort of way."

William gave it some thought. She had grown incredibly close to Ivy, and Anissa too, and honestly couldn't imagine life without them. In fact, that was much harder to accept than she imagined it would be when reminded of the fact.

"Besides," Anissa continued, "we probably won't be here for too much longer. One year, maybe two at the most, I would imagine."

"Where will you go?"

Anissa shrugged. "France, maybe? I don't know. We can't stay in one place too long. Between my feeding and Ivy's constant fraternizing with strange men, if we are in the same place for too long, then things can get complicated."

"And you would have just left me?"

"Of course not! You would have been completely involved in the decision making. If you were to remain a part of our little family and then took a job modeling for some company, we would have moved wherever was best for you. We don't have to move from one country to another, just far enough to disengage those left behind from our messy lives.

"If you could choose anywhere, though, where would you live?"

William shrugged. "I don't know. Paris does sound nice. I've always wanted to visit Ireland, though."

"We've never been to Ireland," Anissa said thoughtfully. "Maybe one day, you'll get a postcard followed by a plane-ticket for a visit."

William smiled at the thought and the two sat together quietly for a few minutes before William brought something up that had been bothering for a while. "Anissa, are you attracted to me?"

Anissa laughed lightly at the silly question. "Of course, baby. I'm crazy about you in every way imaginable. You are possibly the kindest, most thoughtful person I believe I've ever met and you have a killer little body which I could spend hours exploring."

"Then why haven't we...you know."

"Had sex?"

William nodded.

"Two reasons, really. First of all, you've made it very clear, whenever possible, that this wasn't going to last. You as a girl, I mean. So, because I knew things are going to change for you and Ivy once I changed you into a guy, I figured it was best to let the two of you spend as much time together as possible."

"And second?"

Anissa smiled wickedly as she reached out to cup William's soft cheek. "Honey, one night with me and you would never want to go back to a life without me. If you think sex with a Nymph is good, wait until you've been with a succubus."

William quietly contemplated her answer but wasn't sure if she was being completely serious.

"Believe me. It hasn't been easy keeping my distance. That's not why you still want to switch back, is it?"

William shook her head. "No. I was just curious."

Anissa stood up and kissed William on her forehead. "Baby, the moment I was sure you had decided to stay as Annabelle, I would show you things you could never have imagined. And that would have been just be the first of many. But, since it was clear you wanted to go back to being male, I didn't want you to feel I had unfairly tempted you into staying."

Later that afternoon, Ivy and William were laying out at the beach, soaking up the sun. It was one of the smaller beaches, largely surrounded by private homes and a reserve of some kind that didn't permit visitors, so it was largely unknown except to those who lived in the area. As such, it was a favorite for the pair. For Ivy, the large, unblemished vegetation nearby radiated the very thing she needed the most, and for William, the smaller crowd made it a little easier for her to relax and enjoy herself. She had long since gotten over being leered at everywhere

she went, but she still wasn't quite used to laying around in the skimpiest of bikinis that Ivy always selected for her.

As the two lay there in their skimpy little bikinis, William decided to make her announcement. "Anissa said she will fix things for me tomorrow. You know, make me into a guy again."

Ivy didn't take it well at all. "What? Why?"

"What the hell is wrong with you?"

"Wrong with me? I'm supposed to be a guy! Why would that be wrong?"

"Because, you make a much better girl than you did a boy!"

"Ivy, Please don't say that. I really was hoping we could still be friends...you know, even after I'm back to being a guy?"

"Sure. Whatever," she said after shooting him an angry look.

"You can tell her what sort of guy you like the most and she can make me look like that!"

"I like you like you are right now! I thought you liked what we've had."

"I did. But it's just not right."

"Why? Because you were born with a dick and now, to be with me like you wanted you have to suffer through without one? Well, I'm really sorry to have put you through these weeks of torture."



And with that, she started putting her clothes on in a huff.

“Ivy! Please. Let’s just talk about this. I’m sure I can convince you that I’m being reasonable.”

She didn’t say another word. Instead, she just trudged off toward the end of the beach. “Ivy!” William called out as she scrambled to pull herself reasonably together and go after her.

Ivy ignored all of her calls as she walked as quickly as possible to the dive bar that sat at the farthest spot on the beach. It wasn’t on the beach, per se, but the patio had a nice view and the pair had often enjoyed a drink or a dinner there after they had finished soaking up the sun for hours. Ivy completely ignored William as she took a seat alone at a small table looking out over the beach. William tried to talk to her, but the blonde just ignored her except to tell her to get lost.

Repeatedly.

“Lover’s spat,” the bartender asked as he brought William another glass of water.

“Something like that,” William responded. “I guess I should have known she would react like that.

“How did you know...we were together?” William asked.



“I had no idea. I was just making a joke. In hindsight, it seems like it was pretty tasteless.”

“The worst,” William said with a half smile. She paused for a minute, studying the guy. He was a decent looking guy, and didn’t seem too sketchy, despite his working at a dive. “Can I trust you

to keep an eye on our stuff while I run to the ladies room?”

“I promise not to steal...” he said as he looked through the beach bag, “any of those magazines nor the sunscreen.”

“Your a real prince,” William said with a flirty scowl as she gathered her purse and phone. “And please don’t let her leave without me. She’d probably end up in big trouble.”

“Scouts honor,” he said with a two finger salute.

William did have to pee, and, even though she had spent roughly 4 weeks as a woman, she still hated the idea of peeing in a public restroom. As she did, she tried to imagine what it would be like to be able to pee standing up onece again but found the idea seem oddly foreign. *Had it been so long that I’m really starting to think of myself entirely as a woman?* she wondered. As she was cleaning herself up, she heard the unmistakable sounds of a crowd having a good time just outside the door.

It was still early for a dinner crowd, at least in a place like this which didn’t cater to the typical early birds, and that fact explained the empty place when they arrived, but when she checked her phone for the time, William realized that it was much later than she had realized. It would be getting dark soon and the last thing she wanted was to find herself searching for Ivy in the dark.

Just what sort of punishment would Anissa rain down on me for losing her? William wondered to herself only to realize that Anissa wasn’t really the type to punish people without very good reason.

As she made her way back to the bar, her heart nearly stopped when she noticed that the table Ivy had been sulking was empty.

“You let her leave?” she nearly shouted at the bartender who was busily filling up a couple of pitchers with beer.

“Worse,” he said. “She’s with those assholes.”

William followed his gaze to find four guys and a very changed Ivy. Gone was mopey, self pity and in it’s place was one of a girl ready to party. Her makeup was smudged, and her hair was a mess, but, despite all of that, William’s heart was crushed to see her...with them. And worse, she really did seem to be enjoying herself.

“Listen,” the bartender said. “These guys don’t come in much, but they live in the area and have a reputation.”

“What kind of reputation?”

“Probably just rumors. But, do you see the guy that’s right next to her?”

William could certainly see him. In fact, he was making William see red from anger and jealousy. “I’ve heard he’s part of some sort of drug ring or something like that. Not your typical street dealer, more of a mid-level sort of thing, or maybe muscle for those people. But, there is a friend of mine who said he had been a person of interest surrounding a missing girl.”

“What? Do you think he hurt her?”

“I honestly don’t know. Probably not. He’s pretty bad news, so whoever it was was probably into bad stuff. I mean, he’s not locked up, so obviously they didn’t have enough reason to put him away. But, like I said, the guy isn’t someone I would trust with a girl I liked. Ex or not.”

He grabbed a bunch of mugs with one hand and a pitcher with the other and headed down toward the table. William followed behind.

“Annabelle!” Ivy said as the bar tender walked away. “You should meet my friends. Unlike some people, they think I’m pretty hot!”

William rolled her eyes. “I’m sorry, guys, Ivy’s trying to get back at me for giving her some bad news. We really should be going.” As she said that, the bar tender came back with the second pitcher and a few more mugs.

“Nonsense,” the main guy said. “Why don’t you have a drink with us. It’s hot out there and Ivy tells us that the two of you spent the afternoon out in the sun! We’ve gotta get you hydrated.” As he said that, one of the other guys pushed a mug in Annabelle’s direction and they made room for her at the table.

“Ivy, it’s time to go!”

“Go! I’m going to have some fun tonight with my new friends!”

The men all hooted and did high fives in the air at that. One slapped William on the back, “come on, sweet cakes,” he told her, “have a drink with us. We aren’t going to bite.”

Ivy couldn’t seem to get enough of the attention and playfully answered the questions that the men peppered at her. She eagerly sipped her beer and gladly accepted the second. William, on the other hand remained cold and disinterested in the attention directed at her and almost exploded at the one guy when he spilled her beer.

“Ivy,” she nearly shouted. “We’ve got to go!”

Ivy dismissed her demands and even gave her a sexy little wink, suggesting that she was going to have fun with or without her tonight. Just as William was standing to walk around the table, a fresh beer was pushed in her direction.

“Hey,” the guy said in a hushed voice, “take it easy. Have a drink, and if you still want to leave, I’ll help you convince your friend to leave.”

She looked at her benefactor and decided he would make a difference if Ivy insisted on ignoring her, so she took a sip.

“See,” he told her as he patted her on the shoulder, “we’re all friends here.”

She glared for a few minutes at Ivy as she sat there. William wasn’t much of a beer drinker, and this beer tasted much worse than what she had drunk when she was a man, so she only sipped, and not very often. “Ivy,” she said, suddenly feeling a lot drunker than she thought she should have, “come on!”

“Leave me alone,” Ivy slurred. “Go back to your stupid condo!”

William jumped up with a huff and headed toward the bar. "Your beer sucks!"

The bar tender just grinned. "It's the cheapest shit we sell. But it's what they asked for."

"It's really strong!"

The bartender laughed for a bit and then suddenly got very serious. "It's not strong. Exactly how many did your friend have?"

William turned her head just in time as the trio of men helped usher a stumbling Ivy out the back door.

"Damnit!" William cursed. She got up and started to head toward them but the bartender grabbed her arm. "Keep an eye on the bar. I'll get her back."

With that, he grabbed a baseball bat from under the bar and ran off to chase the other men. William trailed as quickly as possible.

"Guys, just let the girl go!" he called out to the other men. "I've called the cops!"

"And told them what?" one of the men asked as he started heading back toward the bartender. "That you served the little girl too much alcohol? Is she even legal?"

William watched as Ivy was loaded into the backseat, flopping around almost like a ragdoll while the other began taking swings at the bartender. It didn't take too long for the bat to end up in the bushes and the assailant was kicking him as he lay on the ground. William rushed out to help but by the time she got to his body, the others were gone.

"Please don't be dead," she said as she cradled the bartender's head in her lap. "Please don't be dead."



“I’m so sorry,” he said with a loud cough.

“Are you OK?”

He winced in pain. “I’m not dead, though,” he said with a pitiful smile.

“I guess that’s good?”

“Look, help me get inside and we can call the cops.”

William thought about it for a minute and then refused. “Help me lock this place up for you and I’ll take you to a friend who can get you fixed up. I think she can help get Ivy back.”

“I’m really going to regret this, but...” he said as he fished some keys out of his pocket and handed them to her. “That key locks the place up. My cell’s behind the bar. I’ll call the boss and let her know what happened.”

William helped him get situated inside his car and then hurried into the bar to lock up. When she returned, he was sitting in the passenger’s seat and the driver’s door was open.

“I have a car,” she said as she got inside. “We can drive to it.”

The man just winced and shook his head. “It’s fine. Just find your friend.”

KRUNCH Luckily, William did know how to drive a manual transmission. But, sadly, it had been years since he had had to use that skill and his entire body was now very different from what it had been when he last drove that sort of car.

She looked over to see the guy wincing yet again. "I'm sorry."

"Just go!" he said with a half-hearted chuckle.

They were on the opposite side of town from where Anissa's club was located and the drive gave the two a bit of time to talk.

"So, I'm...Annabelle," she said. "Thanks for trying to help. I'm really sorry that they hurt you."

"It's fine," he said, clenching his teeth. "I'm Bill."

William wanted so badly to point out the irony there, but decided it wouldn't make any sense to a normal person. Bill, though, did his best to make small talk during the ride, but it was clear he was in real pain. When they finally arrived, he started laughing.

"What?" William asked.

"You brought me to a strip club?"

"It's where my friend works," she told him. "Look, stay here. I'll see if I can find her."

Luckily, it was way too early for the club to be busy, so it didn't take too long to find Anissa. When Bill saw Annabelle return, she had three beautiful women in tow.

"This almost makes it worth getting beaten up," he said with a chuckle as Anissa reached inside and put her hands on his chest.

"Jesus," she cursed. "That must really hurt."

Bill nodded.

William climbed back into the driver's seat and grabbed his nearest arm as she watched Anissa close her eyes and work her magic.

"This will probably push things back by a day or two," Anissa had told her as the other two women gathered beside the car. "Unless I feed on that fucker!"

That was all William could think of as she watched Bill's face slowly relax into relief. *What was he doing to Ivy?* she wondered.

After a few minutes, Bill looked sort of out of it but had a light smile on his face.

"Dude, whatever you did, that was amazing," he said with a chuckle.

"Bill, Annabelle said you might know how to find where this asshole lives. Is that right?"

"I have a friend," he said as he dug his phone out of his pocket and handed it to her. "Hey! It looks like he already replied."

William never really knew if Bill really had sent the text message before Anissa worked her magic, or even if the person he had texted had originally known where the guy lived originally,

but she didn't really care. All she could think of was that she had made the right choice in going to Anissa instead of calling the cops. She was a bit surprised, though, when Anissa's friend told her to get out of the car.

"I'll drive," she told her. "You go with Anissa."

William looked to see Anissa already getting into her own car. She wanted to protest. After all, this wasn't their car and she didn't even know this woman, but when Anissa stuck her head out the window and called for her to hurry up, she quickly complied.

"What are we doing?" she asked as Anissa peeled out of the parking lot.

"We're going to get my baby!"

"But, how? Those guys were rough!"

Anissa laughed. "Lily is like me, pretty. I think the two of us will be able to handle a few thugs."

"She's..."

Anissa patted the other woman on the knee. "Yep. That's partly why I've been spending so much time away, lately. The girl she was with was one of the girls that you saved."

"What?"

"She's like Ivy."

"So, this whole succubus and nymph thing...it's really a thing?"

"Sort of. I mean, we can both satisfy one another in ways that normal humans can't, and I don't have to worry about draining her. It works out pretty well. And, girls like Ivy really do need someone to watch out for them when they are surrounded by regular people. By themselves, they are very vulnerable."

"So, I can't satisfy Ivy?"

Anissa looked over with a smile, "you are hardly normal, beautiful. I saw to it you had what it takes to keep her happy."

"Well, I didn't do so well today."

"I think we both knew that she was going to throw a fit. She really loves you and, like I said earlier, she doesn't really react well when things don't go her way. Luckily, though, you were there. Even if you couldn't stop them from drugging her, we are pretty sure we know where she is."

"You really think she loves me?"

"Of course. We both do."

For the rest of the drive, the two remained silent. William had no idea where they were headed, but after a while, Anissa grabbed her phone and called Lily. "Hey, is that you behind me?" she asked.

“Good. Let’s drive by and figure out exactly where it is, then we can pick a place to park the cars so they won’t see us.”

Anissa hung the phone up and placed her hand on William’s knee. “Thanks for helping with her, William. I have a really bad feeling about this. I think you saved her from a lot of misery.”

They did eventually come to a stop and Anissa directed William back to the other car. “You can’t go in alone!” William insisted.

“I’m not going in. I’m just going going to have a look around. I’ll be back in a few minutes.”

William didn’t like watching her head alone toward danger, but did as she was told. She climbed into the back seat and sat beside Lily’s girlfriend. The girl didn’t say anything. She just gave her a big hug. Bill was there in the front, but appeared to be out cold. William wondered exactly what sort of magic succubus had cast. Something to make sure he wasn’t aware of their little operation, William figured.

“She’s going to be fine,” the nymph said. There was just enough light from a street lamp to sparkle along a teardrop as it slid across her face before she wiped it away.

“Don’t worry, Annabelle,” Lily said. “As long as she is here, we’re going to get her back and she’ll probably not even know what happened, from the sound of it. They obviously drugged her. Probably tried to drug you too.”

“Yeah, I wasn’t up for drinks,” William confessed. “But, I think I did feel it a little bit.”

“It’s a good thing you didn’t, sweetie. Otherwise, Anissa and I would have had two people to track down and we wouldn’t have had such a good start on them.”

William pondered that for a moment and nearly screamed when the door was pulled open suddenly. Anissa crouched down beside her. “As best as I can tell, there are only two guys inside. Ivy’s there, and some other girl.”

“Good! That should be easy.”

“Yeah. I can definitely handle them on my own. Lil, you should stay here. Keep an eye out in case someone else shows up.”

Lily shrugged. “Sounds good.”

Anissa took William’s hand and kissed it tenderly. “Keep an eye out for me. I’ll probably need your help getting both girls out, if neither can walk on their own.”

“I’ll go with you!” she said.

“No...Wil...” Anissa almost said her real name but caught herself halfway through, “Annabelle, I’m fine in there, but I don’t want you to get hurt.”

Anissa paused for a minute, before continuing. “Besides, I really don’t want you to see me...you know.”

Unlike before, though, this time, William refused to just obey. “This is all my fault. I promise I won’t get in the way.”

William's gaze followed Anissa's over to Lily who shrugged once more. "She seems like a capable little fucker to me," was all she said. Anissa wasn't amused, but didn't refuse.

"You stay back. 20 feet minimum!" Anissa whisper-growled as they crept through an empty lot. "This place isn't too big," she said. "But, if there are only two guys here, there's at least one more that could walk in any minute."

"OK," William croaked.

She was terrified. As a journalist, she had been to plenty rough neighborhoods and had interviewed some scary people who had been accused of horrible crimes, but never had she been in the thick of real danger. And yet, she never once considered turning back.

The house was mostly lit up and as William scittered across the lawn, a dark shadow raced across the nearest window. She almost screamed when it did, and she froze. But, the shadow never hesitated. It disappeared on the other side and no other movement could be seen. So, she hurried her pace up.

Anissa was already inside by the time she reached the front door. It was opened and when she peeked inside, Anissa was looking around and there was a guy laying there at her feet.



"Did you?" she whispered. Anissa put her finger to her lips and shook her head. "Sleeping" she mouthed before gesturing that William should close the door. "Go in there", she said, pointing across the hallway into a dark room. "And stay out of site."

William ducked partly behind the doorway and watched as Anissa crept across the lit room and disappeared out of view. It was an agonizing few minutes for William before she reappeared. "I'm going upstairs," she mouthed.

"Can't you just make the other guy sleep?" William whispered.

Anissa shook her head. "Have to see," she mouthed before creeping, very slowly up the stairs.

For a moment, William did as she was told and stayed as still as she could. But, once Anissa disappeared up the stairs, she decided she couldn't wait any longer and slowly made her way up the stairs herself. There was only a single room with lights on and she headed that way.

She found Anissa kneeling in front of the lead thug who was talking very fast but otherwise, seemed completely out of it.

After a minute, Anissa stood up and his body slumped to the ground. "We don't have much time. There are several more on their way back. Apparently they went out to get food."



William helped her escort the two drugged women back to Anissa's car.

“What are they doing?”

“You don't want to know,” Anissa told her as she loaded Ivy up into the front passenger's seat.

“They took Ivy. I deserve to know what they were planning to do with her.”

“They were going to send her out of town and lock her inside a hotel, stoned out of her mind while men paid them to do whatever they wanted.”

William froze. He had heard that this sort of thing happened, but had never really digested the enormity of what it really meant.

Anissa tugged on the other girl, pulling her from William’s grasp and loaded her into the back seat.

“Look. I would have found her. We have a very tangeable connection, Ivy and me. And I can trace it to her. But, it would have taken days, maybe even a couple of weeks. You saved her from that. And this girl? I doubt anyone would have known where to look.”

“Stay here,” Anissa told William, but once again, William refused. “What are you going to do to them.”

“You know what I’m going to do. But I have to hurry or there will be too many guys for me to handle.”

“No. Don’t do that!”

“What?”

“They had horrible things planned for her. Can’t you use your magic so that they are the ones that end up living through that?”

Anissa paused for a moment. “It would be faster. But, William, if I do that, we are talking about another month as Anabelle.”

“I don’t care! I want them to pay for it. The hard way.”

Less than a half hour later William was in the driver’s seat while Anissa worked her little bit of remaining magic on the unknown woman. William could see through the rearview mirror that she was waking up.

“Sweetheart, you are safe.”

“Where am I?”

“Safe. Someone drugged you, but we got you out of there. We just need to know where to take you.”

William saw her safely to her dormroom while Anissa nodded off in the car before they headed back to William’s condo. Anissa wasn’t quite as zoned out as she had been after granting William’s wish, and was able to give her the basics of what she had done.

She didn’t remake their entire history, but simply altered their bodies to look close enough to the two women they had kidnapped and put them deep into a drug induced sleep. Then, she took away their ability to fully understand and speak English. They would end up unable to convince their captors of their true identities and end up suffering the very fate they had planned to afflict Ivy with.

Anissa made it very clear, despite her fatigue, that she and Lily would see to it that the ring the

two were sold to would be destroyed and that those behind it would suffer some sort of punishment. But, she had told her, was for another day.

Once the pair had returned to the condo, William struggled to help Anissa into the elevactor and down the hall. Even before they made it to the door, Ivy raced and gave her a big, long hug, causing William let go of Anissa. "You saved me again!"

Anissa stumbled into a wall, but smiled as she reached over touch Ivy's hair before regaining her footing once again.

"I didn't really save you," she reassured her lover. "Anissa would have found you."

"I'm sorry for getting all bitchy."

"It's fine. I should have said something before we left."

Together, Ivy and William managed to help the exhausted succubus into the condo. "I have a surprise, though!" she said with great excitement as she and William guided Anissa into the living room where she found Lily and her nymph sitting together on the couch. Anissa curled up on one end with a dopey smile on her face as she watched Ivy making her announcement.

"Lily said she could make you a guy again, just like Anissa was going to do," Ivy said. Her voice trembled a bit as she did so.

Lily stood up and guided the other girl toward William. "It's the least we could do. When they took *him* away and broke the spell over Ivy, it severed the spell he had over all of the girls, including Diana here."

Diana smiled sweetly. "Thank you," she said.

"Anissa explained to me what she did for you, and I should be able to help fix whatever it is you wanted changed."

William opened her mouth, but then looked over at Ivy who was wiping a tear from her cheek. Then, she looked over to find Anissa had shut her eyes. She opened them just enough to find William and offered a sad smile and a nod.

William shrugged her shoulders. "I don't think I want to change anything."

"What?" Ivy shouted. "You are staying as Annabelle?"

William nodded and then looked over at Anissa. "If you two will have me."

She knew the answer, but was all the more relieved when Ivy rushed into an even bigger hug than before and pulled the tiny woman down on the couch beside Anissa who wearily patted the girl's face.

Lily and Diana stayed for a bit, snuggling up together on the loveseat while Ivy and William huddled against Anissa. William was exhausted and was perfectly happy to just close her eyes and listen to Lily, Ivy and Diana as they got to know one another. After only a few minutes, she found Ivy tugging at her hand and she smiled even bigger.

She really was happy with everything just like it was.



Epilogue

Anisa smiled as she watched the two women squealing as they ran across the water's edge. As usual, Ivy was leading poor Anabelle, almost dragging the tiny woman along as she raced through the surf with a childlike glee that seemed never to fade these days.



While no ordinary person would see it, Anisa saw William there in Anabelle's place, happily following her, forever giving in to the blonde woman's wildest urges and playful desires. There was no denying that Anabelle looked nothing like William, and Anabelle's presentation to the world was completely feminine in every way, which could never have been said about William, but at the woman's core, William was there, completely unchanged. Like William, Anabelle was a bit of a workaholic. Fortunately, her work often involved doing things like making videos that could involve Ivy, or afforded her travel to exotic locales that William had never imagined visiting, but both took their work equally seriously.

And, much like William, Anabelle was timid in many ways. Anisa was confident that Anabelle had grown to accept her status as an exceptionally beautiful woman, but she still had the demeanor and humility of someone who had to work hard to earn people's appreciation. Like William, she took no one for granted and got to know all of those who touched her life in meaningful ways. And men and women alike always adored her. The only difference there, between William's life and that of Anabelle's was that, in addition to a general adoration and likability, Anabelle had a string of lovesick men and even some woman who would never find their strong attractions reciprocated.

For, just like William, Anabelle's love for Ivy seemed boundless. And, luckily for Anisa, that love was now shared with Anisa as well.

She watched as the two girls raced a ways further, never quite getting into the water before Anabelle managed to calm her playful lover and the pair turned back toward their belongings

scattered back near where Anisa stood.

“Anisa!” Ivy screamed as she dropped Anabelle’s hand and raced toward the other woman. Anabelle offered a welcoming wave and picked her pace up as well and soon the trio stood together on the warm sandy beach.

The three woman made their greetings and soon were each settled on nearby towels, sunning themselves.

Anabelle was lying, face down, on the beach, just enjoying the temperate sun on her skin when she felt Ivy’s fingers tickling her backside.

“What are you doing?” she demanded.

“I can’t resist it,” her blonde lover said as she crawled over onto her towel and began kneading the smaller girl’s thighs. Anabelle had recently begun running again, and was suddenly overcome by the wonderful feelings of the massage. “Don’t start what you can’t stop,” she warned.

“Don’t be silly,” Ivy responded. “I can touch you all day and never get tired.”

She moved up to massage the tiny woman’s butt, which was only partly for the release of tension.

Anisa, watched Ivy teasing Anabelle for a moment before deciding to cool things down for a bit despite the intense sunshine that baked the trio’s bare flesh. “I take it you are settling in OK, Anabelle?”

Ivy crawled onto Anabelle’s back, nearly crushing the smaller woman only roll off to one side as Anabelle propped herself to one side upon an elbow. “The place is amazing! How did you find it?”

“Well, sweetie, you should know. You’re the one who paid for it.”

Anabelle made a playful gesture of exhasperation. “Well, I was a little busy at the time.”

Of course, Anabelle had been very busy. Her pilot contract turned into a full blown position as model and spokesperson and those first few months had her flying around the globe for photoshoots, inteviews and a few commercials. All the while, she and Ivy stayed as busy as possible keeping their social media accounts active. Their youtube earnings alone brought in each month about half of what William’s journalism job brought each year. And their subscriber counts kept increasing.

So, when Ivy started complaining that the beach was too far away, Anabelle and Anissa began conspiring to buy a house on a beach. Anabelle never imagined it would be on Maui but was finding herself enjoying it more and more with each passing day.

“When do you head back to the mainland,” Anissa asked as she gently traced Anabelle’s arm with her warm fingers.

“I had originally told them two weeks, but I’m going to see if I can move some meetings back. Maybe in a month?”

Anissa reached over and took Ivy's hand before leaning in to kiss Anabelle deeply. "A month will have to do," she said. Ivy wiggled over and shared a kiss with Anissa before nibbling gently on Anabelle's ear. Anabelle just smiled.

"I've found a place for Lily and Diana to stay," Anissa said. "I was worried you might have to leave before they got here."

"So, that's your big plan?" Anabelle teased. "To let Diana take my place while you are working?"

"A girl's got to feed," she said, "and we can't very well let miss horny run around the island by herself."

"Hey!" Ivy protested.

"But, really, Lily sounded bored. I was mostly afraid she go would back to feeding the old fashioned way. And, she had started to get careless when I ran into her after you and I met."

"Careless?"

"Too many guys. Some very important men, too. Met in the same place. I'm pretty sure she had been caught over and over again in surveillance and she didn't really bother with disguising herself."

"Wow."

"Yeah. To be fair, she was pretty distraught over Diana's disappearance. So, who knows. Maybe she was just trying to make it all go away."

"You mean, forever?"

"Maybe."

"That's bleak."

"Well, think about it this way, baby. Not only did you rescue Ivy and Diana and a few other nymphs we don't know much about, you probably saved one of my kind too."

"Don't I get a reward for that?"

"Hello! I'd say a 10000 square foot house in Maui is a pretty nice reward."

Anabelle smiled. It was indeed.

"And two hot bitches too!" Ivy chimed in.

"I am pretty sure I could find three just walking down the beach a bit," Anabelle pointed out. "I mean, most of them would probably recognize me..."

Ivy punched the braggard in the arm and the two wrestled for a bit before sharing a deep kiss. "I'm glad you stayed with us, Anabelle," Ivy told her.

"Me too, Ivy. I can't imagine being any happier than I am right now. How did Bill the bartender take the news about your move? I never had a chance to ask about that?"

The day following Ivy's most recent rescue resulted in her promise to repay his daring attempt

at saving her and grew from a one night thankyou into what seemed like a regular thing.

“Oh, yeah. Well, we hadn’t really seen much of each other by the time Anisa mentioned moving, so it really wasn’t a big deal.”

Anabelle looked over at Anisa who gave a little shrug.

“I’m sorry to hear that,” Anabelle confided. “I thought you really liked him.”

“He really is awesome. But, he got a little clingy and,” Ivy said before pausing for a minute, “I think I just kind of got bored with him.”

“Bored?” Anabelle queried.

“I don’t know. There’s only so much you can do with guys. You know?”

Anabelle laughed and then looked back at Anisa who shot her a strong “I told you so,” expression. “So, just because I have boobs, I don’t bore you?”

Ivy squeezed the smaller woman and then kissed her neck. “Yep. Boobs are the best!”

Anisa reached over and took Anabelle’s hand and kissed it. “Don’t try to understand nymph logic, sweetie. I’m afraid it’s far too complex for anyone to full understand,” she said with a smile.

Anabelle knew she would never understand Ivy, but she was quite certain she was where she was meant to be and understanding Ivy was far less important than being an important part of her life and that of Anisa’s life as well. “I think you may be right,” she said.



End...

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