

The Were-Fem

GRACE MANSFIELD

PART ONE

I lived on the edge of a deep, dark forest. My parents always told me: 'Don't go into the woods!'

And, when I was young, I paid attention. I had the image of monsters lurking, or trolls that would eat your flesh, of gargoyles that would swoop down and catch me unawares.

But, as boys grow into young men, I began to scoff at their warnings. There was nothing in the woods. I had never even heard of a kidnapping. No goats were slaughtered and only their bones left behind. So my fears dwindled, I scoffed, and then the truth found me, and it was far worse than anything I ever imagined.

I began taking short walks into the woods. Just little jaunts. I would do a little jogging, or practice throwing a knife into a tree trunk.

The walks became longer. I found a mysteriousness in the dark green that pulled to me, bid me enter further. So I did.

The long walks became day long hikes, up low mountains, through thick foliage.

No bears and boars. Not even much sound. A few birds, and those were of the raucous 'crow' kind.

One day I walked into the woods, to my favorite place, a small pond. When the days were cool I would dip my feet. When the days were hot, I would swim, naked, and laugh at the idea that eyes were watching me. When the days were cold, in the middle of winter, I would slide across the ice, and imagine fish underneath, frozen, watching me.

One day, it was a particularly hot day, I decided to go to the pond and dip my fevered body into the depths. I walked for a half hour, stopped and listened, and I heard an unfamiliar sound. Splashing. Somebody was already in my pond!

I crept forward, slithered under bushes, and peeked at my pond.

She was young, maybe 18, and was swimming across the pond, away from me. She reached ground and stood for a minute in the shallows, just her back to me. Her hair was wet, a long, silvery sheen of gold.

She was naked. I held my breath. I had never seen a naked woman, and I was astounded by the soft curves, the delicate way she had of moving.

She stepped further out of the water, and she half turned, dipped her head back and let her hair drag through the water. She was letting the water 'comb' it for her, but in doing so she had arched her back and her breasts were in full display.

God, they were beautiful. Perfect cones with pink nipples. They sat upon her chest, pointing momentarily towards the sky.

I couldn't help it. I reached into my pants and felt my throbbing penis.

She stepped further out of the water. She was knee deep now, and I could see her voluptuousness, her face was half turned towards me and I could see full lips, naturally red and plump. She bent over and wrung out her long, golden hair.

I pulled on my penis harder, stroked it, felt the head, inflamed and already dripping.

I must have made a noise, because she suddenly turned her head and looked aright at the bush under which I was laying.

The pond wasn't large, she was only 25 feet way, and I could see the perfection of her face. Sweet, creamy skin, tanned by the sun, though no sun ever penetrated these woods. Her cheeks were high, and her eyes glittered in the cool gloom.

I lay as if frozen, not daring to move. I was so well hidden she could only see my eyes amongst the green leaves, and I was afraid to close them, that even that small motion might alert her.

She smiled. A small, secretive smile. A Mona Lisa smile. A smile that hid the knowledge of the world. Then she continued onto the small beach, shook herself off, and it was weird. She shook like a dog shakes, shimmying from the head down, shaking off a spray of water, caused a small rainbow in the halo of mist.

She looked across the pond towards me, and now she seemed pensive, contemplative. Then she turned and walked, barefoot and naked, into the woods.

I waited a handful of seconds, then scrambled out from under the bush. I ran around the pond to where she had had her swim.

Who was she? I had never seen her.

And where did she go? She had taken a path I had never explored.

And all the while, enamored, my dick bloated with lust, I held my penis, and stroked it. And, like that, I felt the orgasm let loose. I spilled my seed all over the ground, grunting and breathing hard, dazed by the quickness that had overtaken me.

Usually I take my time, enjoy the slither of my hand over my organ, play with my head, even lick a bit of the pre-cum that issues out of the slit on the top of my cock.

But her presence had done something to me. She had excited me beyond anything I had ever experienced, and the result was pudding on the ground on that lonely beach in the deep woods.

Recovering, I put my cock back in my pants and took the trail she had taken.

I hurried, but not at the cost of awareness. I was on ground I had never trod, and I must be careful.

In the back of my mind, lurking like laughter waiting to bloom, were the warnings of my parents. 'Don't go into the woods!'

But there was no way I could heed those warnings. I just pushed them back and continued through the woods.

It was a narrow trail, and for fifteen minutes I walked quickly, but as silently as possible. I didn't want to come unawares on that girl.

I wanted to see her again, to watch her bath in the pond. I wanted to see her curves, watch the rise and fall of her large breasts. I imagined kissing her. I imagined those red lips, plump with desire, hovering over my cock, then coming closer and closer, and...

I woke up in my bed.

I jerked upright. How had I gotten here!? I had been in the deep forest, following the most beautiful woman I had ever seen, and then...then I am home? In bed? What happened? How did I get here.

I sat up and groaned. I was tired. I was sore. I felt like I had been in a fight.

I looked at my body. No bruises. So why did I feel so weak and drained? What was wrong with me?

I got up, staggered into the bathroom and looked into a mirror. My eyes were blood shot. My hair was wild and bushy. My skin was sallow. I even had the makings of dark bags under my eyes.

And I wanted to see that girl again. Odd, I wake up like I've been partying for a month, and my first thought is of the girl.

I dressed, sitting on the edge of my bed and pulling my pants on, and even that simple act made me tired.

I entered the living room and crossed to the kitchen. My parents were there. They were sitting at the table, leaning towards each other, whispering, and smiling. They weren't big on smiles and laughter, so I was surprised.

"Good morning," I said.

They greeted me, and grinned, and mother got up to make me breakfast.

Normally I made my own breakfast. What was going on?

Well, whatever was going on, the breakfast helped. She heaped on the eggs, gave me an extra glass of orange juice, I took freely from a big plate of sausage.

"Ah," I sat back and slapped my belly. "Thank you."

"That's all right, dear." Mother kissed the top of my head, she wasn't usually into shows of affection, and took my plate away.

My father, a crusty old fellow, actually initiated a conversation. "Where are you off to, Rodney?"

"Oh, I don't have any plans. I was just going to lay around."

He nodded. "If you think about it, we need a little more wood for the fireplace." No, we didn't. The wood shed was packed with wood. "And there's a nice tree, just fallen, out by that pond back in the woods."

I stared at him, but he merely watched me, then turned his attention to a book he had been reading.

He was actually telling me to go into the woods? He had NEVER done that. In fact, all my life he had warned me against the woods. What the hell was going on.

"Okay," I answered, and I stood up.

Mother hugged me then, something she rarely did, and actually walked me to the door. "See you tomorrow, dear."

WTF?

Why not tonight?

And she pulled my face down and planted a long kiss on my cheek.

Almost like she was bidding me good by.

I repeat...WTF!

I didn't waste time. I walked into the woods and headed for the pond.

I was obsessed. I knew it, and I didn't fight it.

That woman. The long, tawny hair, the glitter in her dark eyes. The way her breasts were thrust out, the tips hard as if pointing.

I made my way through the woods to the pond, and I slowed down, and I heard it. Splashing.

Again, I crept through the woods, slunk under bushes, and was quiet as a slithery snake as I peered from under the big bush I had lain under the day before.

She swam across the pond, her arms rising and falling, barely disturbing the water with her passage. She was a nymph, a goddess, a remarkable example of perfection.

After a minute she swam towards the far beach. She rose out of the water. She dragged her hair in the water, threw her head back and squeezed the wetness out, giving me an astounding view of her architecture.

Her breasts pointing upwards when she arched her back. The roundness of her hips when she turned and looked at me, the glitter in her eyes, eyes so black they might have been midnight in a coal mine.

When she reached the beach she stood for a moment, almost as if in thought, then she shook the water off, that animal like shiver of motion that goes from head to tail. Then she turned and looked at me.

My dick was out, my hand was pumping, and she put out a hand, and a motion as if holding something and lifting it higher, and I felt myself standing, rising from the bush, my cock hard and stiff and poised for eruption. I couldn't stop myself...I kept flogging that chicken.

And she smiled, a wide show of white teeth. Then she walked across the beach, to that lonely path, and disappeared into the woods.

I wanted to cut across the pond, to go around the right edge of it, and so get to the path quicker, but that way the brush was too thick, so I had to sprint around the left edge, come to the place where I had spilled my seed the day before. And as I ran I pumped on my penis.

Oh, I must have looked ridiculous, running through the light brush, brushing limbs aside, and all the while never losing hold of my dick. Never losing a stroke.

And...I stuttered to stop, was incapable of motion, and I spilled my seed again.

An explosion in my groin as I came to the place where she had stood, where the evidence of her strange method of drying herself off was till evident...a mist of droplets sparkling on the ground.

Recovering, I licked my hand of the goo, and I ran to the path, and I ran along the path.

I had no thoughts. I just wanted to find that girl, that woman, that golden vision that tantalized me, taunted me, teased me.

I ran, my arms pumping, jumping over roots and rocks, but, somehow, the girl was gone.

I was running faster than any girl could. There was no way she could have outdistanced me, but she had.

I ran for fifteen minutes, until I reached the place I last remembered from the day before.

I became wary, the hairs on the back of my head rose, and yet I couldn't stop. I ran harder, throwing caution aside. I didn't care if I ran into a bear...I had to find that woman!

Then, suddenly, I burst out of the woods. I stood on a high rise and looked out across a valley.

The valley was thicker than any wood I had ever seen. Tall trees rose from it, shrieking birds flew in circles in the sky, and there was a gloom to the valley. A dampness of the heart, a sadness to the soul.

Across the valley, rising stark and lonely, was a castle.

I had never even heard of a castle in the woods. Not even in the stories my parents had told me to keep me out of the woods.

I stared at the castle, my eyes drinking in its tall spires, its high walls, and a tendril of smoke rising from a far chimney.

People lived there!

And, maybe the girl lived there.

My heart pounding, my thoughts surging, I stepped forward, and...

I awoke in my bed.

Ah, Gad! I felt terrible. My head pounded, my heart hurt, I had the taste of ashes and soap in my mouth.

Oh!" I groaned, and I sat up.

The room whirled and I closed my eyes and laid back down.

Yet, something was driving me, impelling me, and I sat up again. I waited for the spin of the world to slow down.

A long minute later I tried to stand up. It was difficult, I had to grab the back of a chair to steady myself, but I made it.

I reached for the dresser, lurched to the bathroom, leaned against the wall, and entered the bathroom.

The fellow in the mirror didn't look like me. He had big, hanging bags under his eyes. His eyes were so bloodshot they might just as well have been painted red. His skin was pasty, sick looking. And his body, his whole body looked shrunken, wasted, and all the fine muscles seemed to be withered.

That was me? That shell? That hulk?

What had happened?

Yet, to my parents, when I entered the kitchen, it was as if nothing had happened. In fact, they even joked about it. Jokes, from my parents, the original stone creatures.

"What's the other fellow look like?" asked my father, and then he chortled so hard mother had to pound him on the back.

"Pay no attention to your father, he's just being silly," and my mother placed a plate in front of me. It was heaped with eggs and ham and thick slices of bread.

I ate, using poor manners, I was so hungry, but my parents didn't seem to mind.

And my father, smoking his pipe, said, "That old tree is still out there, good for fire wood. The one out by the pond."

I stared at him. He was as good as telling me to go into the woods, to go to the pond. But how could he know about that girl?

Then I realized he didn't I was just putting too much into it.

When I was finished eating mother didn't even take time to do the dishes. She simply walked me to the door and hugged me. A long hug. Not a brief squeeze, 'see ya later,' but a long, hard hug, enveloping my ribs and squeezing till I near thought they'd break.

"Good bye, my son." she murmured into my shirt, and when I stepped out of the house, and looked at my shirt, I realized that she had been crying.

A part of me wanted to go back into the house. Go to bed. Go to sleep. Recover my youthful vim and vigor.

But another part of me, a larger part, wanted to see that girl. I HAD to see that girl.

So I walked into the woods and towards the pond.

I heard splashing, and, for a change, the woods didn't seem that gloomy. I perceived shafts of light cutting through the thickets, I heard birds singing. But not normal birds. Birds that twittered, and seemed to be on the edge of human...singing.

What were they saying to me?

Then I came to the pond, and there she was. Slender, big bosomed, golden haired, sweet lips, and I imagined them kissing me forever, her hands holding my face and her mouth searching mine, exploring it, and her hand reaching for my cock, stroking me, and...I spilled my seed.

I was standing, not hiding, and she was standing on the other side, watching, I didn't even touch my cock, and yet it erupted, spewed white cream all over the bushes.

She laughed, a delicate tinkle in the cheerful gloom, and she beckoned to me. She brought up her hand and motioned me to come to her.

I walked around the edge of the pond as in a dream. The world, the world I thought was gloomy, was alive with light and slithering sounds. I passed a snake, it sat in coils upon a rock and watched me, and I felt that even that dour snake was laughing, enjoying my delight.

I approached her, and stared at her body. Up close it was the finest skin in the world, golden with inner light, possessed of a rawness of spirit that I could barely comprehend.

"Rodney," she spoke, and her voice was a light serenade on the air, touching my ears as would the song of a siren. Stepped to me then, reached her hands up and placed them on the sides of my face. She brought my face down, raised her lips to mine, and began to devour me. Her lips were soft blessings, and her eyes, she kissed with her eyes open, illuminated me, brought my lust out, turned on my inner fires.

I wanted to grab her then, to hug her, to turn her in my arms and bend her head back and take her soul in my mouth, but before I could do such a raw act, she reached down and took my penis in her hand.

It was hard again. No matter that I had spilled seed, it was like a rock, and dripping. I groaned, and she tugged on me, led me along the beach and into the woods.

We went down the path, her walking nonchalantly, turning her head and smiling every once in a while, pulling me by the dick.

I had my pants undone, and they started to fall from my hips.

She laughed and said, "Kick them off." She pulled me as I kicked my legs and shimmied out of my pants.

"Take off your shirt," she commanded, so I did.

We were both nude then. Her golden body shining in the sunlight. My own body following her as closely as a shadow, cemented together by her hand on my cock.

Down the path we went. Through the deep woods. And now I wanted to cum again, to squirt my essence, her hand had that much feeling in it. It woke me up, made me throb, made me drool so much I left a wet trail behind us.

Yet her hand was hard on my cock, gripping it so tightly that I couldn't cum. I could feel the juices moving, exploding from the balls, but then they just stopped, were held up by her hand.

The world was light and golden. Crows sang lusty songs in a light more than sunlight, a shadow more than bright.

We walked for fifteen minutes, then a little more, and we came out of the woods and crossed the small meadow overlooking the dark valley.

The castle stood, solemn, yet now shone upon by light, as if the sun was reserved for it. High windows on higher turrets. Battlements, a city in stone, and it waited for us.

Still holding my cock, she turned and faced me. She whispered, "There's no going back."

I didn't care. I was struck by her beauty, enraptured by her aroma, captured by her hand upon my dick.

After a brief pause, a time in which I had chance to say no, to refuse, she turned and pulled me along.

We descended into the valley. We passed through thickets of mighty trees, yet the bright sun still searched us out, warmed us, or maybe it was just her hand on my member that was so warming.

We walked through meadows with waist high grass, and we crossed a low stream, the water lapping at our ankles and chucking at us. At me.

'He's here. He's here,' I imagined that brook babbling. Then we walked up a very slight incline, and came to the castle walls.

The wall towered over us, a tall grey barrier, made of carved blocks of stone and fitted together. The seams were too tight to find finger or toe holds, no one was going to climb that fence.

We walked along the wall and came to a road that led into a gate. It was not a big road, nor a big gate, but it opened as the girl pulled me to it.

I passed under sturdy arches, a portcullis waiting to descend on the invader, chomp him off and cut him.

But I was granted entrance. I was being brought in by a golden child, and I was welcome.

We came out of a short tunnel onto a broad public area.

People clustered here. Many people. There were tents erected, and people bartered and haggled over all manner of items. Food, clothes, even weapons.

Tall guards walked through the crowd, searching for trouble makers, making their calming presence felt. They carried sharp swords, or thick clubs, and a few had cross bows slung on their backs and a quiver full of arrows.

We passed through the crowd, and the crowd parted for us. Mysterious, not obvious, people swirled to the side, and no one looked at us.

A naked man, and more, a beautiful and naked woman, yet no one looked. And I had the thought: *they don't dare*.

But why I thought that I don't know.

There was no threat to us, and then I realized, there is no threat to this young girl. She carries no weapons but her breasts. She had no threat but her thighs.

Yet people, without even looking up, were aware of us, of her, and they gently moved to the side, moving without obvious intention, yet moving nevertheless.

We passed through the throng and came to the entry to the castle proper. We walked up a series of low steps, and tall, arched doors, bound by iron, opened for us.

She led me inside.

It was not cold, but it was not warm. If there was ever a temperature that was neutral, this was it.

We walked through a large hall, then turned and entered a long corridor, and voices arose. Soft voices. singing voices. Voices moaning of fate, even as they celebrated it. Voices that ranged from the deep bass to the fragile yet robust soprano.

Men, full chested and deep throated, whispered their songs into the long corridors and sturdy walls. They sat in niches carved into the walls.

The men became less and less manly, and more and more feminine, and somewhere along the walk we passed from the male singers to the female singers.

And still they sat, hundreds of them, and they serenaded walls, and myself and the girl.

She stopped, held me in place, and watched one particularly beautiful girl. A girl with red hair and a soft and gentle manner, and the most haunted eyes I had ever seen. As if she had seen a million births, a million deaths, and knew the secrets of each one.

Into the embrace I am chaste
onto the moon and I swoon
I am looking for love
but there is none from above
and what I have is in my soul
I love and am made whole

And a chorus of whispers and sighs. Men and woman adding their own sorrow to the mix, pleading cases in no court ever held by man.

"Come," she said, her voice a fish hook into my soul. She pulled me further down the corridor, and we came to a broad gate. Beyond the gate I could see a garden of flowers.

The gate swung back, and we stepped into gaunt sunlight. A pale sunlight. Rays of light that touched us but could not be felt. And there was no aroma of flowers upon the air, not birds singing sweetly, nor even the harsh and crackling voices of crows.

"Welcome," she murmured.

We walk down a path, and I could see walls around us, and this place was a circle with walkways acting the spokes.

Roses grew, and Chrysanthemums, and other curved bells of shapes. And in a variety of colors, though the colors, like the light, were pale. Insubstantial. They lived, but without temperature.

We came to the center of the garden, and saw not a servant, nor a guard, as if this place was proof against life.

No laughter nor cheer, yet something deeply satisfying.

We passed under limbs of small oaks. We passed through arches festooned with flowers. In the center of the garden was a gazebo. Eight-sided, with trellises, and pots of flowers and ferns, and a bed.

The bed was square, and it fit perfectly into the geometry of the gazebo.

She led me up the steps and across the wood planks and she stopped and turned to me. "We must sleep now."

But she didn't mean sleep.

"We must dream now."

Yet, weren't we already living a dream? Wasn't she already a sylph of unimaginable power, bring life to earth?

"Who are you?" I asked. "What is your name?"

She yet held my cock, and she backed up towards the bed, pulling me to her, teasing me with her lips, her smile, her sparkling eyes.

I am Renwitta. I am of the garden, and the stream and the air itself. And I am chosen for you."

She was on the bed now, had somehow managed to keep going backwards even as she sat and wiggled around and kept me following.

"Oh," I said. I was struck dumb, and I place a hand on the bed and began to mount the soft structure.

Then she was on her back, centered on the bed, and it was big and we had plenty of room, and she was pulling my dick, guiding me towards her center, her soul, her sacred palace.

"Wait," I said, but she wouldn't.

My legs crept between hers, and I felt the head of my dick touch her flower, felt the heat and the moistness and the engulfing charm.

This was creation. This was the moment in which the world came to be.

She let go of me with her hand, and pulled me with her pussy, and I sank into her.

She gasped, and accepted me whole. She reached around my waist and held me to her, not that I would ever leave. And we enjoyed the moment of being one, of being together, of not just being in love, but being love.

"What are you doing to me?" my voice was cracking, yet soft and gentle.

"What you dream of. What you wish. What you are...in truth.

Then her hips surged upwards, slowly. She was strong, and she lifted me, and I could feel her insides gripping me, holding me, stroking me.

I rode her wave, then gave my own thrust. And she gasped as I descended to the heart of her.

She kissed me, a light nibble that grew into a tsunami of pleasure. Her tongue sliced into my mouth and drew me out, made the breath of me catch, and I kissed her back.

I grabbed her breasts, and I gently twisted them, as if they were knobs I had to screw. I pulled on her nipples, and then I lowered my head and nursed her, pulling a spirit milk out of her moans.

She held my head, and ground her hips upward.

And I held her head and kissed her, placed my mouth upon hers, and ate her essence.

She moaned, and I knew she was going to orgasm.

And I knew I was going to cum. Her hips had turned me on, her breasts had led me here, and her lips...her lips twisted upon my mouth and caused my groin to swell and throb, and the first pulsings of energy began way back in my groin. My balls tightened, and I could feel the juices start to come up the shaft.

Then I was spilling my seed. Not on the ground, not wasting it, but into her, up her vaginal canal, searching for counter seed, and I pulsed and I pulsed and I...

PART TWO

I awoke, but not in my bed.

I was sitting up, in a niche, and my butt felt...weird.

I was in a carved space in the long corridor that led to the garden. And there were other people in niches similar to mine. And down the hall I could hear people singing, giving hymn to HER, who was borning us.

The ones nearest me did not sing. They sat, and the variety of expression was great.

Men, they were all men, and they sat with sad expression. Or lost eyes. Or whimsical face that told of acceptance, but only grudging. Or wonder.

My own expression was surprised. What had happened? How had I gotten here?

I tried to stand up, and found that I couldn't. I was sitting on something long and hard, and it was fixed to my butt, and I was effectively tethered. No way to move. My hands couldn't find sufficient purchase to lift me off the...the...and I realized what it was that held me. I was on a large, stone phallus. I had a dick up my hind end. I was screwed to the niche, and there was nothing I could do.

"What? What?" I looked around in panic.

"Shhh!" a man near me put a finger to his lips.

I was panicked, but I was also surrounded by men, people who had been here longer, who understood what I did not.

I whispered back, "What is happening?"

"You are being born," he whispered back.

"But I was already born! Long ago. I was born and I lived near twenty years. I'm a man...what am I doing here?"

But he wouldn't speak. He merely smiled and went back to whatever cogitations he was having.

I sat through the morning. From down the corridor the endless singing filled the air, wafted down to me, and I listened to the voices.

I love at her leisure
I am born at her pleasure.
I live to serve and never will swerve
from my duty and love
Nothing above only below
I am the seed and she will sow

I was not uncomfortable. I had only the warmth of the phallus within me to warm me, but that seemed to be enough. When night came and the chill descended, I was heated from within, and I watched the long hours pass. And I felt the heat emanate from my skin. And I wiggled.

When there is nothing to do, no man nor woman to talk to, then a man has to entertain himself. But if he is held, caught, and there is nothing for him to touch, or to wield, then he must rely on himself, on the sensations he brings with him.

And the only sensation I had brought with me was the phallus I was sitting on.

So I wiggled, and I felt the tip of the thing scour my insides. The head brushed against my walls. It pressed on my prostate, and here is the odd thing, if I pressed enough I could cause semen to come from my penis.

And my penis. It had spent itself in HER, but now it was hard again. Hard, and white fluid seeped from the slit.

I could stroke it, and sometimes I did. And I could fondle my balls, which I did. But for deep, down stimulation and a momentary pause from mounting frustration, I had the phallus within my ass.

I had the rub and push on my prostate.

And the phallus became my only source of pleasure. And this focused me in a way I had not believed imaginable.

Time passed. I did not sleep much, just sitting does not take much energy, and requires not much in the way of recuperation.

But when I did sleep, I would wake up in a different niche. I would be one or two down the corridor, maybe on the other side, and the voices grew louder. They sang, and they became my world, and those voices, in tune with the fixating of my asshole by the phallus, became my world.

Listening to the words. Hearing the words. Understanding the words.

She loves me and I live
she gives me and I give
She holds me in her arms
and molds me with her charms
and throws me below
where heaven will bestow
me-e-e-E-E-E-e-e-e-E-E-E...

Undulating voices, mixing the harmonies, voices of one song blending with voices of another.

SHE walked past me one day. A vision of light and gold, but cold. I could see HER laughing even as SHE entrapped, a spider much greater than in any poem.
But SHE did look at me...and SHE did smile...and so I lived another day, and...

I awoke further down the corridor. Half way down, and, as I looked at the men I was among, I realized something. They had been there so long that their hair had grown long.

I felt my own hair. It was long, and I pulled it with my fingers. I brushed it out and it lay upon my shoulders, and I watched the men, whose bodies had shrunk and turned soft, except for the fat in their chests, comb their hair. And I realized that I was singing. that I had learned songs, that had been passed down to me, and since there was nothing else to do, I had learned them. And my voice was soft, sounding a bit tremulous and hesitant, but it was really just my shrunken and feminine throat. My neck was much less muscular. My chest cavity had changed shape.

I become and I am one
with all that becomes one
she holds me firm and nurses me
my breasts are filled with milk
and my hair is silk and I am one
and she is one...and we are one
one...ONE...one...ONE...one...

I began to sing my own songs. My spirit merged with those round me, and one thought became many thoughts, and we interspersed our thoughts into one voice. Many voices in ultimate harmony, singing for HER...HER...

I moved down the corridor, and now I could see the gate, and the flowers, and the low trees intertwining branches to create a wondrous canopy.

SHE walked past me one day, and SHE stopped, and SHE reverse her path and came back to me. SHE knelt, and SHE felt my breasts. They were big, and heavy, and HER hands felt so good upon them.

SHE pressed them, and milk came forth, and SHE touched my nipple, lifted HER digit to HER sexy mouth, and tasted me.

"Mmmm!" I moaned. It felt so good to be touched...by HER.

And SHE responded, "Yes. You are almost ripe."

Then SHE stood and walked away, and my eyes followed HER sway, and the rise and fall of HER breasts, and the way HER hair shimmied in the light behind HER.

I sighed. I was almost ripe. And I no longer thought in terms of words, but in images, and the image of being ripe, of being full and ready for harvest...it pleased me.

I am born I am sworn
into the world I worm
I live for HER and give my life
of life I am a wife
and the world has come around
I am plucked from the ground.

SHE had captured me, and killed me, and resurrected me as something else.

But...what?

What was I now? What manner of beast had I become?

I did not know. I just knew I was close.

And, one day, SHE came for me.

It was morning. The sun was shining its peculiar gloomy brightness. Wisps of fog were burning off. I sat and gyrated on my phallus, and stroked my dick. One of the nastier tricks of the phallus was that it felt so good, the way it rubbed up against your prostate, but you couldn't cum. You should have been able to, with a normal dildo, or plug, you could, but these were special phalluses, built by the devil, designed to tease.

So I sat and played with myself, and the excess fluids seeped from my cock, but the lust in my heart was at a fever pitch, always building but never cuming.

"Are you having fun," SHE stated, and my head jerked up.

How long had I been here? A year? Two? More? Less?

"One year, three months and four days," SHE answered.

SHE was as beautiful as I remembered. Even though I had been tricked, and tantalized until my ass was ready to explode, I loved HER. I would always love HER. SHE held my heart in HER hands, and it would always feel like SHE was clapping.

"Hello," I fawned over HER, spilled my soul out of my eyes.

"Are you ready to be set loose upon the world?"

"For you..."

"For me, for my master, for yourself?"

SHE came to me then, and SHE held out her hand. I took it, and like a wisp of the disappearing fog, the phallus was no longer up my asshole. I was free, and I stood up.

I was no longer taller than HER. I was the same size, short. And my muscles had shortened, and slenderized. And my breasts were large and delicious looking. My hair, grown for a year, three months and four days, was long and silvery in the sunlight. I didn't need a mirror to know that my lips were red and kissable, that my eyes were large and doe-like, enchanting and captivating.

"Come," SHE said, and SHE led me back down the hallway. We passed the women singing, and the half women/half men, and then the men.

And I knew there was a tunnel on the other side of the garden, and in the niches in that tunnel sat women...turning into men.

"Who are you...what are?" I asked.

"I am Renwitta, a demon from the lowest level of hell."

"I thought demons were ugly monsters who rent and ripped apart humans with their long claws and fierce jaws."

SHE laughed, a delicate tinkle that, now that I was born, reminded me more of pee splashing on the ground than anything else.

"I am a demon. I have power. Why would I choose to be ugly? Besides, if I was ugly who would trust me enough to make deals with me...with my master?"

"But I made no deal with you."

She just smirked and continued leading me out of the corridor.

We arrived at the plaza, and the 'fair' was still in full swing, and now I saw the truth of it. People bargaining, learning how to sell their souls.

"I must have that painting!" pled one customer.

The merchant smiled and tore it in two.

"Please, I am so thirsty!"

And the merchant poured the pitcher of water on the ground.

What I had mistaken for commerce was not. It was hunger and avarice, it was people learning to spite, to trick, to cajole into unwanted agreements.

"But you will need none of this," SHE said.

"Why not?"

"Because your beauty is already a trick. Men will die for you. Women will envy you, and eat their hearts out."

"Will I ever know happiness?" I asked.

Renwitta snorted, a tearing, little sound that reminded one of snot splatting on the walk. "Why would you want to? Do you know what happiness tastes like?"

I didn't, and I shook my head, bewildered.

"It doesn't taste like anything. But happiness betrayed...ah, now that is a bargain!"

We passed through the grounds and entered the entry tunnel, and came to the entrance

We stood in the shadows, and I stared out at the world. sunlight so bright it hurt my eyes. Air so fresh it burned my lungs.

"We will part here," SHE said, and SHE pushed me into the sunlight.

Pain burned through me, and it was my body reacting to the sunlight, God's good warmth, and I turned back into me. Rodney. The young man, horny and lustful and dreaming of breasts.

I stared at my hands and legs and turned around.

SHE stood in the shadows, beautiful, a vision that called me.

I staggered back, and as I passed into the gloom of the castle I felt the same pain ripple through me, and I looked down...I was a girl. A woman. Big breasts, tits to die for, hair like spun gold.

She laughed, and she turned me around and pushed me out.

"AHHH!" I screamed, it was pain. And then I was a man.

A man by God's sunlight, a woman by the devil's light. I turned and stared at her. And though I was a man, and she was a demon, I called to her. "Come to me! Come with me! Please!"

SHE smiled a smug, knowing grin, an evil grin, a mean flash of teeth and hate. "You want me to come with you?"

She stepped into the sunlight then, and I saw the true shape of her. Hulking, with bits of rot for skin. Teeth to sever a man whole, claws to rend and tear.

"NO!" I jumped back.

"Run then, silly human, and flee, and be glad that Renwitta is not hungry."

I ran into the woods then, running for my life, for my very sanity, and the year that I had spent in the castle of Renwitta, it began to fade. Within an hour I was a simple peasant boy, lost in the woods.

For days I wandered, not knowing what had happened to me, not knowing how to get out of the woods. The woods that my parents had told me were awful, were filled with demons, and that I should never go into.

But I was protected. Devils and demons were watching out for me, and, at last, I staggered out of the woods.

I was near a town, and I staggered into it, and was befriended by the inhabitants.

When I told my story, that I lived on a farm and had become lost in the woods, everybody shook their heads, silly boys...not listening to their parents.

Then I was fed, and directed along the road back to my parent's farm.

I walked for days, and I wondered what had happened to me in the woods. My mind was blank, and I was fearful, but of what I didn't know.

I arrived at my parent's farm and I walked up the wagon track to the house.

My mother answered the door, and her eyes opened wide, and I saw the most curious mix of emotions cross her face.

Relief. I had come home.

Fear. Of what?

And then she was pulling me inside, hugging me.

I cried, though my mind didn't understand what had happened to me, though my memories were dim and strange, I loved her.

But she was different. When I had left home she had been middle-aged, still vibrant, though not cheerful.

Now...she was not. She was older, sadder. And her eyes held bad secrets.

My father came home from the fields. He entered the house, an old, bent man, made gloomy by the passage of time and...and something.

He saw me, and he cried, and he hugged me, but, in his eyes, the same secret, the same gloom. Gloom like the gloom of a forgotten castle.

Oh, if only I could remember...then maybe...maybe I could help them!

But I couldn't, and I knew nothing of what was about to happen.

Life returned to normal, be it a sad and gloomy normal. Days passed, and I got into the routine of chopping wood and fetching water and helping out around the farm.

More days passed, and one night, walking home in the evening, I looked up to the sky. The moon was full, golden, a pumpkin of joy in the summer night. And I began to change.

I stared at my body, and my hair grew long. My body shrank and breasts grew proud and full.

My clothes were too loose, and the mere fact of taking a few steps walked them off me. I stood in the moonlight, a beautiful creature with glinting eyes.

And I was stunned, bits of memories hovered at the edge of my awareness

What had happened? What was going on? Why was I a...woman?

I ran to the house, ran through the door, and my parents stood up. They were shocked, then they were smiling. Mother was laughing. Father was actually dancing.

And I knew what had happened. The memory came to me then, and it opened up my mind to a sequence of events.

My parents wanted a daughter. They wanted somebody who wouldn't leave home, or, if she did, she would command a good dowry.

They didn't want a son. There wasn't that much work on the farm, I was an extra mouth to feed with no redeeming benefits.

So they had sold me to Renwitta. They had made a deal with the devil.

And I knew the true scope of tragedy.

Renwitta had me, but the deal had been with my parents. She couldn't make me into a pig, or a werewolf, or some sort of serial murderer. I was innocent.

But she could alter me, change me so that I changed. I was a girl when the moon flooded the night. And then I was myself. And I couldn't be cursed, but I was a curse. But that form of the curse would come to me later. Right now I was just aware of the terrible thing that my own parents had done to me. Selling me to the devil for their own profit.

And they knew it, and that was the source of their gloom.

Yet, here I was, the deal complete, and they had a daughter.

So they cried, and blessed their cursed luck, and loved me like a daughter.

But every curse has multiple sides.

I sat up with my mother, and we talked. And she told me womanly things, things that Renwitta hadn't bothered to explain to me.

How to be careful around men.

How to be careful around women.

How to conduct myself so that proper society would accept me.

Imagine, a woman who had made. deal with the devil lecturing me on how to live in society. How ironic.

Then I went to bed, and here the curse took hold.

I lay in my bed, now over-sized for my smaller frame. And I thought about life, and demons, and curses, and what it meant to be a woman.

The door to the bedroom opened, and father crept in.

"Father?" I asked, in my little voice.

"Shhh!" he whispered back. "Don't wake your mother."

I sat up and stared at him in the darkness. In the gloom. "What do you want?"

He sat on the edge of my bed, and he put forth a trembling hand and caressed my arm.

It gave me the shivers, yet didn't alarm me, for this was my own father.

I had forgotten that it was father who had sold me to the devil.

Then he took my arms and leaned forward, and he would have kissed me.

"No!" I screamed.

Mother must have detected that he had gotten up, and followed him, for she suddenly burst through the door. She held a skillet and slammed it on his head.

Father fell on the floor, and was dead.

Mother lit a candle, and we stared at him. And then mother, understanding that she had just committed murder, looked at me with reproach.

"You did this! It all started when you came home!"

I stared at her, and I was frightened. She was spitting hate. She hated me.

The truth was that she hated herself, for she had made the deal with the devil, and she was taking it out on me.

"You stay there," she snapped. Then she went outside and began banging on the triangle. The clanging could be heard for miles away, and it was a fire signal. Within minutes neighbors would be arriving, ready to put out a fire, and willing to arrest for murder

And I knew what mother would say...she would say it was me. That I had ensorcelled my father, and that I must be burnt at the stake.

Quickly, I gathered a bundle of clothes, then I slipped through the window. When the first neighbors arrived I was disappearing into the forest.

I walked through the darkness, the gloom, and the devil guided my footsteps. I avoided those souls hardy enough to launch a hunting party into the woods. I didn't even trip on roots, or bang my head on limbs.

Morning came, and I put on my man clothes and went out to the road. By evening I was many miles away, and approaching a city.

That night I was a woman again. Bountiful, beautiful, ready to cause lust in the most innocent of hearts.

The next morning I was a man, and hungry.

I entered the town and found work easily. A young man, fresh off the farm, willing and able to unload barrels from a wagon and stack them in the back of a pub, I was hired quickly, and worked hard.

Night came, but now I was ready. I had bought woman's clothes, saying they were a present for my sister, and I put them on when the change happened.

And I roamed the night.

Oh, I was scared, but I was also becoming emboldened.

I knew, you see, that there was a power that was protecting me. The devil watches out for his own, you know.

So I took a second job. I stacked barrels by day, and I poured drinks, in that same bar, by night.

I didn't need sleep, the change empowered me, rested me, gave me twice as much energy.

So I worked in the pub and men came, and they flirted with me and, at first, I was too shy, and afraid, and I avoided them, and their groping hands, and their dirty smiles and jokes.

But, as time went on, I became bolder. Some power was watching over me. I knew something was protecting me. I began to respond to flirts and the occasional ass pat.

Actually, it felt good. I was a horny, young man, under the girly flesh.

But I was conflicted. The man in me didn't want to get kissy kissy with a bunch of drunks.

The woman in me did.

One night I was pouring suds, giggling like a girl, which was appropriate for my change, and a fight broke out. It was over me.

Some fellow who grabbed my ass a lot thought he owned me, and didn't like it when somebody else grabbed my ass. The fight erupted, knives were drawn, and when it was all over one man was dead, and the other was dying.

And, curse of the devil, I liked it.

One half of me was human, and hated it. But the other half, corrupted by a year of sitting on stone dicks, loved it. And my quandary grew.
When I was a man I was staunch and upright. A hard worker. I treated people decently, and was treated in the same manner.
But when I was a woman...I was the devil. Leading men on, pushing them to jealousy, delighting when men fought over me.
I was cursed, and I couldn't stop it. And I loved it. And I hated it.
But life was life, and life would go on, men dying over me, me exulting over my power, but I had underestimated the power of the Lord.
One night a man in black robes entered the pub. He asked one of the other girls for an ale, and he settled into a corner. He was reading his good book when a fight erupted. For some reason, maybe it was his presence, the combatants were separated.
He then spent a half hour talking to them, making them shake hands, finding out what had made them so angry, and he ended up looking at me.
Oh, he saw right through me.
I could feel his eyes take me apart and understand that in this luscious body there was a demon.
Perhaps if it had been another priest, I would have been taken to the stake and burned. but Father Domingo was not other priests.
He began showing up at the pub every night. He would order an ale, then sit and read his book, and pray.
Pray.
Over me.
Oh, it hurt. I could feel his words scorching what little I had left of my soul.
Worse, he stopped the fights before they could begin, and robbed me of my source of demonic energy.
For a demon cannot exist if he, or she, cannot leech off the rage and the anger, the jealousy and the hate.
I began to shrink into myself.
And the man in me began to come out.
One day, as a man, I sought out father Domingo.
"Father," I said. "I have been cursed."
"The Lord has sent me here," he answered.
I explained how my parents had sold me, and the changes I went through, a man during the day, hard working and God fearing, and a woman at night, mean and evil, spiteful and causing trouble.
He listened, then he said to me. "If you can come to me as a woman. If you can give yourself to me as a woman, to a man of God, then I can help you."
And what was the alternative? Cause trouble until I arrived at the burning stake?
It took me a while. The demon in me had a good hold, and I was fearful. but the good Father kept returning to the inn. Praying for me. Making the sign of the cross whenever he saw me.
One night I had had enough. He had robbed me of my ability to cause trouble, and I was a demon weakened, and I went to him.
He offered me a seat. "What can I do for you?"
"Save me," I whispered. My voice was weak, but my intention pure.
He said: "We must go upstairs."
I followed him up the stairs, and everybody in the pub watched.
Did they know what was going to happen? I doubt it. At least, they were not cognizant of what they might, on a low level, understand.
He opened the door, and closed it when I passed him.
He pointed to the bed. "Take your clothes off. Lie down."
I took my dress off and stood revealed. My breasts were high, my lips were trembling. My body was slim, and weak, and I knew what I wanted.
He opened his book and prayed, and just his muttered words, not specific to anything but trust in the Lord, hurt. I felt pain in my groin. My breasts burned, and I arched on the bed and cried.
Downstairs, the customers were listening, maybe chuckling amongst themselves, saying that even a man of God needed a little, eh?
He took his pectoral cross off. It was bright in the candle light, winking dangerously, threatening to me. He wrapped it around his fist and came to me. He stood over me and began praying:

"Saint Michael the Archangel, defend us in battle. Be our protection against the wickedness and snares of the devil; May God rebuke him, we humbly pray; And do thou, O Prince of the Heavenly Host, by the power of God, thrust into hell Satan and all evil spirits who wander through the world for the ruin of souls. Amen."

And then he repeated it. And repeated it again. And again. And again.
Oh, the pain bursting through me. Every time he spoke the prayer I felt weaker and weaker, and I knew I was drowning. I would not live. I couldn't live through this cruelty.
So I grabbed him and kissed him.
He put his hands on my thin arms, he could have separated my grasp in an instant, but he didn't. His eyes went wide, and he kissed me back.

"Oh," I groaned, and munched on his lips, and my hands roamed his body.

In some way, he knew what was happening, and he cried. Real tears.

But his trust in the Lord was not as strong as the demon in me, the curse of Renwitta, the terrible deal done by my parents.

I slipped a hand under his robes and found his prick. It was sturdy, stood up like a cross on a dark night. But not a cross on this dark night.

We wrestled on to the bed, him shedding his robes, me moaning how much I loved him. He nibbled at my nipples, placed his big, rough palms around my tits and rubbed.

I lowered my head and took him in my mouth. Oh, he was good. He was long and strong, and ready for plucking. I squeezed his balls and slurped on his dong.

He thrust forward, fucked my face, and kept saying, "God forgive me! God forgive me!"

Then he was on me, positioned for the insertion, one hand holding his steely cock, the other opening my labia, his shoulder was on one side of me, supporting him while he worked his penis into me.

I grunted, and he was in. He filled me complete. A big shaft, big balls, and I already knew his head was dripping.

"Oh, God!" He moaned, and he surged down, liked to have split me.

I heaved my pelvis up, took him, all of him, then withdrew.

His penis slid out of my vagina, only the head was left in, then he surged down again.

I was grunting. I was groaning. My body was on fire. My pussy was rippling with power...and I took his power away from him.

Slowly, slowly, he built to a climax. I would have thought that it would happen quickly. A holy man doesn't get much. I would have thought he would be on edge, ready to spew.

He wasn't.

So I worked him and worked him, and I didn't mind it, and suddenly he arched his back and yelled. His white soup exploded into me. His muscles locked up, his eyeballs rolled back, and he thrust and throbbed, thrust and throbbed, and emptied himself in me.

Then he rolled over, and cried. I sat up, crawled over him, pulled my dress half on and went to the door.

There I stood, looking savaged. My beautiful hair all messed up and sexy. The paint on my lips smeared. My demeanor as of one who has been...assaulted.

He looked at me. Oh, the misery. He had betrayed himself. He had been weak.

Perhaps if it had been another priest, perhaps then I would have ended up on the stake.

But it was him. And he was weak. So I blew him a kiss, then, holding the rags of my dress around me, flashing tit and leg for all to see, I ran down the stairs screaming:

"RAPE! RAPE!"

END