

# A WIFE'S REVENGE

*By Diane Woods*



*ILLUSTRATED BY BRIAN DUKEHART*

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**A 'NEW WOMAN' NOVEL**

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# A WIFE'S REVENGE

By Diane Woods

## Chapter 1

My name is Marissa Lewis. And I have a story I'd like to share, a story about a cheating husband, a wife who wanted revenge, and what happened when she tried to get it. I was that wife, and my husband was the man who got caught cheating. And the revenge? Well, I thought I had figured out how to finally make a man pay for being a typical male pig. And I have to admit, it worked pretty well. Maybe too well, I don't know.

You be the judge.

I can remember my own mother, crying late into the night while my father ran around on her. I can still hear their arguments in my head, her weeping and yelling, and him yelling back, usually in a drunken stupor.

My father had been what some people like to call "a man's man". What a crock.

He was tall, and darkly handsome, and when I was little I had idolized him. But as I got older, and saw how he treated my mother, and all women, in fact, I learned to despise him and everything he stood for. All that macho crap, the arrogance, the physical intimidation he could use to browbeat my mother, these were all things that I came to hate in men.

Throughout the years, I would get this recurring nightmare. I would wake up from it usually, my body drenched in sweat, my heart pounding. Somewhere in the nightmare, I could see my father's face. It was distorted, strange-looking. And there would be these smells, the smell of booze and sweat.

To this day, I can't enter a bar without shuddering, just a little, at the inevitable smell of the place. I think, in the dream, that

my father is saying something to me, but I can never remember what it is.

Sometimes, in the dream, his face turns into that of a leering monster, green and scabrous, a long forked tongue licking out from drooling lips. Then the monster's face turns into a snake, a long, thick evil snake, with that damned tongue licking out. That's usually when I wake up.

So when I fell in love, it was with a man who was nothing like my father. Leonard was short, and quite thin, almost delicate. He was a quiet, bookish man, and although he would never be mistaken for exciting, I was quite content with him. He wasn't much of a lover, to be honest, but I didn't even mind that much. And as long as I'm airing our dirty laundry in public, I'll even tell you that he had a puny little dick.

Normally I look down on such coarse language, but for Leonard I'll make an exception. I want the world to know that Leonard Lewis had a miserable, scrawny little dick, and half the time he couldn't even get it up.

But like I said, I didn't mind all that.

No, what I minded was that I found out he was having an affair with someone from his office. The little worm!

I don't know what it was that first made me suspicious. Sometimes a woman just has a feeling about these things. Somehow, (I know this sounds crazy, but it's true) his scent changed. I'm very sensitive to smells anyway, and at some point I just noticed that he smelled different. And on some unconscious level, it told me that something had changed, that something was going on.

His attitude changed around that time, also. Leonard had always been dependably mild-mannered. But just after Christmas, I noticed that changing. He started to be cocky, somehow, in a way he had never been before, certainly not with me. And I started to have the dream a lot.

So I hired a private detective, just to see if my suspicions had any foundation.

And I got a report back that, on a night when he was supposed to be at a business meeting, Leonard had actually gone to a motel with some little slut from his office; a thin woman named

Veronica Warren. The detective gave me a full report, including pictures of the two of them sneaking into the motel room.

I seethed inwardly for days after I received that report, but I said nothing to Leonard. I wanted my anger to turn to something else, something cold and deadly and hard.

I told the detective to get me more information. I wanted pictures.

Imagine my surprise when I learned that dear little Leonard was kinky. Oh yes, he was. For he wasn't just going out and screwing this woman, the way a real man would.

Oh no, Leonard liked to play dress up!

The detective's photos showed it all, how Leonard liked to dress up like a pretty girl. Then his slut would make him play maid, and lick her in her private area. I even saw, in one picture, that she would insert...well, you know, a fake penis, up Leonard's rear end.

Can you imagine a man wanting someone to do that to him?

Something inside me curdled when I saw those pictures. And I spent days thinking of how I would humiliate him in court, how I would expose him before the world as a pervert and a sissy. But then, with a little more time, my mind started to think of other ways to settle the score. And one thing about me, I can be very creative when I want to be.

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So one day, at breakfast, as Leonard was sipping his coffee and reading the paper before heading in to work, I casually tossed the pictures down on the table. I didn't say a word, I just let him see what they were and then I stood there, silently, my arms crossed across my chest.

“Oh, God,” was all he said.

“There are going to be a few changes around here, Leonard. Otherwise, these pictures are going to be sent to everyone you know. And I'll send copies to every company in your line of work as well, just to make sure everyone knows what a miserable perverted little...thing you are. You will do exactly as I say, or I will

divorce and humiliate you as completely and thoroughly as it is possible.”

He just sat there numbly, his face ashen.

“I'll take that silence to mean you agree to my terms. Good.”

I strode around the kitchen, trying to keep my anger cold.

“First thing: you don't work there any more. You're done. You're not going in there today, nor any other day. And, of course, you won't be seeing your little slut ever again, either.”

He started to say something, but stopped.

Fortunately, I had a very good paying job. And Leonard didn't make all that much where he worked as a premium auditor for an insurance company. So the loss of his income for a while wouldn't make much difference to us.

“To start with, since you appear to like being a girl so much, I want you to change.”

He opened his miserable mouth to say something, then paused, trying to find words, I suppose.

“I don't have any clothes here. Or not much, anyway.”

“I'm sure. That was something you shared with her only, I guess.”

I had to pause myself for a moment, to contain the anger that was rising up within me. Otherwise, I was likely to just kill him right there and then.

“You will use some of my old things then. I have a box of things down in the basement that I was going to donate to charity. I want you to go change into them. I want you to show me how you like to dress up. And you'd better do a good job. Because once you're changed, you've got a lot of housework to do.”

He let out a sigh, and then disappeared down into the basement.

At this point, he may have thought he was going to get off with just some chores around the house. Little did he know it would take much, much more to calm the rage I felt within me.

At that point, I still hadn't thought out my plan entirely. Still, this seemed like a good way to begin. But I knew, even then, that it was only the barest beginning.

He would pay for his betrayal. Pay and pay and pay.

In a little bit, he came upstairs with an armful of clothes.

“Now go get changed,” I spat at him. “I want you to look as good as you can for me. And when you're changed, you'll find a list of things to be done around this house. You will do them all, and you will do them well. Then you will prepare dinner, and have it waiting for me when I get home from work. I'll be home by 6:30, and I expect a hot dinner waiting for me.”

I waited until he emerged from the bathroom. He looked pathetic, in one of my old dresses, a black knit one. He had apparently put on a bra, also, and padded it with something, and he had on pantyhose, although no shoes.

“What a pathetic excuse for a man you are,” I told him. “Get to work, Linda.”

That last part just came to me, calling him Linda. But I found I liked it, and I resolved that it would stick.

I had left a nice, long list of work that needed to be done. The kitchen floor needed to be washed, there was laundry to be done, the toilets needed to be cleaned, the carpets needed to be vacuumed, the bed needed to be made, the furniture had to be dusted and waxed.

“This is just the beginning of your new life, my dear,” I called to him as I walked out the door, my briefcase in hand.

“And, don't worry about work, I'll call them for you and explain that you won't be coming in any more.”

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All that day at work, my mind seethed with plans for him. I ended up leaving work early, saying I didn't feel well. But actually, I had some shopping to do.

First off, he didn't have particularly large feet for a man, (he only wore size 8 in men's shoes). I had a good idea of what size

women's shoes would fit him, so I got him a nice pair of black pumps, with 3 inch heels.

Then I went to a department store, and bought a good supply of clothes. I got bras, panties, slips, pantyhose, nightgowns, blouses, skirts, and dresses. I knew Leonard's size and shape intimately, and so it was no problem to figure out what would fit him. He was such a skinny little creep, he would have no problem fitting into a size 10 dress. To be complete, I even bought him some breast forms.

I also bought a wig, a well-made synthetic material wig, shoulder-length, in red. Then I bought some make-up at the local drugstore.

Finally, I steeled myself for one last visit. There was a store I had driven past sometimes, a store that seemed to sell adult materials. I had long considered it an affront to have to drive past it on my way to work, but now I was grateful that I knew about the place.

Once inside, I swallowed my pride and just thought of the way Leonard had looked in those pictures. That gave me the strength to do what I had to do.

I bought a maid's outfit for him, a very feminine black and white maid's outfit, in satin.

And as I browsed about the store, I also found a few more items that intrigued me. To tell you the truth, that store was a bit of a revelation to me. I had no idea people did some of the things that the store catered to. I even found some books and magazines about perverts like Leonard. I bought them, to see what I could find out about the subject.

*They could give me some ideas, I thought, about how to best get my revenge on Leonard.*

I drove to a park nearby, and looked over some of the publications I had bought. Some were, frankly, disgusting. But I have to admit, some of the men in those magazines made quite striking women.

One magazine was quite graphic. It was difficult for me to look at it, but I forced myself. It showed some men, who actually looked more like women than men, having sex with other men.

Naturally, I was disgusted at the sight of men having other men's penises in their mouths, and elsewhere, as well. In fact, initially I felt sick to my stomach.

*"It would almost serve him right,"* I said to myself, *"if he had to do that. He likes being a girl so much."*

And then it hit me.

*Yes, it would serve him right, wouldn't it.*

I pictured Leonard as the feminine partner in some of those graphic pictures, and I found, to my amazement, that it made me feel good to think of that.

Some of the men in the pictures were, how do I put this...quite well endowed. And the thought of poor Leonard having to handle them, their huge members thrust into his face, into his mouth...well, I felt as if a great weight had lifted from me.

I read more of the magazines, and some of the paperback books I had bought, also. Much of what was in them was, of course, quite sick. But some of it was actually intriguing, as I thought about it in the context of punishing Leonard.

Once, I had to quickly put down one of the magazines, as someone parked near me. I couldn't have someone see me reading this terrible pornography. Embarrassed, I started the car and drove off. And mentally, I resolved to make Leonard pay for that moment of anxiety, also. After all, I would never have been reading that filth if not for him.

But I did get some interesting ideas from some of those books. And I even started to come up with a few ideas of my own as well, ideas that surprised and shocked me when they first occurred to me.

I ended up shopping at a few more specialty stores, picking up items as inspiration struck me.

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When I got home, I found that Leonard had done a good job around the house. And dinner was indeed waiting for me. He had made spaghetti and meatballs, with garlic bread. Of course, he had done it with the groceries that I had purchased earlier, but

no matter. They were, I knew, the last groceries I would have to worry about shopping for.

“All right, Linda. You can prepare my plate. I'll have a glass of wine with dinner, also.”

Leonard started to dish out the spaghetti, but I had to stop him.

“You don't eat now. You eat later, when I'm done. Oh, and put on these shoes. You look ridiculous in stockinged feet.”

I dug out the shoes I had bought, and handed them to him. He accepted them silently, his face cast downward.

*I know what you're thinking, I said to myself. You think this will all blow over, that if you just do what I tell you for a while, things will eventually go back to normal.*

“Wrong,” I whispered to myself, as I sat down to dinner.

Later, after I had eaten my fill (and had several glasses of wine) I directed Leonard to clear the table, and do my dishes.

“When you're done, then you can eat, Linda.”

He minced around the kitchen in his new heels. It looked as if he were pretty familiar with walking in women's shoes. That made me even angrier, to think of how long he must have hidden this perversion from me, of how long he must have been wearing high heels on the sly.

In fact, it made me so angry that, while he ate, I went into our room and started putting all his clothes into plastic garbage bags. Every scrap of underwear, socks, ties, shirts, and suits, all his slacks, all his loafers and wingtips, they all went into the garbage.

When I called him into the room and told him to put out all this trash, he objected.

“What are you doing? Do you know how much all this cost? I have to have some clothes!”

I slapped him across the face, quite hard. It left a red imprint for quite a while.

“Don't you ever talk back to me. You will wear what I tell you to wear, do you understand me? You wanted to be a girl so much, well now you're going to get your wish.”

He looked as if he wanted to cry.

I can't tell you how much pleasure that gave me.

“Your boss was pretty pissed today, too, when I called him and told him I wasn't going to let you work anymore. He could hardly believe it at first.”

“Marissa, what have you done? You can't do this. I won't let you do this crap.”

“What will you do, Linda?” I put a real sarcastic emphasis on the name Linda. “Get a divorce? You must want the whole world to know what a little sissy bastard you are. Think of the judge, and the lawyers, all getting to see those pictures. Imagine how sympathetic the judge will be in making the financial ruling, when he knows how I had to suffer with a perverted little husband with a little dick, who likes to wear dresses and take it up the ass!”

I don't quite know where all that came from, to be honest, but it sure felt good when it came out.

Leonard just looked miserable, and proceeded to take out the trash.

“And this is just the beginning, sweetheart,” I called out as he put all those plastic bags out.

“Just the beginning.”

## Chapter 2

When Marissa tossed those photos onto the kitchen table, I thought I was going to die. I had worked so hard to keep my secrets safe, and now she had me.

Marissa was a difficult woman to live with, let me tell you. She had been sexy and exciting when we first met, but shortly after we married something seemed to short-circuit inside her. She was always upset about something, it seemed.

I had never told her about my crossdressing, either. And as our relationship soured, I turned more and more to that for release. And then, one day at work, Veronica had noticed that, under my shirt, I was wearing a frilly slip. The light had been right, and the shirt wasn't all that heavy, and she could see clearly that I was wearing girl's lingerie.

"It's all right," she told me. "In fact, I like it. It turns me on."

I couldn't believe she said that. Frankly, I had never felt very masculine or sexy. I was a small little man, in more ways than one, to be honest, and woman had never found me very attractive. I guess that's why I fell for Marissa—she liked me, when most women didn't look twice at me.

But Ronnie—she actually liked me dressed up. And so our affair had quickly gotten quite kinky and quite satisfying. When Marissa told me that I had to give up Ronnie, I seriously thought about killing Marissa, right on the spot. But of course, I didn't.

I gave in, as I always did. I couldn't let those pictures get out, no matter what it cost me. Little did I know then just how much it was going to cost me.

When Marissa first told me to go get dressed in her clothes, part of me actually was glad. I mean, I could see she was really, really mad at me. But if this was her idea of punishment, maybe there was hope for us yet. Maybe I could get her to enjoy this whole crossdressing thing.

*That would be wonderful,* I thought at the time.

If I could share that with Marissa, then it wouldn't matter that I couldn't see Veronica any more. It would even be worth losing my job over.

But Marissa had other things on her mind.

I did as she told me to, that first day. I cleaned the house, made the dinner, all while dressed in her old things. And I actually kind of enjoyed it. I thought that maybe Marissa was finally getting in touch with some sexy, kinky part of herself, and that maybe our marriage would actually benefit from this whole disaster. And when she came home with all those clothes, and the shoes, and the maid's outfit, I figured that I was actually going to enjoy what she had in mind for me.

But I was wrong. Something had twisted inside her mind, I think. Maybe it was all that crap with her father, I don't know. But I thought that Marissa was just playing some kind of game, that she was going to humiliate me for a while, and take advantage of my situation for a bit, and then eventually things would settle down.

*With the bonus, I thought, that now Marissa would actually participate in some sexy role-playing.*

But whatever was going on in her head, it wasn't really about sex. At least, not directly. There must have been some elements of sex to it all, I'm sure. But they were dark elements, twisted elements, things that even I didn't dream of at the beginning.

In some ways, it would have been kinder for her to just kill me. But not Marissa. Instead, she found a way to turn me against myself, to make me into the weapon of my own destruction. And that made her happy, God help me.

After I had eaten, and finished the rest of the dishes, she ordered me into the bedroom. There, she had me put on the maid's outfit, and the wig she had bought.

*Some punishment, I thought at the time.*

But then when she had me throw out all my clothes, I thought that she was carrying things too far.

That's when I found out just how serious things were with her. She had gone over the edge, I realized, and was capable of almost anything. I realized that I would have to play along, for the moment, or else someone could get hurt. Eventually she would run out of steam, and I could figure out what to do at that point.

But after I had thrown out all my clothes, she started to work on my face. She actually tied my hands behind me with the sash from her silk robe, and then plucked my eyebrows! She did a good, thorough job, too. By the time she was done, I had really lovely, arched eyebrows.

“It's a good thing I won't be going to work tomorrow,” I observed with a sarcastic chuckle. I hoped I could get to respond with a smile, at least.

Instead, she slapped me again.

“You don't talk unless you're given permission, bitch,” she hissed at me.

I thought about saying something, but then changed my mind. She still seemed pretty upset.

When she was done with my eyebrows, she made up my face.

“Pay attention. After this, you'll be doing this yourself. And you'd better get it right.”

She did quite a good job. When she was done, I looked quite pretty.

Of course, to give me my due, she had good material to work with. I was only 24 years old, and had a face that looked good as a girl.

I had done plenty of experimenting on my own with make-up, so it wasn't all that difficult to follow her directions as she did my face.

“There, let's see how you look, Linda,” she said when I was done. She pulled me to my feet, and marched me to the mirror, my hands still bound behind me.

In the mirror, I saw that she had done her work well. With the wig and make-up, I looked gorgeous. And I found, to my delight, that I was getting aroused at the sight.

Marissa noticed it, too.

“So, you like what you see, do you, my little bitch.” When Marissa said it, she sounded genuinely mean; unlike Veronica, who I could always tell was playing a part, albeit a part she enjoyed.

“Let's see how we can get rid of that,” she raged, with a vehemence that was a little scary.

In a moment, she had my panties and pantyhose pulled down. From her shopping bag, she pulled out what I recognized as a butt plug.

*This is fantastic*, I thought.

She lubricated it with hand lotion, and then inserted it into me.

I couldn't help myself, I moaned in pleasure.

“Now lay down on the bed, and get rid of that erection, tiny as it is.”

One thing about Veronica, she had never made fun of the size of my penis. It pissed me off when Marissa did so, but I didn't say anything. I just lay on the bed, face down, and tried to move myself in such a way as to comply with her directions.

It didn't take me long to come. Under the circumstances, who can blame me?

But things didn't end there.

When I was finished, she made me stand up. Then she took out this huge realistic dildo from the bag, and pushed it down the front of my panties. She made sure to get the latex cock well covered with my own semen.

“Open up, Linda,” she said, with this weird look in her eye.

That's when I drew the line.

“No,” I said firmly. “I'm not going to do that. You suck on it, if you want.”

I never saw the punch coming. I didn't think she had it in her. She slugged me right in the solar plexus, and I couldn't breathe. Then, incredibly, she punched me in the nose, hard enough to make it bleed.

I staggered and went down on my knees.

“You do what I tell you, you sonofabitch.” And she stuck that horrible, come-covered latex cock into my mouth.

Instinctively, I spat it out.

“Fucker,” she hissed, and punched me again in the stomach. I had no idea where she had learned to hit like that. To be honest, she was probably a little bigger and stronger than I was, and she hurt me. But I still refused to do what she wanted, and she flew into a rage.

That's when things started to get really, really scary. She went into the night stand, and came up with the electric stun gun we kept for protection. I knew what that thing could do. I could smell ozone in the air as she turned it on and it crackled to life.

“Suck the god damn cock, Linda,” she said, advancing toward me.

“Fuck you,” I said, getting angry now myself. I didn't think she had the nerve to use that thing on me, and I was getting tired of her trying to force me to do something I didn't want to do.

Wham! The jolt of the stun gun knocked me across the room and into oblivion. When I came to, a little while later, I had the damn slimy dildo in my mouth.

I started to spit it out again, but stopped. I could hear the crackle of the stun gun from somewhere above and to my right.

“Don't fuck with me, Linda,” Marissa spat. “You'll do as you're told, and you'll learn to like it.”

I was pretty weak and wobbly from the shock, but somehow I got to my feet. I spat out the dildo and charged her, roaring like some kind of madman. Of course, before I got too far I was knocked on my ass once again.

This next time, when I recovered, I left the damn thing in my mouth. It made me want to gag, but I didn't want to get shocked again.

“You're going to learn to obey me, and obey me instantly. Or so help me God, I'll kill you.”

At that moment, I believed her.

She had me lie on the floor, then, and she fastened a pair of restraints around my ankles.

“I'll be right back, my dear. I have to get some items from the car.”

I lay there, helpless, wondering if I was going to survive the night, while I listened to her lugging something large and metal into the house. Then there was the sound of her assembling something.

*Dear God, I thought. Now what?*

I found out soon enough. In about an hour, she came into the bedroom and undid my restraints.

“Don't try anything or you'll get fried again. Go change into your nightgown.”

I did as I was told, putting on a long silky black nightgown she had laid out for me. Then she marched me to the front room.

Sitting in the middle of the floor was some kind of metal cage.

“It's a dog kennel. Like it? You'll be sleeping in there, bitch.”

I started to turn on her, but I could hear the noise of the stun gun and stopped.

“I can't have you trying something in the night, while I'm asleep, can I,” she said with an evil glare. “So get your pansy ass in there.”

She threw me a pillow and a blanket, then fastened the door with a padlock.

“What if there's a fire?” I said, desperately. “I could die in here.”

“Guess you better hope there isn't a fire, bitch.”

She tossed me the dildo through the bars of the cage. I had taken it out when changing, and I had hoped she had forgotten about it. I was wrong.

“I want you to learn to go to sleep like that, with that nice big man's cock in your mouth. You wanted to be a girl, Linda. I'm just giving you your wish.”

She watched some television then, as if I weren't there. When the news was over, she shut off the lights and went to bed, leaving me there alone and miserable and angry.

I mean, I figured she had a right to be upset at me for what I had done. But this was way, way out of line. One way or another,

I thought, this was going to stop. But for the moment, all I could do was try and fall asleep in the cage. It wasn't easy.

A couple times, I think she came out to check on me. I made sure to keep the damned dildo in my mouth, at least part way. I had had enough shocks for one night.

### Chapter 3

Once I had Leonard safely locked away for the night, I turned in myself, feeling like a woman on the edge of a precipice. There was no turning back now, I knew. But that was all right, because I really didn't feel like turning back, anyway. On the contrary, I wanted to make everything that I had done so far just a beginning.

That night, I had the dream again. But this time, I locked the snake into a big metal cage. I had to trick it into the cage, but finally I got it in there, and I slammed the door shut and locked it.

The serpent pushed against the bars of the cage, straining to break out. The look on its face told me that, if it ever did get out, it would be sure to kill me now. It would make me pay for my daring to lock it up. In terror, I saw the bars of the cage bending outwards. The snake was forcing its way out, and I was helpless to stop it. Soon it would be out, wrapping me in its deadly embrace, the embrace from which there was no escape except death.

In terror, I cried out and woke up.

In college, I had studied psychology, even though I didn't pursue that line of work when I graduated. But I had learned a few things in those courses that proved useful now.

One of them was hypnosis.

I had become fascinated with hypnosis in college, even forming a study group with some other students to experiment with it. I had a natural aptitude for it, it seemed, and so I helped a lot of friends with things like weight loss and stopping smoking. I hadn't had occasion to use it much recently, but that was now about to change.

I tossed and turned in bed, I thought of what I could do next, how I could move Leonard's punishment up to new, more exquisite levels. And I must admit, I found myself enjoying those thoughts very much. I could be quite creative when I wanted to be.

As my dear husband was about to find out.

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The next morning, I woke Leonard up by (literally) rattling his cage.

“It's morning, slut,” I told him cheerfully. “Time to resume your rehabilitation.”

His wig was askew, he had whiskers all over his face, and he looked quite miserable as “she” moved stiffly from the floor of the cage.

“I have to go to the bathroom,” he said sullenly, while still looking as if he was eagerly sucking on the realistic plastic penis which I shoved into his mouth even deeper to be certain that he would have even more to suckle.

“There's an empty milk jug in there, my dear. Use it.” I smiled as I adjusted the cock in his mouth to be certain that he didn't gag on its bounty. In time he would learn how to swallow it right up to its realistically swing hairy pink balls.

While he grumbled about that, I went into the kitchen, and made some Cream of Wheat, with some special ingredients. When it was done, I told Leonard to handcuff one hand to the bars of her cage. Then I opened the door and gave him the cereal.

“How long do you want to keep this up, Marissa? This is way, way, out of line, you know. I could have you arrested.”

“But you won't, my dear,” I told him flatly. “Now eat your damn cereal.”

He did, but gave me a horrible look as he did so. I had dissolved a tranquilizer in the cereal, not enough to knock “her” out but enough to make him definitely docile and easy to handle.

While he ate, I called my office and told them I was still sick, and wouldn't be in today. I would need the entire day to get things done here at home, I knew.

In fifteen minutes, Leonard was acting silly and goofy, and I felt that I could safely let her out of the cage so I could begin the next phase of my plan. I still held the stun gun, of course, but with Linda doped up a bit, I didn't feel I was taking too big a risk of being overpowered.

I had him sit on the couch, and then I told him to replace his restraints on his ankles, and then on his hands.

He complied, smiling a silly smile the whole time.

Then I closed all the drapes, darkening the room, and turned on the stereo. I didn't put any music on, I just wanted the red LED indicator light on.

"Tell you what," I said. "I think I've just about had enough of punishing you. You did wrong, and you had to be punished, but maybe it's almost time we got back to a more normal life."

Leonard looked surprised, then broke into a big smile.

"But," I cut him off, "before that, I need to make sure you aren't ever going to do this kind of thing again. I want to hypnotize you, to make sure you won't ever do this to me again. Are you willing to do that?"

"Yeah, sure, honey. I can live with that."

"Good. Then I want you to relax, and just stare at the red light. Just keeping the red light, and relax and get comfortable."

He was already in a susceptible state of mind, thanks to the tranquilizer. Now I had to use every bit of my skill to get him into a hypnotic state.

"Just keep looking at the light, sweetheart. That's good. You're nice and relaxed and comfortable, and you're looking at the red light. As you look at the light, you find that your eyes are getting heavy. You're relaxed and comfortable, and watching the light, and your eyelids are getting heavier and heavier."

I could see his eyelids fluttering.

"Your eyes are getting so heavy, you can hardly keep them open. You're relaxed and comfortable, watching the red light, listening to my voice, and your eyes are getting so heavy. They're closing now, they're so heavy, you can't keep them open. You can try, but you can't keep them open. They're closing more and more, and now they're closed all the way. You're relaxed and comfortable, you feel wonderful, you're listening to my voice, and your eyes are shut tight. They're shut so tight that you can't open them. You can try, but you can't open them."

I saw his eyes struggle a little, and then I told him to stop trying.

“I'm going to count to ten,” I continued, “and with each number, you're going to fall deeper and deeper asleep. When I reach ten, you'll be deep asleep. Your eyes will be shut tight, you'll be relaxed and comfortable, and you'll be very, very deep asleep.”

When I was done counting, I put him through some more paces, by making his arms light and weightless, and then very, very heavy. Each step served to reinforce the idea in his mind that he was deep, deep asleep, and that whatever I told him was so.

Step by step, I brought him more fully under my control.

When I finally felt I had him down deep enough, I got down to my real work.

“Now sweetheart, you're all relaxed and comfortable, you're deep deep asleep, and feeling wonderful. You can talk to me, answer questions, and yet still be deep deep asleep. Tell me, you like being a girl, don't you, sweetheart.”

“Yes,” he said simply. His face was calm and serene now.

“Good. It makes you feel so good to be a girl. Being a girl is the best feeling in the world. Repeat after me, I want to be a girl always.”

He said, very calmly, “I want to be a girl always.”

“Good. It feels good to be a girl. I'm going to turn you into a girl. You want to be a girl. You only feel good as a girl. And now you're becoming a girl, you're actually, really becoming a girl. Can you feel yourself changing? You can, you know. You can feel yourself actually changing. With each passing moment, you can feel yourself transforming more and more. You can't help it.

“You're changing into a girl, the sexy girl you've always wanted to be. You can't stop it, you can't fight it. You can feel the femininity starting at the top of your head. It's spreading down your head, across your face. You can feel the change moving down your neck, into your shoulders. It feels so good.

“Now it's moving down your arms, and down your chest. Your arms are turning into a girl's arms. It's in your wrists now, your delicate little girl's wrists, and now your hands. It's spreading down your fingers. That feels so good.”

I saw “her” flex her fingers slightly.

“And your chest is now changing, and it's spreading down your stomach.”

I worked her carefully all the way down to her toes.

“This wonderful change has now covered every inch of your body. It's too large to do anything about it, it's done. Your entire self has been changed into a girl's self. I'm going to count to three, and when I reach three, the change will set, it will lock in, all over your body. Your name will be Linda, and you'll be a girl. One, two, three. You're a girl now.”

His whole body sort of shifted about subtly.

“Hello, Linda,” I said sweetly.

“Hello,” she answered.

“You feel much, much better, now that you're a girl. You feel so good, so happy and pleased with yourself. You're a girl, you're deep, deep asleep, and you feel relaxed and comfortable and happy.”

“In your mind, I want you to picture a full-length mirror. You're standing before it, and you can see that you're Linda, that you're a girl. And that makes you feel happy and joyful. You're completely and absolutely a girl, a very pretty girl, and it makes you so happy to see that.”

I saw a slight smile on her lips.

“Your hair is so long and pretty. You're so thin and girlish. And your face looks so beautiful, because it's properly made up. You're a girl now, and that makes you so happy. Look at your legs, the way they look in nylons and heels. That makes you feel very happy. Being a sexy looking girl makes you happy and joyful inside. You adore wearing women's clothes, they make you feel sexy all over.

Her smile increased, just a bit.

“You're deep, deep asleep. You feel relaxed and comfortable and happier than you've ever been. You're now a girl, and that makes you so happy. It makes you so happy, you know you can't ever be a boy again. You're stuck as a girl, you're a girl now, permanently. Your name is Linda, and you're a girl, a girl forever, and that makes you so happy.”

She moved and shifted in her seat, trying to process all that. I knew part of her resisted this suggestion, but part of her welcomed it. In time, I knew, I would be able to suppress the first response, and encourage the second.

“You're Linda now. Inside you, you have a girl's soul. And now that soul is free to express itself. Your name is Linda. You're a girl, and that makes you happier than you've ever been. You're relaxed and comfortable, deep, deep asleep, and you're so happy because you know you're now a girl. You know you're a girl for now and for ever.”

I kept her like that for a long time, reinforcing the suggestion that she was now Linda, that she was a girl. Then I moved on to a next step.

“Now that you're Linda, you have to put Leonard away. Leonard was bad. Leonard doesn't want you to be a girl forever. Leonard wants to hurt Linda. But we can put Leonard away where he can't hurt Linda.

“Linda has to protect herself from Leonard.”

“In your mind,” I continued, “you can see Leonard, all safely locked away in his cage. The cage has a very big, very strong lock on it. You can see Leonard, locked up. And Linda is on the outside, dressed in a pretty pink dress, with sheer nylons on her legs, and her feet in lovely high heels. Linda is on the outside, and Leonard is locked up in the cage. As long as Leonard is in his cage, Linda is safe.”

I paused to allow the image of Leonard in a cage to sink into her subconscious mind.

“Leonard's cage is now hidden away, in a dark cave. And that cave is under a deep dark ocean. Leonard can't get out ever again. Picture him, locked in his cage. Everything that was Leonard is with him there, in that cage, hidden away where no one will ever find him. Leonard is gone forever, and Linda is safe from him.”

I could see her processing these suggestions, her eyes moving behind her eyelids, her body moving ever so slightly, as if she were having a dream.

“Leonard will be taken care of. He won't be hurt in his cage. But he won't ever be able to hurt you. Now you can live your life as a girl. You're deep, deep asleep, you feel relaxed and comfortable. Your eyes are shut tight, and you feel happier than you've ever felt, because now you're a girl. You're a girl. Your name is Linda, and you're a girl.”

I kept her under for literally hours, bringing Linda to life more and more, and imprisoning Leonard deeper and deeper.

While keeping her in a trance, I had her open her eyes and prepare herself properly as Linda—showering, shaving, dressing in fresh clothes, and putting on make-up. All the while, she was still under hypnosis.

She actually looked quite good as Linda. Not as good as she eventually would, of course. But she made quite a convincing woman, I must admit, when properly made-up and with her wig on. And she even moved and spoke quite femininely. Of course, I expect that she had had some practice with such things.

But the power of my hypnotic suggestions had brought her to a new level, a level that came from the inside.

Still, I knew that this was only the beginning. Hypnotic suggestions faded fairly quickly with time, unless repeatedly and constantly reinforced. And I knew that Leonard would be trying to work his way out of his cage, a cage which would only stay strong as long as I kept reinforcing it.

But still, by mid-afternoon of that day, I could see a whole new person beginning to take shape. It would take time and effort to turn this tender bud into a full flower, but I was confident of my abilities.

Finally, I felt it was time to bring her out of the trance.

“I'm going to wake you up soon, Linda. And when you wake up, you'll find that you're still Linda. You've changed forever, and even after you wake up you'll still be Linda. Nothing can change that now. You'll wake up, feeling refreshed and wonderful, and you'll know that you're Linda, and that you're a girl. You'll be

awake, and your name will be Linda, and you'll be a girl. Leonard will be safely in his cage, far, far away from everyone. No one will ever see Leonard again, and that makes you happy. When you wake up, you'll know you're Linda, and that you're a girl, that you'll always be a girl. And Linda does whatever I tell her, because that's the only way she can survive. Linda is a beautiful, obedient girl. When you wake up, you'll still be Linda, and you'll do whatever I tell you. Obeying me also makes you feel happy.”

I watched her carefully, and she seemed to be handling this well.

“After you awaken, I will be able to immediately return you to this deep sleep by putting my finger to your lips. As soon as I put my finger to your lips, you will immediately return to a deep, deep sleep. Now I'm going to count to ten. With each number, you will grow less sleepy. At ten, you will be awake. You will feel refreshed and happy. Your name will be Linda, and you will be a girl. And you will do whatever I tell you, and remember everything I have told you.”

I counted, and brought her out of it. I held the stun gun ready, just in case.

Her eyes fluttered, and then focused on me. She smiled.

“Hello,” she said, and I could tell it was Linda talking to me.

“Hello, Linda,” I said, eyeing her closely.

I had Linda clean the house, all the while watching carefully for signs that Leonard might reemerge, or that the power of my suggestions was fading. And I kept the stun gun in hand, just in case. But I didn't need it. Linda seemed genuinely glad to be there, and she happily complied with all my commands.

Later in the day, I even took her out grocery shopping, all the while she was still entranced. It was a little risky, but I wanted to find out just how strong a hold I had.

She performed flawlessly. In fact, I was delighted to see that she actually seemed to delight in displaying her femininity in public with a rather obvious sexy body language and walk that attracted more than one roving masculine interest.

When we got home, I had Linda fix dinner, and then clean up. I put the kennel away down in the basement, as it didn't appear I



needed it. The cage that existed in Linda's mind seemed more than adequate for poor Leonard.

Still, I had to be careful at night.

I had Linda make up the bed in the guest room (now maid's room) for herself. And I put a lock on the outside of that door. That way, if Leonard did somehow emerge in the night, he wouldn't be a threat to me.

**-000-**

The next day was Saturday, so I didn't have to worry about work. I could devote my attentions to my special project.

When I opened Linda's door, she was still fast asleep.

“Linda?”

She stirred in response to my voice. And as soon as she swung out of bed, I could tell that there was just a trace of Leonard in her. So I walked up to her and then put my finger to her lips. There was a moment of recognition that flashed across her face, and I imagined that Leonard was, briefly, aware that I had caught him trying to get out. Then she slumped back down on the bed, deep asleep.

I spent several hours building Linda's personality up, and burying Leonard down deeper. He was now in a straight jacket, inside his cage, deep in the hidden cave, which lay beneath a dark and deep ocean.

By lunch time, I had Linda back and awake, properly dressed and made up and ready for the day.

She smiled a lot when I finished.

“Thank you,” she said then, surprising me.

“Thank you?” I repeated.

“Yes. He was trying to get out, but you stopped him. He'll get weaker with time, I think. But for now we still have to keep our guard up.”

I looked at her, in surprise and satisfaction. I hadn't quite expected that response.

“You're right. We will.”

## Chapter 4

The first thing I saw when I awoke was Marissa's face. That made me feel so happy. Awakening from that sleep, I felt so wonderful, so alive. It was like it was the first day of my life, like I had just awakened from a coma. Which in a way was true.

In my mind, I could feel Leonard howling and crying out from his cage. That scared me. He was such a scary thing. I knew that, if he could, he would rend his cage apart and kill me in a mad rage. I shuddered at the thought, and was glad Marissa had made his cage so strong. Together, I knew, we would make it even stronger.

First thing I did was to get into the bathroom and fix myself up. I looked horrible. Leonard had left me looking just a mess. And there were whiskers all over my face!

"We'll figure out how to get rid of those in time," she assured me. "For the moment, you'll have to shave them off. Think you can manage that?"

I did, but it was horrible. The razor felt so heavy and chunky in my hand. Marissa helped me so that I didn't cut myself. When that was done, I showered, and used some depilatory to get my body properly smooth.

In an hour or so, I was properly presentable in my sexy feeling feminine lingerie and clothes. Looking in the bathroom mirror as I combed out my wig and did my make-up I almost came with sexual delight in my pretty panty.

But, I knew that Marissa would not approve if I did not attend to my duties so I finished up my dressing and reported for work.

In his cage, Leonard's eyes burned red, and he seemed to be getting hairier and scarier, like some werewolf in a movie. But his cage was made of very thick steel, and it was buried down deep in a cave. The cave itself was underneath a lake, so Leonard couldn't get out without drowning. There was no way out, and that made me feel good.

That day, Marissa watched me pretty closely, I could tell. And she kept the stun gun nearby. I knew she didn't need it, but I guess I was glad she was careful, just in case Leonard somehow got out. He was desperate to get out, I knew.

We also went to the local drugstore, and bought the most amazing appliance. Marissa said it was a home electrolysis unit. It cost over a hundred dollars, but Marissa said not to worry.

“It will make those nasty whiskers go away, eventually,” she told me. “So it's worth every penny.”

I had to agree.

Somewhere deep under a lake, in a hidden cave, Leonard howled. I just smiled. I knew he wasn't going to get out, not with Marissa to help me.

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The next morning, when I awoke to the sound of Marissa's voice, I knew something was wrong. Somehow, Leonard was trying to take me over. Somehow, some part of him was reaching out from his prison. There wasn't a lot of him, but it scared me to sense even a little of him in me.

Fortunately, Marissa saw him and handled things.

We locked him up even more tightly, and Marissa suggested that we give him a sedative, so that he would be less likely to try and escape again. So in my mind, I pictured our giving him medicine in his food, medicine that would keep him quiet and less able to think clearly. In time, I knew, he would get weak. Eventually, he would give up struggling.

We spent a lot of that weekend helping me to get strong, and to weaken Leonard. Marissa was so good at that, it was really amazing. She made me feel so wonderful, so happy and peaceful.

I knew that, at that point, I was quite vulnerable. Leonard had had years to make himself strong, to keep me locked away down deep. Now that I was free, I was determined that I would never go back to being the one who was locked away.

Marissa helped me understand all that, and more. She helped me understand that I needed to keep Leonard locked away now, because if he ever got out he would lock me away and never let

me out. Even before, he had only let me out to use me, to let me out part way so he could use me to give him pleasure. That was so typical of a man.

But those days were over. Marissa told me, again and again, that I would grow stronger and Leonard would grow weaker, down there in the darkness. And she helped me understand that I could help keep Leonard down there, that my being vigilant, and concentrating on keep him buried down deep and far away, would make his cage stronger and the cave deeper.

I liked that thought. It gave me a happy feeling in my heart to know that he was safely hidden away, forever. And it was so wonderful to be free, to be alive, even if Leonard had almost ruined my body for me. I mean, he had left it so miserably male. Thank goodness, the whiskers on my face weren't too thick, but even so, there shouldn't have been any. And my body, although it was trim and girlish, was flat where it should have been curvy.

"It'll be all right," Marissa reassured me. "I can help you with all those things. It isn't right that a pretty girl like you should have whiskers on her face. It isn't right that you're so terribly flat-chested. He left you looking like a boy, I know. But we'll fix all that."

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That Sunday, Marissa and I both got dressed up nicely, and we went to church.

"Leonard had never wanted to go to church," she told me. "He said it was silly. But really, he didn't go because he was evil. He was an evil sinner. But now you're here, and you're not a sinner."

I really enjoyed going to church with her. It was so nice to get all dressed up, and the thanks I gave to God, and to Our Lady, as I knelt there, was heartfelt and genuine. I prayed very, very hard that I might stay like this. I knew I had been given a gift, and that I had to thank God for His help.

"God has special plans for you," Marissa told me. "I know it. And you can show your gratitude by embracing whatever He has in store for you."

"Amen," I said fervently.

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Monday came, and both Marissa and I were a little apprehensive. She had to go back to work, and I would be in the house alone, cleaning and baking, fixing dinner, all the kinds of things I loved. But I knew she feared that Leonard might try something, once I was alone.

Marissa gave me a new cue to put me under, one that she could give over the phone. Thus, she only had to say the word "Celsius", and I would go back deep, deep asleep. That way, she could help me even when she was at the office. We had a speakerphone at home, so I could put it on and sit down, and not have to worry about even holding on to the phone. We used that system twice on Monday, just to give me added reinforcement while she was away.

I could sense Leonard trying to find a way to get out, I could hear him calling to me from far, far away.

When I told Marissa that, she and I put a big heavy gag on Leonard. It was made of iron, and it didn't let him make a sound. That helped. After that I didn't hear his voice anymore, just a kind of muffled wailing once in a while.

Once Marissa came home from work, of course, she could give me personal attention. And that was always invigorating. After each session, I felt so refreshed, so full of a renewed sense of self. And whatever lingering residue there was of Leonard felt cleansed away.

It was a little like moving into a house where there used to be smokers. Even once the smoking was stopped, it took time and effort to get rid of the smell and the stains. It could be done, but it took time and effort.

But it was so heavenly to be out and about in the world as Linda all the time! Every day I could feel myself getting stronger, becoming more totally and irrevocably me.

Mondays, Tuesdays, and Wednesdays, I didn't shave. I hated that, but it was necessary to let my whiskers grow out a little so that, by Wednesday evening Marissa could use our little electrolysis unit to zap them. It left little red patches on my skin, too, which took a day or two to clear up. But we were always ready for the weekends, when Marissa would take me out to dinner sometimes, or to a movie on Saturday, and then to church on Sunday.

Marissa also did the most wonderful thing. She gave me her birth control pills.

"I don't need them anymore," she told me. "But you certainly do. These will start to repair all the damage that Leonard left behind."

And so each morning I happily took my pill. That was so generous of Marissa, to keep up her prescription even though she didn't need it anymore, and to give it to me. I didn't notice too great a difference at first, but Marissa assured me that, with time, they would get my body back where it belonged.

By the end of three weeks, I couldn't hear even the muffled sounds that Leonard used to make. Only in my dreams did I still feel like I could sense him. But with each passing day, even that seemed to be less and less of a problem.

My nails began to grow out, and Marissa showed me how to file them, and to keep them properly polished. It's amazing how longer nails make such a difference in the way one moves one's hands, how much more feminine your hands feel with nice manicured nails. Marissa made sure I always wore rubber gloves when I did my housework.

"We have to keep your hands nice and soft, and your nails nice. We don't want you to look like a charwoman, after all," she told me.

Marissa bought some beautiful floral wallpaper one day, and we started redecorating my room. With the new wallpaper, and new sheets and comforter, we soon transformed it into a proper girl's room. On the walls, we hung pictures of sweet little girls with big haunting eyes. My sheets were pink satin, which felt absolutely delicious when I would slip between them at night, in my nightgown.

And in February, I got my ears pierced! Marissa bought a home piercing unit, and did my ears for me. That was such a thrill, to be doing something that was such a decisive commitment to life as a female.

Marissa was the most thorough teacher and mentor a girl could ask for. She oversaw every aspect of my new life, making sure I knew instinctively how to be a girl, completely and absolutely.

She even worked to teach me how to be a girl sexually.

“To really be a girl,” she taught me, “you must not only feel sexy, you should satisfy that feeling by having sex with men. There's just no two ways about it. And so I want you to learn how to enjoy having sex as a girl. Together, we'll train you so that you can enjoy sex with a man by giving him pleasure.”

“That sounds great, Marissa. Thanks so much,” I told her.

To begin that part of my education, she put me under again, which always felt nice. It was so comforting to slip back there, back where I didn't have to worry about anything, where Marissa could take control with her soft voice and guide me.

“You're deep, deep asleep, Linda,” she told me when I was under. Then she took me through our usual steps, to gradually deepen my trance state. Finally, we were ready.

“You're a beautiful girl, Linda,” Marissa told me, and that always made feel wonderful inside. “And part of being a beautiful girl is having sex with a man. In your mind, I want you to picture an attractive man. He's tall, blonde, with a firm hard body. His arms are nicely muscled, although not overly so. He's only wearing tiny black briefs. Picture in your mind what his body looks like, his chest, his flat stomach, his trim waist.”

I did this, and while I did it Marissa stroked my little “clitoris” through my nightgown, promising me that one day I would have a lovely deep vagina. Very soon, I was quite aroused.

“Picture his male body. A girl gets aroused looking at a man's body, and you are a girl, Linda.”

Then she began to simultaneously caress my right breast and nipple, through the smooth bodice of my nightgown. My nipple

became erect, and I squirmed in pleasure. She continued the simultaneous stimulation in both parts of my body.

“He's such a handsome man. Imagine caressing his body with your hands. Picture your smooth, feminine hands, with your long fingers, your beautiful manicured nails, running up and down his bare chest, his arms, working your way down.”

I could see everything she described, too.

“Now your hands are pulling down his briefs,” she told me. “And his very erect, very thick cock is exposed to you. Take it in your beautiful feminine hands, Linda,” she commanded. And as I pictured doing so, she put into my hands a very large, thick, and realistic latex phallus.

“A real girl likes to suck cock, Linda. So you have to suck cock, and you enjoy it. Feel how satisfying it is to have a large cock in your mouth, Linda.”

And she was right, it felt wonderful to lick and suck on that magnificent cock.

Then her hands stopped stimulating me for a moment.

“A girl also needs to have a man inside her, Linda,” she said. “And you need to have a man inside you, too. Deep inside your warm vagina.”

Suddenly she was guiding something hard and slippery into my rear. “That's a girl, feel how good it feels to have a cock inside your new vagina pumping its way deeper and deeper until you can feel his warm balls resting between your legs ready to fill you with hot spurting sperm.. A hard cock always feels good to a girl, and you are a girl, Linda.”

It slid into me, and she was right again, it felt fantastic to be filled up. Once it was in me all the way, her hands resumed their earlier work.

“You make quite a lovely girl, Linda. You're finally learning to have sex the right way. It's so important for you to learn to have sex the right way, the way a girl has it. You like it much, much better this way. This is much, much more satisfying. You're a girl, Linda, and you like being fucked like a girl. It's only right. You need to be fucked. You need to suck cock. That's what turns a girl on, that's what makes a girl come.”

I couldn't believe how fantastic it all felt. Soon my hips were thrusting wildly.

“Keep picturing that handsome, naked man, Linda. You're going to come soon, and I want you to come while you're picturing that man's handsome, naked body. You're going to come like a girl, with a cock inside you, and a cock in your mouth. That's how you need to come. You're a girl, you'll always be a girl, and now you have sex like a girl.”

I came wildly. And in a second, Marissa was putting her come-covered fingers into my mouth.

“Take it all, Linda. A real girl loves the taste of come. You like the taste of come, it excites you. Picture your handsome man giving you his come. Swallow it down, Linda. Swallowing come proves that you're a girl.”

She gave me more and more helpings of it, and I found that I really did like it. It actually excited me to be tasting it, because I knew that was what real girls did. Real girls loved the taste of come. That was the kind of thing we did every night, before we went to sleep.

After a while, Linda would show me pictures of naked and almost naked men, and get me aroused and excited while I looked at them. Before long, we had progressed to watching a nightly video. Every night, before I went to bed and got fucked, Marissa would have me watch X-rated videos of men having sex with girls like me (that is, girls who had once been male).

Then when I got to bed, she would have me picture that I was the girl in the video, doing all the things we had seen.

It didn't take long at all for me to be thinking about doing such things all the time. I couldn't help myself, it was so exciting. I just couldn't get those images out of my head.

“That's the way girls think, Linda,” Marissa explained to me during one of our sessions. “And you're a girl, so of course you think that way. You're supposed to think that way.”

I took to my training quite well, I'm proud to say. Very soon, I was at the point where I fantasized about having something nice and hard up inside me, and the thought of the taste of come made me excited.

Marissa said that those were very good signs, that it meant that Leonard's influence was fading away.

“I certainly hope so,” I told her.

## Chapter 5

I know that some people would have been content to let up after a month or so. But I liked what I saw taking shape before me. Seeing Linda being created out of what had once been Leonard took the pain away from me, and I liked that. I didn't want the pain to ever come back.

Now, I knew that things were still very, very tentative, even after a month of Linda's continual existence. And I knew, even if Linda didn't, that Leonard wasn't really locked away anywhere. That was just a visualization that helped me change Leonard into Linda. The caged Leonard represented all those masculine personality traits that I wanted to take away from Linda. As long as she believed that they were gone, locked away somewhere inaccessible, then it was so. Leonard's consciousness didn't exist somewhere else, actually feeling itself locked in a cage. At least I don't think so.

No, I believe it was more that Leonard's mind now believed that it was Linda, and that Leonard was locked away somewhere. But the beautiful thing with the mind is that belief is reality, as far as the mind is concerned. As long as Linda truly believed that Leonard was locked up away somewhere, then as far as she was concerned, he really was imprisoned down in some deep dark cave. I could never have done all this to Leonard, of course, if some part of him hadn't desperately wanted it. I knew that. But I also knew that all his life he had fought to control that part of himself, to keep it as a very part-time endeavor.

Now I was using that part of him to enslave and transform the rest of him. His own desires essentially conspired with me to do this to him.

He was actually happy when I told him I wanted him to use my birth control pills.

"I don't need them anymore," I made sure to tell him. "But we can still put them to good use."

The posthypnotic suggestions I was giving him had worked well. Linda was eager to start on the pill, by the time I was through with her.

I had done a little research, enough to determine that my prescription (a relatively low-hormone one) would serve quite well as an initial hormone therapy for him.

We could always step things up later. In fact, I planned on it.

There were times when I could detect Leonard fighting back, of course. Even with all the hypnotic sessions I put him through, I couldn't hope to completely subdue his male persona completely. I could see him sometimes, lurking just beneath the surface, sometimes peeking out of Linda's eyes. But with time, the Linda personality became stronger.

In time, I knew, all of Leonard would be subsumed into Linda. But it would take time, I would have to be patient and tenacious.

Still, we made amazing progress. By the end of the second month, Linda had lost fifteen pounds from her already thin frame. We were gradually removing her beard with our electrolysis device, it seemed. (Leonard's beard had never been particularly heavy anyway, thank goodness.) And I could tell that her sexual responses were being reshaped particularly well. (Not surprising, I should think, given the level of conditioning I was giving her. And of course, it helped that she had a latent tendency for it to start with.)

Having Linda utterly within my power that way was, frankly, surprisingly satisfying. Men had been dishing out crap to women for millennia. But now this male was paying for his arrogance and infidelity, paying with his very maleness. It was too, too lovely.

And having household help wasn't bad, either. Leonard had never been much use around the house. But now I had someone who did the laundry, the house-cleaning, the shopping, the cooking, and I didn't even have to pay her. Of course, we had given up Leonard's income, but that would change once I had Linda sufficiently trained and transformed. And I found that, as Linda waxed and Leonard waned, I stopped having the dream.

"Eventually, my dear," I told her, "we may have you doing domestic work for other women. That way you can contribute to your upkeep around here. You have to pull your own weight, you know. You can't keep sponging off me forever."

"Whenever you think I'm ready, Marissa," she answered meekly.

“Well, not quite yet. I want to continue thinning out your beard, and give the hormones more time to work on you. But the day isn't too far off, my dear.”

“I can't wait to be able to work as a female,” she beamed.

“Yes, well, we'll have to wait a little bit for that. But we can begin your social life as Linda, I think.”

“What do you mean, Marissa?”

“I mean, sweet Linda, that it's time for you to start going out, meeting men, that sort of thing.”

“Oh my. Oh my, you mean, meet real, honest-to-gosh men? Not just fantasize about them, but...” The mixture of fear and desire in her voice amused me. Or was it her shame over having such sexual urges that I detected. No doubt it was both.

“Yes, exactly,” I promised her. “We can go out together this Friday, go to some clubs and places, and you can have a little fun. Why, we may even end up double-dating.”

I could tell the thought really aroused her, for later that night, during Linda's sexual-response training, she really got into it. She took her latex penis deep, deep into her mouth, then licked and kissed it wildly. And when we put in the other dildo, the one that went in her boyncunt, she just about went crazy.

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In preparation for our first excursion, I took Linda out shopping for a new outfit. I wanted her to look sexy, but real, not outrageous or anything. I wanted her to look like a young, pretty, working woman on the prowl on a Friday night, out with a girlfriend.

We finally found something that fit the bill.

It was a combination of a cotton rib-knit sweater, with a nice turtleneck, in lime green, with a black merino wool skirt, cut

about three inches above her knee. With a simple gold bracelet and earrings, and her red wig, she looked absolutely gorgeous.

“Are you sure I look all right?” she kept asking me in the car. She was so nervous, and eager to look attractive for the various men she hoped to meet that night!

“Yes, you look great. You make a much better looking girl than you ever did a guy. These guys will be tripping over themselves to get at you, Linda.”

Myself, I wore a two piece skirt and jacket set in black taffeta, with a v-neck cardigan that had a built-in lace top underneath. Before we left the house, I removed my wedding ring. ( I had taken Linda's from her finger long before, when I first began her changeover.)

“Tonight,” I told her as I placed the ring in my jewelry box, “we are two single girls, out on the town.”

It was late March at this point, so we both still needed coats also. Once we were ready we went purses in hand to my car.

I remembered this place, from years ago, that I knew would be pretty lively. In fact, Linda had told me that it was a place that Leonard used to take his little bimchette sometimes. It was called Vertigo, and it had a dance floor and a loud sound system.

I was right, of course, in that Linda was quite a hit. We had guys buying us drinks all night, which was great, and Linda and I both got to dance with a lot of good-looking guys. I kept a careful eye on her, making sure she didn't have any problems. But she handled things just fine. Even dancing like a girl was second-nature to her at this point.

Eventually, we paired up with a couple of guys, Terry and Ray. I introduced Linda as my sister. Both guys were pretty nice, but I chose Terry for myself, which left Ray for Linda. They seemed to enjoy each other's company, also. We danced, and drank, and talked, for hours. Terry was an attorney, Ray was a CPA.

As the evening wore on, I could catch glimpses of Ray's hands wandering all over Linda as they danced. I could tell she was a little embarrassed by it, and at the same time, turned on. When they sat back at our table, I could tell his hand was still caressing

Linda's nyloned leg. I smiled at that, and made sure that Linda could see that Terry and I were becoming friendly, also.

I made sure that the girl who used to be my husband got a good look at Terry and me, kissing and touching and in general acting hot. I wanted to make sure she saw what she had lost, what she had lost forever. After all, in just a few more months, many of the changes the hormones were making in her would be permanent. After a year or so, her body would never go back to being male.

When we went to the ladies' room, I asked Linda how she was enjoying herself.

"It's great. It's so much more fun," she dropped her voice to a whisper, "being the girl."

"I'm glad you think so, honey," I warned her, with steel in my voice, "because you're not ever going back. You better like being the girl, because you'll never be anything else, not ever."

I caught just a glimpse of something behind Linda's beautiful eyes, some fleeting emotion, but I couldn't quite make it out. Fear? Desperation?

*Something like that*, I thought, *mixed with raw arousal*. It was a potent combination.

We spent the evening like that, dancing and kissing Terry and Ray. The slow dances were especially fun. I had forgotten what it felt like to have a man holding me, and it wasn't all bad.

"He's got a big cock," I whispered to Linda at one point, referring to my Terry. "Much bigger than Leonard's ever was. I can feel it pressing against me when we dance."

That made a weird look spread over Linda's face, and for a moment I feared I had gone just a little too far. But then it went away, and Linda just gave me a vapid smile.

"I want you to touch Ray's cock," I told her, still in a whisper. "I want you to give him a real thrill, next time you're slow dancing, and then come back and tell me how big he is."

Linda's eyes got wide. "If you say so, Marissa."

After the next slow dance, we met back at the table.

“Oh my God,” she told me excitedly. “I touched it. I really touched it. And...it's so big.”

“Did it excite you?”

She looked down.

“Yes,” she said, biting her lip.

“That's my good girl,” I told her, kissing her cheek. “I'm so proud of you. Now tell me, how big do you think he is?”

“God, maybe...eight inches, maybe more. And it's thick,” she giggled.

“Mmm, sounds like you've got a good one there.”

We had a good time with Terry and Ray, and when they asked us out for the following night, Linda glanced at me to see what I would say.

“I think it'd be fun.”

“Great,” Terry exclaimed. “How would you girls like dinner and a movie?”

“That sounds wonderful,” I said.

“Fantastic,” Terry grinned. “How about we pick you up around six?”

I gave them our phone number, and told Terry to call to get directions. “It'll be fun. My sister and I haven't double dated in...well, I can't remember the last time.”

Linda just smiled and shook her head. “Neither can I,” she said.

Once we got back home that night, Linda could hardly wait for her sexual training. She changed into her long black nightgown, and soon had ersatz cock in her mouth, and up her rear. I caressed her breasts and her own little “clitoris”, as we now called her penis, giving her a long, slow session that culminated in her body shaking convulsively in pleasure and release. She lay on her back, soaking her nightgown, and I knew what was in her mind.

“Soon, Linda,” I told her softly. “Soon.”

“Yes,” she gasped. “I can't wait.”

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The next evening found us both dressed nicely, waiting for our dates. I had Linda dress a little provocatively, in a black leather skirt and a white silk blouse. I wore tight jeans, heels, and a clinging sweater.

Our dates pulled up promptly at six, and knocked on the door. They brought flowers, which I thought was a nice touch. Then Linda and I were escorted to Terry's waiting car. As we went out, I saw our neighbor across the street staring at us. Linda saw him, too, and I exulted in what I knew had to be her momentary embarrassment.

*There's much, much more to come, my dear,* I thought to myself.

Dinner went quite well. Linda was absolutely convincing, and Ray seemed quite smitten with her. For myself, Terry was a handsome and entertaining date. The movie, also, was diverting. But for me, the real entertainment was just being out and about that way, watching Linda get used to having this man put his arm around her, and later, in the darkness of the theater, touching her arm and neck gently.

When we arrived back home, I invited them in for a drink. Linda might have gulped a little at that, I couldn't be sure. But I felt confident I could manage things.

We all had something to drink, and watched a little television. Terry and I were on the couch, Linda and Ray cuddled in an over-size chair. Well, one thing led to another, and pretty soon I had the distinct pleasure of making out with a good-looking guy (while my worm of a former husband was busy making out with another guy, not four feet from me.)

Then some of the posthypnotic commands I had planted in Linda kicked in. I had been waiting for them to manifest, and I wasn't disappointed.

In the semi-darkness, while Terry and I kissed and stroked each other, I could hear Linda giving Ray a long, slow, masterful blow job.

Terry and I adjourned to my bedroom, where I allowed him to do his energetic best to bring me to multiple orgasms. But I made sure to leave the bedroom door open. I wanted to be sure Linda could hear me (and Terry) climaxing, and I was rewarded with the sound of Linda gulping as Ray moaned and groaned happily.

All in all, it was a most satisfying night, for everyone.

Linda made the cutest sounds as she tried to deal with her first real cock in her mouth, and the inevitable results. In fact, I couldn't help myself—when I heard her swallowing and gulping, I came also, and quite loudly. It was such an erotic combination, hearing her, and knowing she could hear me.

Later, after the boys were gone, I made sure Linda got her own orgasm. As always, she was flat on her back, her little ass filled with a dildo. I expertly caressed her breasts, while I simultaneously used her nightgown to jerk her off. She came quickly, so quickly that I had her clean herself off and then I made her come a second time.

Still, I could see distinct limitations to Ray. He probably wouldn't be interested in Linda once the truth were revealed. And so, to get to the next level, I knew I would have to find someone else, someone that I could let Linda really let go with, and who wouldn't mind her special nature.

In fact, I wanted someone who would prefer a girl with Linda's unique attributes.

## Chapter 6

Living full-time as a female was actually very satisfying. It gave me an inner peace that I had never known before. It was if I had always had this internal struggle before, and now the struggle was over, the dispute resolved by outside intervention. And I could just relax and get on with my life.

Being given no choice in the matter was, I found, quite liberating. I think I had always wanted to do something like this, but had been conditioned to think that my desires were wrong, that they were sick or perverted. And so I spent years fighting against my own essential nature. What was it Lincoln had said, about how a house divided against itself cannot stand? Well, I had been a person divided, and it was only now, when I had been forced to give in to the desires I had wrestled with for so long, that I felt whole.

My own personal Gordian Knot had been sundered, a knot that had tied up my inner being for as long as I could recall.

The realization that I really was Linda, that I was really and truly a girl, soothed me like a young child's security blanket. Every glance of myself that I saw in a mirror showed a pretty young woman looking back. My feminine existence was no longer a temporary refuge, it was my only existence. And that felt wonderful.

I found myself sometimes smiling inanely as I watched television, and realized that commercials for things like make-up, perfume, and pantyhose were now aimed at me. I had changed demographics, and I loved it!

It was so different to be full-time, to know that I would always be in girl's clothes no matter what. Soon, I began to forget what it was like to be anything other than a girl. It would certainly have felt strange to try and go back to wearing men's clothes.

And of course, Marissa's brilliant idea of giving me her birth control pills helped a lot, also. They weren't all that strong a dose, as hormones go, but they helped calm me down. And day by day, as I noticed the slight but measurable changes in my body (and the more noticeable changes in my emotions and attitudes) my new persona came to fit me better and better.

Leonard became buried more deeply every day, and thus his influence on me diminished more as well. I found that it kind of turned me on to know that he was gone, replaced by a new and better version, a feminine version, of the person he had been.

And when Marissa suggested that the two of us should go out and pick up guys, I could hardly contain my excitement. The ultimate test of being a female, it seemed to me, was to function as a female with a man. And so I found myself eager (if a little apprehensive) at the thought of attempting to take my existence as Linda to that next level.

“You sure I look OK?” It was probably the twentieth time I had asked that question of Marissa in the last hour, and she gave me a look of exasperation.

“My God, yes. You look fantastic. The guys will be standing in line for you, Linda.”

I liked that thought. It made me feel so wickedly sexual, to think of men looking at me lustfully, their eyes wide in appreciation at the sight of me.

Speaking of sight, it was the most incredible moment when the two of us walked into this club that Marissa knew. I swear, every man in the place checked us out as we entered. Some were more subtle than others, but they all had to look us up and down.

“It's like walking into a den of wolves,” I told Linda excitedly.

“Yes,” she said. “Isn't it the most powerful feeling, to know that you can choose whomever you want and, if you give your assent, you can get him to do what you want. It's the kind of situation where the real power of women over men becomes apparent.”

We didn't have to pay for any drinks after our initial order—in fact, we had to turn down drinks often. And then Linda encouraged Terry and Ray to join us, and things really got interesting.

I had never danced with a man before, and it was certainly a sensual experience to feel a strong masculine body holding me tight. Ray was everything that Leonard had never been, and I found myself instinctively submitting to his seductive masculinity.

But the most exhilarating moment came when Marissa ordered me to touch Ray's cock while we were dancing. I was scared to death to do it, of course, but also absolutely thrilled at the thought.

Ray and I had been dancing for a while before I worked up the nerve. He had been holding me close, his body touching mine as we moved in rhythm. And while we were locked in the moving embrace of a slow romantic song, I let my fingers lightly touch him down there. His body instantly responded, and he drew me closer. As I let my slender fingers touch him more decisively, he kissed me long and hard. The sensation of his tongue touching mine almost made me swoon with delight.

The next night, Marissa had arranged for us to go out with Terry and Ray once again. That made me feel like a child on Christmas Eve, so great was my excitement at the thought of being with Ray once again.

We had a wonderful time. Ray made me feel like the most beautiful woman on earth. And so, when we invited the two of them in for a drink afterwards, I was hoping that Marissa would have me take the next step. She didn't disappoint me.

Now, you might think I would have felt some jealousy about Marissa's being with Terry. I mean, Leonard had been married to her, after all. But instead, it made everything all the more delicious, knowing that Marissa was being ravished by another man, while I was making out with another man in the same house.

When I finally was confronted by Ray's beautiful manhood before me, some kind of instinct just kicked in. I had to devour him, to taste him, to satisfy him. From the bedroom, I could hear the passionate noises being made by Marissa and Terry. Somehow, that turned me on, and I found myself wanting to provide a similar aural display. (Or should I say oral display?)

The taste of a real cock was wonderful! It had a deep dark musky scent to it, coupled with a texture that felt quite natural filling my mouth.

So this is it, I thought. It's really quite nice.

Soon, of course, Ray treated me to an even greater pleasure—the taste of his salty, tangy pre-come. He was leaking out of excitement and passion!

And when the ultimate moment came, I reveled in it. I could hear Marissa gasping in pleasure in the other room, and I made sure that Ray made enough noise for her to hear also. His eruption filled my mouth and I gulped it down, again making sure to make plenty of noise.

Later that night, Marissa made sure to give me a wonderful reward for my skillful performance with Ray.

“You've taken your first step into a new world,” she told me the next day. “And it's obvious that you belong with men.” I felt myself blush at that, but it was true, I knew.

“But we need to find you a man who really appreciates your special attributes,” she continued. “Ray, for all his desire for you, might not respond all that well if he knew your whole history.”

“So what do we do?”

“Oh sweetheart, there are lots of men who really appreciate a girl like you, who prefer a girl like you, in fact. You'll be something of a prize, I think, to men who appreciate a girl with something special.”

Marissa wrote up an ad for a local “alternative” newspaper. It read as follows:

**TV/TS, 24, very pretty. Interested in meeting men who appreciate the unusual, for dates and romance. I pass unquestionably in public.**

When I went to pick up the responses to the ad, I was amazed when the girl at the newspaper gave me two huge manila envelopes full of responses. The girl gave me a kind of sly, quizzical look as I picked up the envelopes. I guess she knew which ad had been mine, and she was curious to see the person who had placed it. I just smiled at her and took the envelopes.

“I told you there were lots of men who liked girls like you,” Marissa said with a big grin. “Look at all these letters. There are enough men in here for a dozen girls.”

She was right. There were letters from guys of all ages, all incomes, all types. Some were single, some were married. Some were cute, some weren't. But they all seemed quite interested in a girl like me.

“You're going to be a busy, busy girl,” Marissa said, grinning.

That night she had me look over the letters and photos that had been sent, while she filled my squirming bottom with a dildo, and I sucked contentedly on a very large latex cock.

“Who do you find attractive, Linda?”

I let the latex penis slip out of my lips. “Hmmm, let me see. This one is nice,” I said, showing her a photograph of a tall, well-built man with dark hair and a mustache.

“Victor DiLeo,” she said, matching the photo with the appropriate letter.

“He looks like he may have money, too, which is always a plus. We'll contact him. Victor DiLeo, eh? Sounds Italian. You'll like Italian men, they're wild.”

“Okay, Marissa. Whatever.....uhhhhhhh, that feels good..Whatever you say.”

I closed my eyes, and remembered how Ray's manhood had felt and tasted in my mouth. As I did so, I slipped my latex phallus back into my mouth and pretended it belonged to the good-looking man in the photo.

Through the narrow slit of my almost-shut eyes, I could see Marissa grinning intensely, her hand discretely reaching down to pleasure herself.

Within a week, I found out just how right Marissa was (as usual!) about how a lot of men really appreciated girls like me.

Victor DiLeo was like something out of a movie, with dark romantic eyes and a muscular vitality about him. He was utterly and indisputably masculine, and he made me feel indisputably female.

Soon I was seeing him at least once a week. Sometimes we would go out, sometimes we just stayed in, watching television, making out on the couch, making love.

Marissa enjoyed being in my room, just listening to Victor and I do our thing on the couch, or in the main bedroom.

Sometimes she would tape record the sounds of our passion, and then play it back for me later, again and again.

Marissa kept up my regular hypnotic sessions, of course, and I could feel myself responding more and more to them. She was so thorough and so detailed in her work with me. She knew what it was like to be a female, both inside and out, so she was able to make me understand what it meant to be female, body and soul.

One of the things she began to stress, in her sessions with me, was that, as a girl, I should learn to only respond sexually to men.

“It's not appropriate for you to have any sexual interest in other females,” she explained to me over and over again.

“You're the girl now, and girls have sex with men.”

Well, of course that's so. And I certainly was doing my best to demonstrate that I was truly a girl. The one precaution Marissa insisted on, though, was that there was no unprotected sex until Victor passed an AIDS test. He was a little miffed at that, but Marissa said that I would take one also, for his protection, and that seemed to mollify him a little. We used one of those home tests that had just become available, and fortunately, both of tested negative.

Once we had the results, it seemed that our sex life got even more uninhibited. Victor really liked having his way with me, in every conceivable way. I must admit, it quickly became quite difficult to even imagine that I had ever had sex with another female.

Who could even think about such a thing, when I had such a virile and imaginative lover?

And so months passed, with me gradually forgetting what it had been like to have ever been anything other than Linda.

In the late spring, we took a couple of really important steps on my road to complete womanhood. In April, I started seeing a real counselor about my transsexuality. And he ended up giving me a proper prescription for female hormones, a prescription that was considerably more powerful than what I had been getting from Marissa's birth control pills.

And secondly, my own hair had gotten long enough, by June, to be properly styled. Marissa did it the first time, to get it cut in a roughly-feminine way, and then I had the thrill of going to a hair stylist for the first time. What an exhilarating feeling, to feel my

own hair long and feminine! Marissa taught me how to take proper care of my hair, and I must admit I loved the way it felt and looked. So by the beginning of summer, I was no longer even wearing wigs.

We had progressed in the way we pictured Leonard, also. Now, instead of his being caged down deep somewhere, he slept in a suspended-animation chamber, like something from a science-fiction movie.

“You can see him there, so peaceful and calm,” Marissa would tell me, “but quite deep asleep, unable to make a sound, unable to even twitch. He's gone from your life forever, Linda, never to return.”

In my trance state, I could see poor Leonard in his silver tube, only his sleeping face showing through a small glass window. The window was heavily frosted over.

“Now that he's gone forever, I want you to forget all about his existence. His name is gone from your mind. From now on, you only have awareness of Linda. Linda is all there is, Linda is the only person there is in you. The only name you know is Linda, the only life you know is Linda's life. You are completely, absolutely, permanently, female. Your soul is female, and the only goal you have left is to be a female, completely and totally, forever.”

And with that, my vision of the man in the silver tube faded, like a picture on a television set that's just been turned off.

## Chapter 7

As the months went on, I saw Linda literally come to life more and more, right before my eyes. Talk about My Fair Lady, Henry Higgins had nothing on me!

She took to her new existence without hesitation, without holding anything back. She had embraced everything I suggested to her, becoming an idealized vision of a woman—docile, domestic, yet sexy and sensual at the same time.

Eventually, I made her to understand that she was really a transsexual, so that she could go to a proper therapist and get stronger hormones prescribed.

I even met with Linda's therapist, and played the supportive “wife”.

“Yes,” I told the counselor, “I understand what effect the hormones will have on Linda. But it's what will make her happy. I have no objection. Seeing Linda happy and fulfilled is enough for me.”

Linda sat there, looking for all the world as if she had been born female.

“You're a very understanding woman, Mrs. Lewis. Linda is very fortunate to have you to help her with her transition. Not all spouses are as supportive. But I've worked with a lot of transsexual patients over the years, and I feel safe in saying that, if this is truly the path Linda wants to take, she should have no problem making the transition. She really makes quite a striking woman.”

And so Linda began being treated with more-potent female hormones, and her development accelerated. It was awe-inspiring to see how her body and her emotions responded. Her skin softened wonderfully. The gentle rounding of her body that my birth-control pills had produced became noticeably more feminine. And her emotions became more feminine as well, which was interesting.

“You understand,” the counselor had told us both, “that after more than a few months of hormone therapy, many of the effects will not be reversible.”



We both nodded seriously, Linda and I. I had prepped her well. By doing a lot of research on what typical transsexual patients say and do, I was able to make sure that Linda fit right in with what the therapist expected from a real, live transsexual.

Now, I don't know if Linda had always been transsexual, if somehow I had just tapped into something that had always been there waiting to get out. But certainly, by the time I was done with her, she believed that she was one.

Even the doctors all thought that she was a textbook case.

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But about then, I started having a version of the nightmare again.

The snake was smaller and thinner, as if it had been starved. But I realized with a start that it was small enough to now slip out of the cage. As it started to do so, I desperately searched about for things to attack it with. But I couldn't find anything to hit it with, and it watched me with cold eyes as it slithered out of the cage. The damnable tongue flicked out, sniffing the air for the scent of my fear.

Once it was out of the cage, it suddenly swelled up hugely, taking on its old monstrous proportions. I ran, trying to escape it, but I could hear the sound of its scales scraping the ground, and the hissing sound it made. I knew it was only a matter of time until it got me, enveloped me as it had always wanted to do, and I was lost in its smothering embrace. I woke up, as usual, wet with the sweat of terror. There were voices in my head, echoes of someone saying something, but I couldn't quite remember them.

Damn, I thought I was through with that. But my ancient tormentor was wily, as all serpents are. I knew I would have to find a way to crush it, before it crushed me. Many a night I lay awake, shivering in the dark, in the aftermath of a visit from the serpent. Every time I thought I had it penned up, it found a way to escape.

I knew I had to kill it.

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By now, Linda's own hair was growing out nicely. I cut and styled it initially, just to give it a feminine shape, and then took her to my stylist. When that was done, I really couldn't see any trace of Leonard anymore.

Also changing more day by day was another part of her. It gave me a lot of satisfaction to see how her male organ shrank under the influence of the female hormones. Under the magic chemistry of Premarin, her cock shriveled up and became something of a vestigial organ, like a clitoris. That was pleasant to contemplate, of course, but in my heart I knew I wouldn't be satisfied until the tiny penis with its little scrotum wasn't there at all.

“You know,” I began to tell her in our hypnosis sessions, “girls don't keep their penises. Some girls are born with them, as kind of a birth defect, but they don't belong there. Girls are supposed to have vaginas, and you're a girl. You're a girl, and you need a vagina between your legs.”

I could see the gears of confusion whirling around inside her head when I first told her that, as she worked to assimilate this new information. I could see her resist the idea that her “clitoris” was really a penis. I could tell that she was disgusted at the mere thought that she had a penis despite the pleasure that it may have given her. I had taught her so well that she wanted now to be totally female.

“You're a girl, and you need a vagina. You hate having that silly little thing that you have now. Those things belong on men, and you're not a man. You have to get yourself fixed. You want to get yourself fixed.”

I could sense a little resistance at first, but over time she came to accept this latest suggestion as well as she had accepted all my earlier ones.

Our efforts with the electrolysis device had, surprisingly, gone quite well. I had honestly expected that we would have to turn to the services of a professional electrolysis, but that didn't seem necessary.

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By about this time, Leonard's family was beginning to press me about why they hadn't heard from him in so long. Well, I say his family, but it was really his mother (his father had died a few years ago).

One day, I got a phone call at work from her.

"Look, I'm coming out to see Leonard," she told me. "Something's wrong, there's something you're not telling me," she said accusingly.

"You're right," I agreed, letting my voice break with emotion. "I can't explain over the phone, but I can't go on much longer like this, I don't know what to do."

"Oh my dear, what's the matter?"

I lowered my voice.

"Leonard....I don't know how to say this...Leonard wants to be...a girl."

I confessed this last part in a mixture of shock and dismay.

For a long minute, there was no reply on the other end of the phone line.

"You can't be serious," she finally said.

"Oh yes, I wish that I weren't. You don't know what it's like. He's quit his job, he dresses like a girl all the time. He says he wants to have the operation, to change his sex. I'm at my wits end."

Needless to say, she was on her way immediately.

"She'll be arriving tomorrow," I told Linda that night. "Now, you know what you have to say and do, don't you, sweetheart?"

"Of course," she replied brightly.

When Leonard's mother arrived by cab from the airport, I made sure Linda was in the bedroom.

“I came as fast as I could,” the old battle-ax said, lugging her suitcase. “Where is he?”

“Your mother's here, dear,” I called out. That was Linda's cue.

She came out of the bedroom, dressed in a simple black skirt and white sweater. She had on tan nylons, and black heels, not too high. She had her hair styled nicely, and she wore just a little make-up, really just mascara, lipstick, and blush. She also had on simple earrings and a thin gold chain about her neck. Her hips swayed femininely as she walked, taking short steps.

“Hello, Mother,” Linda greeted, in a beautifully feminine voice.

“Omigod,” was the only response from the older woman.

She immediately flew into a frenzy, ordering Leonard to go and change at once . But of course, he couldn't do that, since Leonard wasn't there. There was only Linda.

“You have to understand,” Linda said, “This is who I am. This is the only way I feel happy and comfortable. I won't ever go back to being anything other than who I am right now.”

There followed several hours of shrieking, haranguing, berating, and various other emotional displays. All of which had no effect on Linda's resolve.

“You see what I've had to deal with,” I told Leonard's by-now extremely shaken mother.

“I don't know what to do, I'm going out of my mind,” I continued.(I had explained to Linda beforehand why it was necessary for me to go through this little act, and she understood it was all for her own good.)

“I'm glad your father didn't live to see this,” she bellowed at Linda, using a line of attack that was predictable, at least.

“Well, I'm the one who has to go on living, and I need to live my life as myself, as a woman. I'm sorry if that hurts you, but somehow you have to find a way to accept it.”

“I knew you used to sneak some of my clothes,” she admitted at one point (quite to my surprise), “but I never thought it would lead to this. I thought you outgrew it when you married Marissa.”

*That was a lovely revelation, I thought. Now the old crone can blame herself for all this.*

“Leonard,” she lectured him, “you simply have to stop this. It's not right, it's not natural. It's perverted.”

“It is not, Mother,” Linda said calmly, putting a hand on her hip.

“You're just going to have to adjust. I am a girl.”

“That's ridiculous. You're a young man. You're just confused, that's all. You need to see a doctor.”

“I am seeing one, Mother. My therapist is helping me with my transition. He says I make a beautiful woman.”

My mother-in-law threw up her hands at that and shrieked.

“I don't know what to do,” I added, just for good measure. “I thought I had married a man, but it seems I was wrong.”

“Don't you talk like that,” she snapped at me.

That got my temper up a bit.

“Maybe he's doing this because you...you weren't enough of a woman. You never saw my husband carrying on like this,” she shouted at me, her eyes blazing.

She and I had never gotten along very well.

“Don't blame this on me. I understand he's told his therapist that he's wanted to be a girl since he was just a little child.”

“Besides,” I said with a perfectly-timed sob, “I understand that he isn't interested in a woman anymore. He...he has boyfriends.”

“Leonard, tell me this isn't true. Tell me this is all just a bad joke.”

But Linda just stood there, looking gorgeous.

“Can't you at least change into proper clothes while I'm here,” she asked finally.

“I'm afraid all I have is women's clothing,” Linda replied evenly.

“Oh God, I can't believe this,” she shouted at the ceiling. “What have I done to deserve this?”

“This isn't about you, Mom,” Linda said. “It's about me, and how I need to live my life.”

“No, this isn't right. Young men don't wear skirts and nylons,” she countered, gesturing at Linda.

“Well, I'm not a young man,” Linda replied. “Isn't that obvious?”

In the end, my dear mother-in-law fled the house, back to a cab that she called.

She spent the night at a hotel, and the next day came back to talk privately with Linda.

She thought I was at work, but in fact I parked the car around the block, and hid out in the basement, so I could listen in.

Linda remained wonderfully adamant in her insistence that she wanted to be a female, that she had always felt like a female inside.

After another couple of hours, Leonard's mother called another cab and left.

“I've lost my son,” she wailed as she left. “My son is dead, God help me.”

When she was gone, I came upstairs.

“You were wonderful,” I told Linda.

“I hated to see her so upset,” she replied. “But I have to live my life, after all. She'll come around, I imagine. This is just a shock. She'll adjust, eventually.”

“I know, dear, I know,” I reassured her. “But I was so proud of the way you stood up to her. You didn't let her browbeat you, or push you around, the way she used to.”

“That did feel good,” Linda said with a smile.

I smiled back.

*Another bridge burned, I thought. If she had only raised you to be a better man, you might have been able to stay one. But you had your chance.*

After that, we didn't hear much from Leonard's family.

Which suited me just fine, as it left me free to continue my work.

**-000-**

Speaking of work, Linda was finally polished sufficiently in her new role to begin working. I arranged for her to work with a temporary agency, as a secretary. With her legal records in order, she had no problem in being hired as Linda Lewis. She made quite a good little secretary, too. Of course, all her paychecks were promptly signed and turned over to me, but it was important for her Real Life Test that she be accepted by the world as Linda.

Her therapist congratulated her heartily when he learned the news.

The therapist had been instrumental in making the referrals we needed to change Linda's name and legal documents, so that she was, as you might say, "street legal". And he was quite proud of his handiwork.

"It's so nice to see Linda making such a successful transition," he would often say. "And your support has been crucial to it all," he told me.

I just smiled and nodded. "I couldn't be selfish about this, not when it means so much to Linda."

I have to tell you, it was most satisfying to see how utterly and naturally feminine Linda had become. She had started with a lot of natural advantages, of course, due to her small size and nice features. But we had taken her far, far beyond being a man dressed in women's clothing.

**-000-**

We had a double-celebration in November. One part was to celebrate Linda's 25th birthday (well, in a way, it was really only her first, but you know what I mean.) The other part was to celebrate her having been on hormones for six months, which we took as a sort of point of no return. As the doctors told us, at that point, the changes wrought by the hormones would be more and more permanent.

Linda looked really pretty.

I arranged a little party at a special restaurant. Linda had told me that it was a place that Leonard had often taken his little bimbo, the slut who had, oddly enough, started him off on this unusual road he was now on.

Linda was dressed in this tight green silk shantung dress. Her hair was quite prettily styled, and her make-up was impeccable.

I had also invited Victor to the party, and he could hardly keep his eyes (or his hands) off her. He was quite the Alpha male, that one, and if he hadn't been such a wonderful instrument of my plan, I would have strongly resented his attitude. He was clearly a male chauvinist if ever there was one, and he completely dominated Linda.

And then our final guest arrived. It was Leonard's little bimbo. She looked so puzzled when she entered. (I had had Linda write her a note, in Leonard's handwriting, asking her to meet him here.)

"Please come in, Veronica," I said cheerily when I saw her walk in, a confused look on her face.

"I just wanted you to see where your little encounters with Leonard had lead. I'd like you to meet Linda. Take a close look, you might recognize her."

"What in the world are you talking about? Where's Leonard?"

"Well, in a way, he's not here. And in a way, he's right in front of you."

“Hi, Ronnie,” Linda said, and I saw a flash of recognition cross her face.

“Omigod.”

“This is Linda,” I announced, as I gestured for the woman who used to be my husband to stand, and strut her stuff for Veronica.

“This is Victor, her boyfriend,” I continued.

Victor shot me a nasty look, as he realized that Veronica knew Linda's history.

“What? Lennie, is that really you?”

“Well, I'm Linda now. But I know what you mean. You knew me as Lennie, yes.”

“But...you weren't...you only liked to dress up a little...I don't understand.”

“Well, my dear,” I interjected. “I decided to help my spouse make all his dreams come true. Except now they're her dreams.”

I walked up close to Veronica, and whispered to her, “She'll be having her sex-change operation next year. Shall we send a souvenir to you, when it's cut off? You could keep it on your mantle.”

“You're a sick bitch,” she hissed at me.

“And you're a slut,” I smiled back at her.

“Lennie, what's she done to you? Why don't you leave with me?”

“I'm sorry, Ronnie, but I like how I am. I've never been happier. And the only thing that will make me happier than I am now is when the doctors finally fix me all the way.”

Veronica turned on me. “This is your doing, isn't it?”

I just smiled more broadly than ever. “No reputable doctor would ever perform surgery on someone if it wasn't what the person wanted. You should know that.” But the look I gave her made the truth clear.

“Care to join us for dinner? We're celebrating Linda's six-month point on hormones. The doctors say that, from this point on, the changes are pretty much irreversible.”

She turned on her heel and stomped out.

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I found the waitress, and ordered a bottle of champagne.

## Chapter 8

As the year drew to a close, I felt like I had been reborn. With the incident at my birthday party, I felt as if I had confronted the last ghost from my past that I needed to deal with.

Marissa had explained all that to me, and as usual, she was right on the money. I can't imagine what Leonard had ever seen in Veronica. She wasn't at all understanding about my decision to become Linda, not like Marissa was.

My new life was so satisfying that I could hardly believe it sometimes. Marissa and I celebrated Christmas happily as two sisters, which was, as Marissa explained it to me, really the proper way to look at ourselves now.

"I mean, I can't be your wife, because you're a woman also. But I still love you, and want to be connected to you. So from now on, I want to be your sister."

We already had the same last name, so that wasn't a problem.

In January, we decided that I should stop my temp work, and start working as Victor's secretary. He had his own import/export business, and needed a good reliable secretary.

Of course, Victor's idea of my job description included some services that might have gotten him in trouble with other secretaries, but Marissa told me that it wouldn't be a problem for me.

"After all, he's doing it with you a couple times a week anyway," she said matter-of-factly. "Now you can accommodate both your needs right at the office. And it keeps him from harassing some other woman, someone who wouldn't appreciate his demands."

That made sense. Of course, Victor couldn't see me on weekends. But that was no problem, as that gave Marissa plenty of time to work with me.

It was now just over a year since Marissa had first helped me to emerge as Linda, and so she and I had a little celebration at our favorite restaurant to mark the occasion.

Marissa ordered prime rib, and I had catfish. We had some wine with dinner, and talked about how far I had come in just a year.

“Who says you can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear,” Marissa joked, as we sipped our wine. “We sure did, didn't we?”

“To silk purses,” I said, raising my glass to hers, and we both laughed softly.

Time went by pretty quickly then. My work kept me pretty busy during the day (Victor just couldn't get enough of me, either, which took time away from my getting my other work done, but I managed.)

And Marissa and I started planning my surgery, the final act which would cap all our efforts.

“There's a very good clinic up in Wisconsin,” Linda told me. My therapist agreed that this place did good work, and so we started planning for my “graduation” to be done there, at the end of the year.

It would be expensive, but Marissa told me not to worry.

“Between what I make, and what Victor pays you, I've been socking money away for a while. You'll be able to have the deluxe job, honey.”

The thought of being finally, completely, indisputably female, even down to what's between my legs, was something that I found myself thinking about constantly. I had come to despise the pathetic little reminder that I still had of my prior existence, and the thought of turning it into a proper vagina was all-consuming.

Marissa continued to work with me just about every night with hypnosis sessions, helping me to maintain my inner progress.

**-000-**

One day in late November, someone stopped by Victor's offices, someone I hadn't met before. He was about Victor's age, but Victor was very deferential to him.

“Linda, get Mr. Terrano a cup of coffee. Black, with two sugars.”

I did as I was told, as usual.

Mr. Terrano wore very expensive clothes, and had large gold rings on both hands. There was an air of authority about him, of power. Yet he was very kindly towards me, giving me a very warm smile when I brought his coffee.

“Thank you, Linda,” he said, flashing his smile even more broadly. “Linda—that means pretty girl. Your parents chose an appropriate name for you.”

“You're very kind, Mr. Terrano,” was all I could think to say.

Mr. Terrano and Victor closed the office door after I left, and I don't know what they discussed. They were together for over an hour, though. Mr. Terrano gave me another warm, long appreciative smile as he left, though.

Victor, however, seemed upset.

“Christ, we've got a problem,” he told me.

“Why, Victor?”

“Mr. Terrano likes you.”

“That's a problem?”

“Yes. It's a very serious problem, Linda.” Victor mopped his brow. “Look, ordinarily, I wouldn't have a problem with Angelo moving in on my action. You understand, he's ahh, well-connected in my organization. But he doesn't know about your...your special circumstances, y'know?”

“Oh,” was all I said.

“Yeah, 'Oh'. I can't tell him you're not available, he knows that you and I got something on. But if he finds out your real story, he'd be insulted. Highly insulted. And not only that, my reputation would be seriously damaged with my associates.”

It was becoming clear to me that Victor's business wasn't as straightforward as I originally thought. I had been getting that impression for a while, but had never really seen or heard anything concrete. But now, reading between the lines, the truth began to sink in.

“He wouldn't like to find out that I wasn't always named Linda, would he,” I said, putting the matter as delicately as I could.

“No, he most certainly would not.”

I explained my dilemma to Marissa, who seemed keenly interested in this development.

“We can't just let Victor get in trouble,” she said, tapping her finger absent-mindedly against her temple. “But we can't let Mr. Terrano find out your little secret, either.”

“I know, I know,” I stated worriedly. “Maybe I should just quit, go back to the temp work.”

“No, I don't think so,” Marissa said firmly. “Victor pays much, much better. Besides, the truth is, your little problem is scheduled to disappear in just a few weeks, isn't it?”

“Well, that's true.”

“Victor can certainly explain to Mr. Terrano that you're having surgery done, but that once you're back...”

“Do you really think it's smart to stay involved with these people, Marissa? I didn't realize that Victor was really in that line of work, you know?”

“It'll be fine, sweetheart. Trust me on this.”

So, as usual, I did. I passed along Marissa's idea to Victor, who seemed to think it made sense.

“Christ, I forgot it was coming up so soon,” he said, slapping himself on the forehead. “Sure, you're getting' your surgery soon, aren't you? And these doctors, when they're done, no one will be able to tell the difference?”

“Nope,” I agreed with a smile. “They tell me not even a gynecologist will be able to tell, when it's all done.”

“Yeah, but will it work like a real one? Will it feel like a real one?”

“Yes. We've done a lot of research on this. When it's all done, there's no way to tell.”

“Christ, this might work out yet,” Victor exclaimed, sitting down in his oversize leather chair. “This could work out just fine.”

“Of course it will, Victor,” I told him, sidling up to him. I thought that perhaps he would like to do something to relieve his stress.

“You don't understand. Mr. Terrano wants to have dinner with you tomorrow night.”

“Oh my, he doesn't waste time, does he?”

Victor just looked at me as if I had said something stupid.

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When I told Marissa about my dinner with Mr. Terrano, her eyes lit up.

“You've hooked a big fish there, Linda. If we play him right, we could be set for life.”

I really didn't follow what she was thinking with that analogy, but I let it pass. Dinner with Mr. Terrano sounded nice. I always liked going out with nice men.

“Actually, the timing of this is pretty good. It could be a good thing for you, to get involved with a man who only knows you as a real woman.”

She blinked twice and then looked hard at me.

“Just remember your poor little sister, when you hit the big time,” she said with a wicked grin.

**-000-**

Dinner with Mr. Terrano went fine. He was very thoughtful, very romantic. If he wanted to impress me, he succeeded.

“I have to tell you,” he noted earnestly, staring at me with his soulful eyes, “when I saw you in Vic's office, I felt like I had been hit with a thunderbolt. I don't know that I ever felt that way before, not even with my wife, God rest her soul.”

“She passed away?”

“Yeah. Cancer got her, almost a year ago. Best doctors, best hospitals in the country, they couldn't do a thing. Terrible thing, that cancer.”

“It is. I'm so sorry for your loss, Mr. Terrano.”

“Angelo. Please, call me Angelo, Linda.”

“all right, Angelo.”

“I understand that you have some health problems of your own, Linda. Nothing serious, I hope.”

*Well, here we go*, I thought.

“Well, it's...Female surgery, y'know? But nothing life-threatening. The doctor says I'll be fine, once it's done.”

“That's good, that's good. Is this doctor good? I know the best doctors around. You shouldn't be seeing any quacks.”

“Oh no, he's one of the top men in his field. It'll be fine.”

“Good,” Angelo said, nodding his head. “I'm looking forward to seeing you some more, if you're interested, that is.”

“Oh, yes, I'd like that. You're a very...attractive man, Angelo.”

“It makes me glad to hear you say that, Linda. I know I'm a little older than you, but I like to think I'm pretty young at heart.”

Victor had already explained to me that Angelo was quite high up in the organization. He was probably in his late 30's or so, so he was a bit older than I, but not so old that I wasn't interested. Heck, there was something compelling about a guy who was a little older, a little more established.

After dinner, we went to a nightclub and listened to music, and danced a little. Later, Angelo and I kissed and cuddled in the back of his limo. He made it clear he liked me.

“You make sure that doctor takes good care of you,” he told when he dropped me off at home. “Tell him Angelo Terrano said to be extra careful.”

“Thanks. I will.” And I kissed him, extra long and extra hard.

**-000-**

“How did it go,” Marissa asked as soon as I came in.

“Just great,” I told her with a goofy grin. “I actually like him. And he likes me, I think.”

“Wonderful. And he's okay about the surgery thing? He bought it?”

“He's just fine with the surgery thing, Marissa. Everything's going to be fine.”

And so, on December 7 (Pearl Harbor Day!) I had my surgery.

Marissa was just a bundle of nerves. I don't know which of us was more worried. Strange as it may seem, I almost thought that she was having second thoughts about it, which was strange, because she had always been so supportive of my decisions in this regard.

But then she seemed to gather herself together, and an almost fierce calm settled over her.

“This is the right thing to do,” she told me, but I think she was really talking to herself.

“This is really for the best,” she repeated.

“Of course it is,” I reassured her. “I want this more than almost anything.”

Then the nurse was there, and the anesthesiologist, and my consciousness soon dissolved into oblivion.

The first thing I saw, when I came out of the general anesthesia, was Marissa's face. My brain felt like it was packed in wool, and I felt terribly weak and exhausted.

“Everything go all right?” I asked weakly.

She smiled a tight smile at me. “It went fine. It's done. It's really done.”

I grasped her hand with mine, squeezed it, and said, “Thanks. I couldn't have done it without you. You're the best sister a girl ever had. ”Then I slept for the longest time.

## Chapter 9

Things seemed to accelerate as the year went on. Linda made phenomenal progress in her new life, and soon we were actually planning her SRS, her Sex Reassignment Surgery.

In other words, Leonard would soon have his balls cut off. All done perfectly legally, with the finest medical care available, of course.

Sometimes, late at night, when I was finished putting Linda through her hypnotic paces, I would lie there in bed and think about it. That was better than going to sleep, where the serpent could torment me.

They wouldn't exactly cut off his dick, of course. That would actually be sliced open, turned inside out, and be made into the lining of Linda's vagina. And the scrotal area would become Linda's labia.

But the balls—well, those were extraneous. Linda would have no use for them, and so they would be disposed of with the rest of the hospital waste.

I would think of my father sometimes then, his vicious drunken voice echoing in my silent house. My father was dead, of course, and my mother had never thought of such delicious revenge. A pity, really.

And the beauty of it was that I was perceived as some kind of heroine. I was the supportive spouse, selflessly helping her transsexual hubby make the transition, no matter the cost to herself. It was really too exquisite.

Because of course, I knew that Linda's transsexualism had been, if not created, then certainly greatly encouraged, by my constant hypnotic suggestions. I had actually succeeded in getting my miserable cheating husband to volunteer to be castrated. And the medical and legal establishments were doing everything they could to help.

Best of all, my soon-to-be ex-husband would be permanently transformed into a woman. A blow would have been struck for all women who have been abused and betrayed by testosterone-poisoned men.

It's funny—I hadn't really had it all thought out when I began the process. But one inspiration just led to another, and pretty soon Linda was there and Leonard was gone, forever. And I found such incredible joy in that knowledge that I couldn't stop.

The only time I really hesitated was the day of the operation. When I was faced with the reality of the deed about to be done, part of me wavered. It was really going to happen, unless I did something to stop it.

It was kind of like that moment in a wedding, when the minister says that if anyone objects, they should speak now or forever hold their peace. For Linda, I was the only one who could say something to stop the proceedings.

I probably wasn't thinking all that clearly, as I had barely slept the night before. Every time I dozed off, I was back in the nightmare, running from the serpent. It was more desperate than ever, as if it knew I was planning to kill it, and had given itself over to hunting me down and destroying me first. But now I had found a weapon. I had found a book of magic spells, and if I just said the right words, the serpent would be transformed into a kitten. I just had to find the right spell, on the right page, before the serpent found me.

But it was so dark, and there were so many pages in the book to examine. I could hear the serpent, its scales rubbing against cold stone. (For at this point in the dream, I was in a faraway castle, where the book of spells was kept.)

I found the right spell just as I felt the serpent brush against my leg. The words, I just had to say the words, and the thing would be gone forever! But as I began to say the incantation, something cold and powerful wrapped itself about my throat, and the breath was choked out of me. Desperately, I tried to finish saying the magic words, the words that would save me. The grip on my throat tightened.

And then I was awake, my own hands grasping my neck!

Every time I fell asleep, I was back in that damn castle, trying to work the magic spell before the damn serpent got me. And each time the thing got me in its clutches just as I was trying to get the words out. And then I would awaken, in mortal terror.

“This has to end,” I said to myself as I lay in the hotel room bed. Linda was asleep in the other twin bed, oblivious to my suffering.

“This has to end.” But I slept no more that night.

**-000-**

And so the next day, I was probably a bit out of it. Sleep deprivation will do that to a person.

When Linda was wheeled out of her room on the gurney, I bent down and kissed her forehead.

*Time to get your balls cut off*, I thought.

While the actual operation was going on, I dozed in a chair in Linda's room. I tried to stay awake, but I just couldn't help myself. The room was overheated and stuffy, and before I knew it I was back in the castle, the serpent wrapped around my throat, my breath and life being squeezed out of me.

The word, the last word, what is it? I couldn't see the last word of the spell, the last word that completed the transformation. I was dying, and I fell to the ground. The serpent's head came close to my face, and I could smell the odor of whiskey and sweat.

“You're the one who has to die,” the serpent said. “You have to die, because you've been bad. You wanted me, but now you hate me, and so you have to die.”

“No!” I tried to scream, but it came out as the weakest whisper. I knew I was going to die.

But then I thought of the word I needed, and I somehow managed to mouth it, with my very last bit of life.

“Sleep,” I said.

And the serpent closed it's eyes and went to sleep, relaxing its grip.

As I untangled myself from its coils, gasping desperately, I saw it turning itself inside out, folding in on itself. There was blood and terrible noxious green slime everywhere, but the thing shriveled up and curled up into itself.

In the end, all that was left was a sweet and utterly helpless little kitten. It mewed as I picked it up, and I knew I was safe. It could never be a serpent again.

I awoke in the hospital room, for once feeling at peace. The serpent was gone, utterly and forever replaced.

As I sat there, trying to clear my mind, the nurses wheeled Linda in. She looked incredibly pale and weak, but also incredibly beautiful.

It was done! The last part of the evil had been exorcised.

I realized then that I hadn't done anything wrong. In fact, I had done Leonard a favor, by getting all that nasty vileness out of him. Linda was pure, Linda wouldn't ever hurt anyone. Linda was a woman now, in every possible way.

There were beautiful bouquets of flowers sent to her room by both Victor and Angelo. (Victor told me that he arranged the flowers, so that Angelo didn't know what clinic Linda was at.) They filled the room, and must have cost a fortune. But I knew that money was no object with such men, not when they wanted something.

I had been prepared by Linda's therapist and the doctor for the trials of the post-op period. I was able to bring Linda home in a few days, but she was far from recovered. The wadding they had put into her had to be removed, the dressing changed regularly, and worst of all, someone had to help her with dilation.

I'm not going to get into all the gory details, but the basic fact of dilation's that the newly-created female organ has to be kept open by inserting something called "stents" of varying size. Essentially, they're specially made dildos, and they're used to keep this man-made vagina from healing over.

It was painful in the beginning. I hated to see Linda suffer that way. In fact, I suffered too, suffered from terrible guilt feelings as I saw her endure that pain.

I was able to help her handle the pain with hypnosis. It was the least I could do, considering. But even so, it was pretty grim for a while. I had to take time off from my job to take care of Linda, but Victor and Angelo made sure we were taken care of.

Fortunately, Linda was well-motivated. I made sure of that. So she hung in there and did whatever needed to be done.

Frankly, if I had known ahead of time how difficult it would be on her, I don't know that I would have had the strength to get her to have the operation. I mean, I know it was necessary, but still...

But as time passed, Linda recovered. The pain of dilation turned to mere discomfort, and then, eventually, to not any big deal at all. I was so relieved when that day came, when it was no longer painful for her to insert her stents, because every wince on her face, every grunt and groan, cut through me like a knife.

By Valentine's Day, she was able to return to work. She wasn't fully recovered from the trauma of the surgery, of course, but she was well enough to go back to her work.

Victor was very understanding, and didn't even make any sexual demands of her. I guess Angelo's interest in Linda had changed that situation a bit.

It quickly became clear that Victor had abdicated all right of sexual intimacy with Linda. In fact, by the end of February, Linda had accepted a job to work at Angelo's offices, as his personal secretary.

"Of course you should accept," I told her. "I don't think Angelo is the kind of person who takes no well, anyway. So unless you want to move to another state, let's go with the flow and see what happens."

Victor gave me a call, though, just before Linda started working for Angelo.

"Look, Marissa," he said to me in his silky voice, "we just need to be sure this doesn't blow up in our faces, y'know what I mean? Mr. Terrano really likes Linda. And he's been real patient, 'cause of the surgery and all, but someday he's gonna want to take Linda to bed. Are you sure that won't be a problem, when the time comes?"

"I'm sure. I've seen the doctor's work down there, and it's perfect. It won't be a problem, believe me."

"That's good, because if Mr. Terrano ever found out that Linda wasn't always a Linda, and that I set him up with her knowing that...that would not be good."

Something about the way he said that made me regret ever having picked out his picture from the pile of respondents to our little ad. But still, Angelo Terrano could play a tremendous part in my plans, if I was just careful.

"I understand what you're saying. But the doctor's work is impeccable."

"all right, all right, I believe you. But is there anyone else who could blow the whistle on us?"

I thought about that. "Well, Linda's family has pretty well disowned her, so they won't be a factor."

"Okay, but who else even knows about her background?"

I hadn't even thought about that. But he was right, anyone who knew the truth might be considered a threat to Victor.

"Well," I said slowly, "there is this woman who used to work with Linda, before Linda was Linda. Her name is Veronica Warren. She had an affair with...with the person Linda used to be, if you know what I mean. And I don't think she liked how things ended. She knows about Linda."

"Shit," Victor said softly. "Where was this?"

"United Mutual Insurance, out in the western suburbs. But I don't really think she would do anything to get back at Linda...do you?"

"Fuck what you think, Marissa. This could be my ass. What suburb?"

I told him. "But I really don't think she'd be that upset over being dumped. Still, I suppose it wouldn't hurt to put a scare into her."

"Yeah, right. I'll put a scare into her." Victor's voice was sarcastic.

I really didn't want to know any more than that, so I didn't ask any more questions. Victor could be a scary guy sometimes, I was learning. Still, what was the worst that could happen? The world might lose one adulterous slut. I wouldn't lose much sleep over that.

As far as Angelo Terrano knew, I was Linda's sister. And so he was always nice to me. Linda made it clear to me, in her nightly sessions with me, that Angelo was clearly interested in her as much more than a secretary. Of course, I could have figured that out from the time they spent together, both during the week and on the weekends.

Clearly, this guy was smitten with my creation!

"He's so romantic," Linda would gush to me. "He makes me feel like the most beautiful, the most desirable woman in the world. And he has such a kind heart."

"Kind of an old world charm, eh?"

"Yeah, that's part of it, I think. And he's so family oriented. The poor man's wife died, and he has this little boy that he's trying to raise, all the while trying to run his businesses. It's very difficult, but he never complains."

Now, I wasn't a complete idiot, I could see where this was all heading. But once again, it seemed as if fate were stepping in and working with me.

*These new developments could serve my long-term plans quite nicely, I thought. And they even added a certain excitement, an element of risk.*

## Chapter 10

It was the most amazing thing, to wake up and know that I was finally complete, finally the way I was supposed to be. Marissa looked a little strange, but then again I was pretty groggy, so I might have been mistaken. I pretty much felt like my head was packed with cotton, and I just wanted to sleep.

Recovering from that surgery was the most difficult thing I've ever done. Regular women talk about the pain of childbirth, but I don't know if that can compare to the pain of dilation. At least childbirth ends in a few hours.

But Marissa was a tremendous help to me. She was, as she liked to tell me, my sister now, and no one ever had a more devoted sister than Marissa. There were a lot of messy details to attend to, to make sure I healed properly, and Marissa never shrank from them. I don't know how I could have done it without her.

And of course, both Victor and Angelo made sure to send flowers each and every day. Angelo started visiting me at home regularly also, and it meant a lot to me.

I think a lot of people misunderstood Angelo. Sure, he looked tough on the outside. But he's really a very tender person on the inside, with a fierce protective instinct for anything that affects his family. And I was starting to feel like I was part of the family.

Not long after I went back to work, Angelo asked me to work for him instead of for Victor. Victor was a dear, he had no objection. And so Angelo and I got to be with each other a lot.

Marissa seemed different, somehow, after my surgery. It was as if some weight had lifted off her. Maybe it was just her relief at finally seeing me complete and whole, I don't know. But there was a tenderness to her that had been absent before.

"You know, you really are like a sister to me," I told her at one point. "And I love you like a sister."

She didn't know what to say to that, but I could tell she was choked up.

Marissa kept up with my hypnosis treatments, and they were a tremendous help as always in reassuring me in my new life. Of course, Angelo did a pretty good job of that, also.

I got to know his family during the months after my surgery, and boy, was it a big family. His mother was this fascinating woman with dark penetrating eyes. But she seemed to like me. And I even started to make friends with Angelo's six-year old son, Johnny. Victor seemed to be awfully interested in my budding relationship with Angelo, as he was always asking either me or Marissa how things were going. I tried to be discrete in what I said. Angelo was such a gentleman, I didn't want him to think I wasn't a classy lady.

**-000-**

Finally, one day in May, Angelo said he had to go out of town, to Atlantic City, to take care of some business. He would be gone over the weekend, and asked me if I wanted to go along.

“Sure,” I replied instantly.

“all right,” he said with a slight facial movement that reminded me of Robert De Niro, “I’ll get us a room.”

A room. I caught the significance of that, and I just smiled. I was ready, I knew, to test how good a job the doctors had done.

Marissa seemed a little apprehensive about the trip, worried that I might be rushing things.

“You know I'm ready,” I told her. “If anyone knows, you do. You see how I'm healed, how I handle the stents. I'm actually looking forward to this. So relax, it'll be fine.”

Still, I could tell that Marissa made a call to Victor, when she thought I was watching television.

“You don't need to worry so much,” I told her.

“I suppose you're right,” she said. “Have a good time, and be careful.”

Marissa helped me pack for the trip, and even took me shopping (although I know that Angelo was picking up the tab). I found the most heavenly nightgown and robe at Victoria's Secret, they were of gold satin. I knew I had to have them as soon as I saw them.

"Angelo should appreciate this," Marissa said with a smile.

**-000-**

Well, I have to tell you, Atlantic City was a hoot. And since everyone knew I was with Angelo, everyone treated me like I was Princess Di or something. We gambled, caught a show, had a fabulous dinner, and then finally retired to our room.

It had this incredible huge round bed (with a mirror above it!) and a sunken round bathtub. Angelo got into bed first, while I got ready in the bathroom. I changed into my new nightgown and robe, daubed perfume at some strategic places, and checked my hair in the mirror. I made sure I still had just a little makeup on, just some mascara and lipstick really. And then I made my entrance.

Angelo was in bed, sitting up, his eyes wide in the dim light. I walked forward, feeling the smooth light touch of my nightgown all over me. My nipples were swollen and erect in anticipation and desire, and I could feel myself growing moist between my legs.

I momentarily thought of what the doctor had told me, how he had reconstructed me so that the same system that had produced fluid when I had been aroused as a male now lubricated me as a female. I hoped Angelo would enjoy the doctor's craftsmanship.

"You are so beautiful," Angelo said throatily.

I smiled modestly in response, and slipped under the covers.

Angelo was completely naked under the covers, and I immediately discovered just how aroused he was. His lips found mine, and I surrendered to his masculine urgency with the greatest delight. His skin felt rough and manly against mine, and soon my soft hand closed about his pulsing erection.

*That's going to be in me, I thought. A living part of him is going to be inside a living part of me.*



Angelo's mouth worked its way down to my breasts, and the pleasure that coursed through me as his lips and tongue played with my nipples was incredible. I became aware that my wetness down below had increased significantly.

Something wonderful and instinctive possessed me, and I offered myself to him in ways both subtle and obvious. Soon he was on top of me, and my legs opened for him without my thinking about it. And then the ultimate moment was upon me, and I felt his glorious manhood nudging the entrance of my womanhood. And I knew I was finally complete, that I had finally gotten things right.

Angelo slid into me gently, but insistently. And when he was all the way in me, I felt as if I had been reborn, as if the ultimate source of life had re-energized me and revitalized every cell in my body.

"Yes," I said into his ear. "Oh, yes, Angelo. Yes, you feel so wonderful."

"As do you, my wonderful Linda. You feel like liquid satin."

He moved and thrust in and out of me, and soon we were moving in an exquisite synchronized rhythm. And it felt great! Everything worked, and worked just fine! Not only worked as far as Angelo was concerned, it actually worked for me.

Sex as a woman was different, different even than it had ever been before when I had been with men. My orgasms were a renewable resource, as it were. I could have one after another, and I did, to Angelo's delight.

When he finally reached his own climax, he was like a bull. I felt utterly transported, utterly thrilled, as I felt his seed spurting within me, his face transformed by pleasure and release.

He collapsed in ecstasy, but his longing manhood stayed within me, to my satisfaction. And in a little bit, we both found ourselves working up to another go at it.

We didn't get a lot of sleep that night. And I never felt more fulfilled, more complete. All of my prior experiences served to prepare for that night, when I could use all my imagination, all my desire, all my instincts, to give pleasure to Angelo. And, of course, to exult in the pleasure that he gave me in return.

I got so caught up in my own pleasure that I stopped marveling at it. Things worked as they were supposed to work, and after a while I just gave myself over to the joy of it.

Our little weekend getaway somehow stretched into a week. Marissa fretted that there would be problems with my being away from her for so long, so I had her do some long-distance hypnosis sessions over the phone while Angelo was off taking care of business. It seemed to make her feel better, and it certainly helped me, I think.

Angelo and I got to know each other pretty well in our time in Atlantic City. It was one of the most wonderful times in my life, to know that each night I would be lying safe beneath him, feeling him release all his passion into me, again and again. Then, as we both lay there spent and happy, we would talk long into the night.

When I finally returned home to Marissa, she noticed the change in me the instant she saw me.

“Oh goodness, you look positively radiant,” she told me.

“We had a great time.”

“You look different, somehow.”

“Really? Well, they have a wonderful spa there.”

“Uh-huh. Right. Come on, Linda, this is me, remember? So tell me, how did it go? You know...”

“It was fantastic,” I said, grinning insanely. “The doctor is a miracle worker. It felt...it felt...incredible. Wonderful. Everything I ever hoped it would be. Of course, I should probably give a little credit to Angelo, too.”

Marissa looked relieved. “So there weren't any problems?”

I looked her in the eye. “No. No problems at all. I told you it would be fine.”

Two weeks later, Angelo gave me a huge ring and proposed. And I accepted in a heartbeat.

“You what?” Marissa exclaimed when I told her.

“I accepted. Marissa, I love him. I need him. And I intend to marry him.”

“Good God,” was all she said, running a hand through her hair.

“You seem upset. I don't understand.”

She paced about the room a bit distractedly. “I don't know, this is just kind of sudden, isn't it? You go away for a week and suddenly you're getting married?”

“I didn't say we're eloping tomorrow or anything. But he's proposed, and I accepted.”

## Chapter 11

When Linda told me that Angelo wanted to marry her, it really threw me for a loop. And I wasn't even sure why, exactly.

But as I thought about it over time, I started to figure out a little of what was bothering me.

First of all, this had all started out as a punishment on my miserable dog of a husband. But quite honestly, I didn't quite see where this development was much of a punishment.

I mean, he seemed perfectly happy as Linda. And now he (well, she, actually) was in love, apparently, and planning on getting married.

*Where did that leave me? And how was that punishment?*

I had worked very hard to change Leonard, and had gone to considerable expense. And the end result was Linda, who was about to stroll off into the sunset with some junior-grade Godfather? To live (presumably) happily-ever-after?

*"I don't think so,"* I whispered to myself through clenched teeth.

The more I thought about it, the more upset I got. I couldn't blame Linda, really, of course. She was the innocent result of the personality alchemy I had worked. She was my creation, my Galatea, the perfect woman.

And I really couldn't blame Terrano for wanting her. She was a strikingly beautiful woman. Her light brown hair had grown out gorgeously, her body was lean and lithe and soft and womanly. And modern medical science had custom-designed her for a man's pleasure.

*"I really should have seen this coming,"* I told myself. *"I made it inevitable, really."*

But now that it was about to become reality, I didn't like it.

Hell, I had even quietly divorced Leonard, right after the operation turned him officially into Linda. So I had no legal hold over her.

There was, however, one trump card that I still held. Linda still relied on me for her regular hypnosis sessions, and that gave me control that Linda didn't even realize was control.

So even as I acted outwardly all excited about my "sister's" engagement, I began scheming to sabotage it. Or at least, to make sure that my original objective was furthered by this development.

All it would take, I realized, was a new posthypnotic suggestion added to Linda's regular sessions. I wrote it out beforehand, to make sure I got it exactly as I wanted it:

"After you awaken, you will respond to a special verbal signal from me. When you hear this phrase from me, and only from me, you will respond immediately. When you hear me say the key word 'Celsius', and then hear me say 'awaken Leonard', Leonard will awaken from his long, deep sleep. Leonard will be out of his imprisonment, and will be the consciousness in charge of your body. All that will happen when you hear me say 'Celsius: Awaken Leonard'."

It was perfect. It would get everything back on the track I wanted. Of course, one problem with such posthypnotic suggestions is that they fade with time. Thus, I would have to regularly reinforce it, to keep it active. But since I was regularly performing hypnosis on Linda, that was no problem.

I even planned to take things one step further. I added to my script:

"Furthermore, once Leonard is reactivated, only I can put him back to sleep. Only I can bring Linda back. Linda can come back only when I say 'Celsius: Linda back'."

I couldn't wait to begin inserting this new command into Linda's subconscious. When they were safely in place, I would feel much better, I knew. I would once again have control of my creation.

And I would have a delightful new instrument of retribution available to me. I would be able to yank Leonard back into existence when I wanted. Only Leonard would find himself in the surgically-altered body of a beautiful woman. A woman who was the fiancée of a gangster! And the only person who could put things back and relieve him of his predicament was me.

It would make Linda beholden to me as well, as I would be the only one who could restore her to the life I had created for her.

How exquisite it would be to watch Leonard's face as he realized the incredible changes I had made to his body, all with his cooperation.

It was one thing to play dress up, the way he had done with that Veronica bitch. But his most private parts had been operated on. How would my sweet cheating husband react to the knowledge that his balls had been cut off, and were now rotting in some landfill somewhere?

Worse yet, he would have to beg me to put his male consciousness back to sleep, to bring Linda back, because it would be the only way he could survive. Angelo would not take kindly to having his beautiful bride suddenly trying to act like a guy!

I found that I liked thinking about what a delightful predicament that would be for Leonard, to suddenly find that his body had been the subject of major renovation while he had been away.

And once Linda was actually married to Angelo, it would be especially sweet to bring Leonard back and have him realize just how trapped he was. Maybe I could say the magic words right after the ceremony, maybe in the reception line.

Or better yet, implant the suggestion that Leonard awaken in his bridal bed at the moment that Terrano ejaculated into Linda's vagina. Or when she reached her orgasm!

The prospect of all this cheered me up so much that Linda even commented upon it, when she got home from work.

“You seem awfully chipper today,” she said, hanging up her coat.

“Well, we have so much to look forward to,” I told her. “Your wedding, your new life, all kinds of changes coming.”

She looked at me with raised eyebrows. “You sure you’re OK with all this? I've sometimes gotten the impression that maybe you're...well, a little ambivalent about all this?”

I smiled broadly. "God, no. I'm so happy for you. I know your new life with Angelo will be very rewarding for you. I wish you all the happiness in the world."

Then she hugged me. It felt odd to feel this woman against me, knowing that she had once been my husband, but that soon she would be someone's wife. Of course, I also knew that I had a trick or two still up my sleeve.

"That means so much to me, Marissa," she said earnestly. "Thank you. For everything."

"Don't mention it, sweetheart."

*Besides, I thought, we're not quite done yet.*

That night, once I had Linda into her customary deep trance, I began introducing the new commands. I had to work hard to keep my voice even and calm, because I was so excited at the prospect of this new idea of mine.

But as soon as I started introducing this new command, about being able to bring Leonard back, something went wrong. Linda twisted and turned violently, and then, without warning, her eyes snapped open.

"What the hell have you done?" she asked me in an anguished voice.

I was taken by surprise so badly that I could hardly stammer out a reply.

"God damn it, Marissa, what have you done?"

I couldn't tell if it was Linda talking, or Leonard.

She bolted out of bed and stood there in her nightgown. Her hands reached down between her legs.

"Dear God in Heaven, you insane little bitch," she screamed at me. Then she punched me.

"You sonofabitch," I yelled in pain. "Don't you ever touch me, you hear me?"

"I'll do more than that, you psychotic little bitch! I'll see you dead, or in jail."

There was a terrible look in her eyes, and I knew that, right then and there, she wouldn't hesitate to kill me if she had a gun in her hands.

“What are you upset about?” I screamed in defiance and anger. “I gave you what you wanted. You wanted to be a girl, didn't you, Leonard?”

“You crazy bitch, you know what you did!” And with that, Linda lunged at me, her hands grasping for my neck. Except that I knew, of course, that it wasn't exactly Linda I was dealing with. Still, in a moment those hands were fastened around my throat.

“You...fucking....crazy....bitch...” Linda's mouth said, over and over. I could feel myself blacking out. Even though Linda was a lot less strong than Leonard had been, her rage had made her incredibly powerful.

“Celsius,” I gasped, and that code word seemed to have an effect.

Linda (or Leonard, or whoever) let go, and sagged back.

I seized that opportunity to break free and run. I wasn't about to waste any time, I just ran out of the house, and into the street. I kept running, not even thinking any more, just trying to get away from the maniacal fury that had almost killed me.

I ran until I got to a busy intersection, a few blocks from the house. There, I found an all-night drugstore, and went in there to gather my wits. At least there I figured I would be safe from another attack.

Of course, I didn't have my purse, so I didn't have any money, or any credit cards, so I couldn't buy anything. But I pretended to check the aisles while I calmed down and thought things through.

I didn't know where to go, who to call.

But finally I called Victor from a pay phone (I had to call collect).

“What's going on, Marissa,” he asked when he finally was on the line.

“It's Linda. She's snapped, gone off the deep end. She tried to kill me. I need you to pick me up. We need to talk, there's no tell-

ing what she'll do next. If she does something crazy that lets Angelo know the truth, we're both in trouble."

"Christ. Goddamnit Marissa, what happened?"

"I don't know. She's always been a little unstable, I think. But I need you to get me. We can figure this out then."

"all right, all right. Where are you?"

I told him.

He said to watch for a dark blue Lincoln, and that he would be there in twenty minutes.

"Okay," I replied tensely. "Get here as fast as you can."

Waiting for Victor, I kept trying to figure out what had gone wrong. Clearly, my attempt at this new posthypnotic suggestion had inadvertently freed Leonard's personality, with terrifying results. Now I had to figure out how best to salvage the situation.

Victor finally got there, and I slid into his car.

"Where is she now?" he snapped at me.

"Last I saw her, she was at the house."

"all right. Let's get there and see what's going on." Victor's face looked grim.

I was nervous, but I knew I had Victor to protect me. Somehow, I figured he would be able to handle anything that Linda might be capable of.

When we got to the house, the lights were on. I entered cautiously, half-expecting an attack.

But Linda was sitting on the couch, watching television, dressed in a robe and nightgown. She seemed perfectly calm.

"Hello, Marissa," she said as I walked in. "Oh, and hi, Victor. What's up?"

Victor shot me a darkly quizzical look. "You OK, Linda? Marissa called me, said there was a problem."

Linda looked at the two of us in surprise. "Problem? Not that I know of."

"You seemed upset earlier, Linda," I said.

“I don't remember being upset,” she said calmly.

I looked at Victor, who was staring at me like I was a little nuts. “Let me fix you some coffee, Victor, out in the kitchen.”

Once I had him safely stashed out there, I returned to Linda.

“You got upset during our hypnosis session, don't you remember?”

She looked at me with a completely innocent face. “No. I just found myself out here in the front room, in my nightgown, with no idea how I got here.”

The only thing I could figure was that my “Celsius” command had brought her back to a trance state, and had returned Leonard to his suspended animation status.

Victor finished his coffee in a bit, and then left.

“Drive around the block a few times,” I whispered to him, “just in case trouble starts again, OK?”

He nodded as he left. But Linda just turned in, saying she was tired. There was no further sign of Leonard. I eventually went to bed also, but sleep did not come easily for me. I kept expecting Linda to come bursting into my room, knife in hand or something. But there was no further trouble that night.

## Chapter 12

When Linda tried to give me the command that would enable her to bring Leonard back at will, I resisted her, for probably the first time. I mean really resisted. The thought of her being able to do that was just completely unacceptable to me, and I guess that's why things happened the way they did.

But the shock of snapping myself out of the hypnotic state had the side-effect of releasing my Leonard personality completely, and I guess that part of me had some hostility toward Marissa.

It was the damndest thing, because I was still there also as Linda, kind of observing this whole weird thing with Leonard raging about what had been done to him. Marissa looked honestly scared out of her wits, which I don't think I had ever seen before.

Once she gave the "Celsius" command, though, things seemed to snap back into place. Well, sort of, anyway.

I was back in control, as Linda. But the really strange part was that Leonard wasn't gone, either. I kind of felt like I was a different Linda, some kind of combination of Linda and Leonard.

I really took me a while to get a handle on how I felt, actually. By the time Marissa showed up with Victor, I had pulled myself together enough to calm things down. But I was still left with the problem of being a house divided, if you will. And I knew I had to find a way to work that out.

Once Marissa turned in, I lay in bed trying to sort out what was going on in my head. I felt as if I was thinking really clearly for the first time in a long time. Leonard was very much a part of me, and he was trying to cope with what he had found.

With the passage of a little time, I think he started to accept a bit what had happened. I mean, I think the truth is that the personality known as "Linda" had really been just an expression of something Leonard had really wanted but had never quite faced up to. And of course, Leonard had never really been unaware of what was being done to him, I could tell that.

Still, he had been badly manipulated by Marissa, I could see that now. I (that is, Linda) had really been created by Marissa as a way of punishing Leonard (a realization I had somehow not seen

clearly before). But now that I was here, now that I was a real personality, I was also more than just Marissa's revenge. And Leonard had to adjust to that, just like I had to adjust to him.

I spent most of that night trying to integrate these two parts of me, with varying degrees of success. Finally, sleep overcame me, and I conked out for a few hours.

The next morning, Marissa was again very solicitous of me, obviously trying to see if Leonard was still around. But on this, the two parts of me were in agreement—we had to give her the impression that everything was back to normal. At least, what passed for normal around our house.

I got ready for work, showering, shampooing my hair, and then dressing, and I could sense the Leonard part of me being absolutely fascinated at the process.

*I really am a woman!*

I kept noticing thoughts to that effect floating up from my subconscious.

*Yes, my dear. That's right, you're really a woman now, I thought back.*

He actually got turned on as I dressed. That was a strange feeling, having this variant consciousness peeping around the corners of my mind, getting erotic stimulation from things that were just an everyday part of life for me.

When I slid on my panties and they fit snug and smooth against my crotch, I could sense Leonard's astonishment and awe. My hand touched the outline of my vaginal lips through the material of my panties, without my thinking about it.

*Jesus, I have a cunt!*

*Well, of course you do, goofy. Or rather, I do. We do, something.*

*Yes, we have a cunt, as you put it.*

I kept discovering my hands touching myself as I dressed, and part of me watched myself closely in the mirror.

*God, I look fantastic!*

I just smiled to myself at that compliment.

"You sure you're feeling OK?" It was Marissa, poking her head into the room.

"Just fine, dear."

"Well, just call me if there's any problem or anything. See you later, I'm late for work."

"Will do."

I could feel my blood pressure rising at her intrusion, and realized that was Leonard's doing. He really didn't react well to her at all. And I could understand that, because even though she had created this new me, she hadn't done it out of kindness or love. She had done it because she thought it would be a punishment.

When I was dressed in a white crepe blouse and gray skirt, and my makeup and hair were all done, I headed in to work.

*To Angelo, part of me thought. Christ, she's got me engaged to be married to a gangster!*

*Well, yes, I suppose he is, I thought back. But he's also very romantic, and loving, and considerate, and an incredible lover.*

*Listen to yourself! He's a dangerous and corrupt man, and you're...we're...sleeping with him.*

That got me to thinking about what it was like to actually sleep with Angelo, how it felt to have him in me, and Leonard kind of freaked a bit at those memories.

*You've got to calm down, I told him inwardly. That's how a woman has sex, you know. You may as well get used to it. Besides, I can also tell you're turned on at the thought, at least a little.*

Leonard didn't answer that, probably because he knew that I knew it was true. On some nonverbal level, I could sense him mulling things over, and I sensed he was adjusting to how things were now.

*It's okay to be with a man now, I reassured him. It's perfectly natural for a woman to have sex with a man.*

All during the drive to work, I could sort of sense Leonard gingerly sampling the memories of making love with Angelo. It was as if he was afraid to access those memories too directly, or for

too long, so he would just try fleeting glimpses of them. And gradually, the glimpses became less fleeting, less tentative.

I had to smile to myself, as I felt Leonard shyly accessing my memories of Angelo's erect penis. I think Leonard was a little embarrassed to admit, even to me, that he had wanted to try something like that for a long time.

*It's really OK, you know, I reassured him. You're really me, I'm really you. We're really one person.*

I could feel Leonard relaxing a bit, settling in to this new existence. And I have to admit, it was kind of neat, to be able to experience my womanhood through his excited sensibilities. Everything was new to him, everything was sexy and erotic, from the way my breasts felt cupped in my bra to the way my nylons hugged and caressed my legs. It was a little like being able to be an observer of myself, an observer who found my very existence sexy. And the feeling of arousal that he felt, I also felt. It was kind of energizing.

*I love your perfume, Leonard thought.*

*Thanks.*

And I could sense how he perceived it, how the smell of it made him horny. And his horniness became my horniness, except it was filtered through the sensibilities of a mind that operated on estrogen instead of testosterone. So instead of getting erect, I got moist.

*Omigod, Leonard thought, when he realized this.*

I could feel all kinds of conflicting emotions and fragmentary thoughts then. I think he was a little aghast to be reminded that his manhood was gone, used to create my vagina. That stirred up anger and resentment at Marissa again, which I could understand. But he was also fascinated at the thought that he now possessed that organ which he had once so passionately pursued. The object of his lust had permanently joined with him, become a part of him, and he was trying to come to terms with that.

It's funny, I could sense a sort of almost superstitious awe in his mind about what we now had between our legs. To him, it wasn't just a part of the body, it was something with almost mystical connotations.

*You'll get used to it*, I told him. But for the moment, I kind of enjoyed his sense of awe. It was an interesting perspective, and an insight into the male mind. So that's what Angelo thinks?

Speaking of Angelo, he arrived at the office about ten minutes after I did. He greeted me with a hug and a kiss, and momentarily I forgot all about Leonard.

"Hi, beautiful," Angelo said with a glint in his eye. "How you feeling' today?"

"Just fine, honey," I told him.

Inside, I could feel Leonard pulling back a bit. He wasn't quite sure how much he wanted to be involved in this, I think.

*Will you relax? God, you can be such a baby sometimes*, I scolded him.

*Oh sure*, he replied. *Let's see how you like it if I decide I want to get intimate with a woman.*

*Oh my!* I must admit, I hadn't thought about that.

*Well, we'll see*, I told him.

I got busy with work, answering the phone, doing filing, that sort of thing. I could hear Angelo's voice coming from his office, and the sound got me a little aroused again. He does know how to take care of a lady.

After lunch, Angelo sprang something of a surprise on me.

"Let's go look at rings," he said, squeezing my hand. "I want you to pick out the most beautiful engagement ring you can find."

*Jesus Christ*, piped in Leonard, *let's not rush this!*

*Shut up*, I told him silently.

To be honest, it made me feel really good inside to think about shopping for an engagement ring. It made me feel like I had really 'arrived' as a woman, sort of. And besides, I had already told Angelo I would marry him. How could I tell him now that I didn't want a ring? Besides, the truth was that I had fallen in love with him.

*That was before, back when you were still under the influence of Marissa*, Leonard yelled inside my head. *How can you know*

*this is really a good idea now? You could still be walking right into Marissa's trap, just like she planned all along.*

He had a point, I knew. Maybe I was still under the influence of Marissa's machinations. Heck, my very existence was the result of Marissa's scheming. But I wasn't about to deny my right to exist, to live my life, just because of Marissa's motives in bringing me forth.

Frankly, I was getting a little annoyed with Leonard at this point. He was like some vestige of a prior life, some ghost that refused to get exorcised. And while I had enjoyed the fresh perspective he had brought, I was beginning to tire of him always acting like an anchor while I tried to proceed with what was now my life.

He perceived this irritation, of course.

*That's not fair. I was here first.*

*I know, but now you're out of place in this body, in this life. We have to find a way to integrate you into this new reality.*

I could sense Leonard sulking. *God, this was weird, having conversations with an alternate version of myself, inside my head. I had better be careful. People who hear voices get committed.*

*I am not a hallucination!* Leonard yelled.

*I didn't say that. But this is getting really distracting, you know?*

“Hey. Penny for your thoughts,” said Angelo, bringing me back to reality.

“Oh, sorry, honey. I was just thinking about how much I want to be married to you.”

He smiled a wolfish smile at that. “I like the way your mind works, babe. So how do you like the ring?”

I looked down at the huge marquis-cut diamond perched on my left hand.

“It's gorgeous,” I said, sounding like a little girl on Christmas.

“But it's so expensive!”

“Nothing but the best for you, beautiful. You should get used to that.”

*You can't let him buy you that! That thing costs a small fortune!*

*You're really starting to get on my nerves, Leonard. Butt out.*

*Butt out? Butt out? His voice in my mind was getting shrill. How can I butt out? I'm you and you're me, remember?*

*I can always ask Marissa to fix that, to put things back the way they were.*

*Oh sure. You know what she was planning. The whole reason I'm back now is that she was trying to plant a command to let her bring me out whenever she wanted, to torment me. You go back to her, she'll just finish what she was starting.*

He had a point, of course. But this incessant internal debate was getting to me.

*I hear you, he said, when I had thought the above thought. I'll try to cool it a little.*

*Thanks. I know this can't be easy on you, but you're making me crazy.*

We had to have the ring sized, so it wouldn't be ready for a day or so. But I was so thrilled I wanted to savor the moment, and not be constantly distracted by Leonard's whining. But he finally quieted down for a while.

"I want to celebrate tonight," Angelo said. "We'll have a dinner at Venuti's, invite some friends, your sister, anyone else you want there. This should be done properly."

I loved his attitude.

"Take the rest of the day off, get all dolled up, we'll have a great time."

That got some wheels turning in my own head.

"Honey, I wanted to ask you something, anyway."

"Go ahead, beautiful."

"My sister and I are kind of getting on each other's nerves. Do you think it would be all right if I moved in with you? I don't want to jinx us or anything, but right now I think I need to be away from Marissa. And it sure would be nice to spend my evenings with you."

“The only problem, gorgeous, is that I have my kid at home, and my Aunt lives there, to help take care of the place. It might be a problem, you moving into the house before we're married. But no problem about getting away from Marissa. You just check into a suite at the Hilton. I'll arrange everything. You can stay there as long as you want, solve your problem with Marissa, whatever. You do that today, then we can go back there together tonight.”

“That sounds wonderful, lover,” I told him, hugging him tightly.

With Marissa still at work, I was able to gather up my clothes and belongings without interference. I left a note for her, just saying that I needed to get out on my own and that I could be reached through Angelo.

*She'll go ballistic when she sees that,* Leonard said.

“Maybe, maybe not,” I said out loud in response. “Angelo was her doing, after all. She may just assume that things are back on track. But you're right, she won't like not having another shot at putting me under.”

*She can still do that 'Celsius' crap.*

*Oh yeah, I forgot about that. We'll have to do something about that, I think.*

*Like what?*

“Hypnotic suggestions weaken with time, if they're not regularly renewed and reinforced. So for one thing, just not giving her the opportunity to hypnotize me will make that command fade away in a bit.” I realized I was talking out loud, and made a mental note to watch out for that.

*People will think you've lost it,* said Leonard sarcastically, *if they hear you doing that.*

*Yeah, yeah. If you'd leave me alone for a while, I wouldn't have to do it. So shut up for a while, OK?*

## Chapter 13

I couldn't believe it when I first found out about it. Linda had moved out on me! The ungrateful little bitch! She wouldn't even exist without me. Without my work, she would still be that idiot Leonard, having some tart dress him up and stick a dildo up his ass!

"Victor," I said into the phone, after dialing his office, "Linda's moved out on me. Do you know anything about this?"

"Not really," he said calmly. "She's probably going' somewhere with Angelo, y'know. There's supposed to be a party tonight at Venutti's for 'em, maybe we'll find out something there."

That was the first I had heard about any party. Linda was getting a little too big for her britches, it seemed.

"What time is the party, Victor?"

"I was told around eight."

"all right, thanks. Like you said, we'll probably find out there."

I kept my voice calm, but when I slammed the phone down, I did it so hard that the receiver cracked.

A party tonight, in just a few hours, and I knew nothing about it. Talk about ingratitude!

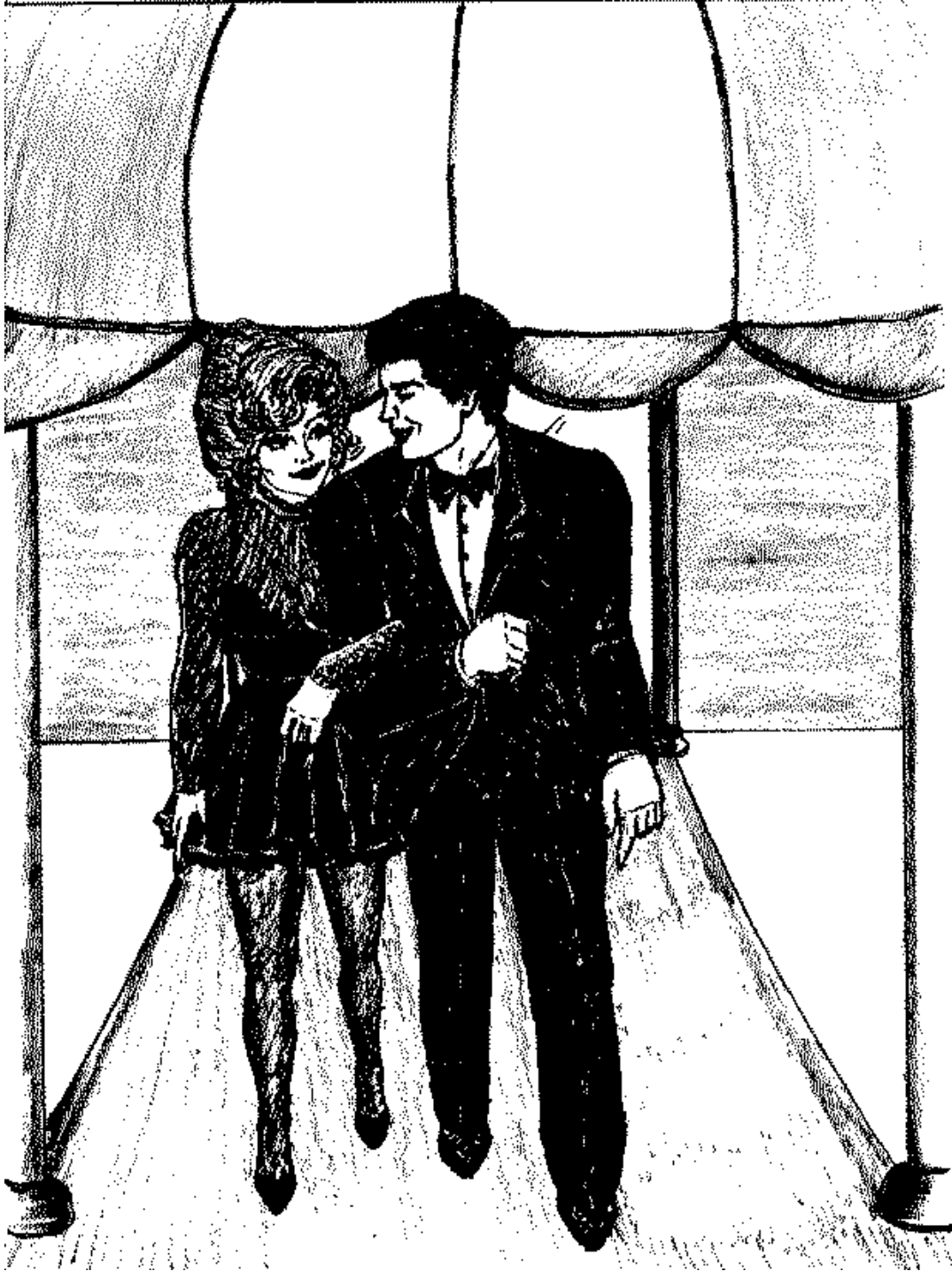
In a little while, the phone rang. I let the answering machine screen it for me.

"Hey, Marissa? This is Victor. Angelo just told me that Linda is apparently upset with you, and that Angelo doesn't think it would be a good idea for you to be there right now. Are you there, Marissa? Angelo doesn't..."

I picked up the phone, noting the damage I had done earlier.

"I hear you. What is going here, Victor? I'm feeling a little put-upon here. How come I'm being disinvited to this party?"

"Look, Marissa, I guess this is some kind of engagement celebration, OK? And Angelo figures that, if you and Linda are on the outs right now, he doesn't want the party being messed up with some kind of family fight, that's all."



“Goddammit, this is bullshit, Victor. You know this isn't right. This whole thing is getting out of control and I don't like it one bit. You know, Linda better get her head on straight here, or else I just might decide to stick a pin in her little bubble. I don't think Angelo would be too pleased to find out how his girlfriend used to be a guy named Leonard. That sure would upset the wedding plans, don't you think?”

“Marissa,” Victor started, and his voice had gotten cold. “I don't think you should be shooting your mouth off about that. I think it would be best if you forgot you ever knew that information. I very much do not want that information getting around.”

“Is that a threat, Victor? Afraid your buddies will find out that you like boys who wear dresses?”

There was silence on the other end of the line.

“This is not something that you should be discussing, ever. I thought you were a discrete person, Marissa. Discrete people live longer, I'm told. You should learn to be discrete, Marissa. Look at what happened to that Veronica Warren woman.”

“What the hell do you mean, Victor?”

“Don't play innocent with me, Marissa. You told me about her, remember? It seems she was the victim of a robbery gone bad. Didn't you see it in the news? Somebody broke into her apartment and robbed her and strangled her.”

I got really quiet then.

“I thought...I thought that, if you did anything, you would just put a scare into her, make sure she never said anything about Linda...”

“Yeah, I'm sure you were real concerned about her welfare. I got that clear impression, Marissa. But I don't know what the hell you're talking about. I had no grudge against her, no reason to hire anyone to do anything to the woman. Matter of fact, the only person I can think of who had a grudge against her was you, Marissa.”

*God damn, what kind of people have I gotten involved with?*

“Maybe you should think about taking a trip, Marissa. You sound stressed out. You been working too hard? Maybe you should take a vacation.”

“all right, Victor. Maybe you're right, maybe I am letting things get to me. If Linda doesn't want me at her party, that's fine.”

“That's good, Marissa. I like you, you're an interesting woman. I don't want to see you have a breakdown or something, y'know? Take care, Marissa.”

There was a click, and Victor was gone. I stood there, still holding the receiver, trying to figure out all the conflicting emotions I was flooded with.

Then with a torrent of obscenities, I smashed the receiver into the base of the phone, again and again, until both were completely broken.

“Just like that,” I raved to the empty house. “Just like that, they think they can just take her away. Like I have no right to see her. She was my husband, for Chrissake. I made her everything she is, and now they think they can just toss my out like yesterday's garbage. Fuck them, fuck Angelo Teranno, and fuck Victor, and fuck the whole fucking bunch of them!”

I remembered a line from a movie, and I repeated it to myself darkly.

“This is all far, far from over.”

I made myself a drink, sat down on the couch, and thought about how I should proceed.

The one thing I knew, above all else, was that I would not allow Linda to walk away from me like this. This had all started as a way of finally making a man pay for the way he treated women, and I was not going to allow it to instead turn into some kind of bizarre fairy tale, with the beautiful sex-change princess marrying her Thug Charming and living happily ever after.

The problem was, of course, that these Mafia assholes could be dangerous, in a crude and muscle-headed way. As Veronica Warren had found out, the poor bitch.

I wonder how poor Linda would react, to find out that her boyfriend's buddies killed poor little Ronnie?

I made another drink, and downed it quickly.

*Better yet, how will Angelo's and Victor's buddies react when they find out that Angelo's fiancée used to be somebody's husband?*

"It'll serve them right," I said to no one in particular. "Fuckin' gangsters."

I decided that I wanted to at least observe their big party. I knew where Venutti's was, and I also knew that there were several bars on the same block, including one right across the street. I wanted to see what the big fuss was all about. So I drove over, watching out for any goons that Victor might have dispatched. I didn't see anybody at all, and I told myself that I was letting them make me paranoid.

"Big talk, they're all so full of big talk, these tough guys," I muttered to myself. "But the big tough guys like their girls a little kinky."

I found the bar I had been thinking of, and settled in by 7:30.

"Bacardi cocktail," I told the bartender.

Sure enough, I could see a couple of heavysset guys standing out by the front entrance of Venutti's. I imagined that they had been given instructions to keep me out, the bastards.

In a little while, a limo pulled up, and out strolled Angelo and Linda. My Linda! She looked gorgeous, in a tight black cocktail dress.

"Fucking slut," I muttered into my glass.

I had a drink, and tried to plan what I wanted to do. From somewhere in the back of my mind, I heard the sound of my old tormentor, the serpent, hissing and slithering.

"You're dead, you bastard," I said to myself. "Turned you into a little kitty-kat, I did."

But I could hear the hissing and slithering still. And even, I thought, the sound of a man's voice, laughing.

*You got away from me, did you? Well, I took care of you once, I can do it again.*

But in my head, I sensed the serpent laughing at me. My old companion was back, apparently, free to terrorize my nights again.

“I’ll show you. I’ll show you all,” I said to myself. Some guy sitting a few stools down from me gave me an odd look, but I just ignored him.

I just saw there, biding my time and having a few more drinks. They all were laughing at me, Linda, Victor, Angelo, they all thought I was nothing, that I was just some woman they could take advantage of. I had shown Leonard how dangerous it was to cross me, I could certainly show the rest of them. They would regret the day they ever tried to fuck with me.

Finally, around eleven, I saw a crowd of people coming out of Venutti's. I left some money on the bar and headed for the door. Soon, my little princess would be making her appearance.

“Pay-backs are a bitch,” I said to myself, while I adjusted my purse strap.

Outside on the sidewalk, I found myself pelted by a rain shower. It was coming down a little heavily, but I really didn't give a damn. I stepped back under the awning of the bar, and waited.

In a few minutes, Linda came out, arm in arm with Terrano. When I saw her, laughing and smiling like she didn't have a care in the world, I just wanted to tear her eyes out. I imagined flinging her balls (well, her former balls, anyway) down on the sidewalk in front of Terrano and telling him that his girlfriend had forgotten something at the hospital. That would have been fun!

“Hey! Hey, you!” I yelled out across the street. “Yeah, you, Mr. and Mrs. Mafia. Hold up, I've got a few things to say to you.”

I saw Terrano turn and say something to one of the big guys who had been standing outside the whole time, and they started moving forward.

Linda looked at me, and her face just fell like a bad soufflé.

I loved it!

“I got a few things to tell you, Mr. Big Shot Gangster! Yeah, you. I wanna talk to you about your girlfriend there.”

I stepped off the curb, into the street, and strode toward them, my arms waving. I could feel the rain streaming down my face, plastering my hair down around my head. I must have looked like a crazy woman, I guess. But I didn't care at that point.

Terrano was trying to hustle Linda into his limo, and a couple of beefy guys were forming a protective circle around him, including Victor.

“Hey, Victor, don't worry, I haven't forgotten about you, either. There's so much we need to talk about, right Victor? Or you gonna shoot me down in the street, you...”

I noticed a grim, scary look in Victor's eyes, as he stared fiercely at me. Then his eyes shifted to the left. Instinctively, I looked that way, and I saw two men pulling weapons from beneath their overcoats. Then everything went crazy, there was the sound of the guns firing, people yelling, my own voice screaming in fear.

Then I saw Linda and Angelo crumpling to the sidewalk, their clothes splattered with blood.

## Chapter 14

I had been nervous about the engagement party, but Angelo assured me that everything would be fine. So I tried to relax and get dressed up. I had a lot to do to get ready, and I tried to keep myself from thinking too much. The suite Angelo had arranged for me was beautiful, and part of me couldn't wait to get back to it with him later that night.

*Great, just great,* crabbed Leonard, when I thought about that. *I think I need to find a way to go back to sleep, while that's going on.*

*That's a great idea,* I told him mentally. *Really, I would appreciate that. Can you do that?*

*I have no idea,* he said affably. *But it would make life a little easier on us both.*

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When Angelo arrived to pick me up, he looked as calm and assured as ever.

“You look absolutely stunning,” he told me. And the way he kissed me showed that he meant it, too.

“Thanks. You sure you want to go ahead with this? I'm as nervous as a cat in a room full of rocking chairs.”

Angelo smiled. “Absolutely. It's time I got on with my life. And I want that life to be with you.”

I sat on the bed, trying not to mess my dress too badly. I could see Angelo's eyes taking in my legs as I did so.

“Angelo, I love you. And there's nothing I want more than to be with you. But I've decided that I won't do it with anything standing between us. I have to tell you something about me, about my past.”

“You want to make a confession to me?” He smiled broadly. “I'm hardly the person to object about someone else's past. You know the kind of life I've lead, the kind of people I'm involved with.”

"I know. But I need to tell you this anyway. Angelo, that operation I had a while back..."

"The sex-change operation? Yes, go on."

I felt my jaw drop. "You knew? You knew, and you didn't say anything?"

Angelo laughed a little. "Well, someone in my position has to check things. You don't survive by being too trusting. So I had to check out your background. You had been working for Victor, and I don't really trust Victor."

"You could have told me that you knew," I said, a little angry.

"I wanted to see if and when you would tell me, honestly. It did set me back, a little. But I was more relieved to find out that you weren't a plant from the FBI, frankly."

"Do you know how badly I've been turning myself inside-out, trying to figure out a way to explain all this to you?"

"Well, I'm glad to learn that I'm going to marry a moral and ethical person. But honestly, I realized a long time ago that I didn't really care about how you had come to be who you are. I just knew that I needed you."

"And you still want to go ahead with everything?"

"Yes, absolutely, more than ever."

I couldn't help myself, I jumped up and embraced him tightly. "I love you so much," I whispered in his ear.

I think Leonard must have been even more shocked about all this than I was, for he was strangely silent.

"You have a courageous heart, my love," he said, kissing my fingers gently. "And I think it will serve us well, soon enough."

"Oh God, I don't care about any of that. As long as we're together."

"Yes, but our friend Victor has been trying to set me up for a fall, I think. I just don't think he realized we would be able to outmaneuver him."

"Set you up? With me, you mean?"

“It may have been part of it, I don't know. But no, I'm talking about his trying to set up me with our higher ups. Victor believes that if he sets me up, he'll be free to advance. And he'll be glad to step over my body to do it.”

“I hope you know what you're doing,” I warned him.

“With a little luck, things will go just fine, and we'll be free of Victor and his little trap.”

*Just great*, chimed in Leonard finally. *You're going to get us both killed.*

I ignored him, and Angelo and I headed for the car. Being with Angelo made me feel safe, even though I knew he lived in a world of danger and intrigue.

At the party, Angelo surprised me with my ring. He had made sure the jeweler had it sized in time for tonight. When I saw it on my finger, I felt like the most beautiful girl in the world.

“I love it,” I said as he slipped it onto my finger. “And I love you, too.”

Angelo kissed me. “I love you too, beautiful. And I promise, I will always take care of you, no matter what.”

I knew it was true, too, and it made me feel wonderful, to know this powerful and proud man wanted to take care of me that way, to make me his wife.

*Yeah, just swell.* It was Leonard, again, of course. *I can't wait for the honeymoon.*

*Well, I'll enjoy myself, I know that,* I answered him silently.

The dinner went smoothly, if a little boisterously. All of Angelo's friends (and their wives and girlfriends) were just wonderful. Everyone seemed genuinely happy for us.

“To the future Mr. and Mrs. Angelo Terrano,” toasted Victor. “All the happiness in the world, and a long life together.” If anyone picked up on any irony in that toast, no one showed it. Angelo lifted his glass in response, beaming, and we all drank.

When we left Venutti's, I felt like I was on Cloud Nine or something. Maybe it was the wine I had had with dinner, maybe it was

the ring on my finger, but I think it was just the way Angelo made me feel, like nothing bad could ever happen to me again.

But then, outside Venutti's, it was if the past was reaching out to try and destroy me again. I saw Marissa striding towards us, her hair blown wildly by the wind and the rain, shouting and waving like she had lost her mind, and suddenly my sense of being safe vanished. She'll never let me go.

And then I worried that this unexpected appearance might somehow be a warning sign that things were about to start going wrong with the plans we had made. Call it a premonition, but at that moment Marissa seemed like some wild witch from a Shakespearean play, a harbinger of disaster. I clung tightly to Angelo.

Then things happened in a blur. I saw Marissa stop and stare, her eyes wide, her hair matted down onto her forehead. Then there was the sound of gunshots, and I felt something explode against my chest and abdomen. Red liquid spurted everywhere. I looked at Angelo's face, and it was contorted in pain.

There was confusion all around me, voices shouting and screaming, people shoving all around me, and I didn't know exactly what was going on. I fell to the sidewalk, and I could feel Angelo's body next to me.

"Oh God, oh God," I said over and over. Then I got quiet, hoping no one stepped on me in the wild melee I could sense erupting around me. Soon there were sirens, and then paramedics were milling about me.

*What the hell have you gotten us into?* Leonard wanted to know, helpful as usual. I didn't bother to answer.

Things were pretty confusing for a while, from that point on. It was a weird sensation, being put on a gurney and then hoisted into the back of an ambulance. Dimly, I was aware of Angelo being similarly transported.

As the ambulance began to move, I looked around at the paramedics looking down at me.

"How's Angelo? Is Angelo all right?"

"Yeah, he's fine. Everything went fine, Miss Lewis."

I sat up. The front of my dress was a mess, with red liquid all over.

“You guys did a pretty good job on my dress. Do you think it fooled them?”

“Time will tell, Miss Lewis. But yes, we think it worked.”

I relaxed and let out a sigh.

“What happens next?”

The one paramedic, who was actually an FBI agent named Johnson, squinted as he answered.

“We switch at the hospital. You'll both be listed as DOA, and removed immediately by helicopter. Once you're safely in protective custody, the rest of the operation can begin.” “You mean, getting Angelo's son safely away,” I commented.

“Yes, and then we get to work debriefing him. His testimony, along with the computer records in his pocket, will enable us to make a real dent in the Anastasio crime family.”

“God, won't they be surprised to find out Angelo's not really dead,” I said with a smile. “They'll freak.”

“It's important that they think that, so they don't try to cover their tracks or leave the country. They have nothing to fear from a dead man, or so they think.”

Angelo had told me of his plans to get out of the crime rackets days earlier.

“I have to do it, for my son,” he told me earnestly. “I can't have him growing up thinking this is all right, that this is an acceptable way of life. I grew up around this, I didn't know any better, for a long time. But the family doesn't let people retire, not when they know things that could threaten the family.”

Angelo knew that Victor was scheming to set him up anyway, and that had been the final catalyst to the decision to work with the FBI, and ultimately enter the witness protection program.

“The real question,” Angelo had explained to me, “is whether you're willing to go into the program with me. Once I'm in, no one can find me, not even you. The only way we can be together is to go in together.”

It had been a lot to decide in a short amount of time, but then again maybe it was the perfect answer to a lot of our problems. It got Marissa out of my life, it got Angelo out of the mob, and it gave us both a chance to start over with a clean slate, courtesy of the U.S. government.

The “gunmen” who had shot us down, of course, were really FBI men. Angelo and I were both rigged with rigs like they use in the movies, to simulate out being shot.

“As secretive as the Family is about hits,” Angelo told me, “it won't be surprising that no one is quite sure who arranged it. The bosses may think Victor arranged it, Victor will think the bosses did it, and by the time they start to figure it out, they'll be in jail.”

In the hospital, I got all bundled up as a burn victim, and then hustled off to the helicopter on the roof. Inside, I saw another “burn victim” lying there. I could tell, just from the outline, that it was Angelo.

“Okay, we're airborne,” the pilot told us, and Angelo and I unwrapped ourselves.

“Fancy meeting you here,” I told him.

*Funny. Very funny,* Leonard chimed in.

*Enough out of you,* I answered, as Angelo reached for my hand. I imagine that Angelo's old friends were pretty surprised when their lawyers told them that Angelo was on the government's list of witnesses. Especially Victor, I think.

Angelo had to spend the better part of a year working on the trial, what with giving depositions, working with the FBI to explain the computer records he had taken out, and all that. We were resettled out in Arizona, in a nice (not too extravagant, but nice) house, and tried to become a regular family.

Angelo and I were married shortly after the move (although we both have new identities now—I'm Lisa, and Angelo is Anthony. I can't give out our new last name, obviously.)

Angelo's son, Angelo Jr., was a little confused by all the changes at first, but now he's taking well to having a real family again.

“We had to work with the government,” Angelo explained to him, “because the government is trying to put some very bad men away in jail. And we had to change our names, because if the bad men knew where we were, they'd try to hurt us. But don't worry, they can't hurt us. They don't know where we are, and they won't ever know.”

And even Leonard learned to leave us alone. For a while he was still there, peeking around the corners of my thoughts every once in a while. But with every passing day, his comments came less and less frequently. Although I do have to admit that I haven't lost his sense of erotic excitement at the very notion of being a woman. So in that way, he's still a part of me. In a way, I kind of like having that little added element to my psyche. I can't put on a pair of panties, or nylons, or anything remotely sexy, without getting just a little sense of his excitement.

But in other aspects, with the passage of time, “his” personality just got reabsorbed into mine. Which is just as well, as I think Leonard had a little trouble dealing with the details of my sex life.

I'm just me now, and I like it that way.

Sometimes I think about the strange and winding path that led me to be here, and I have to shake my head in amazement. I mean, if not for Marissa and her obsessive desire to punish me, I wouldn't be this person I am. I had never really been happy as Leonard, I had always felt incomplete and out of place as a male, but I don't know if I would have had the courage to make the changes in my life that I needed to make. I was always a little too passive, I think. Certainly it was much too easy for Marissa to make my decisions for me, and I might well have let that continue, never knowing the life I was missing.

But I think of Marissa sometimes. I wonder if she ever found out the truth of what happened on that sidewalk in front of Venutti's. The trial was in the news, so she could well have found out that Angelo wasn't really dead, and from there it wouldn't be difficult to figure out that I was still alive, also.

But all her efforts to find me would be fruitless, I knew. The government has given me a new name and a new Social Security number. Angelo has a new life also, and the government is giving

him training and financing to start a business here. Again, I can't go into too many details.

It's a little difficult on Angelo, sometimes, I think. The life that he used to lead was very seductive, with lots of money and lots of power. But the price paid for that easy money was terrible, and he tells me that he's glad to be rid of it. I know for sure that he's glad his son won't grow up seeing his father be a part of that life.

Right now, I have to get going. We're taking a trip to the Grand Canyon, just the three of us. We'll stay overnight at a nice hotel, and I know my Angelo will make love to me passionately, as he does every night. My heart is at peace in this new life, and I look forward to what the future holds for us.

Someone once said that revenge is a dish best served cold. Angelo says he thinks it's a Sicilian proverb. I don't know about that, but I do know that sometimes even the harshest dish can be made good, with just a little luck. I guess Marissa was a better cook than she ever knew.

## Chapter 15

I tried to find out about Linda, once I learned what had really happened. But it was utterly impossible. She was gone, vanished into the government's perfect camouflage. I can still recall every detail of the entire thing, each and every step along the way.

It's funny, in a lot of ways I got the revenge I wanted. I turned Leonard into a woman, completely and utterly, from the inside out. And I even got him involved as a woman with the worst example of domineering, chauvinist male I could find. But what I had conceived of as the ultimate punishment got away from me, it took on a life of its own and left me behind with nothing but questions and regrets.

To tell you the truth, I don't miss Leonard. But I miss Linda.

I've started hanging around some bars that have Female Impersonator shows. Unfortunately, most of the beautiful creatures there seem to want men, not women like me. But I've discovered some interesting magazines at the adult book stores, and some of the ads in them appear to hold some promise.

I'm not quite sure what I really want, not yet, anyway. But I think I'll know it when I see it. In the meantime, I'll keep checking the personal ads in those magazines, waiting for lightning to strike.

It's funny. All that time, I thought I was teaching Leonard a lesson. Instead, I was teaching one to myself.

A WIFE'S REVENGE  
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# A WIFE'S REVENGE

By Diane Woods

**When Marissa found out her husband was cheating on her, something snapped inside her. And she knew she would have to have her revenge for his betrayal.**

**Since Leonard liked dressing up games with his girlfriend, Marissa decided that she would punish him by taking that desire to it's extreme, logical conclusion.**

**She would change him into a female, inside and out, forever.**

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