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The Wishlock

January Snowden

It was a dark and stormy night. I know it's cliché, but it really was a dark and stormy night. Still, there was no Jason, no Freddy Kruger, ready to jump out of the blackness to terrorize or kill me. To be honest, it was more of a sci-fi than horror or anything else. That's a little teaser. I really shouldn't have said that so soon, but what the hell. Maybe it'll keep you with me until the very end. This is my story, as on that clichéd night of my then very young life that I decided what I wanted to do with my future, like a sudden pure white lightning bolt slashing the black-blue night. That is, of my beginning, and continued existence, as the Wishlock.

My title did not really come out of the blue, fully formed, then and there. Awakened from a light sleep by a cacophonous boom of thunder, along with an oxymoronic hiss and sizzle of heavy sheeting rain, my mind bounced randomly, thinking of many things be-

fore I was soothed back to slumber. All the same, one of those things was what was I was going to do with my future. It was as if the present state of elemental fury had given me my ultimate idea. Oh no. Not that thunder, lightning and rain disturbed me into making my life's path. On the contrary, for the first time, it fascinated me. The harnessing of such power. This new-found revelation segued into my desire to possessing such power to do extraordinary things.

This particular power had a name: magic. Believe it or not, real magic does exist. The practitioners of such are more kindly called magicians. Otherwise, there is another rather unflattering sobriquet: There are witches who are female but there are also male witches. Generally, the latter are known as warlocks. As I will explain in due time, apropos to my method of practice, along with the way as I practice my craft, this is why I uniquely dub myself as the Wishlock.

Introduction

It took almost a decade. That is, once my quest seriously began. Early on, I got discouraged. Part of that time disbelieving that magic really existed even as I contradicted my thoughts in hoping that it did. Real magic, mind you. Not the kind stage magicians pull in Vegas or on TV. Real magic was not wishful thinking, to deliberately pun. I joke now because sometimes I do exactly that.

It was in vogue, to lack a better word, for centuries, centuries ago. There is no written record of how it began; only that it was frowned upon. There was black magic, which gave the reason for that. But then there was white magic, which you almost never hear about. What was the difference? Obviously, one was bad and one was good. But here was the interesting part: What

mostly defined black or white, bad or good, was mostly how it was used. To wit, if one's intent was to harm needlessly, spells could be considered black or bad. However, if the same spell was used with good intentions, let's say, an act of justice, it could be a good thing.

It was like any childhood goal, as crazy as it may sound. Some 'crazy' childhood dreams were wanting to fly on their own power. With age, they settled for airplanes, helicopters and, oh my gosh, spaceships! A century ago, it was a joke, even as the Wright brothers built the first airplane. We have not gone to other planets personally, but space travel above earth is routine. But people will still chuckle if you say that with magic you can fly...and even teleport instantly.

Whether you wanted to be a teacher or an astronaut or even to want to be a pilot or an architect, it took dedication to follow through. For some, it was relatively easy to achieve, for others hard. Some things were just simple for some while others had trouble adding two plus two...literally. It was not because of a brain malfunction, while it definitely could be the cause. Yet, to dismiss this notion right away, there are scores of people of record who achieved while being deficient. And yes, there are those who triumphed through sheer dumb luck. Of the latter, it can and had backfired. Still, even then, with discipline and determination, if you do stumble upon it, it does not mean that you broke your leg if you fall. You can also otherwise get up, and by being wary of how you tripped, become a stronger person because of it.

In short, why magic? Okay then, why a doctor or a lawyer? If indeed it is your dream from a young age, unprompted by no one else, then why not? Even the

latter can seem unrealistic to many for a child – unless it is the elder’s idea, of course – but to pursue a dream to be a magician? Why, that’s just foolishness. But being a magician, as I said earlier, is not the same as being proficient in real magic.

In the end, it can be said of adults, but few give credit to children: that is, knowing how to keep their mouths shut. Particularly realizing that their dreams might border on the fantastic, if not the impossible, until it was accomplished. Have you never heard anyone say that they never knew someone could do something, as if it was considered unreal by them? In turn, have you ever seen that someone’s face, as if inwardly smiling, “If I’d told you before I did it, you wouldn’t be amazed or proud. You would’ve laughed.” Well, that was me, only I never told a soul...until now.

For now, for my own amusement, I share some of my adventures. Accept it as fact or fiction, I don’t care. And to add to your fun and or disbelief, every name has been changed – especially my own – to protect the innocent and for the guilty to be unconcerned.

I am neither a witch nor a warlock. You can call me “The Wishlock”.

Now I have already explained my title and have said it more than once. But is that snickering I hear? Be careful.

Although I practice white magic, it would not be right to make fun of me. You have already been warned.

Chapter 1

I ultimately indulged calling myself the Wishlock because, as with anyone with enough experience in the occult, people had a format, style or technique, which

aided their perfection of performance. Some did intricate verbalization via Latin. Others used mantras; the same words despite the desired effect differed. Others used seemingly complete gibberish... at least to anyone who heard them. Myself, I used my inner child, using my talent as if it were a wish.

I did what felt easy for me as some also surely did, in their own way, as there were those who felt that the ways of magic as discovered worked best for them. Yet, as for the latter, I found that having to say a longwinded incantation could be cut off when you needed it most. The mind, being a most unfathomable tool, has a way, however, to finish the job if your mouth already has most of it out. Provided, of course, you planned to do it that way... ahead of time. It rarely, if ever, works that way if you are unprepared.

It is not really fantastic to pull this off. Rudimentary computers – machines – today have the ability to even anticipate several possibilities for writing, as a timesaving option. And what is the human brain but the most complex computer ever? A computer search engine goes over its entire hard drive in seconds in search of one thing. The human mind can internally quote from the voluminous book “War and Peace” in milliseconds. Teaching myself to think a spell makes verbalization a luxury.

Ergo, while having the option of speech, all I have to do is concentrate and think – “wish”, if you will – and presto! Mission accomplished. Although, sometimes, as far as human beings are concerned, sometimes getting their attention eye-to-eye is just plain fun. I never have to think or say those two words. It simply reinforces the spell should I do so.

Bottom line, I tell you that I am the Wishlock on paper, but you still have no idea who I am. I could be right behind you.

I have thus far used my powers well, in getting started. I live reasonably well without being ostentatious. It would be foolish to live poorly with all this power. For sure, absolutely no one is perfect. So only an idiot, although with much power, would presume themselves gods. On the other end of the spectrum, paranoia has caused some to live as hermits. Sheer stupidity causes still others to live beyond provable means. However, the latter can be done, but for the most part, you would be spending more time unnecessarily covering up yourself than enjoying life with reasonable discretion. That is precisely why it is stupid. I do not claim to be a genius, but common sense is common sense.

And if you make your mistake and try the ultimate clean-up? There is absolutely no way to escape your past except through death. And if you “resurrect” yourself as someone else – translation: not really dying but create another identity – it often becomes a problem if you stubbornly think that there is a way to live your previous life. Therein lies the dark side of magic; finally resorting to means you would not have had to, had you only lived simple in the first place. People, magicians generally chose their craft as adults. I have thought this through since childhood and still I do not think that I cannot screw it up. It is probable that I will not but not impossible. The great irony of all with magic, almost nothing is impossible. The scary part? It works both ways.

All magic aside, doing positive things in life brings the most satisfying fulfillment. Not unwilling to seek

help when needed, I found that the best help for me is my familiar. A familiar can be an inanimate object like a totem or it can be animate; most common animates are cats. While animals can be made human to serve purposes, I chose to do the reverse; a human that can be an animal, if need be. He, I mean, she, has been very helpful to me.

Ah, you have caught me in a Freudian slip. Yet none is the harm. I will explain.

Becoming accomplished in magic was not an obsession, it was a goal. Even with obsessions, it is possible to have other dreams or preoccupations. That having been said, notably since puberty, I have noticed girls. Just like any other male has, only minutely moreso. Girls, women, females. Virtually everything about them. How they vary and yet all are meant to be beautiful, one way or another. As such, it is not impossible for even an ugly woman to be beautiful. Yes, there are those, through unfortunate means, are not physically attractive. Still, even of these, there are those who have such inner beauty that the outside is dismissed. Just like the reverse: drop-dead gorgeous knockouts with ugly souls to their core.

Then, too, there is the gay community. Not totally discounting lesbians, I'm talking about the "tranny". A term that has, as far as I know, originally applied as a nickname for "transvestite". Today they are more commonly known as crossdressers. Tranny now seems to embrace anything prefixed sexually "trans". Transgendered, transsexual, and yes, still hanging on, the transvestite. Even transsexual used to mean someone who underwent a complete sex change but now it also refers to those who did everything and or anything except penile removal.

I am going to stop right here to go off-topic for just a bit. It is because you might wonder how did magic, discovery of the opposite sex and all things transgender become a connected bundle in my life. I cannot speak for anyone else. I can only speak for myself.

I am an only child. I have two attractive and loving parents who love each other and me. For the record, they additionally loved each other physically, which was how I got here, and yet I was just showered with hugs and kisses from both parents – yes, fathers do kiss sons without any sexual desire. We were just another loving family.

When puberty arrived, I did notice my mother after I realized that girls were more than funny-looking boys. My mom had always been a very attractive woman but regardless, it is normal for her male child to ultimately notice it without personal lust. When it did hit me, hey, I was damned proud to have a hot mom but that was it. I saw my mother's beauty and, like many men who live straight lives, I wanted a woman like Mom. It was natural, although I am sure you know of several extremes to either direction that I will not go into here. However, I did go to one extreme myself. For a while, I became a crossdresser. Where the urge came from, I do not know, but once thought, I just could not dismiss it. Curiosity got the best of me then. I just had to know.

Mom was not petite nor was she tall. As I wondered about girls my age, I tried to understand them through my mother. Having grown to Mom's height, with girls in mind, alone one day, I tried on her clothes. You might think it vanity, but first time out, no padding, just wearing, I got into everything, even high-heeled

shoes! It was not impossible for everything to fit, except the emptiness of the bra cups, and they did. Not trying makeup with the dress-up, I had an androgynous look first time out. I could be seen as either sex. More to the point, in women's clothes, people could see the male but the female won out because of what I wore. I still liked what I saw and wanted to do it again. As I will constantly digress throughout my whole story, I make a huge note of digression here:

In many cases, perhaps more often than not – I would not know if anyone kept these kind of records – crossdressers would get sexually turned on; especially if they passed without deluding themselves, either first time out or over time. Some masturbated over the mere fact that they were femininely dressed, whether complete or partial. While I admit that I honestly passed, such as I was in my mom's things, yes, there was an internal thrill. No external one.

Hard to believe? Well, I refuse to believe that I am the only one who did not get sexually turned on by my feminine visage, but I tell it like it was. The key word was "sexually". Turned-on? Hell, yeah! I passed as a good-looking girl, not as a guy in drag with a clothing fetish dying for a cum fix. Anyone who says that it is not possible are liars or simply blind to the truth. As I said, the thrill of the feminine transformation in my parent's things triggered something other than sexual in my psyche, although, being female, that was a different story.

For the time being, I waited for another opportunity to crossdress. It came and so I did. Over and over again. And if I looked good the first time, I only got better at it over time. I never got caught. I suppose there are naysayers who will pooh-pooh that. In my

case, that was the way it was, whether I was lucky or not. I was not stupid. I did prepare for the eventuality. (For example, once I tried makeup, I bought my own. Yes, as a girl. Just so my mother would not discover hers strangely diminishing to even dream that I was using it.)

The more I practiced crossdressing, I equally practiced returning back to male in record time. It only made for common sense. A big help was my family's trust in me as we were a two-income family. With Mom and Dad both working, it gradually became my job to keep house, even cooking meals on my own instead of calling take-out. If I did, it came out of my pocket with no reimbursement. In any event, I did well in school, grade-wise. Never got in trouble outside school after hours. And after hours, I was home alone, assuredly for hours.

Careful study made my short hair easily into a feminine boy-cut; allowing for a more male shaggy length led to dozens of girly hairdos. I learned how to pad a bosom, to tuck away a cock. How to use makeup for different times of day; smash without the trash. How to move, act, walk, and yes, even talk female. What made me a good magician later made me a very passable crossdresser then. (And vice versa in being a real woman when I accomplished my magicks.) This was not conjecture. I may have been very lucky but I dared to go outside all done up, before and after I made my cosmetics purchases. I was not accosted. I was not ogled. I was not unmasked. Daring to interact, if anyone did see through me, I never knew it. They looked me to my face and even they liked what saw.

As the very many have, if I did not have my primary goal, I might have been a crossdresser, or more,

for life. I was one of the not-so-many not to become addicted. As a male, I thereafter successfully interacted, dated and was physically intimate with several girls, and growing older, women. Learning from them even as I physically loved them. All the same, discovering beautiful femininity in men became sort of a subset, if you will, in my search for true magic. If you wanted to call me addicted to gender swapping then, I freely admit it. It was all simply labels then. If I wore women's clothes then, well, after all, I was a woman. And yes, in typical double standard, as female, I could get away with wearing men's clothes without a remark... for the most part. But you well know that it would be nothing compared to the other way around.

My first perfected magical transformation was typically juvenile. Touching myself everywhere, noting the physical differences given free rein on my own womanly body. Eventually, I masturbated as a female. Then I did everything all over again as different types of women. While at first I was experimenting, this later enabled me to settle a usual, standard – a default, if you will – female body. Finally, just for the hell of it, I tried being a shemale. I did try once being a man with a pussy. Yes, I orgasmed like a woman but it just was not the same. I ultimately learned how to get feminine orgasms when I was a woman with a cock. No matter what gender I was, when it came to sex, I left masculine orgasms behind forever.

So as I accomplished one, it enabled me to enjoy another. Charming the opposite sex is something millions of men do every day, not having one whit of true magic. I'm talking about really being the opposite sex. All too real. That is to say if I chose shemale – myself or someone else – they would actually be the so-called "90% woman, 10% male" without surgery, no matter

how successful sexual reassignment is in either direction of overall gender choice. Obviously, going all the way as one sex is a no-brainer.

Too, there was no rewiring of the brain required. Shemales did not act male and neither did genetic women. Via magic, they could have natural feelings for their counterpart, or with little effort, be contrary for same or bisexual. I find it ironic if justice serves that a gender repulses them, as it would take deliberate effort on my part, if the 'shoe fit' the individual. Anyway, plainly put, if a practitioner can disguise themselves within their gender for whatever the reason, not to mention the morphing familiars from animal to human, it is a small matter to swap genders. And here was when my adventures truly began.

One of my earliest attempts in switching genders: At first, I am vaguely androgynous. I open my jacket while changing to show curves. Although I expose my full bosomy chest and finally in just undies, my cock is tucked; I am a shemale. Panties removed and complete nudity show me as fully female. Truly, inside and out.

One significant adventure I had had given me my *raison d'être* – French for “reason for living” – to help people who could use it. Whether someone else could have, maybe, maybe not. My way would be a sure thing...and I would have fun doing it.

I was still overseas, mind you, when I met an honest-to-goodness American Indian. He was almost the perfect man. To say more would ruin the story, jumping ahead.

Ironically enough, in this early evening, I chose to stroll before dinner in an avant-garde Indian style. I was a tall woman with straight white hair. Bangs in front almost to my lashes. In the back, it swished across

my bubble butt with every hip swivel. With natural black lashes, they were almost too long, thought to be false. My lips were puffy, the color the pinkest pink. Everything was natural; that is, without cosmetics. My body's dimensions were a cartoon made real. Something like Jessica Rabbit if she actually existed in the real world.

I was very top-heavy and my ass bounced as much as my skintight white jeans would let them. My bosom jiggled braless under a blouse of my own design: a black sequined asymmetrical affair, it was up to the neck on my right but just off the shoulder on my left. The right sleeve was three-quarter length; the left went over my palms, only letting long white-nailed fingers be exposed. Across my back and down each sleeve were long white fringes. On my feet, I wore white cowboy boots, silver studded with silver stiletto heels.

I went into a fancy restaurant without a reservation and was immediately given a table. The place looked full, but pure femininity got this girl her table. No magic. You know what I mean. The maitre d' himself wanted to leave his station, to serve me, but was told to go back to his post as a waitress took over.

I was on my second drink, feeling quite good. A no-no on an empty stomach. This place did not water down their liquor. Thankful, I wanted the buzz, not worrying about getting drunk. Before my first sip, I spelled myself that should I get intoxicated, if I had to interact with anyone beside my waitress or get up to leave alone, I would have the cognizant option to sober up.

Remember when I just said "ironically," referring to my Indian/cowboy/techno mode of dress? Well, here was the real irony:

I fully expected to be hit on. After all, I made myself my personal definition of "hot". Name one tranny that wants to be ugly. And I was this night a genuinely genetic female. I was hungry and brazenly ventured into a swanky café without even a handbag, much less a purse. Worse came to worse, I could have conjured cash. But I wanted to truly feel the power of a woman in social circles. I had seen a little so far, in getting a table. Now, will anyone pick up my tab?

There suddenly was a shadow over me, coming from my side. >From a dimly lit establishment, that was saying something. But no lighting gave out from around me. It was human. Boy, was it ever!

Six feet if he was an inch, stood a genuine Amerindian. A big buff Native American with naturally tanned chiseled features, his ethnicity was his giveaway. Hair parted down the middle, it was almost as long as mine. Well, below his shoulder blades at least. If there had been a breeze, he would look as if he jumped off the cover of a romance novel. I just got "Timmy" in my life but we both knew that I would have other men. This guy was at my table for a reason and he was not my waiter. I could have had him instead of food and be well satiated.

"Y'know, a lot of people have ripped off my heritage style and corrupt its fashion sense, but I must admit, you do pull it off magnificently," he said.

I almost missed his first words. I was guilty of what many men did. When some meet busty women, they talk to their bosom. My saving grace was, that I was struck dumb. My being seated, his eyes could have been lost looking in my albeit covered bosom, but in my direct line of sight, I was unavoidably eye level to this guy's crotch. I had thought that I had given Timmy

a monster cock, but here, in tight white slacks, was a bulge above and across his left leg that was not even hard and it was impressively thick. His pants was so snug, there was no underwear line, so it was a safe guess he was commando. As I finally raised my head, I saw that he was wearing a yellow polo shirt; the nipples of his pecs were clearly defined. He was so gorgeous, I went wet quickly. Before I would stand up, I would magically make my pussy and pants be dry. For now, I let it flow, let it flow, let it flow in horniness.

"I wasn't aware that it was under copyright," I manage to rejoin.

"We're not in America now, so I'd rather not discuss politics. Do you mind...?" he grinned as he asked, pointing to the seat opposite me.

Well, here was my meal ticket in more ways than one. I was not about to turn him down. I motion for him to sit.

His name was Willow Fontaine. "My father was a big fan of Johnny Cash," he explained. "You know, 'A Boy Named Sue'?"

His father was full-blooded Algonquin who actually going to name him Running Twotrees but his mother did not like that name. She said that she did not mind having Tallfeathers for her married name but they lived in a mansion, not a tipi. That they were in a new millennium now where it was so common to find interracial couples across virtually every nationality; some men even took their wives' surnames without the slightest loss of masculinity. Especially those who could not be harassed as an adult.

So when the birth certificate was filled out, the baby was surnamed Fontaine, first name Willow. They had

talked over baby names and Willow was what Mom had wanted should it be a girl. Even though they got a son, Dad was adamant that his wife's choice stays, even giving him his wife's surname. As a Cash fan, "Willow" was to make him tough. But no worry. While Mom doted on her child as if she did have a daughter before and through his early school years – his hair was untouched as to growth and he even had pierced ears to this day with wedding band earrings to show me – Willow got his father's genes.

His being an Indian, he was never teased about his very long hair. He bulked up naturally with an obvious manly physique that wordlessly said, "I dare you to make fun of me." No one did. Girls, then women, flocked to him and Willow as a name was just an easy introduction to fuck them. In his twenties, he was given an inheritance from an Indian gold mine that the government could not touch or tax.

Across the Atlantic, women knew many men called Carroll, Leslie, Joyce, Lindsay, even Hilary or similar, so they did not blink at a Willow. (Okay, they might blink but they are more accepting at a name being just that, a name.) His tree-trunk cock was the main attraction. But as he matured chronologically, his cock gained a little more length and breadth. Many could not handle it, not even for a blowjob. Never thinking himself a freak, he proudly put himself on display even fully clothed. Consensual sex, well, as I got what I did from him, I will iis tree-trunk cock

let my experience tell the rest of the story...

Since such a handsome man was being so open to a fellow American, I let my magic be a bullshit detector, just for giggles. As a woman, I wanted to see that dick out in the open, fully hard and in me. This was how I

found out about him really being a stud, not to mention the cock growth. I still wanted him, knowing one way or another that we would both get off.

But as I learned about his lower anatomy, I decided to sober up and yet pretend to be tipsy, as he kept the liquor flowing as we ate. He felt a need for me to be drunk and I played along; my magic enabling me to drink him under the table if I had to. Then he did a really bad thing.

Willow and I were both getting friendlier. As we were both holding our liquor – each in our own way – I pretended to be a loose-lipped debutante when plastered. As he told me his name, I gave him mine: Jesse Ursula Waite, but that I did not care for Ursula and only used the initial when I had to. It took him a minute to ask himself why I bothered to mention a name I did not care for.

Then it came to him and he laughed, "Well, Jesse U. Waite, how long do I have to?"

I simply leaned forward across the table, not quite halfway, and said, "C'mere."

It was obvious of what I wanted. It would have been awkward for him to lean more than halfway across the table. So, since our table was set for two but seated four, Willow then slid one seat over and comfortably kissed me. He seemed to be a consummate lover and not simply with the use of his dick. But as I closed my eyes in intimacy, I felt indirect subtle movements that put me on guard. When Willow's hands did not touch me by now, I used my mind's eye – sometimes called a necromancer's third eye. It was as good as if I had the normal two open, able to see through walls or distances away.

As it was only a moment, as one hand did touch my thigh, his other was busy...doping my drink! It could have been Rohypnol, GHB, or something new. Willow could not trust my honest compliance. He was date-rape drugging me!

In mid-kiss, I was mentally "wishing" away its affect on me before my hand even picked up my glass. When we broke the prolonged buss, Willow reached across the table for his drink. It was my cue to sip mine. Willow's eyes widened, as I did not sip. I took a very unladylike gulp, draining my glass.

Trying to hide his surprise, he decided to test the swiftness of his drug's effect. "Y'know Jesse, you seem to have the biggest tits I've ever seen!"

Now, sober, a remark might make even big-boobied babes a little miffed. My bosom was an expansive and firm EE this night but not even cleavage was exposed. So, I gave him a sleepy-eyed look and slurred with a giggle, "Shh. Don't tell anyone. I'm wearing an oversized strapless bra filled with loooooots of padding." Then I pouted as if about to cry, "Does this mean that you don wanna do me?"

Willow's face did show disappointment at first. Then there was a second look of odd disgusted dissatisfaction. If he had chalked me up as a loss, this story would have had a different ending. But then he said, "Jesse, you don't look so good. Lemme take you over to my place."

Simulating compliance, all I said was, ""Kay.""

Was Willow going to be a good guy and let me sleep his drug off since I was not what I appeared to be?

We arrived at a nice little bungalow in the suburbs. I sill feigned as if I was now more woozy than drunk per the way I had heard date rape drugs was supposed to work. In any event, I wanted some control, so when he parked in the driveway I had assumed he lived, I immediately let myself out of his car as he got out from his side. I did it in order to get my bearings; to know how to get home by looking at the stars' positions in the night sky. By the time Willow got to me, I knew it, even if I left here during the day.

"Easy there, Jesse," Willow said anxiously. "You should've waited for me. You could've fallen and hurt yourself."

If I did not know before, I knew then that I had surely been drugged. A normal woman could have been somewhat soused by all I had to drink but she would not have been a tanked-up stumblebum. I staggered a bit to keep in character but overall showed that I could walk when we left the eatery. Willow now still insisted on having me lean on him as he held me by my waist.

Once inside, we walked in the dark, as Willow led me to his bedroom. As if assured of romantic company, he gently touched the light switch and instead of an instant bright light, there was a soft dim glow. A couple more taps and it was even more dim; lit but moody dark.

Then the arm that was around my waist moved from my back to my side, pushing me in a half-spin to face him. Holding my face with both of his hands, we then kissed; frenching as if kissing was the way to dine on our last meal. The pressure of his palms slowly lessened but we continued to furiously french. I did not mind but I gathered that since Willow was not sur-

prised, my continuing to do so without concern was a supposed conditioning of the drug that was to affect me.

His hands went down either side of my arms, moved at that point to my upper torso, but stopped. It did not take a mind reader to tell that he wanted to molest my breasts. Since I said it was all padding, he had no reason to disbelieve since he thought that I told him under the influence of his drug. Willow then abruptly went to unlatching his pants. After unzipping, his now-stiff rod hit my belly. Tits or no tits, I was still an attractive enough turn-on to get him hard and keep him hard. Again, no magic; just being a beautiful woman. Of course the impact of his cock was not enough to hurt but it was definite insistent contact. Willow's hands went back to my shoulders but only to apply pressure on them for me to kneel.

I was thereafter eye level to an amazing sight. Ever hear of the expression "hung like a horse"? Willow was no "like". He had a cock that belonged to a horse!

All he said was an angry, "Suck it, bitch!" and grabbed a handful of my hair at the roots to make sure I complied. I gave mental kudos to all the women he made try. The willing ones. Sadly, with a little bit of magic, I found that there were those who were afraid to try.

At first, I went for it, now keeping my own anger in check. I still wanted it but had new information that did not make me happy. After I licked it for a moment, Willow wanted to gag me with it and I saw images of women with broken jaws and worse. I have hated bullies ever since childhood. Willow was one but I could not see him tormenting just anybody any time, any way he felt like it. It was a vague idea then, to be fully

formed later, but from that point on, it was profoundly then that I made it my mission to use my white magic for those who could not help themselves.

To truly blow Willow, I would have to unhinge my jaw, not to mention overstretch my lips. Both sets if he wanted to fuck me. I did just that. (The one on my face, for now.) I also made my gag reflex nonexistent, as both my hands gripped his cock from the base and my mouth took almost the top half, just below its huge bulbous head. There was some space between hands and mouth and I used the gap for my hands to pump. It only looked as if my head was bobbing back and forth.

Willow was so happy to have found someone who could finally take his grown-up prick, he bawled like a baby. Through his tears, though, he had to spoil it, as he wailed, "Ooh god. Say goodbye to the rest of the world, bitch, 'cause I'm never letting you go!"

Okay. Jesse was not my real name but from then on it was going to be "Bitch"? Nuh-uh!

Just like that, spoiled rich kid Willow had plans for my future with him. But then, just like that, as I said, I had plans for the future...and they did not include him.

Soon enough, Willow felt himself about to cum. He began to swivel his hips, as if to fuck my face. He may have humped back but he made no progress forward. My hands were his wall. For untold minutes, he continued to "fuck" but he could not ejaculate. I simply would not let him.

He finally wrenched himself from my mouth and almost ran to an ensuite bathroom off the side of the bedroom. I now knew that this was his usual practice with other women he mutilated who could not get him

off. The nasty bugger would then begin to cum in there and rush out to further humiliate his lovers by spraying the rest on them. He would later dump some in front of hospitals, others he would just dump, well away from where he lived before the drug wore off.

Of these, some found him anyway. The story of being abused by an inhumanly large penis was largely dismissed. No pun intended. He did not put himself on display then and he could not be coerced to put himself out there. Again, no pun. Then there was the deal of a woman's name. Even though, he told them of its origin, it was just between them. To everyone else, he publicly used his father's surname and called himself William Tallfeathers. His main defense? The victim was thought to exploit an Indian, particularly a rich one. He never had to legally show his damning member and it was never on display in court like, for example, tonight when I met him.

I finally let him cum and he screamed like a banshee as he emptied himself in the bathroom. He would not coat me. Despite the fact that I really wanted to be, early on. I just did not want it the way he had to offer now.

In stereotypical fashion, with a muscular, gorgeous hunk owning a name like Willow, given my penchant for transgenderism, you know where this story is heading? Come on, I am not spoiling it for you. You still do not know how. Hang in there. Pwetty pwease?

Willow had come out of the much-lighter-lit bathroom as if he had just gone ten rounds with a prizefighter. Panting heavily, his cock dangling limply between bowlegs like a misplaced tail, his head was bowed, his long hair sheathed over his face and part of his chest. He had taken the time to strip naked before

exiting; I guess to make a grand re-entrance but failed. I had seen to it that he was completely tapped out of sperm and yet I did not want to know what mess his fire hose made in there.

"You okay, baby?" I said in a loud but kittenish whisper. It seemed appropriately softer because I had said it from a distance. Willow wearily lifted his head in my voice's direction, anger etched his face as if to childishly blame me for his condition. He would be right, but he did not know how right.

From the corona of the bathroom's bright light left on surrounding him, I could see Willow's countenance then abruptly change. He had realized that he left me in his urgency fully clothed. But now, here I was, sitting up in his queen-sized bed, not only naked but my very long white hair braided into a single huge French braid, draped between and past my two large breasts that I joked about not having.

In shock, Willow exclaimed, "Your tits...!"

I simply giggled and said, "Come and play with them, honey."

He seemed to forget that I was not only supposed to be drugged but also drunk. I should not be able to make commands, not even suggestions. And able to take my own clothes off as well as braid my hair? No, in my nudity, Willow had only one thing on his mind. You might think it would be murder but...here I was, the woman he originally thought I would be, undraped.

Adrenaline out of nowhere rushed to every extremity except his cock, and he fairly leaped atop me to feverishly maul and suck my bosom. He appeared to be torn about my lie and the grander truth of my bounti-

ful breasts. As he feasted, Willow indeed began to get rough, biting my pudgy nipples as if he were intent upon tearing them off. At that, I silently put him under my control; not fully but subtly. Soon enough, I did to him what he had done to me, as I slowly pushed him down to my wet crotch. Willow obediently lapped at my dampening pussy without a word.

Despite his 'oddity' and sexually-cruel presumptive coitus, apparently, Willow performed foreplay exquisitely. Cunnilingus for fellatio or vice versa, before fucking. Perhaps he was not a full-on rapist. I gathered why he went straight to sex with me was that, as his 'toy', I revealed a disappointing truth when I lied about being flat-chested. Otherwise, I might have gotten my breasts played with as he hoped I would get comfortable with the size of his meat, limp as well as hard. That was the way the willing ones acted as they did try. Since my bust had initially attracted him, it was a wonder that he gentlemanly always was at my eye level but chose the wrong 'easy' test question to make sure that his drug was working. So with all of this new information, I revised my newborn brand of justice accordingly.

Willow had licked and tongue-fucked my twat to the point of my needing to cum. More control was impressed, as I deliberately guided him to go to my clitoris, stay there and suck it. It grew larger and larger until it was the size of a small boy's penis. Willow wanted to stop when he finally realized its growth. I then made him want it, and as he sucked anew, my pussy slowly disappeared, to evolve indeed into a cock and balls. Then my cock grew longer and thicker. As he continued to bob, it was stunted at first. Not that he was resisting my spell but that he was a novice. But what made him progress into a steady flow was that

with each inch he took in his mouth, his own flaccid cock was shrinking. Yes, Willow was becoming Willow for sure.

I got Willow on his back, his mouth never letting go of my cock. Looking up at me, he saw the present incongruity of me being a fantastic shemale. Looking down at him, I saw his facial features soften, becoming genetically beautiful rather than handsome. Even his wedding band earrings became dangling diamond chandelier style. I had thought to make them Indian-beaded but she was rich. There was no need to be ethnically cliché.

Willow started to raise her slender arms to fondle my breasts. But then they dropped; one hand fondled her own inflating breast as the other diddled her new clit. Abruptly thereafter some minutes, she began bucking. Willow was able to cum again. It was not too soon. It was due to being another person entirely. Willow wanted to have her first female orgasm.

I then came until she began to gag. Pulling out so that she could easily swallow what she had, I sprayed her face and body as both of her hands went to her vagina to bring herself off. When Willow came, she squirted like a fountain in a high arc. With her back arched in orgasm, her juices went upon herself, mixing with my cum. All the same, having cum mightily as a man and a woman, she was thoroughly exhausted and readily drifted off to sleep. I was sorely tempted to have her cunt and ass but I had put Willow through enough. So spooning myself behind her, I reverted my genitals back to female and went to sleep myself.

(I know what you are thinking. When Willow came, arching her back would have had her vagina pointing down. That means, as a squirter, her juices would have

shot downward. Not necessarily. Even with split-second timing, I wanted Willow to be coated with both of our ejaculations. While it is not too uncommon, I did not make her a squirter. It simply stood to reason that, as a female counterpart she would be. As a man, he came much more than the normal spoonfuls. Even though it may feel like gallons from a healthy male, Willow could cum slightly more. Spoonfuls, not gallons. Handled capriciously, it can make a mess. Anyway, as a female, nanoseconds from spurting, her body went from her downward arch to a less convex, her back then slightly into the mattress, that would have spouted upward before going out ward. I caught the curve and magically made it go to an almost 360° to her belly, to mingle with my cum.)

The next morning, I awoke to find Willow sitting up on the edge of the bed, her back to me. Her shiny long ebon hair, slightly askew, was even longer, now almost to her backside, the latter being round, full and inviting. Where her shoulders used to be broad, it was now her butt that was wide. Although I did not see it yet, a perfect match to her rack in front. Her hands in front of her, my first thought was that she woke up horny and did not rouse me to play.

Then I heard her now-melodic voice say, “Father, you win. I’m not a Fontaine. I tried to be. You know what I mean. I tried to be as assertive as Mother. The woman she was that won you over. But I am a Tallfeathers. Or at least until I meet the one chosen for me.” She was not playing with her tits and twat. Hidden from my view behind her by her hair, one hand was holding as she was talking into a cell phone. The other was feeling now dried and crusty sexual fluids on her torso.

I then knew that in changing Willow and wanting to repair his victims, it took drastic magicks. I had not realized its extent because I did everything without thinking of its repercussions. I was trying to make things right. This was it. The right thing for her. Next time – and I was positive that there would be – I would do so knowingly at the outset.

At that, I magically listened in to both ends, as her father spoke. “You have humbled an old eagle, my little swan. While some traditions are to be revered, there are those that should be let go. After all, I was the hypocrite who married your mother. I had forgotten that she left everything of her world to be fully immersed in mine. It was unfair that I pushed her but she did come willingly afterwards, without complaint. Our people live differently now but we still refused to give up some things that supposed to make us men. It was bound to bite this old bastard in the ass,” he joked.

“Then I can come home without shame, without being condemned as a whore?”

“Do not say that! Ever! You are my princess. Your acquired ‘skills’ will make you not a mere squaw but a queen.”

When she hung up the phone, I decided to make myself scarce. When I changed Willow, it was not my idea to make her a pariah. I had resolved to make things right with all of the women Willow hurt. I inadvertently included Willow herself, now that she was female. Apparently, when he left, it was to abandon his heritage and yet use it to live a hedonistic lifestyle against his father’s wishes. It had proved unsuccessful, thanks to his freak cock. Willow did wrong, but he was frustrated. His only loyal lovers were Hannah Palms

and her ten sisters. This was now resolved as she would be welcomed back home.

Everything Willow owned had been transformed into its feminine counterpart. Invisible to her, I double-checked. Before I left, I saw her look at the big bed as if she expected someone to be there. She obviously woke up and saw me asleep, but I made her assume that I was a REM dream; with my white hair to her black I was negative to her positive, total opposites...or so it seemed. The bed was cleansed of all sexual activity, as suddenly was she. (I did not forget the bathroom!) Although her vagina was moist, there was not even an aftertaste of quasi-salty sperm in her mouth. With a heavy sigh that heaved her hefty chest, Willow smiled weakly as she rubbed the sheets and hugged a pillow. I then got the hell out of there before she heard me crying happy tears, too.

Obviously, my story is told in retrospect. From my point of view at all times, even though I may slip from first to third person, and too, if things really did not happen exactly as stated. While this remark is precautionary, it should serve you to relax and just enjoy my tale, the whole of it. After all, all of it will seem unreal, I readily admit. But, be honest. You would think different if it happened to you.

It has been well documented the existence of child prodigies. So much so that they're given little thought as they grow older unless they are major contributors to the world-at-large. Not all prodigies make the news. Many are regarded as those who do things well. Remarkably well, but still go to their graves relatively unknown. So, no. Not all prodigies are Asian. In fact, for the most part, they adhere to a more strict work ethic. Too, not all prodigies are outwardly altruistic. Not that

they are selfish. Some are innately wary of being considered not necessarily odd but indeed different, and this is being kind, as the expletive labels against them can be demeaning and hurtful. Of course there are those who could not care less: borderline nefarious or outright evil. Then you have those who are mischievous. Somewhere in all of this, there's me...and my familiar.

While I was not a child prodigy, I inherently had the ability to absorb information like a sponge. An average student in school, I did not excel simply due to the fact that school was, for me, some place I had to go. Home-schooling was never an option. Sure, I could have dropped out, but by then, it would have been foolish not to finish. My parents did not really care if I were an 'A' student – I'm sure they would have been thrilled if I were – but they were just as happy with my Bs and Cs, even if they did frown on the occasional D. I very rarely brought home an F. Again, my opinion, but I daresay my grades were typical.

What made me excel were my outside interests. I was particularly giddy of my retention then, as I had hoped would serve me in later life – and it did. Why I mention my school years was that it served as a segue to my start of my adult life. The link? My school bully. Not my early school bully. Not my after-school bully. Not my high school bully. My bully from kindergarten to high school graduation. He seemed to want to be a part of my life from infancy on. So, I made sure that he would be indefinitely. Yet, in the end, not on his terms, but mine.

After graduation, some of my peers went straight to work. Others partied throughout the summer before either looking for a job or before starting college. And

yes, there were the slackers who planned to do nothing, catching good times where they were – and even where they weren't – invited. Myself, I used an excuse that some others used. I took time off "to find myself". That was the excuse I gave as I went in search of magic. To tell the truth would only set myself up for ridicule. Therefore, if I was not successful, it would be minimal harm and life would go on. But if I did succeed...

Well, obviously, I did succeed. I was very lucky. No, I will not tell you where I went or how I got there. Nor will I tell you what and or how I learned what I had. I will say this: Throughout my quest, one phrase was said by a number of people, "Each one must find their own path." In so doing, to intricately map out everything to be read will serve no purpose to the reader and a waste of my time.

I will say that I did not learn it all in one place; some places a lot, others precious little. What my parents gave me did not allow for globetrotting but I did traverse the world. Sometimes I starved. Sometimes I had more than I needed. Ultimately I had just enough in everything. Since I achieved my goal, it might be considered a form of bragging. Haughtiness has no place in white magic.

Many who went on similar quests go off and are never heard from again. As I said, I discovered myself an extraordinary student if I truly focused, and that said, finding it, learning it, mastering to my own ends took over ten years. During that time, my family was frantic and had even given me up for dead. But with my newly-acquired skills, I was able to wash away a monumental measure of negativity that started when my family began to worry about me to where it ultimately spread: law enforcement and the media.

In essence, it was easy to say that I did it: To actually perform it took much effort, given the scale. My spell was like a virus. Putting it on my parents, from there it searched out anyone or anything they were involved with about my unscheduled lengthy absence and then from there to the next person and so on, and erased it all, as if I had intended to be gone that long.

Yes, it was like changing history, but it was my personal history. No one lost their life over me. Tons of grief from family members disappeared when I finally showed up. The only ones hurt, if you called it that, were those who made profit off making me a cause celebre – something like as if Amelia Earhart if she went missing in this day and age and profiteers came out of the woodworks just to make money off the disappearance. Who was Amelia Earhart? If you do not check out what you can find about her, it more likely will not affect your life. Not to be cold, but she is a good read. For those who already know about her, well, either way proves my point. Famous but obscure.

How did the media get hurt if I rewound everything? Well, basically, there was only a segment, those who ran with a rumor, to make a buck. As I repaired everything, unsubstantiated rumors were not worth cleaning up. Since I was not famous nor could be made famous over the time I was gone, only the stubborn persistent ones who wondered how a rumor, period, would pop up were the only ones bothered, as they would be frustrated by the next rumor, to plunder it just for money. Upon my return, there was no media frenzy about my being 'lost' and camped on my parents' front lawn there was no inane media circus wanting to know my story of my "missing" decade.

Anyway, arriving home, my family even threw me a “Welcome home” party and life went on. What was supposed to be a grand reunion was flawed. One guest was definitely not invited. Stephen Carp, my lifelong nuisance.

My folks wanted to throw me a party for my return and I helped them be as much as involved as a part of the festivities as I was. As an unknown gift from me to them – they were barely approaching middle-age – I washed years away from them, giving them their former invigorated lives for a second time. Obviously, with everyone they knew taking it for granted. Through hard work and concentrated effort these days, many people in their 60s look and feel as youthful as their 30s, so it was not an outward miracle to an observer who could take it for granted or otherwise deserved no explanation.

My dad was no bodybuilder but he now had a body even they could envy. My mom was one of those women who never wore her hair short – and went progressively shorter with each passing year – she has a sweeping brunette mane that was more red than brown with a body that had curves to die for. Nothing outrageous for either of them but impressive all the same. As a result, they were more than merely energized for just a party for me. They also could not keep their hands off each other sexually. They did not become nymphs. They were discreet. But if it was an example of how they used to be, I’m amazed at how I turned out an only child!

The day of the party, it seemed as if everybody – friends – came out of the woodworks to welcome me back. As I said, one was not invited. More to the truth,

many showed up that were not. Still, of these, none were Sociopath Steve.

A sociopath is more often linked with psychopaths and the latter is more often associated with criminal behavior, fatal criminal behavior. But not all sociopaths are societal malcontents, mentally disabled or ill. Some are obsessive personalities, such as celebrity stalkers. That is, those who think that they are in love with the ones they stalk, and while they would draw the line at killing, they are fixated. Like them, Steve might not ever be felonious, but he was obsessive against other people; most definitely at least me. No one needs that. With my abilities, I not only did not want it, I could definitely do something about it.

Usually, if you face up to a bully, as long as you do not severely embarrass them, for the most part, they will back off, in search of easier prey. In Steve's case, he became fascinated with me not only because I never backed down, but also he was able to bully others and get away with it. As a result, he became enthralled by my lack of fear. And so he came at me again and again, my never giving him the satisfaction he desired, he ending up being more of an infuriating pest than a bully.

Over the years, he would try to do things too numerous to list to get my goat. By the time I reached a boiling point, he caught it. My mistake was that I waited too late to retaliate. By then, Steven had made himself a "golden child"; someone who would never do things accused of. It was always the other person's fault. After graduation, those years away, Steven could have moved away and been any number of persons to utilize his 'talent' productively or even feloniously. But he stayed around town. With his tight curly blond hair,

modest good looks and swimmer's body, he was notable as an adult...to those who did not know him.

In any event, showing up at my party was his way of letting me know that he was once again a part of my life. What he did not know was that if he did want that, finally so would I. I did not prepare to deal with him specifically. After a decade away, if I never saw him again, he would not even be a bad memory. But here he was.

Like a creepy shadow, once I first saw him this time at the party in my home, he was seemingly everywhere; up close or a short distance away, without saying a word to me. This was the way he had played his game many times before. Doing it now instead of coming up to me, wish me well and leave as many did, it was his way of saying that his 'fun time' was here again. Since it was my party, for me, and to not even greet me, his mere presence was to be a bother. A decade away and some things incredibly never change. I'm guessing that he was trying to unnerve me into doing something stupid or him doing it and I'd get the blame...at my own party!

At one point, I was able to ditch him. Even though he would show up again, I used to be able to duck away without magic. But then...

"Excuse me, aren't you Steven Carp? Tim didn't mention that you'd be here."

As if it were the melodiously sultry siren's voice of myth that distracted many a seaman, Steven snapped to in the direction. Given his six-foot height, when he turned, he saw no one. Then, just as quick, he noticed someone almost below his chin.

Steven saw a woman about 5' 6". An almost cherubic face of wide deep blue eyes encircled with sweeping long lashes. An almost indiscernible pert button nose. Broad full pink lips that displayed a perfect array of gleaming white teeth; a mouth framed with deep dimples as a result of her smile. All of this surrounded with a longish straight boy-cut sandy blonde hair.



Below her swan-like neck was cavernous cleavage caused by a full and bountiful bosom, held in place by a bountiful brassiere underneath an almost diaphanous dress shirt, tied below her breasts halter-style. Her concave waistline bare, her hips wore blue denim shorts that cupped, and only just, each asscheek. Legs unencumbered by cover, there were high-heeled pumps with 5" stiletto design of faux blue denim (that gave her her ultimate height) to match her shorts. Unable to help himself, Steven's cock went rigid immediately after the swift assessment. A view not unmissed by the woman looking at him there with the merest of glances; her visage seemed even brighter having noted it.

"We, uh, match! Have you been stalking me, to see what I'd wear?" was the first thing Steven uttered, attempting to be suave. As fast as his mind did work, he only recalled his own white shirt and denim jeans and being commando underneath. If it were not for her apparent white bra, he would have assumed that she also wore no underwear.

"Not exactly," came the reply. "Unless you thought to wear your denim heels and instead wore high-tops!"

Steven knew even before he finished that his line was beyond lame and now blushed deeply at the quick rejoinder.

But the woman just continued to smile as she took him by the hand and said, "Come on. I know a place where we can kick off our heels and really match."

Seeing her big bust bounce slightly as she turned, feeling her very soft hand grasp his, Steven would have followed this person anywhere.

Ensnared inside a bedroom within the ranch-style home, it was Steven who attempted to slyly lock the door behind them as the woman fell sideways upon the bed, facing him, as she kicked off her heels. They close-mouthed smiled at each other even as Steven fell alongside her on the bed.

“So!” the woman sighed. “Why do you hate Tim so much?”

“Who said that I hated him?”

“Then you’ve loved him all these years, from childhood, with your strange way of showing it?”

“Whoa! Lady, you seem to know a bit about my business and who the hell are you?”

“Well, we’re alone in the room you locked...on a bed. Name’s... Tina, if you need to have a name. You usually don’t. You wanna fuck me or fuck with me?” She ended by cupping her clothed breasts and jiggled them manually.

Common sense would have had Steven getting up at the very least, if not leaving entirely. But he thought with his dick and not with his brain ever since he found that he could do so with a pretty girl. Equally brash, he replied, “If you wanna suck my cock, say no more.” At that, he swiftly unlatched his pants and pulled out an almost fully engorged penis. Lo and behold, Tina had definitely turned him on, giving him his opening to show it.

Tina grabbed his member and stroked it firmly. Expertly holding without losing eye contact, she said sarcastically, “You do have your way with the ladies, don’t you? They get it hard and rough, like rape, even when they willingly had sex with you?”

Steven lost his grin and said in a huff, "Listen, Tee-nah! Leggo, dammit, if you don't wanna play!"

Stroking it even firmer, "Oh, I do want your cock. It's my plan to have it all along. But, again, you're not a fan of foreplay."

"Asking me about Tim is foreplay?"

"Aw baby, be honest," she stuck out her bottom lip in a pout, "Once you saw me, all I had to do was crook my finger and you would've followed me without my saying a word. But it seems as if it's gonna kill you to answer my questions."

At that, Tina released him, got up from the bed and stripped naked. When she got down to a flimsy butterfly-designed white thong, she practically thrust her whale-tailed ass in Steven's face as she turned around to remove this last article.

Steven was stunned when Tina abruptly began stripping. Even before she removed her bra, he was mesmerized with her firm, larger than melon-shaped tits. But it was her ass in his face that really got him moving. Torn between grabbing her butt and doffing his own clothes, with her back turned, Tina heard two soft thuds. That was his sneakers hitting the floor. By the time she turned around, Steven was naked as she was.

"Mmm, yummy. You are built for fun!" Tina exclaimed as she saw his rod in full salute, as he now stood. She grabbed his cock again, this time at its base.

Steven called himself ready this time, to shove her down to her knees and somehow force her open mouth upon his thick dick. But with her free hand she was quicker and pushed him off-balance, for him to fall back upon the bed, to a sitting position.

Surprised but not unbowed, Steven craned his head downwards to see Tina licking his cock from root to tip. She smiled and then winked as she then saw some precum ooze out his cockslit.

Tentatively, Tina stretches her tongue out as if to lick the fluid off. But then, she stops and says, "So... about Tim...?"

A surely horny Steven is totally exasperated. In no position to gain the upper hand, from the elbows he raises both arms up and drops them down lifelessly upon the bed. "He's a fucking hobby, okay?"

"A... 'hobby'?" said a shocked Tina. She then nevertheless put the cockhead in her mouth, letting her tongue lick up the liquid pre-sex. She needed to keep him talking and this seemed to be an effective way to do it.

"Yeah," Steven sighed heavily in resignation. "I used to... tease ...him in school. Only he'd never took the bait. But he always seemed, like, he was on the verge of crumbling. Then I could really be nasty and, best of all, play it back on him, y'know? He became a challenge, and the next thing I knew, we were graduating high school."

"Wow. Seems like you were really super-slow at taking the hint to move on to bully someone else."

Steven's whole body stiffened at the word "'bully'". Then, "I..." he started but stopped, as he did bully others but was not about to admit that. Then he leaned back and perched himself on his elbows again, to see Tina bobbing up and down on his meat. "Why do you wanna know all this?" he snorted.

Tina stopped sucking and countered, "He was gone for ten fucking years, dammit! Meanwhile, in addition

to pushing others around as you could as an adult, you also seemed very happy delivering rough sex as if it was the only way to fuck. Today, you show up here unwanted...why? To pick up where you left off? School's out, shithead!" Tina was now clearly angry.

Steven had started to be pissed with her persistence but now he was conflicted. After all, she was giving him great head, but the left-field questions were really beginning to harsh his mellow. But then Tina totally stopped and fully blazed on. For the moment, he did not know what to do. He was not used to not being the one in charge.

"Y'know what?" Tina now said. "I wish you would truly know just what an asshole you really are!"

As I said, the words did not have to be spoken. After all, I was Tina the whole time (duh!), magically titillating Steven the whole time, to make sure that he would never get the upper hand. But I said "I wish" out of frustration while still making an official spell. This was the uniqueness of my power: Unlike some silly story about genies and their master just blurting those words out, not meaning for a wish to be granted, I could say "I wish" until I am blue in the face but unless I mentally want it to be, nothing will happen. It is yet another reason how I can either verbally say "I wish" or think it, for the spell to happen. In this instance, this was a spell that would last indefinitely; as long as I felt that it was necessary. One to cause total introspection from recollection, having the empathy kick him in the balls hard; for him to feel every ounce of pain emotionally while I worked on him on another level.

I had long suspected Steven Carp to have made me his special project all these years. Under ordinary cir-

cumstances he would never say it – he had been trying not to even now – and I needed to hear him say it. But as he tortured others – physically and mentally – including women he supposedly loved, I did plan an alternate kind of revenge. What was it? I will never tell because of this redundancy. It will never be used... on him. If he wanted to have fun with me, I was definitely going to grant him his wish. However, the operative word here was “with”. It was not going to be defined as Steven wanted. In fact, Steven would not get what he wanted, ever again.

At that, I stood up...bringing his dick with me as if it was never attached to him. Already in emotional distress thanks to my “asshole spell”, he gasped in shock as he saw his member no longer a part of him. It was now the world’s most lifelike penis, or as they are usually referred to, a dildo. Warm to the touch, I made it grow more thicker as it spread my fingers away from my palm. I made it grow longer: a foot-long dong, the testicles gone. From now on, it will be our sex toy. It would become double-ended at my whim for sexplay together. But most of the time it would be for her enjoyment when I had no use for her. Yes, it was officially “her” now, as she now had a moist vagina. Steven Carp no longer existed. In fact, Steven Carp never existed.

“Now and forever, you belong to me. You used to be familiar with me, and so, you will be my familiar. Your legal name is Stefanie Deuxma. Yes, your last name is French, as it sounds like ‘do me’; it is an alliteration, as you will have to constantly have to explain it thus, as your whole name is spelled different from the norm. Your sexual libido will be very high, much higher than Steven’s was. You might have sex in the future with many as situations dictate. You will still orgasm and cum. but only two people will ever satisfy

you, Steffie. Myself in either gender, and yourself, as you fuck yourself silly with the need to get off with your dildo, in your ass as well as your ever-tight pussy. And unless I say otherwise, you will be a very long time in cumming. But, in all fairness, when you do, it will be worth it."

At that, the newly-christened Steffie brought both hands to her new pussy. Steven would have gone catatonic by now. But as Steffie was my familiar, she could only gasp at how wet and horny she was. I graciously helped her relieve herself, giving her her dildo to pump her cunt with. As I warned, she was violently desperate to get off, pumping with one hand and diddling her clit with the other. For now, I chose this way this one time to let her unwittingly morph herself physically into the perfect bimbo.

With each pump, Steffie's sandy blonde hair grew lighter and lighter, until it was a white-blond, spread out in every direction behind her like a long wavy corona as it covered her forehead down to her richly thick eyelashes batting over wide ice-blue eyes. Her eyebrows were a femininely-arched brown, for contrast. Her snowy pubic hair matched, still copious from when it surrounded male genitalia. Rather than remove this entirely, it became sparse and fine in a small area above her labia. I would change Steffie into all kinds of things – much less women – in the future and ultimately, her usual self would only be a shiny golden blonde with a bald pubic area. Anyway, for the time being, back at the top, while she became hairless elsewhere, her long whitish locks layered fluffy just short of being outrageous like a drag queen. Because, no indeed, Steffie would be all woman. A stereotypical caricature of one, but definitely all woman.

With each pump of the long, thick dildo cock, her perfect round breasts might be regarded as fake as they steadily ballooned to FFF with wide areolae and eraser-thick nipples, and her bulbous ass would be one that would make even Jennifer Lopez and Kim Kardashian envious as it sloped upward to an almost impossibly tiny waist. Steffie finally came as her changes were complete and her camel-toe pussy just squirted out down the insides of her thighs. Steffie's first female orgasm caused her to scream out shrilly in a timbre that would have put Betty Boop to shame. All in all, Steffie may have been a fantasy woman but the fact was that she was now all too real.

"Uh, people are going to wonder where I went, Tim," said Steffie, as the aftershocks of her climax passed, in an all-too-cute feminine voice. After experiencing an orgasm like never before, she even seemed pleased with her new self, as she was able to figure out who Tina really was. No doubt already figuring out how to enact a new reign of terror as a super-platinum blonde bombshell. "They saw me leave with you...sweetie."

"Did they now?" I said, as I stood and morphed from Tina to a very muscular Tim, complete with a full, thick and lengthy erection – a size bigger and thicker than Steven's original dick. The man I now was, copied from my mirror construct I had originally planned to partner with. Seeing it, without a second thought, Steffie bolted upright, to grab my cock and suck on it. She did not realize it yet but as she leaned over the bed now, her feet did not touch the floor, as Steven's would have. She was now also 5' 1" tall, as "Tina" was. "Remember how you used to be able to talk your way out of trouble you started, putting a double whammy on the guy you messed with?"

Steffie stopped at this recollection but her mouth was still full. It was not through overconfidence of enjoying the moment for what it was worth. Actually, still having Steven's memories should have had her being disgusted at cocksucking. She did smile as if I had messed up, but happily went on sucking. Not even thinking that for a first time, she knew exactly how to give a man an excellent blowjob. More importantly, that she wanted to, taking pleasure in her unwitting expertise.

"Sweetheart, just a thought," I said. "How do you intend on explaining how I did this to you? Not to mention, not worrying about how you might try to use being this way to your advantage? You haven't even seen yourself in the mirror and you know you're positively hot. How'd you do that?" I grinned down at her.

Her first wave of fright washed over her but all Steffie could do was moan over the flavor of my precum I let escape. Yup. I could control flavor and quantity of all of my cock fluids; even when to start and when to stop. That aside, cum is now her absolute most delicious taste treat; mine her favorite flavor, male or female. She was using her hands to stroke me but we both knew that she was now really trying to stop and pull away completely.

Her eyebrows furled as another wave of discomfort hit her from recalling what an asshole her former self had been. Still, even my penis tasted just oh so good between her puffy lips. Aware of her surroundings, even the act of performing sex, not just the end result, had her in a state of nirvana. The human body is a marvelous thing; yes, it can feel more than one reaction at the same time, even as Steffie was feeling everything

now, pro and con, agonized and thrilled at the same time.

“Steffie, honey, as you made me yours, I make you mine. In a way, it’s a very good deal. You and I will never be lonely. I could’ve lived without you and you could’ve gone on to very deep shit. Bullying people from childhood through teenage years. Refining it into an art as an adult. Treating lovers as more than sexual partners, just for the thrill. Yeah, I know many people get their kicks from whips and chains. Some even choke their partners so the ‘chokee’, as it were, can get a high orgasm. But you’ve been a brute of perfected mental anguish – along with the physical – for so long, well, honey, the golden boy is gone.

“You’re...an...adult...now. All it takes is one incident for you to go from sociopath to psychopath. From a vague bully to murderer. It stops being fun, it stops being ‘a challenge’ when you can’t undo a serious wrong. This is not guesswork. You’ve been on my case way too long, and I now know that I wasn’t your only one. I was just your favorite and, despite a time gap, you’ve never let me go. Over two decades! Damn, that’s waaaaaaay too long, period, not just on me! A slight tweak, you could take a life. I will...not...leave that to chance of possibly happening.

“I’ve been lucky but you’ve been damned lucky. You need someone to rein you in. And me? Well, I don’t need you, in the absolute sense. But we’re together now, and it’s finally not so bad.

“Now, I’m going to cum now. Drink your fill but save a little. When I cum, so will you. It’s a glorious way to ease your nymphomania for a while. Otherwise, you’d never be satisfied and you’d do anything to keep a cock in your pussy, ass, mouth or your hand, even

leave your tongue in a pussy. But if I'm not around, you'll work like hell to reach orgasm.

"I'm not a bad person. You'll be submissive yet uncontrolled. You will never get off hurting anyone or being hurt, physically. While you will enjoy anal, I'll let you choose to do rimjobs on your own. You'll never be forced by anyone to do that. But you own temptation will decide that. You now love sex that much. For now, I want you to get you off me so we can talk some more on the same level. As an act of good faith, you will no longer feel the spell of asshole remorse when you cum this time, as a way to feel genuine orgasms in the future."

Steffie's face was soaked with tears from recalling everything bad Steven Carp had done. At that, my butt clenched and spasmed as I flooded Steffie's mouth with tasty cum. She followed, as she was able to stop sucking and began deliciously quivering as she slid to the floor. Then, I helped her up and we sat on the bed, facing each other.

She seemed to be seething with anger as I marveled at her new beauty. Then, I grabbed the back of her neck and kissed her. I was almost surprised that Steffie did not fight me. She kissed me back on her own. And she even saved some cum for us to snowball back and forth. I told her to do it, but I did not make her do it. Steffie would be submissive to me but she would not be a submissive. I did not need a slave. She would be my partner but she would never be my equal. Maybe, one day, she could be a friend.

"You're not gonna change me back, are you?" Steffie asked, in a steadily-maturing yet sultry Boop voice. She did so with a perfect pout, like a female trying to be coy. Her mind has not caught up with her

brain yet, just as I planned. I wanted to talk to Steven while he was still there. It was for just a little while longer, though.

“Back into what?” My turn to be coy.

“Oh come on!” She even rubbed my flaccid dick as it lay between my thighs. “You know what I mean!”

As if realizing how swift and automatically she went for it the first time, Steffie was fighting the urge to hold my huge cock, to suck it again. I made a mental note to test this later. As I knew all aspects of Steven would soon completely cease to exist, I did want her perpetually horny but I did not want it to be a continual distraction. Then, it hit me. I am not a mind reader but via magic I could read body language well enough as if I could. Just like earlier when I noticed how Steffie was planning to make the most of the situation in case she was stuck female. She was trying to get ahead of me, just like always. Cause the damage and get others to be blamed. Why change tactics if it always worked, no matter the gender?

Well, because she had been so predictable, out of necessity, I had to be unpredictable. And I was light years of unpredictability ahead of her. Ironically, even if we never met again after I went away, it was because of her – then him – that I was now this way.

It was now time to burst Steffie’s bubble. Read her the riot act. Tell her the facts of life. The way it was going to be... from now on.

I asked her simply, “Who are you? What’s your name?”

“I’m your girlfriend, silly,” she beamed. “Stefanie Deuxma, with a ‘f’ instead of ‘ph’. But you call me

Steffie for short," she giggled as she gave me a peck on the cheek.

Abruptly, her eyes were as wide as saucers. "No. Wait. That can't be right. But..."

Steffie then hefted her overflowing breasts in her hands, caressing them. Almost about to cry again, "Why in the world do I think I'm a guy?" Steven was a glimmer now but he was struggling to still exist.

"It's okay, baby." As she nervously panted against our bare chests, I hugged her in comfort.

This was me, the original Tina, the final name that I kept. Using this body, when I changed Steven into Steffie,

as its duplicate, I made obvious grand changes, as he became her forever.

Steven had figured things out in guesswork, as impossible as everything seemed, just as I had hoped before he was gone. It was not a spell that hard for someone else to figure it out and I wanted him to do so, as a way to let him know that he lost for the first and last time.

I no longer wanted him in my life. Of all of the people in his life, he was a handful to his parents ever since his "terrible twos". Yet they had loved him so much since they could never have another child. Their permissiveness he took and ran with it, way too far. Blood was indeed thicker than water and they would love him unconditionally. This would have been a good thing if he were deficient in some way. But in defending him as if he was never wrong, Steven finally felt that no matter what he did, that he could do no wrong, feeling justified in a very warped way. Steven was not physically faulty and felt that the world be-

longed to him. He was not stupid. He was just too smart for his own good. In the end, it was not Steffie crying but Steven, as he said goodbye and history was overwritten.

The Carps adopted Stefanie Deuxma after they tried time and again to conceive. With absolutely no record of her birth, she was in the maternity ward with a note. In the note that asked to honor her name there was a plea, "Just love my baby". For the Carps, it was love at first sight and never waned. They did try to change Steffie's last name to Dumas but somehow Deuxma always resurfaced and they gave in.

Their fears about her sexy-sounding name were renewed when puberty hit. She was a little girl with a woman's body as her bosom outrageously grew and her body reshaped. Her bosom was DD by the time she was fourteen. Steffie reached her first F at sixteen. Fortunately, her friend from infancy before she blossomed, Tim Marsh was her ever-present defender. They trusted Tim to always be by her side, like brother and sister. Steffie was a good girl who was always hit on. Jealous girls and randy guys, instead of the other way around when Steven existed; he being the randy guy hitting on the busty girls who were now jealous of her in her rewritten past.

Soon enough, her parents were even wary of Tim as just another hormone-laden boy. This was when they knew that they were right and they were wrong. Simply being there for each other without any ulterior motive, they had an unspoken bond. Steffie was thereafter miserable being cut off from her best friend and it was the Carps that recognized it as true love. So the two friends were reunited shortly before graduation, leav-

ing Steffie heartbroken again when Tim left, after the ceremony and school's end.

Ultimately reaching her third F on her chest, Steffie could not help but dress to impress all the years Tim was gone. She was so beautiful; she could make burlap potato sacks sexy. But she waited for her Tim. When he finally returned, people at the party missed them for a while. But they just assumed that they were just catching up, not fooling around.

This was Stefanie Deuxma's history...as created in the space of a loving embrace. But there was more.

As Steffie and I redressed in each other's clothes – she in Tina's and me in Steven's – it was interesting. Sure, I had magically become a big busty gadget to attract Steven but choosing to wear the feminine version of his simple shirt and jeans was just an added attraction. Now, it solidified us to everyone, as matching clothes often does, that we were boyfriend-girlfriend. Incidentally, when Tina met Steven earlier, everyone else saw Tim. Only Steven saw Tina. Neat trick. And no, they did not see Tim holding Steven's hand when I guided him to a room any more than they saw that was where we went and closed the door behind us. So when we came back, what with Steven never existing, everyone actually recalled me leaving with Steffie!

As Steffie was to be my familiar, her being my lover was going to be an excellent cover. Seeing him earlier, before I decided to stay with the name Tina, in my anger, I was seriously thinking about making him an animal familiar. Something like a goldfish that was afraid of the water. But that smacked as torture and the dark side of magic. I might go for vengeance but black magic scared me. I did not find anyone who practiced the dark side ending up well. Still, there was that ave-

nue that some either fell into or deliberately took. White magicians seemed to fade away. Nobody was immortal but you never heard of a white practitioner dying terribly.

That said, again staying one step ahead, my 'girl-friend' would not be an airheaded bimbo. Oh, she would play one often to perfected cluelessness. But for the norm, in giving Steffie a second chance at life, I really wanted her to be a good girl and my friend. That meant that she had not a duplicitous bone in her body towards me. She could even learn self-preservation spells, if she needed help while away from me. But her mental acuity would be as if no one else could teach her black or white magic. Not everyone can be a magician, any more than everyone being a doctor, lawyer or an engineer. Her limit would be that of an idiot as regards magic unless I purposely taught to her.

If she were to stumble on any written magic tome, I arranged that she could have some sort of magical dyslexia. My form of magic – "wishing" – she could wish all day long and just like anyone else, nothing would happen. If another magician could see all the different wards I had on Steffie, it would serve as an early warning signal to me. I could then decide whether to cut my losses if they wanted Steffie bad enough, letting her go to them, and make myself disappear. Still, realistically, with me just using my magic just to have a life, the only enemies I would have were those who became my 'friend'...like the original Steven Carp.

Anyway, we left the bedroom – which just 'happened' to be my own. Steffie strutted on those 5" heels as if she wore them long before just moments ago. I put my hand on her waist and she promptly moved it to her ass. Deliberately pressing my palm and fingers

firmly, as if to mold them to its bountiful curve. Ah yes, I was her boyfriend now and my hand could be anywhere she wanted it. Observers be damned... or delighted.

Willow Fontaine notwithstanding, the foregoing was how I truly began my career as the Wishlock. Willow had set my life course but this part I only mentioned in passing earlier, during my foray with her. Here it is, in depth.

Sigh. Not all magicians need familiars or even lackeys. As a brief digression – yet another; as I said, I will be doing this quite a bit, flashbacks, if you will – I would like to tell of an adventure I had that sort of made Stefanie Deuxma a filler of sorts of a gap in my life. I wanted to be happy and make others happy. That sounds simple enough. But the latter would be easier than the former.

As an adult, the normal route would be to find someone, fall in love, have kids, and have that love by extension. Yet, by my chosen, perhaps by supercilious self-doubt, I would always wonder, “Am I being accepted for who I am or is it for what I can do?” To wit, did I magically force her love of me via magic? If I outright told her what I was, would she still love me or would she use or even abuse me? With these self-doubts, I became ecstatic about my knowledge of all things transgender. I would be the woman then.

But wait. Would I not have these same problems with a man as my mate? I then tried an experiment.

I chose what would be my permanent feminine persona. As I was just dabbling, I did not keep this body at first but ultimately did after I came home called myself Tina. Anyway, everyone knows Lewis Carroll’s Alice In Wonderland. He also wrote another book about Al-

ice, *Through The Looking Glass*. In the latter book, instead of falling down a rabbit hole, Alice's adventures began after she stepped into a full-length mirror.

Aware of the novel, in my hotel room – somewhere in Madrid, Tibet or even Hawaii, I forget – I became female and sat nude in front of an oval full-length mirror.

At first, there was marvel more than narcissism as my hands explored my new body via its reflection. You see, I did not conjure up fantastically formed females from imagination. Through internet porn or the printed page, these women whose bodies I made my own (and Steffie's) actually existed. The only difference was that if their bodies were in any way augmented, my version was total woman, as if I grew to adulthood that way. To be sure, I did magically tinker. But to my surprise, after the fact, I often found some woman surgically augmented that way. I never approached them to find out the details of how or what she had done. Mine were always authentic, not purchased

Anyway, back to the mirror. Yes, I played with myself and got off to my feminine reflection diddling herself. But this time, out of nowhere, the memory of Mr. Carroll's lesser-known fantasy came to mind. But instead of my stepping in, I magically stepped out. With a twist, I remained who I was, but I had changed my reflection to my male self, Tim.

It was hilarious at first. You see, when I became female, while I never lost memories or abilities, I was exactly what I appeared to be. Again, without mentally losing anything, I naturally acquired a female mindset. For example, I could allow myself to be a lesbian in order to love women, but it was the natural order for me to be attracted to a man. I never hated being a man nor was I self-absorbed into me. So it was only natural to

like my male reflection. The only thing wrong was that I was an authentic, complete woman then. As I moved outside the glass, Tim mimicked me perfectly on the inside. But men and women naturally move differently. So now, in a way, he was effeminate, perfectly gay.

I am finally giggled out, partially because it got to be a little disturbing to see my male self acting so feminine. At first, I thought to return the reflection back to the woman I then was. Then I realized that who I was in the glass was not a mere feminine doppelganger; let's say, my feminine version of my original self. This was a good thing.

I was an average guy; not a skinny dork nor a jock hunk. Up to this point, I had not yet decided to live my life mostly female but this male body definitely titillated me. I guess it was why, along with the desire to be predominantly femme that I ultimately kept the inordinately tall-for-a-woman and very-well-stacked body. A Grecian Amazon woman built to make love, not war. It was an imposing body but it did say to let's have fun. Before I came home, I was many different women; many just for fun, some to see if I could attract trouble without meaning to (to figure out why), sometimes something surreal just because. To that end, although I had been gone years, my quest only almost over. Who was to say that I could not have put on a few pounds in all of the right places, as a man?

So I buffed "Tim" up. I did not make up a bodybuilder, but he would definitely look good in a Speedo. Since we were still naked, I just imagined his package bulging in one. And just like that, I saw his cock inflate both ways; bigger than I normally was and positively deliciously larger when hard. As he was sitting in the same reflected chair, I could not help but no-

tice how almost eerily his 'new' cock came to life. It stiffened and began to rise from his body. Its growth was not ridiculously long but it got very thick. I went from wondering if it could fit in my mouth, to wanting it in every hole I had. I wanted my hunky Tim so bad, my pussy began to sop; making my upper thighs wet.

The next thing I knew, I was reaching out to Tim with one hand and with the other, I was fingering my clit. Tim was predictably reaching for my hand, but instead of diddling his 'little man in the boat', he was stroking his thick salami. I had already subconsciously done something. Remember what I said about making incantations without saying a word? >From his first appearance in the glass, I had said nothing out loud. So, stroking a dick that I did not have did not register, save that I wanted it. And then...

Contact! Tim was stepping out of the mirror, and instead of me backing away, I felt his beefy hand in my delicate grasp. He was moving too slow for me, so I yanked him completely out and kissed him as if swapping saliva was the finest liqueur. When we broke away, we both looked in the mirror at ourselves. His hand was firmly on my ass and mine was securely almost around his cock.

Redundancy aside, it was a magical moment...that lasted for days for the first round. Afterwards, we went out as inseparable tourists, enjoying whatever the locale had to offer. This was why I do not remember where we were. I only saw my lover. It was the ultimate masturbatory act, being that everything was fully formed with nothing to visualize.

As male, I admit that I was a so-so lover, but it was not for lack of trying on my part. To be fair, not every female did it for me. As every human being is different,

women were not from the same cookie-cutter. My Tim originally reflected what already knew from his side of the fence. Knowing exactly what I needed for "The Big O" as a woman, my Tim hit the ball right out of the park from that point on. Of course, that worked perfect the other way around, too. I knew what made my Timmy explode. Sometimes all over me. Sigh. It was a perfect world.

But I was very possessive. Tim never went anywhere without me. When I had to be Tim, I integrated his new self into me. He never returned into the looking glass. As a reflection of me, he was me but not me. After 'business hours', we segregated and I gave him all of me. All of me, in a variety of female personas; often returning to the one he first 'met'. Ironically, his was my first taste of cock and my first taste of cum, properly received by a woman from her man. Willow Fontaine was later. Timmy was magically created by me subliminally but having tasted other men as a woman since, it was authentic and dead-on delicious.

Doubly ironic was the fact that it was "Tim" that gave me the ultimate pleasure of my being female because he knew the real me. Yes, I realize what I just said had a truckload of puns and double entendres, but look pass the humor and know that what we had was not narcissistic but very real, despite the fact of his 'creation'.

As two separate beings, while I did have control, he was not a slave, robot nor a puppet. Tim was literally an extension of me as if we were the perfect married couple. So, once I got home, it was my every intention to swap roles; even be married. Returning as my new male self, since I knew I could do it once, I would do it again with "Tina" (or called something else, given the

leisure). Afterwards, it would be a toss-up with me – whoever I was – as the major player. Sometimes I would be the husband. Sometimes I would be the wife.

Yes, it is true that some women may want to be men. But even if they are only halfway decent in the looks department, there are precious few who would sincerely want to change genders. I do not know what the ratio is but I think that is vastly more male-to-female desires than the other way around. Even in the lesbian community, there may be butch-on-butch or lipstick-on-lipstick with one of being the alpha female. There are even cases of no dominance. I cannot change the world on a major scale, only in small doses like in Steffie's case. Today, I am rarely a man. Intuitively, it seems, something holds me back from making myself a woman 24/7. Oh, life would have definitely been grand with my construct Tim!

But then, there was the proverbial monkey wrench. Steven Carp. You would have thought that he had grown up, too. But some people never do, and he was one of them. My plans were changed and yet they remained the same. For explanations, read on...

Chapter 2

It was necessary, given the occasion, to be male. However, because of my predilection for femininity and knowing that I could definitely enjoy the so-called "both worlds", I spent most of my time as my familiar cornered me to name myself, Tina Marsh. Sure, before returning home, under a number of names when they took the time to ask for one, I had a number of adventures as a woman. But they were almost always recreational...and you know what I mean by that.

I did not forget about my Tim. He was a very fortunate happenstance. But for the time being, I was either still learning or, upon feeling that I could finally go home, I needed to experience the full range of my powers. Things I could do, things I should not do; how to clean up my mistakes, how not to make mistakes. Creating Tim was a grand example. He started out as a whimsey and he could have ended up a freak. So now that he existed, he was kept in reserve, knowing that he was good magic, along with everything else that turned out well through trial-and-error, until I was ready to go home for good. Meanwhile...

I know that any beautiful girl who has half a brain in these times did not jump on a cock on a moment's notice. And do not disbelieve it: any magician can get stuck with an STD. But like having a magical condom, we can protect ourselves from disease and even have a good time, if we do so beforehand. Just like regular people, but our deterrents are far stronger. We can do many things but we are not gods...even though there are those who think they are.

Speaking for myself, if I were female, and a guy appealed to me, he was magically checked out. Foremost was, did he know he was infected? Depending on how much I was turned on, I would still fuck him. But I would set his mind to get himself checked out. Most importantly, for him to never even assume that I gave him the disease...and not to pass it on, no matter who he blamed.

It is rare, but we all have look-alikes in this world and even 'close-enoughs'. "It's a small world after all," as the song goes, and all too true in a deranged mind. Well, maybe not deranged. Just that there are a lot of people who do not understand the meaning of the

word, “no”. Quite a few get fixated on a certain type and if they get rejected, a similar ideal may pay the negative price if they reject as well.

Still, lately, it does not seem to take much to make people go nuts. You could call it a spin-off of the not-too-distant “Me Generation” and call it an “Entitlement Era”. Many feel entitled whether they deserve whatever or not. Anyway, in this case, sometimes having an STD can make people crazy – not just men but women, too – and instead of concentrating on helping themselves, and possibly those that did infect them and the ones thereafter, they go criminal. It is not just unfair, it is sad that they are so self-centered. For another woman to die just because she looked like me is way wrong. But it has happened. Not because of me. Yet it is why I am duly prepared, for my sake, if not for someone else. This is the way of a white magician. This is the way of the Wishlock.

Funny story: Before I decided on a permanent female persona, I was overseas, taking a day off, as it were. This was before Timmy or Willow. On a beach in St. Tropez or Monaco – somewhere where bathing suits were “clothing optional”. I was strolling along as a well-proportioned chestnut-haired beauty with an already deep tan. I was walking along, wearing nothing but a gold-and-black thong, sandals and carrying a shoulder bag. I spot a cabana bar and stopped for a cool drink. Naturally, a guy hits me on. I’m in the mood for fun, so I turn to face him.

Now, all vanity aside, I was attractive. (Why in the world should I make myself ugly on a nude beach?!) But this time I did not go out of my way to really call attention to myself, making myself drop-dead gorgeous. All but naked except for string panties and

flip-flops – more clothes were in the bag – I sported a natural but firm large breasts. Their nipples were thick, centered in dark areola. I was his height and he was able to look at me eye-to-eye. All the same, what might have looked like a shy or humble gesture, his head was slightly bowed. He was staring at my chest!

As I said, I was not ugly. But I had noticed that there were several equally-attractive-or-better women nearby in varied stages of undress with none too few completely naked with boobs as big as mine – not a lot but they were there, just as huge, near enough for me to see – and he chose me for his hard-on!

Now it was just with a fleeting glance from me as I checked him out from head to boner. I did not stare but it could not be missed as it strained outwards in his baggy swim shorts. But he would not look at me ‘upstairs’. Since he was not a bad-looking guy, I decided to have some fun. If he passed, then maybe we both could have some fun...elsewhere.

He started out, not introducing himself, but with one cheesy line after another. Not rapid-fire, they were passably complimentary, but he still disabled me to respond even favorably to his pseudo-flattery.

Suddenly, something in me switched on. I’ve been female before but I never interacted with someone like this. This, as it was – I learned how to control it later – I went full feminine and not in a good way. I was flattered at being ‘chosen from the herd’, but I was pissed at his boob fetish. I know that it is a double standard; I like big boobs and so I deliberately made them huge. But I was all woman then, and while they cannot enlarge theirs at will, there are those who would bare as much skin as they can – at the beach – anywhere! – and get upset when guys stare. Maybe it is hormonal but I

acted on instinct. I have no idea why women would bare her chest, wear next to nothing over it, or just show much cleavage wearing something low-cut or a push-up bra and then get mad from being stared at. But my face was disrespectfully being ignored and I did not like it.

Being born male yet being able to become female – yes, truly female; able to get pregnant if not protected in any way and have monthly cycles if I continuously stayed female that long – I did not lend my mind consciously to femininity. I did not have to. Previously, as now, I wished to be a woman, complete with chosen outer aesthetics, and there I was, complete with mindset of feminine likes and dislikes. I was female, inside and out. If I then just traded my pussy for cock and balls, I was better than a shemale. I was a woman with a penis and testicles instead of a vagina. A hermaphrodite of sorts; only instead of double everything – ovaries and testicles, clitoris and penis – I had my ovaries but no pussy, a cock (with balls, internalized not needing to tuck) but no clit.

Ironically, as a woman, I could feel something for women sexually. However, primarily, it came very natural, however, for my pussy to get moist and my nipples get hard from being attracted to a man. At this point, I would eventually go home, being comfortable as a woman when I was one, I had had a cock in every hole; a thick cock in my hand, having easily given a number of handjob, sometimes made me swoon. But this time, it was different. Still, I managed to stay good-natured.

“Hey there, cutie. There’s a lot more of me to see, if you look around.” I know that was a little cryptic but you did not have to be a rocket scientist to figure out

that I meant to check my whole body out, not just my tits.

Okay, I did say that I wanted a little fun. My mouth did talk to him. Only it was not the one on my face. On each of my pudgy nipples, I grew a mouth and spoke to the stud in stereo.

I had to give him credit. He really loved women's breasts. He did not look up to tell my face me that my boobs were talking to him. He did not freak out and scream. His hands weakly reached up to my bosom. But before they even came close, his eyes rolled back in his head...and he simply fainted.

I know. What a letdown. Oh well, I thought it was funny.

Sure, I could have thought that since he apparently loved breasts so much to give him his own rack. You know, something any reputable physician could call a very strange case of gynecomastia. Yes, there is a genuine medical term for man-boobs. But those may have been big but they were usually flabby. There would not have been a precise term for the genuine bosom I could have given him. Full, round and firm, able to stand out without needing a bra. I could have been generous enough to throw in an ass to match!

Oh well. When he collapsed, his dick was still hard. It was waning and there was a growing stain as if he had come. Or maybe it was pissed, too, only physically. I just disappeared as he went down as people started to gather around. When he started moaning, they assumed that he was okay and threw buckets of beach water on him to wake him up.

Basically, I decided to use my magic to help people. If I get to have fun along the way, hey! It's a bonus!

Okay, you got me again. I make sure I get something out of it a little more than literal payment due for services rendered.

I had set myself up in surreptitious ads as a counselor. Depending on what one needed, that was what kind of counselor they saw. If you did not need me, all the ad said was "Tina Marsh – Counselor". If the vagueness rather than a necessity came through – someone figured out how to find me even though no address or hours were listed – then your curiosity paid a price. Depending on the individual, it could range from simple amnesia or worse, depending on their intent. I am sure you could imagine worse than I would actually do, so I will leave it at that. Besides, this was very rare. Incidentally, that was how I charged for services. If you could afford to pay big bucks, that was what I charged. Especially if you are looking to get something for nothing. Sometimes I would help for free. It all balanced out.

Set up as a businesswoman, I still saw family and friends as Tim. I did have to use a spell that, since I worked out of my home, if anyone wanted to surprise visit or simply drop by, to change their mind if I was working. Otherwise, I could be in full feminine mode and if someone did drop by unannounced, no sooner than the front door opened, I could be Tim in front and Tina in back – similar to when I was Tina at my Welcome Home party – to be completely Tim as they entered.

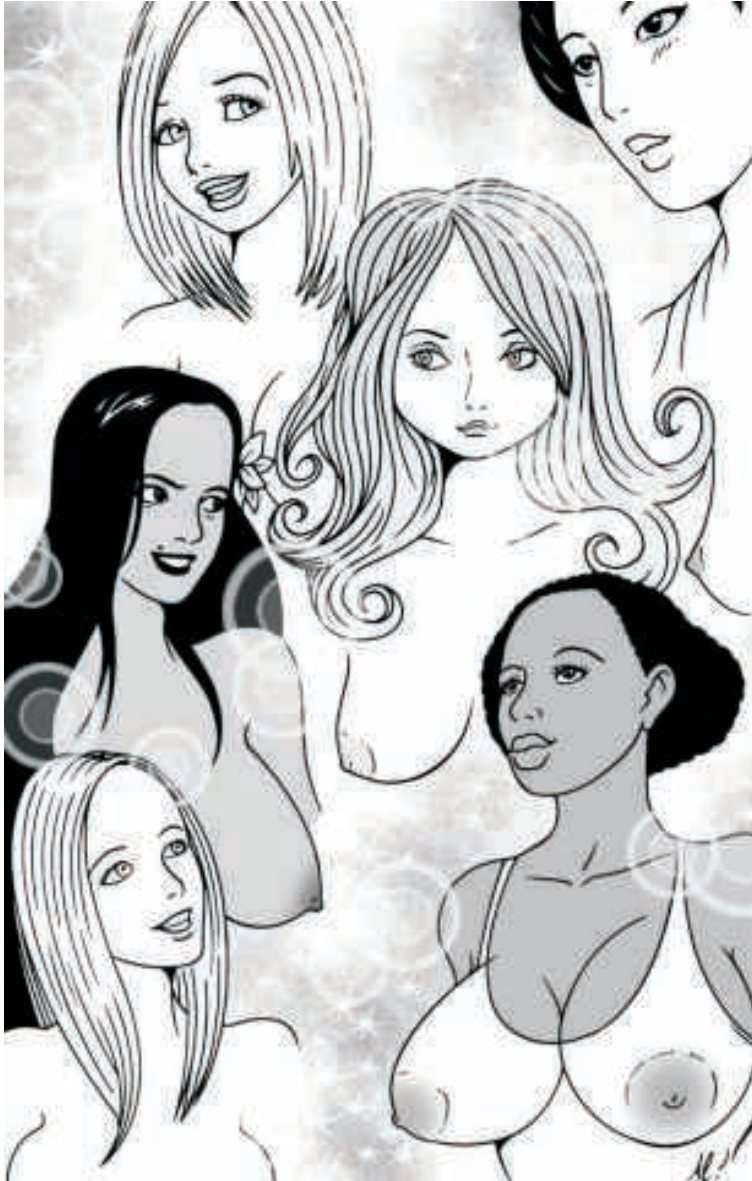
I toyed with the idea of being Tina to everyone, all the time, but I think I will save it for when friends drift away and family passes. As far as my parents though, since I returned and extended their youthful exuberance, I just might have them think that they had a

daughter all along. Let them argue with people who thought that they had a son.

Steffie would be Steffie, always. That is, female. She was a different story. Never to be male ever again, not even partially, if the mood hit me, she would not always be the petite overly-busty, white-haired gidget. This was how she eventually also settled in a permanent feminine persona other than she was originally. Otherwise, sometimes, she could be a tall Nordic beauty, a Reubenesque (but not fat) Polynesian knockout, a slim and gorgeous diminutive Oriental, a dusky Nubian vamp of Africa or the Caribbean, a redheaded Irish lass or even a good old American bimbo (they are not all stereotypically blonde!). Of course, all were well-endowed; perhaps not as much as the original Steffie. This is just a sampling, with moods and attitudes to match the culture and never independent of me.

Sometimes, I would match her – maybe an exact twin or not – and we would be lesbian lovers for a time – hours or even days, if time allowed. If we were, Steffie could use a strap-on on me and I would even offer my ass, my being male or female. It would be after a long while, but as a test of trust, I would allow Steffie to be a dominatrix to my bad boy or effeminate male who she would dress up. While she could demand acts of compliance that I would obey – kissing her hand, feet, or even her ass – absolutely no physical pain involved, she would just use a stern voice. Steffie could use a whip or paddle on me, but she could not muster any strength to cause me injury. Anything I allowed her to do only caused me sexual titillation, maybe a slight sting but no real pain. She, on the other hand, got it full force from me in the beginning. I had a lifetime of Steven Carp to exorcise out of me through her.

Steffie bravely took it all and I began to be less forceful, until finally, she received the same level as I did. I'm getting ahead of myself, but I did let her have full strength on "deserving ones".



After she passed this test, we would both fantasy roleplay. For example, I would be a stereotypical French Maid as I allowed her to take it easy for a while. (Just that; she would never have any authority or even pretend to be Madam of the Manor.) While she might also use a strap-on, dildo or vibrator on me, only I would be the very healthy shemale to her.

An example of my trust of Steffie. Here we reverse-roleplayed counselor and assistant. Just between us, of course.

I know that I said that Steffie would not even be partially male again, but here is what actually happened: After gaining her trust, I let her be a shemale just once and the feel of real cock and balls attached to her instead of a pussy made her ill. I swear I did not spell her to feel that way. To test her, I told her before I did it that I would make her a shemale a second time, to fuck and cum in me. She then pleaded with me not to do it. Steffie said that she could handle using a strap-on for clients or me but she never wanted a real one. I was wary of this for the longest but Steffie thereafter proved to me that whether she was animal or human, she wanted to be all female.

Now why, do you wonder, do I allow Steffie to have a power position, as it were, if I had already taken so many precautions for her not to think of her former self? Because when you think of dominatrixes, there is no male equivalent. Men can be dominators, but have you ever heard of women, or men, pay a man to be dominated, for sexual release? Yes, there are women who are mean and cruel, but like the male counterpart, one does not come and go to these for sessions. They are 'owned' for life, subject to even unspeakable cruelty. If there are male dominator houses that use the

same rules and people can come and go, I have never heard of any.

Many dominatrixes even use safety words. That is, for their clients to use, when they have had enough. I have never heard of a male dominator do that. Yes, they have those who love them unreservedly (Stockholm Syndrome is only one example of how or why), but it is born out of beaten down submissiveness and not love. I allow Steffie to treat me occasionally as her submissive as a reward of her trust and she genuinely loves me on her own because she knows that I trust her. And she does it all as a woman, the female being the vessel of love.

So when the tables are turned and I am the Dom, she knows that she has all of the safeties in place, and again, while she sees me flip genders or be a combination of both, she never has any desire to be male. Even with her vibrators and dildos, it is finally, ultimately, from a feminine viewpoint. Steffie absolutely adores men's cocks, but in her and not on her as a man – or I as a shemale – would. I gave a strap-on to her to use it on me. It actually made her uncomfortable but eventually she got used to it as part of the job or that it would give me pleasure. Otherwise, Steffie loved cock so much, she often sucked on mine as if it was a pacifier before drifting off to sleep at night. I could not love her more when she asked to use a dildo or a vibrator instead, to fuck herself!

One of my shemale personas: My cock was only small when I felt like tucking instead of making it disappear. When in use, it was definitely big enough to satisfy!

By this time, I was most comfortable having Steffie around. Unfortunately, whether someone was a

wielder of white or black magic, there is still a modicum of paranoia, if only for it to keep on one's toes. However, in spite of all of this, Steffie and I did grow to deeply love each other. It may have been forced in the beginning but it just did not feel right to keep it that way indefinitely. So, as my constant companion, she became my lover on her own, as I was both genders to her. Sometimes initiating warm intimacy, without ever missing a beat – like sucking on my clit as it grew to a monster cock mouthful – she loved both of me.

Early on, while still not a mind-reader, under the guise of being a hypnotist – sometimes even asking permission, just to be polite – I could use mind-control for a subject to accept the fantastic as ordinary, the impossible as possible. It saved a lot of time, without hysteria. In Steffie's case, it was slightly different. Becoming – being – my familiar, there was familiarity. Like telepathy, it was the only way I would get inside her head and she would lovingly follow through with a smile.

Again, my sometimes being a shemale, she would never be amazed at seeing my womanly body sport a thick cock. Steffie would simply drool over my having one and enjoy the taste of a real one over fake and, of course, its delicious cum; much less bounce on it until the multiple orgasms made her pass out if I did not stop her before then. While she may use many penile objects, love and trust notwithstanding, Steffie would never own anything masculine to even remotely wonder what it might be like to be a man. More to the point, to be Steven Carp. He never existed but, as I said, nobody's perfect. Ms. Deuxma would be Ms. Deuxma until she drew her last breath. That was absolute, even if she somehow outlived me.

Never questioning our relationship, what with Steffie living with me, remember those movies and TV shows where the good or the bad guys – mostly the bad – had hidden walls that changed a room's interior from something ordinary to opulence or high-tech at the flip of a switch or another device? Well, my home worked on the same principle. But instead of literal devices – like spinning walls or flipping floors – my home was changed via magic.

There was a standard modest opulence, as oxymoronic as it sounds. The huge big screen HDTV and plush furnishings, for the comfort of Steffie and myself, without having a need to 'zap' it up as desired. Then, there was the well-to-do but humble home that greeted family and friends. Not too much difference but enough not to have constant visitors just because I had what they did not. Whether it was to importunately barge in or even borrow...and forgetting to return.

Then there was the third view: The sedate estate of a business run out of a home. This visage only my clients saw. A homey living room/reception area with an office that changed according to my client's 'needs'. There were even additional rooms as needed where I would have Steffie preoccupied one member if I saw a need to interview them one at a time if they came in as a couple. Of the latter, I recall one fond adventure where I was a marriage counselor for them...and a little bit more.

They were Mr. and Mrs. McKenna, Galen and Frankie. Galen was of Irish ancestry, hence his first name despite being American for more than a few generations. Galen was the husband and Frankie was the

wife. I know, the perfect set-up for a transgender flip. Well, yes and no.

From the start, they were just two loners who met in college, thrown together by chance after being labeled geeks. As if it was a crime to be smart.

Galen just narrowly escaped from immaturely being called gay by virtue of the sounding of his name. (Ahem. We live in the climate where some find the name of the planet Uranus and the word "duty" hilarious.) Almost from junior high school on, he paid for college on his own by tutoring, shall we say, the 'intellectually-challenged'. If you made fun of him in any way, he did not need to call for help. Someone was always there for him without him knowing.

Helping one guy with math led to another on the same subject or a different one, then another – even girls – and soon enough, Galen was forced to charge for his time, as too many wanted his help at the same time. It was simply the smart thing to do and his rates were reasonable. Not to mention, the freeloaders who would not at least respect him for helping them got off his back. Calling themselves outsmarting the geek...until he got wise and stopped helping them until they could afford him.

However, there was always somebody who played class clown or bully and picked on Galen's name. Primarily trying to make his audience laugh by virtue of it. Galen's name originally meant tranquil or calm. Translated in today's slang, it meant "cool". But to an idiot, they pulled out of their ass "gay". Which led to queer, fag, homo, ad infinitum.

Now Galen was not a bad-looking guy nor was he effeminate. But knowing that his name was different, the name-calling and errant insinuations got to him

and he got depressed. He did not know how to defend himself without making things worse. For almost a whole semester, his own grades dropped. When he would not help anyone else as a result, no one could force him. But then his ringleading taunter was caught in the act. Even the not-so-bright students figured that this was what ground Galen to a halt. Taking care of Galen's problem behind his back, the heckling disappeared, his self-esteem reappeared, his grades resurfaced and he was back in business. Literally.

All the same, Galen was a great guy but his social life was nil. You know, "You're a good guy but I can't be seen dating a geek!" That is, until he met Frankie in college. While he discovered that even attractive brainiacs lost out to dumb jocks, the same could be said of the opposite gender being trumped by the spacey, privileged cheerleaders.

Francesca Margolies grew up in an Orthodox Jewish home. She rebelled in virtually every way except her schoolwork. By the onset of her teen years, she came to the conclusion that knowledge was indeed power. But for her, it meant personal power. The more she knew, the better her grades were. Hence she considered herself powerful. Ignorant of her objective, her grades alone made her parents happy, as it would any forebear, so they overlooked her manner of behavior, assuming that one day a good Jewish boy would set her straight. Yet having an agenda, Francesca – or Frankie, as she preferred to be called – was a tom-boy...or so she desired until her Bat Mitzvah – the feminine version of a boy's Bar Mitzvah: the Jewish turning point when a child became an adult.

Frankie wore her first real dress then and was miserable in it...until it was time to open her presents.

Many presents that contained cash. Not pocket change but big bucks. She then assumed that being a woman, that the world could be hers. Frankie's tomboy phase was more of dressing in pants thing as opposed to wearing anything that exposed her legs. She wore her hair short. Even when she was allowed to wear makeup, she did not. Being gay never entered her mind and in no one else's. She was someone who was mostly apathetic and unconventional and it made her a loner.

After the traditional affair, Frankie changed... a little. She came to the conclusion that if her real future earning power was in being feminine instead of a misfit, then she would play the game. "Play" being the operative word. Deep down, she would always be Frankie the rebel. Or so she then desired.

Her money got her into a good college where she ultimately sought to get a good job in managerial skills; to be able to be a fixture of the Board, maybe CEO. But her tomboyish attitude that she did not abandon made her an outcast in college. Frankie was a very pretty young woman when she put her femininity on display. This she realized way later. She did not own nor knew how to wear sexy clothes to entice and was too proud to ask. She was already branded a geek and did not want to give out any more fodder for humiliation.

Not completely thinking it through, Frankie had planned to use her femininity to get what she wanted. Sex was not given much thought, along with being sexy, but it did exist as a means to an end. She never dreamed that her plan was, in actually, prostituting herself, even if fucking was not at the forefront as inevitable. With the plan that guys would buy her things,

wearing feminine clothes alone did not make her a woman, and she never was asked for a date.

Something that never bothered her before, despite puberty being long past, Frankie now also wanted to get laid. But, to Frankie, some nebulous thing about her, turned guys off. Before she would 'experiment' on girls – if she found anyone willing – she met Galen.

From here, long story short: In an Internet café, there were no tables available to be alone. Frankie had to share one that someone was already using and unwittingly chose Galen's. Asking if he would not mind sharing, he acquiesced. After a bit, Frankie came across a problem while using her laptop and tried to figure it out, inadvertently talking out loud. Looking over his own laptop, Galen overheard, offered to help, she relented, and soon enough, they were no longer talking about schoolwork.

Although they discovered that they were “nerds of a feather”, they also found out that they had similar likes and dislikes. They then dated but never went beyond serious petting. Afraid of their own sexual inexperience, they mutually said that they were saving themselves for marriage. Afterwards, going their separate ways, they would end their nights in a masturbatory frenzy, with each other in mind, instead of other people.

Galen and Frankie graduated, married and then made their goals in a relatively short time in the business world. But at home, they were growing apart. Ordinarily, in today's world, this would be no problem. Couples easily divorced with the slimmest of reasons. But they were as unsure as before in finding another mate. Equally unsure that their new spouses would marry them for what they now had materially. Then

there was the fact that they initially fell in love with each other, for each other. Not what they had, their potential or how good they were in bed.

Still, by now, they needed sexual release and masturbation and missionary were not cutting it. Deciding to see a marriage counselor magically drew them to Tina's ad. For the McKennas, the clincher was that she was also a sexual surrogate. Not a coincidence, as the ad was magically tailor-made according to the viewer's needs or desires.

The McKennas had arrived at my home/office. Steffie, who wore her normal attire of low-cut blouse, short skirt and heels, greeted them. This was her usual attire when I was conducting business. Nothing outrageous like spaghetti straps or a micro-mini, but still, there was her usually bloomed FFFs. While only cleavage was exposed, there was still a lot of bosom upon a little body for them both to notice, along with a bouncy butt that they saw when asked to follow her past a then-spartan living room to my office. Right away, before anything was said, I could tell of Frankie's envy and Galen trying not to get a bulge but failing as Steffie's hips bounced, one and then the other, in cadence. The McKennas were repressed at best but not prudish. A very good sign.

As my ads worked on those who could use my help, it was a two-way street. They saw what they needed in the ad and I immediately felt their aura. Being that more than one person could see my ads at a time, according to their importance and my ability, I could see several people the same day and my living room would be a very comfortable waiting room where time stood still. Instead of being bored just sitting there or reading recycled magazines, one would almost be

surprised at how quickly they were seen by me. The “full house” did not happen often but the charm was in place.

Too, when I saw them in my office, I would naturally ask, just like any counselor, why they felt a need for my services. In my case, I would already know why, along with everything else about them, before they came, via channeling them when they called for an appointment. During their explanation, it would be our face-to-face confrontation that enabled me to precisely fine-tune help for them while they summarized their situation.

And so it was with the McKennas, even though they had trouble articulating their problem in my office. It was very understandable because it is not usual to talk to a stranger about sincere sexual help. Even with hookers, there was at best some awkwardness for a first time. They accepted my skill of filling in the blanks as intuitiveness and a good assurance that I could help them.

Steffie showed them to seats facing mine and then she sat off to the side, behind them. Before they sat, I got to see Galen dressed in a modest suit and tie. He did not have to dress formally. Rarely anyone does, except on special occasions or if their job demanded it.

Frankie was no different, despite the fact that she asked me to call her Frankie instead of Francesca. An immediate spell when they arrived was for them to feel comfortable but it did not mean that they were totally relaxed unless I would have specifically told them to be. As such, Mrs. McKenna wanted me to call her Frankie – as she mentally thought that the familiarity would put her at ease – and so I would.

She and her husband both shared a similar slim build except that she had a modest B-cup bosom. From my culled history, I recalled that her black hair had previously always kept very short in a pixie cut. Out in the business world, it had grown to a short pageboy. Immediately, that told me that she wanted growth – that her husband liked it, too – but it had not yet grown long enough to suit them.

Over a white boatneck blouse, she wore a beige dress suit of a jacket with a skirt that ended just below her knees. Frankie wore the now-mundane lacy elastic-topped stockings in flesh tone and white block heels of two inches. As Steffie brought the couple into my office, I was making notes on a laptop. Even though I was sitting down, Frankie was impressed with my stature, as just my size would command my attention, not just my attractiveness.

As they nervously fumbled through their explanation of why they were here, I suggested, “Why don’t we do this one at a time?” When no one objected, I added, “Steffie, why don’t you keep Galen occupied while I talk to Frankie and then maybe we’ll switch, before having them together?”

My remarks were loaded with double-entendres that I hoped were not over their heads. Stated innocently, they did not have to have a double meaning as they really did just between Steffie and myself, only that they could. I did not want them totally oblivious but they did come to me to bring them intimately closer and not split them up. If they thought of one, they should realize the other. I would not force it on them because their lifetime together was at stake. For their time with me, for their time away from each other in this instance, they needed to trust each other if they

truly loved each other. Yes, I would bend the marital rules but it should not be irreparably broken.

As soon as Steffie closed the door behind her, I leaned forward conspiratorially, and said, "So! Now that it's just us girls, I really wish you'd relax and tell me why you two are really here."

Having deliberately said the magic word "wish" out loud, Frankie spilled her guts about her and Galen. Since I already knew their history, Frankie did not realize that she was talking in magical fast-forward until she got to the point of their visit. This I knew as well but I could not begin to help them until she knew that she told me.

Incidentally, as regards spilling, my spell affected Galen as well, to be very receptive to Steffie, even though he was a short distance away. Just like I can say "wish" without desiring to effect a spell, I can affect more than one person, should I desire, when I do. Since we knew the symptoms, I already mapped out the cure. I never took on a client – or magically directed them to me – unless I knew I could help them. As long as Steffie stayed on script, everything would magically happen. If she did not, then nothing did while she was with Mr. McKenna. But my familiar was a good girl now. A very good girl, as a receptacle for my magic to flow through her. Call it multitasking without multitasking or being in two places at once without being there.

"I love my husband dearly," Frankie began. "But we were virgins when we married. I know many people are at least sexually able if not experienced before then, but because of that, many also never marry, simply because of sexual incompatibility. Anyway, ironically finding out on our wedding night, we admitted

that we were virgins, and when we finally got to...fucking...we did a poor job.”

As I had noted, the McKennas were not prudes. They wanted to expand their sexual boundaries. Frankie did seriously think about lesbianism but that was aborted because she met Galen. Because of my magic, I could tell that it was not completely dismissed. Not just guys stare at a woman’s chest but even some women do, too...for the same reason. With my generous bosom not-so-wantonly on display, Frankie’s eyes did occasionally bounce from my face to my chest. I even caught subtle lip-licking. I was pretty sure that Galen would not object to a threesome but neither wanted to be the odd person out just because they were now being frustrated by or even frustrating that third person. Too, who should it be – male or female? This was just one avenue in any event.

Being respected business people, they had purposely reserved dirty talk for the bedroom. Even in this it was used stuntedly. My relaxing spell was designed to allow them to do so comfortably and gradual to me. All to allow when the fantastic happened by magic, it could be accepted; it was a timesaving tool over shock and panic. Not to take forever, although it came out with a pause, when Frankie said “fucking”, everything was finally beginning to really flow.

She continued, “Galen felt bad but I was hurt when he suggested that maybe we should annul our marriage. But Galen was it for me. Even if I could, I didn’t want anyone else and told him so. He said that neither did he. We got through the honeymoon sexually even though there were premature ejaculations, masturbations or not cumming at all. It set the pattern

from then on. For the time being, it got easy to accept even though it only made us hornier.

“Our jobs helped tremendously as diversions but we were always horny for each other, instead of pretending to be too tired or the ‘I have a headache’ excuse. We tried all kinds of kinks short of trying to find pleasure through pain; I’ve got a nightstand full of dildos and lube creams. Getting fucked up my ass hurt at first, but for me it was ripping a second hymen. Pressing on, the pain went away and another time there wasn’t any. But sometimes I’d be too excited and my asshole clenched up as if I were holding in a shit. He couldn’t enter me then, not even for a finger-fuck. Poor Galen was afraid of giving me rimjobs then for that very reason, even though I had always made sure my ass was clean for anal sex. Simply put, scatology was also out and that included golden showers. Falling back to my cunt then, either the turn-on was gone or either of us came too quickly. I’m guessing in already being geared up for the ass fuck.

“No matter how bad we were, we were there for each other, so our vocations didn’t consume us. Still, for a couple of smart nerds, we were idiots. When we saw your ad, the clincher was that you were not only a marriage counselor but also a sexual surrogate. You wouldn’t be like a casual three-way either of us could fall for and leave the other, as you are a professional, in it not for the kink, I’m guessing...?”

I softly laughed, as I did not miss her double meaning, even if it was unintentional. Then I reached for her hand. “I’m here only to help. But you must trust me implicitly.” That was a reinforcing command, whether I would need it or not. It served to answer her question in both ways, too. But I was there to save their mar-

riage, not break it up. Especially since what Steffie was doing to Galen by now.

When I sped up Frankie's explanation of the requested appointment, not really thinking, I actually sped up time itself. I should have actually just sped her up. No real harm done, though. To anyone else, it felt as if time was moving normally.

Ever have the feeling that time was dragging or going by very fast? It could have very well been a magician in play causing it. It took too much trouble to find exactly who, it happening more often than not. Besides, being already preoccupied, out of them, only black magicians are pissed. They grumble if their spell is thrown off kilter, assuming that whom they were attacking was somehow the cause and not some unknown practitioner. A white magician merely tries again.

This is how Frankie met me and as I disrobed for our one-on-one session. My undressing was not a tease but to

encourage Frankie to do like wise. As she was finally naked, I then took off the stockings and heels to be as nude as she was.

That said, by the time I had gotten to the point I wanted, even though Frankie and I had not yet gotten physical, Steffie and Galen were already there. In the meantime, this was what had happened with them in another room:

Arriving in a conjured nearby room, Steffie and Galen both sit upon a plush sofa, facing each other at an angle.

Steffie then placed a hand atop Galen's knee, and said, "So, you and wife want to go beyond vanilla sex?"

Galen swiftly stiffened wholly at the brash declaration. It was a natural reaction. Being that it was true, he relaxed in admission – and that it truly was to not only go ‘beyond vanilla sex’ but to mutually satisfy each other rudimentarily in the first place – unaware that it was reinforced in him to be calm in any event, he said, “How did you know?”

Steffie softly giggled, “You and your wife, although talking over each other, said so.”

“Oh. You got that through all our fumbling? I thought that was why Dr. Marsh separated us, to decipher everything out.”

“Well, we wouldn’t be much good if we didn’t have this problem before and learned how to recognize it.” Of course, their situation had been divined even before the McKennas’ arrival, being already able to help them, if they really wanted it. For that, all they needed to do was to show up after making the appointment. As Tina waited for Frankie to plainly and yet explicitly state it, Steffie took a shortcut, so as to not waste time, even though time was now moving normally for them. (Frankie had finished her fast-forward explanation by the time they arrived in their room. My miss-spell had been corrected and localized properly now.) Steffie had a bit more to do with Galen than Tina had with Frankie.

“Well, let’s get started, Galen. Take off your clothes.”

“Huh?” he starts, understandably. But, “Oh. Okay.”

Then he begins to disrobe. He unabashedly faces her as he doffs from the waist down first, unashamed of his slight tumescence. But as Steffie patiently watches him as she waits, a minor miracle happens.

Galen is down to his dress shirt and undershirt. Having removed the last of his outerwear, he goes to pull the undershirt over his head, obscuring his vision for a mere moment. Seeing Steffie all this time fully clothed, once the undershirt is over his head and off, he then sees her completely nude.

"How...?"

"How what, sweetie?"

With his penis slowly getting stiff, he again sits next to her as before. "But you're naked." With the calm spell still in effect, the remark was made more of a statement than an exclamation.

"Of course I am. As a surrogate, I can't help you if I'm fully dressed." As his vision was obscured Steffie's clothes had magically disappeared instantly. Galen's acceptance spell was still in effect.

"But – oh, never mind," he says in acquiescence. Yet then he heavily sighs, as he surveys her ultra-curved body. He finally feels his cock fully hard and beginning to pulse. "Look. I-I don't think that this is going to work, after all. I love Frankie. But, see? You already turn me on. To go further, I'd feel like I'm cheating on her."

"First of all, all of your responses only show that you're normal. Men that get mad if they see their spouse checking out hunks or women who get upset if their guy ogles a woman's bust are not people who are truly devoted to each other and are really insecure under the surface. All beautiful things are naturally meant to be appreciated. Some women employ this tactic as a double standard. That is, they can do it but their lovers can't. Some men do it ravenously behind their lover's back. But abrupt moist pussies and hard cocks that oc-

cur are nobody's fault unless they press the circumstance. Yet beauty, from a delicious meal to objects d'art to even human beings, whether in media or in person, physical reaction is normal. It's also normal not to react. This would be the correct double standard. Secure people even encourage their partners to look at will, assured that if any turning on is going to happen, they – not someone else – will be the beneficiary.

“You two came to Tina with that trust. Because you knew that you were also going to see a sex surrogate, you assumed that sex was going to be involved with a third party. Would you be disappointed in Frankie if you knew that she was having sex with Tina? Frankie trusted you to go with me. And Tina and I want you both to be in a strong marriage, not our lovers, Galen.”

“When you put it that way, it makes sense.”

As my familiar, I was already multitasking through Steffie from the moment she and Galen left us. That is why she is my familiar; to be able to work through her, especially if I am otherwise engaged. Remember, too, I am doing this in real time, (as I said, having corrected my initial spell) slowed down while fast-forwarding Frankie. It sounds complicated, and it is. But it can be fun...if you know what you are doing. Think of me being a juggler. A very good juggler. Because everything that Steffie is doing, it is really me, as I see everything telepathically through Steffie's eyes. And yes, Steffie is enjoying it, too.

“Sweetie,” Steffie asks, “have you ever been hypnotized?”

“No. Are you going to hypnotize me into becoming a better lover?”

“No. It's just a tool to test your belief system.”

"I don't understand."

"Well, you do want to be a better lover, right?"

"Yes."

"And not just vanilla sex, like missionary position? What about oral sex?"

"We tried that that. It sucked, and not in a good way. We ended up slobbering, swallowing spit instead of cum. Much less, not bringing each other to orgasm."

"Have you ever tried to get into Frankie's head, to really know what turns her on?"

"We tried to guide each other, while we're 'down there', y'know? It was impossible in a sixty-nine, what with both mouths busy at the same time!" he tried to joke.

"Okay, I have a technique that can literally put you in the other person's place. That way you can feel exactly the way she wants to feel."

Assuming to catch on, Galen replies, "You mean, turn me into a woman?" He tried to stifle a snicker.

"It's all dependant on your belief system," Steffie says flatly.

Seeing that she is serious and he really wants results, Galen says, ""O-Okay, okay. I'm sorry. I really will try."

"Okay, then. Now close your eyes and do not...open them until I say to."

Galen nods in agreement and shut his eyes. Then he feels a finger press against his forehead between his eyes.

"Now, concentrate," said Steffie. "Focus your very being on this one point."

Now Galen could not help himself. "This is how you hypnotize?" he laughed.

Steffie's face was now close enough for Galen to feel her sweet breath. "How much do you love Frankie, Galen? How much do you love your wife? Have you ever fantasized her, just once, a little different?"

Galen wants to reply but as he starts to move his lips, he barely feels what is obviously Steffie's mouth. She is that close but not close enough unless he makes the move. He almost opens his eyes but instead, he curls his lips away, into his mouth, almost biting them.

"Open your eyes now, Galen." Steffie's voice suddenly seems much further away. "Tell me, darling, what do you see?"

A startled Galen sees a reposed figure lying back against the sofa. "Frankie? Wait, no. No, this is all wrong."

"What's wrong, Galen?"

"Your hypnosis...or whatever it is. Shouldn't it either work or fail?"

Sitting up, Steffie said, "That's the idea."

"Then how do you explain my picturing Frankie, as you apparently wanted me to, but she sounds like you?"

"I look like your wife but I don't sound like her. That's your problem? Honey, looking like your wife is all part of helping you."

"Bu-but your-your breasts. They were bigger before but Frankie's are not this big. And-and your-your hair... it isn't white anymore but while it's Frankie's color, it's never been this long!"

“And that bothers you, Galen? Then why is your fucking cock so hard, it’s positively throbbing out of control now! Here, baby, let me take care of that thick prick for you.” Without waiting for allowance, Steffie is already in the stance of Galen’s first expert blowjob.

Unwittingly, despite assuming that it was Steffie’s mouth around his cock, he gasps, “Oh, Frankie, Frankie. You know your talking dirty turns me on, bitch.”

Frankie never made Galen feel this good. But this was not his “bitch”. All the same, in fact, because of how he was feeling, Galen never learned self-control. He was seconds away from premature ejaculation. Frankie would have accepted it, even as she even would try to swallow but ending up almost gagging on a mouthful of her spit and his semen. But being the professional that she is, Steffie knew all of the signs. Tina could have made her be able to take it all. Instead...

“Yeow!” Galen howled in shock and surprise. Steffie had grabbed his testicle sac and yanked as she lightly squeezed his balls. With almost tears in his eyes, he looked at his longhaired, bigger boobed “wife”, and said, “Why’d you do that?!”

“I was identifying our first problem, Galen,” said Steffie. “You claim to love your wife but you not only showed lack of self-control – you didn’t even try – but you were even more selfish, in not letting me know you were about to cum.”

“But you knew!”

“And who am I?”

He started to say her name but despite the “improvements”, all he saw was Frankie. “I’m sorry,” Galen said, humbly.

“It’s okay, sweetie. Let’s just take a break while you deflate,” Steffie snickered. “Now, why do you think I look like this?”

“To remind me who I’m doing this for?”

“Remember what I said about hypnotizing you to test your belief system...?”

“You mean...I want to believe Frankie to look like this?”

“Galen, what you believe in with all your heart is a powerful thing, especially if love is in the mix. Haven’t you two ever talked about at least wishing she could look something like this; even if Frankie alone mused about it to you?” Despite it was really magic involved here, what Steffie said was the truth, as she went on.

“Did you ever see a ‘Beauty and the Beast’ match-up – and the ‘beast’ could be either one – and be amazed at the love that actually seemed to radiate from them? It’s because of their belief system. They see each other well beyond what others see, and more often than not, if observers allow themselves, even they can see what the couple sees in each other. You see me as you would really like to see Frankie. My hypnosis helped for now but...would you really like to try something outrageous?” Steffie was setting Galen up for some fantastic magic. All he had to do was take the bait.

“What do you want me to do?”

“Well, you joked before about being turned into a woman. You saw how strong your belief system is. I want you now to believe that you are a female.”

“Why?”

“Because if you can really believe you’re female, you can truly empathize with your wife. You said you’ve tried to empathize before but I think now that if you really try, it will happen...as natural as breathing. Will you believe? Will you do this for me? Will you do it for Frankie?”

“Of course I will!”

“Okay, now there’s one thing I want you to do before we start. Before, you saw me as your idealized wife. I only saw me as myself until you ‘let me in’, so to speak, as you described her ‘new’ differences. You kept me separate when you said that I didn’t sound like her. Do you want me or do you want Frankie?”

“Frankie!!” Galen said immediately and emphatically.

“See how easy that was?” Every trace of Steffie was now gone. Only the ideal Frankie existed, voice included. “Okay, baby. Tell me who my lesbian lover is, starting with her voice.”

“Okay. It’s a bit high-pitched without being squeaky. Cute and bubbly.” By the time the word “squeaky” was uttered, the new timbre was in place. “Oooh. I guess you can call me Gale now,” he giggled.

Steffie now said, “Great! I think it’s just delicious, girlfriend. But now, if you’ll indulge me, why don’t you close your eyes like when I became your dream wife. This way, as you describe your new feminine body changes it won’t look freaky and you just see yourself complete.”

“Sounds reasonable,” Galen giggled again.

So, as “Gale” tittered once more, Tina went to work through Steffie. Gale was transformed as a longhaired champagne blonde with layered curly bangs that swept

across her forehead. She shrunk about four inches and was slender on the plus side, not skinny. Her breasts were the same size of "Dream Frankie", a firm rounded DD-cup with wide areolae and eraser-thick nipples. She took off 8" inches of her waist and her ass was full but pear-shaped. Her legs were slender but belied a strength from her hips to her ankles, leaving her feet almost incredibly petite; equally strong to maintain her stance whether she wore 2" heels or 7" platform stilettos.

Gale said nothing about her vagina, so Tina created a cameltoe pussy where her labia lips were almost completely inverted. Her pubic area was not completely bald but had a dusty smattering of soft downy blonde hairs, signifying that her colors were natural and not out of a bottle. Her clitoris peeked out slightly, not too sensitive to fabrics like clothing but ready to turn on via human contact, just like the 'new' real Frankie. More on that later, but Gale, never having thought of herself in female terms, was actually being molded into Frankie's dream girl, had she gone to "swing for the other team". Yes, Frankie was, by now, truly enjoying her sex surrogate in the other room.

"Okay, sweetie," announced Steffie, "when we came into the room, behind the door there's a full-length mirror. Turn around and see what you've envisioned."

"Can I really do that?" A wide-eyed Gale asked.

"Telling me is one thing, but in inanimate reflective objects, you see what you believe you really are."

Gale spun around and saw herself. She gasped as her hands went for her crotch. "I – oh my – can't believe I'm touching my clit instead of a hard cock!"

“Thatagirl! Believe in who you are...unless you want to be a shemale...?”

Gale had just then touched her clit and a tingle shot up her spine. In that moment, she heard Steffie say “shemale” and exclaimed, “Ooh god, no! Frankie doesn’t have a cock. I wanna be able to please her. If I had a cock looking like this, wouldn’t it spoil everything?”

“Don’t ask me! It’s your belief system. You change now without trying to know what Frankie wants, then it won’t be what Frankie wants,” said Steffie, who now stood next to her, so that Gale had a double dose of her dream girl. That is, two dream girls: Frankie and whom she assumed she and Frankie would like if Gale was female.

Gale had no way of knowing but accepted herself as a real genetic woman, which in fact she then was. Her love for her mate overwhelmed her and as tears began to flow, she hungrily but tenderly kissed Dream Frankie. With Steffie’s prior instructions, there was no more slobbering but an effective, intoxicating buss. Steffie really then knew of Gale’s intensity of love for her mate. Although she loved Tina with all of her heart, Steffie knew that she had to go some to feel for Tina as Gale does now. And all by herself, despite returning kiss for kiss, she now sincerely wanted Tina and her to be in love the same way.

Gale then took Steffie’s hand as they stepped back to the sofa. Gale then sultrily purred just above a whisper, “C’mon baby. Eat my juicy pussy. I wanna know just how you like it, so I can do it to you.”

Steffie willingly followed though on Gale’s command, and more. She also lovingly molested Gale’s breasts with her mouth; thoroughly making love to this new body. As if on autopilot, Gale reciprocated tit for

tat. All the same, as Steffie was Frankie for her, Gale was Tina for Steffie.

While Steffie and Galen were learning the art of cunnilingus – sixty-nining and doving (rubbing clits together) thrown in – I found that Frankie was a fast learner in doing the same to me. As some are born to it, Frankie had no problem showing me how she wanted her pussy eaten, despite the poor job her husband had previously performed. If Galen did not know how to satisfy his wife orally before, he did now, on Steffie. Just as I made him believe that he had thought of himself as a woman – whatever the difficulty there was in translating Frankie’s instructions were before – all ‘she’ had to do was to provide the fervor now. Sometimes it does take being one to knowing one.

Having repeated on her what she did to me, Frankie also displayed something new. That when she orgasmed and came from my learnings, she was a screamer. A loud one. I just barely soundproofed us in time from the neighbors. Yes, she was that loud and it could have been misunderstood as something other than pleasure. It was definitely something to make them aware of before they leave. Otherwise, their neighbors will constantly be having the police visit them for disturbing the peace, at the very least.

Frankie was serious about leaving the hetero lifestyle before meeting Galen, despite never having any intimacy with a woman. With me, she proved that she would have done well being a lesbian. But as I observed this first-hand, did Frankie herself also realize this? Having enjoyed me, Frankie might not leave Galen for another man, but would she now leave him for a woman?

Using my "Belief System" spell on Frankie now, it was to be used somewhat differently than how I used it on her husband, once we caught our breath (and I got my hearing back. Just kidding.).

"Frankie, now that we've discovered how you'd like to be pleased, can I say that that that was your very first real orgasm?"

With stars in her eyes, she replied, "Oh yesssssss," she hissed, still full of desire. "Even I could never bring myself off like that. Only you--"

"You're here so that Galen could be able to do that," I cut her off.

"Who?" She did not even blink. The bliss of orgasm gave her momentary disorientation, if not amnesia.

"Galen. Your husband," I said flatly.

"Oh," said Frankie, as she reached out and lovingly caressed my closest breast. She was acting seductively as if she wanted me to only think of her and for me to forget Galen.

It did feel good how she was treating me. I then knew that she was not merely playing around. So I was compelled to ask, "You do know that you can imagine your husband as a woman, if you think that will help get you off?"

I did not think to envision making Galen female on my own. Intuitively, I deferred to Frankie's mind and there was Galen as a woman! So I used this for his transformation in the other room. It surprised me that Galen and I were original brunets and she envisioned her as a blonde but that was that. Hair color was no big deal with me, even as my hair was many different colors, shades and lengths both before and after coming home.

I then knew why I was able to change Galen into Gale without using my imagination or his. Making sure to check everybody's likes and dislikes, for compatibility's sake, this was how Galen was envisioned as – and became – Frankie's dream girl. I intuitively went to Frankie in changing Galen, without conscious thought on my part. But what a surprise to find 'er' all fleshed out, as it were. Why else would a woman think of such a thing unless she had not totally abandoned her lesbian idea? She even had a lesbian ideal!

Evidentially Frankie had gone after the male, following convention. Her whole 'tomboy' life was innately contrary to her self and Galen, being the luck of the draw 'forced' her to be bisexual. So when it came to sex, she naturally performed badly. A saving grace – for lack of a better way of putting it – was that he was just as bad, but only due to inexperience. Even more curious was the fact that they stayed married despite high sex drives unsatisfied by poor sex. Did she think that, like another man might be as poor a lover, so could a woman?

Hmm. There was that passing comment about threesomes. It did not occur to me then, but now, the third person could be a woman, not for Galen, but for her!

At this, I realized something else, about myself. A good magician never stops learning. It is not uncommon for the pupil to surpass the teacher. Maybe it was my approach to magic or some other factor. I did have a telepathic bond with Steffie. I could see things through her eyes with a wall between us. Would mind-reading be impossible what with all of that? I thought that it was not possible, according to what I was taught. But here you have it. Without realizing it,

that was exactly what I had been doing now. I could be giddy over this later. It was time to complete the task at hand.

Frankie just got through telling me how much she loved her husband. Yet now, she could not get enough of me. Having the idea of wanting a female lover but dismissing it only to discover that a woman on her first meeting satiated her, not only just belief but beyond expectation...? Galen could love her physically as I had but there was indeed something about being an actual woman doing it. However, she would never be my lover. If her present circumstances truly changed her mind, I would be at fault. Because no matter what her predisposition was, I would have been the catalyst that changed her mind.

I already had a lover and wanted no other. I will not stand for my being the excuse for Frankie to be disloyal. She had yet to know how to balance the scales; how to satisfy her husband. I had already known how to do that. But now I had to adjust her thinking as well, to still want Galen. Yet this would not be by force. It would be a reminder. Unless she was lying, not just to me but also to the man she married and stayed with, even after he offered to immediately annul it.

What with all I could do, I could now really force it, but that was not right. Before they met me, they truly loved each other. That was the way they were going to leave me. If possible, even more so. I felt an even stronger bond from Steffie and it was more than just her being my familiar. From this day on, if Steven Carp ever had a glimmer of a chance by some miracle to come back, it was now irrevocably gone, thanks to Galen McKenna. I owed him now in more ways than one. He had inadvertently shown Steffie what true love was,

and through her, me. >From a man I thoroughly despised and turned into a woman I had hoped would love me in time, the latter suddenly happened, without any help from me! You know what I mean! I was not going to let Frankie leave this man. But it had to be all up to her.

Sigh. Still, I was not going to leave it entirely to chance. Through Steffie, given a chance to be Gale, left to his own devices, Galen had been bitten transgenderly, to coin a new word. Just as Frankie had truly found her niche as a lesbian, Galen had found completeness in being female, but not entirely.

To explain, discovering that I now really could read minds revealed this to me. However, like myself, Galen inwardly knew that while women could control men in many cases, it was still a male-dominated world. I never set out to change the world – many black magicians have tried since time immemorial...and failed – I just want my own personal space viable. If possible, by helping others, my space becomes all the more wider. As such, I felt a kinship with Galen and he would not leave my home as a female-dominated crossdresser, cowed to serve Frankie's lesbian desires. Their original love would still exist, but while nothing is perfect, it would be flawed worse than before they visited me. Hence, it really would be my fault.

Uh-uh. Not if I could help it. And I think I could.

“Oh, Frankie, you are a very, very naughty girl,” I said, my voice dripping in seduction.

“I – what?” Frankie gasped at the sight before her.

Now Frankie was under the same “Belief System” spell as her husband. Just as Galen saw Steffie as his Dream Frankie, a room away, so his spouse became. I

had planned that to be a given from the start. Even Frankie did not care for her physical appearing before they arrived. From Steffie's transformation, she was merely Frankie's twin, her new self. Not starkly being shown as Gale was in a mirror, Frankie was not aware of her new physical changes that were now a twin to Steffie's, right down to her much longer locks. She was that mentally fixated on me without my assist.

The new, improved, "lipstick lesbian", Francesca "Frankie" McKenna

Thanks to me, everything Frankie had worn here, and whatever she had at home, now accommodated and complemented her new form. Both she and Galen would benefit as if she had always been like this. Just like I did with Steven Carp, anyone who knew them before, knew that she was Galen's lucky catch and none could break the love they had for each other, except they themselves. But now it was Galen's turn, through Frankie.

"Suck my fucking hard cock, baby," I filthily cooed.

I was still Tina Marsh, but instead of my nude body with spread legs showing a moist pussy, there was a thick, throbbing dick, with pre-cum beginning to ooze from its helmeted slit. My hefty penis throbbed up away from my prone body as a curling finger would, beckoning wordlessly, "Come and get it." In Frankie's eyes, I was the same woman she had just become sexually enamored with, yet with a big difference...between my legs. I was now a shemale.

Now Frankie was conflicted. Didn't I have a twat there, moments ago? She loved that woman! But she was married to Galen. Was she seeing Galen's cock? God, was it always so big and inviting? Did she want

Galen after all? But Galen's cock is on Dr. Marsh's body. Does this mean...can I have them both?

"Oh my god...!" she gasped. "Your cock..."

My spell was working overtime in Frankie. Before, like Steffie, even though we already knew what happened, I had to be told to see what she saw. If you paid attention before, you already know why now. So, Frankie took for granted that I was aware what was now between my legs. How else could I invite her to suck me – not my clit but my cock?

Okay, with my dick, I cheated a little. It was there so that Frankie could acknowledge it. But if she truly wanted a pussy, she could have dismissed it, saying that it was impossible for it to be there. That her Belief System never really wanted it. Then, I would have to think of something else.

Before, I had invited her to eat my pussy the way she wanted – needed – hers to be eaten, once she gave in to be as nude as I had undressed. But while Frankie did a stellar job on my cunt, she went further, even as I was still trembling in orgasm, to make love to my whole body.

Frankie licked and kissed her way past my abs, nibbled my outie navel, before mauling, kissing, licking – biting! – my breasts and their nipples. Attempting to hickey my neck, Frankie ultimately frenched my mouth soulfully, with an almost unbelievably long tongue that had not too long ago plumbed the depths of my vagina. I wanted her to show me exactly how she wanted to be loved sexually and she showed me, in spades.

No stranger to anal in letting her husband clumsily fuck her ass, Frankie went back down to my crotch, and after giving me a stimulating rimjob, she fin-

ger-fucked my ass with one and then two fingers. She tried to introduce a third finger but I could not stand it any more. Already tingling from her foreplay, my vacant pussy came so gloriously violent, I squirted my cum like a fountain for the very first time, drenching her nearby face. As I had to ability to control when and how much I could cum in either gender, this time, I did not care, and neither did Frankie. As I carelessly copiously wet her face, her eyes rarely leaving mine, she just lustfully smiled in orgiastic pleasure, her fingers still lingering in my ass but still. As they slowly came out in her exhaustion, I could not help but shiver as they retreated my hole.

As wonderfully unique as it was, I had no problem filing every aspect away for Galen to be able to perform Frankie's demonstration to the letter. Frankie's sexual problem was too intricate for her to instruct step-by-step. It had to flow as a complete masterpiece from beginning to end. Galen would have been hapless and maybe one day, Frankie would have snapped in ultimate frustration.

Because when she was done, as I had climaxed and she knew without a doubt that it was due to her, Frankie gleefully began to shake in mutual orgasm herself. Frankie's desire was to not only to be pleased but to also know that her mate was pleased at the same time, if not simultaneously. Not an easy task. No wonder she could not explain it in words. But without magical powers of her own, Frankie not only proved that it could be done, but also, the first time, right out of the park. I did not think she expected me to be as orgasmic, but I hope that she did not expect Galen – or another woman – to reach that height every time. I was surprised that it happened to me!

Between the two of us, she, I, and our surroundings were a sweaty, sticky, sodden mess that thickly scented the air of the room. The McKennas had come to me for sexual assistance. As such, as a surrogate, I was honor bound to show her that I fully understood. All vanity aside, I doubt that an ordinary surrogate could duplicate Frankie's machinations to the letter. But since the whole point was to have Galen do it, I had to prove that I could help him by doing to her what she did to me.

I was compelled stop time once again around us, realizing now that this ability would be a necessary tool in the future in helping anyone. Because recovering properly from any good sexual session should never be rushed. Frankie and I both needed time to delightfully recover, as we should, and then a second time, after I did her exactly as she did me. Not to mention, return my office to normal propriety. My sofa and carpet were stained with strong vaginal juices and we had yet to fuck cock to pussy, adding male cum to the mess!

Let the McKennas deal with this sexual aftermath in the home or wherever in their own way. I do not think that they would mind overmuch. As far as the time manipulation, as noted that it could be done locally without affecting the rest of the world, I now did it this way, in the environs of my office, and Steffie's room, just so she would not have Galen see us moving super-fast or super-slow, depending on the perception.

Long story short, we are up to date. I'm not normally a squirter, but knowing that I could do it naturally if tantalized sufficiently was a thrill...right up until Frankie screamed. She did not squirt, but honey, did she ever pack a pair of lungs on the inside that could compete with the size of her new 'lungs' on the

outside. We (I?) recovered and then I noticed the stars in her eyes for me. But it was her time for her to show me how she treated Galen, at least orally. Fortunately, Steffie was keeping Gale very happy...or was that, busy? Without the screams.



So, back to Frankie. She saw me – Tina, a big-breasted woman – sporting a nice, thick, engorged cock. Virtually vibrating with pre-cum starting to ooze forth. It was the penis that brought her back to the here-and-now. But as her eyes went from mine to my dick and back again, Frankie did not know what to do. Then...

“It’s me, baby. Don’t you want me?” I said. “I’ve learned how to please you. It’s your turn now. Show me that you wanna please me, too. Suck my cock. Make it happen. Then we’ll fuck the hell out of each other!”

It was then that Frankie saw it. Heard it, too, simultaneously. Pulled from memories, dreams, subconscious, whatever, there was not Frankie’s Dream Man, but her Dream Girl – with a cock. The very one that was playing lesbian games right now with Steffie, sans cock.

Frankie’s heartbeat increased even as she grabbed my member at the base. There were tears in her eyes, as she said, “Oh, Galen, Galen honey. I do love you. I really do. I’m so sorry.” Hooray! Galen was not rejected after all!

For the record, my usual feminine voice was husky but purely feminine all the same. Even though she finally acknowledged her mate, unlike Steffie having to sound like Frankie, not once did I even try to sound like Galen. She came back to her senses all on her own. “Shush, Frankie,” I said. “For now, it’s Gale. Okay? I love you, too. No one else but you. We can have it all, if we just really love each other.”

At that, Frankie dove onto my dick halfway. After a moment’s pause, she showed me that she was the worst cocksucker I had ever known.

Galen's problem was he had been fast and furious; cumming quickly and ignorant of how to know to slow down so that his wife could catch up. This was an all too common problem. Either or both sexes dealt with it as a fact of life; they worked on it to success or failure and many even divorced over it. But as premature ejaculation happens to men as well as women, through a variety of methods, it was not an impossible task for anyone to overcome, much less me.

Inasmuch as Galen came too fast, Frankie furiously fingered herself to get off relatively as soon. And when she went oral, not only did she poorly suck his cock, she gagged on having too much saliva in her mouth plus his cum when he did ejaculate. What saved her from throwing up was that she was able to force down her backwash as well as her mouth contents before it got to nausea. Still, even though it could have been worse. There was some spillage at times. She even tried to deep-throat her mate, but she often choked from ramming it down in one gulp, before Galen could cum. Breathing through her mouth instead of her nose made cocksucking implausible even as her tongue just splashed around noisily and aimless instead of purposely working the penis.

So when Galen came, it was almost always a surprise mess. I will not go into any more detail. It was all bad anyway, and Galen was no help in his own ignorance. To her credit, Frankie knew exactly how she wanted her pussy pleased, despite never having had it done. On the other hand, Galen had no clue about getting the perfect blowjob. Go figure. Love definitely kept these two together. But as an integral part of their life, sex was beginning to tear them apart.

I had yet to fuck Frankie and, as she was already enamored with me, I was almost afraid to fuck her the way that they could achieve mutual satisfaction. The original plan was to see how Frankie properly enjoyed missionary, do some variations – such a doggy-style and cowgirl – transmit them to Galen via Steffie, and that would be that. But while Galen was learning his lessons well, he was thoroughly enjoying being Gale.

Whatever the motivations were for others not to be captivated to crossdress, mine was my primary obsession to be an accomplished magician. Galen was like a typical (?) crossdresser being irretrievably being addicted to women's clothes, and Galen had yet to wear any distaff clothes yet! The only way to explain it is that he really was female, and in being both sexes, preferred the feminine side. Still, he did not know that he was really a she. So how could I explain 'her' new preference? I could not. Still, as remarkable as it was, it was not half the problem of Frankie never getting the chance to be a lesbian, having almost all of her life inwardly displaying a love for women. She should have never settled for Galen, but she did.

Anyway, she ultimately did accept my erection, albeit on a female body. Whew! I then patiently guided her to pleasingly and pleurably to suck cock – to both parties' enjoyment. Afterwards, I also did screw Frankie, in variety. I also showed her how to control her partner as they fucked, to communal benefit. She would never need to because of my mental connection to Galen, but she would not know this, so it was a necessary redundancy. There was a way for everyone to come out of this happy. (And yes, as an afterthought, the elimination of ear-splitting screaming.) But, because I cheated in making Frankie see my cock without her initially desiring me to have one, would they accept

everything without my blowing my cover? And if they did not, would they break up, because I did, revealing that I was no mere counselor but the Wishlock?

Magician or not, I had to keep up appearances of normalcy. Remember when I said that money was not the issue and that my ad only “called out” to those I knew I could help? I was not out to bilk or scam anyone. But just like anyone else in a therapeutic field, no one ever left on just one visit. At the very least, there was always a follow-up appointment. In any event, the McKennas did throw me a curve ball I did not dig deep enough to find. With all I knew about them, I did not know every last detail instantly.

After Steffie and Gale were all fucked out – as were Frankie and I – I waited while in our separate rooms everyone got redressed and Gale was obviously Galen again in his male wear. Waiting for it, I did dodge the bullet of Frankie’s curiosity of my having a cock when she was not instead subtly guided to imagine my having one until after the fact.

So, after magically turning back time so that it was only almost a few hours rather than more than a day of learning how to fuck and repeatedly cumming with needing little or no time to recharge – would you keep track of how long you were having sexual pleasure as long as you were receiving it, being constantly reminded that you were being taught? – under the pretense of “normal appearances”, I sent them home with what they learned about themselves, and have them return in a couple weeks. And yes, about needing food during all that time? Their bellies full of cum I changed into nutrients so that the only hunger they would have would be the dinner they originally planned to eat after their visit with me.

Interestingly enough, both of them looked crestfallen when told to leave for now, but not because I was unable to help them. Frankie tried to hide it but she was dismayed at being away from me, her new all-purpose lesbian lover, despite remembering her husband when she saw my cock and I fucked her every hole. She still enjoyed her lesbian love fest with me, seemingly forgetting that its purpose was to show Galen how she really wanted sex. Galen had returned back to the office looking downcast, having to be a male again. Still, they left with the abilities I gave them, why they came in the first place, to be better lovers for each other. The Belief spell was gone, but I did leave a subtle spell in place without telling them.

In addition, I let Frankie keep her longhaired shapely new look as if she always had it. As I said, everything she owned and was elsewhere reflected her new status. I caused Galen to accept the new physical appearance of his wife as if she always looked this way to him. I also gave Galen the ability to have a thicker, more potent erection when aroused by his wife. These were to be my original gifts to them. However, as things developed, if they broke up, they now would be taken away. Frankie made me that cautious and provisory. Throughout his session with Steffie, Galen's love for Frankie was unwavering. But he now had a new problem that was all my fault. I intended to fix it but only according to the way things developed by their next visit.

The McKennas arrived as scheduled per their appointment. They were both all smiles as Galen, letting his wife enter my office first, immediately regrasping the hand he had been holding for the most part, ever since they exited the car they arrived in. Met at the door by Steffie who today wore a strapless clinging

pink tube minidress with gold gladiator shoes, they were beaming as Galen gallantly held Frankie's seat for her, even as her hips snuggled to its back. I did not miss that Galen did the same wiggle with his butt when he sat.

Ever the professional, I nevertheless showed off more of my bosom and cleavage than I should have in a low-cut black satin blouse – on purpose, I wore no bra and my pudgy nipples prominently dented the material, specifically for Frankie's reaction – and black-belted white miniskirt with white open-toed 5" stilettos. As I came from around my desk, for a moment I was aware that Frankie had a lusty look at my beloved big chest. The next blink, she had glanced over at Galen's that was as manly as ever. Galen had caught where she had looked last for a second and I sensed a feeling of pride from him, as he even sat up straighter. It looked as if I made things okay, as Galen started to catch me up since we last saw the both of them.

"When we left you, Tina (I was very informal. There was no "Dr. Marsh" business anymore.), I felt kinda down when I left here. Then I remembered that Steffie told me that I had been self-centered. Sure, it was based sexually, but I began to wonder, 'What if I had been doing it in everything?' I mean, I love my wife more than anything and look at how I was unknowingly depriving her in sex, in that ignorance.

"So while I was driving, I glanced over at Frankie, only to see that she was as crestfallen as me. I know that I had learned a lot from coming here. It seemed like we were here for days instead of a few hours," Galen softly chuckled. (This verified that our marathon sex did take much longer but I reset time to a couple hours by the time they left and no harm was done.)

“While I was pretty sure that Frankie and I would talk about everything once home, something wasn’t right. Since she didn’t bring it up right away, I assumed we’d talk then.

“Then, out of nowhere, we spotted an adult supply store. Not a small hole-in-the-wall adult bookstore that had only a few odds and ends of a sexual nature, but the sign actually said ‘Adult Supply Store’. Without really looking at each other, we seemed to be of one mind. In broad daylight, with parking right in front of the place, I parked and we both brazen yet calmly entered the store; not once looking around to see if anyone saw us.”

Galen then paused. “Before we found your ad, in basically already giving up, we had purged ourselves of every conceivable sex aid we had. Although you had given us a way to enjoy ourselves without props, it was as if we were of one mind when we saw the store. That it wouldn’t hurt to have something to fall back on if what we learned somehow failed and we needed release before our next appointment with you. I know, it sounds stupid, but I saw Frankie smile as we entered that only got bigger as we looked around at first. It was her first smile since we left you and I needed her to keep that smile.”

Then Frankie spoke up, excitedly. “The store wasn’t a small, obscure porno shop but it seemed even much bigger inside than outside. If I didn’t know any better, it looked as if it was a warehouse outlet where smaller shops bought their inventory. Amidst dirty books and graphic sex magazines, PVC fetish clothes and other fetish articles, there were genuine non-tricked out uniforms for role-playing, natural-haired wigs and many other things I’d never dared imagine!”

At that, Galen blushed crimson. It was obvious that it had something to do with what they actually bought. As his natural coloring drained to normal, he said, "I'm sure Steffie told you how...compliant...I am. I'm not a wimp or a submissive, but sometimes when Frankie wants to take the lead, I've gone with the flow, hoping for the best, in the past.

"Anyway, using separate credit cards – going to the cashier different times instead of together – Frankie and I had made singular purchases. Y'know, finding something good, paying for it, then having to go back to make sure we didn't miss anything in this one-of-a-kind store. It was a good thing we used separate credit cards. Using just one between us would've just slowed us down!" he laughed. "Back in the car, I had asked first what she'd bought and she'd decided to be secretive. So, while I had been very willing to divulge, I played her game when she asked about mine. Fortunately, Frankie didn't get upset with the turnabout.

"Then we got home...and we immediately jumped each other, gradually undressing each as soon as we put our bags down and the door was secure. Thereafter, except for bathroom breaks and sleep...we dined on nothing but each other for two days! As we supremely, constantly, pleased each other to fulfillment, it was the honeymoon that we should've had! Our session with you opened our eyes and it was as if we had been reborn and had invented sex!

"When we left our heaven on the third day, our stomachs loudly growled for real food. Afterwards, we decided that it was time for round two, or maybe it was two thousand and two. Before we made it back to our rumpled bed, we noticed the small mountain of

bags he accumulated and decided like children on Christmas morning to go through them all. Maybe despite the then-confirmed fact that we were finally sexually compatible, the rationale became 'why let what we bought as a back-up go to waste?' To my surprise, what we bought opened our eyes to things we never knew about ourselves." Galen then stopped talking, sighed heavily as if a weight had been lifted, and smiled broadly at his wife. His whole body then seemed to re-shift itself, as if it was relaxing to be more at ease than he already was. He was using his hands now as he spoke, but it was more to it than just that.

Galen's new physical demeanor was obvious to all of us, as Frankie's eyes started to mist. She sniffled, grabbed Galen's then-folded hands in his lap, before she faced me and took over the conversation.

"Tina, I have a confession to make. To you, personally. It's one that I've made to my mate, but most importantly, to myself.

"Galen and I originally came here to better ourselves sexually, assuming it was the way to make our marriage work. Neither of us knew it at the time, but he was right to suggest we annul our marriage. But being on our honeymoon, the timing was horribly bad.

"We stayed together out of fear. Given our track record of barely getting first kisses, we thought finding each other was a godsend. I mean, look at me! You've seen me naked. What man in his right mind wouldn't want my body? I know that's terribly vain, but then again, I didn't exactly dress to show it off. My hair...! Oh my god! It took after we were married that we mutually decided to let it grow out, much less wear enough makeup! And Galen...? His fucking cock is unreal! But no one ever gave him a chance to show what a

stud he really is. But the whole point was that we were friends first. Good, solid friends.

“At first, I did think that I would lose a lover. Not a sex partner. A lover of me. And Galen felt the same way. But having sex is a big part of marriage. We wanted it before. We needed it afterwards. It took our jobs to keep us sane. Although we could have, neither of us ever had an affair, for that person to please us. As sacred as our marriage vows were, our friendship bond was even stronger. Or so I thought.

Frankie then paused and then began anew almost a whisper. “I...fell in love with you. I thought that I finally found my place in this world, loving another woman. But while the sex was great, it wasn't until much later that I had to ask myself ‘Why?’ Hotwired in all off our brains is that we should love the opposite sex. We don't have to be taught that. It's a natural process. Still, nobody's perfect. Millions of people feel a strong desire – or need – to love the same sex, with many reasons without any given one being truly universally definitive. Without realizing it for a long time, without any excuse, I was one of them.

“Without feeling that I was in the wrong body, I was a tomboy for the longest. Wore my hair very short. Hid my body in women's wear that closely resembled men's. Demanded to be called Frankie instead of Francesca. And then puberty hit me late. When it hit, aided by male rejection and blaming them instead of myself, my body wanted a woman, but my mind still told me to go after men. Only to be turned down again and again before real intimacy could happen.

“When I realized what I thought I really needed, I met Galen. The most sweetest, kindest, and yes, beauti-

ful man I've ever known. I didn't see it at first. I didn't see it for a long time. But Galen was – is – my woman.

"It was your hypnosis that tapped into my belief system that did it. You brought my lesbianism up front, and unlike with Galen, I somehow innately knew all the right buttons to push. And when you did me, to mimic my actions in order to somehow show Galen, I was like, 'Who the fuck is Galen?'

"Your pulling that strap-on outta nowhere shook me up more than sexually. Then I remembered my husband, my real lover. But I performed on that cock the way I always had. That is, until you brought me to my senses. I did want a man after all, and you showed me how wonderful he could be. But now what was I going to do?"

Frankie took a longer pause this time. It got very quiet. Then she took a soulful look at her husband and Galen retrieved the verbal baton.

"I wish that my life was full of questions that were unasked, simply because you didn't know that they existed in order to have a need to search for answers. Still, it took an unrealized quest, to not only see that there were questions, but to find the answers, relatively quickly after that. What I mean is that my wife and I had always looked for clues outside the box. Tina, you were the only one – in my case, through Steffie – to look from within," said Galen.

"Me, myself, I always saw myself as a good guy. I tried to help people. Yeah, when it got overwhelming, I charged for services. But I never cheated anybody. What I did, got me to and through college. It also gave me some pocket money but I hardly lived like a king. There were those who saw me as their 'easy pass', and when I found out, I thought that if I could find out,

teachers could find out about my help, and I'd be the one in trouble, if anyone. It wasn't as if I was helping someone cheat but there were people out there who could make it look like I was and, well, the loudest voice wins. I felt I could never be loud enough.

"So of those I rejected, they started a smear campaign. Even stooping low enough to call me gay, making fun of my name. If I didn't get in trouble, maybe they felt they could still hurt me emotionally. Call me too sensitive, but they were even moreso, by being petty. It made me feel so bad, not only did I stop helping classmates, my own grades slipped. Yeah, I knew about it, that those I helped and others that could use my help took care of it. How? This, I don't know. I didn't want to know. With the pressure off, I didn't think of it happening again and I guess I was lucky that it didn't.

"But you know something? Only in retrospect did I realize that I helped numerous people – boys and girls, too – and not one guy seriously called me 'buddy' or 'pal'. Not one girl would date me. All because I was a nerd. Back then, nerds were used, if not simply ostracized. I was damned lucky to be defended. It would be years later for nerds or geeks to be considered cool.

"I wasn't a social outcast or a total pariah. Anyone who needed me knew the price list. Not having to defend myself, I became soft, mentally and physically. I wasn't a coward or a wimp. I never dreamed of being macho. I was just me.

"And then I met Frankie. She didn't push, she didn't probe. But somehow, we became each other's company, each other's friend. We finally thought that we couldn't live without each other. So, we got married.

“Y’know, asking Frankie out, to get married and suggesting annulment was among the few ‘take charge’ things I’ve done in my life. I repeat, I am not a submissive. I don’t feel a need nor do I want to be dominated. At best, I like to think I’m very easygoing. I have a demanding position at work where I have to make decisions all day but Frankie wanted – and got – a definitive managerial spot where she works. At home, we share. When it came to sex, I did my damndest to please her, while I conversely cheated her by cumming too soon.

“When we got home from here and that store, we fucked for two days straight, as if making up for lost time. Thanks to you and Steffie being patient with us – not to mention, knowing exactly what our problems were and how to fix them – we finally made ourselves sexually compatible. You two are miracle workers to have gotten through to us in such a short time. I guess we just needed for an outsider to show us our flaws and for us to have the common sense to pay attention.

“When we finally remembered what we bought, I was almost ashamed. You told us to believe in ourselves, and before we got home, we lost faith in that. All the same, with the store so big, Frankie and I went our separate ways, and going to two different cashiers. Basically, I replaced knickknacks, dildos, lubes and lotions. I pretty much assumed that Frankie had done the same. So when I asked what she’d gotten, when she played coquettish about it, I didn’t press.

“But after our fuck-fest, going through the bags, Frankie suddenly broke down and cried...hard. I asked her softly what was the matter. She told me that she really loved me, but she was really a lesbian. That it was who she really was, as she discovered here. I tried to

joke it out, saying that then she must be bisexual because, after all, she did marry me, a man. Finally, Frankie said, 'Then, would you be my lesbian lover, too?'

"In a split-second, my memories of being a woman with Steffie flooded my mind. How I had good – no, great – sex with, not Steffie, but my dream girl, who was actually the woman you see in front of you. Frankie is the only woman I'll ever want, the only woman I'll ever need.

"It's funny, but when my time was up with Steffie, I felt an incredible loss, because with every fiber of my being, for the very first time in my life, I wanted to really be female. Of course, since it was all in my head, I wasn't. Still, what I did with Steffie stayed with me and so I knew then that all along I was a woman trying to be a man. I wasn't a woman trapped in a man's body. As I said before, I was just me. I was a woman without being one for Frankie, as I pleased her at home then, for days. If I got off – and I did – fine. So, after that flashback, what seemed like ages but no time at all, I answered Frankie with an emphatic, 'Yes!'

"Talk about Christmas morning, Frankie's face then lit up as if she was experiencing a thousand of them, all at once! I thought that she was gonna jump me right then. But instead, she made a mad scramble for certain bags we hadn't gotten to yet."

Frankie then interjected, "I had suddenly assumed that a porn shop this big might...might!...have that flesh-colored strap-on you fucked me with, Tina. It looked and felt so real, I couldn't tell where the strap-on ended and the body began on you. It was so remarkable, I'd assumed that it was custom-made. I didn't want to look foolish asking anyone there about

it. But then I saw blow-up dolls, several different kinds for different sex acts. Beyond them, I saw what looked like body parts, and wouldn't you know it? The exact thing I was looking for.

"It was like what they called a 'cyber-cock', a dildo that looks and feels like a real dick. Only this was more than a dildo that could fit into a strap-on holster. The cock and holster was one-piece construction, blended together. It even had a set of balls! It fastened by some sort of velcro. I held the bell in my hands and was further amazed that it seemed to match my skin tone. Whatever. I had to have it.

"I was about to walk away with my prize but then I saw other 'body parts'. One was called a 'booby bra'. Fastened like the belt for the chest, it wasn't exactly a strapless bra but a set of fake tits, size DD, just like my real ones. Like the cock, the fake bosom was detailed authentically and it secured to the chest just like the strap-on. I almost put it down when I saw something called 'pussy panties'. It was designed like boy-cut style panties but it had a kind of a gaffe, to tuck a cock inside. On the outside, it was shaped like a woman's pubic area and rounded ass. It even had an open slit that resembled a shaven woman's cameltoe pussy.

"I almost laughed out loud at how well the store outfitted alternative lifestyles. The things I saw seemed very well made. They weren't cheap but I could easily afford them. Then I remembered why I really wanted that strap-on, to use it on Galen.

"Then I thought, 'Why not use it on him all the way?' Then, without consulting him, I found a long blonde wig and makeup. The fake T& A looked as if it could be worn as is or with lingerie over them. It gave Galen my dimensions; maybe even fit in my clothes be-

fore he got 'her' own. When confronted in the car, I tried to be coy about what I'd bought and Galen didn't push. Fast-forward three days later and I finally asked a question I was almost afraid to have the answer to. My heart stopped when he said yes."

Galen jumped back in. "It was absolutely surreal! Frankie quickly found the items and I put the panties on first. Just before I pulled them up over my hips, I turned them inside out to secure my cock in the gaffe, after which I pulled them completely up, a very snug fit. Because of their close bind, for the moment, I didn't think about how I was going to use the bathroom, but I don't want to get ahead of myself.

"The breasts went on next, and I did it like second nature, securing it perfectly behind my back, without thinking. I went for the wig and donned it in front of the mirror. Again, without thinking, I picked up one of Frankie's hairbrushes and began touching my head up. And that's when I received a surprise. Actually, three. Two were from Frankie.

"Looking in the glass, I was bent over as I brushed a long stroke. The hair tugged at my scalp as if it was all mine! Assuming it was just my imagination, I did it again and felt the same thing. Pulling hair back by hand, I saw what looked as if the wig had grown from my skull! My eyes bugged out in shock and then I gasped...but not about the wig. Frankie had donned the strap-on and her cock had flopped atop my bent-over asscheeks' cleavage!

"That made me stand up straight and then it was Frankie's turn to gasp. She said, 'Where are the straps of your breasts?' Meaning, of course, the one around me, not above where there never was any. Without thinking, I looked down at her instead of me, and I

could swear her erect cock started to flag. So I said, 'How did you do that with your strap-on?'

"Do what?" she replied. Flustered, I didn't know how to ask about the cock's action and said instead, 'Your strap-on. If I didn't know any better, I'd swear you were born with a cock.'

"She then said, 'Take off your tits.' When I easily complied, she said, 'Put them back on,' and I did. Frankie then explained that she wasn't sure at first, that my hair was in the way as it laid on my back when I was bent over. But then she realized that she couldn't see the seam; where the boobs were attached. It had disappeared. Standing up, I looked at them in the mirror, hefted them, feeling their weight, even letting them drop. It didn't feel as if I was wearing them; they felt like they were a part of me.

"Instead of panicking, I felt giddy. I told her about the hair and then she impulsively grabbed a handful and yanked, making me screech. Before I could ask her why she did that, she asked me if I could take it off. Without thinking, I did just that, easily. She told me to put it back on and I did. Frankie again pulled it but lightly and I still felt the tug. If that wasn't enough, I swear that her cock was getting hard again. I didn't ask her to take it off.

"Instead of freaking out, I felt a strong desire to suck that cock. I felt myself getting moist between my legs and also wanted it to fill me there, too. Out of nowhere, I heard a voice I only heard once before, when I was a woman for Steffie. It was me yet again, as I asked, 'Can I suck your cock, baby?' Without missing a beat, Frankie hissed, 'Yeah. Suck my fucking dick, bitch. I wanna cum all over your face.'

“Then she lightly pushed on my shoulders until I was on my knees. I put that dick in my mouth and sucked on it as if I’d been doing it all my life as an expensive hooker. Frankie told me later that, with just seeing my boobs, my mouth on her cock, she felt as if she really had a real live prick. Soon enough, for me, it wasn’t news confessed at another time. Frankie came so hard, her knees buckled while she made my face all gooey. Never having tasted even my own, I just knew it was real. And I wanted more.

“After that, we didn’t care about anything. We weren’t in trouble. We weren’t stuck. Whatever it was, it was whatever we wanted. It made us happy and our love was strong as ever. Period.

“Thanks to you, Tina, we weren’t two poor lovers fumbling around with sex toys. However it happened, we were complete.

“Back then, our roles reversed and Frankie even licked the cum off my face, snowball-feeding me, as she fucked my cunt and then my ass, finally flooding it. We went on for quite a while, even sixty-nining. Then she took off the strap-on. I started to reach behind me to undo the breasts but she stopped me. Then we made out like lesbians; sixty-nining again – this time both of us with cunts – even doving, rubbing our clits together until we came. Just like with Steffie, I knew – we both knew – exactly how to do it until we orgasmed together.

“After the initial surprise, we were calm about everything. We didn’t question why everything worked as it did. It was as if we were in a dream or under a spell, and we were damned if we were going to wake up or break it. We somehow felt confident telling you and only you...and Steffie. Ultimately taking every-

thing off and going back to work, thereafter, Frankie occasionally met me when I got home, stark naked, stroking her cock. I couldn't put my T&A stuff on fast enough.

"We never dared to look for that store again. Again, afraid that if we did, everything would go away, Frankie got her lesbian lover and I came out of the closet I was never in, as it were, as an affirmed, very accomplished crossdresser. I'm all man at work but all woman at home; like, without thinking, sitting down to piss when I used the toilet. I was Gale, for real. Thereafter, I came out as a crossdresser and Frankie admitted publicly that she was bi, but that I was the only woman she wanted. As I dressed practically everywhere but work as a woman, most who knew us accepted us. Those that don't, we couldn't care less."

I was ecstatic for them! Yeah, yeah, you knew I was behind it all. Come on, complacency amongst themselves and majoritive acceptance of "Gale's" radical perfection in being an outed crossdresser in less than two weeks? I told you that the world is not perfect and you did not miss a thing. People do realize that and despite that, many make do on their own...or with a little help.

With the Belief Spell gone, I did not want to bring it back, for them to turn into shemales or women at will. They needed something more plausible, if only for others. But between themselves, they needed to 'naturally' accept the fantastic. My magic took care of that before I had bolstered it with the Belief one. That was Step One as they left me because I let that one remain for what lay ahead. Step Two? Well, as they talked of fucking for two days and then Galen being female as soon as he put 'her' accoutrements on, not once did he mention

about a need to shave before or after. Anywhere...face, armpits, chest, pubes, legs. While probably one would not note that specifically, crossdressing was something believable for the outside world to accept or not.

A big reason why was because no sooner than they bought the items I 'guided' them to buy, any kind of hair removal product – especially Galen's but Frankie had some for her legs – disappeared from wherever it was in the house. They first had nothing but sex for two days, and all they did in the bathroom was relieve their bladders or bowels. Even before they went for what they bought, Galen's face should have had a two-day growth of stubble. But it was as if he never needed to shave so why mention it? Therefore when Gale 'returned', there was no redundancy about needing to shave then either or when he went back to work. And like the hair disappearance, although it was mentioned, Gale's feminine voice came back without concern.

It was because of that I "allowed" some to be disturbed by Gale, given that person's predisposed nature. Fortunately, most did not care and these became assuredly favorable. To have everyone accept her would be a little bit much. It was already enough with Gale being able to function as a woman totally – accepting that big cock inside of her – inasmuch as Frankie's cock spewing genuine sperm. But just like Galen/Gale's now-hairless body that knowledge would stay between them; they could never be able to tell a soul about anything else. Even they would not think to discuss something as trivial as Galen's lack of body hair. Gale was able to admire how hirsute a man could be but Galen thought that shaving was a tedious bother and was glad he never needed to shave without ever wondering why.

During their time away from me they did not tell me every little detail. But I knew that Frankie wore her 'belt' at home with Gale not around and masturbated it to cumming. She never wanted to be male, just the butch lesbian. Able to use a cock for real was a bonus. She was addicted to cum, whether from Galen or from herself. As a woman, Gale enjoyed it too, but not as much as Frankie did and not as a man. Frankie never forced her husband – that is, while he was male – to suck her cock.

On the weekends, Gale kept her pussy on 24/7, and one weekend she forgot to take it off – even wearing panties under her men's suit – and took a bathroom break. One could wonder how could that happen with panties, too, especially since thong style seems to be the order of the day and in its varieties, it was the only style Gale or Frankie wore. Galen just happened to do it, end of story. I did not prompt that; save for the fact for his newfound appreciation of being female was subconsciously working overtime. Standing at the urinal, Galen scrambled for a fly panties did not have, and a thong had precious little cloth up front anyway. Fortunately alone, he went to a stall, did 'her' business sitting down and even diddled 'herself' to satisfaction before leaving the lavatory.

If Frankie outlived Galen/Gale, her strap-on would be exactly that, to her and her new lover, male or female. Without missing a beat, she would not recall being a monster-cocked shemale when she previously wore it. If Gale survived Frankie, she would go to her grave a woman. Her history tweaked as if she was never a man.

I was a little kinder with Gale, so sue me. I felt that Galen deserved it because 1) he never desired to be a

woman but once he had a taste, he needed to be one and 2) upon discovery of her genuine love for women, Frankie really did forget about being married, immediately getting infatuated with me. Despite his/her bout with Steffie, Galen only and always wanted Frankie.

So, Step Three? Well, I got a little ahead of myself. As I noted a lot of things – readjusting and discovery of the expansion of my powers, Steffie, the McKennas’ reactions to my treatments – this was why I left the Acceptance spell on, in the hopes of balancing things aright.

As they passed what was an abandoned building, only to their eyes it was the Adult Supply Store. I, of course, filled it with merchandise; items sold around the world, never seen in the US and yet nothing illegal. This lent to credibility when Frankie found the “body parts” for her and Galen.

There does exist a one-piece strap-on, as well as “vaginal” contraptions for crossdressers and the breasts that attach around the chest by velcro. They are not widely advertised but they do exist. But without vanity, they pale up against my refinements. An all-in-one strap-on’s cock is either semi-rigid or fully so. Mine turned real once worn and went flaccid when not excited. Frankie really came like a man when she orgasmed and did not have to physically squeeze the testicle sac for pre-mixed pseudo-sperm.

When completely outfitted, Galen’s cock was really gone, replaced by a real pussy. Same with the chest; once on, they were all her. During sexplay, Frankie could chew, bite, suck and pull on the bosom and Gale would receive every titillation. Pun intended. You already know about the hair. Once on, only Gale could

removed hers as only Frankie could take off her belt. Gale could stroke that cock as did Frankie until she ultimately ejaculated; feeling everything before and after orgasm as any man would.

Unless they did it themselves, neither Galen nor Frankie could ever be unmasked as anything other than female and shemale. Then again, what with people knowing about Frankie's bisexuality could note her bulge if she wore pants and chalk it up to exactly that, and an ordinary strap-on. It was something, however, Frankie never did out-of-doors. It was one of the McKenna's private things. Everyone did not need to know absolutely everything about them!

There was some feminine 'spillage' I noticed when they both were seated in my office, sitting similarly. Still, it was minor and trivial. Plus, "Gale" already outed 'herself' as a crossdresser and was happily married to a woman. As Galen would be dressed male, one would have to really looking for effeminacy. And why would you be looking for it, if only to stir up trouble? You had better not. Gale was now officially under the protection of the Wishlock. Oh, and one more thing about Gale's voice? If necessary, as a woman, she could use Galen's voice on purpose. Otherwise, she would automatically sound like a woman.

I did not forget about the makeup Frankie also bought. A very complete kit, Gale used it expertly from the start, leaving Frankie only to wonder in how beautiful Gale looked after application. As Frankie had her own and no desire to borrow, everything worked for Gale alone. She had nailpolish, for example. When she used it, her nails grew a half-inch longer and dried instantly. When she removed it, one wipe and gone, with nails back to normal.

I was the semi-presentable, paunchy male cashier at either counter whom they paid as they left. They were never at either counter at the same time and I simply teleported back and forth. They would never realize that their credit cards were not charged a cent. It was my treat. I had an ever-present smile, not because they had bought so much, but because Steffie was sucking me off fantastically behind the counter. Teleporting us both back and forth, what with the McKennas being in there for a while, it all made for one deliciously long cocksucking by Steffie. Once they were gone and out of sight, the store returned to its original state and I reciprocated my lover's affection after I transported us back home.

The end of the story has a surprising but not unpredictable twist.

It was over a year later, when I had gotten an unannounced visitor. By this time, although relatively short, with family or friend drop-ins and scheduled appointment clientele, my home was on refined automatic. Before, I would set a spell for occasion apropos, done as noted earlier; even one for turning people away as if it was their idea.

This day, a tall young woman – made so by 5" pencil-heeled black demi-boots – sexily sashayed inside. Wearing her blonde hair full, layered and loose down her back, her makeup tasteful for daytime but adding immaculately to her natural attractiveness. She had on a silk silver tank top that definitely exposed her braless DD chest, but this was mostly covered by an open short leather silver jacket. Her slim waist had a wide ornate belt of silver and black. More decorative than utilitarian, it was over black capri pants that molded her full round ass and legs like a second skin.

She was 'let' in because she was a special friend. I liked her a lot and would have been welcome anytime, she well knowing to patiently wait if I had another client. Looking for all intents like a cougar on the prowl for a young stud, I knew better. It was Galen McKenna, or rather, Gale. Frankie was not with her.

I had no appointments that day. Of note, as far as that was concerned, it was either feast or famine with only one client at a time or a living room full, and as uneven as it was, it could be days, even weeks apart. Remember, some I 'treated' gratis. Others could be very generous whether I billed them or not. In any event, because of my powers, Steffie and I manage quite well.

Gale had politely knocked before entering. Since she presented no jeopardy, there were no alarms that went off and Steffie was not there to allow her entrance. For the moment, Steffie was a white Persian cat getting her belly rubbed as she laid in my modestly dressed lap. Okay, my blouse was expressly low-cut. (I do love showing off my boobies, even fully dressed and no one's around. But I am not a narcissist!)

Gale sexily swayed over to us – she could move no other way as a woman. Her every movement was purposely designed by me, to accentuate and celebrate her glorious feminine sexuality. But, to be honest, this day her hips swayed and swiveled as if they were barely connected to her pelvis. It was a walk far sexier than I originally designed. I do not know if she practiced the move to be extra-sexy for Frankie or it somehow evolved from her desire to be female when she wore the magical bra-and-panty set but I was certainly going to remember it for myself. It was that ultra-hot!

Over the past year, she and Frankie had occasionally dropped by just to say hello. Not surprisingly to me, it was always Gale and not Galen. No longer clients, knowing her preference in being female virtually everywhere outside work, I let a bond form with us. Once, Steffie and I were invited to a dinner party over at their home.

Galen had greeted us as male and as friends accumulated and began to mingle, he disappeared. Gale then showed up in a provocative French Maid uniform of her own brunette hair, barely lengthy, teased and fluffed full of curls from its earlier slicked down style, with a petite lace tiara. Otherwise, she was demurely made up. The uniform was traditionally black with white lace trim on the neckline, sleeves and hem. The sleeves were short and puffed. The neckline was low but box-cut, not only allowing much cleavage but the breasts also bulged out a little. Everyone would marvel to themselves of Gale's crossdressing expertise in creating a real full bosom, never guessing it was real via my magical booby bra. Gale wore a white lace belt. Leaving the skirt to flare out via mini-petticoats that barely passed her hips. When she bent over – and she would immodestly do that repeatedly, on purpose – one could easily see a thong strip over fishnet pantyhose. Finally, on her feet she wore 4" black pumps that had ankle straps.

Gale swayed around, asking for drink orders. When she got to Frankie, I eavesdropped on their whispering that no one else heard.

Frankie pouted, "I thought I was going to be the maid. It was important that some see me not as their tough-as-nails bitch boss. I worked my ass off to get where I am and I know I stepped on a lotta toes. But

I've been trying to make up for it ever since. Still, once you've been labeled, sometimes it's there forever! Being a servile maid was gonna show my softer side for a change."



Gale replied, "I'm sorry, honey. But if you recall, the plan was for you not to be around when everyone arrived. Then you'd show up as the maid first. But look at you. You forgot and got into this beautiful slinky gown right away. Remember how I practically had to race you to the door, so you might realize and change. But you stayed and greeted everyone with me. Maybe in your anxiety to prove yourself, period, you forgot. After all, I saw the maid outfit and your gown side-by-side on the bed. I was already in the kitchen to help you when the doorbell rang and you whizzed by me in your gown instead of the maid's.

"Relax, everything's okay, if you play 'Demure Hostess' instead of 'Dominating Mistress' to our guests. If you're at ease, so will they be. Once drinks are served, I'll change into my own gown that I had planned to as well. This also gives people another opportunity to accept my feminine side two ways as I greeted them as Galen first. I think the pressure is more on me being a woman than you already being one. For now, let yourself be free of how people perceive you.

"Look at me! These are our friends and they don't really see you as a bossy bitch. I sure don't! They all accept me as a crossdresser. Still, I think a few see me as more. Going around getting drinks, I've seen some pants bulges from ogling my cleavage and even got my ass groped," she muffled a naughty giggle. "Maybe you can be my maid when everyone's gone. You know, you've fucked my pussy so much, it would be a nice change of pace to serve your master's cock...?"

Even though Gale ended her idea in a question, it was nice to know that she was occasionally a man. Yes, I am pro-transgender. But Gale could have been dominated willingly as Alpha Frankie's lesbian bitch. Hear-

ing this conversation, Galen was still the head of the household as well as his own woman. Frankie still whined but did admit that he was right. She even said that she was jealous of Gale getting groped and that it should have been her. But that was then...

My fleeting digression ended as Gale primly sat near me on the sofa. At first, she seemed to search for Steffie, unaware that she was softly purring in my lap. Gale had something on her mind and yet wanted to segue into it. Then, as if giving up this tactic, she shrugged her shoulders with a heaving sigh that slightly lifted and lowered her impressive bosom. As I noted her chest bob, she caught me and this gave Gale the opening she desired.

"Frankie doesn't know I'm here," Gale began. "I've been doing a lot on impulse lately and Frankie knows everything; after the fact, obviously. I don't keep secrets from her. Except for coming here today, alone, in the middle of the day.

"Remember way back when, on a casual visit, and I joked about how I forgot to take my pussy panties off, went to work and diddled myself to orgasm in a men's room stall? Well, it took a while, but I soon kept my pussy on, on purpose. I didn't take bathroom breaks just to play with myself. It just felt...right...having it. Then came the desire to keep my boobs on. But I could never hide these even in a closed jacket," she said, as she hefted her clothed chest for a second.

"Tina, I don't why it took me so long to realize it, but damn it! I'm a woman who pretends to be a man at work. This is the 21st Century. I can do my job as either gender, for the same pay, without condemnation or derision!

“So, after telling Frankie and getting her support, one day, I showed up at work as Gale. Appropriately dressed for work in woman’s wear and my hair bunned up. No one knew who I was until I sat at my desk. Some were still skeptical because they never heard my vastly different femme voice or seen me as a blonde. Many there already knew that I was a crossdresser and most supported me, even though I didn’t fully dress female at work. Some even assumed I actually was in full female finery underneath my suits, which, ironically, I never did...except for panties when I kept my pussy on.

“I proved to my co-workers that I was me when I used Galen’s voice and those that knew I crossdressed caught on and explained that this was how I looked all done up. My showing up there threw them but then they recognized me as Gale. The question then was why for work and I said that I’d explain later. The hub-bub calmed down somewhat and we all got to work.

“Tina, all the same, I went one step further. That same day as a woman, I told my superiors and everyone else that I was really transgender. That I was no longer to be called Galen, but Gale!” she ended triumphantly but then paused long, as if waiting for my reaction.

I just beamed and hugged her tightly. Instinctively, so as not to get crushed, Steffie leapt off my lap and watched us from the floor. “I wish you the very best of everything in your future as a woman!” I cried. Yep, you guessed it. From that moment on, Gale was truly fully female, never to remove a booby bra or pussy panties. People know Gale, period. Not even she has any recall of ever being male. It is better this way.

You may wonder how I can get away with changing history so much. Actually, while I do not know the mechanics behind it all, every one of us changes our own individual history periodically. If we move away and live elsewhere, people there only know us from what they are told, either by you or someone else. To put it perhaps overly simple, one can tell a lie long enough and it becomes gospel, even if someone tries to refute it. While ordinarily the truth can come out, have you ever thought of how many people around the world reinvent themselves and never get caught, even after they are dead, by virtue of the few discovered at death?

As I said, nothing is perfect. But being a true magician simply kicks virtually anything up a notch. It is a shame we cannot change bad things on major levels. But that would take unlimited power. Something black magicians predominantly pursue, and stubbornly refuse to believe that they are not wasting their time. Many black and white magicians keep to themselves, whatever their aims. I am just one of them as a white.

Then, almost as if she knew my true identity, Gale dropped the other shoe. "You know that strap-on cyber cock Frankie found? She has never cheated on me, but somehow, I swear that when she makes it cum, the sperm is real? I don't know how I know; maybe some blocked trauma from being forced to blow a guy, ages ago, and yet still I love the taste. Weird, huh?"

As her female backstory just proved that it was working, I played along, knowing how faithful they both are to each other. "Would you rather taste something obviously artificial or just be happy that she went to such great lengths for you to have the real deal, no explanations necessary?" Yet another time I show that I

do not have to always say the word “wish” as I made Gale believe the same thing, with an additional twist.

“No, you’re right. It just never occurred to me until just now.” Gale then leaned forward conspiratorially. “Tina, I’m glad it’s supplied, no matter where it comes from. As lipstick lesbians, we get hit on all the time, but we always go home together. I know it sounds crazy and contradictory, but I really don’t care. Somehow, we’re both cumsluts. When I take a turn at wearing the belt, she sucks me off so hard to get it all, I feel like she’s draining the life outta me!”

We both laugh at that, but only I do at the deftness of my spell. Gale had never worn the fantastic strap-on but as of that moment, every memory of fucking Frankie with a cock was by its use. From now on, they really will share the strap-on – it becoming seamless and real for either of them when worn – and neither will give a thought as to where the ejaculate cums from. Oh, by the way, Gale and Frankie were now legally wed by one of those states that allowed same-sex marriages.

But Gale was not finished, just as I now suspected. All she had to do was say the words. She did not disappoint.

Gale’s head bowed low, scant inches away from her bust. Almost a whisper, she squeaked, “Tina, I want a baby.”

Intuitively, I had already assumed where this was going to go. Gale coming alone, her lying to her employers just so she could be female all the time, to her wanting a child. Virtually everyone wants someone to carry on after him or her; whether by giving birth or causing pregnancy. Even me; only I have yet to get to that place of desire to make it happen. I even become

male on purpose in order to skip menstrual cycles. (When I do and then return to being a woman, I reset the cycle back to Day One.) Sigh. I know. It is all part of really being a woman. Maybe Gale has gifted me by putting that thought in motion.

For the moment, however, I felt compelled to check and double-check that I had not inadvertently gave her the idea when I permanently made her female. Plumbing the depths of her psyche as never before, I truly got to know the former Galen McKenna.

Yes, Galen never had any desire to ever crossdress or to be female. Still, he was never macho. He was not ever physically aggressive. He was not a wimp. Although born male, Galen had – has – a very strong feminine side. Many men express it overtly while never having a gay bone in their body, leaving onlookers to either dismiss it or condemn as definitely queer. Some have a few effeminate moves, but only a few. Some even have feminine timbres while definitely not baritone; some near soprano. They have married, had children and not once thought of themselves as effeminate. But inside, their soul, they are as nurturing as the most maternal woman. This was Galen.

As I unwittingly brought it to the fore on her first appointment, this is Gale. If Galen had never met me and somehow had children with Frankie, he still would have been more of a mother to them than his wife. But now, everything is not all wrong. As Gale McKenna, everything is all right.

I stroked her hair as she was now lying on my shoulder, her tears dropping on my open chest; my feeling them pool in my cleavage. This minute feeling gave me wonderful shivers as my bosom goosebumped and my pussy even moistened a little. I

was going to fuck Steffie silly when we were finally alone.

“Sweetie?” I said very softly. “Don’t give up hope. Many young couples have children before they’re ready and are simply not mentally adept for them. On the other hand, there are couples that have lived quite a while before their first child. Yes, even those who fuck like bunnies and never use protection. Some of these feel that children came along at the right time, and their sex life never waned, no matter how full the house got.

“Gale, listen to me.” At that, I pushed her off me and held her face in my hands. As we looked eye-to-eye, I could not help myself, so I did not. Being close enough, I delicately licked her tears and their trails dry from her face. Stopping for a second, Gale’s eyes looked at my lips and kissed me. Already in heat, my tongue went into her mouth and we frenched deeply. When we broke away, she smiled so brightly as I released her face, I had to ask, “Gale, are you okay now?”

Her eyes virtually sparkled as she simply said, “Yes.”

“I want you to trust me now. You do trust me?”

“Oh yesssssssssss,” Gale purred, doing the most perfect human-cat impression ever. Why she answered like that I did not want to know. If our kiss got her as turned on as I was, I did not want to fuck her as I easily could have. I stayed on target, instructing her and having her accept but to forget that it was me now directly telling her, just barely giving my true self away.

“I wish that you would never, ever think about where the sperm is coming from, when either of you

wear your strap-on. As two confirmed lesbians, it will now be potent for either of you to have a child, be there only one or a house full. You will be first, and only, if Frankie doesn't get envious.

"Today, many gay couples are adopting, and some lesbians even get inseminated by several means, including male contact. Right now, my wish for you is to put out of your mind this distress you came here with. You are a wonderfully impulsive imp that I care for dearly. Anyone even thinking negatively of you and yours, I will know instantly and they will pay dearly.

"For now, your lunch break is over but they excuse executives like you, gender notwithstanding. Have a good afternoon and a great life. As you enjoy life as a woman desirable for any man, you will naturally maintain your devotion to your 'life partner', your companion, Frankie. In time, everything you desire will be yours. Do you believe that?"

"Yes, yes! I really do!" Gale exclaimed, as she jumped up and hugged me tightly. When she sat up, she looked down at her bracelet watch. "Oh my! Look at the time! I've got a ton of work to do before I get to go home.

"Tina, thanks for lunch. Being with you is wonderful, as always. You...and Steffie...are scrumptiously fantastic friends. Right now, my sweet little ass is only going to get me just so far in the working world, just like any other woman. Although, honey, there are those in my own office who are fucking their way around; whether it's to move up or just keep the job they have!"

At that, Gale hurriedly swished her way out of my house. Gone was the casual cougar look (it was back home) replaced by a powder blue dress suit and beige

mock turtleneck blouse, her legs covered in black stockings, her feet in 4" all-business pumps. Her full leonine mane was now in a French roll. Although she could have, and had, styled her wig in many ways, now there was no male brunet hair underneath. The wig was gone. She was a natural blonde everywhere.

Just like the McKennas accepted the melded "body parts" from day one, Gale – and subsequently Frankie – would not question where real semen came from. It would be kind of an airheaded bimbo deal, as they would just accept that it worked. But they would be geniuses in never telling a soul about it. No medical personnel would question a possible promiscuity – no child services would be alerted, either – and would always accept the father on the birth certificate as unknown.

No sooner than she left, I changed Steffie back from a cat. While she was still on the floor naked, she sniffed at the aroma emanating from my crotch. She then pulled my skirt up, shoved one of my legs apart, and said, "The scent of your cunt was driving me crazy!" as she dove into my pussy.

After I gloriously came and reciprocated my lover, I made some more changes for the McKennas. The belt, as always, will continue to be a part of its wearer as if they were shemales. Gale now included, as this will be the only cock she will own from now on. Only it will no longer shoot 'blanks'. When either Frankie or Gale has a fertile cycle, Gale will be the first to have a child.

She will be in control thereafter of her body, without knowing it, regarding conception. If she has enough with giving birth, it will be enough. If she wants more, she will have more. If Frankie wants to add to the family whenever, then she will get pregnant

and also will have the choice of how many pregnancies she wants to go through. Whoever knows them, whoever sees them, will keep their curiosities to themselves as to how they have their pregnant bellies and subsequent children.

Big postscript: After childbirth, they will swiftly regain their fabulous sexy figures, courtesy of me. Once done or in between, the belt will be their only source of male cum. Cumsluts rock!

Galen's fantasy: Come to work as a woman with her natural hair grown long instead of blonde, dressed in men's clothes and sexily strip for her co-workers

The picture on the end was Gale McKenna as I sent back to work. The second row is how Gale, wearing a woman's pantsuit **COULD HAVE** really stripteased before she quit, before giving birth and wanting to be a stay-at-home mother, with Frankie 'coming out' as a lesbian

There really is no end to this 'adventure'. The McKennas and their children – yes, I said plural, never mind who did what – were my friends for life. I am godmother to them all.

Gale quit her job to be a stay-at-home mom. The kids call both parents "Mom" without missing a heartbeat and their friends who catch it dismiss it without a care. Frankie will grow gracefully old in her corporate seat, no matter what transition of growth or merger her company goes through. People at work may think that her being a bitch is what keeps her job, but Frankie will no longer care. Even though outing herself as a gorgeous lipstick lesbian but seeing her pregnant. People everywhere can see her softer side and it definitely shines at home. Her family will never be destitute with her as the sole breadwinner.

Chapter 3

It was a great summery day, and feeling exceptionally good, I had decided to go for a drive. It seemed like a good idea to drop by my folks, since they visited me more than me them. They did not do it often, which I was thankful for, but the imbalance was unfair. With the minimally allowed powers I gave her, Steffie was with me, of course, having chosen to go “schoolgirl prep” in her apparel of almost too short plaid pleated mini and white blouse that covered but strained at her abundant chest. The only thing missing from making it a fetish uniform was the cuffed socks and mary-jane shoes, she wearing red heels to match her skirt. I was simply my parents’ son Tim, in black polo shirt, cargo pants and white sneakers.

After I rang the bell, a moment later, I heard frantic mumbling from behind the door. Sensing no danger, I decided not to play it back to decipher it. About a dozen heartbeats later, the door opened wide. There was my dad, still the muscular hunk I made him...yet totally nude, unashamed, with a big smile on his face. The Tina in me could not resist. For a quick second I looked down to see a shiny just-flagging thick cock. It did not take a genius to figure out I had interrupted his getting a blowjob. As if to verify, only slightly behind him was my vivacious and equally nude mother, subtly licking her lips.

“Um, if I’m intruding, I, uh, could come back another time...” I could not believe that I caught myself starting to blush at my unintended pun.

“Timothy Marsh!” Mom exclaimed, as she simultaneously moved in front of Dad to grab my wrist. “We

don't get to see you enough as it is. So what if you see all of us at once for a change!"

"But I..."

"Instead of pulling you in, would you rather I got behind you and pushed you in? Excuse me, Steffie," Mom said, as she dropped my arm to do exactly as she just said. Her big bowling ball breasts bouncing and jiggling for us all to see.

Before I could move, Dad chimed in. "You better listen to her, son. She's already charged up and ready to go!"

Not wanting any possible neighbor to see everything including her bubble butt, I caught her shoulder; thankful it was not accidentally a handful of breast, as I moved forward. Steffie helped by also moving forward, closing ranks, keeping her between us. Within seconds, we were in the foyer. Dad was shutting the front door and Mom, off balance, was regaining her footing as she pulled her body up against me, enabling herself to stand on her own.

"You're embarrassed of your old mother, aren't you?" she pouted.

"Far from it!" I said. I gave my mother a sexy body women in their 20s would envy. Full-figured; shapely and well-endowed in tits and ass, without a bit of sag for years to come, with a sex drive to match. "If I wasn't your son, I'd be fighting Dad to fuck you right now!" Granted not your usual family banter, but as liberated as I changed them – showing up at the front door naked is a grand example – it was allowed without second thoughts.

At that, instead of getting upset, Dad's chest puffed up with pride at his wife and even his dick twitched. "Let's all go and have a seat," he said.

I was proud of my parents. They worked hard for all of us to enjoy life. They did not let me go off to "find myself" empty-handed, even though my funds did get scary low when I found what I was really searching for, for me to breathe easy. So, in turn, I wanted them to surely enjoy every aspect of life they desired. That was why they were this way. Somebody might say that they should be ashamed at flaunting their bodies, nude or fully clothed, built as they were. I say that their detractors are either prudes or hypocrites. The latter particularly because they would be just as proud if they had bodies like this and the strong desire to be sexually active.

Speaking of which, as Steffie and I sat on the sofa, while Dad sat in an easy chair. Mom took to the floor, between his legs...facing him.

"You kids are grown-ups now and I have some unfinished business," she said, as she proceeded to renew the glossy shine on Dad's cock, resuming his blowjob that I had guessed we had indeed interrupted.

Like a trooper, Dad tried to make small talk. But Steffie began to squirm between the times when she was not addressed, and while they were my parents, even I was not immune. Dad paused when he came and Mom slurped it all. Before he could go limp, Mom sprang up and inserted his cock in her pussy, facing us reverse cowgirl position.

They did not fuck but she then tried to chat with us, but Steffie was licking her lips after biting them, trying to stifle a horny moan from seeing what was left of Dad's cock that was outside Mom's stretched pussy. At

one point, her hand spastically jerked to my lap and unerringly felt my bulge. It was bad enough that my parents felt secure enough to fuck in front of us but to have us join in, what with Steffie getting exponentially horny...

Well, I made all of this possible, so I drew the line. They were not actually fucking then nor did they say for us to feel free for Steffie and I to fuck each other. Excusing ourselves and giving them passionate good-bye kisses that they demanded of us not to leave without receiving them, Steffie and I left. It really was not much of a visit but it still counted as we saw them – did we ever! – and they saw us.

As I shut the door behind me, I heard a soft thud. No, Mom did not fall off Dad's lap. A magical bird's-eye view showed Mom having deliberately leaned forward with Dad still connected, beginning to pump her. They had smoothly blended into a doggie-style position on the carpeted floor, with Dad fully hard again, picking up speed. We left just in time.

Instead of traveling the way we came, I did not think to transport us home instantly. I did not know why I did it, but with a hard dick in my pants, I just subconsciously chose not to be a slave to my urges. It did not mean that I was not still turned on and was fighting it. I just was.

Taking a back road shortcut home nevertheless, I spotted a patrol car behind a big billboard. I thought it funny because, while large, the sign in no way hid the cruiser as a speed trap. Then, through the wooden crisscross pattern at the bottom of the billboard, I could have sworn I saw four legs in front of the cruiser, pants and underwear pooled at their ankles, facing the hood. Two police officers having a gay quickie? I was still

horny and poor Steffie was desperately trying to resist the urge to play with herself. But something told me that I should not pass this by.

“Never, bitch! Never! Didn’t they teach you that at the academy? Never contradict your superiors!”

“I-I didn’t contradict you,” came a female whine. “All I did was suggest we cut the guy a break. That stop sign was almost covered by overgrowth.”

“Shut the fuck up, rookie! I am your superior officer. You are now my bitch. I didn’t ask for you. I didn’t ask for this route, only to let lawbreakers off cause of a loophole break bullshit! I...am the law!”

“Doesn’t give you the right to buttfuck me. AIEEE!”

“You should...be...thankful...I’m not...shoving...my...baton...up...your...ass! But you...lezbos...would...really get...off...on anything...that isn’t...the...real...fucking...deal!” the senior officer roared, as he repeatedly rammed her dry puckered hole.

I went over myriad ways of how I could handle this. The man in charge obviously did not use this place as a speed trap cover as I had assumed. It was barely a nicety from doing it on the barren-trafficked open road’s shoulder. This whole situation was somehow an apparent discipline for his bad temper. Without magically probing but good guessing from what I heard, he must have done something to nearly get him fired, but instead, they punished him with this woodsy route for a while. Ultimately, he winds up physically venting by raping his female partner in her ass. She seemed to be of a type that wanted to be respectful and loyal – which was possibly why she allowed her nudity from the waist down even though he more likely cow-

ered her into doing it – but she did not think that it would lead to anal rape. Since she was partially willing and he was so imposing, this was something she knew she could not win.

Whatever. From what I heard, it was easy to piece together. In addition to being horny, I was now angry. I could not let this go and even Steffie, although white-knuckled horny, reined herself in.

He was raping his partner, wrong on countless levels. Whatever break whoever might have given him, they must have seen something to redeem...or not. So, given that much, transgenering him was not going to work. 'She' could turn out a nasty dominatrix down the road, no matter how sweet I originally turn him.

No, sometimes, simple things worked best, I presumed, as I deliberately screeched away hard. The noise startled him into cumming and determined to come after me.

Because he saw the long burnt rubber marks just beyond the sign and them again about two miles away where I stopped and parked on the shoulder, undeniably coming from my wheels, he must have thought himself the luckiest son-of-a-bitch, given that he had to redress and get in his car, and with his still-burning rage, he considered me the sorriest SOB, to have caught him on a bad day. I now knew that he was of the type that if he could overpower you, you would beg for jail. But in his 'kindness', he would let you go. But only because you would be too physically messed up by him for you to show up at the station. He was one of those, while your clothes might tell that you were in an altercation, he could strategically hit you and not leave a mark.

The police car pulled up about ten feet behind, letting its siren loudly whoop just once, likely for show, no doubt to instill a measure of fear. He never thought once that in the time he had to pull up his pants, at the rate of speed I seemed to be moving I could have been long gone; only that I was an idiot to stop. Looking back through my rear window, I was glad that his partner was not left behind. She probably had to painfully redress in the car while he was madly driving.

He stepped out of the car and I was in awe of his imposing physique, as I was undoubtedly supposed to be. It was obvious that he worked out. I heard a soft tinkle as he reached my car. I knew what had happened. He was not able to flag me with a speed gun, so he used another violation. In my rear-view mirror, I saw a 6' 6" black Adonis in a short-sleeved uniform that seemed too small for him, displaying everything. And I do mean everything. What may be a myth about black men, it was true about him. Then I remembered it up the rookie's ass. Admiration gone!

Wearing a flat brimmed campaign hat like Smokey the Bear atop a shaven bald head, he bent over only slightly, to proclaim, "Your taillight's busted." That confirmed the tinkling noise.

He was confused at the unusual darkness he saw emanating from my car's interior. That was my doing. I did not want him to see me right away. So he said, "Step out of the car, please." It was a demanding and not a polite request.

"Certainly," I huskily replied.

He was ready to intimidate and berate me. But then, I opened the door.

The first thing he saw was a foot in a 6" clear lucite platform with a spiked heel. Then, a lot of incredible leg before he finally saw miniskirted hem. The rest of me followed, definitely female...and then some. I was now a female bodybuilder in a strapless minidress, ripped in places on either side as if I was about to burst from it. With muscular arms to match and surpass his, I was the one to intimidate him as I stood up to full height. Going, going, going until I was a good foot taller than him, packing inhumanly more muscle a woman should ever have.

"You were a naughty boy, weren't you, baby?" I said in an ill-fitting cute voice opposed to my form as I lifted him up by his armpits, to be face-to-face instead of face-to-tits. "My taillights were fine until you used your little stick."

Now, he could have hit me with his billyclub, but he was so stunned with me overall, not to mention my lifting about 250 pounds easily, it loosely dropped from his hand as his mouth hung open. I then frenched him hard, and made him cum, definitely staining his beige pants, as energy drained him. Note that I did this to him on purpose, whether he was turned on or not. Unlike my dad, he normally would not have recovered to cum twice so soon from fucking his partner earlier. As I had him, he spurted from a flaccid dick.

I carried him around the front over to the passenger side of my car, not worried about the road's rare traffic but surely for the rookie's view as she sat on that side in her vehicle. With minor magic, I repaired my light and the county policewoman's ripped asshole. Even if she saw the car's magic repair, she was more concerned with her sudden personal relief. It took her a few scant minutes to realize that her butt was no longer

in pain and dripping cum through her panties and pants, even as she was finally able to get herself fully presentable. She was as dry as before everything began. I did not make her forget her experience, though.

In that time, I actually did flex and burst my dress off, and as it fell to the ground, I sat on my car's hood bare-assed, putting my 'friend' across my lap. By the force that I did it, his hat spun like a Frisbee off his shiny head. Grabbing his pants from the rear, I ripped both his pants and briefs down in one tug. Even his ass was sweet, as my pussy wet my thighs. He was that beautiful. But down to business...

"Now bad boys need to be punished," I baby-talked to him. Then I proceeded to spank him hard. Leaving my heavy hand on his ass with each blow to prolong the sting. While sadism is not my cup of tea, my pussy was cumming like a river, vibrating in orgasm at the same time, wetting my legs and his abs. I was definitely enjoying this.

By this time, Rookie was fully cognizant. Despite what she just went through, Rookie left her car to see her partner getting his belated just due. Out of at least loyalty for the respect of the law, she assumed her stance and pulled her gun, holding it in both hands. "Alright, freeze!" she yelled.

Then Steffie stepped out of our car, now covered from neck to high heels in shiny black latex that fit her like a second layer of skin. "Aww, you want a turn, don't you?" she said sweetly.

Her sudden presence startled Rookie as I continued to sting Black Adonis' butt. Steffie's timely appearance and what she said shook Rookie's memories back to her recent anal invasion. Rookie was momentarily conflicted. But she then saw a paddle with holes, in her

hand. Immediately she wondered where her gun was. Seeing it back in its holster, she got a little sting between her asscheeks.

“Did you know that you can make a brown ass red?” asked Steffie, as she was suddenly next to her from behind, caressing Rookie’s breasts through her uniform. She then breathlessly said, “We’re really doing this for you, baby.”

Well, while Rookie no longer felt any physical pain, she did sharply remember the unwarranted and unwanted experience. (Without missing a beat, it was me that gave her that sting to cause her to recall, even though I had just eased her butt.) Then, she ran the few scant feet and swung the paddle like a baseball bat to Black Adonis’ ass. He then howled loud enough to be heard for miles...if I had let it. Then she worked up a sweat, raining blows of frustrated fury on his butt as I let him slide off me to the ground. Using both hands on the paddle now, raising it high above her head before bringing it down, she did not stop until she heard him plead for mercy.

“You fucking bastard!” Rookie screamed. “Every fucking day you rolled into me with that mouth of yours and I had to keep mine shut...or else. Finally, you hit rock bottom, literally on my ass! I was already scared shitless when you told me to drop my pants. But I did it. Then you spun me around and shoved me on the hood. I knew what was coming. When I pleaded, did you show me mercy? Did you? Did you?!”

He turned his head, his face wet with sweat and tears. On top of everything else, he now saw Rookie as a naked, very muscular female bodybuilder even though she was fully clothed. With his ass indeed cherry red just short of bleeding (I held back the blood

that should have existed from Rookie's maniacal blows), the sight of her made him wet himself again. Only this time, it was not cum. His viewpoint was my doing. Duh! Even though she was just a petite slip of a woman, and would be seen as that to everyone else, from now on, only he will see her always as more muscularly built than him, as a reminder to respect at least women, not just Rookie.

He flinched as she waved at him to get dressed. While he gingerly did so and found his hat, Rookie got a hot kiss from Steffie. It lasted longer than Steffie intended because Rookie hungrily returned it. She was not gay. Rookie just needed the well-timed sexual affection. And so did Steffie, but she let it go with the kiss. I was already back in the car, and when Steffie got inside, I changed both of our appearances, even though I stayed female. As I drove away, I looked in my rear-view mirror, seeing both of them enter their cruiser, Rookie in the driver's seat. I minimized his pain just enough for him to quickly redress. Otherwise, he was to remember every sting and every blow long after the actual pain went away. He would not dare report any of this.

He was physically a beautifully handsome man, as oxymoronic as it sounds. A trait moreso found in gorgeous self-absorbed women, of any race, too. I would have loved to have had some sort of souvenir from him. I settled for his machismo. Rookie will move on, so Smokey (Black Adonis no longer fits anymore) will eventually not sit next to a female partner that he thinks can snap him in two. Will it carry out to his personal life? Maybe. Maybe I should have stuck a dick up his ass, too. And made him like it.

Nah. I was satisfied for now, and so was Rookie.

After my Macho VS Muscle with the Smokey, even though I had no reason to worry, as if to not to be confronted with my muscled femme visage with someone else. Thereafter, I guess because I was still pissed about a guy thinking he could have his way with women, I just felt like combining femininity with authority, I changed from my dress to a pantsuit – along with changing from my usual black hair to blonde, mixing it up to show anyone we next might meet that not all big-boobed blondes are brainless bimbos. I was looking for a fight while still horny, so I mixed stereotypes. Finally back home, before I could casually finish disrobing, Steffie could tell that I was still little pissed, so she finished it for me and hungrily went for my pussy. As I said, she loves sex and she loves me – whether I have a pussy or a cock!

Then there was the case that I thought was really sweet justice. Transgenderism will never cease to amaze me. Even lesbians thoroughly use fake cocks – be they dildos, vibrators or strap-ons – so a real one still has a certain mystique for me, as I am only occasionally male. I will never touch one as a man but will gladly deepthroat one as a woman or take it up my ass. Semantics? Well that one word is a triple pun. I challenge you to figure it out while I am busy enjoying my life!

As “boys will be boys”, men will be men. Even though there is documented proof that all men are part feminine – and women vice versa – the more macho a man, the more terrified he is of his own effeminacy. Even if he is drop dead gorgeous! This adventure is a little like that. It was also an example of while I do not have any problem with turning men into women because they happened to fuck with me, I am all for the underdog, no matter the gender.

There she was, unappealing but not unattractive schoolteacher Sabrina Sayers. She was a teacher in the local community college when she 'saw' my ad.

What had happened was she had finally decided to get some cosmetic surgery, to improve her looks and enhance her life. Sabrina noticed that not only the young adult women coeds flaunted their looks, none too few of the female faculty did as well. After Sabrina got a boob job, she assumed that she could tastefully show it off. Harmless, right?

Well, as many teachers do, they have a locker in their home classroom that was primarily for coats. But sometimes there was a change of clothes in case there was a mishap or even for a quick change for after hours once the last bell rang. One such day, Sabrina wanted to party after a Friday class. She had finally intended to go all-out to impress a few teachers at a bistro, hoping to make connections thereafter.

In her excitement to get ready, she forgot to lock her classroom door. After all, she was taking off her outerwear. With her back to the unsecured door, facing her locker, she undressed. Preoccupied with her new figure in just bra and panties, looking in a long mirror on the locker door, Sabrina began sexily posing.

Suddenly, she felt a presence. She saw nothing behind her in the mirror. Turning around, no one was there. Feeling foolish, she continued to prepare for later. Upon leaving, she found that her door was unlocked. Thankful no one walked in on her, she shrugged her shoulders and left.

Last bell Monday afternoon, student Marshall Blunt said that he had something to show her. Producing a digital camera, he proceeded to show her stripping and

prancing last Friday. Shocked, she demanded he delete the pictures. With an evil grin, he complied.

Knowing that everything seemed too easy, Sabrina said so. He then admitted that he had already downloaded the set on his computer at home. Feeling defeated, Sabrina asked what he wanted. Marshall then requested an overtly sexy striptease, this time, facing him. Sabrina complied, wantonly pulling out all the stops – subconsciously extremely proud of her new looks – but even though he was a few feet in front of her, she shut him out of her mind as her audience, as if to lessen the humiliation.

Once she was completely nude, she stopped and defiantly faced him. Then her face fell. She forgot about his camera. It was in his lap, pointed right at her. Hoping to somehow get all copies of the original, he now had two different sets! Marshall had captured the more provocative and deliberate show! Sabrina was now damned twice over. Marshall just laughed and left as she broke down and cried.

Sabrina had come to work that day on Cloud Nine. Her previous Friday night plan had worked all too well as she even got laid. But if this got out, she would be branded a whore. Because Marshall was a legal adult, Sabrina might not get fired but there was a strong chance that she would be asked to leave...marked notorious wherever she went.

Long story short, things gradually escalated. The camera was gone but Marshall still had the evidence. Evidence that could not merely be called as just a change of clothes but as an erotic enticement. Even Sabrina had to admit that she had deliberately behaved like a slut, if only to blueball him, thinking that she could easily refuse him sex. It never occurred to her at

the time that Marshall could have been enflamed to rape her any way he pleased and get away with it, feeling justified.

Marshall played it cool at first, asking for a second personal striptease. His camera was nowhere in sight. Sabrina wanted to refuse but the damage had already been compounded. This time, without his camera, Marshall chose to simply take out his cock and masturbate until he came. Sabrina dreaded what was going to happen next...and it did not happen. But the other shoe had yet to fall.

Marshall came around yet again. As he notably locked the door as always, Sabrina automatically began to unbutton her blouse, already anticipating his request. But Marshall surprised her. He grabbed her by the back of her neck and furiously frenched her mouth. Giving in to the kiss, Sabrina's hand was guided by him to his crotch, to fondle it. Next thing she knew, she was on her knees blowing him. Sabrina worked him frantically and yet cautiously, trying to get him to cum as quickly as possible but not wanting any spillage on her person or clothes.

This new twist of french kissing and a blowjob went for a few times until Marshall ultimately told her to strip again. Only this time, he got naked, too. Sucking him off to get him hard, he stopped her, to fuck her. Finally inside her as she had earlier assumed he would go, by now she definitely could not cry rape. He fucked her pussy hard and, unable to stop herself, she came, too.

As he left, she knew that there would be no stopping him now. He had proof that she was the aggressor! What if he wanted her ass the next time? She never had anal sex. Perhaps another time, another place, an-

other person, the act might even have been welcomed. But now, instead of thrilling Sabrina, it chilled her. What was she going to do?

That evening she saw my ad in a discarded newspaper (Ahem!) and felt compelled to see me immediately. My magic was working her urgency.

"I-I-I don't know what I'm doing here," Sabrina stammered as she sat next to me on my couch. "I-I guess I just needed someone to talk to. Even if it's a kind stranger." Then like verbal diarrhea, she blurted and blubbed her whole story to me. To someone else, it would have come out as incomprehensible babble but I clearly understood every syllable.

Sometimes, the way I wanted to help people via magic was that it goes out in invisible ripples. Most of the time coming back empty. This early evening, it caught Sabrina.

I hugged her warmly. Used my magic for her to trust me like an old beloved friend. Steffie tried to cheer her up being her saucy sexy maid as we ate dinner. When she finally felt sleepy, I caused her to not think of going to bed at her home but to sleep in my house. Once her eyes closed, Sabrina would not open them until I willed it.

The next day, Ms. Sayers' class had a se grabbed hher byyy thhe neck annd placed her hannd on his throbbing crrrootccchHe saaaaid good graadess would bee nice buut knew shhe could not uupgrade all of them.. So Marsshall asskked for a private striptease, this ttimme faciinnng hhimm.ubstitute teacher. Me. With my magic, it was child's play. With the exception of that class, everyone in school saw me as Sabrina Sayers. After everything was over, even the class would not remember me. More correctly, since Mar-

shall was in Ms. Sayers' last class of the day – which was how he was able to get her to do everything because thereafter the school day was over, so no interruptions – everybody saw me as Sabrina until that last class. Then, I was truly a substitute teacher. If everything went as planned, afterwards, even this class would not recall any substitution but Sabrina Sayers herself.

I needed a device to get everyone's attention away from the sub. Everyone but Marshall. I announced that since Ms. Sayers will only be away for a day that today's class would be a study session. Everyone then intently hit their books, as I magically suggested and kept them there. Everyone except Marshall. It was not that he was able to resist me. I just excluded him from my spell. Still, he hit studying until he got distracted...by me.

I had short platinum blonde hair pinned back into a French Roll. I even had big circle wire-rimmed glasses. With my jacket on, my looks were downplayed but only just. My 4" heels click-clacked from around the back of my big desk, to lean against its front. The noise of my heels in an otherwise silent room was all the distraction Marshall needed. As if I was alone, I began.

Wearing a black blouse, it only seemed to minimize the size of my chest. Once I opened the contrasting red jacket, he saw that my chest was beyond huge. He would later learn that they were an impossibly firm Double-H. But no more skipping ahead.

I half-stood, half-sat there, seeming looking vacuously out into space. I was reading Marshall; to find out why he played his teacher the way he did. Freudian-textbook-style, it all came back to Mommy.

As it turned out, Marshall's daddy frequented a favorite strip club and subsequently became infatuated with one of the strippers. He thought he won the lottery when he married sexy busty Mommy. But Mommy had used Daddy because another man had knocked her up. She was such a whore she did not know the father and Daddy was a convenient patsy. Daddy was a sucker but he was so proud to have fathered a boy. He showered Marshall with love while Mommy continued to screw around for money.

Mommy got caught fucking in the family bed and Daddy got a divorce. But Marshall was the one screwed this time as the court awarded her custody of him. She got it mostly by having the better lawyer who argued that Daddy and his DNA were different. She could not get alimony but despite the facts of Marshall's genetic parentage, his now-stepfather was the one who raised him. Both parents were punished; Mommy had to take care of him and Daddy had to foot the bill. Mommy was awarded child support. She did not care for her son's well-being. Child services might have done Marshall a favor in putting him in a foster home, but that idea fell through the cracks. Learning this, I almost felt sorry for Marshall. But there was more.

In humiliation, Daddy disappeared, and in some warped way, Mommy learned her lesson by going lesbian from then on, sleeping with them for pay. Yes, Virginia, lesbian hookers for women do exist. Meanwhile, giving Marshall minimal affection. Bottom line: Marshall hated both parents but not outright; he was both somewhat wimpy like his father and manipulative like his mother. He knowingly and deliberately became what he was at birth: a bastard.

Mostly on his own, to his credit, Marshall tried to make his way up through college. Community college was less expensive than a more prestigious one and he did not excel enough for a scholarship or a grant. But he had yet to have a major for his eventual degree. His camera was a one-in-a-lifetime gift to himself that was bought cheap, bought on a whim. And he carried it everywhere, taking pictures without permission of pretty faces and big breasts; imagining them naked and performing just for him. Because of the built-in screen, they could be saved and reviewed as he masturbated. Meanwhile, he became known as creepy to girls, not being able to approach them properly

It was a total innocent occasion that he happened to drop by Sabrina's classroom after last bell. He had not been doing well in her class. She seemed nice and approachable. Maybe she would allow him to do something for extra credit. Catching her disrobing in preoccupation, he carefully got out his camera from a big cargo pants pocket and silently clicked away. Marshall could not believe his luck as she stopped at her underwear to pose in the glass. She had even worn a sexy garter belt, as stockings no longer needed them to stay up! He had chosen the right time to stop as she felt his presence and was gone before she could notice him in the mirror or when she turned around.

That night Marshall almost did not have to fantasize as he jerked off. Marshall had yet to have had sex with anyone other than himself. His catching his teacher gave idea to pick on any woman from then on sexually. But being inexperienced, he slowly built up his courage over weeks with Sabrina Sayers until she was finally raped. He could argue that it was consensual, but actually, she was broken down to give in.

With my magical ripple finally hitting her then, I felt an urgency and there it was. Sabrina would have been only the first. But the teacher “conveniently” saw my ad.

Marshall was methodical only by chance as he ultimately fucked Sabrina. Subconsciously, he saw it as getting back at mom via all women he could. In his mind, Daddy bore no guilt in being a doormat, running away when he could have stayed. Marshall was not his but he loved him when Daddy thought he was.

At the end of my introspection, which barely lasted seconds, Marshall’s eyes were riveted on me. First, I parted my blouse to show not just cleavage, but one so full you could get an echo from it. Starting to slide away from the desk, my hem rose, to show my garters that he found a turn-on from Sabrina, along with a peek at my black pantied crotch. Letting my jacket fall off a bit, more of a breast was exposed as I began to hike my skirt up even more. I then turned around and showed him that my panties were a thong, fully exposing my ass.

Marshall could not believe his eyes. He quickly looked around to catch anyone else watching as a boner grew in his pants. Not wanting to miss anything else of this unbelievable show, he did not question its validity. He really thought that it was happening. And just for Marshall, it was.

Remember my Belief spell with the McKennas? I used a tweaking of it, making sure that he would believe what I was doing, although outrageous, actually was. Oh, it was for real, but it also kept him riveted, seated and silent.

When Marshall looked back at me, my outerwear was gone. My blouse was barely on my forearms, the

rest of it behind me as he ogled my fantastically huge black bra. I fully scooped out one tit. Then, letting my short hair loose, I found a chair, scooped out the other one, sat, and pulled my thong aside for a peek of my cunt. Turning my back on him again, and kneeling in the chair, I threw off my blouse completely and pulled my panties down just below my bulbous ass.

Then I got atop my desk, to fondle a boob and stroke my pussy in Marshall's full view. Removing my munchkin-home bra, I laid on my back and quietly moaned after which I reversed myself; wagging my ass as if I wanted to be fucked doggie-style. Before Marshall could think to want to take up the invitation, I then sat up, to cradle my voluminous rack with my left arm. I dropped the arm so that its hand so I could diddle my twat again.

For a moment thereafter, I just sat there and smiled, my arms behind me, everything sexually delicious in brazen full view. Finally, kicking off my heels, I took off my belt and sensuously removed my stockings. Now totally nude, I knelt in a second chair by my desk; this time I faced forward. After pinching my nipples to make them notably hard, then holding on to the chair's arms, I leaned forward, pressing my tits together, projecting their largesse even more. Lastly, I stood up, propped one leg on the chair and rubbed my pussy one last time.

My deliberate striptease that only my student black-mailer could see and react to...

Afterwards, not bothering to redress, I calmly strutted to Marshall's seat, holding my hand out to him. The rest of the class remained oblivious in their enforced, focused studying. Numbly mesmerized, he took it. My holding on to his, I started to walk away. As if not dar-

ing to let go, he got up and followed. Looking at my ass tick-tock every step of the way.

Wordlessly, we left the classroom, went across the hall, and went into an empty classroom. As we were near the door, the only light was sunshine from the windows on the other side of the room. I left it that way; being daytime, we had plenty of illumination to see each other.

Obviously, I now froze time, as I wanted to take my time now with Marshall. I held his head as I kissed him long and thorough; his tongue reacting to mine as if on autopilot or pure reflex. Stripping him, I bent down to remove his already pre-cum-stained pants. As it dropped to the floor, the only sound was a soft thump of the camera in a buttoned-up pocket that he forgot – too stunned by the voluntary and unreal sight – to use.

I licked Marshall's hard cock clean of remaining Cowper's Fluid that did not get a chance to further stain his pants. Then I luxuriously licked his entire rod until it glistened. I sucked each ball within his sac as if to encourage a fountain of cum. Then I blew him, it seemingly lasting an eternity.

I refused to hear any protest, knowing what really went down, so Marshall felt somehow naturally speechless, just as I "wished". As if he knew something bad was going to happen by now, even though he was feeling incredibly marvelous, Marshall suddenly remembered fucking his first woman after school just yesterday afternoon as his eyes glazed over in reflection. And now an amazingly hot blonde was throwing herself at him?

He did not know whether to laugh or cry because he did not know what was going on. He could have taken a nap during a boring study period but he was

not asleep. No dream was this vivid. Marshall was stunned by the reality of it all, but he knew that everything was indeed real.

Attempting to enjoy an impossible situation for as long as he could, Marshall never said one word aside from an occasional grunt or moan. Intermittently, I deepthroated him and my tongue thrashed around his dick like an untamed bronco. Only because I could, showing off. Women these days just merely swallow dickmeat as far down as they can before the gag reflex kicks in, doing nothing else. Talk about showing off! Deepthroating is more than just proving you can take it all, girls. What if the act turned him on, to cum and you chose then to gag? You are only going to be able to do one thing then...and puking ain't pretty!

My guy did just that. He came. Just like from a cheap porno book, he came and came and came. Magically induced, of course! But unlike the fantasy, just like I was able to deepthroat him as I had, he came impossibly; increasingly inflating my cheeks before they returned to normal. With my lips sealed, not a drop escaped. As I slid him out, my lips stayed tight until he was free. I wanted his last BJ to be memorable...if only for just a moment.

I then stood up, securely but gently wrapped my arms around his neck and kissed him again. As if ready for me this time, he parted his lips first. When I opened my mouth, Marshall got much more than my tongue, as his own cum flooded between his jaws. As I held his head tight, with our mouths sealed, he had no recourse but to swallow and swallow and swallow. His breath came out in fierce snorts through his nostrils but nothing else. I would not allow him to gag and did not release him until his mouth only contained his own

saliva. But even though it passed quickly, it was undeniably the best drink he ever had. Again, I made sure of that sensation.

Marshall assumed rightly it was cum. His next thought was an unquenchable thirst for more. Then he felt revulsion, because, unable to suck his own cock, he would have to suck other men. His mind zipping thoughts in nanoseconds, he finally presumed to jerk out his own in a receptacle or just his hand. But he did not have to worry. His first taste contained an elixir, as a gift from me. The walls of his mouth were now forever coated to make any cum taste that delicious.

“Marsha, do you want some more? I have some,” I finally spoke, sweetly.

Looking down past my big boobs, there was no longer a pussy but an erect monster cock. Uncaring where the desire came from, more was wanted. There was only one choice. I was not a man, was I?

A drop to the knees and suck, suck – ooh gawd, this is soooooo fucking good – suck like a pro. (I do quality work!) As I had ultimately drained him of his own, I limited my own outflow this time. It was not as plentiful as before and the taste was different. All the same, with a contented sigh, satisfaction was achieved. From that point on, there would be no quandary against sucking cock, any cock.

But wait a minute. Was Marshall just called “Marsha”?

Well, Marshall did not want to be gay. But he now craved cum. I did not drop to my knees and blow myself.

In resolution, Marshall was the one who dropped but despite the preemptive name; it was Marsha who

was in heaven with me in her mouth. When she started sucking, I began as a shemale but as she sucked, I subtly morphed into a handsome hunk. Marsha became me, as I was the stripping substitute teacher.

There were some slight differences, though. Her eyes were more rounder, doe-like. The eyes themselves were a watery crystal blue with lashes so thick she would never use mascara. Her lips were full but tight, as if they were in a perpetual pucker like her ass, both ready to receive the biggest, longest cock at a moment's notice. Oh yes, her pussy was just as snug. Her hair was full; layered up and out, falling down just above her butt. With all of her curves, she was a walking wet dream.

I refused to put any wards against her being raped but anyone with intentions of doing her physical harm – even on impulse – would strangely do it to themselves first for the same reason they would want to hurt another human being. To wit, she would get raped, should anyone get the idea to do so (it did not have to happen) but anything beyond sex, like getting beaten, knifed or even shot, the perpetrator would clumsily damage himself as she escaped.

Marshall had been like his daddy: shy, withdrawn but knew an opportunity when he saw one. Marsha was like a mother: knowing how to entice a man doing very little. Marshall not have wanted to be gay but there would be would be women she would fuck as hard as a man. She would never dominate but she could initiate. She would be submissive but would be able to draw the line at being oppressively controlled.

Now Marsha would be constantly horny and bisexual, made vapid after her change so she would not be able to comprehend how she changed from male to fe-

male after which I fucked her thoroughly three times: mouth, pussy, and ass. I had said that if I could have a little fun that I would seize the opportunity. Well, yeah, I did enjoy myself fucking her every hole. However, I did it for another reason.

It could have been done magically, but since Marsha already knew how to blow me like a pro, I took pleasure in physically priming her pussy and ass. No cock would ever be too big or too small; like her mouth, her pussy and ass would comfortably adjust for her maximum pleasure and no pain. The way her mind now worked, she definitely enjoyed it and wanted more but she would have to get it elsewhere. I did not make her a nympho; more of a sexual opportunist, even if she had to create her own opportunity. Marsha was innately tempered, not maniacal. Aside from personal pleasure, I took her total virginity just to get her motor running as a whore and a bimbo slut.

Magically bringing my clothes to her I had stripped, my changing a third time to a modest redressed Tina, Marsha got dressed and walked out of the empty classroom in 4" heels as if she was born in them. I pointed her in direction of a strip club that was very glad to have her show off her round double-H boobs. She would begin her new life just like her mother. Fully documented as Marsha Sayers. She would always have a slight discomfort with her last name, but would never discuss it with anyone, for it to be easily legally changed to something else. She could get married but will demand that it be hyphenated with her husband's last name. It will forever be her scar without knowing it.

I decided to not be all mean. Marsha would save her money and eventually figure out she did not finish

college. All her previous credits are in her name, but like my ex-buddy, she would never recall her old self. She might make something positive of herself if she could stop fucking around. Sorry, I could not help myself.

Sabrina Sayers woke up in her own bed, in her own home, as if her ordeal never happened. The man she had a one-night stand with, before Marshall's abuse, called her again, for a real one-on-one date. Sure, what she went through with Marshall took several weeks, so for the guy to wait this long... well, you know how some men are. All things considered, it was perfect timing. What happened after that? Well, that was Sabrina's business, not mine... and not yours!

Epilogue:

Of course I had many other adventures. Some were deemed just, as I strove to always be a white magician. Some were just fun or simply amusing. I even let Steffie go off to have adventures. Her using a measure of magic but never to abandon her lover, me. I now trusted her but she was mine. Hence the invisible leash will never go away.

There was a geek who got tired of being hazed. It was one of the very rare times I brazenly displayed myself as a white magician. He saw my ad but instead of being a counselor I was a sexy witch like TV's Cassandra Peterson's Elvira – without the mile-high hairdo, thank you very much... but I did wear the tight-fitting dress in white satin instead of black – that was ultra-low-cut down to my navel. I knew that if he told anyone he would not be believed. (He never told a soul!)

I used Steffie as a pink cat when he came by and told him to call her Pussy. As I had dressed totally for personal giggles, I told him that I could only help him if he let Pussy lick his cock. He did hesitate but as Pussy nuzzled a growing bulge from staring at me, he was not surprised to find his zipper undone and his cock was growing free from his boxers' fly. Of course I made that happen and he was oblivious until he felt Pussy's little tongue lapping his dick! When he registered her tiny tongue, he was stonily erect. He certainly wanted to cum then, no matter what! I transformed her into her usual self right in front of him and she finished giving him wonderful head. He had 'kept' his end of the bargain and so did I. I instructed him that once inside the dance hall he was told to call her Penny and that she would do anything for him.

End of story, Steffie is kidnapped from the geek and the jocks gang-bang her. Steffie pretended to be submissive but she was in her preferred element. Through my magical GPS, I saw the jocks' dates 'conveniently' catch them in her every hole and hand. (I mystically nudged their wonder about their dates and guided them to where they were.) The girls go ballistic but went to find the geek and, in their minds to get revenge on their boyfriends, take turns pleasuring him and themselves. Thanks to my magic, their decision to go to him was the right idea. He then 'knew' exactly how to satiate all of them exactly the way each one liked and having super-stamina to do them all that night. Seeing that he had his hands full, I made him forget about Steffie/Pussy/Penny and me. Just as long as it did not go to his head. It very well could have but he was a good kid. It did not. After the prom, he is the stud and the jocks are the duds.

Then there was the stereotypical husband who cheated with his secretary. My office created a different spin on resolution. Wife finds out and she finds me before a divorce lawyer. She is not bad-looking; hubby just wanted a little spice. He chose to find it outside the marriage.

I turned the wife into an absolute knockout like my mom but leave her sex drive as is; it is enough. Hubby thinks he hit the jackpot as he tries to please both. But since she went after him knowing he was married, I turn secretary showing up for work dressed into Goth biker chic, complete with tattoos, including a huge tramp stamp above her ass. Hubby thought it was a joke with henna fakes until she dommed him at work. This, too, was a turn-on until she demanded to be taken home to wife. The now-compliant husband obeys and they have a lesbian tryst in front of him. Wife is in charge this time. While she gets a little taste of secretary, the latter cannot get enough of wife. Hubby meanwhile is allowed only to watch and not make it a threesome. What was more, he is told that if he became erect and came that there would be consequences.

He recognizes wife's new beauty but she became his new mistress as secretary left job to be a roadie for a biker gang and became their newest whore. Hubby became so enamored with his 'new' wife, he began sniffing her panties, finally wearing them. Wife catches him and demands he go all the way, becoming an accomplished crossdresser. Remember, I am in the mix, so he conveniently has everything from wig to heels to pass as a woman outside work; right down to a cute feminine voice. Handiwork all on his own, first time, every time.

Instead of being surprised at his instant expertise, his wife got moist and horny as he became her very attentive girlfriend; even going to bed in feminine nightwear, whether he had work the next day or not. He wore femme undies and even became effeminate – lispy and swishy (180° away from ‘her’ womanly perfection at home) – on the job. Although a cute guy, no woman would go near him but gays on the job tried to unsuccessfully befriend him.

I finally broke only his effeminacy spell when his wife forgave him. But now being an unreadable crossdresser – as a safety measure against him cheating again – his wife dropped being mistress and they became closet lesbian lovers; he getting fucked with her strap-on – the only way he could cum until if and when she wanted children. It would be the only way he could access another cunt, and only his wife’s.

That last adventure had a few similarities to the McKennas but only a few. Many circumstances boiled down to clichéd transgender fantasies but I did not care. After all, I am a woman who was only occasionally a man, having been born male. I virtually had no trouble due to my gender mix. For me, life was sweet for a long, long time. I could not care less if you do not believe me. Even though it is written down, it is all good. Even if just for entertainment.

In being a white magician with a flair for transgenderism, if I wanted not to go over to the dark side, this meant that I had to be a champion for all. This meant that I had to help guys in trouble too, from the opposite sex. Problem here was that if I turn a woman into a man, she would be no worse off than the guy she manipulated. More likely fodder for another female dominate, thus creating a negative daisy chain. It is

ironic that men could accept their femininity but women-turned-men...well, it is a man's world after all. But that is not all. What I just said is not untrue but women are mistresses of double standards. Even deft enough to make it appear as if the guy is the one guilty when the opposite is indeed the real truth. (Would that be triple standards? Whatever. You figure it out. I know you know what I'm talking about.)

At first, it would seem just desserts for a woman to get what they gave. But it would be such a waste. Women may make up half the population – sometimes tipping the scales more than that – but for every attractive female there are quantifiable plain-janes or simply unappealing in many different shades. Now, I am not saying that men are perfect but I do believe that every woman is meant to be beautiful, whether outside or in. Being a bitch is a choice, no woman is born one.

Men have dominated women from time immemorial. But it is always the female you hear about having the “heart of gold”. If a woman dominates a man, she uses what she has – most often, beauty – and the rest are retaliates, such as the once-abused-turned-abuser. Maybe I am over-simplifying it but women are the built-in caregivers and only men are called bastards. To change men into women is a step up. To do the reverse, the temptation is too great to be the worst kind of man. And I never said that good men did not exist. But the statement is true that are hard to find. And if one is found, they are often mislabeled before you get to know them. You know all the derogatory names, unfortunately. Both genders lose then. Hey, it is just my opinion and I have already said that nobody has the power to change the whole world.

Oh yeah, almost forgot. I ultimately brought my Timmy doppelganger back for good. Same rules applied as I had originally set. If I had to be male, it was always me and Timmy disappeared. Call it what you will, it was my staying on the side of caution. Otherwise I was a woman. Another step in the direction of staying female? Maybe. For me to be the father of my own children? Again, maybe. I now sincerely loved Steffie and she loved me but I did not forget "Tim" and did feel cheated when I gave him up as my partner for Steffie. Remember, he was planned, Steffie was not. And yes, what if people saw Timmy and I together? Then I was the best-damned ventriloquist in the world. Timmy was truly just a 'himbo'. A male bimbo. All mine. End of story.

As a woman, while I enjoyed pussy, like Steffie, I had a natural desire for real cocks. Steffie did not want her own for me to enjoy. (I did too good a job in completely erasing anything Steven physically possessed as a male. Unlike Willow, Steven was a decades-old animosity that he had created in me. So in my obliteration of him there was this anomaly, which I left alone.). So sometimes we did troll as cougars looking – and finding – studs and we had threesomes and even foursomes. After a while, this brought back the memory of Timmy. So he became more than just a memory.

Not like I was trying to hide anything, but I 'enjoyed' Timmy when Steffie was not around, on assignment. One day, she caught us in coitus and was terribly hurt. I did not make her acknowledge Timmy but simply hoped that she would accept him. Being an entirely new person, as Steven Carp never lived, she only saw Timmy, not as a replacement – having ironically seen me become him previously around people who still knew Tim – but someone she had to share me with.

Now back, I was not going to return him to limbo. Thankfully, she accepted him and I could trust them alone. But no sex without me. Steffie did like that. It was like having two of me at the same time...and it was! I really reveled in being female then!