

WALTER DOES BAMBIE

By Lea Sanderson



ILLUSTRATED BY MISTY MALVEAUX

A 'NEW WOMAN' NOVEL

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WALTER DOES BAMBIE

By Lea Sanderson

1

“C'mon ladies,” I pleaded, “I can explain.” The words sounded as hollow to me as they must have to them. The only explanation was that I was male and I did as men do. It's not pretty but that's the way we are. Don't blame me, I wanted to say, blame God; he made us this way. We have the raging hormones; we have the uncontrollable sex drive; we have the excess testosterone. That is why we do the things we do. I knew better of course, since that argument only made sense to us men. Since I was securely strapped onto this gurney and powerless for the time being, I decided whatever defense I might offer should wait until I was in a less vulnerable position. For the moment, I tried to figure out exactly what was happening.

My head pounded and I could taste something in my throat. A vile, sour taste that made me gag. My body was immobilized on the table and all I could do was move my head slightly. Occasionally one of them would come into my field of view. First Sharon, with her long blond hair and piercing blue eyes; then Jeanne, equally attractive with similar shoulder length brown hair and deep brown eyes. Despite being unable to move, I still tried to catch glimpse of their bodies- was there no stopping me? There was something creepy about being able to see only their faces. This added to my sense of insecurity. I heard Janet's voice in the background snapping orders that I could not make out. Much of what was being said I didn't understand. The words sounded muffled and incoherent. I knew, however, the words were spoken clearly; it was my hearing that was impaired. I felt as if I were in another dimension, looking through a gray mist that obscured everything real.

Janet, at thirty eight years of age, was the oldest of the trio. She was more refined but no less attractive... or pleasant in bed, for that matter. Her smile, when she came into view, was more awkward than those of the other two. Their faces indicated they were quite thrilled with my predicament. Hers was guarded and awkward.

All three worked for me at the office. And I had been having a secret affair with each. I quickly concluded, however, that it was no longer much of a secret. I knew they would never believe me, but I really was quite fond of each of them. Indeed, I probably loved them all. Each, in her own special way, had had a warm and special effect on me.

“It's not my fault!” I tried to smile and heard my words slurred. “You are all so irresistible that I couldn't help myself.” My eyes wandered, searching for the slightest detail. I felt a twinge of panic when I saw nothing. The voices had stopped and I felt my heart racing. It wasn't my fault, really. I loved women and I loved having sex with them. Why was the fact that I was having sex with more than one such a problem?

Janet and Jeanne were married and I had not objected to the fact that they were having sex with their husbands. So why the big deal? Sharon might have had some reason to be angry, since she was single. And I might have hinted at a longer term and somewhat deeper commitment to her. But that was all in the name of seduction. No one ever took those words seriously. Even if she had, I had never mentioned marriage; I could certainly not be held responsible if that is what she heard. I'm not responsible for someone hearing what they want to hear. Still, she appeared far less upset than the other two. I had seen her smile quite happily a moment ago. That recollection sent a shiver down my spine.

Perhaps they were not as upset with me as I feared. Maybe they found out about each other and decided it wasn't such a big deal after all. Maybe they decided they liked the idea, and I was about to be initiated into a fantastic foursome. Under these strenuous conditions, the thought was still a nice one.

Whatever the case, I remained trapped. How long had I been here? What day was it? I shuddered when I realized I did not know the answer to any of these questions.

"Enough of this!" I snapped. "Get me out of this, or else." These women worked for me. However pissed off they might be, I was the boss and they would have to do what I say. The only response was a round of chuckles. I felt silly.

"C'mon, girls," I pleaded playfully. "You can't keep me like this forever. Eventually you're going to have to let me go." Sharon, the youngest at twenty three, responded by kissing me lightly on the forehead. The fragrance of her hair as it brushed across my face, as always, was intoxicating and I wanted to kiss her. I missed and she was gone.

"You are so funny," she giggled, before taking a needle and plunging it into my arm.

"What the hell are you doing?" I screamed, feeling panic set in. "Stop this right now- right this moment!" I felt nauseous and dizzy, and the room went black.

I awoke, still strapped to the gurney, and saw Janet's worried face staring down at me.

"We didn't mean for it to go this far," she began softly, "we just wanted to teach you a lesson. After all, you were cheating on all of us and you needed to be taught a lesson."

I wanted to explain, but my tongue was lagging too far behind my thoughts. The drug must have not worn off completely. I turned my head as far as it would go and saw Sharon's angry eyes glaring at me.

"We all worked for you and would have done anything for you, but you treated us like meat," she growled.

"Like stupid bimbo sluts!" Jeanne interjected angrily.

"What are you going to do now?" I mumbled.

"Like I was saying," Janet replied softly, "we just wanted to teach you a lesson. But things got out of hand."

"It's all right," I volunteered calmly. "Just let me go, and I'll forget all about this. I know it's hard for you to believe, but I do care for each and every one of you. And I really am sorry that I hurt you."

"Not as sorry as you're going to be," Sharon giggled. The constant mood swings were unnerving.

"Anyway," Janet continued, "we drugged you and brought you over here."

"When, and where is here? Why?" I asked.

"When is easy," she answered "why is a little more complicated. Three weeks ago, while you were busy seducing Sharon, she drugged you and the three of us brought you here."

"I've been here for three weeks?" I gasped. What could they have done to me in three weeks? My heart pounded until I realized I was not in pain. These women were office personnel. What real harm could they do?

"Initially," Janet said, "we just wanted to beat the shit out of you and leave you naked in the street. But that would have been impractical and utterly useless. Plus, you could have fired us. So we talked about what to do with you, including filing a sexual harassment complaint." My heart skipped another beat when she mentioned sexual harassment. How many beats can a heart skip before the Grim Reaper steps in, I wondered? Sexual harassment; I saw my career go down the tubes. The fact that all had been willing partners would have meant very little. I was a man, they were women who worked for me, and we were having sex. I would have stood a better chance of beating a double homicide charge with a car full of nun's as witnesses to the act.

"Naturally, we kept going to the office as if nothing were wrong. That is, until a certain Doctor Judith Hathoway came looking for you. You remember her don't you? She certainly remembered you."

My mind immediately went back to last summer, when I met Judith at some health convention. I was on business and she was a guest speaker. I had found her quite attractive. She was into feminism, giving a speech about women who were abused by men and what had to be done to resolve the problem. The same shit you hear about every day until it doesn't mean anything anymore. However, the thought of seducing a feminist doctor had been quite appealing to me at the time, and I decided to go for it. I bought her a few drinks, and we ended up having sex. Nothing exceptional, but she had been all right for an evening. I recalled reading in the newspaper that her husband had filed for divorce a few months later, and she was stuck paying him support. Apparently the good doctor had been caught cheating a few other times and got the short end of the divorce settlement. As I recalled, she had also lost her medical license. I remembered chuckling when I read the story.

"Doctor Hathoway impressed upon Jeanne that she really wanted to see you," Janet continued. "She even mentioned the one nighter the two of you had last year, and how it had ruined her marriage and medical career."

"You didn't have enough of us three, so you went out looking for more pussy, you fucking pig," Sharon griped.

These women were seriously pissed off at me, and as the saying goes: Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned. This was four women; four times the fury. My three captors were office clerks, but Judith Hathoway was a skilled surgeon. I began to panic again.

“At this point,” Janet resumed, “things began to get a little out of hand.”

“At least for you,” Sharon added, getting a round of chuckles from the women.

“Just tell him, already,” I heard Jeanne's voice cry out.

“I can't.” Janet choked. Sharon interrupted and cupped my face with her hand. “We wanted to teach you a lesson and make sure you didn't go fucking women ever again,” she grinned. “The good doctor, who by the way is not very fond of you anymore, convinced us that we should cut off your balls.”

“What?” My heart began to beat wildly. “You can't!” My voice shook uncontrollably. I tried to reach between my legs but my hands were still secured.

“Oh, but we have,” Sharon announced proudly.

My thoughts raced. This was a game. They were just fucking with my mind. That was their revenge. Scare the hell out of me and let me go. That had to be it. Each of these women was kind and soft and loved me, except for the doctor of course. But the others would never have agreed to this.

“At first,” Janet continued nervously, “we thought Doctor Hathoway was kidding and this was just a game, but it turned out that she was quite serious. It was surprisingly easy, actually. She is a very gifted surgeon, you know. I am sure you can appreciate that after we removed your balls, we realized we had a problem.”

They had a problem! This could not be real, I decided. No one would ever do anything so inane.

Jeanne took up where Janet left off. It was as if they were playing conversational ping pong, only mine were the balls they were playing with. “Doctor Hathoway performed the surgery, and frankly none of us thought she was really going to do it. By the time we realized she was, it was too late. Bye bye balls and dick. Eventually, we realized we could be charged as accomplices. Not that you didn't deserve it of course, but we figured some conservative male judge might find castration a bit severe as punishment for being a pig. At that point the possibility that we might wind up in jail became very real to us. Can you believe it?” she asked. “You cheat on us and we go to jail just for cutting off your balls. There really is no justice for women in a man's world.”

“I don't believe any of this,” I growled and saw Sharon pull the sheets from between my legs. I couldn't feel anything but the overhead mirror gave me a view of a fresh pink vagina between my legs. “This is a trick,” I cried. “Those are not my legs.”

Janet ignored my rambling and continued. “We could have simply killed you instead, and believe me, that possibility was also discussed. But we are not murderers, and the thought of making you dead was not very pleasant. Mostly, the idea of going to prison was not very pleasant.” That brought a round of cheers from the other women. “We couldn't free you of course,” she said, “because you could conceivably go to the

police and make our lives uncomfortable. Sharon was the one who came up with a way to do away with you while keeping you very much alive.”

“That's right,” Sharon beamed proudly. “It was my idea.”

Janet continued the story. “Since your dick and balls were gone, and while I for one am going to miss it,” I could hear her smirk as she spoke, “Sharon suggested we simply turn you into a woman. I mean, without a dick you wouldn't have been much of a man anyway, and Dr. Hathoway assured us that after she was done, you would come out of this looking as pretty as any real woman. She also figured that you would not want anybody to know, so you would keep your mouth shut. Even if you decided to tell, no one would believe you. Doctor Hathoway was quite pleased with the idea and agreed to perform some additional surgery. At absolutely no charge to you, of course,” she smiled.

“You bitches are insane,” I screamed, before Sharon plunged the needle back into my arm and everything went dark.

2

I awoke and breathed a sigh of relief when I recognized my room. It had all been a dream. A nightmare, really.

The sound of Sharon's musical voice broke the silence: "Finally awake, sleepy head?". I couldn't remember anything other than the dream and my head still pounded. She entered the room fully dressed and smiling. "Better hurry up if you want to get to work on time."

I got up and felt a stinging pain in the back of my legs that made me stumble. "I'll explain that after you shower," she said. I had a terrible feeling about her tone, and reached cautiously between my legs. I almost fainted; my hand felt nothing. Actually, it felt something, but certainly not a penis. There was an opening between my legs. "Hurry up," I heard her shout from the bathroom. "I left the shower running for you."

I hobbled to the bathroom, still in a dreamlike state. Sharon watched as I removed the jockey shorts I had been wearing. She smiled triumphantly as my eyes confirmed what my hand had discovered.

I shook my head in disbelief. I was very groggy, and entered the shower in a daze. I thought the rushing water would help clear my head so that I might finally awake from this nightmare. The cold water did little to soothe me and served only to confirm the bitches had not been lying. They had actually cut off my penis and balls. That was very real. When the truth sank in, I jumped out of the shower and fell to the floor. I kneeled over the toilet bowl as my stomach emptied all of its contents.

I swore they would pay. I didn't know how or when, but someday, I would get my revenge. I felt the tears roll down my face. Sharon waited until I got up and helped dry me off.

"Don't you have to pee?" she giggled. "You always have to pee when you get up." I was still in shock. I also knew she wasn't going to leave me alone, and the pressure on my bladder was unbearable. I stared angrily at her triumphant smirk and sat down on the toilet.

"Why did you do this to me?" I whimpered as I stared at my body. I must have lost thirty pounds. My skin was smooth and soft, and there was very little trace of the stubble that had once adorned my face. I looked down at the hairy legs and they seemed completely out of place with a triangle of bushy hair between them. It was as if I were staring at someone else. My mind remained foggy, unable to fully absorb what had happened. All I needed now was a body shave and breasts and I would be the real thing.

"Because," was the only reply to my question.

"You know I- I'm going to get you back," I whined. "All of you are going to pay dearly for this."

"We figured you would want to get even," she replied, unfazed. "So we did a few things to, let us say, dissuade you. Actually, Dr. Hathoway did some really neat things. We merely assisted."

My heart pounded heavily. "What else did you do?"

“You really should not have pissed off a surgeon,” she playfully scolded me. “Fucking with us ordinary women is one thing, but a surgeon is something else. I mean, we could have done something to get you back, but nothing quite as imaginative or as permanent, or macabre, as what a surgeon can do. First: that little pain in your legs. I don't know the medical jargon to specifically explain what she did, but in essence, she shortened your tendons. Or something to that effect. The end result is that, unless you walk on your tippy toes, you're going to feel some pain. Enough pain that after a half hour or so, you will not be able to walk.

“And what's the point of that?” I asked.

“First of all, the only way you are ever going to walk comfortably is in heels. The higher the heels, the more comfortable you'll be. It's all part of our plan to feminize you. Also, while the surgical changes she made are apparently permanent, some medical efforts to help you appear masculine could be made. While reconstructive surgery to restore your manhood might be moderately successful, you will never be able to walk comfortably without high heels. Ingenious isn't it? You might be male again, but you would be stuck wearing heels. That brings us to the second reason: revenge. Not ours but yours. We figured you would want to get back at us, so the question was how do we keep you from doing that. The answer was to fix it so that if you tell anyone, you go to prison. Right now, you are legally male so they would send you to a male's prison. Under the circumstances, with a pretty pussy and forced to wear heels... well, prison life might not be nearly as exiting as it sounds.”

“What do you mean? I haven't done anything to warrant prison.”

“Technically, this is true. But we did a little creative accounting in the last few weeks and it seems that, if someone were to know where to look, someone might find about eighty thousand embezzled company dollars in your bank account. So, if you were to go to the police, or anyone else for that matter, that particular discovery would undoubtedly be made and you would be whisked off to a big man's prison. Imagine,” she giggled, “a couple of years in jail with all those sex starved men, and you with a pussy and parading around in heels. Doesn't sound very alluring does it?”

“You're crazy,” I snapped. “No one would believe you.” I was groggy and confused but would not let go of the fight. I had to say something.

“Perhaps,” she smiled, “but we decided it was a risk worth taking. It was that or kill you, and as we already explained, we are not murderers. But think of it, my dear Walter, you could wind up in prison. We figured you wouldn't want to take the risk. However nasty we little females might be towards you would pale considerably compared to what those big old nasty men would do to you.”

“We'll see,” I muttered unconvincingly.

“There's more!” she giggled. “That doctor is really something. She really had a hard on for you- forgive the pun,” she smiled. “Anyway, she did a few more things to you. A little nip here, a little tuck there, and you are a different person. Modern science is really amazing, isn't it? You walk into a room one way and a few hours later a whole new person walks out. She also did something to your muscle structure that, according to her, leaves you as weak as a kitten. It would take all of your strength to lift a

case of beer, so if you decide to get physical and try beating us up, we can kick the shit out of you. Wanna try? ”

She laughed as she raised her arms and clenched both fists in a boxer's style. She threw a powerless punch and hit my shoulder to illustrate her point. The pain shooting through my arm caused tears to form in my eyes; her puny punch had really hurt.

“It's not all bad, though. Dr. Hathoway assured us that your new pussy is more than anatomically functional. It's more responsive to sexual stimuli than any normal woman's pussy. I was even going to ask her to do the same for me, but I decided to wait until I see what effect it has on you. You'll be able to enjoy sex as much, if not more, than any real woman. This brings us back to the prison scenario. Not only would you be stuck as some guy's girlfriend, but you'll probably find getting fucked quite thrilling. So you have two options. You either deal with your predicament with us women as your, let's say, 'mentors', or you live with a bunch of smelly old convicts who might not be as kind to you. The choice is yours.”

“What time is it? I've got to get to work.” I decided to change the subject. The conversation was neither encouraging nor useful to me.

“Another thorny issue. One of the many I expect you will be facing from now on,” she replied almost tenderly. “We thought it would be best that you return to work as Walter for a while, until we all get used to this. And it would be a little difficult for us to hide you for a long time. This way, you can slowly make your way back into society.”

“My clothes don't fit very well,” I complained as I reluctantly dressed in my customary suit and tie.

“You have lost some weight over the last three weeks. Why don't you try a pair of my jeans?” she volunteered. “There should be a pair in your closet. I still have a lot of my clothes there.”

“First of all,” I shot back, “I can't wear jeans to work. And secondly, if I did wear jeans to work, they certainly wouldn't be yours.”

“You're the boss, so you can wear anything you want to work. And my jeans are about the only thing here that will fit you. You've been inactive and eating less than usual for a few weeks now.”

I wanted to scream. Instead, after realizing she was right and finding I had little energy left to fight her, I put on her blue jeans and a shirt that was too big for me. The jeans fit the way a woman's jeans fit, showing of the curves my new and fleshier ass displayed, as well as a definite V shape in the crotch area. “I can't wear these,” I whimpered.

“You can and you will,” she grumbled, before slapping me on the ass. The slap, however playful, made me wince and the look in her eyes told me she wasn't going to tolerate any more complaining.

“I'll drive,” she said.

“Why should you drive? It's my damn car,” I snapped. I hobbled to the car. She shrugged her shoulders and smiled knowingly. She waited until I got into the driver's side before calmly seating herself on the passenger side.

“Ouch,” I yelped as my foot pressed the break pedal.

“Doctor Hathoway told us that you might not be able to drive unless you wore heels,” she said with a smile. “Something about your feet not being able to press forward because of the shortened tendons. The heels would allow your calf muscle some support, but without them you could probably drive only a mile or so before the pain became too severe. Would you like me to drive?” she asked pertly, “or do we simply change shoes?”

I reluctantly gave in. She smiled triumphantly, got behind the wheel of the car and head out towards the office.

The office looked very much the same as I had left it, but I was able to detect a few subtle hints that a new office hierarchy had been established during my absence. A few heads bowed as I walked by, and I saw a few concerned looks at Janet by people trying to figure out how I should be greeted. However artificial this new order was, I knew the steel grip I had once held over my staff was gone. Under the circumstances, I was not sure how I could ever regain that control. I shuddered as I felt everyone's eyes on me.

Janet had been declared interim leader, and Jeanne was her second in command. Sharon, who had been recently hired as a secretary, was too young and inexperienced to be given any real responsibility; she remained a secretary. However, her subtle influence with the other two was evident. The rest of the staff, including the three other males, had apparently fallen into place and accepted the new pecking order. My return did little to alter things at the office, and after my second day at the office it was clear that, despite the fact that I was the boss, I was no longer in command. Not that I could blame anyone. My demeanor, no matter how hard I tried, was increasingly feminine.

Janet had been kind enough to allow me to announce all decisions reached, although everyone knew where and by whom those decisions were made. After the second week, my presence wasn't necessary. I was a just a figurehead with everyone taking their cues from Janet and Jeanne. I remained too weak and confused to fight back. For the time I had resigned myself, until I could rid my mind of the constant fog it operated in.

“Take these pills,” Jeanne ordered.

“What are they?” I decided to ask. I had been taking them without question because I was told to. I wanted to know why this time.

“I don't know, something about avoiding infection in your new pussy,” she grumbled. “Afterwards, Mr. Harwood is coming in to talk to you about the office. Janet want's you to voluntarily step down as manager and recommend her as your replacement.”

“Why would I do that?” I protested weakly.

“Because it’s time that she takes over as Director. She’s running things here anyway, and she wants the change to be official and permanent. You’re becoming increasingly useless around here, and that’s bad for business as well as office moral. We need stability here, and the truth is that if you do not resign, they are probably going to fire you anyway. If they fire you they might appoint someone else as manager. This new manager might go through the books and find that eighty thousand dollar mishap. If that happens you’re fucked. The only way to avoid it is to make her the new manager.”

“But what would I do? Where would I go?” My protests were weak and pitiful and I wanted to punch her in the face. I wanted to punch them all in the face. Instead, all I could do was struggle to fight back the tears.

“We’ve thought of that,” she grinned. “You don’t have to resign from the company altogether, just as Regional Director. Janet explained your absence by telling everyone you had been injured in a car accident. The accident story also provides some explanation for your new and

dainty physical appearance. So just tell Mr. Harwood that you haven’t fully recovered yet, and you don’t feel up to running the company. You’d be willing to stay on in a lesser capacity, say, as Janet’s advisor or assistant. It doesn’t really matter. You can stay on as the damn secretary for all I care, just as long as she’s in and you’re out.” She slammed the door on her way out. I found myself no longer able of holding back the tears.

I could not blame Jack Harwood for eyeing me suspiciously. He was dressed in the customary business suit and I, forced by Janet to dress in tight blue jeans and sweat shirt, looked very little like the man he had hired two years ago. In my first year with the firm I had increased earnings by twenty one percent. The second year figures were not in. During the last few months, however,



sales had decreased dramatically and my appearance did little to inspire his confidence.

He lowered his eyes and thought for a moment. He expressed genuine concern over my personal state. He did not know what had happened, and while he sympathized with my plight, sales remained the bottom line. Eventually, he agreed with my tempered request to step down. He also agreed with my recommendation that Janet succeed me. He seemed relieved when I brought up the subject, and I suspected that Jeanne had been right when she suggested they were considering dismissing me. This solution appeared to suit him quite well, especially since he was going to save a considerable amount of money in the process. As Regional Director, I earned over one hundred and eighty thousand dollars a year. Almost double that amount with bonuses and stock options. He was not about to pay Janet that kind of money, and although he would not discuss her compensation with me, he did make it clear that a voluntary reduction in my position would occasion a corresponding reduction in my salary. He agreed that I could take on whatever role Janet and I could agree upon and that my salary would be commensurate with that role. He also assured me that this was temporary and that he would be prepared to reconsider the arrangement in four months time. And then I was summarily dismissed from my office and instructed to send Janet in.

Janet called Sharon, Jeanne and I into the office minutes after Jack Harwood left. She had decided that someone should accompany me at all times. During office hours, she and Jeanne would supervise me. Since both were married, the task of watching me at night would fall on Sharon's shoulders. Janet expressed no respect for my previous status. Indeed, reminding me of the fact that she was now my superior seemed quite satisfying to her. She would take the weekend to ponder my role, if any, at the office and inform me of her decision the following Monday. Her tone was firm. She then dismissed me to Sharon's care for the weekend.

3

Sharon was in a kinder, more jovial mood Friday evening. She did not have to go to work for the next two days. Sharon was never fond of working for a living, preferring the party life instead. Perhaps she was kinder because she noticed my depressed mood over the demotion, although I doubted it. Sharon had never been that astute or sensitive. Most probably, I decided, it was just the wine. Whatever the reason, she opened a second bottle and allowed me to watch T.V. with her. Like two regular friends who had nothing better to do with their time.

She tripped over me when refilling our glasses and began to giggle. She stared into my eyes and smiled.

“Whatever you have done to us,” she slurred slightly, “I still love you.” She was so beautiful, and the fragrance of her hair was intoxicating. However impossible I knew it was, I swear I felt a hard on. She kissed me. Her lips felt warm and tender, and I began massaging her shoulders. This was usually how our love making sessions began, although never where they ended. Moments later, after we had sufficiently massaged each other's bodies, we were both breathing heavily. She removed her dress and I felt an unbearable wetness between my legs. She looked deliciously appetizing in her lacy pink bra and matching panties. The firm breasts seemed to want to jump out of the restricting garment. She did a slow and sensual dance for me, and after deciding I had done enough ogling she stripped naked. Sharon was one of the few women I knew that looked as good naked as she did dressed. When she removed her clothing, no body parts fell. There was no sagging or unsightly parts conveniently covered by clothing. Her breasts remained firm. Her tanned skin was smooth. Her belly was beautifully flat and trim, and her hips gave her the hourglass figure most women only dream of. She worked hard to keep her figure and she knew how to use it. Indeed, her heart shaped ass was the reason I had hired her in the first place. That, and the lovely blond hair. She was gorgeous, and I had wanted her the instant I had seen her. Within three weeks of having hired her, we were sleeping together.

She had seen my new body naked before, so undressing before her was not as intimidating as I would have expected. Even if it had been, the passion was overwhelming. At this point, I would have gladly run outside naked to get at her. We rolled around on the couch, frantically searching for body parts we might have missed before falling to the floor. We became more animal than human; wild, passionate, frenzied creatures ready and willing to do anything for no reason other than it felt great. Until the reality that I no longer had a penis set in.

“I can't,” I whimpered.

“Sure you can,” she panted.

“But I don't...”

“That doesn't matter to me. We can just improvise,” she giggled as her hand reached between my legs. “Feels like the real thing,” she smiled. “How does it feel to you?”

I opened my legs and moaned. And the moans were real as she stroked me gently. I began to shudder as the sensation ran through my body. It was not just from the

crotch area; this feeling traveled throughout every part of my body. Inside as well as outside, and for once I was not unhappy. She turned over and buried her head between my legs. I mimicked her moves, allowing her to lead for fear that I might do something she disapproved of which might cause her to end this moment.

“Yes...yes...yes!” the screams echoed loudly through the air. Hers were not the only screams that filled the room. And then I exploded, with each part of my body wallowing in passion, as though each fiber of my being had been individually charged and set to go off one after the other. The rapture traveled throughout parts of my body I did not even realize I had. And I sucked her hungrily, wanting to bring her to the same level of passion she had brought me.

Afterwards, she smiled tenderly and snuggled me next to her naked body.

“So what was it like? she asked casually.

“Isn't that supposed to be the man's question?” I said. This was the first time I smiled in a very long time.

“So?”

“It was really not bad. I felt myself blush.”

“Just ‘not bad?’”

“It was pretty good actually,” I admitted My blush was embellished with a mischievous smile.

“You sure sounded like you enjoyed it. I think I might ask the good doctor to do to my pussy what she did to yours.”

I felt my face go redder, and she laughed before hugging me warmly. “Now go to sleep my little man,” she said. “Tomorrow is another day.”

I snuggled under her arm while my mind tried to figure out what had happened. I had been changed, that fact was incontrovertible, only apparently not all for the worse. Dr. Hathaway had done something more than equip me with a vagina. She had given me an organ with a need far greater than my will or ability to control it. This changed everything. I tried desperately to remain awake to sort this out, only my eyelids were too heavy to remain open. As they finally closed for the night, I knew vengeance would be far more difficult now that I liked what I felt down there.

“Did you take your pills?” Sharon asked casually as she poured the coffee.

“Yes, but I feel fine. I don't know why I should keep on taking them, especially since I don't know what they're for.”

“Stop your bitching and do as you're told,” she snapped sternly, reminding me of my place within this soap opera. I was the low man- or low something- on the totem pole. I could expect to be treated nicely on occasion, such as last night, only she reminded me that whatever luxuries I could expect were up to them. They would decide if I should be happy or miserable and it was not up to me to question their motives. She reminded me that I was their property to do with as they pleased.