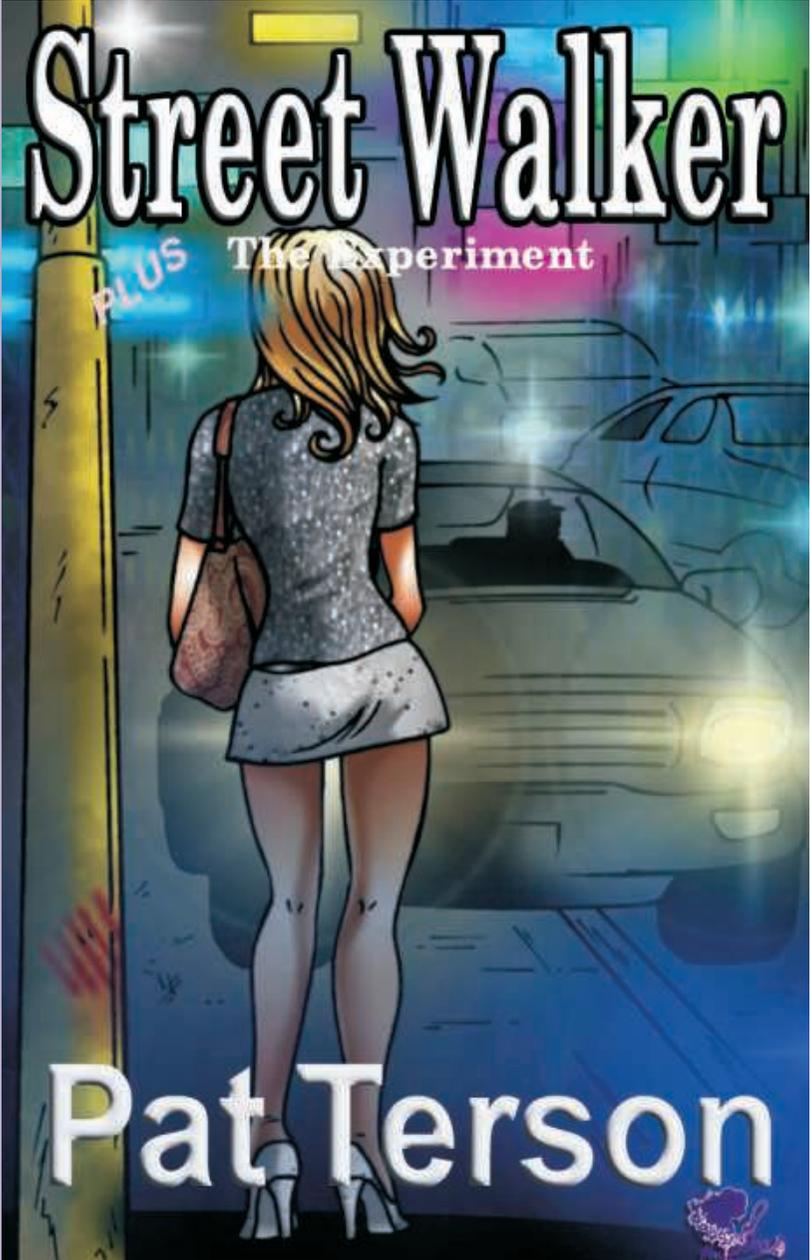


Street Walker

PLUS The Experiment



Pat Terson

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Street Walker

by Pat Terson

The John watched as the prostitutes displayed themselves on Forth Street. One caught his eye. She was new to the business he could tell. Yet he knew he had seen her somewhere else before, in a different setting.

As she approached his car she stuck her head in the open window and propositioned him. “What can I do for you sir? I charge twenty-five per hour and I am good.”

Nick thought he recognized her voice. At first glance it could have been Jeff Gardens wife, but the dress and the make up distorted who she was. Her lilting voice was a dead giveaway. He knew she was out of place and didn’t belong here. He had to have her no matter the cost.

“Sure where to Miss?”

“Lilith, I’ve got a room just around the corner,
shall we and she got in the car.”



She took Mike to the Skylight Hotel and led him up the stairs to her room. “Let me see the money, John.”

Nick put fifty on the nightstand.

Going into a trance she walked over to him and unzipped his pants. “Enjoy, I’m very good”, she said.

He blacked out and he awoke six hours later. He was alone, naked. His money was gone. He checked his wallet and everything was there. Dressing, he looked for his underwear it was nowhere to be seen. Matter of fact his clothes were not there. In its place was some woman’s clothes left out for him and a purse.

Nick looked in the mirror and almost fainted. His face was made up and his eyebrows were highly arched. What had happened to him? Why was he made up like a woman?

Taking the panties he put them on, and then the woman’s jeans. The red blouse stood out and forced him to reconsider wearing it home. Something in him pushed him to wear it and the bra that was next to it.

He placed the bra on his smooth chest. When was his hair shaved off? Then putting on the blouse he smiled at his overall appearance. He looked at the high heels. They required a different mindset. Putting the footies on he placed them on his feet.

He took his keys, wallet, change, and hair brush and put them in his purse and walked outside. He noticed his walk had changed, but there was little he could do about it for the time being.

He found his car and started the engine. Then he noticed a note on the dash. “I enjoyed our sex, dear.

I hope you like the new you. It becomes you, Lilith. By the way I'll be calling to check on you Michelle, love."

Nick made it home, only to be confronted by his wife.

"Nicky, that's a new look for you, isn't it?"

"Let's not go there Cassandra, I have had a strange night."

"I'll say, by the way who is Lilith?"

"She was the Hooker I picked up last night. The strange thing about was I really didn't want to have sex with her but I felt compelled too anyway.

"She played with me and I did things I would not have done. She did something to me and you can see the results. I feel different and funny all over."

"You know you look pretty, what did she call you? Michelle, that's it. Did you stuff you bra?"

"No, why?"

"I would have sworn when you came in you were bouncing. Lets get you cleaned up, dear. I'm not sure, but I almost like you like this, it suits you."

"Go take your shower and I'll get some clean clothes for you to wear."

Nick took off the clothes and put them in the dirty clothes hamper. Stepping in to the shower he found that the hot water stimulated his body. It brought back pictures of last night. How could he have allowed her to remove all of his body hair and wash his hair? His chest, no his breasts, felt very sensitive as the water struck them.

Drying off he looked in the mirror and could not get over how female it appeared even without make

up. As he reached up to touch his face it was then he noticed that his nails were a bright red. His toe nails were the same color. "Pretty", he thought, as they touched his blond hair. He saw the earrings as he moved the long hair that came down to his shoulders. They dangled and reflected the light. "What has happened to me?"

"Nick what are you doing in there, I swear you're worse than a woman."

He left the bathroom and walked out into bedroom.

She noticed he had changed in more than his face. His body had been changed too. His hair color had been changed and it was growing. It had added two inches in just the last hour.

"Cassandra, what's going on?"

"I don't know Nick?"

"You asked a question earlier about a person named Lilith?"

"Why did you ask that question?"

"She called this morning and wanted me to know what might happen to you when you got home. She seemed very concerned about your physical well being. She even left a phone number where she could be reached. Here it is, if you want it.

Her voice had a commanding tone to it. It was as if I had to listen to it and follow her direction. Funny thing is that she asked if you were anywhere around my size. We must have talked for twenty minutes. Again I was drawn into what she was saying and it was as if she was in the room with me. I must have zoned out because when I came back she said 'Do you understand?', and I answered yes. I have no

idea what she said, and yet I was confident that I could do everything she told me to do.”

“Just now when I was picking out clothes for you to wear I realized that they were all female clothing. It was the most natural thing in the world for me and yet I knew I was following someone’s directions. It was as if I had accepted you as a female and you would allow me to treat you as my female lover.

We have an appointment to see her at six PM tonight. Now you need to get dressed. We have a lot to do today, young lady. Now let’s get you dressed.”

“Cassandra these are woman’s clothes, what gives?”

“You didn’t hear a word I said did you? This is what Lilith said you were to wear today.”

“I’m not a woman Cassandra and I am not going to stand by and be treated like one.”

“Have you looked in a mirror recently, dear. I beg to differ with you. If I didn’t know better I would have sworn that a woman came through that door this morning. You need to look at yourself closely my dear Michelle.”

“My name is Nick, dammit, don’t call me Michelle.”

“Temper, temper Michelle it doesn’t become you.”

“What has gotten into you, Cassandra you seem to have become my jailer and in some ways my Mistress.”

The look in her eye was damning, as she stood there. She seemed to have acquired a presence that demanded obedience.

Exhausted Nick gave up. He walked over to the full length mirror and looked at his naked body. There looking back at him was a tall female with blond hair, small breasts, wide hips, and even without makeup a female face. Large black eye lashes framed his eyes. The blue color surprised him.

“See what I mean, dear.”

Looking down at his groin he was surprised how much hair had grown there. He looked for his penis and couldn't see it.

“Soon you will not even miss it she said.

“See what I mean Michelle there isn't much left of Nick, you will just have to get used to being a woman. We can have so much fun, you and I. I always wanted a lesbian relationship, and now I get to have the best of both worlds.

“Now get dressed dear, and hurry.”

“Nick's hands selected the clothes and put them on quickly. They never missed a beat when it came to corset. He let Cassandra tighten it as he held on to the chains hanging from the ceiling. Her breasts filled the cups and she felt secure in its embrace.

The panties and dress felt comfortable and natural on his body. Putting on the hose he felt sexy, wanting to show off his body to others.

Selecting a red high heel she put them on and walked into the living room.

“Did you look at yourself? You are drop dead gorgeous Michelle. Now let's get your make up on.”

Cassandra didn't miss a trick. Soon his face reflected an inner beauty. He reached up and brushed his hair until it shown. His earrings made a musical note when they bounced off each other.

The woman called Michelle could only look at herself. no words could describe the emotions that echoed throughout her body.

Tears formed on her face as the realization of the facts. Nick looked upon the most beautiful woman he had ever seen. Her green eyes and blond hair set off the facial declaration of femininity that screamed I am beautiful. When one added in the body Michelle was perfect.

Cassandra looked, as the woman broke down into tears. She wanted to rush over to her and hold her, but she dare not for her own attraction to her. She was falling in love with her all over again, besides Lilith had plans for her.

Michelle we need to do some shopping before tonight, I'll drive.

In a haze Michelle walked out the front door into the sunlight.

Her high heels clicked on the side walk as she walked to the car. Somehow she knew just what to do, and when to do it as she slid into the front seat. Her mini skirt exposed her privets.

Her thought process was muddled she knew instinctively what to say and do, but she also knew that all of this was wrong. After all she was a he and whatever was taking place was an affront to the natural order of things.

Cassandra pulled into the parking lot and Michelle slid out of the car. Grabbing her purse they walked side by side into the mall.

She felt it was the most natural experience in the world.

Michelle was taken to Nicole's where she was allowed to select her own underwear and bed clothes. Her breasts had increased in size and mass. She also noticed that her penis had shrunk and her testicles had all but disappeared.

She liked the smooth silky feel of the nylon against her body and the bras gave her confidence as she tried on the different dresses. The shoes were another matter she insisted on ultra high heels and they had to be perfect.

As she was walking out of the store she could feel her body shift as the redistribution of weight and the tight skirt restricted her walk forced her to take small steps. She felt sexy and wanted to show off.

As she was putting on a fresh coat of lipstick she felt a presence behind her. Putting the tube away she looked to her right. A man stood there waiting, patiently.

Ignoring Cassandra he said, "If you will excuse me, Miss but you are the most beautiful woman I have ever seen. I had to speak to you before you left and give you my name and phone number.

Michelle looked at him with her liquid blue eyes and said, "Why thank you Mr.?"

"Davis, Roy Davis."

"Well Mr. Roy Davis that is the kindest complement any man has ever said to me." She knew she had him hooked, but decided to play it cool. Taking his business card she put between her breasts. Thank you for giving a girl a lift when she was down, Roy. I'll call you later, if that's ok?"

He watched as she turned and walked away. Her butt moved up and down in a rhythmic motion that hypnotized him.

“That was crewel Michelle. You didn’t even give him your name. besides you are married, you know.

“I am?”

“Yes, to me you silly girl, you don’t think I would let you break your vows and date other men do you.”

“Yes, I do dear. I am your creation and Lilith’s. You have no controls over me, and neither does she.”

Something came over me and I went up stairs in a huff. I sat down and proceeded to brush my hair until it glowed. I looked at my face. My eyes flashed as I touched up my lipstick. I was pretty. I felt pretty. I heard the door open.

A hand touched my shoulder softly. Sorry, dear I didn’t mean to get you angry. I care for you Michelle. I don’t know what has come over me. This morning I was upset about what happened to you and what you did with Cassandra. I realized that I wanted you to hurt and badly.

I repeated what Cassandra said on the phone. “She said, That I should love the changes that were to take place today. Here let me brush your hair, its so lovely hair and soft. Let’s try a pony tail. You know you should try another color, perhaps red.

All I could do was sit there as she ministered to me.

“Done, Michelle stand up please.”

“I should have yelled that’s not my name. I’m not a woman, I am a man, but I looked in the mirror.

There was the proof staring at me in the mirror. I was confronted by the fact that there was a woman sitting here, not me.

There before me was the prettiest woman I have ever seen. As I moved my hands to touch my face and hair. I exposed the earrings that dangled there. I played with them and they would make a musical notes that made me feel good.

“Cassandra do you know what Lilith did to me?”

“I think she wanted to teach you a lesson Nick. She wanted you to realize that men take advantage of women. They demean them and make them small.

Tell me what did you feel when Mr. Roy Davis talked to you today.”

“I felt angry and I wanted to hurt him Cassandra. I wanted to put him in his place, At the same time I wanted him to take me in his arms and hold me. I wanted to be protected, and loved.”

When Lilith took me to her room last night she spoke softly to me as she made love to me. She told me to remember what she was doing to me because soon I would be just like her bring men under my spell.”

“Good lets go my dearest Michelle we have an appointment with destiny.”

“You mean like this dressed like a woman?”

“Yes, dear. Remember Michelle that Lilith now controls us both and our every move and emotion is directed by her. I feel compelled get you to her house now, I don’t know why but she is forcing me to feminize you against my will. I want you to know

that what ever I do tonight it will forced upon me by Lilith.”

Nick had no control as he walked out the front door and got into the car. He pulled down the mirror and checked his make up a pulled the lipstick from his purse and applied another coat as she drove.

“What is your name”, Cassandra asked?”

“My name isN..... Michelle Ravenwood.”

“What is your name bitch”, she asked again.

“My name is Michelle Ravenwood, I said with convection.”

“Better” she said.

“Who are you married to?”

“I am married to Cassandra Ravenwood”, I said.

“Don’t forget that Michelle, always come home to me please.”

Pulling into the driveway Cassandra stepped out of the car and opened my door. “Get out”, she said. “The Mistress is waiting.”

I looked into her eyes and they were cold and dispassionate. She was not my wife.

“Don’t dotter”, she said, “Move Bitch.”

I stumbled in my high heels and my body felt out of balance as I walked up the stairs to the front door. Cassandra opened the door and motioned for me to enter the house.

“Cassandra you are a good servant you may change into your uniform for the night, you know where it is.”

She bowed slightly and left the room.

“My Nicky how you have changed, sorry its Michelle now isn't it.”

“Yes Mistress.”

“You have learned some manners in the last few hours, nice. Let's see what we can teach you to further your education tonight.”

“Remove your clothes, slave.”

“I could not stop myself as I removed my clothes.”

“Pretty, very pretty” she said. “My spell is working perfectly. I like your breasts just the right size. Now the underwear, dear.

Reaching down she felt my groin region. “Perfect”, she said.

Just then Cassandra returned. She was dressed in latex. It hid nothing, matter of fact it amplified everything she had. In her hand she held a leather whip.

“Shall we retire to the play room, ladies?”

“Lay down Michelle on the bench.”

I laid down on the softest of material. It rose to hug my every curve. “Michelle ask Mistress Cassandra please beat you with her whip.”

“Mistress Cassandra I've been very bad”, I said , “Would you please punish me.”

“My pleasure bitch.”

As she proceeded to beat me, Mistress Lilith pushed an object in my anis. “You will feel uncomfortable for a little bit Michelle, but you will soon warm up to it.”

Slowly it grew and moved in my body it warmed up and felt alive. The combined effects of my wife's beatings and the stimulation caused my nipple to swell. My breasts were being massaged sending waves of pleasure cascading throughout my body.

"How does that feel Michelle", Mistress Lilith said.

"Don't stop, please Mistress, please."

Suddenly she convulsed and lost consciousness.

When I awoke I was in a bed with silk sheets and wearing a nightgown.

"It's about time you woke up sleeping beauty. We were wondering if you were going to enjoy the dildo all morning."

"My wife said, "Here let me remove the dildo from your mouth."

I fought her as best I could I wanted to keep it, it was mine.

"You will get it back dear, don't fret, now let go."

I relinquished my prize to her.

"How.....long.....have I been like this?" My mind was confused, in a daze. It was hard to get it to settle on thought.

"About 24 hours", Mistress Lilith said. We called in to work for you. We said you were sick and would be out for about two days."

"Time to get up dear. you need to clean up and get ready for the day", Cassandra said.

As I stood up I noticed my breasts were bigger and my butt was sticking out more. they seemed to

be balancing out the weight distribution. My feet seemed smaller and my hands daintier.

As I used the toilet I noticed the urine flowing on the floor.

“Sorry about that Michelle”, Cassandra said almost flippantly. I should have warned you to sit down this morning. You see if you were to look down there you would find a vagina where your penis and balls were.

“Clean it up and when you are done with showering and washing your hair come back to the bedroom.”

She double washed her hair and then used a conditioner. The soap had a nice fragrance to it and the lathers made her feel good. Drying off she looked in the mirror. The woman in the mirror smiled at her as she touched her wet hair. Her face looked different. Was her nose smaller, or was it her ears? Something was different.

“Common girl, a voice yelled out from the bedroom, lets get a move on we don’t have all day.”

Using the blow dryer her hair quickly dried and she returned to the bedroom.

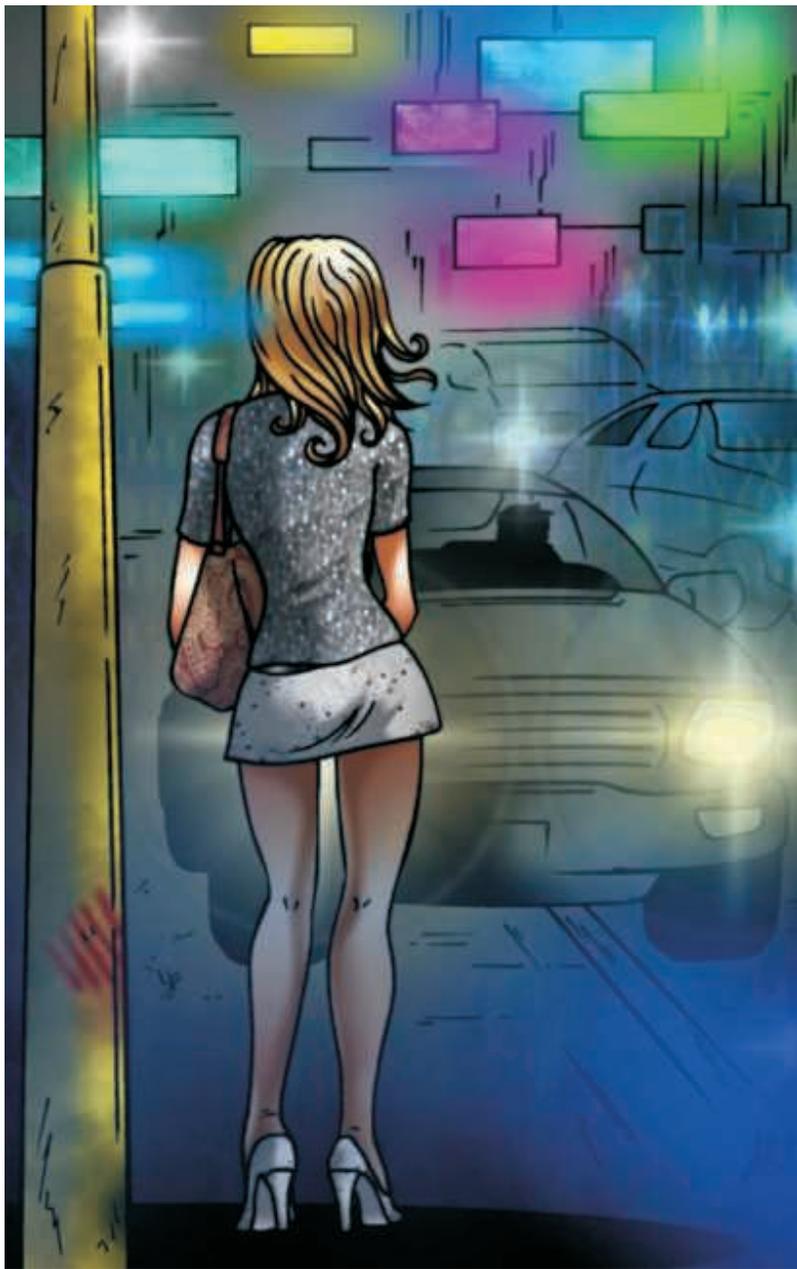
“Well Cassandra what do you think of our girl”, Mistress Lilith said.

“She is beautiful Mistress, as tears formed in her eyes”

What had she done to her husband? How could she have been a party to the desecration of this dear man? All she could say, or do was what Mistress Lilith allowed her.

Michelle was directed to a dressing table where she applied her own make up. she applied her eye-

liner and lashes then her foundation and blush. She applied her lipstick with care as they brushed her hair. Again she wore a pony tail high on her head.



It was almost as if Michelle had replaced Nick as the tenant of her body. Looking in the mirror she moved her massive earrings and put on her necklace.

“Time to get dressed dear”, Cassandra said.

Taking the bra and panties she put them on. She put on her hose and then her metallic mini-skirt. The Sparkle Tee was a perfect match for the skirt. She then put on silver high heels.

Looking in the full-length mirror she looked at what she had done. Shock replaced the feeling of what she should have felt. A beautiful woman filled the mirror. Full breasts and a beautiful rear end completed the image.

It was the face of a woman ready to go to work on second street. Nick cringed at this spectacle. Two days ago he had been a man. Yes, he had made a mistake but the punishment should not have taken this form of abuse. He was not in control all he could do was look and feel. Any response on his part was mental anguish.

A soprano voice said, “I look beautiful Mistress. I feel wonderful, and sexy.

Cassandra said, “Yes, you are beautiful Michelle.”

Mistress Lilith said, “It’s time to go out girls we have to make some money tonight, I have a lot bills to pay.”

Cassandra walked the two-block stretch and was the perfect prostitute. She felt alive and empowered.

Michelle prostituted herself with a flourish. She liked to give blow jobs and only one actual intercourse anal of course.