

FANTASIES/REALITIES

By GERRI BECKEN



ILLUSTRATED BY BRIAN DUKEHART

A 'NEW WOMAN' COLLECTION

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THE APPRENTICE

By Gerri Becken

Witches or Warlocks, Wizards or Enchantress, Sorceress or Sorcerer; names for mythical humans who could control mystical powers and forces to perform tasks beyond those of normal people.

Only we aren't so mythical.

Yes, we. I am one of these people who can control forces that most human's don't know exist.

Being a mage, what we call ourselves, is not all joy and fun. Even the most evil of us (and there have been some very evil Mages) are aware that balance must be maintained. Power comes to those who have both the ability **and** exercise it. I guess it is something like being a star Football quarterback. They must have natural ability and then they must practice, practice, practice, and then practice some more to reach the top of their profession. Ability just makes it possible and maybe a little more easy to become a Mage of power.

There are pluses to being a Mage. As one gains in power, one lives longer. We are not immortal, nor are we invulnerable. It is true that the most senior Mages can protect him or her self against any threat that they detect. It is the threats that aren't detected that sometimes kill a Mage before his or her time.

That was very nearly my problem. It all started when I was a young apprentice. I was lucky enough to apprentice with a very powerful Mage. His powers were nearly unlimited, or so they appeared to me at the time. That was, let's just say it was a very long time ago, when I was young, younger. I remember much of it as if it was yesterday, I well remember my Mentor, Marty. Okay, not all Mage's have impressive sounding names. Marty was impressive with his powers, not his name. Any way, like I said, it was a long time ago.....

“You rang, Master?” I asked as I rushed into the room. My master was seated on a cushion of air, waiting for me.

“Yes. I rang. If you would have been paying attention, you would have noticed the shifting in the aura of mystic powers and been here before I had a chance to call upon you.”

“I am sorry, Master. I shall try to do better.” I promised. I could never satisfy him. He always seemed to expect the impossible from me.

“I doubt you will ever do better.” He said in disgust. “Have you finished the potion I requested?”

“Yes, Master. It is done.” I said, hoping for some praise.

“And?” He asked.

“And I placed it where you told me to, Master.”

“Then back to you studies.”

He didn't give out praise at all. The most praise I got from him was when he didn't tell me what an idiot I was.

Back in my room, sparse to an extreme, I once again began to study.

I could cast spells. Okay, they were just Cantrips, magic not really powerful enough to be called spells. My favorite was conjuring up a small mouse and placing it where Mrs. Millgillcutty would set it free. She was scared to death by mice.

I also could conjure up simple items that had a limited life. I had conjured a cup to replace the one I had broke. It lasted nearly two days. If it only just hadn't failed just when the Master was taking his hot tea. Boy, was he mad!

It had been nearly a year ago when I came to be the apprentice to the Great Master. He had found me in an orphanage, an older boy stuck there for another three years, until I turned eighteen.

“Honest Sam. I haven't got any candy left. If I did I would give it to you. Honest.” Being one of the old hands in the orphanage had some benefits. None of the others could match me in strength, or brains.

I was shaking down George. He was also one of the older boys in the orphanage, but he was short and overweight. Plus he was a coward. A perfect target for my shake down.

I found that I only needed to use my brains (even then it didn't take a lot of my brains) if I had to deal with any of the adults. Only Miss Johnson seemed to care about us. But then, if she spent five minutes a day with each of us, she would be working twelve hour days. The rest of the staff didn't seem to care as long as no one made any trouble. I made sure that no one made any trouble.

It was just about perfect.

Okay it stank. I ruled the roost, but the this roost wasn't worth ruling. I often wished for a way out of here.

Then he came.

At first it was like a dream come true. He arrived with an air of power about him, and in a matter of minutes had completed the entire adoption process (which normally took weeks or months), and we left.

In many ways he was not what he seemed to be.

He did not appear to be the head of a powerful multi-national investment group, Precog, Inc. He was though. A little looking into the future allowed him to pick and choose ventures that would turn a profit; not always a profit in the books, either.

As powerful as he was in the world of business, it was dwarfed by the power he had as a Mage. I had seen him conjure up items of great complexity and durability. He had allowed me watch him work a couple of times, just to show me what I could hope for and how far I had to go.

I was studying hard. I had recently found the recipe for a 'love potion' and was working hard at getting it right. I had my eyes set upon that cute secretary that guarded the front entrance to Marty's business offices. At sixteen, my hormones were ragging at one hundred and ten percent. If it worked, I would score big time!

After much effort and a couple of ruined batches, I was sure I had it perfect. All that was left for me to do was to give it to her and be there when it took.

The next week was terrible I had everything ready, but Marty didn't take me to the office. There was always some studying or equally silly thing I had to do. Finally, my chance came.

Marty needed to spent time in the office and would be tied up in meetings all morning long. A morning with Miss Goodbody would be a real start.

While she wasn't looking I poured the potion into her coffee. I then only had to wait until she drank her coffee and then be there. It sounded simple. Too simple for anything to go wrong, I thought.

Something went wrong. She drank her coffee while I was standing around, just sort of hanging out. It was only a matter of minutes before it would take. I strolled over to her desk and in my most sophisticated voice asked.

"Hey sweet thing, where have you been all of my life." (Hey, I was only sixteen).

She looked at me, the look of love in her eyes, I was sure. She opened her month and....

She threw-up all over me. Before I could get over the shock of her throwing up all over me, she was on the floor in obvious pain.

The para-medics were able to get her to the hospital and have her stomach pumped. She would live.

Marty didn't need to use any magic to know that I had slipped her a bad potion. I swear he was at least ten feet tall when he confronted me.

"Sam. You have abused your powers. Not only did you do that, but you nearly killed an innocent woman. She will be out of the office for two weeks. During that time I shall need a temp. And I know just who to get, too."

"Who?" I asked.

I stopped in shock. My voice wasn't my voice. It was far too soft and sexy. What was worse was that as sexy and feminine my voice sounded, my body was even more sexy and feminine.

“What did you do to me?” I demanded, my voice sounding a little breathless.

“All I have done is to solve two problems. One, I have a temp for the next two weeks. And two, you will learn a very good lesson.” He then laughed at his own joke, “Yes, you shall learn a very good lesson.”

I didn't share his sense of humor. Here I was, the **All American Boy** who now looked more like a Playboy Center fold; the centerfold of the year.

How much like a center fold I looked I discovered that night when I got home. I removed the clothes I was wearing, marveling how such a dainty looking bra was able to hold the massive mounds of feminine flesh that now jutted out from my once male chest.

Mentally I knew that I should be near motionless with uncontrollable lust for this body that I saw in the mirror. Yet, I didn't feel any such lust. I felt pride that my body was so feminine. It was disgusting!

Each day, I rose early, completed whatever task that the Master laid out for me, then prepared for a full day at the office.

With unconscious ease, I was able to apply just the right amount of make-up and choose just the right outfit to appear as a very sexy but professional woman.

The office building was filled with hundreds of other workers, most whom worked for the Master. I found myself actually trying to attract the attention of the men who worked in the building. I took joy from their interest in my body and femininity.

I tried not to remember the joy I took from the many dates I accepted with the men in the office. But I had enjoyed myself and them too much to forget.

I made a few friends amongst the workers. Most of the men were after me for my body and nothing else. The woman, almost to a person, hated me because of my looks. Most thought that beauty and brains were mutually exclusive.

Somehow I managed to make it through the two weeks.

“Well Samatha.” The Master said to me, “You have managed to survive these last two weeks. Have you learned anything?”

“Yes. Master.” I answered. “I have learned that beautiful women suffer because of their beauty. I do not see any reason why women would want to be beautiful.” I concluded.

“You have missed one important reason for women to want to be beautiful.” He said as I took a sip of my drink. “They want to be pleasing to men to find a mate. This is not a sexist statement, because men wish to be attractive to women to find a mate as well.”

I noticed it was starting to get a little warm in here.

“To complete your education with regards to this incident, I have decided that you have but one last lesson to learn. Tonight, I must attend a party. You shall be my date for the evening.”

“How will that complete my education, Master?” I asked, fluffing my hair.

“What do you want to do right now, more than anything else in the whole world?” he asked suddenly, using his voice of compulsion.

I immediately answered. “I want you to find me pleasing, to love me.”

I sat there in shock as my voice said that. What was worse was I knew that I needed to have him find me pleasing, to have him love me.

“Yes. Samatha. I did slip a love potion into your drink. You will gain an understanding of what it means to use potions on others; and you will gain a better understanding of the feminine mind.”

Knowing I had drank a love potion did nothing to lessen the desire I felt for him. I wanted him to love me but knew that I couldn't throw myself at him like a common whore.

“Why don't you go get ready, Samatha.” he suggested.

“*Your wish is but my command, Master.*” I thought as I rose and left the room. My walk was as suggestive as I could make it without appearing cheap.

In my room, I needed to get dressed. I looked at the dress that I had laying on the bed. It didn't seem right. I concentrated upon the dress and slowly drew upon the mystic forces of the universe, channelled them through me into the dress. As I did so, the dress changed, changed as I was directing it to change.

Once done I proceeded to get dressed.

My panties were of the most delicate silk, a wisp of cloth that could do little to conceal or protect.

I rolled my nylons up my long sexy legs, enjoying the feeling of the nylons against my hair free legs.

My make-up was put on with a expertise that I had never reached before. So perfect was it that no one would suspect me of wearing make-up; yet my beauty was greatly enhanced by its presences.

I carefully drew my gown up over my body. The changed gown clung to my figure, seemingly held there only by simple surface tension. A little more concentration and I felt the zipper at the back of my gown effortlessly gild up my spine encasing my lower body in what could only be considered liquid metal, such an impression the silver gown gave as it moved with my littlest movement.

I slipped my feet into my high heeled shoes. With a little bit of concentration a mirror appeared in front of me. As I did a slow turn in front of the mirror, my image turned so that I could see myself from all sides.

My firm, full breasts were uplifted, as if by magic leaving no doubt to their presences. Many of men would be drooling over them tonight, but there was only one man in whom I was interested.

Right on time, I joined the Master, ready to go to the party that he needed to attend.

“I see that I only needed to find the right incentive and you really blossom, Samatha darling.” He said, complimenting me upon my use of the mystic powers.

“Why thank you, *Marty*.” I said, his name sounding like quicksilver as I spoke. “Are we ready to go?”

“I can see that I must be well on my guard against you tonight, my dear. If I am not, I may fall prey to your charms.”

“Would that be so bad?” I almost purred to him.

“While you are under the influence of the love potion; yes, it would be.” He answered, leaving unsaid what he would like to do if I wasn't under the potion's influence.

As we traveled to the party I sat close to him. I asked, “Why did not my love potion work, *Marty*?”

“I shall tell you only to keep your mind busy for a while. Yours didn't work because you did not use the second part of the potion.”

“The second part? The love potion is a binary potion. How innovative. Thus you drank the second part, making sure that no one else would be of interest to me.” I cooed at him.

“Exactly my dear. That way you avoid that unwanted occurrence where the wrong person becomes the source of the affections.”

“How long will the potion last?”

“The part you drank will work forever; or until the part I drank wears off. If I were to drink more then I would be able to continue your affections to me forever. However; with having said that, the potion will wear off in about twelve hours. Until then, you will have an uncontrollable desire to be pleasing to me, of desiring me, of wanting me. You don't mind, do you?”

“Not in the least, *Marty*.” I purred at him again.

The party was not all that interesting. Dinner was okay. When *Marty* took me in his arms on the dance floor, I felt like I was in heaven. I never wanted the evening to end. I wanted him to take me and make me his woman.

Several hours after arriving at the party it came time for us to leave. I was doing what I could to interest *Marty* in spending the night with me. Each trick I tried he was able to counter, but I was keeping him on his toes.

I don't know if it was my keeping him pre-occupied, or if it was fate. All I remember is hearing the sharp sounding Bang and *Marty* fell forward.

Even as I sensed the life leaving his body, he cast one last spell, the suspend animation spell, encasing himself in a time where a month passed like a second to him.

The Master woke in his room. I appeared in his room even before he recovered. “Samatha. I am glad to see that someone of my friends was able to get to me to lift the spell and heal my wound. Whom did you contact?”

“Drink this first, Master.” I said. “You need it to help your strength return.”

I watched as he drank the fluid I had given him. Once it was gone I then answered his question.

“I was not able to contact any wizard, mage or other, I knew not how to do so. I thus went to your library and studied your books, learning at last what I needed to know.”

“You did well to learn how to reverse the spell on your own. I doubted that any could have done so in less than twenty years.”

“You are right. I needed nearly thirty years to learn how to reverse the spell you cast and to heal your wound. Yet, there was more I needed to know.” I said.

He wiped his hand across his brow. “Thirty years have passed since I was shot?” He asked in surprise.

“Longer than that amount of time passed since you were shot.”

“It seems hot in here.” He said. “How long has it been?”

“Nearly fifty years has passed.” I said.

He loosed the collar of his shirt. “Fifty years. But you do not look like you have aged at all.”

“One of the other things I needed to find was a way to stay young. It was that quest that took most of the last twenty years.”

He wiped his hand across his brow again. “But even I am not that powerful.”

“You are right. The final part was the recipe for a potion, one that I finally found. One that will never wear off.”

“What potion?” He asked, his breath coming in shorter gasps of air.

“For fifty years I have been a woman, a woman who had to settle for second best. But no more Marty. For now I am in control. You will serve my need that has been only partially served by others over the last fifty years. The potion was a love potion.”

If Marty had any problems with that thought they were overcome by his need to satisfy the beautiful woman in front of him.

Fifty years is a lot of loving to make up. I thought as I felt him enter me for the first of ten's of thousands of times to come. No longer was I **The Apprentice**.

WISHES DO COME TRUE

By Gerri Becken

“Why did I accept being a cheerleader for the Powder Puff game.” I asked myself for easily the hundredth time.

I knew the answer. Mary Beth Millgillicutty had asked me. I could not say no to Mary Beth.

My parents thought it would be educating for me to be a Powder Puff cheerleader. Mother claimed I would have a better understanding of girls having spent an evening as one. Father seemed to think that I would prove my manhood by not being afraid to be a woman. I didn't quite understand his point of view. It didn't matter, I could not get out of being a cheerleader.

I was getting dressed in my room. Mother had bought or lent me everything I needed. I had two balloons filled with water in the bra I wore. The tight panty girdle hid all signs of maleness below my waist. My hair was long enough that I really didn't need a wig. I had it tied into short pony tail, that didn't reach my shoulders. I held it there by blue and yellow hair bands. Blue and yellow were our school colors.

I put on the cheerleader outfit and adjusted myself for the most comfort; or really the least uncomfortable position.

I put on some lipstick and ran an eye line pencil on my eye brows to give the appearance of arched eye brows.

I was not a very pretty looking girl. I had to use my imagination to even consider myself a girl.

Mother said as I ventured into the living room, “You look great, Patrick; or should I say Patti.”

“For tonight.” I said in a falsetto voice, “I think Patti is okay.” I gave her an exaggerated flip of my hand.

Father entered and asked, “And who is this pretty young lady?”

“Do I look okay?” I asked, doing a slow turn.

“If you looked any better, I might consider running away to some deserted island with you.” Father lied.

“I just hope I don't make a total fool out of myself.” I said.

“Loosen up and enjoy yourself. Mother suggested. ”If you act like you are hiding something, everyone will think it is true. Act like this is normal and no one will tease you.”

I doubted her advice.

“You sure you don't want a ride to the school?” Father asked.

“Mary Beth Millgillicutty is stopping by to pick me up.” I said.

Father gave me a knowing look and said. “Fine.” He knew that I was sweet on Mary Beth.

Mother then gave me some last minute advice on appearing more feminine.

Finally Mary Beth arrived. Father answered the door, letting her in. He called for me, “Patti, Mary Beth is here.”

“Coming Father.” I said, as I stood up and went to the door.

“You look pretty.” Mary Beth told me as I neared the door. “I just knew you would be able to do this.”

I felt better because she had said that.

“We had better be going.” She then said. “The cheerleaders are to arrive early to help get the crowd into the mood.”

“Okay.” I said. “I guess I am ready.” I wasn't too sure if I was really ready, but I headed out anyway.

I lived a couple of short blocks from the stadium and were walking rather than driving. There wasn't much student parking at the stadium, even for cheerleaders.

“You shouldn't worry.” Mary Beth said as we headed down the street. “The Varsity Club has agreed to protect the cheerleaders from any hazing both during the game and afterwards. You look real enough to pass, but not so real that people would talk.” She was trying to calm my nerves.

We hadn't gone very far when Mary Beth pointed out a little girl playing near the road. “She shouldn't be playing that near the road.” Mary Beth said.

Mary Beth had barely finished saying that when the little girl's ball rolled out into the road. Before either of us could say anything, a large car came racing around the corner.

I reacted rather than thought. I dove at the girl, catching her and throwing both of ourselves clear of the car, which continued around the corner, never to be seen again.

“Are you okay?” I asked the girl.

“Yes.” She said. She was old enough to understand that I had just saved her life, even if she had not been old enough to play that close to the road. “You saved me.”

“I guess so.” I said. “Are you sure you are okay?”

“Yes.” She said. “I must reward you.” She said.

She pulled out of the pocket of her skirt a small plain looking stone. She handled it like it was the crown jewels or something as valuable.

“You can have my wishing stone.” She said.

“I don't really want any reward.” I said.

“Please.” She said.

I figured that if I took the plain rock which she imagined to be of some importance, she would feel better.

“I will accept your wishing stone.” I said, “If you promise to stay away from the road when you play.”

“I promise.” She said. She then asked me, “Why are you dressed as a girl?”

Mary Beth had joined us by that time. She answered for me. “It is for the Powder Puff football game. Patti is one of the cheerleaders.”

The little girl looked at me strangely before accepting Mary Beth's answer. She waved bye as she skipped toward her house.

“She knew I was a guy.” I said once the little girl was out of ear shout. “She knew.”

“So what if she knew.” Mary Beth said. “Everyone at the game is going to know.

I wanted to believed Mary Beth, but I still made a silence wish. *“I wish that I can look enough like a girl that every one will think of me as a girl, not as a guy dressed as a girl.”*

I felt a strange feeling come over me. If I had been looking at her, I might have noticed, Mary Beth shake her head as if trying to clear her vision, but I didn't see it.

“We had better hurry Patti, or we will be late.”

We reached the school about an hour before the game was to start. Mary Beth left me here, as she was going to play in the game.

Ms. Birchwood, the cheerleader advisor met me at the gate to the stadium. “Patti. I am so glad you could make it! I am sure you being here with help the guys appear more like real cheerleaders.”

“She is obviously trying to ease my fears.” I thought. *“And she is going about it all wrong.”*

I didn't have a chance to say anything before she continued. “I had hoped the boys would be here by now. Your being here to help will be sure to help them with their cheers. They will feel much better because you are helping them.” With that she was off like a shot.

Ms. Birchwood was like that. She never could stand still.

While I stood waiting for the other guys to show up, Bob Armstrong, the Varsity Quarterback showed up. “Hi Patti. It is really great that you are helping out like this.”

Bob and I had been friends since, forever. As kids we had been in Cub Scouts together. He had continued on in Boy Scout and had earned his Eagle rank, while I had

dropped out. While we were almost complete opposites, there was some mystical tie between us that kept us friends.

Before I could ask him why he was treating me like a girl the rest of the Varsity Club showed up and with them came the other cheer leaders.

Somehow it just seemed right that I take charge of the guys and we went off to begin to warm up for the crowd.

I found that the cheers seemed to be easy for me to run, almost as if I had been practicing them for years. I hadn't but I didn't worry as I saw and corrected what the others were doing wrong.

By kick off each of them were doing a lot better.

At half time, as we took a short break to recover before cheering the crowd on, Bob came by with a coke for me. "It looked like you worked up a thirst, Patti." He said handing me the coke. "You did a real good job teaching the guys cheers. You are a natural."

Before I could say much, the sound of someone hassling one of the `girls' could be heard.

"I will see you later, Patti." Bob said and went off with a couple of others from the Varsity Club to protect the cheer leader from the hassal.

During the second half we worked all the harder with the cheers. As the game neared the end, my hair was nearly plastered to the back of my neck. I could feel the sweat running down my chest between my `breasts'. I was working myself to exhaustion, but then so were the other guys.

The game ended with the senior Class winning. We completed the cheers for both the winning and the losing teams.

Bob stopped by again as we finished the cheers and the crowd began to filter out of the stadium. "You were great, Patti." He said, as he came up to me.

"Thanks for the compliment, Bob. We just did what any `girl' would have done cheering for the `guys'."

"You aren't just any girl, Patti. You are special."

Before he could say anything else my mother called out from the crowd. "Patti. Hurry up, your father is in a hurry to get home."

"Coming Mother." I shouted back to her.

"You had best be going." Bob said. "Be seeing you around."

"Okay." I said. "And thanks for the coke." I added as he left.

"You were great, Honey." Mother said when I met her at the bottom of the stadium steps.

"Thanks Mom." I said.

"I bet you want to get home and shower before you put on your nightie and go to bed."