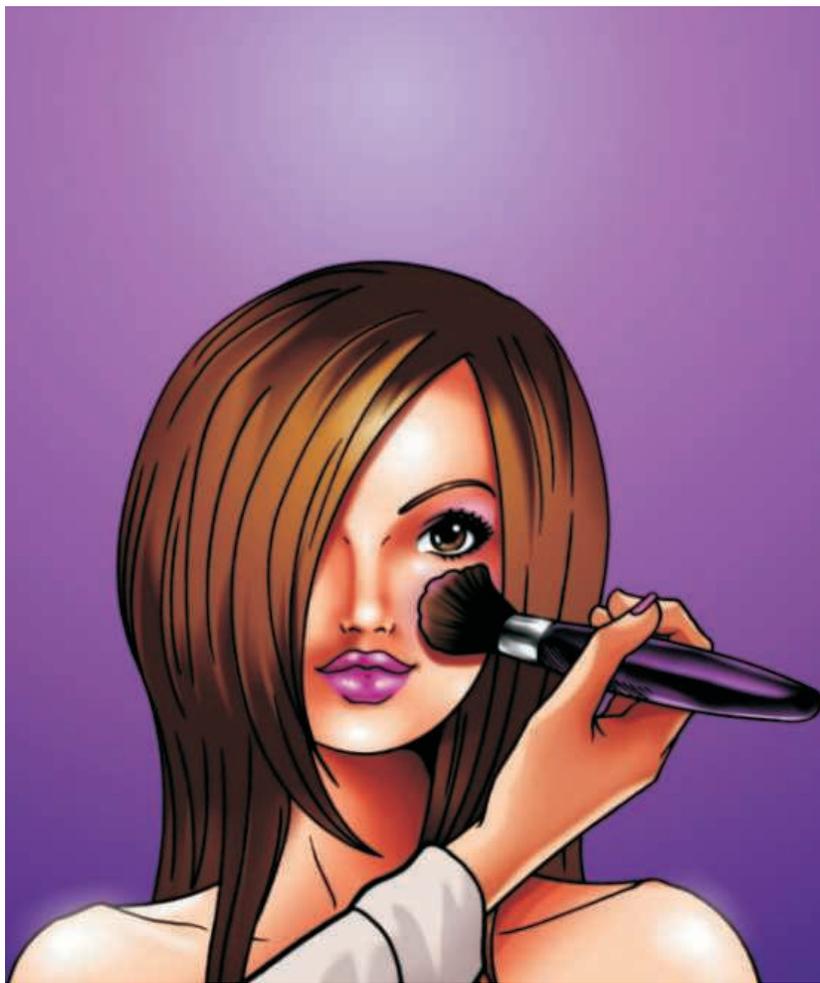




*Reluctant Press* presents:

# TRUE WEREWOMAN TALES: BROKEN CURSE

Dee Dee Perri



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A 'NEW WOMAN' E-BOOK

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# TRUE WEREWOMAN TALES: THE BROKEN WERE-CURSE

**By Dee Dee Perri**

## **Chapter 1**

Fred hurried up to his bedroom carrying his purchases in his arms, the May Company's plastic and paper bags crinkling, the pleasant sounds made all the more enjoyable by his expectations for the coming evening. He had been over a week without his alter ego, his female were-self, *Misty Desire*. Normally, for twenty-eight and a half days a lunar month, he was a twenty-nine year old celibate male. His unwanted celibacy was an open wound that resulted from all together too many reasons to think about. But it was the remaining twelve hours of that lunar month that were particularly significant. With the rise of the full moon, which would happen tonight, September twelfth, at precisely seven-oh-one in the early evening, he would be five inches shorter and sixty pounds lighter, neither statistic was particularly significant, it was the sex-change that he would undergo that would surely grab your attention. He was a *werewoman* and, unlike his sex life, *hers* was decidedly awesome and why not, she was a busty, hot little redhead that men just couldn't refuse.

Four months ago he was *just* Fredrick Freeman and life had been simple. Back then he had a fine, successful business, a gorgeous fiancée and a very modern and richly furnished apartment in downtown LA. He knew who he was and pretty much liked his life as he edged into his middle years. Just a couple of days after consuming a were-spell potion, he was thinking of having breast implants, he ended his engagement with his gorgeous fiancée Sandra after telling her that he had ah- gender issues and his newly discovered feminine personality had played havoc with his previously thriving business. He was soon having a fretful homosexual relationship with his best friend, one David Alexander, and, with the next full moon, he had had awesome lesbian sex with the one true love of his life, his were-bonded mate, Elizabeth, an elegant Victorian *were-lady*. Confused? If Fred hadn't become pregnant, he would have never known the relative pleasures of simply being Misty, an exotic dancer. But he, or rather, she had become pregnant and thus she had remained as Misty for almost six weeks which explains why it has only been a few days since he was her and not twenty eight and a half days.

The world of Fredrick Freeman was now far from simple. That business he'd had was now a legal nightmare and his creditors hounded him, constantly. They wanted more blood than this turnip had to give, indeed, he was flat broke and his credit and name was utterly ruined. He was living with his mother, now. What twenty-nine year old male would want to do that and worse, his dear Mama thought his alter-ego, his werewoman, was a perfect slut and hated her with a passion that bordered on murderous. Working a strip joint as Misty Desire and pulling in three-four hundred dollars a night in tips, now seemed like a dream come true except, of course, not being pregnant she could exist but a few hours during the full moon, twelve hours to be exact.

Having created and operated his own business it was a long way down for Fred to be working as an hourly employee at a warehouse with a dickhead for a supervisor, at fifty cents above minimum wage. But for a few hours tonight he would be that sexy redhead, that hot young babe and yes, he would get lucky tonight. Men couldn't keep their hands off of Misty. He opened the bag holding his new bra and held the garment up to his chest. It was a sweet, lacy, black demi cup, size thirty-two 'C' designed to push up the breasts and maximize the visible cleavage. He set it on the dresser and pulled out the matching black lacy panty and held it against his crotch. It was so small, more of a thong than a proper panty. At five-eleven and one hundred and seventy pounds, neither the bra nor the panty could possibly be worn by him, but in a few minutes...

He pulled out a black cocktail dress from the closet. Cut ultra low in the front, that new demi bra would really help display her breasts. It was all about cleavage, he purred. He couldn't remember the last time he'd had sex as a man, well as a *real* man. After the *were-spell* his best friend had given him, he'd been more female than male inside so it had been at least four months and, to be sure, it would have been with Sandra his ex-fiancée, odd how he couldn't quite bring that memory back into focus. Sex as a werewoman was simply sex raised to a higher power. It was as addictive as... ah- sex? He looked at the clock, another twenty minutes until moon rise. He was supposed to be at work tonight at

eight, hell if that was going to happen. He'd be out looking for another job tomorrow. He shrugged mentally, so? Tonight was his night, our night... *her* night.

He couldn't get dressed or even put on makeup until after he'd transitioned into Misty, so he sat there naked in his bed room waiting. This werewoman thingy had originally been part of a bonding spell, you know like a love potion? Anyhow, he wasn't bonded anymore, leastwise he didn't think so. Love can be sweet Hell and, for him, it had been more Hell than sweet. Misty, on the other hand, was a bit gaga over the notion of being in love, maybe it was a female thing. Love was certainly not Fred's bag. He'd be perfectly happy just fucking tonight and, as a sexy werewoman, she'd have no difficulty finding companionship. He got up and looked at his face, soon to be her face. Yeah, if he had his druthers, he'd choose to be Misty *but* without all the goopy stuff inside, more like a man in that fantastic body. What part of love was better than sex? Women, cursed Fred. Even having been one for over six weeks he still didn't understand them nor did he particularly want to understand them.

He began to pace back and forth, thinking. David, his best friend and former lover, had actually altered his female were image, but how? David had gone from a pretty ordinary were-girl to a strikingly beautiful were-Lady. Ok, so David had a better imagination than he did, David was a successful writer after all. Fred stopped pacing and looked at his image in the mirror. Did he really want to be Misty again? She sure was a ditz. Ok, to be entirely honest, she wasn't just a ditz, Misty was a stupid syrupy headed bimbo. And those romantic yammering... he suddenly realized, now faced with the certainty of her return, he'd rather be someone else, no less sexy of course, but definitely not that air head. Staring at his unaltered reflection in the mirror he threw out a challenge: "NO! Not her, not *that* Misty."

He began to giggle as that sticky, sweet syrup started to spread across *her* cortex. She clutched her fingers into fists as Fred fought Misty's return but it was too little too late. He still had no idea how David had pulled that trick, not that Misty cared and then Fred was simply gone.



Fred's mother was heading to the kitchen to start breakfast, about seven thirty the next morning, when she found her twenty-nine year old son asleep on the couch. She doubled back to the hallway and retrieved a blanket from the hall closet which she used to cover his half naked body. Freddy looked like a sausage stuffed inside that tiny black dress and how he could have ever gotten it on in the first place was a mystery to her, short of magic of course. That he'd had on no underwear was all too evident since the skirt was hiked up around his waist. She quickly covered him with the blanket and then picked up a black bra she found lying on the floor beside him and a pair of black high heels. Neither the bra nor the shoes were of a size that he could have worn as a male. Tears brightened her eyes as she turned and placed these items on the coffee table before heading once again to the kitchen. Yes, there had been a full moon last night. It was a strange world indeed if curses

and spells were real. She'd always been taught otherwise, there was no such thing as magic. To be honest, she'd never really believed what the grownups had said to her when she was a child. Magic just was, right? Was there any culture in the world that the concept of magic didn't exist?

As she entered her kitchen she couldn't help but think of things the way they had been but a few months earlier. Freddy had always been a good boy, not as bright as his cousin David, but more level headed, responsible. Just before all this horror started, her Freddy had brought home a woman that he had planned to marry; Sandra had been a very sweet girl. Mrs. Freeman grabbed a paper towel and dabbed at her face wiping at tears that had come forth unbidden. Freddy's life had been on course and certain, a successful businessman and soon, there would have been grandchildren. She'd been happy for him and for herself at that fleeting moment in time. It would have been better if her Freddy had been killed in an automobile accident, she thought and then quickly recoiled at the very idea. What kind of mother was she, she asked herself that would wish her own son dead? Her hands were shaking as she started to make coffee.

It was better that it was her son lying on that couch in a dress than that... slut. She would never forget that day the David had brought *her* home, Misty. She'd known girls like her and they all came to a bad end eventually but to think her sister's son David had actually had a hand in making her sweet Freddy into that horrid were-creature, well it was enough to give her pause. She should be angry where it counted. David had turned her Freddy into that monster. He should have made things right with poor Freddy but no, he was running around the world with that cow he married. She slammed down the coffee pot nearly breaking it and flopped down on a chair and began to cry. Her Freddy was a victim and not the monster. The real monster was David.

She made up her mind to pay her sister, David's mother, a visit and she wouldn't come home until she and Ester had found a way to do right by Freddy. But how can you remove a curse that turned her good son into a were-slut? She'd talked to her old priest, Father Paul-John, but while he hadn't laughed at her it was obvious that he hadn't believed her either. She'd even gone to her deceased husband's rabbi. That man had made her angry when he insisted it was a mental problem and not a curse. The mind cannot make a big man into a tiny woman and even an uneducated woman like herself knew that. There had to be someone out there that could help her poor Freddy.

~oOo~

"Hey Gordo, you going to class?"

Gordon Ranger lifted his head slightly, squinting in the bright sun light that streamed through his open window at his frat brother, "Christ, Andy, what time is it anyway?"

"Eight-forty."

Gordy started to sit up and then laughed, "Fuck-it." He flopped back. U.S. History? He'd cut that lecture before. "Take notes for me bro, ok?" He muttered as he closed his

eyes. He hadn't gone to sleep until after four this morning. He opened one eye to look at his frat brother who was still standing in the door way, "You missed one hell of a party last night."

Andy looked at him, his face twisted into a sad grimace, "Yeah, so everybody's been telling me." He leaned against the door frame, his head cocked. "So this bitch just came through your bedroom window in the middle of the night, Gordo?"

Gordon sat up and swung his feet to the floor. "She wasn't just some bitch old pal, she was totally awesome. Tits out to here." He waved his arms out like she had cannons for boomers.

"Jimmy said something like that when I came in this morning, a real screamer, huh?"

Gordon laughed at the memory, he'd been the first to have her. Nobody would have ever known she was there in the basement of the old frat house with him but then she had cum and, well, she screamed like a banshee. "It like totally freaked me out when she did that Andy. The next thing I knew everyone in the frat house last night except Norman was down here. It was a fucking orgy man, like totally."

"Awesome." Andy said sadly and started to turn away, "Ah- what happened to your shoulder?"

"The fucking bitch went like nuts, you know, before she started cuming? Anyhow I think she must have bit me, I guess."

"You guess? You don't remember?" He stepped closer now looking at the wound on Gordon's shoulder where it met his neck. "That's a pretty nasty bite."

"Trust me, I had other things on my mind at that moment, Andy. Best fuck ever, ok? A-number-one, If a ten was perfect, she was a thirty-eight point five."

Andy looked sadder still as if to say just my luck pulling an all-nighter in the chemistry lab. "You know you should have that shoulder looked at. Human bites are worse than getting bitten by a dog, man, really nasty germs you know?"

"Sure Andy I'll keep that in mind." He reached under the cover and pulled out the panty she'd left behind and then flipped it toward his frat brother, "Take a whiff Bro. She was one swell lay."

~oOo~

Fred awoke with a raging hard on which, was doubly ironic, considering the night his werewoman had just had. Big hormone fluctuations seemed to go in hand with the transformations. Misty had always been super hot right after she appeared but when she'd gotten pregnant and had remained female for almost a full six weeks, well her libido had declined to almost normal proportions. She'd had plenty of opportunities to 'get laid' while working at the Broadway Gentleman's Club, and had sometimes declined the op-

portunity, which said something, right? And that period when she knew she was pregnant and was looking for Mr. Right? It was less about lust and more about hooking up with a guy. In fact, by the second week of being Misty on a continuous basis, she showed the same preference patterns common to most women, she would have been essentially monogamous with the right guy, go figure.

“Oh Christ,” Fred swore softly as he started to sit up. He’d fallen asleep in that sweet, little cocktail dress. He didn’t have to look to know that it was ruined now. He got up, picked up his bra and shoes off the coffee table and hurried to his bedroom to change. The short skirt now barely covered his crotch and the low cut top was digging into his chest well below his nipples and threatening to cut him in two. He took a quick look at his image before heading up the stairs, he was a man in a dress, of that there was no doubt and there was nothing sensuous about that image.

Half an hour later, he was sitting in the kitchen having a cup of coffee. Freshly shaved and showered he should have been at peace with himself. Sure it was a full twenty eight days before the next full moon but last night would have satisfied anyone’s sexual hunger, even a were-bitch. But Misty last night hadn’t gone out to satisfy her sexual desires, she had been trying desperately to make a baby and that was a sobering fact. Now that she knew the connection between pregnancy and retaining her existence beyond the night of the full moon, she would continue to do so until she succeeded. And then, what? Become a welfare mother? Fred wanted more out of life than what Misty, on her own, would create. Fred was way smarter than Misty but during the full moon, well, Misty ran the show, enough said?

Misty and Fred shared one thing in common, memory. Last night was vividly etched in Fred’s mind as if it had been him and not her that had taken on eleven young, healthy men. Almost orifice in her body had been utilized and often concurrently. Upon reflection, some of the combinations seemed simply impossible. And being Misty was every bit as sensuous as being with Misty or perhaps more so and even the little things mattered. Like Fred could still feel the pull of her skirt while she walked and the wobbly tug of her breasts even while captured inside that bra. Getting ready to go out last night, doing the makeup and all, alone with but the anticipation of what the night might bring, he found it shockingly stimulating even now. He was growing a stronger attachment to the idea of wearing feminine clothing, of being her if only to pretend. It was all very unsettling. As a male he had no sex life and as Misty, well it was almost dream like in its perfection and addictive in its intensity.

Being a werewoman was like being made sexually complete for a few hours every month and then having to endure one’s natural limitations for the other twenty-eight and a half days. So if Misty found a way to be female twenty-four-seven, more power to her, but in poverty? That really was the thorn in that particular bouquet wasn’t it. David, his were mate, could fix that, if and when he returned to the States and in the mean time? Fred decided he’d go to the warehouse and beg for his job back. He looked at the wall clock, it was only three in the afternoon, so he had some time to kill. If only Misty had gone out last night ‘hooking’ things wouldn’t be as tight as they were now. His mother was entirely

wrong about Misty, she'd be a fine daughter under the right circumstances. Sex for money just wasn't her style.

He heard a car drive up. Well he wouldn't be alone for the whole afternoon at least. He looked out expecting to see his mother coming up the walk, instead it was a nightmare from his past. "Nancy!" He swore under his breath.



God had been in the process of making a man when he abruptly changed his mind and created Nancy, or at least that was the way Fred saw it. Nancy had been David's lady's maid back when David had first started dressing in Victorian women's clothes some three-four months back, but that was ancient history now. Nancy had soon been elevated to David's personal secretary and confidant and then, after Nancy drank the last of the were-spell potion, she became a *wereman*, a role which suited her perfectly apparently. It was in that last role, as a *wereman*, that she'd impregnated Misty, Fred's female were-self, so there was ample history between them of a most personal nature. But Nancy had bonded with David, or more correctly with his female were-self, Elizabeth, the same night that she'd impregnated Misty. Weremales were not, apparently, anymore monogamous than most men.

Anyhow, that was the least relevant of their shared histories. Nancy had never liked Fred when he and David were bonded and that dislike had fused into raw hatred powered mostly by jealousy after she and David had bonded and then married, yes married. The good looking and rich David was now married to this human fire hydrant. She had literally driven Fred out of David's life. That she was here signaled good news, that is she and David were back in the country after a two month honeymoon, after all bonded weres were seldom far apart. That she was here alone at this moment, however, was not. Fred was tempted to pretend that he wasn't home, that plan failed the instant Nancy tugged on the door knob and found it unlocked. The door slammed open and banged against the adjacent wall and then Nancy's thick form filled the opening darkly.

"Hey! You guys just got back from your honeymoon, huh?" Fred's voice had come out more as a scared simper worthy of Misty encountering a very large German Sheppard than Fred greeting a woman he detested. Fred was, after all, a male and several inches taller than this 'girl', surely stronger and, well, more than capable of defending himself against the likes of Nancy. Except, he wasn't seeing this stocky young woman, what he glimpsed instead, just underneath that slab of girl flesh, was the very real *wereman* inside. Indeed, the sight of Nancy looming in silhouette had brought Misty to the surface and Misty was no man at all. Fred gulped and his knees knocked together, as his residual manhood began to disappear like water flushing away in a toilet. Nancy exuded a potent masculine presence that made a lie of her female form and had made a mockery of Fred's own rather tatter and fragile manhood, it was the latter that was in full retreat. It was too late to run, so he stood there frozen like a frightened rabbit, cowered as Misty grew stronger and stronger inside him.

"I have come to claim you," Nancy said, her voice husky, almost angry.

Fred back peddled almost to the foot of the stairs, "Say- *what?*"

"I should not have driven you away."

"Yeah, sure," Fred squeaked. "It was the right thing to do, right? No hard feelings, you and David getting married and all, I would have been just a third wheel anyway, Nancy."

"I didn't know that you were pregnant then," she said striding into the house, hands on her broad hips looking more like a captain on a ship than a mere visitor. She exuded confidence like the Alpha male she carried inside her body.

"Everything is ok now, see. I'm not pregnant anymore." Fred grimaced, shrugged, and then spayed out his hands palms up.

And then Nancy bellowed like a bull moose, "That baby was as much mine as it was yours!" She took two more steps and stopped and glared, "That will not happen again. Come, we're leaving." She turned away as if expecting Fred to mildly follow her.

Fred was shaking and grabbed himself around the waist with both hands, "You're fucking nuts if you think..."

She turned and her eyes glowed amber, her body shimmered as if it were about to take on the complete wereman form, a massive, powerful hulk. It didn't happen but it was there none the less. "You-are-my-bitch, Misty."

Her voice echoed inside Fred's head. He mewed as his feet began to answer the command that his head could not accept. There was something supernatural happening, something unexpected. He was almost completely Misty now though the body was still Fred's. Misty wanted to be possessed and, most of all, wanted to exist as a complete person. It was there as an open promise, the wereman had impregnated her before and he could do it again. She giggled as she followed the stocky wereman. Inside, now deeply buried, Fred was horrified to discover that he was no longer in control of his own body. It was like the full moon had risen, but that was impossible, last night was the full moon. There was something very weird going on here and then his consciousness winked out like a gutted candle flame.



It was a five hour ride out of the city and into the mountains. It was also the weirdest afternoon and evening in Misty's brief life. In some ways it was the worst of all possible worlds. Misty was an intellectually challenged bimbo but Misty was also a very sexy young woman, normally, that is, the latter was not true at the moment. It was Misty in Fred's body. It was so wrong. She was now vividly aware of that penis between her legs. And, to be absolutely truthful, the erotic implications began to register. And soon, she found her new condition, ah- interesting.

There was no bond between Misty and Nancy, no love connection, only the vivid sexuality of a wereman that lurked inside Nancy's fleshy envelope, a sexuality that would not nor could not be fully expressed until the next full moon almost four weeks away. Not that Misty wasn't drawn to Nancy, she was, like a moth to a flame. And the presence of her newly acquired penis led to some interesting possibilities.

There was a huge side effect from her contact with Nancy, a gigantic bonus that she was slow to comprehend at first but once discovered, hit her like a lightning bolt: she was conscious, aware and in control of this *male* body and *there was no full moon*. "Thank you, thank you, thank you..."

"Excuse me?" Nancy looked at Misty like she'd lost his mind, "for what?"

"I'm free of that dreadful man and you have no idea of how good that feels." She unbuckled her seat belt and leaned across to kiss Nancy's cheek, which she did with gusto. "My knight in shining armor."

"Please," responded Nancy, "Misty, the seat belt?" Her voice showed irritation. She waited until she heard the click of the seat belt and then added, "Trust me, this wasn't exactly my idea."

"David?"

"Elizabeth."

"Oh-my-gosh, she must be pregnant then!" Misty yelped. This brought a smile to Nancy's face and then a nod. "I hope I can be so lucky next full moon," added Misty, her excitement evident in her voice and agitated comportment.

Nancy shrugged, "That's the plan. Elizabeth has been hounding me ever since we returned to the States to make us, the three of us, a family." Nancy looked across at Misty, "You wouldn't mind being my second wife, would you?"

Misty's mouth formed a 'O'. "That would be so... fab," she gushed. She was so excited now, she could hardly wait. It wasn't the idea of being Nancy's second wife that so excited her, it was the idea, even the possibility that she and Elizabeth could be together again. She gave a long sideways glance at the wereman, did Nancy suspect or even care how sexually excited that notion was to Misty: her and Elizabeth together, forever? She was sure glad that she'd come with Nancy now, Lord knows things were looking up and up and up. She reached across and touched the wereman's arm lightly, "I would be so into being your wife Nancy."

"Nan," Answered Nancy.

"Ok, Nan," Misty grinned. Her and Elizabeth together again and now that she had a penis, well, the possibilities were utterly endless.



Misty wanted to throw herself into Elizabeth's arms. Had she been Fred, well Fred would have deemed it wiser to figure out the lay of the land and move cautiously. But Misty was anything but cautious and had absolutely no impulse control. She did throw herself into Elizabeth's arms, having pushed aside Nancy rather rudely. Apparently Nancy was taken aback by Misty's exuberance as was Elizabeth herself. The fully curvaceous body, soft and ripe, against Misty's male body, sweet Lord thought Misty, I've died and gone to heaven. "I missed you so much my dearest Elizabeth." Her words were heartfelt. Elizabeth, after all, had been the very core of both Fred's and her's passion for months. And Elizabeth wasn't wearing that dreadful corset and her ample breasts were unfettered. Already Misty's new penis was at rigid attention, a fact that Elizabeth could hardly have ignore. And Misty's tongue was in her mouth, her lips crushing hers. Whoa, she thought as she realized, finally, that Elizabeth was not returning that passion, indeed Elizabeth seemed to grow more rigid as the seconds passed. Finally Misty freed Elizabeth and held her at arm's length. "Sorry, I guess I got a little carried away?"

Elizabeth's one eyebrow was elevated as she drew back and, over Fred shoulder, Nancy called out, "Are you all right dear?"

Elizabeth blushed and stood aside to let Misty enter the house. In the next second, Elizabeth and Nancy were in each other's arms and the kiss that followed between the two bonded weres was far longer and more intense than was really necessary, they had been separate for but a few hours.

Misty stood there for a moment as she watched the two 'lovers', she was embarrassed. Finally she went inside. That was pretty un-cool she realized. And rather startling just how intense her reaction had been to Elizabeth: she had known her in the flesh precisely the duration of three full moon nights, about thirty-six hours, and that third night was when Nancy had appeared as a weremale. But she'd been were-bonded to Elizabeth for two months even when Elizabeth wasn't available to be touched or loved. Was there still some of that bond between her and Elizabeth? Surely not for Elizabeth. She'd received Misty's kiss stiffly and without passion. It was very, very confusing to Misty. Her hopes seemed instantly dashed beyond repair.

She blinked and looked around. The very large house was a pseudo-cabin, comfortable and no more a cabin than the Beverly Hills Hilton was a Motel Six.

Nancy's hand descended upon Misty's shoulder, "You'll probably want to freshen up my dear after that long drive. Elizabeth will have dinner on the table in a few minutes. This way, please Misty."

Misty looked down at Nancy's face and smiled. It was going to be a very strange evening indeed and not quite the romantic reunion she'd hoped for. She really needed to focus more on this interesting wereman for it was she and not Elizabeth that could make her fondest dream come true. She bent down and kissed Nancy on the lips and this time her

efforts were not rejected. "Thank you Nan," she said after the lingering kiss finally ended. Misty went down the hall wearing a woody.



Over dinner and later over brandy, Misty discovered that Elizabeth had changed a lot since she seen her, what almost two months ago? Not so much physically, Elizabeth was still this awesomely attractive and very young woman, hardly more than nineteen it would seem. Oh yes, her spectacular cape of blond hair was gone, cut short it barely fell to her shoulders now, "Too much bother to maintain," Nan had explained. But that one physical change in Elizabeth was nothing compared to the alterations in her personality. The haughty yet elegant nineteenth century lady that Fred and Misty had known was gone and frankly that aspect of her was not sorely missed. Elizabeth behaved more as one would have expected a young woman of this century would have acted. But she also seemed completely intimidated by Nan, submissive and utterly subservient. Not once had she looked at Misty with anything that hinted of affection and certainly not with the slightest signal of lust, indeed Elizabeth seemed to have eyes only for her bonded mate. A dutiful wife that was very much in love, seemed to sum up her existence. She must have apologized a half dozen times for not being a better cook or house keeper or *whatever*, and Misty was getting a bit tired of all that. Elizabeth was simply the most physically perfect woman in the world, thought Misty. Ambitions of a nightly encounter, with Misty playing the male for the first time, ever, well one could still hope. As that hope faded, that possibility slowly draining away, Misty began to play the role obviously designed for her. Was Nan serious about having her as a second wife? And how would Elizabeth react?

She was, after all, still Misty even if she was anchored in Fred's body. She knew how to play coy and was a natural flirt. She moved as Misty would have moved, though with substantially different equipment, her speech patterns, if not her voice, were Misty's and not Fred's and, of course, she giggled incessantly but in a heavy baritone. It was Elizabeth's reactions to Misty's giggles that had caught her eye. Each impulsively delivered sound seemed to strike Elizabeth in the gut in a most hurtful manner. Finally Elizabeth seemed to have had her fill.

Elizabeth stood up and looked at Nan, "I really should get back to my writing, Nan." She stood there looking expectant and then, finally after Nan nodded, relief seemed to flood across her fine features. "I'll see you later Misty," she said with an insincere smile and then added, "we'll have a wonderful time together, I'm sure," and then she walked stiffly from the family room.

Misty looked sadly after Elizabeth's retreating form and then back at Nan, "Are you sure she wants me to be here?"

Nan looked puzzled and then shrugged, "It was her idea after all."

"Um, maybe you should take me back to LA, Nan. Trust me, I know Elizabeth and I think she would rather handle a snake than to have me in the same room with her."

"I think she feels responsible for what happened to you."

"Me? I'm not Fred, ok? If she hadn't given him that were-potion, I wouldn't exist. I owe her everything Nan, everything!"

"Misty?"

"Yes?"

"Um, come over and sit beside me." Nan smiled, "Let's just see what pops up."

"And Elizabeth?"

"She'll come around eventually. Besides, it isn't her decision any longer and I'm still only considering my options, hmm?"

"Oh, like a date?" Misty giggled and then felt herself respond to the implications of Nan's last comment. There was still that prick in her pants and that would be an interesting experience. That novel organ began to ready itself as if it had a mind of its own. Misty slowly wiggled over toward Nan swinging her hips in what she hoped was a sultry manner, the moves were all wrong in her current body but they got the message across anyway. She leaned down, took Nan's chin in her hand and covered Nan's mouth with a wet, ready kiss. Oh yeah, there was so much to explore.

## Chapter 2

The last day and two nights had been a honey-



moon as far as Misty was concerned. Nan seemed to agree without actually saying as much. It was an oddly perfect combination, the two of them in bed. With only one penis between them, Nan was all too happy to take charge of that device, as if it were actually hers. Surely the weremale was eager to have access to a penis considering the long periods between full moons. It might have been attached to Misty's body but it was Nan's will that controlled it and, increasingly, Nan also controlled Misty. Misty had felt dominated as she'd never felt before and, surprisingly, she found herself delighted by that experience. By the end of the first night, she was in love with this magnificent creature, this wereman. It wasn't a were-bond, more fragile than that and less compulsive to be sure, but no less savory. Of course, unlike Fred, Misty *wanted* to be in love and to be loved. This was her first real chance in a long time and she jumped at the opportunity and landed on both feet. There was more to it than just love though and Misty wasn't aware of that yet. It was like the weremale's brain exuded a kind of hypnotic aura to which the werewoman was particularly tuned into. Pleasing Nan, pleased Misty and making Nan unhappy, caused an onrush of instant depression flavored with primordial anxiety.

Misty had seen little of Elizabeth except for those moments she and Nan had surfaced for food and those brief encounters had been, well, painful at best. It was the morning on the second day that Nan and Elizabeth had an explosive confrontation in the kitchen when they had come for breakfast. Well, most of the explosive component had come from Nan, Elizabeth had cried a lot. Misty was horrified and felt overwhelming guilt and had, offered, yet again, to leave. Of course that hadn't happened, Nan now had two wives and they would simply have to adjust, period. Elizabeth cowered before Nan's will, but how could it be otherwise? Caught in the same emissions from Nan's brain, Misty cowered as well though she had no reason to do so. If Nan wasn't pleased, both werewomen suffered the same mental anguish.

On the morning of third day, Nan left to take care of some business. The night before, Misty had slept alone, presumably Nan was with Elizabeth that night. But when Misty finally got out of bed, late morning, well, Misty wasn't Misty anymore. With Nan gone, Fred had re-emerged. He sat there in that bed for sometime as he reflected on what had happened over the last few days. All that time Misty and that fire hydrant had been going at it looked far different to him than it had looked to Misty. He had to get out of this house before that jerk Nancy returned. The power she held over Misty was nothing less than supernatural. And that Misty was in love with that thing, well it made Fred want to gag. He heard a knocking at his door, "Elizabeth?" Well who else could it be? His heart began to race and the door opened. "Elizabeth," he cooed.

She stood there in a seductive pose wearing absolutely nothing. "You better be Fred and not Misty," she said, "or I really fucked up, big-time."

"Huh? Elizabeth," he cooed again, his prick was out like a compass needle and it swung directly toward the love of his life.

Their love making was frantic, more like two teenagers in the back seat of a car having an illicit encounter, but no less sweet for all of that. It simply had to be done before either

of them could talk and talk they did, entwined in each other arms a short time later. "You knew that Nan would bring out my Misty?" Fred said, aghast at the idea.

"No. To be entirely honest, I was horrified when that happened. I'm so sorry dearest Freddy that you had to endure that. At least you now know what I go through all the time. I never stopped loving you my dear, dear Freddy- *ever*."

"So we're still bonded." Fred kissed her passionately and then added, "I know I am." He never gave her a chance to reply and soon they were at it yet again though this time, more leisurely. Eventually they were again lying entwined but now slick with sweat. "You seemed to, well, almost hate me my dearest Elizabeth."

"Oh that. That was no act Freddy, I never 'liked' Misty. It was always about you Freddy. I tolerated her like you tolerated my David. I realized some time ago that my being pregnant was the only way you and I could be together like this. One night every twenty eight days? That could never be enough, my love." There followed yet more kissing.

"Oh my dear Elizabeth, then we need to leave before that creature returns."

"And then what, my dear Freddy? After I have this baby, what then?"

"I don't follow. What?"

"I'll revert to being David again, my sweet."

"You know that for a fact?"

She shrugged, "No. I've learned nothing about this curse except it seems to always get between us, my love. Anyhow I suspect that I need Nan because she can get me pregnant, again and again if necessary." She looked at her Fred, "And no, I have no proof of that either."

"It doesn't matter, we should just leave, Elizabeth and let the future take care of itself."

"Why? Is this moment not nearly the most perfect moment in your life? It is for me, my dear. Can Nan hurt us if she does not know? Let us enjoy what we have while we can, ok? Nan is doing research on the were phenomena, so she'll be gone a lot. Thank God for that."

"That's... crazy and, ah- potentially dangerous. Consider if Nan were to make me pregnant, huh? Nine months of Misty?"

"That will not happen my dear."

"And why not?"

"Because I will not allow that to happen. You will disappear just before the next full moon and then come back the following morning, hmm? And trust me, I can keep my wereman too busy to even think about you on that night. Freddy, he's were-bonded to me, how can he refuse me on that night of all nights?"