



*Reluctant Press presents:*

# The Devil's Own



A Scott

---

A 'NEW WOMAN' E-BOOK

---

*Copyright © 2012, Reluctant Press*

***Mags, Inc/Reluctant Press TG Publishers***

This story is a work of fiction. Any similarity to persons living or dead is entirely coincidental. All situations and events herein presented are fictional, and intended only for the enjoyment of the reader. Neither the author nor the publisher advocate engaging in or attempting to imitate any of the activities or behaviors portrayed.

Persons seeking gender reassignment surgery, hormone therapy or any other medical and/or body-altering process should seek the counsel of a qualified therapist who follows the Benjamin Standards of Care for Gender Identity Disorder.

***Protect Professional Fiction on the Internet***

We need *your* help! We spend several hundred dollars to edit, illustrate and typeset *each story*. It is important, therefore, that everyone works to help keep professional fiction alive on the Net.

The civil penalties for copyright infringement can be severe, including substantial monetary damages, injunctive relief, and liability for attorneys' fees incurred in prosecuting a case. In addition, criminal penalties may be imposed if someone willfully infringes a copyrighted work for commercial advantage or private financial gain.

Mostly, though, we just want to be able to keep offering this service to our authors and our readers.

**Report stolen books by using the contact form at [reluctantpress.com](http://reluctantpress.com) or call us at 800-359-2116**

*Thank you.*

# The Devil's Own

**By A. Scott**

## **The Johnson House Anniversary**

Duncan felt his addiction return as Desmond took over his body once more. The House never dies, he realized. The power lies in wait for the right moment to reassert itself. He was a puppet again, trapped, while the entity controlled his body.

"April, come into my office please," Duncan Abercrombie said.

"Yes, Mr. Abercrombie?"

"April, I am giving you the Johnson house to sell. I know it will be difficult. It's supposedly haunted and some say it's possessed by the Devil. Use any means at your Disposal. I know you can do it if you come up

with a plan. I am going to make it one of your priorities. Besides, I think you will learn to enjoy the side benefits of the transaction. They can be most stimulating."

"Duncan, you can't do this to me. Please, for the love of God, don't put me in charge of that house. It gives me nightmares. The house is evil and I don't want to be alone in it."

"I can understand your apprehension and your concern in this case, April, but we really need to get this house sold."

April felt tears form as she looked into his cold steel gray eyes and saw no remorse there. "I'll do it, Mr. Abercrombie."

"You may go now."

"I want her, Duncan," Desmond said, "you can't protect her. She will be mine. I want April North in my stable."

"April, you look very nice today. You should dress down more, it becomes you."

"Strange," April thought as she heard the words when she turned to leave.

Desmond/Duncan reached out and sent visions. Sexual depravity and violence were flooding her being, as he reached out and touched her.

April felt the electricity and she turned to see her boss sitting there with a smile on his face. The touch, what else could you call it, had evilness to it. Pictures and sounds flooding her head, pulling her toward them. They beckoned to her, pulling her closer

and closer. They were so real it was almost as if she were there, participating in their obscene and graphic nature.

They were composed of pure evil, directed at her. She could feel hands caress her body.

Duncan said nothing as she continued out of his office. She sought the safety of

her cubicle. It didn't help; the images crowded out all thought. It was a surreal experience that threatened to overpower her Christian beliefs.

Flushed, she removed her coat. She sat down at her desk, her head swam as she visions of sexual intercourse and deviant acts beckoned to her. She wanted to become one of those

tormented creatures. She relished the feelings and the emotions as they danced the macabre that seeped into her soul and clouded her mind. A flush overcame her body and invaded her. She felt a climax roll over her.

Lust took control of her emotions and physical needs. The house seemed to beckon to her. Slowly the experience faded away and she began to feel normal. Images registered in her brain and were taking root, becoming part of her very nature. Inside, she was fighting a battle against good and evil. She wanted her husband home so he could comfort her in her torment. She shivered at the thoughts and feeling that whoever sent them was attempting to control her, forcing her to do their bidding.

"Lord, I don't understand what is happening, but I ask you to intercede and give me peace and comfort." The entity knew he had a battle for this woman and her

soul. It would be one he would win. She would be his, body and soul.

Duncan's words played in her head. "You should dress down more, it becomes you." She was dressed in a conservative manner and was, if anything, overdressed for the office. She began to feel uncomfortable in her restricting clothes.

April left work early. She saw David's car parked outside. Rushing in, she found him sitting down, reading the paper. "David, what are you doing home?"

"I finished early and I had a feeling that something was wrong."

"You are a sight for sore eyes, and I do need you." Hugging him, she held on for dear life as she kissed him. "How long will you be here? Is everything OK?"

"I have another trip planned for Tuesday next week. I will be away for about two weeks, and everything is fine. I gather, though, that things have taken a turn for the worse on this end. Tell me about it."

"You must be clairvoyant, either that or the Good Lord knew I needed you home and He sent you to me. I was just assigned the Johnson House."

"That's a tall order, April. How much time did Duncan give you?"

"No specific deadline, but I got the feeling he wanted it done sooner than later. As I was leaving his office, I felt something touch me in an obscene way. It was as if he was trying to possess me. As I looked into Duncan's eyes, I saw someone very different behind them. He made a comment about how I looked and how I should dress down more often, which was strange because he's always praised my professional look.

“Duncan didn’t see to be his normal self. He was acting out of character, strange, even for him. He seemed more dominant and forceful. It was hard to resist anything he told me to do. I was drawn to him in a sexual way, as a slave serves her master.

“As I walked out of his office, I felt a dark force envelop me. It touched me and sent images to my brain that stimulated all my senses. They were evil and obscene. They enticed me to enjoy the lust and depravity they offered me.

“I looked back. He was smiling and I heard his words in my head. ‘Enjoy, April, absorb what I have given you. You are going to need it before we part.’

“Even now I feel something profound has altered me. I am different. I feel dirty and unclean, yet I look forward to the feelings of sexual gratification they offer. It was deep and profound. As they replayed in my head, they became part of me. I saw pictures and heard words that no Christian person should be exposed to.

“I know that Jesus is there, watching over me, keeping me safe. I still feel Duncan, or whatever is controlling him, is not through yet. I believe that I saw the devil today. He entered me, probing and fishing looking for any weakness or fault inside me.”

“I don’t know how you feel April. I wish I could help but I don’t know what to do in this case.”

“Hold me, please. I need to be loved and comforted, David.”

“How about going out to dinner as a start?”

“That would be great. Give me some time to change.

How about Andre’s?”

"I'll make the arrangements now."

As April went up the stairs, she started to feel funny. It was like she was drifting in a fog.

"This is strange," she thought as she entered her bedroom. "It's like I am not in control." Undressing, she searched for the right thing to wear.

April found a corset given to her by Aunt Betsy years ago. Naked, she placed it around her body and began to hook the clasps in the front. Slowly, it began to shape her body into an hourglass figure.

"Perfect," she thought. "Now for the rest of the clothes." She found her sexiest dress and hose, then applied her make up. Slipping on her tallest high heels, she walked downstairs.

"That's some outfit, April."

"I felt like dressing up tonight. I wanted to feel special."

"You look great. Is that a corset you're wearing?"

"Yes, I found it as I was looking the right thing to wear. It was as if I had no choice, my hands put it on and my body accepted it as normal attire. It does fit me quiet well, don't you think?"

"It does something for you April that's for a fact. I'm not even sure you should go out tonight dressed like that, but we don't have time for you to change right now."

April looked at David and said, "Are you jealous, David?"

"Yes and no. I don't want to share you with anyone else. The way you are dressed, every man in their right mind would be wanting you."



As they entered Andre's, April felt all eyes on her. For some reason, she wanted to show off her body for all to see. That was the exact opposite of her normal behavior. Smiling at her husband, she took his hand and lead him to their table.

David asked, "Are you hungry, April?"

April said, "Of course, lover."

The waiter asked if they would like something to drink.

David said, "Iced tea,"

April said, "I'll have a Scotch on the rocks."

"You don't drink, when did you start?"

"I just felt like it, lover. I feel a little wild. It sort of goes with my new look. Shall we order?"

"I find your behavior very strange, April. Perhaps you were right, something did happen to you today. You are hard to resist, you know, and tonight you are even stronger."

"Oh goody, here comes our food. Let's eat."

A few minutes later, April blurted, "Let's dance, David."

"You know I don't dance, and neither do you."

"I do tonight, spoil sport, you're nothing but a party pooper." With that, she moved to the dance floor.

"Lord, I don't know what's gotten into April tonight," David thought. He watched as she found three people dancing and fitted right in with them. She was acting in a wanton way. Men and women touched. It was indecent.

April felt the warm bodies close to her. Their heat saturated her skin and her sweat poured off her. Satisfied, she returned to the table. As the waiter came by, she got his attention. "May I have another drink please, the same. That was fun, you don't know what you are missing."

After she finished her drink, she looked up at David.

"Are you ready to go home?"

"Yes, I am. By the way, my dear man, I am telling you right now that I have big plans for you when we get home."

David felt relieved that he had removed April from the restaurant. Now to get her home in one piece. April was touching him everywhere and it was driving him crazy. It was all he could do to control himself. "April, slow down for Heaven's sake. What's

wrong with you?"

"Nothing that you can't cure, my dear husband. Let's just get home, OK."

Entering the house, April grabbed his tie and said, "Come to bed, dear."

Hours later, April lay naked next to her husband and looked at his flaccid cock. Reaching over, she played with it. She took it into her mouth until it exploded in her mouth. She then rode it until David came in her for the seventh time tonight.

"April, have a heart, I'm exhausted." She curled up next to him and fell asleep.

When April awoke, her head hurt and her body felt like it had been run over. Naked, she reached over to her husband.

"Not now, April, forget it."

"David, what's wrong?"

He opened his eyes and looked at her. She looked tired and worn out. "Are you finally through?"

"What do you mean?"

"Last night you dressed and acted like a whore. You tried to drink yourself into oblivion. You danced and if I had let you, would have made love to at least two men, and maybe their dates. When we got home, you pulled me up stairs and made love like a demon. You would not leave me alone all night long. You were insatiable. You were driven and you would not stop."

"I would never do that. It goes against my Christian principles."

"Well you did, my dear April. It was like you were possessed and you should be ashamed of yourself."

"I don't remember any of that. Matter of fact, the last thing I remember is going up the stairs yesterday. The rest of the time is a blank."

"Go to sleep, dear. We'll sort out what happened after I get back from the office. Are you going to work today?"

"Yes. I'll see you later, dear. Have a blessed day."

April slept for a few more hours and woke up with a start. She could have sworn that someone, or something was in the room with her. Looking around, she saw no one and proceeded to get ready for work.

She spent an extraordinary time on her make up. She looked at the marks on her body. She noticed a tattoo on her right breast. It was in bright red and said, "The Devils Bitch." Her breasts seemed to be bigger

this morning and more tender. Touching the tattoo, she went over to select her clothes.

Someone had laid out the clothes she was to wear today. Her body betrayed her as it put on the cursed corset. It fit tight, but not too tight. She put on her shortest skirt and red blouse. She put on the red hose and some shoes she didn't know she had.

Desmond was proud of his work so far. She was unaware of just how deep he had gone in the last ten hours. She was almost as easy as the man Duncan.

As she walked down the stairs and prepared to leave the house, she looked at herself in the mirror. She like what she saw. Her hair now was colored red and her image shouted 'sexy'. "When did I dye my hair red," she wondered as she ran her fingers through it.

Duncan saw April walk in to work and smiled and knew that Desmond was working on her.

Karen watched as April pass by and said, "April, is anything wrong?"

"Not to my knowledge, Karen, why do you ask?"

"Have you looked at yourself in the mirror today?"

"Yes, I did. I took special care to look my best today."

"I'm your friend, April. You look like a slut. What were you thinking this morning when you were dressing?"

"Nothing, Karen. The clothes were laid out as if someone wanted me to put them on. David said I acted strange last night. I haven't felt right ever since Duncan gave me the Johnson House to sell yesterday.

"He what?"

“He wants to sell the House again, even after what happened with the Browns.”

Duncan called April to his office. “Excuse me, Karen. Thank you for listening to me.”

“Yes, Mr. Abercrombie.”

“You took my advice and dressed down April. How do you feel, April?”

“Feel?”

“Come over here, April.”

April moved to the other side of the desk. She looked down at his groin and said, “I feel hungry Duncan, may I service you? I am feeling kind of horny right now.”

The House was in charge and she had no control over her life or body. Sex is what she wanted and he would oblige her.

She moved quickly to Duncan and unzipped his pants. Taking the limp object in her mouth, she nursed it to its proper size. Looking up into the violet eyes, she knew they were not Duncan’s’. Desmond thrived on this attention. April could not control herself.

She had to have this man. It was her duty, an obligation. He ejaculated in her mouth and she swallowed the enormous amount.

Still unsatisfied, she placed her pussy on his pole and rode it until he came inside her once more.

Desmond/Duncan said, “April, you have outdone yourself today. I like what you have done with your hair. Sort of a red, isn’t it? Your clothes seem to fit your new personality. I realize that we could do this all day,

but this is an office and we do have work to do, so off you go."

Making herself presentable, she turned to leave.

"Oh April, what do you think of your new tattoo?"

She looked at her breasts and thought about her answer for a minute. "You're not Duncan. What should I call you?"

"You can call me Desmond or Master, either will do, April. You have the rest of the day off, my dear, enjoy it. When you leave here, you will forget what we have done, you will remember the hunger and the need. You need to touch up your lipstick, dear."

"Yes, Master."

As April left his office, she looked in the mirror at the end of the hall. All of a sudden, her confidence took a drop. She saw that the miniskirt rode up her thighs and exposed her pussy. She realized that she was almost naked.

"Karen, I need go home I'll see you later." Why was she dressed like this and what happened?

"It's about time you woke up, girl. By the way, what did Duncan want to see you about?"

April could not remember what had taken place in his office but much of it was like a dream, horrid pictures and her doing the unthinkable. "I think we talked about the Johnson house, that's all."

Rushing home, April scrubbed her self clean and saw that she was now a redhead. Somehow in the last twenty-four hours she had been changed. Then she saw the tattoo. She touched it and felt special for an instant. Then she felt filthy when she looked at it. She

could not throw the corset away. She stored it away for now.

David came home early and asked "How did your day go?"

"It started off all wrong. I put the wrong clothes on and I looked like a slut. I didn't even care, David. It was like I was proud of how I looked. Karen tried to tell me what I looked like but I couldn't see what she saw. She told me I went in to see Duncan for a long time. I don't remember what happened in there, David. I woke up looking at myself in the office mirror. I saw what I had become. I looked like a whore, David. I allowed myself to go out in public almost naked. I now have a tattoo on my right breast. It's big and red.

"From what you told me about how I acted like last night and what I

did today, I feel cursed. I am not really sure of who I am from one moment to another."

All David could do was listen to his wife talk about her transformation from a housewife and Realtor to prostitute overnight.

As she was talking, she could feel a change taking place. The Entity was coming closer. She realized that only Jesus could save her now. April prayed fervently. "Jesus, you led the Hebrews out of Egypt and you allowed them to cross the Red Sea on dry land. If you could do that for your chosen people, you can open a door and let me escape the devil in this place."

Just then a loud scream issued from the room, a door closed and she was allowed to escape the devil's trap. She felt at peace for the first time in hours.

Desmond wailed as the opening to April slammed shut with a bang and he was alone on the outside, suffering from the rebuke her God had dealt him.

She thanked Jesus for hearing her prayers. Her belief in Christ had saved her from a fate the house had in store for her. From the images received in the office, the previous night's activities, not to mention her behavior at work today. She realized that she could have been consigned to a living hell on this Earth.

She could not imagine living such a life. The effects upon her marriage and her family would have been detrimental. This had never happened before and the house felt the pain of being violated. This person had accessed God and he had given army of angels the task of rescuing April North from the devil's grasp.

April realized that the Lord had rescued her from imminent harm and the house had lost perhaps the first victim in its memory. She decided to use the media to sell her house. Thanking the Lord for answered prayer, she set about to create a market for her house.

After all April had been through, Desmond was still not finished with her. She wanted to think that she could return to her normal existence and pick up where she left off. She had been damaged and her very nature had been altered.

"David, I think He's gone. It feels different. All I can feel is Christ right now. He drove the Demon away. Thank you for being here with me, it gave me hope."

"You're welcome, glad to be of service."

"Thank you for standing by me when I was acting like a whore. You don't know it that felt like as I acted out what Desmond wanted me to do. I had no control, all I wanted to do was carry out his wishes and orders.



It was a pleasure to serve him and that was all I wanted to do."

"You could have knocked me over with a feather last night at dinner. You demanded and received everything you wanted. It was as if we had no choice in it."

"It's late. Do you want to try Sam's for dinner?"

"That sounds like an excellent idea."

"Do you think you should cover up a bit before we leave? That Tee and the corset leave little to the imagination, don't you think?"

"I suppose I have become sort of attached to the corset for some reason. It's like part of me now. Let me go upstairs and I'll get a top to cover it up."

Searching for the right top, April realized her makeup was all wrong so she sat down and redid it to match the night. Brushing her beautiful red hair she created the perfect style for tonight.

"Maybe Debbie has something I can wear," she thought. Going into her daughter's bedroom, she rummaged through her tops, "Perfect," she thought. Looking in the mirror, she appraised herself. The sheer red shirt and her medium-length skirt was a perfect match for her high heels.

Back downstairs, she saw the look on David's face. "Too much?" she said.

"We're just going to Sam's, not the Bistro, April. Did you look closely at your makeup?"

"Yes." She looked again in the mirror. She was shocked when she saw her face, not to mention her clothes. She looked like she was going for a stroll on 2<sup>nd</sup>

Street. Except for the longer skirt, she would have fit in perfectly with the hookers and their pimps.

“Let’s not go out then. I’ll cook something her and we can have a quiet night together.”

“I think that’s a good idea, Mrs. North,” he said, smiling back at her.”

Later that night, April undressed and put on her prettiest nightgown and came to bed. Looking at her husband, she felt horny again. “David, I feel the need for making love again. Do you feel up to it once more?”

“Sure I guess, now that I know that our whole world has shifted and changed. There is nothing I can do to change that, but I will always love you no matter what. When I married you, it was for better or worse, till death do us part. I think that includes changing sexually. Now come to bed before I change my mind, you succubus.”

Part of her cried out in horror as she slipped off her nightgown. Her new tattoo seemed to be burning deeper into her soul. Slipping into a trance, David pleased her. They made passionate love.

She awoke to an empty house. David went to work early. He left a note on his pillow. “Sorry to leave so soon. Thank you for last night, and no, it was perfect. Maybe in about one hundred years I’ll get used to it, Love David.”

April smiled and looked down at her breasts. They looked even bigger than yesterday. It must be her imagination. Showering, taking special care to make sure she was clean all over, she douched her pussy and anus. “Where did I get that thing? I don’t even own one of those. “ Yet there it was in her shower stall.

Desmond smiled as he watched as she prepared for her day. Her God did not say he couldn't watch her, or play tricks on her to trip her up. While he no longer had control of her body, His previous commands and instructions were still in effect and by all indications, she was progressing well. By the end of the month, her breasts should be two sizes larger.

She needed to go shopping and soon, she said to her herself as she looked for clothes to wear to work. With the corset in place, she decided panties were not in order. Again she went to Debbie's room and borrowed one of her miniskirts and tops.

When she got work she presented herself to Karen for dress code inspection. She looked her over.

"Well, it's an improvement over yesterday, April. Dipping into your daughter's clothes, I see.

"What's she going to think when she gets back from San Francisco?"

"I hope she'll understand. I need to go shopping today. Care to go with me and be my chaperone? I have some ideas I need to run through with Duncan this morning. I think I know how to sell the Johnson House. See you later, love"

She called his office to request a meeting later on. "Mr Abercrombie, do you have some time this morning I have an idea that just might work to sell the Johnson House."

"Of course, April. I'll see you in about a half-hour."

For some reason, April used that time to do her nails. When she was done, she had created talons of a deep red. It matched her lipstick and hair. Checking her mirror, she saw a glint in her eye. It almost looked like a red hue in her eye color.

“Thank you for seeing me so soon, Mr. Abercrombie.”

“My privilege, April. You look very nice today. I like the way the corset accents your body. Mr. Jordan at the bank made comment last night about your attire the previous evening when you were having dinner with your husband. He thought it did wonders for your professional career. When did you start drinking?”

“I don’t know, Duncan. It struck me that I wanted to do it, and I like the way it tends to exaggerate my virtues. I can’t seem to do without it these days.

“Would you like a drink, April? I’ll join you.”

“I think I would. Make mine a double, please.”

“Here you go. Now, what are your ideas?”

“I want to do a video expose on the house and spread it on the web for all to see. It is going to take a special person to be interested in this house. It will be a fishing expedition, but all I need is the right person to take the bait.”

“You took my advice and dressed down April. How do you feel?”

“May I have another one please?”

“Of course, my dear. I like the idea, April. Use what ever you need to get the job done and keep me posted about your progress. How do you feel, April?”

“Feel, Duncan?” The trigger words made her mind go blank

“Come over here, April.”

April moved to the other side of the desk. She looked down at his groin and said, “I feel hungry, Duncan. May I service you?”