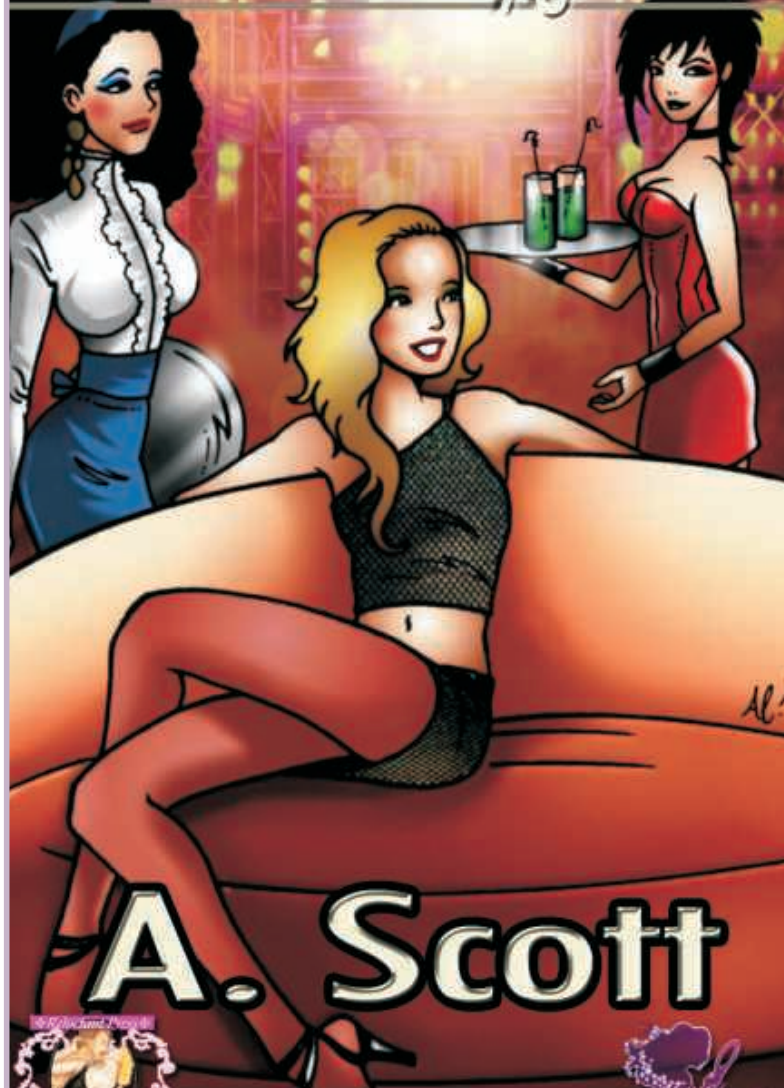


The Devil's Playground



A. Scott



A "New Woman" Novel



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.

For more, visit reluctantpress.com or magsinc.com.

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 or call us at 800-359-2116

Thank you.

The Devil's Playground

By A. Scott

Shelly's Story

For Rent: upper floor of huge house w/utilities paid for right party/couple. Apply in person. 346 Davis Street

Robert McMasters looked out the window impassively. His expression gave away nothing about what he was thinking or feeling as he watched the family approach the house. He had set the trap and now he had only to wait for it to be sprung.

His eyes watched each person as they walked up the ornate walkway. It was important to watch how they carried themselves, their eyes as they looked at his house.

The young women appeared to be carefree and confident in their manner. They had a sexuality about them under their demeanor.

They had potential, but they would have to be trained in the way. The boy, on the other hand, could be dangerous and had to be neutered. The mother looked like a professional who had education and bearing.

His last prospects surpassed his expectations. It took several months but he was able to break down the family bond. In the end each individual proved to be profitable. What surprised him was the mother; she turned out to be a wonderful companion. Her daughters proved to be equally talented.

How to work with this new challenge? What would their weaknesses be and how could he take advantage of them? Their food and drink would make them more pliable.

What to do with the boy? He appeared to be set in his ways. He seemed to be a deep thinker, and the mother; he wondered what she did for a living. How much education did she have? What would it take to break her down?

He thought of his own mother and how she ran his life. Her domination and force of will forced him to become the person he was. He hated females and he felt that it was his destiny to subjugate them to his will.

He was ready to turn on his charm and weave his web quickly so his pray would be nullified. Then he could start converting these blank slates into insatiable sex slaves.

He thought about June, his first conquest. He was only sixteen and she was twenty. He learned that he had a power to dominate and control. Learning from his mother, he became an expert at the manipulation of people, women to be specific.

It was her legacy. His family had money, but his side of it was not so blessed. His father died early and poor.

He learned from his family what women needed and how to turn it to his advantage. He was the master.

Anna Marie looked out the window at the family that walked up the walkway. They were very plain but they had promise.

How would they compare to the last family they had trained to perfection? She felt empowered and emboldened by her success in mastering and subduing the two teenagers. They could have been twin sisters; no one could tell them apart in the end. They should be happy with their new owners.

Now it was time to train and mold this family in the ways of the House and Father. Everything was ready.

Marie looked at the boy, almost a man. He must be a senior. "He looks smart and intelligent. I wonder if I would be able to work with him?" she thought.

"We are about the same size. With a little work, I could convert his body and mind into a very beautiful girl. It all depends upon his mother, and how Father trains her."

Amanda was deep in thought as she walked up the ornate walkway. She looked up at the imposing mansion. "Am I doing the right thing for her and the children?" she wondered. She considered her options and this seemed to be the best she had to work with for now.

The place looked Gothic, like something she would have seen in a horror movie. It must have been her imagination but she could feel eyes looking at her and her children as they moved up the walkway.

Amanda was remembering the dreams she had the last three nights when her son grabbed her arm.

“Mom, I have a very bad feeling about this place,” he said.

Her daughters looked at her and said, “This place feels creepy.”

Even with the second thoughts, she knew that they needed a place and this one appeared to be the best choice right now.

Amanda reached up to grab the door knocker. Then she saw its very unique design. One would say it was almost pornographic in its form and function. The brass testicles struck the door with a resounding echo.

She watched as the door opened and a tall, debonair, gentleman stood in the entryway.

“Welcome to my house. Enter freely of your will.”

Amanda noticed that their host and family were dressed somewhat erotically. She didn’t listen to her second sense. This was the third wake-up call that should have been heeded by her. “Thank you,” she said as she entered the house.

Amanda felt the House reach out to her. It tolerated the Blakes; now this subject and her family posed lots of promise. She felt the cold reach out and welcome her with open arms. She shivered and wondered what she was getting into.

It’ tendrils reached out, feeling her body and tasting her mind. She was nominally a Christian but her belief was weak. The drugs and the training would soon remove any possibilities of her God making problems for Him and the McMasters.

“My name is Robert McMasters and this is Anna and Marie. Please sit down and make yourself comfortable. May we offer you anything to drink? Coffee, soda, or water?”

“Thank you, it is rather chilly in here,” Amanda said as she and the children sat down in the living room. Shelly tried to get her attention but she was distracted by Robert as he described the house and its history.

As he spoke, the beverages were handed out to their guests. Amanda, looking about the room, marveled at the almost medieval atmosphere.

“The house is haunted and, some would say, possessed. It has exacted a price upon all who enter here for generations. We are no different. My humble family and I welcome you to the Devil’s House. To my knowledge it has not harmed anyone.”

As Amanda drank her coffee, she began to feel mellow, content, hanging, on his every word.

“What is your name if I may ask?” said Robert.

“I am Amanda Blake and this is April and Aleesa. My pride and joy is Shelly. Thank you for allowing us the chance to rent the rooms.”

April and Aleesa also began to feel mellow and content as listened, drinking their soft drinks. The drugs took their toll; slowly their wills diminished as they fell under its control.

Robert watched as they became lethargic and open to suggestion. Soon they would be unable to escape. It was like last time; the innocent wee coming to the slaughter. They would make life interesting once more.

Marie and Anna became aware as they became more docile. The only one who was not was the teenage boy, Shelly, was it?

It was apparent that he did not like Robert. If he could get the mother’s attention and pull her of to the side, he could allow her to escape their grasp. He was the youn-

gest so he did not count in what would happen over the next several hours.

Robert said, "Shall we go upstairs and look around to see if you like the apartment?"

Amanda and the girls roused from their apparent slumber and looked at Robert. She felt the need to respond to His voice.

"I would like to see the upper floor, Robert." Taking his hand, Amanda stood up and walked beside him up the stairs.

Anna took April's hand, Marie took Aleesa's and they followed up the stairs. The girls amazed at the immaculate condition and the huge rooms.

It was better than described. The drugs coursing through their veins creating euphoria prevented them from having second thoughts about the house.

Shelly felt a hand on his. He found himself looking at the most beautiful girl he had ever seen in his life. "My name is Marie. Can I show you your room?"

"Sure, I guess," said Shelly, as he was lead away from the adults.

"This is my favorite," she said. "Adults can be so strange, don't you think?"

Shelly had been taken to a very feminine room. "The room grows on you," Marie said. "It's quiet and isolated from the rest of them and there is lots of privacy.

"I like you, you're different. Your mom called you Shelly. That's a pretty name."

"Thanks, people make fun of me because of it but I guess I am getting use to the snide remarks after eighteen years.

"It's a nice room, but is there anything more my type? I mean for a boy to sleep in?"

"I don't think so, but we can go look if you want."

"Sure, I think I will take you up on that soda if you don't mind. I am getting rather thirsty."

"Wait here and I'll be right back."

Amanda and the girls were shown to their rooms. Robert stayed with the mother while Anna worked with the daughters. The drugs were working perfectly. Soon they would be under their control and they could relax.

Marie returned with the soft drink in a glass and handed it to Shelly.

"Thanks, you didn't have to put in a glass. The can would have been good enough."

"Sorry, force of habit, I guess. Drink up." She watched as he downed the large glass. "Would you like some more?"

"Yes, thank you. It was very good."

Shelly began to feel funny. He had a warm fuzzy feeling inside. It was like he wanted to lay down and sleep, but different.

"Thank you, you are very kind." He downed the large glass without a second thought.

"Would you like some more?" she asked

"No, thank you. That was enough."

Shelly felt alert as if he suddenly wanted to please this young goddess in deed and action.

"Marie, you are right this room does grow on you. Did you know you are beautiful?"

"No, not really but have you considered that as a girl you would also be beautiful?"

"I am a boy. Boys are never considered beautiful or lovely."

"I know that, silly, but if you had on a dress and makeup, you would be very desirable. When did you cut your hair last?"

"About six months ago, I guess. Mom threatened to take me to a beauty shop and have it styled last week."

"That's not a bad idea," Marie said, touching his hair. "You have such wonderful texture and body. Why don't we sit down at the makeup table and see if we can improve your looks?"

The double dose of the drug had worked to dull his defenses; strange thoughts flowed through his brain. His brain was warning him to run but all he could do but comply with her request.

"If I brush it back and form it in a ponytail like this and hold it with a scrunchy, all you would need would be a little bit of makeup to frame your lovely face. Here, let me show you"

Shelly sat as his face took on the contours of a woman. Warnings flashed through his mind, but he was powerless to comply.

"You have very bushy eyebrows. Did you know that?"

"They're supposed to be, silly. I'm a boy."

"Well, I think they need to be thinned. Would you mind if I pluck them so they are more pleasing to the eye?"

"I guess not? Could I have another soda? I am getting very thirsty."

"Sure, I'll be right back. Why don't you continue to work on your eyebrows? You've been watching me long enough to get the hang of it."

His hands took on a life of their own as they continued her work. Try as he may, he could not prevent his transformation to a teenage girl. His body betrayed him at every turn. He followed the directions she had given him and started to create the high arch of a woman's eyebrow.

Robert watched as Amanda Blake became quiet. "May I call you Mandy?"

"I don't see why not, Robert. I sort of like that name, thank you."

"You should really remove your clothes, you are rather overdressed."

"I guess you're right. It is rather warm in here."

"See, isn't that better? I want you to try on some lighter clothes now. I think you would prefer then to your other outfit. Here you go. You did an excellent job, Shelly, but let me show you what you missed. Drink up, dear, we have lots to do before dinner."

All of a sudden he was proud that he had made her happy. He watched as she continued to work on the very feminine appearance above his eyes.

"What do you think, Shelly?"

"What have you done to me, Marie?"

"What do you mean?"

"I look like a girl. That's what I mean."

"That's what you wanted, wasn't it? Why get mad at me if that wasn't what you wanted to do? Why not just tell me to stop?"

"I'm sorry, Marie. It was just a shock to see my feminine eyebrows. I do look beautiful, don't I?"

"Yes you do, girl, and this is just the first step in your transformation Shelly. We need to work on your makeup for the full effect. You will need to watch me so you can do this yourself next time.

"You need remove the makeup when you go to bed. I'll show you how to do that later tonight."

He watched as she applied the base, then the different colors to his face. With each application, he became more and more of a she.

As she praised his beautiful bone structure and worked on his lashes, he realized that he could learn to love a girl like this. "I have to make Marie happy. I want her to be proud of me. I want to be the girl she wants me to be," he thought as his transformation took place.

"Shelly, look at yourself in the mirrors. What do you think?"

He looked at his face and the ponytail and could not believe it was him He was beautiful. "I have to make Marie happy. I want her to be proud of me. I want to be the girl in the mirror," he repeated over and over in his head.

At the same time, part of him wanted to rebel and scream that he was a male and males don't wear makeup and pluck their eyebrows. All he could do was watch as a feminine hand went up to his face. He watched as she applied a bright red fingernail polish to his nails.

"You are making me into a beautiful girl, Marie. I hope I can do as well in the morning. Can we do the eye-lashes next? I don't want the job half-done."

"Of course. "Let's see, I'll do the right eye and you can do the left. Is that OK?"

"Perfect. Sit on the bed, I need to do your toenails."

He went to the bed, sat down, and watched as she applied the same color to his toenails that she had applied to his fingernails. .

“Marie, I don’t know what you did to me but I am all aflutter. I am beautiful, my nails are sooo pretty,” Shelly said as he played with his large hoops and diamond studs in his double pierced ears.

“You fell asleep for a short time and I had you put some earbuds in so you would learn about being a girl. You follow directions quite well. Do you like the color?”

“I like the red, it matches my lipstick. The earrings look just darling. You have good taste. You have made me beautiful and desirable. Thank you.”

“Another soda?”

“Sure.”

“Meanwhile, listen to your music. It will help you pass the time while I am gone.”

Shelly heard the words and music in his ears and was transported to another world, one where beauty and femininity ruled.

He was being drawn into the need to look, speak, and behave like a teenage girl. Over and over he heard the words: *I will be a perfect girl and I will make my mistress proud of me. Girls have breasts and a pussy. I want to have breasts and a pussy. I am a girl.*

“Mandy, when you look at Shelly what do you see?”

“I see a perfect teenager, Robert. He will go to college and launch rockets into space. He is smart and well-balanced.”

“Amanda, from now on when you look at him you will see your teenage daughter. You will teach her everything you know about life and love. You will protect her

from the young men who would defile her. You know what they can be like when they want something bad enough, don't you?"

"Of course I do. Do you think me an idiot?"

"No, I don't. I just wanted to remind you of the need to protect her as she starts to date the boys in her school. Soon she will be going steady and you know what that means."

"Sorry, Robert but you have hit a sore spot and I had not really considered the ramifications of her growing up a girl."

"We need to get you dressed and made-up for dinner, Mandy. Where should we start?"

"Here you go. Drink up, we have a lot to do."

Shelly was strong-willed but he was getting more compliant.

"Feel better?"

"I guess so. What did you put in that Coke? It sure had a kick."

"Nothing special, why?"

"It just seemed more potent than usual, that's all. It did taste good, though."

"Why don't you take your clothes off for me?"

"What?"

"I said take off your clothes. Do it now."

Shelly quickly took off his clothes down to his shorts and socks.

"All of them, young lady."

"Yes, Marie."

"Look in the mirror, Shelly. What do you see?"

"I am naked and my face is pretty."

"Why do you say your face is pretty, Shelly?"

"You said I was beautiful and I think I am pretty, that's why."

"You *are* a beautiful girl, Shelly. We need to get you dressed for dinner, young lady. Put on the panties, Shelly. You love that color, you know."

Shelly stepped into the pink panties, then took the matching bra and put it on.

"Why does a girl need a bra Shelly?" Confused, he looked at Marie.

"A girl has breasts, dummy. Let's see. Ah, these will work. Put them in your pretty pink bra, Shelly. Now what do you see when you look in the mirror?"

"I see my breasts, Marie. Aren't they big?"

"They're perfect for a girl your size and shape. Now for the rest of the clothes. Put on the sweater and the skirt, Shelly, and don't forget the hose."

Without a question, Shelly put the clothes on, then sat down and put on the pink hose. Standing back up, he looked at himself in the mirror.

"Don't forget the shoes, dear. That's better. Don't you feel nice now that you are properly dressed?"

Shelly was very confused. He was a boy and here he was putting on girl's clothes and make up. The drugs and Marie's voice convinced him that it was OK to dress like a girl.

She looked at him as he moved his hands, exploring his body and pretty breasts. They were his hands, not hers.

"Marie, why am I putting girls clothes on?" he asked?

"Because you are a girl, silly boy and you want to be beautiful. Look at yourself, Shelly. What do you see?"

"I see a beautiful girl, Marie."

"Time for dinner, Shelly. Mind your step in your shoes." Looking down at his pink shoes, she smiled.

Shelly was proud of her new clothes and body as she followed Marie down the stairs to the dining room.

"Marie, who is this lovely young lady?" Robert asked.

"Introduce yourself. Shelly."

"My name is Shelly Blake."

"You are very pretty, Shelly Blake. Say hello to your mother."

Shelly was very confused as he looked at his mother and sisters. They were dressed much differently from when he last saw them.

"Hello mother, you look very pretty."

"Hello, Shelly," his mother said, "you are very beautiful too. I think you make a better girl than a boy. Thank you, Marie, for helping my daughter get dressed."

"You're welcome, Mrs. Blake."

"Call me Mandy, I like it better. Robert, you can pour some wine for my daughter, I think she is old enough."

"Whatever you say, my dear. By the way you and your daughters look very beautiful tonight. Thank you for signing the rental papers. I am sure that you will be very happy here."

"I am sure we will, Robert, thank you. I think it's bed time for all of us. Goodnight, Robert, see you in the morning."

Marie helped Shelly remove her makeup and get ready for bed. "At night it's your job to make sure that your face is clean and you apply the face creams."

Shelly watched as Marie applied the cold cream and other chemicals to her face. Slowly she became he again.

"Shelly. take all of your clothes off except your panties and bra. Hang up your clothes and put on your night-gown. That's a good girl. Now off to bed with you, we have a busy day tomorrow. I almost forgot, take your pills like a good girl. You will need to take them twice a day from now on."

Shelly took the pills and said, "Goodnight Marie, see you in the morning."

Deep down inside, he felt something was very wrong about this place. He watched as his sisters and mother became docile and allowed things to happen over which they had no control. He was bound and determined not to let it happen to him. He was a man and he could resist any force they could throw at him.

He was confused, his arms would not work right, nor could he think straight. He looked up on the ceiling and saw a large mirror which reflected back an image of someone he did not know. His room looked like a girl's room, complete with a dressing table. The colors were pink and gold. Laying there, he felt funny, strange. Something had changed and changed drastically. A peace came over him as he heard a sweet voice call his name.

He saw the most beautiful girl in the world looking back at him and smiling. Her voice said, "Obey, obey, obey your mistress." It became even louder when the pretty girl came in o his room.

Again he looked at the ceiling and saw he was wearing a nightgown. It was pink; for a brief moment he thought it looked cute on him, but he quickly suppressed

that thought. Marie would be his guide for his journey into womanhood. Again the need to obey pushed itself out of his subconscious; again he rejected that idea; still it kept up its mantra.

Slowly, he slipped into an all encompassing sleep he would never come out of. He felt like a boy, yet he also felt like a girl. His mind fought the idea of becoming a girl, but it was a losing battle. He was confused and knew that his behavior was not normal.

On Her Own

The next morning Shelly awoke, refreshed and aware his world had changed. His fingernails were bright red and an inch long. He was wearing a nightgown and his voice was scratchy. He should have been upset, but he took it in stride. He remembered to sit down to go to the bathroom. Then he noticed his breasts sticking out. She took her pills like a good girl. He remembered what Maria had said yesterday, "Take your bath in the morning and put your makeup on." So he started his bath water and added the salts.

"Good morning Shelly, ready for your bath, I see. Well, in you go, girl. It should be nice and hot. When you are done with your makeup, we will get you dressed for the day. Don't forget to shave your legs, they are pretty hairy."

Shelly looked at his legs and they were just as she described them. "I can't have them looking like a boy's legs, I am a girl," he thought. Taking the razor and the cream, he shaved his legs, making sure they were perfect.

"Now don't forget your underarms, thank you. After your makeup, you need to do your toenails in Romance Red."

Marie watched as Shelly sat down at his makeup table, removed the old color and applied the new color. He then applied his makeup, taking special care to make sure her eyes were beautiful. The girl in the mirror was picture perfect.

"I laid out your clothes for today on the bed. Hurry, we have a lot to do."

He putting on clean panties and a bra with inserts. The blouse did little to hide his charms. The yellow short shorts fit snug, but his long legs looked good in them. He made sure his toes were perfect. After slipping the high heels on, he was ready to go downstairs for breakfast.

"Shelly Lynn Blake," her mother said, "your hair is a mess. Go back upstairs and don't come down until it's perfect."

"Yes, Mother."

Marie followed him upstairs and helped him with his hair.

"There, it's perfect, Mother."

"Much better, young lady, I will not have a daughter going out in public with imperfect hair. Now sit down and eat your breakfast. Today is a holiday so there's no school, but Monday you will be going. Robert and I have to enroll you in the local high school. You're a smart girl and I know you can get straight A's if you want to."

"Yes, Mother. We are going to go to the mall for the afternoon. Is that OK?"

"Yes, I guess so, but don't fool around. I do have my standards you know."

After breakfast and a beauty check, the girls headed for the mall in Anna's car. "Shelly, you forgot something," Anna said.

Shelly still felt exposed and dressed in girls' clothes, but there was nothing absent. "What am I missing?"



“Your purse, silly. A girl does not leave the house with it. Here it is,” Anna said, holding a pink purse. “Let’s see. Makeup, tampon, credit cards, license, and a mirror.” Handing it to her, Marie watched as Shelly placed it next to her body as if her life depended on it.

“Better?” she asked.

“Much,” Shelly said as she walked out of the house to the car. She walked with a confidence that belied how she felt inside.

Then Marie said, “You are beautiful, girl. You are going to make the boys take notice today.”

Shelly took an extra pride in how she felt and looked in the mirror. She applied her lipstick once more and smiled.

Anna parked as far as she could from the entrance of the mall. Shelly, feeling a little better about the trip, held her head high. Carrying the purse Marie had given her that morning, she entered the mall.

“Shelly, you need bras, panties, dresses, and other foundation items, not that you don’t look fantastic now. You can’t keep borrowing our clothes, you know.”

Shelly, looking in a window, could see her pink short shorts and a sweater. His pink high heels complemented his toes. He nodded his head and the girl smiled back at him. He raised his right hand and touched his face and the girl did the same. He didn’t feel entirely comfortable looking at the person he had become but he could not disobey the feelings taking over his body. He took pride with the clothes Marie and Anna gave her. Despite his better judgment, the different combinations of bra sets and pretty clothes made him feel very feminine and sexy.

“Do you want us to help you select your underwear?”

“Thank you but no, Marie.” Shelly discovered that she had become a perfectionist. Wait, when did he start thinking of himself as a she? Strange.

When she emerged, she had selected the red miniskirt, matching blouse and hose. Taking her credit card from her purse, Shelly paid for her new clothes and they entered the promenade.

Shelly looked down at her pink purse. When had she started to carry a purse? She realized that she was clinging to it as if it was important.

“Shelly, let’s repair our make up and go to the bathroom,” Anna said.

“OK, I guess I need it after this morning.” She followed the girls into the women’s restroom as if it was perfectly normal for a boy to use the female restroom.

Instinctively, after using the toilet, she washed her hands, took out her lipstick and applied a new coat of the beautiful red color on her lips. It was important that she look perfect at all times, she reminded herself as she appraised her appearance. She turned to Marie with a questioning look.

“Marie, what if I am discovered to be a male? I know what I feel and I know what I look like, but I am still a boy underneath all these beautiful clothes.”

Second thoughts ran through her mind as she looked at the woman in the mirror. There was no doubt that she was female in appearance and thought. Still she was being exposed to boys as a pretty girl for the first time as they made their way through the mall and this made her feel very uncomfortable. As she looked across the mall, there were about twenty teenage boys standing around. Shelly saw they were looking in her direction. She tried to imagine their conversation.