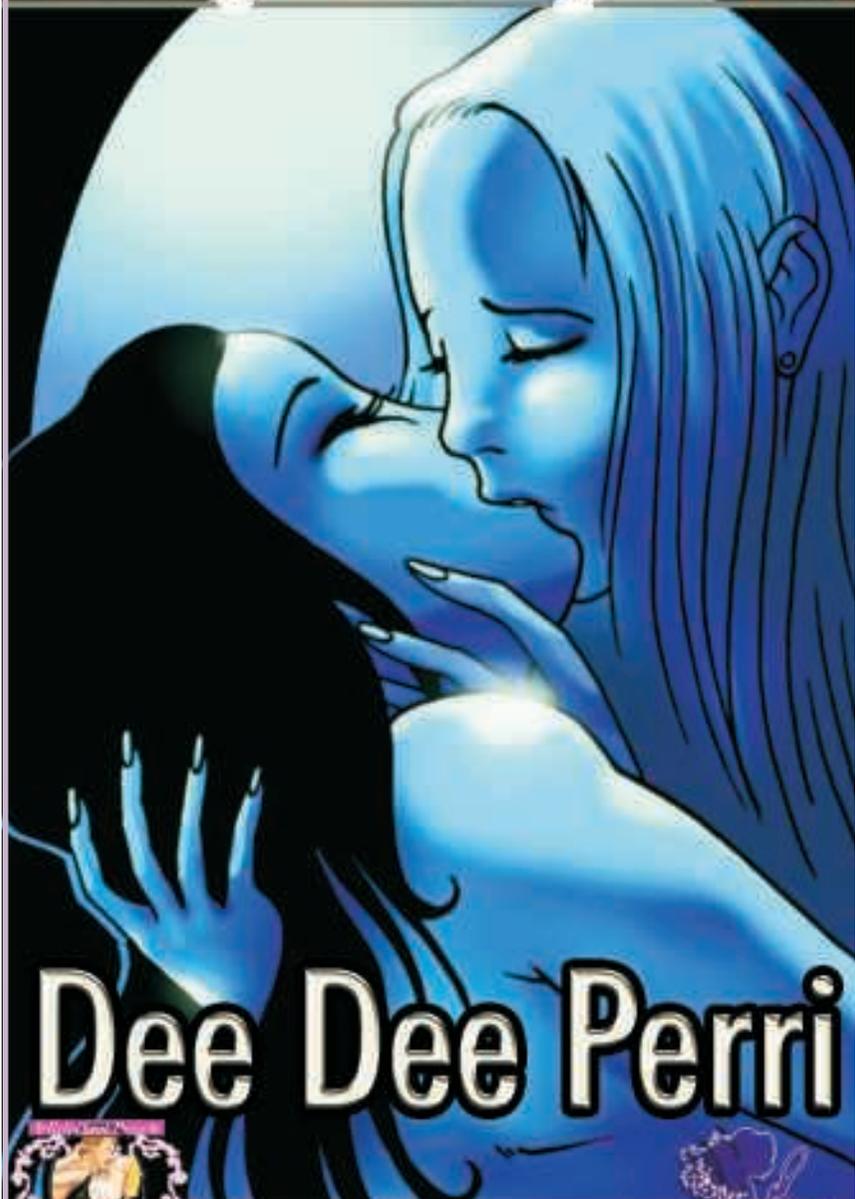


Polymorph 2



Dee Dee Perri



A "New Woman" Novel.



Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers

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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. This material is intended for persons over the age of 18 only.



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Polymorph 2

Becoming Whole

By Dee Dee Perri

Chapter 1

I hadn't been on the west coast in southern California since, well, nine months in the future when I went, as a marine, to Camp Pendleton for advanced training in '05. It was a rugged piece of cliff side landscape just north of Dana Point overlooking the Pacific Ocean. Twenty acres of prime oceanfront deemed too unstable to allow building structures upon it. Such property was unavailable today, not with the California Coastal Commission's mandate to preserve and protect the coastline. But Marty had bought the land long before the Coastal Commission existed, shortly after the Civil War. And the house, embedded into the cliff, did not legally exist in this era. The fiction that it was a pristine undeveloped strip of land was just that, a fiction paid in ordinary currency to ordinary mortals. Most *People* had such a hobbit hole hidden away, a refuge in times of uncertainty.

Marty was certain that by this time Ruth was alerted to the fact that he had stolen *her* polymorph and would by now have figured out something of his intentions. It wouldn't take long for her to go the next step and to conclude that Marty intended to harvest that ocean of raw magic. And once she did that, the whole Council would direct all of its considerable powers to stop him. And when that happened, he, Marty Meeks, had better have solved the problem of securing and manipulating that raw magic or he would be destroyed. He'd understood the risk that he was running from the first instant the idea had formed in his head but the allure of Godhood, to be Thor or Zeus re-born, how could he not aspire to that goal? Even the *People* would bend their knees to his will, his perfection. And the Counsel? He didn't need no stinking Counsel, they would be the first to be destroyed if he succeeded.

And thus began his experiments to discover how he could get this goose to lay her golden eggs. The most immediate problem was my polymorph state, that profound passivity. And yet that spell was formed of pure raw magic. To tamper with that was to risk everything. He floundered around for several weeks, it was now near the end of March, and he was no closer to a solution than when he began.

He finally began giving me lessons in 'conjuring' of the most elementary sort. As a polymorph I was passive and unlikely to take advantage of any significant advantage I might gain and the fact that he was male gave Marty overwhelming influence over my desires, I was his to command. But one cannot command what one cannot see, those flaring incandescent ribbons, so vivid to Marty, were and remained invisible to me. As Ruth had predicted, I was capable of enhancing my physical charms but only by following Marty's guiding words. It was more like a blind woman painting a landscape guided by Marty's eyes and mind. I had always wanted to be beautiful ever since the polymorph spell had been first applied back in

twenty-fourteen. And I became beautiful but the craftsman was Marty.

Different cultures had different ideas of what constitutes beauty. The hourglass figure so common in human culture, if not entirely universal, signifies both fertility and the capacity to bear young. For the *People* the female ideal was more languid, more focused upon achieving gracefulness than proving the female's adequacy for carry babies. Slender shoulders, hips, thighs and noticeably longer legs that when taken all together created a more willowy figure reminiscent of high fashion models of mortal construction. Indeed it was entirely likely that the *People* had created or controlled the fashion industry for a long time. Few mortal women looked like the *Peoples'* ideal. And those mortals that could achieve that effect had to half starve themselves continuously.

Half-starved mortal females seldom could achieve the fullness of breasts that I now had. Perhaps that was significant. Marty had created in me a physical assemble that no mortal woman could have short of plastic surgery. My breasts were a full 'B' cup and perfect half spheres without the slightest hint of droop. Set against the extremely slender frame, those breasts seemed positively huge without the physical limitations that really large breast would have created. They were effective signals of my femininity without being a burden.

But the ultimate hallmark of beauty for both mortals and the *People* did reside in the face. My eyes were overly large as were my vivid light gray irises. Ghost eyes I called them, haunting and mysterious. Long, thick and very black lashes that would never need mascara, would draw the males attention to those wondrous eyes were they not already drawn to them. And once drawn, they could capture a man's soul, or at least that is what Marty said.

Full lips sat pursed below a well-formed nose and high cheekbones. The latter nose and cheeks gave el-



egance to my face that collided with the obviously sensual nature of the mouth and that conflict only heightened the antagonism between the face and those ghost eyes. Mixed signals of predator and prey; a femininity that hinted that she could be mated by the right male, and yet she would demand his worship as well. As Marty said, a beautiful woman of the *people* was no mere reproductive machine but a force of nature.

Alas, I was still a polymorph; that woman I had become was but a symbol and not my reality. Or to put it more bluntly, I was still a broken baby machine. As close to Marty's sexual ideal as I had come, he still showed no interest in coupling with me. Indeed, the physical perfection he and I had worked out only seemed to make my inadequacies, my mortal human essence, all the more apparent. The only physical change I made in myself without Marty's direction, was my hair.

My hair was outrageous. Thick and full yet perfectly straight, it fell all the way to my round sculpted butt cheeks. It was jet black with natural blue highlights much like one might see on a crow's wing. All that sweet elegance, mystery and sophistication of my face was made vividly more exotic by that wild cascade, not mere hair but a statement. Even Marty thought it was too much, though he liked the effect. He asked me to tone it down but I was no more capable of modifying that spell than Marty. And once completed, he wasn't about to touch the raw magic upon which it existed. Attempts to change the color or to merely cut it off failed, of course. This wasn't ordinary hair but by this time there was really nothing ordinary about my physical being. Or, as Marty said, I had more raw magic wrapped about my person than probably existed in the rest of the world. I was laying those golden eggs for Marty if only he could find a safe way of stripping away that wealth.

He finally focused on the one spell casting that I was able to achieve, my ability to enhance a male's

physical equipment and his libido. We repeated the experiment a half dozen times but Marty learned nothing from those efforts other than the obvious. It was when the male was flagging and I wanted more. It was the greedy little mommy-me seeking seed and yes, that process was working at a very primitive level without my conscious control. I could no more make this happen deliberately than could I not perform this little miracle when the conditions were right. I will always wonder what happened to these subjects after Marty was done with them. He never said and I never asked.

I'll never forget when he brought that woman to me. It was after he'd given up on learning more from the males. A woman? I wasn't designed that way. She was experienced enough and seemed to enjoy the assignment. I was frankly disgusted, revolted and would have fled the encounter had Marty not been there. I was his to command but even he could not make me want her.

I remember lying there, eyes scrunched tightly shut as she worked on my clit. The sensations were pleasurable enough taken out of context of course. But a polymorph was designed for making babies and nothing else and we certainly were not making babies. I was so tense and unresponsive that the woman finally ceased in her efforts. I heard her and Marty talking. It was Marty who suggested that she use a dildo. I heard her slip the device on and I waited for the unwanted intrusion into my personhood.

I gasped when she entered me. The feeling was familiar enough as long as I kept my eyes closed. She began to thrust and retreat with that dildo and I felt my body finally begin to respond. This went on and on, the woman was tireless in her efforts or so it seemed but perhaps even she had her limits. Had Marty been seeking to determine whether or not another female could arouse a polymorph, he had indeed succeeded though only by the greatest efforts. However that was never his ambition, of that I am

sure now. As I began to approach a tentative climax, a fact marked by my more ragged breathing, Marty ordered her to stop her movement and to begin to slowly remove the dildo.

I reacted as I would have to a real male inside me. That loss of motion and the slow retreat triggered that now familiar flow of magic from me to that dildo. The woman shrieked and then leaped away. Her screams continued until Marty spelled her into dumb silence.

I was up on my knees now, eyes wide open, as I looked at that poor woman. Her face was blank, frozen into semi-consciousness by Marty's spell. She no longer held a dildo. An oversized and rigid penis stood where her clit had been. And there, just below that new piece of equipment, hung a hairy pair of balls where her vagina should have been. "I'm so sorry." I said to that blank face. There was no register of input. I looked at Marty, "This is what you wanted, isn't it?"

He shrugged, "You got to break some eggs to make an omelet."

Later, after Marty made some mental adjustments to the poor victim, we completed the sexual act. I never saw her again, but if Marty's left her alive I was sure her whole life would be forever changed. I was but a one-trick pony and Marty, after all his efforts, had still failed to find a way to open the gate to that vast resource to which I was connected.

By the end of April Marty could sense the closing circle, for no matter how much power he personally controlled it was but an insignificant dollop compared to what the Counsel could bring to bear. It was the first of May, two thousand and four, early evening, that the wards surrounding this house began to respond and then abruptly cease to exist. Marty had failed and the Counsel was closing in... tonight. Time had run out. There was one and only one option

remaining; to remove the spell from my body without breaking the connection to that vast pool of energy up time and become a *god*. That he would probably fail was a given. That he and I would die in that act was almost a certainty. So why bother?

Not trying was out of the question; the Counsel would certainly destroy him given what he had attempted. And if he tried and failed... all of this was taking place in a time loop. The loop would re-open and nothing that he had done would have existed... yet. Thus there was no death in that act but a 'do over'. The odds were probably less than one in a million that he would become a god and almost a certainty that the time loop would start over. The potential rewards high and the cost almost nothing.

He bent over me, thrusting his hands deeply inside my body, much as Ruth had once done, my skin was no apparent obstacle to his penetration. And then I felt my essence literally being pulled apart and I screamed.

Chapter 2

It was cold, dark and snowing, which was bad enough since I was standing in my bare feet wearing only the terry cloth robe that I had on when Marty murdered me, but when I turned my head and saw that yellow light from Bobby's room that fell across the snow covered back lawn of the Fenton's house I knew it was worse than merely bad. "Fuck me!" I swore. The temporal loop had started over; it was February 15, two thousand and four, near midnight.

Ok it might not be that precise day and hour but then why not? Why not indeed, those tattered jeans and tee shirt were gone, along with my old body and that was a certainty. Other than the cold everything else was merely hypothetical at that moment. My toes were already numb as I sprinted across the lawn and down the street and, to add insult to injury, my

robe flew open exposing my dancing tits, naked belly and my womanhood as Bobby stepped out on to the front porch of his house. He didn't follow, except with his eyes, as I turned right and headed down Tenth Street. It was more than two miles to my old man's place and I would never make it.

Two blocks later I turned left heading toward the town center. But I already knew even that goal was also out of reach as my feet had become completely numb and my teeth chattered wildly in my mouth. Most of the houses were dark this time of night, ignoring the occasional porch light. But directly ahead I could see the dancing light from a TV in the front room. As if my fate was not already set, a few feet short of that particular front door, I slipped on a patch of ice and fell heavily against that same door. The loud bang was the last thing I remembered for a few moments.

It was an older woman who helped me to my feet and led me into her front room. She was clucking away like an old hen with more questions and comments than I could process. I wasn't just groggy, I was also completely unsure about the whole situation. It would be better to keep my mouth shut or at least to give away as little information as possible. That I was that 'babe' that Marty and I had created was almost a certainty. That magical hair was everywhere, in my eyes, across my face and chest. So telling her that I was Lenny Snider was definitely out for the moment. So who was I? Actually that was a question I would have to ask myself eventually and in depth but certainly not now.

The woman had me wrapped in a warm quilt that seemed a couple of inches thick and had placed my poor feet in a pail of room temperature water which felt really hot, at least initially. Having inspected me for frostbite she concluded that she could safely go to the kitchen and put on some water for tea. All the time she continued to talk and me, I sat there mute.

A couple of minutes later I heard her on the phone. I assumed she was calling the police.

“There,” she said placing a large mug of black tea on the coffee table in front of me.

“That’s very kind,” I said, my first utterance since my timely rescue.

She plopped herself down beside me and patted me on the shoulder, “I’m Mrs. Phillips and you are?”

“Um... I don’t remember.”

“Oh my,” she exclaimed. Her eyes were wide now as she added, “Oh just like in the movies.” And then added, “I never really believed *that* could happen to anyone. You poor dear. Um, where are you from?”

“I... I don’t know,” I responded trying to sound hurt and scared but an actor I wasn’t. “Um ma’am, what year is this?” That was a serious question for me at this moment.

She looked startled, “Year? What a strange question. Two thousand and two.”

“Month?”

“Heavens child, February fifteenth,” She looked at her watch, “um, the sixteenth to be exact, it’s just after midnight. Perhaps I should get you to a hospital?”

“No, no I’m fine, but thank you.”

“We’ll have to wait for my son anyway, I don’t drive. He should be here in a few moments. Um, I don’t want to appear nosey but what the heck is a young lady like you running around in the middle of the night wearing just a bathrobe?”

I let out a long sigh. Questions like this were all too obvious and, frankly, potentially too dangerous until I could fully grasp the situation. I was what, five blocks from a house full of wizards? Well, two and a want-to-be wizard. I laughed, "I would really like to know the answer to that question as well."

That didn't seem to satisfy her at all. She sat there now more nearly on the edge of her seat and didn't seem to relax until the sounds of feet stomping off snow came from the back porch. She turned and yelled toward the kitchen, "Paul, we're in the living room."

That is the moment that I connected her name Mrs. Phillips with that of her son, Paul? The rabbit! I was wide eyed as I listened to his approach.

"Hey Mom, what's the problem?" And then he saw me, or rather, my face - everything else was covered. The look in his eyes said that he approved of what he saw. "Oh...Hi."

I was expecting to hear and feel the freight train of lust and romance; certainly Paul was a hunk now as he had been in high school. The silence inside me was deafening. He was just a guy. No, not just a guy, it was me looking at him as just a guy. I mean it was like... the world before I had been turned into a polymorph. I mean, not only could I say 'no' to this handsome hunk of manhood if he became sexually interested, I wasn't even slightly aroused. Finally I found my mouth, "Um, Hi." He took the seat opposite me and leaned forward with an expectant look on his face. Our gaze met and for the first time in what seemed like eons, my eyes didn't retreat, I held his gaze. Yes, it was obvious he was attracted to me, but then I remembered what Marty had said about my ghost eyes: eyes that could capture a man's soul. His was captured, I could see that. Oh this was looking at the world from a whole new perspective indeed.

Almost as if answering my question he said to his mother, “Mom, she got the prettiest eyes I’ve ever seen.” And then he caught himself, “Sorry,” He extended his hand, “Paul’s my name and you’re...”

“She doesn’t remember,” interrupted his mother and then looked me in the face with more than a little disbelief and added, “Right dear?” She then looked back at her son again, “I heard a loud clunk and when I went outside to see what was happening, she was just laying there on my porch nearly half frozen.”

Paul stood up, “We should call the police.”

“Just my thoughts exactly,” she replied giving me now a decidedly suspicious look.

~000~

Sally Burkhart, I gasped as the young woman in the police uniform entered the living room. She was still a fine looking woman even though that uniform did nothing for her, I’d always loved her wide blue eyes and that luscious smile that rode so readily on her sweet lips, though at the moment she wasn’t smiling and seemed all too much playing the cop to my victim. That she was now a police officer in Perryville wasn’t so much of an odd thing considering her Uncle was the Chief and her old man was a police Sergeant. The whole force probably didn’t amount to more than ten-twelve members. And the look that she threw toward Paul also suggested that their relationship was still ongoing. It also suggested that taking one look at me and then at ‘her’ Paul, I was competition of the worst kind. She need not have worried.

I was far more interested in her than I had been in Paul. I hadn’t looked at a woman this way since I became a polymorph. I was now all but certain my ‘polymorph’ spell was too damaged to function in any meaningful way. On the other hand, that the time loop had been re-initiated, suggested that that con-

nection between me and the future was still functional. I smiled back at her with more lust than friendship. On the other hand, nothing between my legs gave me any encouragement that more than friendship was possible. Heck, screwing Sally was always an impossible dream anyway you dolt!

We were kind of back where we started when she asked me the necessary questions. A total memory failure remained my only defense. And then she reached across and took one of my hands in hers, "You didn't get this manicure here." And before I could respond, "You wouldn't find a job this swell in any of the towns near about either. You, my mysterious lady, live or lived in a big city: Cleveland? Pittsburgh?" She waited for me to answer. I just shrugged. "First things first, mystery lady," she said just before unclipping the radio that rested just below her left shoulder. "Sonny, where in the fuck are you?"

~oOo~

My visit to the local ER went smoothly, that is to say there was no sign of concussion or frostbite. It had been my first ride in a Fire Department emergency vehicle, me laying on a gurney and the lights flashing. Using the siren was a bit over kill considering the roads were utterly empty and I'm sure they woke half the town. Talk about making a quiet entry back into Perryville, well this entry hadn't been exactly quiet thus far. By breakfast time almost everyone would be talking about the Angel-that-fell-from-the-sky. If this didn't get the Fenton's attention, nothing would. On the other hand, it was my impression that wizards had a rather low opinion of mortals in general so perhaps this unwanted attention might very well pass unnoticed.

Probably the most notable event during those hours before dawn on the sixteenth was when Sally Burkhart returned to the ER bearing clothes for me. I was sitting on a gurney wearing a hospital gown, you

know the type, open at the back, when she pushed aside the curtain which was used to divide the ER into 'cubicles', "Here," she said thrusting a paper bag into my hands.

I peeked inside, "Clothes?"

She laughed, "Unless you want to wear that?" She said referring to my hospital gown.

I laughed in response to that comment. I looked up at her waiting for her to leave before getting dressed. But she didn't move. Several seconds passed and still she stood there.

I think she finally caught on to what was happening, "Look were both females here, right? The Chief wants you over at the station, pronto and me personally? I could care less, now get dressed." She folded her arms below her breasts though she did shift her gaze slightly toward the ceiling.

I hopped down off the gurney and untied that gown, letting it drop to the floor. I looked over at Sally. She wasn't looking at the ceiling anymore. I blushed and turned my back. It was like a dream come true, me stripping in front of my mega wet dream. Ok, ok, this particular dream had an odd twist to be sure. Me being female had never been a part of my particular masturbation fantasy.

"Shit," she said.

"Huh?" I half turned, my hand covering my breast as I looked over my shoulder.

"Sorry, um..."

"Um, what?"

She laughed, "I'd trade bodies with you in a heartbeat."

Coming from Sally that was quite a compliment and, to be entirely honest I found her hourglass figure very, very satisfying. I'd also been partial to women with a nice ass and full hips and, for a fact, her tits were probably twice the size of the ones I now sported. She had no reason to feel inadequate. I was pulling on a pair of panties now with my back toward her. "I would make that trade, Officer Burkhart." I put on that bra which must have been one of hers, my breasts rolled around inside with room to spare. I turned as if to show her how wrong she was.

A loopy smile hung on her face, "Unfortunately that isn't going to happen, now is it?"

I was pulling up the blue jeans. Everything was more than a little too large except these jeans. Not that the jeans were tight but rather about three inches too short. They would come almost to mid-calf and I would definitely need a belt to hold them on. I was smaller than Sally in every way except height.

"You make me feel like a cow," she sighed.

"That's hardly true."

She rolled her eyes, "You have the body most girls would die for, sleek and slender. A regular high fashion model and the way you move..."

"What's wrong with the way I move?" I felt suddenly uncomfortable. As a polymorph I was decidedly sluttish at least when a male was present. Was that still true?

"Cat like," she said, "feline, perhaps a snow leopard?"

I laughed in relief; cat-like was cool, way more cool than sluttish. Cats can be both elegant and yet dangerous. If that was what she saw, I could live with that. I slipped into a pair of shoes. Like everything

else they were too big but it sure would beat walking bare foot in the fresh fallen snow. "I'm ready."

~oOo~

More cops were there in the station than would have normally been the case. Most looked like they had been called out of their beds, tasseled hair and bleary eyes suggested that their presence hadn't been entirely voluntary. The Chief was taking this seriously, exactly why I wasn't sure. And my 'continued' memory loss wasn't helping to lower the tension.

It was obvious that I wasn't a local; I had the kind of good looks that would have been noticed years earlier. Ditto that I was here on a visit, unless of course I had just arrived. I'd been there at the station for nearly an hour. Time enough to get finger printed and to have DNA samples taken. Digital images of my face and prints had already been sent back to the FBI facility in Maryland and my DNA would follow via snail mail. It all seemed too intense to me, almost like in this backwater community the cops finally had something to do.

It was during breakfast in the Chief's office that I learned what was going on. Sheriff Sanders and one of his deputy's had just arrived. After introductions, I'd assumed the role of wallpaper, as the gathering became a working group. They'd already gone door to door in the neighborhood and no one yet had reported a young woman as missing. Even highway patrol came up blank. Apparently it was my excessively long, vividly black hair that had so energized Chief 'Sammy' Burkhart initially. He had convinced himself that I was a victim of some human trafficking villains and that my appearance, nearly naked on the streets of Perryville, confirmed that. What better way to transport involuntary sex workers than to keep them ill dressed for the weather?

The more they talked, the more I learned. Such a hypotheses wasn't so farfetched at all. I learned that

there were more human beings in slavery today than any time in the past, more than two hundred million worldwide. Ok, so that hypotheses was notably wrong in my case but telling them I was one Lenny Snider transformed by magic into this luscious babe was slightly more farfetched and, well, it was rather better that I appear as an honest victim.

“I think my name is Mary,” I said interrupting the ongoing discussion. All eyes swung in my direction. I knew that this was the tricky part. The more I said, the more that could be checked against the facts. “I don’t remember my parents at all.” I drew my hands to my lap and interlaced my fingers. Now I realized that I wasn’t ready for this. I needed a story, a good story that might hold up at least long enough for me to disappear. There was no way I could remain here in Perryville for the next twenty months without the chance of being discovered. Drawing in the local police had been almost the worst thing I could do, so much for hindsight.

It was time to retreat back to my initial defense, I covered my face with my hands and sighed, “I just can’t remember anything, ok? I think my name was Mary, I mean, its sounds familiar, maybe it is the name of a friend or even my mother. Heck, I wish I could be of more help. Um, Chief, I’m really exhausted.”

~oOo~

I was going to sleep with Sally Burkhart! Ok, not in the same bed but in the same room. She had twin beds separated by the width of a small table that held a lamp and an alarm clock. What did I do to deserve this? There was a God and he had finally smiled down at me.

It was the accumulation of numerous small things, starting with Sally had been working the night shift and now was the time she would normally sleep. What place better to keep this stranger than in

the Burkhart household for a day or two, with both her and her father on the police force, she would be well protected. And finally, the Chief had assigned Officer Burkhart to keep a vigil on yours truly until something approaching a resolution as to the actual situation was at hand.

We were both still dressed as she pulled down the blinds creating a false twilight. I began removing my clothing but I was far more focused on the beautiful woman on the other side of the second bed, though I pretended to be completely uninterested. I heard the drop of her heavy utility belt as I turned to lay the sweater on the chest of drawers before unhooking my bra and placing it on top of the sweater. I looked over my shoulder and saw her, now all but naked, with her back to me as she hung her uniform in the closet. There was absolutely nothing wrong with what I saw. The slender back fell to well-rounded hips and a bottom that I had always wanted to see thus exposed. That penis in my brain had awakened but between my legs the response was so out of step, so completely wrong. My male mind wanted to stick something into her sexy body, that was a pretty normal experience, but my female groin was only capable of receiving such attention.

She must have caught me looking at her because in the next instant I was returning her gaze. I so wanted to look down at her breasts but I felt compelled to return her gaze. "There are night clothes in the second drawer. Um, nothing very sexy I'm afraid."

"Oh," I said turning away and opening the drawer. There were a couple of flannel nightgowns, "which one do you want?"

"Whatever," She said.

I turned and tossed the red one across the two beds, and enjoyed the view. Large conical breasts capped in with what looked like brown sugar, both breasts had a distinct downward cast as gravity did

what gravity did. Welts from her sports bra were still evident on her chest. As I examined her she examined me.

“Still willing to switch bodies?” She said with a laugh.

“You bet.”

“Aw, that’s so sweet Mary.”

I grinned and climbed into bed. I could show her exactly how sweet I could be but honestly I knew that wasn’t going to happen. I’d hardly fluffed up my pillow and adjusted my gown, sheets and hair when I heard a soft snore coming from the other bed. I lay there for the longest time. At first I was thinking of her and what it would be like to take her into my arms, to suck those delicious breasts and explore that cleft between her legs. But as time passed my thoughts shifted more to me, that is to say who I was now.

As a polymorph I was forever reacting like one of Pavlov’s dogs, salivating at every male I was near. More than salivating, utterly consumed by my passions. Now? Not once this morning had I felt overwhelmed with sexual and romantic need. True, I would have had sex with Sally had she shown any interest. In fact I still would were she to awake and show interest. But to be really honest with myself, there was such confusion between my brain and my body I had no idea of how I would behave. My desire to play the male role was nearly balanced with my desire to be what I was physically, a female. Looking on the bright side however, I was no longer the passive victim, I could say *no*. I was, once again, the captain of my own boat though the seas were uncertain.

A few minutes later I got up and went to the bathroom. With the onset of the light, there against two mirrored walls stood my naked figure. It was an image I’d gotten familiar with over the past six weeks,

subjective time that is, and yet it was like I was seeing myself for the first time. My male brain understood what my polymorph brain could not have comprehended. Perhaps trading bodies with Sally wasn't a fair trade at all. I'd found Sally's body delightfully sexy to be sure, but not overwhelming so. And I was at this moment, overwhelmed.

I was Narcissus re-born; I was both my male teen-aged youth and my adult male self standing mere feet away from an image of womanhood that demanded my attention. My mental penis was almost instantly rock hard as my very real clit formed an erotic knot. I was decidedly 'into' women or at least this woman. Were she to approach me for sex I could not have refused. Ironic, right, she was me and what a tangled web that created. How could the polymorph-me have been so blind as to not see what Marty had created: a goddess. Had Venus been one of the *People*? Or was this merely an ancient archetype he'd carried in his brain, a fit companion for a god?

One thing seemed certain, I would have no difficulty finding lovers and yet would any of them be adequate companions for this perfection? I read once that men found women to be sex objects, that is the woman's form stimulated their reproductive drives. That was a no brainer. But what was interesting, many women found their own beauty to also be stimulating, that is to say they imaged themselves being made love to by the male. Their own bodies were actually part of the driving stimulation. It wasn't uncommon for them to watch themselves in a mirror while making love both figuratively and, often, actually. Now this made sense to me, I was my own sex object even if I had to share her with others.

~oOo~

It was late afternoon and Sally had gone downstairs leaving me alone. I had spent entirely too much time in the bathroom in front of the mirrors and utterly self-absorbed with my naked reflection; even I

knew this was unhealthy. I was at the end of my tether, so to speak, without money, clothes or even valid identification. A subject of a police investigation that now reached well beyond Perryville, a creature that surely had awakened local interest and, worst of all, might draw the attention of the Fentons. The latter was particularly bothersome considering I was literally draped in raw magic or at least that is what Marty had said. It would be like wearing a neon sign that said 'take me'. But for all of that, the female I had become had totally pre-occupied my male consciousness.

Never had two lovers been so closely united. Ok, not quite true. I needed her and wanted her but as far as a relationship, it was decidedly one sided. She had given no hint of her sexuality other than she was the center of mine. Hell, it was only a body, right? Magically enhanced yes, but just a biological machine. Neither Paul nor Sally had stimulated 'us' significantly, which suggests what? Well the good news was she was no polymorph, no lust driven slut. And that is exactly what I had wanted all along, the ability to just say 'no'.

I finally got dressed and headed downstairs to the smell of food cooking in the kitchen. "Hey," I said as I entered the kitchen. Sally was wearing jeans and a sweatshirt; the latter was several sizes too large.

"Sleeping beauty has finally arisen. You want to help me?"

"Sure." And for the next few minutes I was free to pretend that I was a normal person, free to ignore my internal conflicts and the potential disasters that lay about like a messy minefield. If anything I was less well equipped to deal with my role in this damn time loop than I had been in the first pass, but least I had a sense of free will.