

Polymorph



Dee Dee Perri



A "New Woman" Novel



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The Polymorph

by Dee Dee Perri

Chapter 1

Bobby Fenton didn't have many friends back in high school. He was a born leader without followers, you know the type I'm sure. He was forever organizing something, like Dungeons & Dragons only to stomp out the first time things went in a way he didn't like. Worse, the game was usually at his house, therefore every one invited was abruptly uninvited. Eventually he couldn't get anyone to come to his house, except me. He was personable, in an odd, slightly off-centered way, and, to be honest, I didn't mind too much that he was excessively bossy. He'd obviously never heard of Copernicus, leastwise, for him, the Universe continued to swing round and round with Robert J. Fenton, at the very center of creation.

Speaking of me, well I was the pent-ultimate pseudo-nerd back then, a loser. Worse yet, I didn't even have good grades at school and nerds were supposed to be intelligent, right? It wasn't like I was secretly smart but laid back, you know, I just played at being too cool to study. But academic success wasn't my only short suit. My Pa used to sneer at me and say I had the coordination of a wounded gazelle and he was probably all too right, so I had neither the aptitude of a jock nor the intelligence of a nerd. More of a dork than

anything else. As a general rule, Dorks don't have their own peer group, ok? Nobody wants to join that crowd. Dorks mostly try to disappear into the background and survive unnoticed or pretend to be, like me, a nerd or a member of some other more-or-less accepted adolescent social type. No, Dorks are evolutionary dead-ends, true social misfits by definition.

Bobby Fenton could be a royal jerk but he was about as close to a peer group I would ever have, or so I thought in high school. Bobby and me were like joined at the hip during this period and he needed me as much as I needed him, so much so that some of the guys said we were queer for each other. No way, that didn't happen. You see I never really 'liked' Bobby. As I already said, he was bossy and utterly self-consumed, spoiled. I was just background to him, you know, the *follower, his follower*. To be entirely honest, the alternative to attaching myself to his train was to be alone and completely isolated and I'm not talking just about school. Pa, my stepfather, was a moron, a nasty drunk, ok? And my Mom had left us for a traveling preacher when I was about three, which I guess might explain why I had a stepfather instead of a real dad in the first place. Mom was a bit unstable I suspect. Anyhow, I had no home life that was worthy of remembering. Hanging out with Bobby Fenton was a very positive alternative to being knocked half silly for no good reason at all by a dangerous drunk. It was not a childhood I would wish on any kid.

There were real tangible reasons for me to play the role of Bobby's camp follower. Bobby Fenton was rich or rather his folks were, at least in relative terms. So staying over at his house was pretty cool, a computer and 'stuff' and the eats were great. His Mom was the Mom I never had. No, that's not being entirely fair to Mrs. Fenton; she was a really swell Mom to me even if I wasn't her flesh and blood. Looking back now I realize that no matter how much of a jerk Bobby really was, it was his Mom that had made my life tolerable in those days. Bobby's old man was an entirely different matter. A lawyer, he was remote and usually preoccupied with his own issues, a non-entity in my childhood and in Bobby's life as well I suspect. All things considered however, Bobby's old man would have been a vast improvement over the one I'd gotten stuck with. I sometimes prayed that my Pa would have, you know, an accident of the fatal variety. For me, being an orphan would have been a slice of heaven. Anyhow, I got to

know Bobby better than I really wished to due almost entirely to that wonderful woman, Mrs. Fenton. Talking with Bobby was essentially a monologue with yours truly the passive recipient, not that I didn't have ideas of my own. But if it wasn't his idea, well it probably wasn't worth talking about.

Now to be completely clear on this, Bobby was seriously 'strange', I mean, like he thought, well, he was chosen by God, not that he believed in God of course. He would get this funny look in his eyes like he was seeing a different world then the rest of us mere mortals. He would get all breathy as if filled with passion as he flung his hands here and there describing multi-colored strands of silk-like threads that sprung out of everything. He was psycho with a heavy dose of megalomania.

When he wasn't being a nut case, he was a regular momma's boy, not that I could blame him for the latter. Mrs. Fenton, she allowed me to call her Ruth, believed that a child could not be spoiled and she was, perhaps the real reason Bobby was the way he was, spoiled that is. Anyhow, he and she were as affectionate as a pair of lovers. Even as a kid I knew there was something not quite right about that but then I would have given anything to trade places with Bobby, believe-you-me.

It was the rare night that I slept over at Bobby's place; it just wasn't usually done with boys. So most nights I went home to my own bed if I could get past my old man without getting pasted in the face or kicked half way across the room but more often than not, if Pa was up and moving around the house, I slept in the garage. Needless to say when I reached eighteen, the winter of '04, I eventually dropped out of school and joined the Marines and the rest is, as they say, history.

It was almost ten years before I returned to my home town. I was no longer that dork, that loser. I'd filled out in mind as well as body, that latter fact became all too apparent when I punched out my old man. That felt good, punching him in the kisser, damned if it didn't. I remembered bending over his body, blood trickling from his mashed nose, on my sleeve were the chevrons of a Marine Gunnery Sergeant. I was no longer a follower, two tours in Iraq and three in Afghanistan had settled out most of my self-doubts. I was somebody now, somebody with responsibilities. Men and women, Marines, looked up to me. There is nothing like combat

to sort out the wheat from the chaff, lives had hung in the balance of my decisions all too often.

I was on leave. I was inclined to re-up for another cycle but inclined wasn't the same as certain. I'd seen too many pals die or torn into bloody rags sans arms or legs. Over time one starts to think that eventually one has to use up all of one's luck and yet I'd found a home in the Marines. No it was not a decision I could make lightly. I'd come home to think things over and, to be entirely honest, to show off. I was a man's-man now, somebody substantial. I left my stepfather's house never to return, I had a room at the downtown hotel and I planned to be seen. I had no idea what I was about to get into.

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It was a long walk from downtown to the end of Ellsworth Street. I was willing to take the risk that I would see Bobby, as long as I got to say 'hi' to his mom. The more I thought about it the more certain I was that Mrs. Fenton was the only person in the whole town that I really wanted to see. Oh there were a couple of gals I remembered from high school. By this time they'd probably be old and fat with kids hanging onto their skirts, not that they would remember me. Still maybe they'd eat their hearts out once they saw just how cool a dude I'd become. I pulled up short, my heart pounding in my chest and it wasn't from the exercise. Fuck me! There was a foundation where the house, Mrs. Fenton's house, had been and nothing else. Weeds grew in confusion where once a well-ordered lawn had existed. There was even a wrist thick tree growing inside the foundation so the house had been gone for years and not mere months. I felt hollow, empty inside as I turned, disoriented and saddened by my discovery. Some homecoming, I thought. Was Ruth dead or merely just gone? Other than the chance to punch my old man out, my decision to come home was turning into a regretful error. What was that old saw: you can never go home again? Right, things change and nothing is ever exactly the same.

"Psssst"

I jerked from my reverie and looked around. "Huh? Who's there?"



“Over here,” replied a high, thin voice with a distinctive lisp.

“Over where?” I said as I scanned in the direction the voice came from. I saw no one or at least no likely source of the voice. A large brown rabbit with a fluffy white tail was standing on its hind legs right in front of the foundation. I watched it hop up onto the cement foundation and then stand up again looking intently in my direction. I laughed as I crossed onto what had been the Fenton’s lawn. “Very funny, whoever you are,” I said as I approached the cracked and discolored foundation. I was looking for the source of that voice, just a kid probably from the sound of it. Surely he or she was hiding there just out of sight. I wasn’t three feet away from the rabbit by this time. The fact that he hadn’t fled was surprising, to say the least. I laughed again and said, “My, you are the bold one, Mr. Cottontail.”

The rabbit wrinkled his nose and one ear flopped over and then it spoke. “About time I found you.”

“You can talk?” I laughed as I approached the foundation. I wasn’t looking at the rabbit but rather for the source of that voice. There was no one hidden behind the foundation nor was the grass high enough on either side of that brick and cement structure to provide cover. By this time I was close enough to reach out and touch that rabbit. The creature seemed, well, tame and overly large for a rabbit probably weighted in at a good fifteen pounds. He did turn his body as I moved past him and stepped over that two-foot high foundation wall. I looked right and left and up and down, there was nobody there. That fluffy but brave bunny hopped right up next to me and twisted its head up and looked at me.

“You are Lenny Snider, right?”

I jumped back, startled: “Rabbits can’t talk!”

He wiggled his nose and flattened his ears back, “Look pal, I haven’t got all day and besides there’s a couple of cats around here I’d rather avoid if you know what I mean? So are you Lenny Snider or not?”

I sat down on the ruined foundation and stared at that rabbit, “Yeah,” I said with a nervous grin on my face. A talking rabbit? Go figure.

“I kind’a thought so, but you really filled out a lot, pal. I wasn’t exactly sure it was you, if you know what I mean.”

“Ah? And you’re...?”

“Paul Phillip.”

“Who?”

“Seriously? You don’t remember me? I was captain of the football team, I dated Sally Burkhart, think man, two thousand and o-one?”

I remembered Sally Burkhart all right, she was a goddess back then, a couple years older than me but fit to serve my masturbatory dreams. I looked at this funny animal, this talking rabbit, and I was very confused. “Ok,” I said as if it could be ok, which it couldn’t.

“Fine, we got that out of the way. The Wizard heard you were in town and ah- he’s determined to say ‘hi’ to his old pal. Anyhow he sent me to find you.” He hopped down and started across the lawn.

“A Wizard?” I said as I hopped off the foundation and began to follow that talking rabbit. My curiosity was fully aroused. “Who? What?”

The rabbit stopped and turned, looking over his shoulder, “Master Fenton of course, Perryville’s very own Wizard. Look jerk, if it was me, I’d hit the road, run if you know what’s good for you.” He looked around as if expecting danger before fixing his gaze back on me. “Kid, if the Wizard wants to see you, no good can come of that, trust me.” He wrinkled his nose and began hopping down the sidewalk.

I was running now, chasing that rabbit. “Bobby Fenton’s a wizard?”

The rabbit stopped and looked back at me from over his bunny shoulder. “That’s Master Fenton to you and you best not forget that.” He looked around as if no make sure that we were still alone and then, in a squeaky whisper, added: “Like I said, he ordered me to find you and bring him to his lordship... but if I was you...”

"I should run, get out of Dodge, so to speak?" I laughed. This was insane. A talking rabbit and *Master Fenton*? "What the royal fuck is going on?"

The rabbit jerked to rigid attention, his ears straight up and his whiskers began to quiver. "Don't you ever do that again!"

"What?"

"Swear. Ok? This is no place for random curses, kid. Trust me. Words matter and ah- words with strong emotions... they have power. Best you keep your yap shut until you get out of the woods." He scanned the environment as if looking for some new danger and then after a few seconds he seemed to slump and relax. "Apparently no harm done. Um... nice meeting you Lenny, I guess. I'll tell his wizard-ship that you left before I could find you, ok?" He turned and bounded off down the street.

I muttered something like: "This is too weird", but I had to flat out run to keep up with that damned rabbit. I yelled after him but he didn't stop. I had questions, lots of questions left unanswered and that bunny wasn't about to escape if I had my say. Half a block later the critter left the street and headed deeper into the woods. I followed him as best I could, fortunately I was on a well-worn trail now, a regular footpath. A quarter of a mile later, now deep in the woods, the rabbit stopped, stood up on its hind legs and spoke: "Master Fenton, I did as you ordered, um, your lordship."

I could see no one except the rabbit. "Who are you talking to..?" I didn't need to finish. There he was, Bobby Fenton as I remembered him back in high school. At first he was nearly transparent like he was made of glass but gradually he seemed to solidify and I could no longer see the trees through his form. By the time he had become fully corporeal, he was staring at me. He hadn't aged at all, that is to say he looked exactly the same as I had remembered him ten years earlier, a skinny eighteen-year-old kid. That was impossible of course, here I was a man full grown and him, still waiting for his adulthood. "Lenny?" He said.

"That's Sergeant Snider, now Bobby." I laughed and flexed my muscles before extending my hand for a handshake. He was a skinny runt and always had been but now I was a substantial man, a man among men. My shoulders were twice as broad as his and I even had

a good three inches of height over him. The idea that he'd once dominated me physically as well as socially was like ancient history. It made me feel good. I stood there holding my hand out, he didn't move to take it. He was glaring at my hand as if it was un-clean.

"Sorry." He grunted rejecting my out stretched palm.

What the fuck was going? He was always a jerk of course but what? Too all high and mighty to shake my hand? I knew I was getting pissed off. I could feel my anger swelling; it was like facing a hot wind off the desert, I knew what that was like having served in Iraq, but that wind was coming from inside me at that moment. *Master Fenton? Lord high wizard? Bullshit!* I was pissed and, well, decidedly not willing to slide back into our old relationship. "*Fuck me!*" I said rather too loudly. I was about to add: What in the Hell is going on, anyway Bobby. Is everyone crazy here or what? Wizards, talking rabbits? Those words were never spoken, indeed even as I was forming my lips to finish my statement, my train of thought was abruptly mashed into tiny fragments.

"Paul," yelled Bobby as he jumped back and began to turn translucent once more, "you didn't warn him?"

"Honest your Lordship, I did, I surely did." The brown rabbit spun around in a circle, sniffing wildly, his eyes were rolling in his head now. "Making bunnies your Lordship, baby bunnies, oh my."

"PAUL! NO!"

Bobby's words seemed to have no impact on the rabbit as its random hopping became less random, forming a parameter around yours truly starting with what had to be a hard head bump against my exposed ankle. With each pass he was coming closer and closer to me. This wasn't happening, of course, but I was becoming sexually excited and worse. That rabbit was going to fuck me and I could do nothing to stop that from happening. "Bobby?" I cried but it came out as a high-pitched squeak as I dropped down on all fours and raised my butt into the air. I was huge relative to that bunny but I suspect that the size difference wouldn't last much longer. I couldn't quite slip my mind around what was happening other than it was. We were going to make baby bunnies... and I was quite incapable of doing otherwise.

A sound that could not have come from a human mouth filled the air, potent like a lightning strike and every bit as brief, flayed the woods. The rabbit was gone, simply gone but the urge, my abnormal reproductive urge wasn't. I cried out in frustration as an expectant vagina throbbed between my legs. I was still in the receptive position I had assumed and certainly no longer fully human. More human than rabbit but decidedly rabbit-ish. Bobby stood before me, nearly transparent, here but not exactly here. "Bobby?" I simpered lisping through a mouth somewhere between that which I had possessed before, human, and toward which I had been becoming, a rabbit. My upper front teeth were improbably large, an over bite of excessive proportion for a human but decidedly appropriate for a bunny.

"Sorry about that Lenny." The ghost like image that was Bobby sighed and then shrugged his shoulders. And then that phantom laughed.

I struggled to my feet but was unable to reach a full upright posture which was, well, reasonable considering my alter condition. "What's so funny?" I lisp, that simpering voice contained no anger, which, in itself, was surprising. I suspect it was that vagina between my legs, that hungry, expectant organ that still dominated my consciousness: I was in heat and that translucent form before me was... male, though human. I swayed forward, my forelegs wide and then I turned and elevated my rear end in his direction, assuming the sexually receptive position, rabbit like loins quivering expectantly, my ears folded neatly back.

"Oh if you could only see yourself now, Lenny."

"What's that supposed to mean?" I lisped but remained poised to receive his penis.

That ghost only waved his hand as if to say: it doesn't matter, forget it, before adding, "I hope you learned your lesson. No swearing and whatever you do... well *here* words are often literally functional, understand?"

I nodded. "Ok, you're the wizard so fix this."

He laughed, "Fix it? It's not my spell."

"Huh?" I eased back onto my altered backside. I was feeling sick inside and decidedly not sexually focused any longer. So much for Bobby being an all-powerful

wizard. The whole concept was phony as hell: magic, wizards and curses. Where it not for my current condition which was part human, part rabbit and all important, centered upon a hungry, expectant vagina, I could laugh it off... *Right!* “Are you saying I got to stay this way?” I lisped.

He was almost solid again. He began to walk around me, eyes focused on my person. But his movements, ghost like, created not a sound in the underbrush, not a leaf or branch moved as he passed through them, an impossibility. No crunch of leaves or snapping of twigs his feet merely glided across the ground. “Bobby?” I said as I turned following his motion.

“Don’t move,” he ordered.

I started to open my mouth and he added, “And don’t say anything, anything at all, understand?”

I froze. He was now behind me. And then it was obvious that he had stopped. I waited expectantly. “You can do something, right old pal?” He merely grunted.

“This is *fucking*...”

Before I could finish saying ‘horse shit’, Bobby screamed something and slapped a translucent hand over my mouth. There was no tactile impressing, no real physical consequence, but my mouth and tongue froze in mid process. I clutched my throat unable to breathe. And then, after a long cosmic minute, I could breathe again. Gasping for precious air I gave him a piece of my mind or rather that was my intent but what came out was nothing like what I had intended. “Golly-gee-wiz,” I snorted in a shrill, wispy voice. I screamed out asking what the fuck he had done to me but again my lips and tongue twisted my words if not their exact meaning and I lisped: “You’re making me very, very unhappy.” I added and then rolled my eyes, unhappy was rather much an understatement.

“Sorry, Lenny, You’re in enough trouble already, don’t you think?” He shrugged his shoulders. “When you invited the whole universe to have sex with you...”

“Huh? I didn’t say that. What I said was...” I stopped and looked for the F-word and found it all right. FUCK! “Ah...” I realized abruptly that I couldn’t form it with my mouth. That was pretty *fucking* bad considering the F-word in one of its many variations constituted a sig-

nificant portion of my marine vocabulary. As a general rule the F-word was used as a noun or verb and often sufficed as an adverb, pronoun or even an adjective, point in fact, a gunny sergeant, like myself, would be hard pressed to accomplish anything without a variation of 'FUCK'. Imagine John Wayne leading a platoon of marines in "Back to Bataan" screaming out: Follow me men and let's send some of those gosh-darn fatherless Japs to Heck! Naw, that didn't work. Even the slightly potent words like 'shit' and 'bastard' seemed alien to my tongue. For the briefest moment the idea of living without the F-word, let alone all the other useful words I found missing, took precedence over my current physical condition. Finally the implications sank into my thick skull: "Whoa," I sighed, I was in a very bad situation. "Ok," I said but it came out more like 'o-tay'. I was finally 'on-page' or 'situationally aware' in marine lingo. "And this?" I said flipping my brown furred paw-hand as if noting my physical condition for the first time.

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"Fuck me," he said the words softly and without emotion, "is a declarative expression of the passive-receptive form. Ok Lenny?"

"Try that again Bobby only this time in English?"

He sighed and shook his head. "It's like calling out: someone or something, ah- please have intercourse with me? It's a plea for sex as the fuckie and decidedly not as the fucker... see?" He shook his head, "You still don't understand. Ok, it was a declaration that you were accepting the female role in that contract but actually somewhat stronger than that. More like 'lets-make-babies'? A wish, but considering that you are male and I assume not gay Lenny, more of a curse."

"O-tay," I said.

"Anyhow, it was an open invitation to any and all."

"Like that gosh darn rabbit?"

"Correct. Poor Paul was as much caught up in the spell as you were. Anyhow, you are a sexual polymorph... now."

“Excuse me?”

“Able to assume any biological form necessary to accomplish the act of sexual congress but as a female of the species of course and with the obvious intent of procreation.”

“Whoa. Why a gosh darn female for Pete’s sake?”

“As I said, that was a passive-receptive statement, ok? Someone stick a penis inside me, please.”

“I... I didn’t mean it that way, seriously.”

“I suspect not Lenny but magic in the hands of an untrained amateur, like you, tends to be both rather literal and very basic. Sex is for reproduction, sexual pleasure is not in itself the central biological force in play, ok?”

“Ah Bobby?”

“Yeah?”

“Look at all the animals over there. What’s going on?” It was incredible, really. The forest had seemed, well, almost empty. But now, not more than fifty feet away was one very large raccoon, two rabbits and... oh my gosh I realized as I scanned the immediate area around us, a fox, a dog, three cats and... the fucking forest was becoming crowded with critters. And none of them were paying attention to each other. They were all staring at me like I was the main course. “Bobby?” I squealed.

“You’re safe, I’m holding them back.”

“Why, I mean why are they here?”

“The curse of course, you twit. Which one do you want?”

I was horrified. “You can’t be serious Bobby?”

He tried to pat me on the shoulder but of course his hand passed right through my flesh. That was pretty creepy.

“Make then go away, please? And uh, I’m thirsty.”

“That could be a problem all right Lenny. I have no biological needs but you, my friend, do. There may be a

way out of this impasse but we'll have to stay here until nightfall."

"Nightfall?"

"My powers are much stronger after sunset. Go figure, they just are."

"But you can fix this, right?"

"The concept of 'fix' is a relative term, old pal."

I didn't like the sound of that at all. I looked around and the numbers of animals was steadily increasing. This wasn't good, not good at all. Skunks and even a pig, a domestic pig of all things, had just appeared in the growing assembly, a regular Noah's ark except... all male? That seemed, um, likely? A bunch of horny bastards all eager to make babies.

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"So she is dead now, right? Ruth? Your mother?" I could see the setting sun right through Bobby, indeed were it not for his voice, it would be easy to imagine that I was alone. All around me were sounds of the local wildlife, though most remained hidden in the brush. That they were there for me was very, very disconcerting. "Bobby?" I squeaked. His silence alarmed me for all too many reasons.

Finally he answered me, there was emotion in his voice, "I surely hope so."

"Hope so?" I squeaked, "That's...that's a terrible thing to say."

"You have no idea of what the other dimension is like. Corporal forms, impossible. Energy, vast, complex and totally alien energy fields."

"Magic?"

"That's only a word but yes to us here in this dimension it is... magical, un-bonded pre-energy and pre-matter. Anyhow when I opened Hell's Gate I expected the flood of that pre-energy and pre-matter into this dimension."

“Hell’s Gate,” I muttered. “With a name like that, why would you try? To open it I mean.” I looked at him but he merely shrugged. “So why did she die?”

“Iron,” he said.

“I don’t understand.”

“Iron. The moment the gate opened and the magic flooded in, the gate attracted all the iron for several hundred yards around. The houses that used to stand around my house came apart, wood frame you know, nails, plumbing, anything that contained iron.” He let out a long sigh before continuing, “Blood,” he said. “Dozens died in that instant, torn apart even as they were sucked into that gate.”

“Blood?”

“Yeah, it contains iron. Iron is found throughout the human body of course, not that it matters to any of them now.”

“And you?”

“I was isolated, protected. And when the gate slammed shut, I was here between the dimensions, trapped.”

“Trapped?”

“Oh yes, trapped. I exist but I am not alive. More like a ghost Lenny. I have neither biological needs nor pleasures. Perhaps I am immortal but after more than eight years of this existence I’d trade it all for mere mortality.”

“So you’re not happy.”

He sighed, “It would have been far better had I just died that night.”

“Better that you had never opened that dang gate if you ask me, Bobby.”

“That thought has occurred to me more than once, old pal.”

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The sun seemed to be frozen just above the horizon as if refusing to leave. According to Bobby, salvation waited upon the return of his full powers, that is, it waited for the night. And then I heard something monstrous crashing through the underbrush, an elephant perhaps. I jerked toward Bobby as if to cling to his leg but of course there was no actual contact, “What’s that?”

“Good, finally.”

“Huh?”

“That’s Joe-Joe.”

“Joe-Joe?”

“A local kid, nice guy but a little light in the brains department? Anyhow he’s kind of like my Igor you know as in Frankenstein? Over here Joe-Joe.”

“Coming boss man,” he responded, the noise in the underbrush changed direction and now headed our way. Animals scattered before him but did not run away. “Hey?” He said looking down at me in surprise.

“Joe-Joe, I’d like to meet an old friend of mine, Lenny, Joe-Joe.”

“Hey,” he said leaning down and offering a ham-sized palm, “Nice to meet yah.”

The moment our flesh met an electric buzz surged through my being. I was in a furnace of creation and my bones shifted from that appropriate to a four-legged mammal to that that walked on two legs. My forepaws transmuted into hands and arms that dark brown fur drew back and was gone. I was human again or at least would soon be once again. The fact that the emerging secondary sexual characteristics were female seemed somehow unremarkable at that moment, indeed even fortuitous considering the sexual desire that now fully raged in my body. The fact that I didn’t pull him to the ground and try to ravage his body seemed, well, rather odd. That I had these thoughts was self evident, that I merely lay there, legs apart and eyes that said fuck me said something entirely different. What was the term that Bobby had used, ‘passive-receptive’? Yes, both

terms fully applied, I was very receptive and utterly *passive*. He was a big hunky guy and seriously interested, how could he not be, but he was more concerned with Bobby's reactions.

"Boss I didn't mean, you know..." He stammered in confusion as if it was he that had evoked my transformation. Well actually he did or rather he full filled the requirements of my curse. And the way his crotch was bulging, he was more than a little willing to play his part.

"No problem Joe-Joe. My pal is kind of under the weather you might say, right Lenny? Anyhow I was kind'a hoping you'd come along."

Joe-Joe just nodded as he stared at the ghost that was the mightily wizard. "You want that I should do something?" he said hopefully as his penis made a tent pole inside his jeans.

"Actually, um, no. I think you have done enough. But thank you for asking."

I mewed like a frustrated kitten, loud enough for the kid to hear and surely he could code exactly what I wanted. The kid turned and looked at me with lust in his eyes and then back at Bobby.

"It wouldn't be no trouble at all, Boss."

Bobby laughed as if to say I understand. "It's a pretty nasty curse, kid and you don't really want any part of it but thanks for the offer."

"Sure Boss, I understand," not that he did of course. The lust dimmed in his eyes and after he received some instruction from Bobby he left us alone in the darkness that had finally descended. His travel out of the forest could readily heard for a long time.

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"What was that all about?" I said as I finally stood. Heavy breasts hanging from my chest mewed for attention almost as much as my vagina. I was all woman and definitely in heat.

"It wouldn't have been good for Joe-Joe."

“What’s that supposed to mean?” I was frustrated and frustration turns into anger rather readily. “I have more than half a mind to run after that big hunk.”

“You wouldn’t get fifty feet, ok Lenny?”

“Oh,” I said in a very, very meek voice. “ um, those animals? I just thought...”

“You are a polymorph. End of statement. Anyhow, had I let you and the kid do what you both wanted...”

“Yes?”

“He doesn’t have the maturity or the intelligence to make a good father. Both of you would have been utterly miserable eventually, you especially.”

“A father?”

“Bingo! Look, it is all about making babies. You have sex, you will get pregnant, understand? Your curse will be satisfied and you will no longer be a polymorph. Just a pregnant *passive-receptive* female forever attached to Joe-Joe. Do you understand? Of the bonded until death do you part kind.”

I blinked and sucked on my full lip for a moment, “Am I pretty?”

Bobby laughed, “Yeah, sexy as hell. So that’s ok with you, spending the rest of your life as a woman with Joe-Joe?”

“Sure... I mean I don’t know, ok? If that is what it’s got to be...”

“Look Lenny, for animals the curse is all about sexual reproduction, ok? But human’s can fuck you in a lot more ways than just sexually. Joe-Joe there or for that fact any human male would eventually really ‘screw’ you if you know what I mean?”

I shook my head, where was he going with this?

“A door mat, more like someone to wipe your feet on.” He sighed, “A true passive-receptive personality would make the perfect slave, ok? Joe-Joe would become *Master Joe-Joe* eventually. You would try so hard to please him that nothing except your babies would take precedence.

“So there is more to this than just sex huh?”

“Yeah Lenny. Power. Social dominance and you wouldn’t have any except for the attraction the male has for your fertile body and once the male understands that you are compelled to give yourself to him, compelled, you will have no power at all.”

“A sex slave?”

“Bingo! But there may be another way out, Lenny. And pal it could help me out of this mess.”

I looked at him, an alternative? As to helping Bobby, to be completely frank, that didn’t seal the deal. “You mean like escaping from your prison?”

He laughed, “Indirectly. What if I never opened Hell’s Gate?”

“You could do that?”

“Not me, you. And considering how close you and my mother were...”

“You mean I could save Ruth’s life?”

“And a lot of other people’s lives as well.”

“Me?” I said poking my chest with a finger.

“And if I never open that gate you will never become a sexual polymorph.”

I stood there looking at him. How was it possible to alter the past? Well enough impossible things had happened today to make the impossible not so improbable. But could I trust Bobby? Was there really a choice? Make a baby tonight and remain female and whatever species I had become forever or have my life returned to me. You know most animals don’t live very long, five-ten years assuming that something doesn’t kill them prematurely.

“If I do this, I do it as a male, right? And human,” I added.

“Correct,” he said showing his teeth in a smile a tad too wide, more like a used car dealer than a real friend. “Look Lenny you are the only one that really knows me.” He shrugged, “Excluding my mother of course but

she's um, not available. You will be in your old body but carrying all of your memories including what has happened today. It will not be easy to turn my attentions away from opening that gate, trust me. Living in a world nearly devoid of magic was for me like growing a watermelon in the desert without water, impossible. But if anyone can do it old pal, it's you."

I never really understood Bobby, ok? He was always weird, spaced out and, apparently, high on magic. Could I do this, turn him away from opening that darn gate? "How long would I have to do this?"

"One maybe two years depending on when you arrive. I opened the Gate at midnight, All Hallows Eve, two thousand and five to be exact, a little less than two years after you went into the Marines in the old time line. So I'll have to return you to a time before you left, understand?"

This sounded like bull shit to me but as I grasped and hefted one of my meaty breasts and felt the weight in my hands I had to conclude maybe it wasn't impossible just ridiculous. "Ok Bobby. When?"

"Tonight at precisely midnight. At the dimensional rift created by the Hell's Gate."

Sure I thought, at the Hell's Gate itself, this seemed like some kind of low budget sci-fi flick. I was now in Bobby's hands completely. Why didn't that feel entirely right? I'd be there, big tits and all, without even a nightie. Talk about asking for trouble.

Chapter 2

My transition at midnight took place in what had been Bobby's back yard not more than thirty feet from the empty foundation now illuminated by moon light. The event itself went entirely unnoticed by yours truly. One moment I was standing there naked and very sexy beside Bobby's ghost and the next moment I was alone. Of course I felt the shrill shock of terror expecting any moment to be attacked by a army of wild sex crazed beasts, I mean I thought he had just abandon me to my fate, but then I noticed that my magnificent tits were gone. Simply gone and, yes, I was no longer naked. A