

ZED (A rings of Gaia story)

By Peter Rendell

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Genres: Fiction, Urban Fantasy, Romance, Erotica (Dubcon).

This novel is based on real events, places and people, depicted as accurately as Wikipedia permits.

Rating – 18+

‘Magical Essence is created by having sex’ is a tenet for the story. Rape is mentioned and dealt with; No underage sex, no Incest (except for sex education), and no bestiality (but Greek mythology is ok).

If you find this distasteful then, I suggest, this story is not for you.

Lexical Convention:

‘Communications by Telepathy are shown in Italics and enclosed in single quotes.’

Dedication

Thank you to my family for their support. The continuous supply of love and mugs of tea helped me keep going.

Chapter 1 - The Fourth Ring

[The Villa Zenith, Mariano, Havana, Cuba...3-May-1640AD](#)

On the third of May 1640AD, when ZED was 30 years old, he acquired a ring; it was handed to him as a bribe to lose a case. Taking bribes was commonplace; a barrister would fail to submit evidence or to ask vital questions; direct falsification was rare. The ring looked valuable, and ZED mistook the runes as hallmarks. He had placed the ring in the top pocket of his waistcoat and forgot about it. He found the ring just before sending the coat for cleaning. He had a momentary thought:

'I could wear it if it was bigger.'

The ring expanded between his thumb and forefinger. The expansion was dramatic, doubling its diameter.

'Now, you are joking. I meant just enough to fit my middle finger.'

The ring shrank to the stated size. Perplexed, and not thinking about his actions, he put the ring on the second finger of his left hand; the ring shrank a bit, so it would not go over his knuckle. He left the ring where it was. It couldn't harm him, could it?

[The Villa Zenith...4-Jun-1640AD](#)

ZED had several strange dreams, all trying to convince him that Real Magic existed. With tedious law cases keeping him busy, he rarely had a spare moment to consider them. He tried to replay the memories of the fateful day he had put the ring on. During a massage, his mind focused on the ring:

'Let the ring expand.'

The ring expanded and fell off his finger onto the tiled floor. The masseuse picked up the ring and gave it back to ZED. In a moment of clarity, ZED realised that the ring had expanded; it had changed size only when he had been thinking about it; it must be Real Magic!

[The Villa Zenith...4-Jun-1640AD, 11.30 pm](#)

After retiring for the night, ZED looked at his ring and thought:

'what are you?'

'Close enough. The question should have been 'who are you?' now, are you going to speak to me properly?'

'But of course. I had no idea that you were sentient.'

'Strictly speaking, no. The ring is just a ring; it contains the permanent magical essence that is me.'

'Do you have a name?'

'No. I was awarded to the champion of the Isthmian games. I suggest you call me Izzy.'

'Ok, Izzy. How are we communicating?'

'Purely by thoughts. It's telepathy.'

'Izzy. Tell me about your history.'

'I am the fourth of 5 rings made in Sparta in 500BC. The rings were carried to the Oracle of Delphi where Gaia blessed them. Each ring was loaded with permanent magical essence empowered with the knowledge of Real Magic. Gaia intended to create leaders who could educate and protect the Earth. Man tends to be self-destructive, and Gaia needed agents who could go out and repair the damage.'

Izzy paused for a moment to allow ZED to consider the information.

'Continue.'

'Worship was not required, and so Gaia was soon forgotten. Teachers were required to pass on the knowledge of the land. Real Magic was not for everyone. The rings were kept by the Oracle when they were intended to be held by the champions. The faith in Gaia was soon replaced by the worship of Apollo and Athena. Eventually, Christianity became the preferred religion. In 392AD, the Oracle screamed "Flee, take the rings to the four winds" and we left immediately. Aelius and Alexis carried me to Sicily. After the wedding, I was morphed into a signet ring. In 400AD, they took me to Genoa. I was passed down the male line of each generation of Aelius. In 1000AD, I was handed to the Columbus family. I was given to Christopher Columbus on his 21st birthday in 1472AD. Twenty years later, he took me to Hispaniola. In 1600AD, I was brought here to Havana.'

'Were all your owners, magic users?'

'No. The Aelius family were scribes, and the Columbus family were navigators. The teaching of magic skills declined. Each generation became more sceptical because they failed to learn the full range of skills. Within a hundred years, my magic lay dormant.'

'Can you teach me?'

'Yes. I could have taught any of my previous owners, but they lacked the imagination to ask. The Zoe family arrived in Havana, Cuba in 1600AD. It took them 10 years to build the Villa Zenith. The large villa was south-west of the city; some might call it a ranch. The Zoe family were staunch Catholics and attended church every Sunday. You were born at home on the 2nd of May 1610AD and raised by a disciplinarian mother. Your education began at 4 years old. You worked hard on Spanish, Mathematics and Latin. At 11 years old, your world expanded into Classics and Art; you were encouraged to draw and paint. You became a lawyer; it was a unique achievement.'

'Thank you.'

[The Villa Zenith...1649AD](#)

In 1649, an epidemic killed a third of the island's population. ZED consulted Izzy and confirmed his fears; real magic could not protect him. He quarantined half his home, allowing only 3 members of his staff to enter his quarters: two cleaners and the cook. His need for magical essence and stress relief was high; he fucked them all. He lost all respect from his staff; they all thought he was mad. When the epidemic had subsided, he ventured back into the real world.

[Izzy's introspection, the Villa Zenith...1653AD](#)

ZED had a quandary; his memory spells had no finesse. His subjects would find themselves barely better than a baby. Their autonomic nervous systems were intact, letting them breathe, walk and crap, but their brain was wiped; they must learn to speak and then do their schooling all over again. A memory wipe was the absolute last resort.

He reverted to the old ways of hypnotism and superstition. He would install 'respect' and 'love' using magical essence. They would love him again and look forward to sex as a reward for excellent service.

ZED's attitude toward women was contemptuous; he expected his women to be servants, trophies, and pleasure pieces. He married to acquire land. Each woman was taught to treat him with reverence. When it came to his grandchildren, it was 'Look how many I have', as if they were all down to him.

[The Villa Zenith...4-Jun-1679AD, 10am](#)

ZED made out a Will. On his death, the family ring and his estate would pass to Esmeralda, and to Esmeralda's child on its 21st birthday. If Esmeralda died after the child was born, then everything would pass to her child. If she died while pregnant, then ZED's plan had failed, and he would face his day of reckoning.

[Esmeralda is ready. The Villa Zenith...8-Oct-1679AD, 10am](#)

ZED was dedicated to studying Real Magic. Fascinated by the idea of reincarnation, he had formulated a theory to cheat death. In 1679AD, ZED was feeling the strain of old age. With his grand-daughter, Esmeralda, pregnant just short of 26 weeks, he thought it was time to test his theory.

He called Esmeralda to his rooms, hypnotised her, and established triggers, telepathy and magical protection. He had decided that Esmeralda didn't need to know anything about his plan.

'Izzy. Is it time?'

'Yes. The fetus is ready. You must move in now to prevent the arrival of a new spirit.'

'Izzy. Prepare the fetus with magical essence, giving it the skills of telepathy and hypnosis. Shortly, I will remove the ring from my hand and put you onto the middle finger of Esmeralda's left hand. At that moment, you will be in contact with Esmeralda and me. Copy my brain's memories into your store. Move my spirit into the fetus along with as much of my memories as the fetus will take. My body will die and fall back into the chair. Esmeralda will float out of hypnosis into a natural sleep. Are the instructions clear and complete?'

'Clear, yes! Complete, I don't know. Your intentions are clear; you want to be able to control Esmeralda throughout. We don't know the amount of consciousness the baby has until it is born. Given that most babies appear to sleep all day, it seems reasonable to assume that you won't be conscious for more than an hour each day. Any longer than that and the forced isolation will drive you crazy. You must move now as I sense another spirit is nearby.'

'Ok. Here we go.'

[Zenobia Zoe was born, The Villa Zenith...8th of-January-1680AD, 10am](#)

Zenobia Zoe was born on the 8th of-January-1680AD. Her mother's surname was 'Zoe' because she was part of a high-class matriarchy where, on marriage, the wife kept the family name or in some cases opted for a double-barreled surname. The new husband could choose to take the matriarch's family surname, adopt the double-barreled surname, or keep his own. The child's surname was always the same as the mother's surname. Esmeralda began breastfeeding every four hours. Three months passed before ZED realised, he was a 'she' and was nicknamed 'Zen'.

Fully conscious ZEN, The Villa Zenith...8th of-April-1680AD, 6am

'Izzy.'

'Yes, Zen. How are you feeling in your new feminine body?'

'Odd. It feels different when I pee. Did you know this body was female?'

'Yes, of course, I did. First off, you never asked; and second, would it have made any difference to your plan? You couldn't wait until the next one came along, which might also be female.'

'I hadn't planned on this.'

'Obviously. I knew most of your plans. You asked me to monitor them and advise on holes in your thinking, despite me reminding you of my limits on speculation. Your ideas for a renewal of life could be implemented by either sex, so I saw no reason to warn you that this body was female. Within this family, you are in a matriarchy, and so you will command more respect and dominance. Outside the family, women have always been able to manipulate men. You need to learn a new set of skills and attitudes. Your new sex would appear to be an advantage.'

'Oh, piddle.'

ZEN found she couldn't stay awake for more than an hour; it was of no consequence. Each day got a little better.

Crawling ZEN, The Villa Zenith...8th of-Oct-1680AD, 6am

After six months, ZEN was managing four hours per day; it was exhausting as she learned to crawl. As her memory capacity expanded, more ZED memories were loaded from the ring.

'Esmeralda. Olympus is calling.'

ZEN sat back and hoped for the best. There was a strong possibility that Esmeralda may not recognise ZED's telepathic voice.

'Yes, master ZED.'

ZEN became very excited; she took several minutes to calm herself down. She pushed Esmeralda down into a deep trance and renewed all her triggers and protection.

'Esmeralda. End Olympus is calling.'

Zen took control of Esmeralda whenever she wanted to use the ring. The ring gave ZEN the ability to control magical essence. It would be many years before ZEN could create her own, but she could take it from Esmeralda.

Esmeralda, The Villa Zenith...1680AD

Esmeralda needed regular sex to create magical essence. She used her breasts to hypnotise her husband and the hired help. Zen kept Esmeralda producing milk so that Esmeralda kept her natural advantages. Receiving many invitations from the wealthy, flirting with prospective blades, Esmeralda had many bed partners.

Esmeralda, The Villa Zenith...1-May-1682AD

Sister Pearl was born on the first of May 1682.

Esmeralda, The Villa Zenith...1684AD

Sister Persephone was born on the second of June 1684. Zen called her 'Percy'.

Introspective ZEN, The Villa Zenith...8th of-Jan-1689AD

At 9 years old, Zen became confused at dealing with girls of her own age; their batty, catty attitude was totally at odds with her previous male self, despite showing many of these traits herself. She would get long periods of introspection. Does her spirit have a sexual identity? Is she still spiritually male? Her male memories were still accessible but not making sense. Maybe she would understand when she is older?

Zen took to the breast whenever she got depressed, which was frequently.

ZEN controls her sisters, The Villa Zenith...8th of-Jan-1690AD

At 10 years old, Zen took control of her sisters. If she left it any longer, they may become too wilful and resist hypnosis.

ZEN, 11 years old, The Villa Zenith...8th of-Jan-1691AD

Zen had her first period at 11 years old. The physical shock to her body was expected, but it didn't lessen the feelings of disgust at the bindings she had to wear to keep clean. It was several months before acceptance; she wasn't a child anymore.

Zen now treated her mother Esmeralda with a little more respect; she only put her into deep hypnosis only when she wanted to use the ring. As Zen held her mother's hand, with her fingers wrapped around the ring:

'Izzy. Are you there?'

'Yes, Zen.'

'I know you can't relieve my period pains but, maybe, some magical essence can stop the egg flow, hence my periods, and subsequent pregnancy.'

'Yes, Zen. All you had to do was ask.'

With the nagging of womanhood suppressed, Zen slipped back into the life of a young girl. With her hormones held back, she saw her friends growing up when she didn't.

ZEN, 17 years old, The Villa Zenith...8th of-Jan-1697AD

At 17 years old, she was feeling the barbs from her friends who were developing into shapely women; being totally ignored by the young men was hurtful.

'Izzy. What did you do to stop my periods?'

'I stopped your puberty.'

'That was not a good idea, now was it?'

'It was fine at the time you asked! Now, what do you want to happen?'

'I wish to develop normally as a woman and remain safe from pregnancy.'

'That's not so easy. You have a choice; either no eggs are produced, or your eggs are infertile. Either way, your doctor will say you are sterile and not a potential mother. You won't be giving out the right womanly smells that will attract a worthwhile male.'

'Can I control when my egg flows into my womb?'

'No! As soon as you are in a heightened state of desire through drink, drugs or vigorous sex, you will be howling for a baby; you cannot be trusted!'

'Ok. Can you hold back my eggs?'

'I could tie a knot in your fallopian tubes that would stop the egg. The egg would be released and then reabsorbed by the body. You would still feel bloated, like a period, but you wouldn't get pregnant.'

'Come on, Izzy. That is good; it stops the pregnancy, but, where's the finesse? Can't you stop the egg release in the first place? Eggs are not released when a woman is pregnant, so, how does that work? I would guess that a hormone is released from somewhere that stops the egg release. Surely, magical essence can emulate that hormone?'

'Never been done before.'

'Don't care. Do it!'

ZEN's petulance was notable.

Chapter 2 – 1698AD - ZEN's Apprenticeship

ZEN, 18 years old, The Villa Zenith...8th of-Jan-1698AD

With her puberty released, ZEN put on a growth spurt. By her 18th birthday, she had a beautiful figure and was accepted by her friends. She used the ring to give her body the ability to create magical essence. She wanted to be ready for the opportunities at college; this would be her first experience of life without the ring. She had advantages, and she would use them.

ZEN, Merchant's college ...1-Oct-1698AD

In her first week at the Merchant's college, ZEN became an apprentice and was bonded for a seven-year stint. Her family status and her money bought her a private room at the college, but it didn't count for much as there were many privileged families in Havana; Zen was one of a dozen.

Having suffered more than the expected hazing, ZEN decided to apply some corrections. She disguised her face with a mask and seduced the senior records clerk that gave her all the dirt she needed.

Mistress Swan, Merchant's college ...8-Oct-1698AD

ZEN was going to roam the college at night as a disciplinarian. A little magic enhanced her breasts, and she added another four inches to her long legs. Her voice dropped from soprano to a husky alto with tonations that would seduce or command. She became Mistress Swan.

Few were bold enough to speak of Mistress Swan. Her victims became aroused and obedient at her whim. She took her victims to the point of promise, and held them there, making them so hard they begged for release; she held them while she manipulated their minds.

Mistress Swan, Merchant's college ...1-Oct-1700AD

It was the first term of her third year when Mistress Swan made a reappearance. The latest intake of apprentices had a bully who just would not get along. The bully was called Mark, but, catching him, on his own, would not be easy; he lived in a small dormitory with three others. If she waited until half-term, then two of the lads would be away for a week, but this was not her way. She walked into their room, closed the door behind her and locked it.

Each student had a corner of the large room with a single bed and wardrobe. From Mistress Swan's viewpoint, two students saw her front, and two her rear. She was wearing her mask and a short translucent dress. In certain lighting conditions, the dress was transparent. The room was illuminated by a single oil lamp suspended just a few feet in front of her.

"Well, hello, boys. I am Mistress Swan. You will obey me." She cast her spells, enabling the boy's ability to create magical essence, and to experience synchronicity; they would all feel what Mark felt.

The oil lamp flared as the lads sat up. Each lad became lightheaded as their bodies built massive erections. For them, thinking was impossible; paralysis complete.

"Mark. You will be my first."

"First, what?" He wondered. His mind blanked as Mistress Swan consumed his pole.

The tension in the room rose and crackled with static as they all came together.

A search party found the four apprentices severely dehydrated when they didn't turn up for breakfast on the second day of absence. They were treated with herbal tea. After six hours, they were bloated and sick. The next day, they were useless zombies; their minds were totally elsewhere; and suddenly they were talking again, but, only to each other. They wouldn't talk to

anyone about what happened that night. They were summoned to chambers and given a severe dressing down for drugs misuse. They had no idea how close to death they had been.

ZEN, 21 years old, The Villa Zenith...8th of-Jan-1701AD

The ring was not passed to ZEN on her 21st birthday, in 1701. Esmeralda would have stepped down as head of the family, but ZEN was still held by an oath and four years remaining of her bond. The 'coming of age handover' ceremony would be delayed until the end of her apprenticeship. ZEN spent the remaining four years as a master-apprentice.

Mistress Swan, Merchant's college ...1-Oct-1701AD

Bullying was jumped on very quickly by the other apprentices. The stories about 'Mistress Swan' became a legend amongst the apprentices, despite the four having said nothing. Mistress Swan had become a succubus to be feared and obeyed.

Mistress Swan restricted her appearances to capturing the loyalty of those with potential for future exploits. She found herself lingering with each new bed-fellow and took a few females on the way. She found it increasingly difficult to restrain her lust; there was a point, where physical stimulation pushed the body into purely animal reactions. Could her mind always be in control? She doubted it.

She never had group sex for fear of killing someone. It was important to have one-on-one sex so that reactions could be sensed, and stimulation controlled; she wanted pleasure, not pain. She wanted to learn and spent time with exotic partners wherever she found them.

ZEN, 25 years old, The Villa Zenith...14-Aug-1705AD

In 1705, ZEN graduated and signed on with the family business. She accepted the ring and the 'head of family' status but kept Esmeralda as her personal advisor.

'Welcome home ZEN.'

'Thanks, Izzy. I missed our chats.'

'Esmeralda never tried to talk to me, despite you having given her the telepathy skills.'

'We must look out for her, now that she is no longer under your direct protection. Any ideas?'

'Why don't we add some magical essence to her necklace?'

'Yes, do it. The magic can monitor her health and her surroundings.'

ZEN, 25 years old, The Villa Zenith...1-Sep-1705AD

ZEN was not surprised when Esmeralda introduced her to Don Maximillian Pedro Melba. Esmeralda had prepared a dossier on the Melba family; ZEN had studied it the night before. Max was old enough to be ZEN's father. A difference of twenty years between the Don and his potential wife was not unusual as 'death in childbirth' was common in older women. The Don was running a risk as a healthy young woman, almost half his age could kill him.

ZEN knew it would be an arranged marriage; Esmeralda had been coy about the meeting. Max had been introduced as an old family friend; well, the 'old family' was correct. ZEN opened her mind and dropped the attitude; she was prepared to let Max approach her. First and foremost, Max was fit and wealthy; he owned three sugar plantations.

The duelling field, South Havana...1-Sep-1700AD

Max was renowned for duelling having gained the three plantations by disputes; his preferred duelling weapon was the navy sabre. His first duel was the result of insults thrown by a merchant at the pride of the navy. Max had taken offence and called the merchant out. The

merchant insisted on the Cuban Police acting as witnesses; Max was sure they had all been bribed. Max took some of his crew as a backup.

The merchant chose pistols and was cocky with it. Max did not rise to the continual insults and stuck to his training; he checked the pistols were faultless and clean. The pistols were loaded by the police, witnessed by all. On the count of ten, Max turned and fired. He hit his target dead centre. Max had turned himself sideways to present a smaller target, but he still caught a bullet in the hip. The merchant dropped to the ground, mortally wounded.

Max had been lucky; Sawbones had cut out the bullet and seared the wound with a hot iron. Max would be sore for a week, but nothing more. He was advised not to travel; horse or carriage, both would be painful. While convalescing, Max investigated the merchant's family and business. The merchant had left a wife and four children. By the laws of duelling, Max now owned everything, including the merchant's wife and family; the law made no special considerations for family, they were still considered to be possessions.

The merchant had an office and a warehouse on the docks. Fortunately for Max, the merchant's wife had an intimate knowledge of the business; Max appointed her as manager and hoped that the company would prosper under her guidance. It seemed unlikely without the merchant's skills.

With money from the merchant's bank account, Max paid his way out of the navy to release himself and two of his mates; one was the ship's quartermaster who had extensive experience of stock movements and trading. Max had to pay a high price as the navy could ill afford to let any of them go.

[The duelling field, South Havana...1-Sep-1702AD](#)

Max's second duel was over disputed land. Max had checked the land deeds and found that three fields had been annexed by a neighbour. When called to account, the neighbouring brigand insisted on settling the matter in a gentlemanly fashion. He called the local guard to act as witnesses. The choice of weapons was swords; Max was given the option of foil, rapier or sabre. Max chose the sabre. The brigand was out of practice and lacked fitness. The fight was too one-sided with Max totally committed. The brigand was taken back to his home by the guard. Max was given the deeds to the brigand's plantation. The brigand was given four weeks to leave with whatever wealth he had left. There was nothing on record about the third duel.

[ZEN, 25 years old, The Villa Zenith...1-Sep-1705AD](#)

ZEN stood her ground as Max approached. His most striking feature was his jet-black wavy hair, loose to his shoulders. He was a couple of inches taller than her and carried himself with confidence. His broad shoulders carried a short brown utility coat that had large deep pockets; there was no knowing what it was made from. He wore a white silk blouse cinched at the waist by a heavy belt. His grey breeches and heavy leather boots showed he was wealthy.

As he came close, he took ZEN's right hand, and sensuously kissed her extended fingers. ZEN quivered in his close presence as she stared into his deep blue eyes. She sensed that her defences were down; here was a man who was twenty years older, and yet, he was a man of maturity and a challenge to her world. She wasn't looking at him as a father figure, but purely as a protector and a potential father. At last, here was a real man and her body approved. She would look forward to their first night in bed.

[ZEN, 25 years old, The Villa Zenith...4-Sep-1705AD](#)

ZEN played hard to get, keeping her distance for several days. Max was charming throughout and made his approaches seem tactful or coincidental. When he finally moved in for a kiss,

ZEN was melting; her encouragement was palpable. With Max so close, she squirmed against him. Max took his time. His kisses were passionate, but his hands were dormant; he didn't seem to know what to do with them. ZEN's frustration was building. With Max so close, her animal instincts were kicking in. She wrapped her arms around his neck and pulled him closer. Max put his hand around her back and pulled her towards him. ZEN began to squirm against Max's manhood.

'Izzy.'

'I sense he is holding back. How big is he?'

'Six inches. That's slightly above average.'

'Is he a virgin?'

'No.'

'Give him the ability to create magical essence and make him grow a bit, let's say three inches over the next three months. Make sure he thinks it is natural and has the stamina to use it. Give him the knowledge of the Kama Sutra.'

It was Max's tenth visit to the Villa Zenith when he formally proposed to marry ZEN; Esmeralda was smiling and dancing with glee. ZEN insisted on taking Max straight to bed; there was no way she was getting married if he didn't perform.

A day later, ZEN was blissfully sated. Her body was flat-out, exhausted. Any doubts about her life had been settled. She now accepted she was female in every respect. Lying in the afterglow, she was physically sore, but mentally, she was soaring, floating, and in tears of joy. She was weightless and dancing on a cloud. Could life be so good? Here was a man who was going to look after her, in every respect. Max had been a super lover, and now he was fast asleep.

[ZEN, 25 years old, The Villa Zenith...5-Sep-1705AD](#)

"I want a Prenuptial Agreement," Zen stated at breakfast.

"What the hell are you talking about?" Max spluttered over his honey and oats.

"A Pre-Nuptial agreement, A 'marriage agreement', call it what you will. I want to set down some legally binding rules."

"Why? Don't you trust me?"

"In one respect, No! I want a 'No duelling rights' agreement that will bind in the highest law courts. It will state that 'If you die in a duel, then your estate passes completely to me. There is no way in this land that the victor of a duel will be the victor of my favours or the estate.'"

"That's fair. I will agree to that."

"Good and promise me, you will not do any more duels."

"Sorry, I will not take insults or aggression against this family. I intend to defend our family when necessary."

"Then we must have that Prenup."

"As I said, I agree."

[ZEN, 28 years old, The Villa Zenith...6-Jun-1708AD](#)

Unbelievable! It took three years to get the Prenup through the supreme courts, and it would have been longer if I didn't have a law background.

Initially, the Supreme court would have nothing to do with it, saying the High Courts could deal with it, leaving the Supreme Court as the final arbiter; I was having none of that! They would

favour the duel victor. The support for the unwritten laws of duelling was very high within the Silks; they took great exception to the law on duels being challenged. Things changed when Mistress Swan intervened.

A week earlier, the Merchants College...28-May-1708AD

The Supreme Court were governors of the Merchant's College; the Governors met at the college four times a year, usually at religious festivals. The college had special rooms for overnight guests. Mistress Swan saw the opportunity and took it.

Each member of the Supreme Court received a visit at the college; they became priapic, with many stretched to their limits, and would remain that way until the Prenup was signed off. They were held on the edge of the point of no return, about to blow. They struggled to dress and could barely hide their predicament under loose flowing robes. Their lives were clipped to short breaths, short steps and brief thoughts. They saw their doctors, and some were even bled, but their priapism prevailed. In desperation, some visited shamans and were referred to Mistress Swan. None dared approach her.

The High Court, Havana...6-Jun-1708, 10am

The High Court gathered around a table in the anteroom of the central court; there was no need for a formal session for the signing of a private document. The Prenup was signed by Max and ZEN on the 6th of June-1708. ZEN attached a wax seal to the document and imprinted it with the ring; the Zoe seal was widely recognised. The document became imbued with magical essence and protected from mischief. The Prenup was witnessed by 3 high court judges and then sent to the Supreme Court for Affirmation.

The Supreme Court, Havana...6-Jun-1708, 11am

The Supreme Court still considered the Prenup to be contemptuous, but they knew they had to sign it. They convened in a conference room at a long table; they were all dressed in formal gowns to hide their priapism.

As each member signed the Prenup, their legs locked; they kissed the Zoe Seal and climaxed in their underwear. The clerks moved the Prenup along the bench for the next member to sign. The climax lasted for several minutes, way beyond human capabilities. Most were too blissed out to realise anything was different. They left quickly, and carefully, trying not to show their embarrassment. Eventually, each would seek a meeting with Mistress Swan.

ZEN, 28 years old, The Villa Zenith...6-Jun-1708AD, 2pm

The wedding took eighteen months to arrange. Esmeralda took control, organising everything. ZEN was riding the wave of her mother's joy.

ZEN, 30 years old, The Villa Zenith...8-Jan-1710AD

Zenobia Zoe was married to Don Maximilian Pedro Melba, on her 30th birthday, on the 8th of January-1710AD. Max changed his surname to Zoe-Melba. The two hundred guests; many political, were reduced to 100 for the final reception. The cuisine was a mix of Caribbean and Spanish finger food; much of it was cooked on spit-roasts in the backyard; the goat was very popular.

Toward the end of the day, the romantic Calypso music began to change. A heartbeat drum was played softly and joined by joyous guitars and flutes. Further drums took up the pace to form a group of a dozen musicians. The mood had changed to persuasive tones that encouraged dance.

ZEN and Max took the formal invitations. They danced Spanish Style Toreador and Flamenco, but the drumbeat was getting stronger. ZEN discarded her long Flamenco skirt, revealing a shorter frivolous carnival flared skirt. She began to dance alone to a slower beat of French Creole music. Max removed his shirt, revealing he had been shaved and oiled and was ready for the romp. As he stepped forward, the drumbeats increased in pace and volume. It was a raunchy dance of call and catch, ending in a fiery embrace. Max carried his prize away.

ZEN, 31 years old, The Villa Zenith...1-Feb-1711AD

As experiences go, childbirth has to be the worst, and the best of experiences. Izzy monitored me by telepathy and controlled me by hypnosis. It was something I could not do on my own. The slightest bit of panic and I lost control. Izzy explained:

'Our emotions affect our perceptions of pain. Stronger emotions are associated with more intense pain; therefore, by remaining calm and peaceful in our thoughts, we have more control over our emotions and, consequently, our perception of pain. During labour, focus attention away from pain; so, observe, understand, and discard.'

Izzy prepared me well, simulating the feeling of contractions, letting me recognise them as progress signals, not pain. My mind was trained to observe and not to react. Dilation was an automatic response that would happen naturally. Izzy had me visualise giving birth to a melon. My training was completed early to avoid trauma to the new spirit moving into the foetus. Aaron was born on the first of February 1711. He had a full head of black hair that he never lost. He seemed to be well blessed.

ZEN, 32 years old, The Villa Zenith...9-Mar-1712AD

Simon was born on the ninth of March 1712. He had all the characteristics of his brother and had long fingers; perhaps he would be a musician?

Aaron was handed to Nanny Grace. Grace was a negro woman, an ex-cotton-slave, who was now a salaried member of the household. She was a brilliant nanny and would cook when the Cook had days off. She was a valued member of the Mariano district community and brought me all the news.

Grace had been blessed and protected by the ring; I took the magical essence she created into my own reserves. I was curious about the quantity she was producing; she must have a very fit husband. When I mentioned this to Grace, she smiled and offered me a massage which became a very intimate experience. Grace was a shapely woman, and it was all muscle. She gave all my muscles a good massage, taking me to several orgasms.

ZEN, 33 years old, The Villa Zenith...24-Apr-1713AD

Francis was born on the twenty-fourth of April 1713. He had blond hair and blue eyes. Grace was delighted to have another charge in the nursery. She asked if I knew of a herbs mixture that would make her breasts give milk? Of course, I did.

ZEN, 34 years old, The Villa Zenith...7-May-1714AD

Luke was born on the seventh of May 1714. He had black hair and grey eyes. I decided that four children were enough for now. I asked Izzy to retie my tubes to stop my egg flow.

ZEN, 35 years old, The Villa Zenith...8-Jan-1715AD

I had been breastfeeding continuously since my first child. It gave me great pleasure, but there were moments when it would drive her mad. The worst times were when the babies were sleeping longer at night; my breasts swelled until they became painful. Max stared at me with desire whenever I was full. It was at moments like this that I remembered having forced Esmeralda into a similar position.

Max, The Villa Zenith...1-Feb-1710AD

For Max, it was business as usual. The 'Pedro Melba Northern' (PMN) plantations, in Artemisa, were sending cane to be processed at the 'El Pilar Sugar mill'. The mill was a co-operative owned by all the plantations. The third plantation, known as 'Pedro Melba Southern' (PMS), was near the city of Manzanillo in the Granma region; it was North of the Sierra Maestra mountains in Southern Cuba. The sugar was taken to the Salvador Sugar Mill (aka 'La Demajagua'). Max would visit the southern plantation every three months. He had thought about selling it, but the chance of buying something closer to Havana was low. The potential buyers were all coffee farmers; Max would study the product and see if he would be better off growing coffee.

Max, The Villa Zenith...6-Jan-1727AD

In 1727, ZEN was asked to vet the plans for the new Havana Cathedral. It looked like it would be a lot of years in the making. There were dozens of projects, and a builder's schedule that extended to twenty-five books; a cynic suggested one-for-each-year. This was a job for life.

ZEN, The Villa Zenith...6-Jan-1728AD

ZEN's proudest moment was when her first child was accepted into the University of Havana when it was founded in 1728.

Chapter 3 – One Duel too many

The Old Kabana Restaurant, Havana, Cuba, 8-Jan-1730 AD, 8pm.

Max and Zen were sat at their favourite table, the large bay window gave them a view of the estuary. Brigantines and Sloops were moored on the far side of the river. Each ship had 3 tall masts; the sailing ships were the pride of the navy; the fleet was in. Maintenance workers could be seen on the rigging, and on the decks, doing urgent repairs. Several of the ships had been in a fight and were having deck timbers repaired.

Today was ZEN's 50th birthday; she was overdressed for this restaurant attracting many unwanted eyes. The plunging neckline of her magenta gown and the clean skin of her neck encouraged eyes down to her large breasts. Max had been staring longer than he should have been; his eyes shone into hers as he worshipped her soul. After an unknown moment, ZEN smiled, and Max's senses took in the restaurant around them.

"She's done well for a whore." Was heard quite clearly in a moment silence and, with reckless abandon, the overindulged gentleman was seen indicating ZEN as the object of his scorn.

Max turned as the rest of the audience went silent.

The drunken questionable gentleman continued "Her lollas could keep me warm anytime."

"How dare you, Sir. I suggest you apologise to Lady ZEN Zoe."

"Ho, ho, ho, she does have you trained well." The second gentleman responded.

"Before you do anything stupid. Let me introduce myself." The first gentleman stood up with more wobble than grace. "I am Captain Pedro Martinez of the Spanish Navy, and this is Lieutenant Miles Santos, my Master-at-Arms. I hope you will pardon our frivolity."

"No, Sir. You will apologise to the lady."

"I don't think so. A real lady wouldn't be seen dead in this place."

"Be damned, Sir. You will apologise."

"And if I don't?" Captain Pedro was now close to Max's face in a blatant challenge.

"Then I will have satisfaction in a duel. I will defend my lady's honour."

"No, Max, no! Let the scum go. They are not gentlemen." ZEN screamed, trying to stop Max.

"Leave it be, old man. You're too old." Captain Pedro goaded.

"No, Sir. I will have your apology or satisfaction." Max's face had become red with rage; he was beyond thinking or reasoning; he had lost it.

"So be it. Pistols at dawn."

The duelling field, South Havana...9-Jan-1730 AD, 8am

Max requested the presence of the police representatives and his solicitor. He intended to warn Captain Pedro that he had nothing to gain by fighting the duel. However, his intentions were blown away when the Captain arrived with his lieutenant and a platoon of guards.

Lieutenant Santos stepped forward.

"Gentlemen. May I present the pistols?"

A shiver went up Max's back as he saw the pair of English Flintlock pistols that were stolen from his house several years ago. The pistols had killed before. He knew they were deadly.

"Gentlemen. I will check the pistols." The police master-at-arms stepped forward. "Lieutenant. Come with me to witness the cleaning and loading of the pistols."

Max settled his thoughts; he had a slight advantage, he knew the weapons. He doubted the Captain had used them; they were trophies, talking points at lunch, a statement of wealth. Max concentrated his mind, calming his nerves; he must not allow his temper to surface. Max knew ZEN wasn't far away. She had sworn not to unsettle him; she would stay away until the shots were fired.

"Maximillian choose your weapon."

Max glared at the weapons with concern. Here was the gateway to death. All this for the sake of an insult? He had backed himself into this corner. Was it ZEN's honour at stake, or his own? Could ZEN have defended her own honour? He had seen her do many strange things; none that he understood. She was a good fighter with a sword, a rapier was her preference. Yes, she probably could defend herself, but it was not proper to do so.

"Gentlemen. Stand back to back. On my command, you will take ten steps forward and stop. On my command 'turn', you will turn and fire. Any attempt to leave the field will be marked as cowardice. Any shot fired before the command to 'turn' will be deemed as cheating earning great dishonour. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir." Max and the Captain replied together.

"The rules of duelling have been defined. Do you wish to continue?"

"Yes, sir." Max and Pedro shouted out.

"To your marks, gentlemen. Are you ready?"

"Yes, sir."

"Step forward. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, and turn."

Two shots were heard, followed by a scream; ZEN came running from her hiding place and then froze.

Max was dead.

ZEN burst into tears over Max's body.

"Oh, you stupid, stupid man."

[The old chapel, Havana Grand Church...9-Jan-1730 AD, 11am](#)

Max's body was carried to the Old Chapel of the Havana Grand Church where it lay in state for two days. After a ceremony attended by immediate family only, Max was buried in the graveyard of the Grand Church.

[ZEN, The Villa Zenith...11-Jan-1730 AD, 1pm](#)

The soil was barely settled when Captain Pedro Martinez arrived at the Villa Zenith.

"Donna ZEN Zoe. I am sorry for your loss."

"I doubt it, Captain. You could have said sorry at any time and Max would have accepted your apology. You insulted me, attacking my status; Max would never let that go. I am still waiting, Captain?"

"For what?"

"Your apology, of course."

"Oh, you won't get that. You are my whore now."

"Careful Captain. Your lack of manners before a lady is appalling. Your attitude toward women is disgraceful. I advise you to pull back to the position of a gentleman before you come to harm."

"Don't make me laugh. You are mine. Your estate is mine. Under the rights of Duelling, I am claiming all that is mine."

"Hold your horses Captain. As Max tried to warn you and would have if you hadn't arrogantly approached the duel with your muscle boys, 'you had nothing to gain'! The prize of the duel was null and void. The estate and I were never part of the winnings. I have a Prenup, a pre-nuptial contract, with a 'no-duels' clause. If my husband is defeated, I become head of the family, and the estate is mine. You won the duel, but there is no prize."

"That cannot be true. The rules of duelling are clear – the victor takes all."

"No, Captain. My Prenup was witnessed by three High Court Judges and the Lords of Justice. There is no way it can be overridden. I am still Head of family Zoe and this estate. If you call me a whore again, you will regret it."

“No Donna Zoe. You will treat me with respect as I am your master.” The Captain took off his cloak and jacket and dropped them on a chair. ZEN watched with some amusement.

“Well, Captain. What are you going to do now? Rape me?”

“I am going to take what is mine.” The Captain undid his tunic, pulling it off over his head. A cold shiver ran down ZEN’s back.

“Captain, behave yourself. I will not submit to your bravado. You will be charged with ‘rape’. You will suffer my wrath.”

ZEN’s statement was forced out with a steady resolve; it was despite how her body was responding to the Captain’s bare chest. He had removed his belt and undone the front of his britches. ZEN’s body was melting. The Captain grabbed her around the waist; her resistance failed at his touch. ZEN was carried to a chaise-longue where she was placed carefully with her head on a pillow; her underwear was ripped away with no grace. Her treacherous body was not reflecting her denial.

“I am your master. You will obey me.”

[ZEN, The Villa Zenith...11-Jan-1730 AD, 2pm](#)

ZEN was floating in the afterglow.

‘Izzy. What shall I do to him?’

‘Well, you cannot turn him into a woman. He would be unable to do his job, pay any fine or give you jewels.’

‘Oh. I will think of something! Perhaps, just a pussy will do the trick?’

[ZEN, The Villa Zenith...11-Jan-1730 AD, 2.05pm](#)

The cook came in screaming like a banshee. She had called the police, and they were close behind her. The Captain was dragged away and thrown in jail. A doctor was called, and ZEN was examined to produce evidence for the courts.

[ZEN, The Villa Zenith...12-Jan-1730 AD, 10am](#)

At the magistrates hearing, the next day, ZEN invoked the High Court prenup and stated she had been raped. Rape would generally have been ignored in Havana, but ZEN was the head of a high-status family, most of whom were lawyers. The Captain was convicted and fined 100 gold coins to be paid to ZEN as compensation. It would take the rest of his life to pay.

[ZEN, The Villa Zenith...12-Jan-1730 AD, 2pm](#)

ZEN’s life without Max was barely tolerable; she missed the old fool and, over the years, had come to love him. She couldn’t describe her feelings, but it was undeniably a loss. There was no way she would accept that her relationship to max was strange. It was a natural, physical, female to male, relationship; it was a balanced and equal partnership. She had loved him and burst into tears yet again.

[ZEN, The Villa Zenith...20-Jan-1730 AD, 10pm](#)

ZEN was now fifty years old and feeling adrift. Her oldest child was just twenty. It would be a few more years before she could arrange any marriages. She had to make sure they all got married.

'Izzy. I want the boys to get the best wives they can find; one of their children will be my next mother. Any suggestions?'

'Give them all big dicks. Once a rumour gets around, they will soon get the pick of the girls.'

'It's a start. The boys need confidence, knowledge and skill in pleasuring a woman. They won't learn these skills themselves.'

'Call them. The ring will bless them.'

ZEN set up parties for her brood. Sleepovers were encouraged. The gossip mongers said that ZEN was looking for a companion, for herself. ZEN built a Grand Summerhouse and was accused of running a brothel; she didn't care what they thought.

[ZEN, The Villa Zenith...3-May-1730 AD, 5pm](#)

An oxcart drew into the courtyard of the Villa Zenith; the driver reported to the gatehouse, and a messenger was dispatched to find ZEN.

Message for ZEN:

"Captain Pedro Martinez wishes to pay his respects."

ZEN replied to the messenger,

"Tell Ralph to make up a guest room for the Captain. Put his valuables in the vault and bring the Captain to me; there is no need for extra security."

Captain Pedro stepped down from the oxcart to stretch his legs; he came with three chests, hidden under the sacks of grain on the oxcart. The grain went into the kitchen store; two small chests went to the vault, and the large but lighter chest was taken to the Captain's guest room. The messenger led the Captain to the lounge.

Captain Pedro had long black hair and a black beard. A full-length, leather coat hid most of his body, and thigh-length boots hid his legs.

"Hello, Captain Pedro. I hope you have good news. You left in disgrace with your reputation and arrogance shot to pieces. If you are penitent, then I will listen to your plea. I have had a guest room prepared for you, as I would for any visitor."

"Thank you, Donna ZEN. You are most gracious with your hospitality. Please drop the 'captain' title and call me Pedro; I have retired from the Spanish navy. I come bearing gifts to pay my fine."

"Ah, Pedro. That would be a good start, but some things cannot be healed."

"Yes, Donna, I am fully aware that I cannot buy your forgiveness. I cannot undo any part of rape. I have pondered on how I might feel after rape. I am deeply sorry for all the pain I have caused."

ZEN was beginning to melt. Her angst was dissipating. She was curious to see more of Pedro.

"Your journey from the ship must have been slow and tedious. I suggest you go to your guestroom and freshen up. It will be a couple of hours before we eat, so there is time for a bath if you would like one."

"Yes, Donna. That sounds delightful."

Chapter 4 – Captain Pedro’s story

ZEN, The Villa Zenith...3-May-1730 AD, 7pm

ZEN felt a shiver of anticipation when Pedro appeared for dinner. Pedro was wearing a loose, white-silk blouse with a white cravat hiding his neck. White silk pantaloons covered his legs. He had sandals on his feet. A red silk belt pulled in his waist quite dramatically. Most of Pedro’s muscular form was discernible. Pedro’s beard was the only element holding the male image together.

They sat down at the end of a large dining table that had been set for two; the rest of the table was covered in a large lace cloth and a bowl of flowers. Gumbo was in a tureen on a sideboard. French bread rolls and soda bread were in a basket; butter balls were on a small plate. Simple fare, so they would not be interrupted. They sat down with bowls of Gumbo and chunks of bread.

“Pedro.”

“Yes, Donna.”

“Tell me about your life as a captain.”

“In the last five years, we sank a French frigate and were commended by the British; we set fire to a British privateer, and we were praised by the French. We were everybody’s friend and enemy. During the day, I gave the men short shrift; at night, I desperately wanted a man, I kept my door locked.”

“How long have you had these desires as a woman?”

“Ever since I lost my manhood. If I gave in to my desires, I would be finished as a captain. Please put an end to this torture.”

“What do you mean? Pedro”

“I know I was changed by magic, but I have no idea who was the enchantress. I am still changing. My days of fighting are over. Please have mercy in whatever form it may take.”

“So, you think I am the Witch that changed you?”

“Would I be forgiven for thinking that way?”

“You may think it, but should you ever say it ‘out loud’ then your current problem will look tiny compared to my retribution.”

They remained quiet while they finished eating. ZEN went to the sideboard and poured two large glasses of red wine from a decanter. She gave one to Pedro.

“Let’s go into the lounge.”

ZEN sat in an armchair and put her drink on a side table; she indicated that Pedro should relax on the sofa.

“ZEN, what was the spell, cast on me?”

“Pure revenge and spite; I wanted you to realise, you could be raped.”

“It took a while for me to reach that conclusion. Keeping my door locked had two purposes; it kept the crew out and me in. I masturbated furiously and spread male oils and talc about my bed and person. The perfumery was considered normal for a ship’s captain. ZEN, what do you think of me?”

“Pedro. The beard must go.”

“Yes. I don’t need it anymore.”

‘Izzy. Can we alter Pedro now, or should I pass the ring over him first?’

‘We can get rid of the beard; there is enough magical essence in his body to do that.’

“Pedro, let me do the grand reveal. You will feel the warmth of the magic shaving you, and the cooling of a cream that advances your femininity; you will never need to shave again.”

Pedro fell silent. He stared intensely at ZEN with moments of madness dancing on his brow. The top of his beard shimmered away to reveal brightening, rosy cheeks; Pedro was blushing. The beard receded to show a square jaw that was slowly softening and spreading the blushing

to Pedro's neck. The beard had been hiding several scars that were fading as beads of perspiration flowed.

"Now you look androgynous."

"And that's how I feel. Please help me." He squeaked as his Adams-apple disappeared.

"You do realise the cost? You will have no identity. Your claim to your valuables will become unprovable. Even your mother won't recognise you."

"My valuables are yours. I have considered these issues. I am at your mercy."

"If you had never come back, you would have soon lost your beard, and your womanhood would have blossomed. I have no doubt that you would have ended up in a whore house. Pedro, how do you feel right now?"

"Awkward, can my past be forgotten? Can I be all woman? Do the gold and jewels have any meaning to you?"

"Your past is forgotten. The gold will clear your debts, not that it matters as there is no Captain Pedro Martinez left to imprison. Remove your cravat and loosen your blouse. I think I will call you Petra from here on."

ZEN, The Villa Zenith...3-May-1730 AD, 8pm

"Now, Petra, what did you hope for?"

"The heavy trunks contain your 100 gold coins and many jewels. I was hoping you would accept payment of my debt and show forgiveness for rape, for my insults and my arrogance. I have had several years to contemplate my new body. I was alarmed when I lost my cock; I noted that I was still as arrogant as ever. It seems that arrogance is not unique to the male sex."

"Touché, Petra. Please continue."

"When my pussy developed, I became aware of a new world. I suddenly knew why I had been given this punishment; I could now be raped! I could smell the pheromones coming from my pussy; I was being turned on by my own body. I had to lock myself in my cabin. Eventually, I touched my pussy and ventured to experience how it felt. It was a month before I had my first sexual release. Was that an orgasm? In that instant, I knew I had to fight for everything, or I would be raped. With my new body, I developed new instincts. I became more ferocious in battle, more protective and cautious. My career as a ship's captain was precarious."

"Keep going, Petra. What did you hope for, for your body?"

"Well, I knew I was the victim of a spell, voodoo or witchcraft. Real Magic exists. I was beginning to understand my punishment; I had been an evil man."

"Let's just say, it was the drink talking, but I am finding that difficult to accept because most drunks just fall asleep. So, you are still pleading your case."

"I cannot plead the case. I was guilty of a foul crime. No arguments there! Rape is as bad as murder. There is no mitigation. If I stay as I am, I will accept it as just."

"Don't you believe in second chances?"

"Yes, I do, but I don't see how that works here."

"That's simple. The change keeps going until you are all woman. Life as a woman is your second chance. Justice is served because you cannot rape anyone."

"Yes, this halfway state is agony! I want to, I don't want to, I want you to, I don't want you to, male or female; this is a vicious circle!"

"What did you dream when you diddled your clit?"

"I didn't dream, the ministrations created small electric shocks that held my attention. All I could feel was a desire to unlock the cabin door. That urge was growing stronger every night. Soon my secret would be out."

"So, why did you come here?"

“We had unfinished business. I wanted to repay my debt to you. I guess it was all part of the spell. The spell was running too slowly; I wanted it finished. I wanted you to take my virginity.”

“Tell me your deepest desire.”

“To become a woman.”

“And what type of woman would you wish to be?”

“I would like to be tall, just a couple of inches shorter than I am now and let my hair flow in a cascade of curls to my shoulder blades.”

“What about your breasts?”

Petra blushed bright red to her chest.

“My heart raced whenever I thought about my breasts. I stared at many women, imagining their breasts as my own.”

“What were your dreams?”

“They were just dreams where everything is temporary. Huge breasts that stick out like balloons; they are full of milk but weigh nothing. They are there to attract men and to give me pleasure. There are no back problems in dreams.”

“Yes, your back must be strong enough to carry your breasts naturally.”

It was a teaser statement that I let hang; it would make Petra think I was considering something larger. Well, maybe I was?

[ZEN, The Villa Zenith...4-May-1730 AD, 6am](#)

I awoke in my bed, to the sound of the dawn chorus; I was restless.

‘ZEN.’

‘Yes, Izzy. Did you wake me?’

‘No, that would be the coffee on the stove in the hall. We need to talk.’

I stepped out into the hall and grabbed a cup of coffee from the pot on the small stove, one of several that were the lifeblood of the Villa Zenith. The stoves kept our food and drink warm and the villa free from damp. I returned to my bed to relax for a little longer.

‘Ok, Izzy. Let’s talk.’

‘Petra has you off balance. Part of you is reacting to what is left of Pedro, the male; smells from his armpits and rear are driving you to submission. The transformation would end that soon anyway, but the ring can speed it up. The rest of you is reacting to the new Petra; the smell of her hair is drawing out your old ZED memories and creating responses that were long dead. She is your catnip. You have a dormant lesbian character that is yet to come out.’

‘Yes, it was fortunate she was falling asleep, and I sent her to the guest room. We need to plan what we will do with her. She needs a job; she cannot sit around as my companion all day, I have work to do.’

‘If you want to keep her close, then now is the time to shape her as you desire.’

‘I thought we could change her at any time?’

‘Well, yes we can, but now will take minimal magical essence and be far more efficient. Petra is asleep right now. If we go to her room and she wakes up, we risk her going insane, or worse, she could kill us. There is an alternative. You could summon her avatar to

come to this room, and we could apply the changes to the avatar; the avatar would then carry the new spells back to her body and apply them.'

'Let's do that; it is safer all round.'

Petra's avatar appeared to float at the foot of the bed. Her body was covered in a cotton slip that doubled as a nightie. Her legs were long and feminine with a lithe, supple outline that suggested a dancer. She had narrow hips and a small bottom. The transformation had accelerated; from the waist down, she was now wholly female.

I took the ring off my finger and dropped it on the bed; it expanded to four feet in diameter and began to glow 'sky blue'. The ring floated off the bed and over to the avatar, where it hovered. The ring dropped slowly to the avatar's feet, scanning every atom.

'Now's the time, ZEN.'

'Make her tongue and neck two inches longer, and make her breasts become a firm double-dee. When her nipples are stimulated, let them swell to the size of her thumbs.'

'Careful ZEN, you could be making Petra too hot for you. Remember, she is catnip to you.'

'Let the ring rise and put those changes into the avatar. Let the avatar return to Petra and execute the spells.'

[Petra, The Villa Zenith...4-May-1730 AD, 6.30am](#)

I had this strange dream, like an 'out of body' experience. I was hanging in the air, at the foot of a bed. My arms were hanging down; I could move if I wanted but felt no inclination to do so. I could hear a stream of thoughts between ZEN and Izzy; who on earth was Izzy? They were treating me like a piece of modelling clay; their ideas were exciting. I wanted to lose my nightie so we could all see the changes. My image was stretching, and I was getting horny. I was becoming a dream girl; I was ZEN's dream girl.

Suddenly, I was back in my bed. I felt my body shiver as I became a rippling earthquake. My new shape settled; a deep quaking orgasm hit me hard. I flaked out, flat on my back; the magical essence was spent. Somehow, I knew I had to have sex to make more magical essence. My body energies recovered slowly; my mind was way behind. I had a puzzling set of new ideas. Why? I came to ZEN with only one purpose, repay my debt, but I was never sure if it could be repaid. There was the physical side of rape, unforgivable; the damage could never be quantified; and, the mental side could never be repaired. Would ZEN ever listen to my plea for mercy? I fell asleep again.

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