

THE WOMAN WITHIN

A transformation story by JohnManTD

Chapter 18: I Need Your Help

I pounded on the door. My fist hit the wood with a frantic, desperate rhythm. I looked down at myself. I was a mess. A sweaty man standing in a hallway, breathless and sweating, wearing a purple satin slip dress that was straining at the seams of my broad shoulders.

The door swung open. Sarah stood there, a glass of wine in her hand, wearing a silk robe. Her eyes widened as they took in the sight of me.

The shock on her face curdled instantly into a mask of cold fury.

"Fuck off, Alex," she spat. She moved to slam the door.

"Wait!" I shouted, jamming my foot into the gap. The wood crunched against my sneaker.

"Sarah, please! You have to listen!"

"I am not falling for any of your tricks!" she yelled, pushing against the door with surprising strength. "I'm done with your mind games! I'm done with being manipulated!"

"They took the ring!" I screamed.

The pressure on the door eased slightly. I took the opportunity and shoved my way inside, stumbling into her entryway. She backed away, clutching her robe tighter, looking at me with a mixture of skepticism and wariness.

"What do you mean they took the ring?" she demanded.

"The government," I gasped, doubling over, hands on my knees. "The military. CIA. I don't know. A man named Stephen Fullerman. They bagged me outside a bar. They know everything, Sarah. They know about the office. They know about the transformations."

Sarah stared at me. Her face went pale. "You idiot," she whispered. "Your recklessness finally caught up with you. You couldn't just keep it low profile, could you? You had to turn the whole office into a harem." She let out a harsh, bitter laugh. "Good. Maybe now you'll learn."

"Sarah, listen to me!" I pleaded, straightening up. "If they have the ring... if they figure out how

to use it... imagine what they could do. And the book. It's still in my safe. If they find the book and figure out the rules... they could rewrite reality. They could turn this whole city into a breeding farm or worse."

"Worse?" she scoffed. "What's worse than turning the whole town into bimbo sluts? Come on, Alex. You've been a menace with that thing. Are you really one to judge?"

"It's not about me!" I insisted. "Do you want the US military having the power to mind-control anyone they want? To replace world leaders with obedient bimbos? Because that is what's on the table here."

She went silent. The gravity of it was sinking in. She looked at me, really looked at me, stripped of my magical armor, looking pathetic in a dress that didn't fit.

"Fine," she said finally. "But why are you here? Why do you need me?"

"I need to get the book," I said. "With the book, I can use the Influence I've stacked up to alter Fullerman. I can make him give it back. I know his name. But I can't go back to my apartment. They'll be looking for me there. They've been following me for weeks."

Sarah froze. "Wait," she said slowly. "They've been following you?"

"Yes."

"That means... they might know about me." Her eyes widened in horror. "Alex! What have you done!"

She rushed to the window and peered through the blinds.

"Fuck!" she hissed, stumbling back. "There are vans downstairs. People in SWAT gear are moving up the stairs!"

"Shit!" I cursed. "They're here! They've probably gone after Dave too!"

We were trapped. The sound of heavy boots echoed from the stairwell.

"Sarah, you gotta help me," I said, grabbing her shoulders. "We need to get that book. It's our only leverage."

"Get off me!" she snapped, shaking me off. She ran to her dresser. "I can't believe I'm doing

this." She grabbed the silver chain necklace.

"I'm sorry, okay?" I babbled, panic rising in my throat. "I'm sorry for everything! I just let it all get to me! The power! The body! I lost myself!"

"We'll talk later," she growled. "For now..." She went to clasp the necklace around her throat.

A cold jolt of memory hit me. The last entry I had written.

"Wait!" I shouted.

She paused, the clasp inches from closing. "What?"

"Uhhh," I stammered, wincing. "I may have... done something... the last time we... When you put on the necklace..."

"Alex," she said, her voice dropping to a dangerous whisper. "What did you do?"

BAM! BAM! BAM!

"Police! Open up!"

The door shook on its hinges.

"Fuck it!" Sarah yelled. "No time!"

She clicked the clasp shut.

The transformation was instantaneous. Her body flowed and curved, her height dropping, her features softening into the stunning, unrecognizable visage of Sierra. Her silk robe suddenly hung loose on her curvaceous frame, slipping off one shoulder.

She blinked, her eyes clearing. She looked at me. Her expression shifted from anger to a vacant, adoring bliss.

"Oh, Master..." she purred, dropping to her knees. "What is your command?"

I flinched. The guilt hit me like a physical blow. "Sierra, get up! Get us out of this mess!"

She smiled, a serene, confident expression. "Of course, Master."

We rushed into her bedroom to a wooden chest at the foot of her bed. She threw it open.

Inside, nestled in foam, were rows of small glass test tubes filled with a cloudy, white liquid.

"Whatever you're planning," I urged, eyeing the door as it began to splinter. "Hurry!"

Sierra grabbed a vial labeled 'Buff Guy #4'. She popped the cork. "Bottoms up," she whispered, and downed the contents in one gulp.

I stared. "Is that... cum?"

"Yes, Master," she said, wiping her lips. "I've been saving samples. Swallowing cum allows me to possess another's body, remember? I thought this would come in handy."

She shimmered. Her form blurred, dissolving into mist, and then reformed instantly. Standing before me was no longer the curvaceous Sierra, but a massive, hulking man in gym clothes. He had biceps the size of my head and a jawline you could crack walnuts on.

"Master, quick," the man said, his voice deep and gravelly but carrying Sierra's inflection. "Hide under my bed!"

I dove under the bedframe, squeezing myself between dust bunnies and shoe boxes. The bedroom door burst open.

"Hands in the air!"

Three SWAT officers stormed in, rifles raised.

Sierra, wearing the body of the buff gym rat, held up his massive hands. "Whoa, whoa, whoa! What's going on, officers?"

Stephen Fullerman walked in behind them. He scanned the room, his eyes cold. "We're looking for a woman named Sarah Jenkins. Or Sierra. She is considered highly dangerous."

"Huh?" the gym rat said, looking confused. "Sarah is the chick who owns this place? She's a criminal?"

Fullerman narrowed his eyes. "Who are you?"

"I'm just some guy, man," Sierra lied effortlessly. "We met at a bar tonight. Came back here to... you know. Bang."

Fullerman stepped closer. "Be careful. You know about this Venus Virus, yes?"

"Yeah, that's all fake, right?" the guy scoffed. "Look, she was hot. I wasn't asking for a medical history."

Fullerman looked around the room. He spotted the silk robe on the floor. "Where is she now?"

"She said something about going to her office," the guy shrugged. "Said she had to meet someone named Alex? I don't really know, dude. We just fucked and she took off. I was just getting dressed."

I held my breath. I knew Sierra only had ten minutes in this form.

Fullerman stared at her for a long, agonizing moment. Then he tapped his earpiece. "She's not here. Suspect may be heading to the Nexus Creative offices. Mobilize units there."

He turned back to the guy. "If you see her again, call this number. Do not engage. She is capable of... extreme manipulation."

"You got it, officer," Sierra said.

The troops filed out. The front door slammed.

I waited a beat, then crawled out from under the bed.

The buff guy shimmered and dissolved, revealing Sierra. She stood there, looking at me with that same glazed, loving expression.

"Did I do good, Master?" she asked, batting her eyelashes.

"Fuck," I muttered, rubbing my face. "This is no time for this shit... take off the necklace."

Her face fell. "But Master... I don't want to. I want to serve you. Please let me keep it on. What if I..." She trailed off as she removed her robe, leaving her naked in front of me.

"Take it off!" I commanded. The temptation was tough, but I resisted.

Her hands moved automatically, disobeying her own desire. She unclasped the silver chain.

The transformation reversed. Sarah stood there, panting. She blinked, shaking her head as if clearing water from her ears. She looked at me.

Then she wound up and slapped me across the face. Hard.

"What the fuck!!" she screamed. "You made me a fucking slave?!"

"I'm sorry!" I yelped, holding my stinging cheek. "I was paranoid! I thought you were going to steal the book!"

"God..." she seethed, putting on some clothes and pacing the room. "We are finding this fucking book. And you are ERASING THAT LINE IMMEDIATELY. NO MATTER THE COST."

"I will," I promised. "I swear."

"How?" she asked, her anger turning to practical desperation. "They'll be swarming your apartment next."

"Hopefully you bought us time with that office diversion," I said. "Fullerman thinks we're at Nexus. He'll send the bulk of his force there."

"I've got a few more tricks up my sleeve," she muttered. She looked down at the necklace in her hand with a mix of loathing and necessity. "Not looking forward to becoming your slave again though..."

She grabbed a coat and tossed me a trench coat to cover my ridiculous dress. We climbed out onto the fire escape.

We moved through the back alleys, sticking to the shadows. Sarah stopped at a payphone on the corner. She dialed a number from memory.

"Dave," she said into the receiver. "Don't go home. Don't go to the office. Police. Meet us at the spot." She hung up.

"The spot?" I asked.

"Yeah," she said coldly. "It's a spot we've been meeting at away from you."

I felt a pang of hurt, but I shoved it down. "Really gonna go there, huh?"

"You earned it," she said.

We reached my building. We crouched behind a dumpster in the alley across the street. There were two police cruisers out front, and I could see flashlights moving in my window on the

third floor.

"Damn," I whispered. "They're tearing the place apart."

"It's okay," Sarah said, taking a deep breath. "I've got this. Just... don't give me any weird commands, okay?"

She clasped the necklace around her neck.

Sierra returned. Her posture shifted instantly, becoming submissive and eager. "Oh, Master," she whispered, grabbing my hand and kissing it. "I'm sorry Sarah was mean to you. You can do anything to me! You know that!"

"Just... get into the apartment," I ordered. God she was sexy. "Get the book. It's in my floor safe under the rug in the closet. The code is 8008."

"Boob?" she giggled. "Classic Master."

"Just go!"

"Yes, Master!"

She stripped her trenchcoat now wearing just her black sports bra and leggings, stood up and walked out of the alley, heading straight for the front entrance. I watched from the shadows.

She approached the guard stationed at the front door. As she got close, she stumbled, letting out a loud, theatrical squeal, and collapsed onto the pavement.

The guard looked up. Sierra sat up, looking dazed, emphasizing her sexy figure. "Oopsie!" she slurred.

The guard left his post and jogged over. "Miss? Are you okay?"

I watched as she grabbed his arm to pull herself up, pressing her breasts against him. She started talking, animated and giggly. She pointed at the building, patting her pants, acting out a pantomime of lost keys.

It was dark. They clearly didn't recognize her from the sketches, or maybe they were only looking for Sarah's civilian face. She was playing him like a fiddle. She leaned in close, whispering something in his ear.

The guard hesitated, looked around, and then nodded. He helped her toward the door, scanning his keycard to let her in.

"Unbelievable," I muttered.

I waited. Five minutes passed. Then ten.

The front door opened. The guard walked out.

He looked around, then walked straight toward the dumpster where I was hiding.

I panicked, ready to run.

"Wait!" the guard whispered loudly. "It's me, Master!"

I froze. "Sierra?"

"Yep!" The guard grinned, doing a little twirl. "So easy to seduce this one. One kiss and a little promise of more, and he was begging me to swallow his load. I possessed him. We got ten minutes, Master. I'll be back!"

The guard turned and marched back into the building.

I waited, my heart pounding. If Fullerman was in there... if she got caught...

Five or six minutes later, the guard walked out again. He was carrying a black, leather-bound book tucked under his tactical vest. He walked casually past the other police, nodding at them.

He reached the alley and ducked behind the dumpster. "Easy peasy," the guard said with Sierra's voice. "I just told them I was swapping rotations. They didn't even question it."

He handed me the book.

I grabbed it, clutching it to my chest. The leather was cool and familiar. It wasn't perfect, but having it back felt like a lifeline.

The guard checked his watch. "Time's up."

He slumped against the wall. His form shimmered, dissolving into mist. Sierra appeared in his place.

"Here, Master," she giggled, pressing herself against me. "Did I do good?"

I looked down at her. Her eyes were filled with absolute, unquestioning adoration. She was beautiful, capable, and completely mine. I could... I could just keep her like this. Never take off the necklace. We could disappear. She would never argue, never judge me.

It was tempting. So incredibly tempting. I couldn't resist.

"Let's go, Sierra," I said hoarsely.

"Okay, Master!"

She grabbed her trenchcoat and we hurried away. But it didn't take long for my guilt to stack up.

"Stop," I said.

I opened the book. I flipped through the pages until I found the line.

When Sarah Jenkins wears her silver chain necklace, she becomes a willing and obedient slave to Alex Winters 250

I stared at it.

"Master?" Sierra asked, tilting her head. "What are you doing?"

I looked at her. "I'm setting you free."

I took the pen from my pocket. I wrote below the line:

Sarah Jenkins retains her own free will and personality when transformed into Sierra. She is no longer a slave.

The cost appeared. 500 Influence. Double the original.

I had 1,400 left. It was a chunk, but I didn't hesitate. I underlined it.

Sierra blinked. Her expression shifted. The adoration vanished, replaced by confusion, then realization.

She wound up and slapped me. Again.

"Hey!" I protested.

"You deserved that," she said, rubbing her temples. "But... uhhh... thanks, Alex. For not keeping me that way."

She looked down at her hands. "At least I'm me again. In my mind." She looked up at me thoughtfully. "Maybe the longer you wear the ring, the more you start to think like the succubus. The more it twists you. Maybe being without it is bringing you back to normal. Or maybe you just felt guilty."

"I don't know about all of that, but I definitely feel guilty," I admitted.

"Good, your morals seem to have returned, whatever the reason," she said. "But for now I'm staying as Sierra. Those guards might have a description of Sarah Jenkins, but Sierra is a ghost, at least until the guard I possessed reports back."

We made our way to the meet-up spot, an old, abandoned playground near the river. Dave was waiting on the swings, looking anxious.

We explained everything.

"So they have the ring," Dave said, kicking the dirt. "And they know who we are."

"Yep," I said. "You should change to Daisy. Just in case."

"Way ahead of you," Dave said. He pulled out his watch.

He transformed into Daisy. He was wearing his normal jeans and white tee, which were now straining comically against his breasts and thick thighs.

"Damn I missed being Daisy. Good thing I wore baggier clothes," she grumbled. She looked at me. "I'm glad to see you've come to your senses, Alex. About fucking time. You really had us scared!"

"I'm sorry," I said again. "I don't know what came over me. The longer I go without the ring, the more I can't believe what I was doing as Alexa. It was... corrupting. I don't know if it's just the

power that got to my head, or if the succubus was actually bleeding into my mind."

"Maybe a bit of both," Sierra said. "But we should be careful. Humans clearly never evolved to handle becoming someone else. So from now on, no referring to ourselves as our alter egos. Even when we are in these forms. We need clear identity distinction. It is JUST clothing. Got it?"

"Agreed, from now on, even when I'm like this, I'm still Dave to you guys." Dave said. "But what's next, Alex? How do we fix this?"

"We need to get the ring back," I said. "I know the guy's name. Stephen Fullerman."

I opened the book. I wrote:

*Stephen Fullerman wants to return the ring to Alex Winters and will
become Alex's slave 100*

The cost appeared: 100 Influence.

I underlined it.

The ink turned red. Then it faded away.

"Huh?" I stared at the page. "That... that shouldn't happen."

"Why?" Dave asked.

"It only happens if I get a name wrong or do something against the rules.," I said, a pit forming in my stomach.

"He probably gave you a fake name," Sarah realized. "That's CIA shit 101. Never give the asset your real name."

"Well, what now??" I asked, frustration rising.

Dave smirked, his girl face looking mischievous. "Well... I guess we need to break in and steal the ring back."

"Do we need to?" Sarah asked. "I mean, all they can do with the ring is become women, right?"

Without the book, it's useless to them. They can't influence reality."

"Yeah," I said. "But what if there are other ways? What if the succubus intervenes? What if she grants another book to a new champion? There are too many variables."

"He's right," Dave said. "If it corrupted Alex, imagine what it could do to some government spook. We can't leave it there."

"Okay," Sarah agreed. "We get it back. But how? We're three civilians against a black-ops military site."

I looked at the book. "I can give us powers."

I wrote:

*Alex Winters, Sarah Jenkins, and Dave Chen have super strength and
the ability to flight 1,000*

The cost appeared: 10,000 Influence.

"Ten thousand," I groaned. "I have... nine hundred left."

"Well, this sucks," Dave said.

Sarah looked at me. A slow, calculating smile spread across her beautiful face.

"I guess that means if we want to get the power to steal back this ring..." she said, her voice dropping to a low purr. "We're going to need to play by the Matron's rules. Appease her to keep prices low."

"Yeah..." I continued. "She likes a show. She likes sex."

Dave's eyes widened. "Does that mean what I think it means?"

I looked at them. At my two best friends, transformed into stunning, powerful women. I looked at the book in my hands.

"If we're going to infiltrate a top-secret military base," I said, a spark of the old excitement returning. "We can't just kick in the door. We have to seduce our way in. We have to corrupt

them. We have to it in the way a succubus would enjoy."

We all looked at each other, accepting what we had to do. This is going to be the sexiest heist the world has ever seen.

For the rules of the book and the challenges, [visit this page](#).