Avatars-13

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Introducing Aaron and Confronting Erin

Artemis and Athena rose and prepared quickly for school. On their way to class, they were confronted by Keith again. As Artemis had feared, he had become more forward with her after their date. If Athena were the jealous type, she might have fumed a bit, but instead she was just amused. Keith’s interest that morning surprised them however. He confessed to Artemis his deep affection but asserted that his interest in Athena had not paled, and wanted to be sure she would not take offense if he pursued it.

Artemis became amused and gave him her blessing, then watched as he leaned on Athena. He went through the same routing seeking her confidence to inquire if she were offended by him sharing his affections with her sister. Athena knew exactly how far his affections had gotten him with Artemis and assured him that she was fine with it. He then proposed making it up to her. He was obliged to extend the same courtesy to her he had to Artemis, and thus asked her out on a date.

Athena already had plans with Artemis for that night, but that was no reason to refuse. Her other would be delighted for the opportunity to get out for the night and enjoyed parties. Of course she might just well sleep with him but she did have her own prerogatives. Having two minds meant that she would constantly compete with herself if she expected both of her to pursue all the same interests. If that only encouraged his interest in taking his twin goddesses, and Artemis objected to entertaining him, she could handle that matter too, and double-team the lusty lad herself.

She discussed with Artemis how her evolution had given Athena a hope of freedom she might never have known. If she went back to being a boy, her spare female identity could be assumed by Athena’s other. If she remained a girl, then Athena’s other could assume his male identity. By swapping identities, they could carry the deception through matrimony however the matter evolved. Artemis considered the matter and suggested that she start right away. If her other was willing, he could assume Artemis’s male identity right away, and learn a few things in the process.

The other Athena was with Chris and Jean, working with them to better their minds. Unable to tap into psi, Jean had begun experimenting on the relationship between psi and chi to attempt things with chi she had never tried before. With chi, the main difficulty was tapping into and channeling energy efficiently. With such the pure residue coming off of Athena and Chris, she was able to meet the fuel requirements of some of the more difficult chi techniques she had been struggling to master.

After her latest effort churned up a tempest in the atrium, they broke for lunch. Chris and Jean had decided that Athena was the perfect third for an ideal three-way relationship. Their feelings for her were not conflicted by their relationship with Artemis, who they both loved but whom they sensed was extremely shy of interfering between them. The intimacy she had shared with them had been out of friendship, and limited to specific circumstances. Her full attention was reserved for Athena.

Athena presented a different matter entirely. She gave her full attention to Artemis. As far as their friends could tell, they were so deeply in love they did not even realize it. Athena, however, had full attention to spare. Her own integrity compelled her not to interfere in Athena and Artemis’s relationship. The girl that confronted them the night before had been a free agent, an Athena for whom there was no Artemis to embrace. So, she embraced the two of them with all the love and passion she possessed. How could they not have fallen in love with her?

Athena prepared lunch, leaving the other two alone to talk freely between them selves. Chris confessed to Jean, her activities with Athena previous of the night before. Jean understood and said she might have done the same if Athena or Artemis had made her feel receptive. She had not imagined how the perceptions of others affected self perception, but now that a guy had evoked her feminine feelings she knew that there was more to that side of her to explore. She confessed to Chris, bidding her to secrecy, about her coming date. Chris listened to her, and then gave Jean her blessings.

Chris did not betray Jean’s confidence, but as soon as she and Athena had a moment to talk alone she expressed her own apprehensions. Chris and Athena discussed their common problem, loving boys who might choose to be girls forever. They both had experienced the other side, and Athena could confess to her own crisis. A penis was a wonderful toy and she had never quite gotten over having one. It had come down to which role she would chose if it should happen to be a permanent change. She realized that it would cripple her to be trapped in the male role.

The fact that there would never be a permanent or final transition meant that she could indulge in her male side at will, and she hoped that Chris would heal to the point where she could appreciate the qualities of her birth sex. In the even that Jean and Artemis opted to remain female, they themselves could not fault the decision. They had made it. They would love them no less, but it was difficult to see how they could come to terms with it. They both confessed they would have almost the same attraction to a girl who possessed all the strengths of a man, that they would to an actual man.

Chris did worry though. Jean did not have the abilities that Athena and Artemis had. If it happened that Jean became a girl who could become male at will, that would be marvelous. If Jean went so far as to become able to be both at once, as Athena often did, that would be simply ideal. Chris herself would need that twinning ability herself to bear the expression of her male side. She could stand the thought of being male part time only with the assurance that she would still be female full time.

In the afternoon, the five of them focused on improving their bodies, increasing their skills or reapplying them to suit their present statures. Jean joined Athena in the bath—the one she had spent the day with, and who had learned that her other had set her up on a date—and enlisted her in preparing herself for her own date without explaining her plans. Once she was dressed and looking nice, Jean announced that she was going out to the mall, for time alone and the chance to observe female behavior.

Athena’s date arrived and was willing to drop Jean off at the mall. Keith was taking Athena to dinner, and the party they were going to afterwards was not mentioned. Jean waved cheerfully as they dropped her off, and went inside to meet her own date. Aaron was early, so the two of them walked the mall, engaged in conversation. He complimented her sincerely and frequently, rousing all sorts of pleasant feminine feelings Jean had never experienced before.

Before it got dark, they left and proceeded to the party. Jean had been letting her instincts set the pace, and was quietly signaling that she welcomed a more private and intimate kind of party. Aaron was picking her up just fine, but restraining himself gallantly. He encouraged her to enjoy the party, dancing and flirting with Aaron and his friends. It was a big party, organized by professionals who had turned a family mansion into a gothic paradise.

Athena and Keith were at the same party, and Keith was one of Aaron’s friends and teammates. Athena knew Keith and was surprised to see an entirely different Jean laughing and flirting and hanging on his arm. Athena was quick enough to realize what had made such a difference, and took pains not to be spotted in Jean in return. A guy could become a girl, but he had to be treated like a girl to really embrace the change. She did not want to remind her she was a guy, and ruin her fun.

She was actually relieved when Jean finally lured Aaron into a bedroom and locked the door. Avoiding notice had cramped her style. If not for her new feelings for Chris and Jean, a sense that she was falling in love with both of them, she might have been dragging her own date into one of those bedrooms. Instead she was letting him set the pace, and he was pursuing a careful seduction. He really did want to get his twins, and was working on a strategy that would net them willing and eager at the same time.

In the bedroom, Aaron was trying to give his fill attention to the wonderful girl he had found. She was making it difficult by proving to know all sorts of ways to make a guy sit up and beg. It was if she knew what it was like to be inside his skin. He returned the favor, worshipping her with that special intensity he had devoted to girls. He may not know what it was like to be in a girl’s skin, but he had given the matter decades of thought. Jean could not have asked for a better man to relieve her of the rest of her virginity.

Having been born a guy, she had experienced more than a little apprehension about sex as a female. enough apprehension that she would not have considered it with a partner who knew her secret. Still, she had always had insatiable curiosity, and would have tried sex even if the idea had terrified her. Before, she had been anxious over the possibility that she might like it better as a girl. Now she was certain. She loved it, it was over whelming, and she feared she would never enjoy sex as a guy again.

The boy who had possibly shattered her manhood was far from through. He was a sex machine, bridled passion that never spent itself in explosive release. She wondered if he was ever going to stop, and found herself wishing he would not. Her perfect ecstasy had a spice of tragedy, and she cried through the next few rounds. It was not that she had lost her self as a boy, but that she feared what might happen if she got no pleasure out of having sex with the girls she loved.

As he finally let go, he noticed her tears and asked her what was wrong. It was hard for her to explain. Instead of explaining, she said he would have to experience sex as a girl to understand. That she wished she were a boy, so she could find out he could feel pleasure as intensely as she had with him. He wished he could help her, saying he’d trade places with her if he could. She was thinking, if she was not such a retard at psi, they really could. Something inside her twitched. She was so curious to test her fear, she changed herself and her partner without even thinking about it.

It shocked them both, and Jon was afraid to explain. He was panicking, muttering to himself that it could not be happening. She was too amazed to speak, touching herself and touching him; she finally announced her realization that it was actually happening. Her sense of wonder turned suddenly into apprehension. She feared this miracle might slip away in an instant, as whimsically as it had come, and she begged him to take her. She could not bear to waste the opportunity. Jon collected his wits and regarded her.

He knew from his own experiences what a turn off it was to expect a boy to remain a boy in a girl’s body. He confronted her with one question. How should he treat her, as a boy or as a girl? She closed her eyes and took a deep breath. In a whisper, she said “girl” and he prayed he was not about to mess her up for life. He could not help it though. He had a need and curiosity as great as hers, and her life was changed forever, no matter what else happened. He finally realized that he had been asked how to be treated, and he had not been as brave as she. Combining experiences as a boy and a girl, he broke her in as exquisitely as she just had.

At first, his fear seemed to be confirmed. He became aroused easily enough, perhaps more than he ever had been before, but the experience was taunting—pleasant without being ecstatic. Just the same, he could not have taken her as far or as frequently over the edge as he did then, if his own nerves were as stimulated. He discovered that it was her pleasure that begat his true pleasure in sex. A man was built with a hair trigger, but he was also designed to do, to act, to effect. He became deeply conscious of the being he held in his hands, her exquisite vulnerability, her embracing openness, the abandon with which she received his attentions.

A man’s pleasure was not less. It was different. He had not known what sex really was until that moment. Being a girl had opened his eyes, opened his mind, and finally revealed to him the ecstasy a man could feel. He finished in a shivering embrace, feeling awe equal to hers. He knew where she was now, and was relieved to know that there was something wonderful for her to experience when she changed back to normal. He commented to that effect, and was surprised at her vehement protest.

She refused, absolutely, to be changed back. She announced unequivocally that she hoped the miracle never reversed itself. Jon was so shocked at her statement he lost focus for a moment. His vision cleared and she was staring at him, and examining herself in a panic. Jean understood, Aaron was thanking god that she had not changed back, and grateful that he had allowed her to on her own. God had nothing to do with it.

Jean had changed her, but apparently could not really change herself. He still thought of himself as a guy, but he realized he was still thinking like he had as a girl—and far better than he ever had before—and wondered what that meant. She remembered the explanation Victor had given them about Artemis’s change.

Her power had come through being female. Her development lay in that domain of herself. For a glorious moment, she had been totally at peace with being female, and then she had been able to assert her existing male side. Like Artemis, being male was now only an ability she possessed. It was no longer what she was. Strange, it did not seem to trouble her much, but what had happened to Aaron did. What had he done to make this boy so desperate to remain female?

She responded to the question with the unbelievable. It was nothing he had done; it was what she had always prayed for. With eyes wide, he was struck with perfect understanding. Once again, she had been drawn to that one in a million boy who was a girl at heart. She had a story virtually identical to Chris’s, and had only been afraid that Jean had been transformed by some unconscious act or wish of her own. In a way he had been, but by the experience she had given him as her last act as a young man.

She had a serious situation to deal with. There was no question that she had to introduce her to Victor and confess. Aaron would have to be initiated as well. She explained Chris’s situation, and suggested a similar compromise. There was one problem with that. Erin—a quick change from Aaron—did not have the understanding, consent and support of her family and could not go home. She refused to even consider changing back, or approaching her parents with her transformation. Jean saw no other option but to take her home—or rather to Athena’s home—immediately.