

# **Sisters of Athena (Man to Attractive Woman TG)**

**By FoxFaceStories**

## **A Commission for Pikaweed**

*Dennis Todds is a private investigator who has been hired to sleuth out the mystery of a strange convention that supposedly is behind some radical technological innovations. But when he stumbled into this convention, he is wildly out of place - as the only man! Thankfully, the convention leaders know how to fix that, too.*

## **Sisters of Athena**

The building had a lot of security, but that security was well-hidden. Dennis Todds knew how to look for these things, chiefly on account of the fact that he was a private investigator. In fiction, most private investigators were tall, dark and handsome, quick with their wit and even quicker with their guns. Dennis Todds lived in the real world, however, which meant that he didn't meet up to that storied expectation. Instead, he was short, pudgy, and usually had more than a little grime on his clothing, often from hiding in the bushes or up in trees as he spied on the marital affairs of rich idiots with nothing better to do.

This time, however, he had a job that had far more attraction to it. Something that seemed genuinely intriguing. There was a conference in town, one that had been allegedly been running monthly meetings for two years now. It was shrouded in secrecy, and its security was quite tight. Some of the richest, most influential people were said to be members of it, and there were serious concerns from the people that hired Todds that this organisation - whatever it was - was attempting to subvert governmental affairs, or at the very least influence affairs in a highly nefarious manner. Todds had been shown blueprints of strange technology the group had supposedly been smuggling and acquiring, though he nor the people who had hired him could understand what it was all for. Perhaps Todds should have turned the job down, but when he was presented with a very, very large cheque, how could he refuse?

It took three days of scoping out the location. It was hidden in plain city, right near the centre of the city. A convention centre that seemed to never quite find bookings with any organisation other than shadow companies and puppet businesses. But it had guards, alright. Guards and cameras and defensive measures galore. Dennis wasn't a fighter, though he could scrap with the best of them if needed. But he was far better at infiltration, and soon he'd found his in: the electrical substation on the roof had an emergency hatch into the building for repairs. It didn't take much cleverness to acquire the right outfit, cross one roof to another, and then descend into the conference centre. He slid between the walls,

crawled in the space above the convention itself, and wherever he found a vent grating that allowed him to take recordings or snap photos, he did so. It wasn't comfortable, especially given his above-average weight, but what he saw captured his attention far more.

"What the hell?" he whispered to himself. "They're all women. *Attractive* women."

They were indeed. The conference centre was vast and sweeping, the main room luxurious, with plush seats for the literal *hundreds* of women in attendance. None of them looked to be over the age of twenty five, perhaps thirty at the most. They were all tall, thin, beautiful, and busty. Their curves were obvious from the tight suits, dresses, and other outfits they wore, and the very heterosexual Dennis found his gaze passing over the impressively *rondure* backsides of several of the ladies in tight pencil skirts or what appeared to be club dresses. They weren't just attractive either, nor young, they were *stylish*. Their outfits indeed belonged to the rich and powerful. And at their head, taking her steps up to the conference platform where a large and strange machine with Tesla coils was displayed, was their apparent leader. She was dark-skinned, with long wavy black hair and a gorgeous black dress that flowed down to her ankles. Perhaps Dennis was just singling her out, but she seemed to be the most attractive of all.

"Welcome, Sisters of Athena!" she exclaimed. "I am happy to be the host once more of our celebrated and secret organisation. Soon will be the time when we announce ourselves and our power to the world, and bring the change, vitality, and beauty to it that we have so benefitted from!"

The women applauded, cheering her words on.

"But the power of our machine must be secure, and our place within the fields of politics. We will make the world a better, more beautiful place with our device, but we must protect our sisterhood from interlopers who would sneak and steal and-"

The timing couldn't have been better, or worse. The vent creaked, and Dennis' weight proved to be too much. He yelled in shock and surprise as he was suddenly thrown out from the collapsing vent and careened down into the conference room.

"AAAAGHH!!" he cried, landing flat on a display table and crashing right through it. It was enough to decrease the impact of his fall, at least. Dennis raised himself up, coughing and spluttering, as hundreds of beautiful women surrounded him.

"It's one of them!"

"A spy!"

"Does he work for the government?"

"I bet he was hired by the Buellers! Their entrenched patriarchal power is threatened by us!"

"We should terminate him!"

"NO!"

Dennis had yelled it, but so had someone else; the woman with the dark skin and black dress, the leader of this 'Sisterhood of Athena.' The women parted at her words.

"Hello there," the woman said. "You have one chance to tell me who you are or I'll have you killed."

"Dennis Todds," he coughed. "PI."

"A private investigator! Hired by the Buellers?"

He nodded slowly, and the woman clapped her hands. "I knew it. Entrenched power always fears change. Are you in it for them, or the money?"

"I'm a private investigator. I go by my paycheck, lady."

She smirked. God, she was beautiful. Dennis found it hard to look away from her.

"Bring him up to the platform."

There was an immediate uproar, but she held up her hand, silencing the room of gorgeous women.

"He will be the test! This Dennis will be the first outside our organisation to be changed. We need a spokesperson, do we not? That means an outsider who has been transformed and understands what we are for! That we are not a cult, we are the future!"

"Just what the hell are you talking about?" Dennis asked. He was too bruised and pained from the fall to fight back against the legion of women as they clasped him to the machine. "What change?"

Their leader smirked. "You will see. This is the Sisterhood of Athena, dear Dennis. And I am Athena, or at least that is the name I have taken. I did not always look as I do now. I was an old, frail woman. But I speak too quickly about the properties of change I shall bring you. You won't believe my story. But you will believe once you have changed."

"Changed how?" Dennis said, as the women backed away. Athena, if that was even her legal name now, simply stepped back to a large lever by the wall.

"Better to show you," she said in her sultry voice.

She pulled the lever, and suddenly everything happened at once. Sparks flew, the tesla coils glowing with interconnected webs of bright blue lightning. The machine, a great bulky thing behind Dennis, began to whirl, louder than any voice. He tried to yell further questions, but it was impossible to hear even his own voice. A powerful thrum filled the air, and soon the contraption he was clasped to began to slide backwards, pulled by some magnetic force towards the machine. The lightning from the coils changed direction, directed over his body. He clenched his eyes shut for a moment, fearing death, but instead the lightning passed *through* him. Discomfort surged through his body, though there was no pain. He grunted and groaned, silent against the loud whirs of the machine, as a transformation truly began. He barely noticed it at first, but his pudgy stomach began to shrink. It flattened out, and so did his extremities. His fingers warped and changed,

becoming thin and dainty, no longer stubby. Even his chewed fingernails healed and extended, as if perfectly manicured.

*'What the hell!?' he tried to say, but was overridden by the machine's sound. 'What's happening to me? Stop this!'*

But the crowd of women were watching with excitement, cheering on the change and all the rest that was to come. And Athena was watching on imperiously, observing the change with fascination.

*'NNghh! Ohhh G-God!'*

It was discomforting, but also strangely empowering. Dennis writhed as pleasure shot through his body, making him squirm in humiliation and arousal. His member didn't get hard, however. To his shock he felt it begin to withdraw into his body, pulling back along with his testes.

*'N-no! Ohhhhhhh, mmmm! My penis, you've taken my goddamn p-penis!'*

An orgasm hit him with astonishing power, causing his voice to finally rise above the machine's. It was far higher than it should have been, and this was accompanied by further changes, now even faster as a result of his gender change. His chest erupted with breasts, expanding forth more and more and more, full and heavy and round and *young*. His entire being was getting younger, in fact. The wrinkles of a man in his mid-forties dissipated, and bones that were starting to creak became solid and strong once more. They also changed, his hips cracking wider, his waist thinning, his rib cage getting smaller so that his entire body became rather petite. And all this time he was still fighting the unwanted pleasure, crying out as his hair expanded down his shoulders, long and dark. His face rearranged, lips becoming full, nose button cute, eyebrows sharp and intelligent and attractive as hell.

*'I'm becoming a woman. You've got to be freakin' kidding me, you're making me a woman? That's what this organisation is about? You m-m-maniacs! You - MHH! OHhh! AAHHHH!!!'*

His voice rose again, but this time it was undeniable that he had become a *her*. It was a high soprano scream, one of purest orgiastic pleasure as the final changes took place. Her body hair fell away, her face finalised into classical beauty, and her breasts were left full and impressively sized, easily D-cups or bigger. They felt even larger on her, wobbling with every movement, desperately in need of support. This was made all the more dramatic by how, when the machine finally whirred down and the lightning disappeared, a pair of acolytes marched up and removed his clothing - an act that was easy to achieve thanks to how loose they now were. Dennis - perhaps Denise now - was unclasped from the table and led on faltering footsteps forward to the cheering congregation. Her breasts bounced, her hips swayed, and she was terribly confused as to just what the hell to do. The Sisters of Athena wrapped her in a white garb and quickly styled her hair. In moments, she had been reborn

into a gorgeous woman, her curves shown off in the tight white fabric, her nakedness beneath obvious from the way her large nipples presented against the dress.

“Welcome to the Sisterhood of Athena, Dennis Todds!” the woman calling herself Athena announced, to further applause.

“You’re crazy!” Dennis shouted. “You’ve made me a freakin’ chick!”

“No,” she said. “I’ve made you a wondrous bird. And soon you will fly. Admit it, you feel younger, more splendid and beautiful, do you not?”

Dennis swallowed. She *did* feel younger, more splendid, and more beautiful. She felt . . . fantastic. Brilliant. Attractive as hell. The applause was now *for* her, not just for the change. It made her feel kind of warm inside, and she didn’t know how to process that.

“I - I don’t know,” she said, feeling helpless.

Athena just smiled, approached, and placed a hand on the new woman’s shoulder. “But you will in time. You will be one of us. You will pick a new name, and you will speak for the wonders we bring the world. Welcome to the Sisterhood, Denise.”

And then, despite herself and all that had just happened, Denise smiled.

**The End**