

## Who Joins Us in Reno

**Commissioned Anonymously**

**By TheSpiralledEye**

*Running a hotel is a little harder than the Reno girls realised, luckily, a newly TG'd woman is looking for a place to belong and her ice queen persona makes her the perfect hardass manager.*

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"What you mean you promised that booking a pool view? We booked out on that side, remember!" Ming chided as Candi chewed on her nails sheepishly.

Their hotel had been open for about a month and business was booming; not because the three of them were doing a good job running it but in spite of that. The booking system was a convoluted mix of outdated software and hand-written logs, and was a constant source of frustration. Candi, though well-meaning, often forgot to update the system, leading to double bookings and awkward apologies to disgruntled guests. She struggled with numbers and often left the financial records in a mess, confident that Ming would sort them out.

Candi had no problem getting people to stay with them, she would greet every visitor with a cheerful "Welcome to the Sierra Inn!" and made it her mission to remember everyone's names, preferences, and special occasions. She may not have much going on upstairs still, but she had a second sense for what men would like in bed now after all the work at the club. All it took was a little flick of her wrist or a twirl of her hair to have them eating out of the palm of her hand and upgrading to a higher room. Especially when she heavily implied she might visit and often it wasn't a lie.

After 'working' in hotels for so long Ming had taken over the day to day cleaning and maintenance. She took pride in maintaining the hotel's cleanliness, overseeing the kitchen, and ensuring that everything ran smoothly on the guest-facing side. Her English, while functional, wasn't fluent enough to grasp the complexities of the booking software or the intricacies of balancing the books.

"You can't keep doing this!" Ming groaned, "We go out of business. After all that work to get hotel we'll lose it!"

“Nah, girl. Relax. Between the appeal of all three of us we’ll never be wanting for customers.” Candi grinned with her signature bubbly smile. “Just last night I earned like, five hundred bucks!”

“That not enough to run a hotel! We need people who stay without sleeping with us.”

“Well where’s the fun in that?” Candi pouted. “And Mirage is popular too!”

Having a topless mermaid waitress in the pool area was certainly a big draw. Most people assumed she was a woman in costume who was just very dedicated to her position in the pool bar; little did they know. The submerged pool bar was by far the busiest area of the hotel; Mirage’s drinks were as good as her singing plus the allure of being served by a mermaid added a point of difference to all other hotels in the area. Even other women were interested enough to come despite her being topless. Mirage drank in their jealous looks with a wide smile, it was almost like she fed on their jealousy.

“We cannot run a hotel on sex appeal alone.” Ming said, sighing as she pinched the bridge of her nose and Candi gave a scandalised gasp.

“Most people couldn’t but we-”

“It’s gotten us this far but if we get one more bad review, we go under cause nobody comes!”

Candi shifted on her feet, nervously twirling a strand of her blonde hair around her fingers. It wasn’t her fault numbers made her head hurt now; she’d never been the best at it, even when she was a man but now it was like trying to draw blood from a stone. That witch had made her an utter bimbo and as much as she loved it, this was one of the unfortunate times she didn’t *totally* love it.

“Hey! Boobs for brains, have you figured out what to do about our refund?”

The voice carried through the office doorway from the lobby and Ming pressed her face into her hands.

“You forgot the people waiting at desk, didn’t you?”

“Oopsie.” Candi grinned nervously and Ming shoved her out the door, right into the angry face of a balding man.

His nose was practically crimson and his nostrils flaring with rage at not only having his room be unavailable but now she’d been ignoring him for well over ten minutes. Candi swallowed nervously, something told her no amount of pretty words or ‘accidental’ nipple slips was going to get her out of this one; and that was really her only plan!

“Ummm, sure I can refund ya!” She said brightly. “Let me just um...remember how to open the register.”

“We paid by card!”

“Oh right! Uh...the card reader is just here, I am sure there is a way to refund it back...”

She fumbled with the machine, trying in vain to find the refund option. Normally all she had to do was copy the numbers in and let the customer do the rest! She wasn’t built for this sort of high tech fiddling! Candi could feel herself getting more and more flustered; a feeling she usually enjoyed since it meant head spreading across her cleavage to give them a pretty pink tinge. But this wasn’t fun, it was stressful; and the woman glaring at her from behind this angry customer wasn’t helping either.

She was tall and straight backed; where a professional looking pencil skirt and blouse was just a tiny bit too tight on her. The clothing almost looked painted on and made her look all the more severe. Her lips were pressed into a thin line and her dark hair tied in a tight bun; with a set of pearls around her neck and hanging from her ears she looked as terrifying as she was beautiful.

“What is the problem?” She said after a moment, her voice cut through the room like a knife and Candi felt herself shrink, like a child being scolded by the principal.

“Um, I can’t figure out how to refund him.” Candi squeaked and to her shock, the woman walked straight behind the lobby desk, took the card reader from her and began to press a few buttons before handing it to the man.

“There.” She said sternly. “Happy now? For goodness sake, causing all that fuss only made this take twice as long, can't you see the poor woman is as flustered as a bitch in heat?”

The man opened and closed his mouth and shock before swallowing, tapping his car and slowly walking out while the woman stared daggers into his back.

“Wow, thank you.” Candi whispered.

“If you knew how to do your job I wouldn't have had to step in.” The woman bristled and instantly Candi straightened up once more.

There was something about this woman, something familiar; Candi felt a tingle in the back of her head for the first time since meeting Ming and Mirage and felt her eyes go wide.

“You're...you're like me! You were cursed too weren't you!”

“Yes.” The woman said curtly. “Anna. At least, it's Anna now if you please.”

“Oh nice ta meet ya Anna! What are the odds, what did you do to get cursed? Why did the witch make you so-”

“Are the details really important?”

Anna fixed Candi with a hard stare and she squeaked in fright.

“No!”

“Good, I came here because I felt like it was the place to be. That same instinct that allows us to recognise one another I guess. Now I am here I can see I am desperately needed.” Anna sat herself down at the lobby desk and began going through the files for the hotel and booking system, clicking her tongue in disapproval. “Go get your little Chinese friend, your new manager would like a word with her. And your mermaid friend too.”

~

Anna walked with her back straight and her heels clicking ominously against the ground. The hotel hallway was carpeted, and yet the thin stiletto heel managed to click against it regardless. She held her single bag in front of her in both hands, held tight enough to turn her knuckles white.

Her jaw was clenched, her lips pressed into a serious line. Like always she tried to relax it but the moment she stopped concentrating it started up again. Ming was leading her to the spare hotel room that was going to be her new home, the other three girls each had one on the ground floor and convincing them all to allow her to stay on as their new hotel manager had been laughably easy. None of them knew the first thing about management, and they were as happy as she was to have another person who understood the confusion of being transformed into a woman. Anna just wished she could be a little more friendly.

“Here, this yours.” Ming said nervously, still reeling from the utter tongue lashing Anna had given her about the filing system.

Anna took a deep breath and forced herself to smile, hoping it came across as friendly but instead she saw the other woman flinch. The smile dropped immediately and she gave Ming a curt ‘thank you’ before stepping into the room and locking the door with a sigh.

Funnily enough, the worst part of this curse wasn’t being turned into a woman, it was the personality that came with it. Turns out, being an easy going surfer dude rubbed some women the wrong way, especially when he was fuelled by alcohol. One minute he had a handful of ass and the next, he was turned into an ice queen; a woman whose frosty exterior all but terrified everybody he spoke to.

He just couldn’t help it! No matter how hard he tried his words came out clipped and he no longer had the patience to beat around the bush. Thankfully, she’d kept her wits at least, which was more than that woman Candi got.

With a sigh she placed her bag down on the bed and tried to shake the stiffness out of her posture; as always it didn’t work and she remained as rigid as ever. There was a mirror pressed against the back wall and Anna looked herself up and down before smiling at her reflection. No wonder Ming flinched; she didn’t look friendly at all, more like a shark ready to devour anybody in her way.

She dropped it immediately, returning to her natural resting bitch face. At least that looked natural on her now sharp features. She busied herself settling in, unpacking the small bag that made up most of her belongings. The hotel room might have seemed small to some but it was the first time she’d had her own space. As a man she’d just floated from place to place; wandering was what she called it. Others called it being homeless and they were right, but it had never sat right on her tongue.

As a man she'd been directionless, unable to hold down a job or handle the slightest bit of responsibility; yet here she was, having walked into a new town and already she had a roof over her head and a job to call her own. It was...rather nice actually. If nothing else this new no nonsense attitude was helping her get her life together.

It was just that she had to live it as a woman.

Anna glanced back toward the mirror and went to stand before it; properly taking in her appearance for the first time outside of quick glances in shop windows. She was tall, her height giving her a commanding presence. Her dark hair was pulled back into a tight bun, not a single strand out of place, emphasising the sharpness of her features. High cheekbones and a straight, narrow nose gave her an elegant but severe look. Her eyes, a deep brown, were piercing and her lips surprisingly full; not that anybody could tell because she was constantly pressing them into a thin line.

Anna reached up and loosened her bun, letting her hair fall around her shoulders in dark, silky waves. She ran her fingers through it, feeling the tension of the day slowly ease away. With her hair down, she appeared slightly softer, but the sharpness of her features still dominated her appearance. She was a beauty to be sure, but a cold one.

Her whole body continued the trend; her breasts seemed almost sharp, her hips wide and formed a triangle with her thin legs. She had the figure of a model from the 1920s; all thin and sharp edges. All in all, it could be much worse. And she even had new perspective friends here at this hotel; she just had to try and not fuck it up.

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Anna straightened her skirt for the third time and pressed a palm over her head to smooth her hair. Not that she needed to, she was always neat as a pin these days. How on Earth she had ever lived in board shorts with hair unbrushed most days she could never know. Those tangled knots made her shudder now just remembering them.

Ming had invited her to a 'family meeting' in her suite and Anna knew this was her chance to make a proper, good impression of the other girls. These three were possibly the only people who would ever understand what she'd been through; the curse, the confusion, the denial and acceptance. It wasn't like she could actually talk to anybody else about what had happened without coming off as a crazy person.

"Don't blow this."

She took a deep breath and walked down the hall to Ming's room, knocking three times quickly against the wood before stepping back. The Asian woman opened the door and smiled tightly, there was suspicion in her eyes as she waved Anna in but she pretended not to notice.

"Come, we interested to know you more." Ming said, waving her over to the table where Candi and, to Anna's shock, Mirage sat. The mermaid had a pair of human legs and was clad only in a bikini, but there was still a line of scales running down her sides.

"It's nice to meet you all properly in a less...public place." Anna said as politely as possible, trying in vain to make her posture less stiff.

"It's probably silly, but we didn't think we'd be meeting another woman like us." Mirage said, "Now that I think about it, it makes sense that witch didn't just stop at three."

"Did you find her again?" Anna asked with a small amount of hope. "Do you know where she is? Perhaps if I could talk to her after all I have learned, she might turn me back."

"Why would ya want that?" Candi said, scrunching up her pretty nose. "Being a girl is way more fun, I mean, the orgasms alone-"

"Not everybody is as enamoured with sex as you." Anna snapped, wincing a little internally when she saw the look of hurt cross Candi's face.

It was like kicking a puppy, Candi didn't have any guile or a mean bone in her body, arguing with her felt almost unfair. Still, she couldn't force the word sorry to cross her lips.

"No, none of us have seen her since the moment we were cursed." Mirage answered, "Not that we've really been looking, Ming and Candi adapted almost immediately and I've come around now too. More or less."

"Where is your tail?"

Mirage huffed, obviously offended by the point blank question.

"It disappears when I am dry. What about you? Any talents we should know about besides being managerial?"

“I wasn't aware this was a job interview.” Anna narrowed her eyes. “I've already proven how useful I can be.”

This was going awfully; why couldn't she just...be nice!?

“All cool off, Anna showed she smart, good at numbers and manager stuff. We need that and she need us.” Ming said.

Anna was grateful somebody else here had more than just boobs for brains.

“But she no good at flirting, she ruin mood.” Ming added and Anna deflated a little.

“So what, you want me to sit in the back office all the time?” Anna asked, sounding angrier than she wanted to.

She didn't come here to be all alone in a new place, she wanted to be friends with these girls.

“Maybe just till you're a little less...scary?” Mirage tried.

Anna pressed her lips into a thin line.

“Sure.”

The rest of the 'family meeting' consisted of the girls recounting their day as well as their plans for the evening. Candi enthusiastically told everybody of the man on the second floor who seemed to have no end to his endurance and Mirage suggested the idea of X rated pool parties where guests could sleep with one another outside if they wanted.

“Like an orgy?” Candi squealed.

“It might lead to that. I just enjoy having sex in water more and getting a guy to the pool alone is hard these days.”

“We’d have to grow the bushes first, or improve the fencing so that nobody could look inside.” Anna pointed out. “Not unless you want indecent exposure charges against you and the last thing we three need, without papers or backstories, is police scrutiny.”

“Aw, spoil sport.” Candi pouted, she meant it playfully and Anna tried to play along.

“We can do it in the future, not now though. You’ll just have to content yourself with sleeping with all the men inside the hotel.”

Candi’s pout got bigger and a look of hurt crossed her face; that had come out more pointed than Anna intended. She decided it was best if she didn’t talk for the rest of the night.

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“Hiya Anna!”

Anna was suddenly tackled from behind as two arms threw themselves around her middle and squeezed. Candi didn't seem put off by the fact Anna was so stiff, in fact, it seemed to make her want to hug harder. Anna could feel the bimbo’s breasts pressing up against her shirt and her cheeks flushed; how did this woman manage to make everything she did feel so lewd? At least she didn’t seem upset about the other night anymore.

“Hello Candi.” She smiled as politely as she could. “Did you uh...earn any money last night?”

Candi nodded enthusiastically and produced a wad of cash from her cleavage which Anna reluctantly took. Candi didn't seem to have any shame at all whoring herself out; something Anna was both jealous and judgmental about. On the one hand, it was a little embarrassing to manage a hotel where the staff regularly pimped themselves out, but on the other, she couldn’t help but wonder what it was like. No guy liked a frigid bitch in bed; she’d never even been approached. Something he was a little grateful for; one thing the witch hadn't changed was his sexuality, men held no interest for him despite his new pussy.

“Oh yeah, totally!” Candi smiled, “the fella in room 304 is *very* amenable to more visitors if you are interested.”

Anna flushed.

“No. I don’t think so.”

She meant it to come off as self deprecating but instead the words came out harsh and judgmental. Candi shrunk a little under Anna’s sharp gaze and the ice queen felt herself getting tongue tied.

“It’s just not for me.” She added. “It’s perfectly fine for you, just make sure to put all the money in the safe. After you’ve taken your fair cut.”

“Right, ummmm, what is my fair cut?”

“I’d say thirty percent.”

“So...thirty dollars?”

Anna felt the blood vessels in her head begin to throb.

“No, thirty percent of whatever you earned, look, why don’t I try to figure it out. I need to have the same talk with Mirage anyway.”

They walked down the hall toward the pool bar and watched as Ming stepped out of another hotel room, doing her bra up in the front with a look of satisfaction on her face. Once again, Anna’s jealousy flared; these women seemed totally at peace with their new bodies and sexualities. Her own pussy moistened, looking at the smooth expanse of chest and the sides of Ming's breasts visible as she buttoned her blouse back up.

“Working hard?” She asked, wincing at how judgmental she sounded, she wanted to sound joking and jovial like Candi did.

Ming narrowed her eyes but shrugged.

“Earning my keep. Man in there like the accent. It earn me double.”

“That’s...good.”

Anna watched as Ming's nose wrinkled slightly in distaste, so much for making friends. They walked out into the pool area and Anna was taken aback; the place was packed. The crowd was mostly men but there were a few women milling about too; lounging by the pool, swimming but most of the crowd was congregated at the swim up bar and Anna could quickly see why. Mirage was behind the counter, serving up drinks while talking and joking with the customers.

"I may be the draw at night but during the day when we are open to people not staying here, Mirage is the queen bee!" Candi said without a hint of jealousy. "Hi girl!"

"Candi!" Mirage beamed, lifting herself up onto the bar slightly so that her huge breasts were crushing down on the bartop. "Good timing, run the bar for me while I perform?"

Candi gave a delighted squeal as she jumped into the pool fully clothed (if wearing daisy dukes and a glorified bra counted as being fully clothed) and swam into the bar as Mirage ducked out. The mermaid took Anna's breath away; she had thought people were exaggerating but not, Mirage really was a living breathing creature of magic. She swam around the delighted pool goers as Ming turned on the sound system and music filled the air. Mirage continued to swim, floating on her back so that her bare chest was wet and shining in the sun and began to sing.

The music was as enchanting as it was erotic, the whole pool area suddenly seemed to be filled with amorous energy as people watched and took in the sight. Candi flirted with those still sitting at the bar and Ming made the rounds, offering drinks to those at the side of the pool and smiling coyly as she laid the accent on thick.

And there was Anna, standing in the middle of it feeling left out. She took a deep breath and tried to relax, forcing her stiff posture to loosen and watched as the other women flirted with the guests. She wanted that; she was a woman now after all, why shouldn't she reap the benefits? But nobody, man or woman, approached her and each time she tried they seemed immediately put off; it was impossible to flirtatiously banter when every word that came out of your mouth was like a cold fish.

Bubbly laughter echoed across the pool from the bar and Anna watched as Candi reached over the bar and planted a kiss on one of the men waiting for his drink. Her bra was practically falling off her in the water and the crowd was loving it. Anna looked down at her sensible pencil skirt and blouse and felt severely overdressed. Some people loved that though, right?

As if to answer the unspoken question a woman suddenly appeared at Anna's side; she had fluffy red hair and a smattering of freckles across her face. She was exactly Anna's type and she felt her new body respond instantly, nipples stiffening under her blouse.

"Hey there, what are you doing out here dressed so proper, eh?" The redhead teased.

Anna forced herself into what she hoped was a welcoming smile.

"Working."

"Oh." Her flat response had obviously given the wrong impression because the red heads' flirty demeanour changed almost immediately. "Well, I guess I will leave you to it."

Anna winced; yeah, that hurt. The woman was gone in an instant and once again she was alone, watching the other transformed women flirting and having fun. With a click of her tongue Anna turned and headed back into the hotel, the books needed balancing anyway.

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It took almost three days of nonstop work to get the books in order, Anna could hardly believe the hotel was still functioning with those three running it. Candi of course didn't have two brain cells to rub together at the best of times but it had surprised her just how bad Ming and Mirage were at management. Ming was the best of them by far, but she had a habit of jumping from one job to the next, leaving things half finished or across multiple documents.

Needless to say, she'd had her work cut out for her, and it was a welcome distraction from her jealousy. Still, after three days of being holed up in the office she was getting lonely.

"No, I uh...you know reservation not...not good."

She turned at the sound of Ming, struggling to find the words and poked her head out into the lobby.

"Do you need help?" She meant the offer to be friendly but it came out accusatory, as usual.

"Yes." Ming sighed, regardless and Anna stepped up to the desk.

“I just need a room for the weekend.” The man on the other side of the counter said and looked at her expectantly.

“Ah I see, she clicked through the computer a bit. “What Ming is trying to say is that we are fully booked right now. If you don’t have a reservation you will have to come back another time.”

The man’s face fell.

“Oh, I see.” And he shuffled off looking sad just as Candi walked past.

“Oh, Anna, that was mean.” She pouted.

“It’s true though.”

“Yeah but you don’t have to say it so...meanly.” Candi said finally.

“I am not trying to be nasty.”

“Don’t get defensive.” Ming cut in and Anna turned to face her.

“I am not being defensive!”

The words echoed about the empty lobby and Anna sighed.

“Sorry, this is...just how I am. I come off cold but...that’s just the witch’s magic! She made me this way!”

Anna stormed off in a huff; it wasn’t fair! All the other men got turned into flirty fun girls, why did she get turned into an uptight bitch?

“Anna, wait!”

She turned and both women flinched; her face probably looked thunderous. Anna just sighed and walked back to her room feeling dejected. Maybe this was the best she could hope for; a

job and a roof over her head was going to have to be enough. Friends would be too much to ask for.

“Goddamn it!” She hissed, stalking up and down her room in frustration.

She felt so pent up and pissed off; what she wanted, more than anything was a good roll in the hay. That would relax her, she was sure. She hadn't been able to masturbate in this body at all, it just felt so...improper. Damn that witch and her stupid magic. She just wanted to be able to relax and be a little more approachable, was that too much to ask?

Her eyes fell onto the pen and little paper pad stamped with the hotel's logo sitting on the table and an idea formed. She sucked at speaking but maybe she could make her 'voice' a bit more gentle on paper? She picked up the pen and started writing, tearing up each draft when it started to get too harsh. She was on her fifth and hopefully final one when a hand appeared at her shoulder and caused her to almost jump out of her skin.

“Candi!” She said, “Don't sneak up on me like that!”

The bimbo pressed her fingers together and pouted.

“Sorry but I totally knocked and everything, I thought you would have heard me.”

Anna pinched the bridge of her nose.

“Sorry, you're right.” How was it possible to say sorry and not sound at all sorry? “I was just caught up in this.”

“Ooooh what'cha writing?” Candi asked, reaching over and grabbing the paper out from under Anna's nose before she could say a word.

“No, that's private!”

*“Dear Ming, Candi and Mirage,” Candi read slowly. “I'm sorry I come off so cold, I really just want to help make this place great, and somebody needs to take things seriously. I want to be your friend, even if I don't sound like it. The truth is...Anna, this so like, totally so sweet!”*

Anna swallowed nervously.

“Really?”

“For real!” Candi grinned, “We thought you like, hated us or something.”

“No! I just hate that you can’t do accounting!”

Candi blinked and then burst into giggles; her laughter made her whole chest vibrate and jiggle so that Anna’s eyes couldn’t help but focus there.

“Like what ya see?” Candi teased and Anna quickly looked back up at her face.

“Sorry, it’s just that they were right there.”

“Oh don’t apologise. I wouldn’t put the girls on display if I didn’t like people staring!”

Candi gave her chest a little wiggle for emphasis and Anna felt warmth begin to bloom between her legs.

“So, what was the truth?” Candi asked with a wry smile, stalking a little closer so that there was barely an inch between them. Anna tried to take a step backwards but found herself trapped between the other women and the table.

“T-truth?”

“Yeah, in your letter you said ‘the truth is’ but then you trailed off, what were you gonna write?”

Candi leaned in so close Anna could feel her warm breath ghosting over her skin, their breasts were just brushing against one another and the touch seemed to set her skin on fire.

“The t-truth is that I wish I could be as f-flirty as the rest of you.”

Candi’s smile went wide.

“You can, you just gotta learn how to use what the witch gave ya to your advantage.” She grinned, “Like I do.”

“How?”

Candi rolled her eyes playfully, as if it were so obvious it was funny.

“Tell me what to do, boss lady.”

“Oh but won't I sound...mean?”

Candi was reaching out, she didn't want to ruin it!

“Just try. Tell me what you want.”

“Okay, touch me.”

The words were hard orders and Anna smiled as Candi shivered with pleasure and reached over to slowly unbutton her blouse. Those skilled hands slipped inside her shirt and undid her bra with ease before pushing everything to the floor. She was topless in her skirt and pantyhose now, with Candi's warm hands playing with her diamond hard nipples.

“Oh that's nice, harder.”

Candi obeyed and slowly Anna's fears melted away.

“Y-yeah, tweak them, now massage ooooooh yeah, that's it.”

Candi was eager to please and obeyed every order Anna gave, her nipples tingled pleasantly under the bimbo's touch.

“Undress me.”

“Yes, ma'am.”

Oh, yes, she liked that.

Candi set about removing all of Anna's clothes; slowly pulling down the pencil skirt, slipping the pantyhose off one leg at a time and gently leading her to the bed where she flopped down, naked with a pussy aching to be touched.

Before Candi could say anything Anna hooked her legs around the other woman's neck and pulled her face in close enough that she could feel the blonde's breath against her sex.

"Lick."

Candi moaned and dipped her tongue into her folds, slowly and lovingly swirling around Anna's clit. It felt wonderful, better than any blow job she'd ever had as a man. Maybe it was Candi's experience, or maybe it was just that pussies were so much more sensitive than cocks, maybe both. Either way it didn't matter, what mattered was the pleasure building up inside her as she got closer to the edge.

She took control, ordering Candi how to move her tongue in exactly the way she wanted to heighten and tease. Till finally with a cry and a shudder, Anna came and squirted all over the grateful bimbo's face.

"Ohhhhh...that was nice." Anna groaned, aftershocks rocked her body as Candi climbed up onto the bed with her, striking a hand up and down her side playfully.

"See? Told you, just be yourself. Your *new* self."

Anna wished it was that easy.

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She started using notes, strange as it was at first, the others soon got used to finding little post-its stuck to various things around the hotel with carefully worded instructions. Obviously she was still required to talk to them, but at least the more softly worded notes helped any resentment building up when she snapped at them in person several times a day.

Even Ming was smiling when she saw Anna coming now, rather than stiffening. The other three new women were getting used to the ice queen's brusque manner and even looked forward to it, especially when customers started to get lippy. Anna was starting to enjoy her new self too, especially the aroused glint in some people's eyes when she started going hard on them.

"I wouldn't mind her stepping on me." One man whispered when he thought she was out of earshot.

"Hell, I'd say thank you." Another snickered and a shiver ran down Anna's spine.

Despite that she still hadn't been brave enough to actually proposition anybody, not even Candi; much to her annoyance. Now that she'd had a taste of cumming as a woman she desperately wanted to do it again but shocking everybody, Candi refused.

"You know I'd love to sweetie." She giggled, "but you've got to learn to put yourself out there! And even if ya can't, you should at least take the time to get familiar with yourself."

She'd wiggled her eyebrows suggestively at that before laughing at Anna's red face. Ever so, the suggestion lingered in her mind. Even as she was doing the books each night her fingers itched, tightening around her pen and imagining using that dexterity for something much more enjoyable. But even when she was totally alone in her room at night she couldn't make herself do it; even when she could hear Candi two doors down entertaining her third man for the night.

Her body began to grow warm, remembering her and Candi's night together. The blonde really was talented in the bedroom and Anna envied her confidence. Her fingers slowly moved down the curve of her body, warm skin against warm skin until the tips of her fingers met the waistband of her panties. She pushed a little lower, until her fingers were right above her mound before they froze in place.

"Damit, I'll never finish if I am this stiff and nervous, no matter how good I make myself feel."

With a huff of frustration she threw off the blankets and grabbed her swimsuit. The pool area was usually empty right now, save Mirage who often slept in the little lagoon at the edge of the garden area. Anna shivered as she pulled on the old swim shorts; they were a big big on her now but she hadn't found the time to buy a proper women's swimsuit. It also meant she was topless and the urge to throw on something, anything, to cover her shame was strong but she resisted. Maybe if she could make herself act a little more like Candi things like masturbation would become easier, maybe her cool exterior would even melt a little when she wanted it to.

Glancing around nervously, Anna walked through the hotel in nothing but the swim shorts and entered out into the pool area. The Reno air was hot and dry, even late at night

and she let herself breathe it in deeply. She had grown to like her business attire but it felt nice having so much skin exposed to the air.

“I don't think I have ever seen you so relaxed.”

Anna almost jumped out of her skin as Mirage appeared at the poolside, topless and smiling knowingly.

“I am trying to be less...me.” Anna said after a moment.

“Why?”

“Because nobody likes me as I am now. Even a hot body can't change that.”

Mirage shook her head and rolled her eyes.

“That's not what Candi tells me.”

“Candi likes everybody.”

“True, but I don't and I like you. You tell things how they are, plus, you have that dominating mature woman vibe, guys love that.”

It was true, a woman who knew what she wanted and demanded it had always been a turn on for her when she was a man, but somehow Anna hadn't managed to pull it off herself, she just came off as cold. With a sigh she sat down at the poolside with the mermaid and forced the words out.

“You said you had trouble adjusting, how did you learn to embrace your new womanly personality?” She asked after a moment and the mermaid grinned.

“Candi.” She admitted, “The girl is just so bright and happy, it's sort of infectious, plus learning I could grow legs when I wanted helped a lot.”

Anna couldn't help it, she snickered.

“Hey! You laughed! See, you are capable of having fun.”

“I guess.”

Mirage sidled up to the other woman so that their breasts were touching and Anna felt herself grow hot.

“You think people don’t like you because you come off as cold, but it’s really just the confidence. Embrace the chill, girl. You’ll do well I promise. Here’s your chance.”

Before Anna could ask what the mermaid meant, she was gone, slipping beneath the pool surface and swimming away leaving the warm patch on Anna’s breast to seep away.

“Oh!”

Anna turned to the voice and found a man standing there, pool towel in hand looking awkward as he looked anywhere but her bare chest.

“Sorry, I didn’t think anybody would be skinny dipping.” He coughed.

“I’m not, I am wearing pants.” Anna replied curtly, she thought about what Mirage had said and grit her teeth. It was time to own herself.

“Right well, the p-point stands, I should probably go...”

“Why?” Anna smiled, standing up to face him with her hands on her hips proudly.  
“Don’t you like what you see?”

“I...uh, I don’t think there is a safe way to answer that.”

“There is. Honestly. Now tell me; do you like what you see?”

“...Yes.”

The man’s eyes were blown wide now, his knees even looked a little weak and Anna could clearly see a bulge in the front of his swim shorts.

“Good.” Anna swallowed. “Then come touch me.”

The man blinked in surprise, taken aback by just how frank she was being but Anna didn't back down.

"I said, touch. Me."

"Y-yes!"

"Yes what?"

"Yes ma'am!"

His hands were on her in an instant, massaging the new breasts and tweaking the nipples in fascination. Anna groaned, enjoying the sensation and letting her head fall back to stare at the sky as the man felt her up.

Despite the overwhelming pleasure that was starting to fill her body, Anna was able to keep her tone harsh and strong. She ordered the man to touch her all over and he complied without question, the power of the dynamic was intoxicating. Anna felt herself growing wetter with every order and she could feel the man straining as his cock got harder and more ignored.

"Alright, you can fuck me now, but no cumming until I say." She grinned, pulling back and laying down on one of the pool recliners.

The man practically ripped off her swim shorts with desperation before jumping out of his own. Anna had never felt more desired in her life, not even with Candi. The man climbed atop her, cock ready to press inside her when Anna stopped him.

"Oh no, not like this, we can't have you taking control." She cooed, easily flipping them despite being so much smaller. "I think I should be up here, don't you?"

"Whatever you want," he moaned. "But *please*."

Anna's pussy was burning with need by this point and her curiosity was just as strong. She poised herself above the man's dick and let the tip rest against her hole for a moment, savouring the look of hunger on his face as he gripped her hips. Over the man's shoulder she could see the pool and Mirage floating near the surface, watching on greedily. She

couldn't be sure with the water distorting her sight, but Mirage was almost certainly getting off watching Anna fuck her first man and that was all the encouragement she needed to sink down.

“Oh...fuck yes.”

Anna felt her folds part and the thick cock penetrate her as deeply as possible before rising up to do it again. She's never imagined sex felt this good for women; she almost felt cheated at having spent most of her life as a man! This was wonderful!

She began to ride hard and fast, enjoying the feeling of her breasts bouncing against her chest. She could hear the skin slapping and her bun slowly getting looser with every rise and fall. Below her, the man was groaning, obviously trying hard not to cum until he was told. Anna squeezed and teased him, moaning loud enough for Mirage to enjoy as she got closer until finally.

“Yes!”

Her second orgasm washed over her and she rocked her hips, squeezing the man tight inside her and forcing him over the edge. Mirage was right; this was her path forward. The hardass who was ice on top but beneath she was as hot as a volcano. Men She would be a reward, the 'hard' one to get of the four.

By the time she was done with the man he was practically delicious with pleasure and flopped back on the recliner, falling into a half sleep and enjoying the afterglow. Mirage gave her a wink before disappearing beneath the water again and Anna grinned; all at once at home in her own skin and excited for her new life at the hotel

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Her idea of having themed weekends was a smash hit; Anna stood by the pool watching proudly as Ming and Candi strutted around in their sexy, bunny girl waitress outfits. Even Mirage had a set of bunny ears that she was somehow making work with her tail. Anna was dressed the same, but while Ming wore purple, Candi pink and Mirage green, she was in all black. Her velvet leotard was soft to the touch and she had never felt more comfortable in her new skin.

Silver tray in hand she carried a group of men their drinks and placed them down on the table slightly harder than I needed to.

“I call your names, if I got the wrong order that’s your fault.” She said harshly, having to hold back a grin when she saw the look of desire in their eyes.

“You tryin’ to tell us what to do?” One dared but Anna didn’t flinch.

“Yes, this is my hotel. My hotel, my rules. And I punish bad boys.”

“Oh?”

“Yes, and I don’t go to bed with just anybody, you have to work to get me.”

With that she turned on her heels and walked away, delighting in the fact that they were definitely staring at her bum as she wiggled her hips. Anna had gained a reputation at this hotel. She was the hard to thaw ice queen; but if you managed to win her heart she would show you a good time like no other.

She was about to go and tell off some drunks for doing bombs into the pool when she noticed a woman out of the corner of her eye. On the outside she was nothing special; a brunette with cornflower blue eyes that had a distinctly country girl vibe about her. A plain jane, and yet, Anna felt oddly drawn to her. That itch at the back of her head got stronger and she realised this had to be a woman like the rest of them, a witch cursed former man.

She must have been drawn here just like Anna had been and there was probably more where that came from. Anna smiled and walked toward her; the hotel could use more staff.

“Welcome to the Transformative Haven Hotel,” She beamed, “I think I know exactly why you’re here.”