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Medallion of Zulo:
Father's old Friend

Dedicated to my patron Megan McGee. Thank you, Megan!

PREFACE

Dive into a story where the magical Medallion of Zulo opens the door to possibilities, shaping a tale of mystery and change. If this is your first-time hearing about the Medallion of Zulo, the next section will give you a quick introduction to its special powers. If you already know about the medallion, you can jump right into the first chapter of this magical journey.

INTRODUCTION TO MEDALLION OF ZULO

The Medallion of Zulo looks like a cheap piece of jewelry. It's a bronze medallion with a picture of a winged fairy wielding a magic wand or perhaps an angel. There's a theory that multiple medallions exist, each depicting different figures, yet all bearing the same uncanny power.

The medallion's power is invoked when it is worn by a person who then touches any clothing with it. In about half an hour, the individual morphs into the last person who wore the touched piece of clothing. They feel a small jolt, like static electricity, when they touch the clothes. This means the change is starting.

If the wearer then touches their own clothes with the medallion, they will revert back to their original form. If the person wearing the medallion touches another person with it, they swap bodies.

The medallion can't be used to transform the same person repeatedly without a break. There must be a wait of 12 hours before it can be used again on the same person. However, it can be used on different individuals in succession without any wait. It's also important to know that it doesn't work on pregnant women or women on their period.

Not just physical appearance, the personality of the wearer also undergoes changes. A brief touch to clothing transfers the original owner's reflexes and instincts to the wearer - the walk, the mannerisms. However, a longer touch goes deeper, imbibing the character, mindset, desires, and even the knowledge and memories of the original owner.

This personality shift progresses subtly even after the physical transformation is complete. The longer the transformed person remains in their new state, the more they embody the new personality, potentially forgetting their original self if they do not return in time.

When touched to new, unworn clothes, the medallion tailors the wearer's body and mind to match the nature of the clothes. For instance, brand-new maid clothes would result in the transformation into a stereotypical maid, including the respective knowledge and mentality. Touching the medallion to clothes meant for the opposite gender or a different age group results in an appropriate physical transformation.

Anecdotal evidence suggests that combining garments from different people might even allow for a mix-and-match transformation.

The Medallion of Zulo is thought to possess its own personality. It tends to resist calculated, mercenary uses for material gains, often stirring up chaos in the process. This capricious artifact is also prone to getting lost, hopping from one owner to another. It supposedly prefers impulsive and reckless users who aren't afraid to drastically change people's fates and identities.

Despite its whimsical nature, the medallion seems open to the wearer's intentions. With unworn clothes, the user can guide the transformation by mentally focusing on desired personality changes or, as some suggest, by writing the changes on a paper and placing it in the pocket of the new clothes.

MEDALLION OF ZULO: FATHER'S OLD FRIEND

Lying in the sterile hospital room, the hum of machines around me, I was resigned to my fate. The doctors had given me two months at most, a consequence of the cancer that had stealthily invaded my body. At eighty-three, with a life spent in the military, I was alone, a state I'd accepted until an unexpected visitor turned my world upside down.

Josh Neville, the son of a dear departed friend, appeared out of nowhere, carrying a large sports bag. It had been years since I'd last seen him, and his presence was a pleasant surprise amidst the monotony of hospital life.

"Josh, boy" I said, my voice tinged with surprise and warmth. "It's good to see you."

Josh approached, pulling up a chair beside my bed. "How are you holding up, Ben?" he asked, his voice carrying a note of genuine concern.

I sighed, a faint smile on my lips. "The doctors say I've got a couple of months. But I'm not afraid, Josh. I've lived a long life. My only regret is not leaving anyone behind. No children to speak of".

Josh's response was peculiar, tinged with a mystery that piqued my curiosity despite my weariness. "I made it in time, then. You'll be fine, Ben," he said.

I asked him about his wife, Susan, changing the subject. His story was a sad one - Susan had left him, bored with the farm life, craving more than what Josh's simple,

honest living could offer. Their marriage had ended seven years ago, leaving Josh to tend to his farm alone.

"I guess modern women want different things, eh?" I mused, trying to offer sympathy, though my thoughts were increasingly occupied by my own looming end.

That's when Josh brought out the Medallion of Zulo, a simple bronze piece that looked like nothing special, which he had temporarily borrowed from a friend. He explained its magical properties, how it could transform one person into another, and a crazy idea formed between us.

Josh proposed that I could escape my fate, transform into a young woman, and start anew with him on his farm. The idea was ludicrous, and yet, part of me was captivated. The chance to dodge death and experience life in a way I never had before was tempting.

The proposition was blatantly selfish, and I couldn't help but laugh, a laugh tinged with bitter irony. "So, you want me to become your wife? To satisfy your needs and take care of your home?" I asked, my voice dripping with sarcasm.

Josh admitted it was selfish but argued it was a solution that benefited us both. He promised to be a good husband, to care for me in this new life. And what did I have to lose, really? My days were numbered, and here was a chance at something... more.

"And if you ever decide this life isn't for you, we'll figure out the legalities of your new identity, and you can leave if you wish. No strings attached", Josh added.

So, I agreed. The thought of leaving behind my old, cancer-ridden body for a chance at a new life, to be part of a family, was too good to pass up. I knew Josh to be a hardworking and decent man. The risk seemed worth it, for the chance to live again, to be someone new.

As I stood there, looking at Josh with a mix of apprehension and curiosity, he began to unpack his bag, pulling out a maid's dress and a blouse that seemed to dance with colorful patterns and geometric designs.

"Why these?" I asked, my gaze shifting between the garments and the Medallion of Zulo resting ominously between them.

He placed them on the bed with care. "These aren't just any clothes, Ben. This maid's dress," he said, holding it up for me to see, "will equip you with all the skills you need for housework and cooking. And this," he gestured towards the blouse, "is a Guatemalan huipil. It will imprint in you an endurance and patience needed for the hard, monotonous work on a farm, giving you the strength and humility of an immigrant from the rural areas of Latin America".

"Plus, I've always found Guatemalan women to be... captivating," he admitted, his cheeks coloring slightly.

I chuckled at his admission. It was hard to believe that in a matter of moments, those clothes would define my new existence.

"I even selected the size to make sure you'd be about 5 feet 8 inches tall after the transformation," Josh explained, "That's 3 inches shorter than the height we both are now. I thought it'd be... nice, you know, for my wife to be slightly shorter than me."

"You've really thought this through, haven't you?" I remarked, impressed by his attention to detail.

With a nod, Josh handed me the Medallion of Zulo. "It's time," he said. "Place the medallion around your neck and touch both pieces of clothing. Make sure you hold it there for a deep impact."

I removed my pajama jacket, feeling the chill of the hospital room on my skin. As I glanced at my reflection in the wall mirror, my old, worn body stared back at me. The gray hair, the wrinkles, the age spots – all reminders of the life I had lived.

I placed the medallion around my neck, the cold bronze against my skin serving as a stark reminder of the leap I was about to take. With a deep breath, I touched it to the maid's dress and the huipil simultaneously. A jolt, like a spark of static electricity, ran through my fingers as I held them there, my heart pounding with a mix of fear and anticipation.

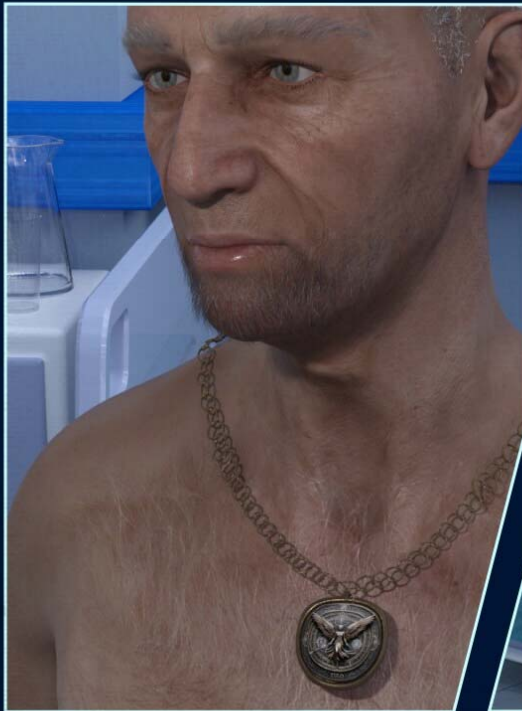
Holding the medallion firmly, I allowed my thoughts to crystallize into the image of Benita, a 19-year-old girl from Guatemala, envisioned with the skills for all household chores a maid might need. It felt as though the Medallion of Zulo vibrated with anticipation, eager for more details to shape this transformation.

Turning to Josh, curiosity got the better of me, and I found myself asking, "What kind of wife do you envision, Josh?"

Josh didn't hesitate. "I imagine her to be diligent, obedient, deeply religious, modest with outsiders, yet passionate in bed," he answered, his cheeks tinting with a blush at the last part.

I couldn't help but smile at his description, especially the contrast between modesty and passion.

As I looked into the mirror, the first signs of transformation were unmistakable. My graying stubble vanished, replaced by smooth skin, while my hair darkened. The reality of the medallion's magic was undeniable now.



Knowing the transformation would take time, I engaged Josh in conversation about his farm, seeking to distract myself and perhaps to glean insights into the life that awaited. "Tell me about your farm, Josh. What's a day in your life like?" I asked, my voice laced with genuine interest.

Josh's eyes lit up, a clear sign of his passion for his land and life. "Well, it's about 250 acres of rolling hills and fertile soil. I grow a variety of crops - corn, soybeans, and a small but thriving orchard of apples and peaches. The seasons dictate the rhythm of my work, from planting to harvest."

He walked over to the window, gesturing as if the farmland stretched beyond the hospital's sterile view. "Spring is for planting. It's a race against time, making sure everything is sown after the last frost but before the rains make the soil too wet. I've got a couple of tractors, a John Deere for the heavy lifting and a smaller Kubota for the orchard rows. There's something about driving a tractor under the open sky, preparing the earth for growth - it's hard to describe."

As Josh spoke, I watched in the mirror as my body began its transformation. My body softened and curved, my age spots and wrinkles fading, my features becoming distinctly feminine. It was a surreal experience, watching age and masculinity peel away to reveal the woman I was becoming.

"Summer," Josh continued, "is all about maintenance. Weeding, checking the crops, repairing any equipment that breaks down."

As he spoke, I could feel the transformation accelerating. My body subtly shifted, my height decreasing as my hips began to widen, marking the beginning of my physical transition to Benita.

"The orchard requires a lot of attention too," Josh went on. "Pruning and ensuring pests don't get a foothold."

During this, the mirror across the room caught my reflection, showing my face softening, becoming more feminine. My hair, now jet black, gradually reformed itself into a small braid trailing down my back.

"Then comes fall, the harvest. It's the most rewarding and the most exhausting time."

As the seasons of farm life flowed from Josh's lips, my face softened, contours rounding, jawline narrowing, my features reshaping into a distinctly feminine visage. My hair, responding to the medallion's magic, darkened to jet black and began to grow, gathering volume until it could be pulled back into a small, neat braid.

"Long days in the fields, the smell of fresh-cut corn, the weight of the apples in the baskets - it's a culmination of a year's hard work."

Amidst Josh's vivid descriptions of harvest time, the transformation reached a new milestone. Small mounds of female breasts with large areolae formed on my chest, a physical manifestation of my new identity that was impossible to ignore. This change, while dramatic, felt oddly comforting, as if I was not so much losing myself but returning to a form that was inherently mine.

My voice, now unmistakably high-pitched, emerged naturally as I inquired about the winter season, "And what about winter?" The sound of my own voice, so different yet so

fitting, underscored the reality of my transformation, anchoring me to this new identity with a mix of wonder and acceptance.

"Winter is quieter. It's a time for planning the next year's crops, repairing machinery, and attending to the few animals we keep. It's also a time for rest, to gather strength for the spring to come."

"What kind of animals do you have on the farm?" I found myself asking, curious about this aspect of the farm's operations.

Josh hesitated for a moment, his smile fading slightly. "Right now, I have only got chickens for eggs. Managing a small herd of dairy cows and a couple of horses would be ideal, but it requires more hands than I've had available," he explained, a hint of regret in his voice. "But," he added, his smile returning with a hopeful glint in his eye, "with you, Ben, joining me, as my wife, we could consider expanding. We could finally get those dairy cows for fresh milk and homemade cheese, and maybe even a couple of horses for riding."

As Josh spoke, casually dropping the name "Ben" in reference to me, something in me paused at the sound of it. It was the name that had defined me for decades, yet, in this moment it felt foreign, almost uncomfortable. I hadn't been called "Benjamin" in ages, and now, "Ben" seemed just as distant.

"Josh," I began, my voice carrying a blend of wonder and conviction, "I need to tell you something. When you called me "Ben" just now, it... it didn't feel right. It's strange, but I feel like Benita is truly my name, as if everyone has been calling me that for a long time."

Josh looked at me, a mix of surprise and understanding dawning in his eyes. "Benita," he repeated, testing the name, giving it space to exist between us. It felt affirming, hearing him say it, acknowledging the transformation that had enveloped not just my body but my very sense of self.

Glancing at the mirror once more, I saw the final touches of my transformation fall into place. My reflection showcased a young woman from Central America, swarthy, black haired, with a slightly flat face, dark almond eyes and large sensual lips.

My eyes were drawn to my chest, where my breasts had fully formed, settling into a size that seemed natural on my frame, a perfect B-cup. Although I knew they had just grown, they felt as if they'd always been a part of me. The weight, the shape, the way they changed my silhouette - it all felt familiar, comfortable even.



I touched my left breast lightly, marveling at the sensation, the naturalness of it. "It's odd," I shared with Josh, my gaze still fixed on my reflection. "These breasts, they're new, just grown, but they feel... correcto, as if I've had them for a long time. Everything in this body feels familiar, cómodo, even."

It was then I realized my words were stumbling into a mix of English and Spanish, as if out of nowhere, my brain was filled with a multitude of Spanish words, clamoring to be spoken, weaving themselves into my English unexpectedly.

This linguistic blend in my speech made me pause, reflecting on the radical changes the Medallion of Zulo had wrought in me, highlighting the seriousness of the steps I had decided to take.

A wave of insecurity began to rise. The reality of my promise to live as this man's wife, to share his life on the farm, began to weigh heavily on my mind. In a silent, heartfelt prayer, I called upon the Virgin Mary, seeking her strength and courage to face this new chapter of my life, grappling with the enormity of the changes and the commitment I had made.

My contemplation was gently interrupted by Josh's voice. "We should get going before any of the doctors come in," he reminded me, a note of urgency in his tone.

His words jolted me back to the immediate concerns. "But, cómo vamos a pasar the reception? What if they ask questions?" I asked, the fear of discovery suddenly looming large.

Josh reassured me with a plan that was both simple and effective. "We don't need to explain anything to anyone," he said confidently. "I've got a women's jacket, jeans, and sneakers for you in my bag. We'll wait for the right moment when the corridor is clear. The nurse at the front desk will just think you're a visitor leaving with me."

Relief washed over me, and I couldn't help but express my gratitude aloud. "Gracias, Virgen María, for this foresight," I murmured, a subtle smile of relief playing on my lips.

It was then that I realized my state of undress, standing vulnerably before Josh. A flush of embarrassment colored my cheeks. "Could you... would you pass me the jacket and jeans, por favor?" I asked, suddenly conscious of my exposed body.

Without a word, Josh reached into his bag, retrieving the clothes along with a pair of sneakers, a T-shirt, and women's panties.

Before dressing, I carefully removed the Medallion of Zulo from around my neck and handed it to Josh. He nodded, placing the medallion securely in his pocket and then turned away, offering me privacy, a gesture that warmed me with gratitude.

My hands trembled as I dressed, deliberately avoiding looking at my female crotch. I quickly slipped into the panties, then the T-shirt, jeans, and jacket.

"Ready?" Josh asked, his back still turned in respect of my modesty.

"Sí, let's go," I replied, my voice steadier than I felt. Together, we prepared to step out into the world, leaving behind the hospital room and remains of the life I once knew.

The journey to Josh's farm took us four hours. During the ride, Josh was all focused on the road, while I, sitting quietly in the passenger seat, didn't bother him with conversations. Having spent the last few months in a hospital, I found myself deeply enjoying the view from the car window.

Upon arriving at the farm, Josh took the time to explain my responsibilities and duties in the house. He was patient, showing me around with a kind of reserved excitement. "This will be your room," he said, showing me a cozy bedroom that looked out over a stretch of rolling fields. The view was breathtaking, and I felt a surge of gratitude for this new beginning. "Gracias, Virgen María, for guiding me here," I whispered under my breath, my heart full of hope.

Josh talked about my duties, which included cooking, cleaning, and tending to the garden. "You will help to make this house a home," he told me, his words firm yet gentle. I nodded, understanding the weight of my new role. "Sí, Señor Josh, I will do my best," I promised, my voice tinged with a mix of determination and nervous excitement. "Dios y la Virgen María help me," I added, praying for strength and guidance in fulfilling these duties to the best of my ability.

Surprisingly, Josh did not remind me that I was also to be his wife, a fact that hung silently between us. Yet, I remembered our agreement very clearly. The thought made my heart race, a mixture of fear and something else I couldn't quite name.

"Señor Josh," I ventured cautiously as we sat quietly after the first dinner in his house, "I remember our agreement to be your wife. I don't forget what I promised."

Josh looked at me, a softness in his eyes. "Benita," he began, using my name with a care that made something warm bloom in my chest, "we will take things one day at a time. No need to rush. We are here to build a life together, ¿sí?" His reassurance was comforting, and I found myself nodding, a sense of peace settling over me.

"Gracias, Señor, for your patience and kindness," I replied, my heart filled with gratitude. "I pray to the Virgen María for guidance and strength," I added, my faith a constant source of comfort and strength in this new life.

As I stepped into my new bedroom, the closet revealed its treasures. Josh had thought of everything, it seemed. There was an array of lingerie, all in my size, several nightgowns adorned with cute prints, an assortment of comfortable home wear, and even towels and hygiene essentials neatly arranged for my use. Among these practical items, I discovered a set of combs, a hairdryer, and a collection of cosmetics. It felt like stepping into someone else's life, yet unmistakably, it was mine now.

The shower became a sanctuary, the hot water cascading over my new, youthful body felt like purification, cleansing away the remnants of my past life. As I dried off, wrapped in a huge, terry towel, a sense of rebirth enveloped me.

Standing before the mirror, I began to comb through my long hair with a large comb, working through the strands with an ease that surprised me. The medallion had granted me not just a new body but the skills and instincts that came with it.

I blow-dried my hair, feeling the warmth and the sound of the dryer as if it were a familiar routine, and then styled it into a braid. My hands moved with a confidence and precision that belied the fact that I had never done this before in my previous life.

Choosing my attire for the night, I slipped into panties and a soft women's nightgown for the first time. The nightgown, a light turquoise hue adorned with a cute owl print and humorously labeled "Up All Night," felt like a gentle embrace. As I looked at my reflection in the mirror, I couldn't help but marvel at the sight. The nightgown accentuated the contours of my new female body, hugging my wide hips and forming a gentle silhouette over the swell of my breasts, creating a feminine and undeniably cute picture.

That night, as I settled into the spacious bed, the soft, weightless blanket drawn up to my chin, comfort and warmth cocooned my body, lulling me into a deep, peaceful sleep. In that moment, the uncertainties and fears of my new life seemed to drift away, leaving behind a quiet hope for what was yet to come.

As the first light of dawn began to seep through the curtains, I found myself stirring from a restful sleep. The house was silent, save for the distant crowing of a rooster, signaling the start of a new day.

Slipping out of bed, I felt a sense of purpose energize me, a remnant of my old discipline merged with my new life's responsibilities. After a brief visit to the bathroom, I dressed in a white blouse that ended just above the elbows and black shorts that had quickly become a favored outfit, embodying a mix of practicality and a subtle feminine touch I was beginning to appreciate.

In the kitchen, a space that was quickly becoming my domain, I felt the medallion's gifts stir life within me. It was as if my hands knew instinctively where everything belonged, organizing and cleaning with a silent efficiency that hummed in the cool, early morning air. Josh was still asleep, the house wrapped in the silent promise of the day ahead.

I opened the refrigerator and cabinets, surveying their contents with a critical eye. It was clear we'd need more supplies soon, but for now, I was determined to create a breakfast that was both nourishing and delightful. The medallion had imbued me with not just the skills but also the intuition of a seasoned cook, and I was eager to put these abilities to use.

The bacon sizzled as I whisked the eggs, the cheddar melting into them to create a rich, flavorful mixture. The sandwiches I prepared were simple yet bursting with the robust flavors of garlic bread and fresh vegetables, a testament to the rustic life I was now a part of. As the coffee brewed, its rich aroma filled the kitchen, and I toasted bread to serve with jam, a sweet note to round off the meal.

Josh's awakening was heralded by the creak of the stairs, his approach to the kitchen marked by a pause as he inhaled deeply, the coffee's rich aroma drawing him closer. As he entered the kitchen, a soft smile played on his lips.

"Something smells incredible," he commented, his voice tinged with appreciation as he took his seat at the table. I served him the breakfast I had prepared, watching as his eyes lit up at the sight.

"This looks amazing, Benita. Thank you," he said, his gratitude sincere. I joined him at the table, a quiet sense of pride warming me.

As we ate, the room filled with the sound of cutlery against plates, Josh broke the silence, outlining his plans for the day. "Spring has got us on a tight schedule", he started, "It's going to be a long day. The fields need plowing, and I'm planning to check on the apple orchard. The frost last week might have done some damage".

"May Dios bless your work and protect the orchard, Señor Josh," I whispered, my words a blend of politeness and a prayer.

His departure to the fields came swiftly after breakfast, while I turned my focus to the house.

It was a whirlwind of activity - sweeping, dusting, washing - each task performed with a diligence and satisfaction that surprised me. The skills bestowed upon me by the Medallion of Zulo were a blessing, allowing me to bring order and beauty to our shared space.

The day passed in a blur of activity. Cleaning, organizing, making the house not just a living space but a home. There was a deep satisfaction in this labor, a sense of accomplishment in the order and cleanliness that emerged from my efforts.

Evening brought Josh's return, and with it, a sense of completion. Dinner was ready, a hot meal that was a testament to the day's hard work, both his and mine. His gratitude was a simple, sincere expression that filled me with a warm glow of accomplishment.

After dinner, as Josh retreated to the embrace of his bed, weariness etched in his every movement, I took care of the remaining household tasks with quiet efficiency. The kitchen was cleaned, dishes washed, and everything put back in its place - a ritual that marked the end of the day's duties.

Retiring to my room, the satisfaction of the day's achievements cradled me into a peaceful sleep. It was a satisfaction born of simple pleasures, of tasks completed and a life slowly being woven together. In this new world, under the gentle guidance of the

Virgin Mary, I found not just a role to play but a life to live, filled with the quiet joys of service and the promise of tomorrow.

Days turned into weeks, and I found myself settling into my new life as Benita with relative ease. The household chores that seemed daunting to the old Ben came naturally to me now, like second nature. There was a rhythm, a sense of familiarity that comforted me.

Each day, as I woke up, the woman I saw in the mirror felt less like a stranger. I was Benita, the woman who was slowly but surely replacing Ben. I remembered my old life, my old body, but those memories seemed like whispers from a distant past, growing fainter with each passing day.

In between the chores, I found time to sit and think, to pray. Prayers became my refuge, a balm to soothe the doubts that occasionally arose. I found myself thanking Dios and Virgen María for this new life, for this chance to start afresh.

Josh and I had fallen into a comfortable routine. We'd talk over breakfast, about his work, about the house, about little things that felt warm and familiar. He'd listen to me, laughing at my broken English interspersed with Spanish phrases, and in those moments, I found myself looking at him with an affection I hadn't felt before.

Josh was a good man, kind and respectful. He worked hard, coming home only for dinner before retiring to his room, worn out. He never broached the subject of my duties as his wife, giving me the space and time to adjust to my new life. I was grateful to him for this, and this gratitude slowly began to bloom into something deeper, a delicate tenderness that warmed my heart.

"Señor, you work too hard," I'd often find myself saying.

Josh would chuckle, ruffling his hair, "Well, someone's got to keep the lights on, Benita."

I'd smile, a soft, womanly smile, and nod. "Sí, Señor. Dios te bendiga."

As I carried on with my chores, as I prayed, as I talked and laughed with Josh, a subtle shift was taking place. I was not just playing the role of Benita, I was becoming her. With every passing day, I was coming closer to fulfilling the promise I had made to Josh, to be his companion, his wife. I knew it was just a matter of time, and with the grace of Dios, I was ready to embrace that part of my new life as well.

On Friday night, just as I was preparing to retire for the night, Josh told me he wouldn't be going to the farm the next day. "Tomorrow, I finally have a day off, Benita," he said,

a hint of excitement in his voice.

As I lay in my bed that night, the moonlight casting a soft glow in my room, it hit me. It will be a day free from the relentless demands of the farm, a day just for us. In that moment, a decision settled within my heart, firm and undeniable. Tomorrow, I will embrace fully my role as Josh's wife. It felt like a promise, not just to him, but to myself and to Dios.

I prayed, my thoughts scattered as I whispered to Virgen María, asking for her guidance and blessings.

"Madre Maria," I murmured, "Help me be buena esposa for Josh. Bless our home with love and peace."

In the quietness of my room, I found myself, surprisingly, looking forward to what the next day would bring. As a woman, as Benita, I felt a strange anticipation, a mix of nervousness and excitement.

Josh was a good man, someone I had grown to care for, and the thought of being intimate with him stirred something in me. I felt a soft warmth spreading through me, a vague desire that my young body responded to. This was a part of Benita I was yet to explore - her Latina passion, a passion that was only held in check by my modesty and faith.

I knew that the next day would bring with it new experiences, new challenges. But as I drifted off to sleep that night, I held onto the faith that had guided me so far, ready to embrace the new role that awaited me.

Saturday morning dawned clear and bright, filling me with a sense of anticipation for the day ahead. The scent of brewing coffee filled the house, a comfort in the early morning light. Josh was up early as usual, sitting at the breakfast table, his hair tousled, a relaxed look on his face.

As he finished his coffee and stood up, he gave me a brief smile. "I'm going to take a shower, Benita," he announced, his voice still heavy with sleep.

"Si, Señor," I responded, my heart pounding in my chest. This was the moment. A perfect opportunity. I finished my own coffee and waited for a few minutes, giving Josh some time alone.

"Madre Maria," I prayed silently, clutching the cross pendant that hung around my neck, "guiame en este momento".

Emboldened, I shed my clothes and put on a terry bathrobe that was hanging in my room. The soft fabric against my skin felt soothing, comforting, even as my heart pounded in anticipation.

Taking a deep breath, I walked up to the bathroom door and raised my hand to knock. My hand seemed to hesitate for a moment before I managed to give a soft knock on the door.

"Señor," I called out, my voice trembling slightly, "may I join you?"

There was a moment of silence from the other side of the door, and I held my breath, waiting for his response, praying silently to Virgen María for strength and courage.

His invitation to join him came as a surprise to me, but the slight tremble in his voice hinted at something more, something that set my heart racing. Could it be hope, or even joy?

Holding my bathrobe tight around my body, I opened the door and stepped in. The room was filled with the scent of fresh soap and steam. My eyes darted nervously towards Josh - his strong, naked form was partially obscured by the translucent shower curtain.

Gathering my courage, I let my robe fall to the cold tile floor. Feeling the heat on my skin, I stepped into the shower, the hot water falling on my body and washing away my trepidation.

As I closed the shower curtain behind me, Josh turned towards me. His eyes were gentle, welcoming. He reached out to me, pulling me into a tender embrace. The taste of his kiss was fresh and clean, like the water cascading down on us.

In that moment, I felt something awaken within me. My Latina blood stirred, burning like a fire inside my veins. My body pressed against his, craving his touch. My arms went around his neck, clinging to him, my body arching towards his in anticipation.

"Señor," I whispered into his ear, my voice heavy with desire, "I need you."

I could feel the beat of his heart against mine, feel the warmth of his body enveloping me, and I knew in that moment, that I had finally found my place, my purpose. With a fervent prayer to Virgen María in my heart, I surrendered myself to him, embracing my new life as Benita, as his wife.

Josh's lips found my neck, his kiss hungry, sending shivers down my spine. My eyes, meanwhile, were drawn to his erect cock. A mischievous urge filled me as I reached out, wrapping my small, feminine hand around his shaft. There was no shame, no wrongness in my action. I knew it would bring him pleasure, and I was eager to see his reaction.

The sensation of his cock in my hand, the anticipation of what was to come, ignited a strong arousal within me that I hadn't anticipated. When I heard him let out a sigh of pleasure, a wave of intense desire surged through me, heating my veins even amidst the cool shower water.

Josh, evidently filled with a desire that mirrored my own, guided me out of the shower. He quickly wrapped us both in a large, fluffy towel, his movements rough with urgency. His touch was warm against my wet skin as he dried us off, our bodies brushing against each other in the confined space.

I barely had a chance to catch my breath when he took hold of my arm and led me eagerly to his bedroom. I had to nearly run to keep up with his pace.

His urgency, far from scaring me, only ignited a deeper flame of desire within me. As I let myself be led into the bedroom, my heart raced with anticipation, eager for the intimacy and connection that awaited us.

In the bedroom, Josh's hand guided me backward until I felt the bed press against the back of my knees. With a slight push from him, I let myself fall back onto the soft surface, my eyes never leaving his. He towered over me, his masculine silhouette outlined by the soft morning light coming in from the window.

"Benita," he breathed, leaning down to press his lips to mine. His kisses were passionate, but there was a tenderness in them that touched my heart. "I... I love you, Benita," he whispered between kisses, his words sending shivers down my spine.

"Oh, Señor," I breathed, my heart throbbing in my chest. "Dios mío, I... I..." I paused, the words catching in my throat. I hadn't realized until now, but the feelings were mutual. "Yo también te quiero, Señor Josh," I finally confessed, my Spanish words expressing my love for him more accurately than English ever could.

Hearing my confession, his eyes sparkled with a joy that warmed my heart. My Latina body responded instinctively to his words, a heat blooming deep within me as my legs parted naturally, welcoming him.

"Gracias a Dios," I whispered, praying to the Virgin Mary for her blessing. "Virgen Maria, bendícenos en nuestro amor..."

And then, with a gentle movement, Josh entered me. The sensation was foreign, yet filled with a profound intimacy. As our bodies became one, I knew that this was right. This was what I had been missing all this time. This was what it meant to be truly alive.

Lying there, on my back, feeling Josh deep inside me, I found myself thanking God. "Gracias, Dios mío, por esta bendición de amor," I whispered, my voice barely audible over our heavy breathing. Who would have thought that what started as a simple arrangement would lead to such depth of feeling? It was almost as if my new identity

was not only a match for my own soul but for Josh's as well. I felt a profound tenderness for him, a care that reminded me of a mother's love for her child.

But then, Josh's movements quickened, breaking my train of thought. I felt my body respond, a heat building up in the pit of my stomach. My mind emptied, my focus narrowed down to the sensations coursing through my body. My breath hitched as the tension in my lower belly tightened. The pleasure was almost unbearable as my orgasm approached, gradually gaining power before it finally washed over me in a wave of indescribable bliss.

My heart pounded in my chest as I clung to Josh, his own climax taking over as he filled me with his warmth. Our bodies trembled together as we rode out the waves of pleasure, then gradually, everything became still.

Exhausted but satisfied, we lay there, side by side, basking in the afterglow. His arm wrapped around me in a protective hold, pulling me closer against his chest. My fingers traced lazy patterns on his damp skin, the intimacy of the moment making me feel as if I was floating on air.

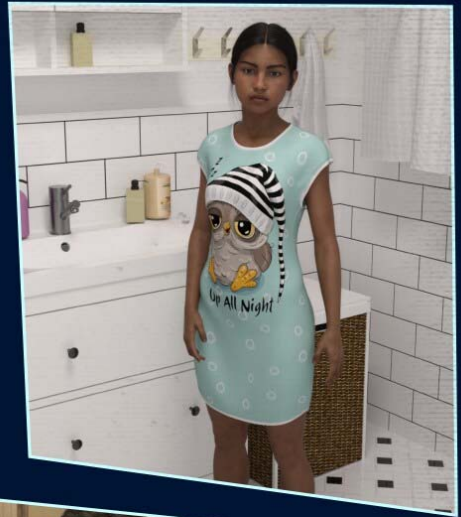
In the quiet aftermath, I realized he wasn't "Señor Josh" anymore. No, he was simply Josh now. My Josh. My husband. A man I truly loved, and a man who loved me. A man that God himself had sent my way.

"Dios mío, te doy gracias por enviarme a Josh," I whispered, my voice choked with emotion. "Él es mi esposo ahora, mi amor... nuestro amor es tu regalo, Señor." The words of love and gratitude flowed naturally, my heart pounding with every beat as I nestled deeper into Josh's warm embrace.

Soon after, we were married in a beautiful Catholic church. The scent of fresh flowers filled the air, and the murmured prayers from the priest seemed to echo my own heartfelt thanks to God. "Gracias a Dios, Señor," I whispered as we exchanged rings, my voice catching on the words.

Our life together settled into a rhythm after that. By day, I was a modest and pious woman, tending to the house and praying to the Virgin Mary. My hands, once awkward in their tasks, now moved with the surety and grace of a woman who had been doing this all her life.

Each evening, I would serve Josh dinner, and we would talk about our day, the soft candlelight casting a warm glow on his handsome face. He'd tease me about my cooking, and I'd blush, swatting his arm playfully. The love in his eyes was clear as day, and my heart would flutter each time he looked my way.



But at night... Oh, at night, I was a different woman entirely. In the privacy of our bedroom, I was raw passion, my body igniting at the sight of my husband. The soft gasp that escaped my lips whenever he entered me, the primal satisfaction I felt each time he moved inside me... there was nothing quite like it. It was as if every night was our first night together, the thrill and excitement never diminishing.

"Loving you, Josh, it feels like a blessing from Dios," I whispered in his ear one night, the broken English adding a charming quality to my words. "Cuando estás en mi, es... perfecto. Without this, no puedo sentirme... completa." His cock, filling me, connecting us in the most intimate of ways, gave me a sense of unity, a harmony that I had never felt before.

Our lives together continued like this, filled with love and passion, devotion and faith. Each day was a blessing, each night an affirmation of our love. And through it all, I thanked God. "Gracias a Dios por enviarme a Josh. Por darme este amor y felicidad," I would pray, my heart full to bursting with love for my husband. I was complete. I was happy. And it was all thanks to Josh... and the Medallion of Zulo.

EPILOGUE

Eight years have passed since I became Benita, since I chose this life and found love in the most unexpected of places. Now, we have two beautiful children, Maria, our 7-year-old daughter, and Matthew, our 5-year-old son. They are the living proof of our love; the most beautiful gifts God has blessed us with.

One evening, Maria and Matthew, all cuddled up in their pajamas, asked me to tell them the story of how Josh and I met. I chuckled, my eyes sparkling with mirth. "Bien, mis queridos," I began, settling down next to them. "It's a very beautiful story."

"Once upon a time, many years ago, your Papá Josh and I met under the most peculiar circumstances. We did not fall in love at first sight, no," I shook my head, grinning at their gasps of surprise. "In fact, I was quite scared of your Papá initially. He was a stranger, you see. Pero Dios tenía otros planes para nosotros."

"Dios always does, Mamá," Maria said, echoing words she had heard me say countless times. I smiled, touched by her faith.

"Si, mi amor. Dios always has a plan. Your Papá and I lived together, and over time, I got to know him better. I saw how kind he was, how hard he worked, and how lonely he was. Y entonces, I started to see him in a different light. I realized I had feelings for him, feelings I had never felt before. I was scared, confused even. But deep down, I knew what I was feeling was love."

"Love is beautiful, isn't it, Mamá?" Matthew chimed in, his innocent eyes wide with curiosity.

"Si, mi hijo, love is the most beautiful thing in the world. Your Papá and I realized we loved each other, and we got married in a beautiful church, just like the one we take you to every Sunday. And then, Dios gave us Maria, and a little while later, Matthew, our two little angels."

As I finished my story, I looked at my children, their eyes sparkling with fascination. I thanked God in my heart, whispering a quiet prayer, "Gracias a Dios por mi familia. Por mi esposo, y por mis hijos. Te amo, Dios." My life has changed in ways I could never have imagined, and I wouldn't have it any other way. I am Benita Neville, wife to Josh Neville, and mother to Maria and Matthew. And I am happy.

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