

**Club Joi**

**Crimson Rose**

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Pulling into the driveway of his ranch-style home, Simon was somewhat surprised to see only a dark blue Chevy Cruze sitting out front – windows tinted so dark he could not tell if it was occupied or not. Today was his thirty-fourth birthday and he fully expected his wife to have gathered everyone they knew for the occasion despite telling her a million times he would rather spend the night alone with her. *Maybe she's finally decided to listen to me*, he thought, getting out of his car and walking towards the front porch.

Giving the street another look, he put the key in the lock. A door opened and closed behind him and he looked over his shoulder to see a ruggedly handsome young man who clearly spent a lot of time out in the sun walking around the Chevy Cruze in his direction.

“Whatever you’re selling, I’m not buying,” Simon said as he pushed the front door open.

“Are you Simon Coswell?” the man asked.

“Look buddy, I said I’m not interested.”

“Wait, I’m not here to sell you anything. Your uncle Paul sent me to deliver your birthday gift.”

“You know my uncle Paul?”

“I’ve worked with him for the last four years, the last two on a dig in Egypt. My name is Ian Keller.”

“Never heard of you before.”

“Ulanyth gimbaldu,” the man said in a language only two other people on the planet spoke – one of which he was talking to. “Do you know what I said?”

“Happy birthday. But there are only two people who know that language and you’re not one of them.”

“As I said, I’ve worked for your uncle for the last four years. He said you wouldn’t believe me so he taught me how to say happy birthday in the language the two of you invented. Please, may I come in?”

“You can give me the gift out here.”

“I’d much rather give it to you inside. It’s...complicated and the fewer people see it, the better. Look, I know this is all cloak and dagger, but Paul insisted it be this way.”

“Fine, but you should be aware I have guns in every room of the house and this is a stand your ground state.”

“Duly noted.”

Stepping into the house, Simon moved to the side and allowed Ian to enter before closing the door behind them. “Can I get you anything to drink?”

“No thank you. I have to deliver the gift and then catch a plane back to Egypt.”

“Why didn’t my uncle deliver it himself? Or sent it through the mail?”

“He could not trust that it would reach its destination unless personally delivered and since he’s neck deep in the archeological dig of the millennium he sent me,” Ian said, removing the fancy bracelet from around his right wrist and holding it out for Simon to take. “I’m sorry I had to wear it, but Paul insisted I never let it out of my sight.”

Simon took the gift and stared in surprise at the most magnificent Egyptian bracelet he had ever seen. Hand-carved hieroglyphics covered nearly every centimeter of the two inch wide gold band and the lines and areas around the images were filled with turquoise, jasper, malachite, and an assortment of gems. Two things became apparent the more he looked at it. First, it was

old...extremely old. And two, it was by far the coolest gift his uncle, or anyone else for that matter ever gave him. "This must have cost him a fortune."

"I don't know much about it, but I do know that it was not bought from any shop. Here," Ian said reaching into his inner jacket pocket and withdrawing an envelope. "Paul said this would explain. I wish I could stick around, but I really must get to the airport. Happy birthday and it was a pleasure finally meeting you. Paul holds you in very high regards, you know? He said you were the only person he could trust with that bracelet."

"Thank you. Tell my uncle I said hi and thank you."

"Will do."

Once Ian was out of the house, in his car and out of sight down the road, Simon tore the envelope open and stared at the page of jumbled words no one else on the planet had a chance of reading without the proper cypher. Invented when he was six, and called the Rosetta language after the stone of the same name, it combined elements of the world's ten greatest dead languages as well as some originals into a complex and unique language system.

*Dearest Simon,*

*I'm sending you the most amazing Egyptian artifact I've ever had the privilege of discovering. The bracelet you now possess (assuming Ian was successful in its delivery), is the genuine article unearthed in a temple to the God Sutekh – the Egyptian God of the desert, storms, and chaos. Sutekh was also known as something of a trickster. If anyone ever found out that I sent the bracelet to you I'm certain I would be put to death. If not by my own team for such blatant disregard for the law, then certainly by the Egyptian authorities or those that would see it used for nefarious purposes.*

*I take this great risk because this is no ordinary artifact I have bestowed upon you. Calling it ancient does not do it justice. Seven independent tests confirm it predates the Egyptian civilization by more than twenty thousand years and after painstaking translations I finally discovered its power! I've uncovered the dark secrets of the ancient Egyptians and cannot risk that bracelet falling into the wrong hands. You, my dearest nephew, are the only one I can trust.*

*The bracelet of Sutekh is possessed of great powers of magic. I know, I know, magic isn't real you say. Normally I would agree with you. However, I've witnessed it firsthand. Look closely at the little raised plates. I am sure you have pressed one or two of them down while examining it. Of course this did nothing at all and you're probably thinking I need to get out of the sun for a while, but hear me out. The key is in the Incantation.*

*If you are alone, go to the bathroom and strip naked. Take the bracelet and this letter with you. When you are ready, press the little plate with the image of the female Pharaoh followed by the ankh and read the Incantation at the bottom of this letter. And no, I have not gone senile in my old age. Trust me on this. Your world is about to be rocked like you would never believe.*

Simon raised an eyebrow and read that section over again. "Are you sure you're not out of your damn mind, Uncle Paul?" he asked aloud, nevertheless heading to the bathroom – willing to entertain his favorite uncle's crazy ideas at least once before passing final judgement. Pressing the little image of the pharaoh followed by the ankh, he slipped to the bottom of the page and read the incantation written in bold letters. ***Great Sutekh, grant me my desire for change.*** His

body began to tingle slightly - starting in his toes and working its way up until he felt buzzing in his ears.

Inhaling sharply, he grabbed his chest as he suddenly felt shorter and lighter. Eyes wide in shock – his body twisting and contorting in ways he never thought possible, he stared in disbelief as his muscular arms and chest shrank, arms becoming toned and chest filling out in what he could only describe as a perfect pair of female breasts. Hips narrowed and legs shortened. But the most shocking was the appearance of a pussy where his cock and balls once were.

“What in the actual fuck!” he exclaimed, staring in the mirror. But instead of the blonde haired, blue-eyed 5’10”, 180 pound man that he was, he saw an attractive, 5’5”, 115 pound olive-skinned woman with jet black hair and piercing blue eyes – the only part of his body that had remained the same, albeit a little more feminine. “I..I’m a...” reaching up, he gave his new breasts a gentle squeeze which sent shivers of excitement down his spine. “I’m a freaking woman! How in the hell is this even possible?”

Hands trembling, Simon grabbed the letter off of the vanity and continued to read where he left off, having to stop several times to calm his nerves enough to steady the shaking sheep of paper.

*If you did as instructed, you can see for yourself the power of the bracelet and why it must never fall into the wrong hands. In order to return to your true form press the blank tile, followed by the ankh, and say the same incantation. If you can imagine an individual the bracelet will allow you to change into whomever you have in your mind’s eye. If you think of no one it will give you random features.*

*As you can see there are ten tiles on the bracelet – most of which are various animals of ancient Egypt. You can change into any of the creatures by pressing that tile followed by the ankh and reading the incantation.*

*I’m entrusting this great artifact to you my dearest nephew. I trust that you will not use it for the wrong reasons. I know well the lure of its powers for I’ve used it myself many times over the last year. I rid myself of it now only because I fear I am being watched and cannot risk its true powers being discovered by the wrong people.*

*It is my belief that this bracelet was not made on earth. That’s right, Simon, I went there. You know my wild and crazy ideas. I’ve never stopped believing that the ancient humans had a little outside help and the bracelet proves that, I think.*

*I beg you to keep the true nature of the bracelet secret, even from Susan. Trust no one.*

*With all my love,*

*Uncle Paul*

*P.S. As a side note, if you turn into a woman, have sex with a man and become impregnated, plan on remaining a woman until the child is born. The changes you see are not merely surface deep. The bracelet changes your very genetic makeup. If you are reading this letter now as a woman, then you are 100% woman in every conceivable way. And that includes reproductive organs that work.*

*I think it goes without saying that you should memorize the incantation and destroy this letter so no one else may read it. Happy birthday!*

Simon read over the coded letter three times, still standing nude and fully female in the bathroom. He was on his fourth read through when he heard the front door close and Susan call out for him. Coming to his senses before yelling out to her, he pressed the blank tile and then the ankh before whispering the incantation. A minute later he was himself again.

“Honey,” Susan shouted again “are you home?”

Simon opened the bathroom door, his whole body shaking from the experience. “In the bathroom,” he answered back “I was just about to get in the shower.” Unable to help himself, he closed and locked the bathroom door and went through the process of turning himself into a woman again. With the water rolling down his skin he cupped his breasts with one hand and rubbed his clit with the other – gasping for breath at the sensation the little bundle of nerves gave him. He made a mental note to pay more attention to Susan’s clit in the future as he got to know this new female body of his.