

Power Struggle

By Morpheus

Vincent Martoni glared across the table at the rest of the heads of his organization. As the head of his particular Mafia family, he was extremely demanding, and all the underlings nervously waited for him to speak, wondering what he had called this meeting for. He was renowned for his drive, viciousness and determination, all of which had made him the head of his particular family, earning him the fear and even respect of his underlings.

Even Tony Carlione, who was greatly feared in his own right. Tony was a greatly feared hitman in his younger days, but had since moved up in the organization, and had been Vincent's right hand man for years. Even Tony was a bit afraid of Vincent, but that still didn't keep his ambition for power completely in check. He hid his smile, listening to Vincent as he started talking.

"What the hell happened to that money?" Vincent said, in a deceptively calm voice, speaking to Johnny the Rat, the courier who was shivering in the corner.

"It's not my fault," Johnny tried to explain, fearfully looking at Vincent. Vincent listened to Johnny stammer excuses for several minutes. How the cops had caught him with all the extortion money. Patiently, Vincent listened, cold faced.

When Johnny was finished, Vincent shook his head saying, "I understand. Really, I do." Johnny started to look a little hopeful, that maybe he might get away from this alive. Then Vincent smiled. Johnny's hope died in his heart as soon as he saw the smile that gave Vincent the nickname of the Shark.

"No Mr. Martoni, Please," Johnny stammered, fear evident in his eyes. Vincent kept smiling, lighting up his cigar and sucking on it.

As Vincent blew the smoke out, he said to Tony, "Bring him closer." Tony grabbed the struggling Johnny, and brought him next to Vincent. Johnny started crying like a baby, and several of the men around the table looked on nervously, trading worried glances, while several others watched with more sadistic amusement.

Still bawling, begging Vincent for mercy, Johnny stopped struggling, knowing that it was inevitable. Still smiling, Vincent put out his cigar on Johnny's cheek, making him scream out in pain. Vincent gestured to Tony, who held Johnny's hands to the table, while Vincent broke each and every one of them, saying "This little piggy...." as he did.

Afterwards, Vincent borrowed a knife from Tony, and went to work. What was left of Johnny afterwards wouldn't have been recognized by his mother. "Drop him on the street," Vincent said quietly as he wiped the blood from the blade, "He'll make a good lesson for others not to lose my money."

As the others walked out of the room, Vincent smiled to himself. He hadn't liked doing that, but he'd known for a very long time that viciousness works. And it was only business. Well, he changed his mind, chuckling to himself, maybe it was a little fun.

Tony looked at his watch, glad to be away from the city for a while. This little business trip was just what he needed he kept telling himself. He remembered the grisly scene that Vincent had left him to clean up the other day, and shuddered. That had almost turned even his hardened stomach.

Someday, he told himself, for the thousandth time, I'll be head of the family. He smiled at that thought, being completely on top. He might have tried taking it from anyone else forcefully, but not Vincent. No, definitely not Vincent. He was too nasty to mess with.

As Tony was walking, lost in his thoughts, he barely noticed as he walked into a mall, and almost as if his feet knew where they were going, led him to a shop, stopping in front of it. Looking up, he noticed the sign in front. Spells R Us. What a stupid name, he told himself. He smiled, deciding that he might as well check the place out. Maybe he could scare whoever was inside.

As he stepped in, he saw an old man behind the counter, wearing a rather worn looking bathrobe. Some kind of old kook he decided. The Old Man looked up, smiling, not completely pleasantly. "Hello Tony. I've been expecting you."

Tony froze, wondering how the hell this old man knew who he was. Sensing a trap, he reached for his gun, surprised to find that it wasn't in its holster. The Old Man laughed at him.

"Looking for this Tony," he said, holding up the gun. Tony's eyes opened wide in sudden fear, knowing that he was trapped like a rat. The Old Man chuckled, saying "Don't worry Tony, I'm not going to hurt you. In fact, I'm going to do you a favor."

At this, the gun turned into sand in the Old Man's hands, and slipped between his fingers into a pile on the counter. Tony gulped, very afraid.

"In case you're wondering, I'm a wizard," The Old Man told him.

"Yeah, Right," Tony spit out defiantly, "You're also dead meat buster. As soon as Vincent the Shark finds out about this, you're dead."

The Old Man chuckled again. "Actually, I'm going to help you to get rid of him." The Old Man stopped, letting that sink in. "You can be the one in charge, like you wanted."

"Yeah, How?" Tony asked skeptically. That gun thing must have been a trick, he told himself. The Old Man glared at him, as if hearing his thoughts. Then a ball of fire appeared in the Old Man's palm, making Tony's eyes bulge again. "OK," Tony said quickly, "How are you going to help me? And more importantly, why?"

"As for why, because I don't particularly approve of this Vincent fellow." The Old Man looked Tony in the eye, making him shift his eyes. There weren't many that could out-stare him, but there was something about this Old Man, and this made him very wary. "As I said before," he continued, "I am a wizard, and I sell certain magic's. I can sell you something that will render Vincent harmless to you. In fact, it can make him your slave if you use it right."

Tony smiled at that idea, though not sure he believed it. "How much?" he asked, wondering just how much this old man's aid would be. When the Old Man told him, Tony choked. That was almost more than he could afford right at the moment. Fortunately, Tony thought, that Old Man accepted credit cards.

The Old Man handed Tony a small bottle, filled with a pink liquid. "What's this?" Tony asked, getting angry, "Poison? I could have gotten poison anywhere."

"No," the Old Man said, "It's not poison. You pour this on Vincent, and its magic will take care of everything. However, you have to be careful to get it all on him." As the Old Man went on, explaining what would happen, Tony felt a smile form on his face.

The next time the heads of the family gathered, Tony smiled to himself. Patiently, he listened to everyone's reports. How much profit was coming in on the prostitution ring, the extortion, the gambling and the various other illegal enterprises.

Finally, Vincent started to reprimand Tony about something minor, which made Tony smile. Now was the time. Slowly, Tony pulled out the bottle, opening the lid. A few of the others watched him a little curious, wondering if it was perhaps some new drug.

As he held it in his hand, he splashed it suddenly on Vincent, though Vincent was quicker than Tony had expected, and jumped back, getting only a little more than half of the stuff on him. "What the HELL?" Vincent demanded, in a soprano, which made everyone suddenly stare.

In front of everyone's eyes, Vincent's dark hair started growing longer, and paler, while the rest of his body started to contort and change shape. His hips widened noticeably, his hips and rear growing out. He seemed to be shrinking as well, and what caught everyone's eyes the most, were the two, large round swellings pushing out from his chest.

In less than half a minute, Vincent had turned into a woman, which was extremely obvious. With long blonde hair and a knockout build. Vincent was screaming inside his head as he felt the changes wrack his body, and the pressure pushing outward from his chest. He screamed, having it come out as a soprano. Finally the pain stopped, and he looked down, seeing his clothing undergoing the final changes. His professional suit was melting away, leaving a sexy little dress. In shock, he realized that this was just like some of the things his girlfriend wore. He stared at his bright red, long and manicured nails, all in horror.

Then he turned, looking at Tony, who was smiling. "Gotcha," Tony snarled. "Now, I'm in charge." Tony looked around the room, at all the horrified and confused men, "Anyone want to say otherwise?" They all shook their heads no not wanting to risk the same fate happening to them.

Leering at his fallen enemy, Tony grinned lustfully, and put a hand on one of Vincent's generous breasts. Vincent moaned, unable to help himself. Tony laughed, and kept rubbing.

Vincent couldn't believe this. He felt so horny. Like he needed sex, and Tony's playing with his nipples certainly wasn't helping anything. Before he realized it, he found himself rubbing up against Tony, rubbing his breasts hard. Oddly enough, he realized that he felt perfectly comfortable in this body.

With effort, he pulled himself away from Tony, and saw that he was wearing high heels, and that they didn't feel uncomfortable. Looking up, he realized how much shorter he'd become. Vincent stared at everyone around him, noticing that they were watching him with looks of both horror and lust. He smiled, feeling himself licking his lips in near anticipation.

Looking again into Tony's face, he saw a look of arrogant triumph, as Tony sat down into his chair. Vincent felt the old anger rise up inside of him. Focusing, he ignored the lust his body felt, and the desires within. He focused his rage, then smiled.

Tony blanched, seeing this gorgeous blonde smile with the same smile that Vincent had. This wasn't supposed to happen. The Old Man had said that she would become consumed with lust, and have no memory of her old life. Instead she just gave Tony that smile. He felt his heart race faster, suddenly remembering how much of the potion had been spilled.

Vincent grabbed a gun from the table behind him, having kept it there himself, then still smiling, he shot Tony in the knee cap. Tony screamed out, but Vincent ignored the screams and started shot the other knee cap.

All the men stared on in horror as Vincent took a knife from off of Tony, then cut Tony's pants open. They started vomiting as Vincent cut away that vital part of Tony, then threw it to the ground. Wanting to get this over with, Vincent slit Tony's throat, and pushed his body to the floor.

With a smooth feminine grace, Vincent slipped into her old chair, and put her feet up to the side. She carefully picked a cigar out of her box, and lit it, sucking in. As she blew the smoke out, she looked across the table at the family heads, and smiled at them. "I'm in charge," she said in a sexy voice. "Anyone got any questions or want to argue that fact?" They all shook their heads no, staring at her in horror and fear.

Vincent smiled, suffused with the familiar aura of fear. No matter what she looked like, she was still Vincent, The Shark, Martoni. The meanest, nastiest and most vicious family head around. And no one, but no one was going to stop her from getting what she wanted.

Looking across at Guido at the end of the table, Vincent, no, she decided, Vicki it would have to be from now on, started having some pleasant thoughts about Guido. Smiling to herself, she decided to have some fun. But business before pleasure, she wanted to make sure that everyone knew just who was in charge first.

The Old Man groaned. This hadn't gone quite as planned. Maybe another time, he told himself, putting that thought to the side for the moment. He had a new customer coming through the door that he had to attend to first.

The End