



LISA CHANGE

A Mile in
Her Panties
III:
Zoe Forever

(a gender
transformation tale)

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I

Zach stared dumbly at the tall, beautiful black girl trembling before him.

She was completely naked except for a pair of lacy black panties. Her large breasts dangled from her frame, their nipples shyly hidden by one crossed arm. Her legs were long, her ass pert, her waist tight.

She could've been a supermodel. Or an actress. Were it not for her face.

It was pretty enough alright, with high cheekbones, soft, dark eyes and a cute little button nose, all framed by a waterfall of black hair that shone and bounced and made Zach's female brain feel faintly jealous. She looked like an 18-year old Thandie Newton.

But the expression was another story. Instead of a seductive smile or 'come hither' look, the girl's face was arranged into an expression of utter terror.

"Dwight?" Zach repeated, his female voice high-pitched with disbelief.

He couldn't believe that the gorgeous, ebony-skinned model before him was the same man that had earlier roughly fucked his new pussy with his gigantic dick.

At the sound of her male name, the 18-year old girl squeaked with fright. She hesitated.

Then she bit her lip and slowly nodded her head.

The world seemed to tilt and lurch. Zach's brain was spinning. He angrily shook his pretty little head, strands of long, blond hair flicking in the corners of his vision.

"Why did you do it?" He demanded in his Valley girl accent. "Why the *hell* did you put those panties on?"

"I-I'm sorry." Whimpered the girl who used to be Dwight. Her voice was soft, delicate. The voice of a submissive girl rather than a strong alpha male.

"Really, I am." She looked at Zach, who was shocked to see tears forming in the corners of her eyes. "But *please*, you can't leave me like this. You *have* to turn me back! I'll..."

The girl swallowed delicately. Zach was shocked to see how *natural* she appeared as a woman, how feminine.

Fuck, that magic works fast, he marveled. No wonder I've been acting so much like a girl recently!

"I'll do *anything*," the tall black girl went on. "Anything, Zoe. *Anything at all*."

"Well, it's too late for that," Zach snapped, his dainty little hands bunched into fists, resting against his naked, curved hips. "I *can't* turn you back, Dawn. I'm not a witch. It's the panties that..."

His voice trailed off as he saw the girl's soft brown eyes go wide.

"*What did you call me?!*" She squeaked.

A frown creased across Zach's pretty little face.

I didn't mean to call her that, he thought.

He tried again.

'I *said* your name is Dwight.'

Was what he meant to say. Instead it came out as:

"I *said* your name is Dawn."

The tall girl was looking at him with an expression of utter horror. Zach gently raised one tiny hand up to his pouty lips, his female body trembling all over.

Oh my God... the magic...

"Don't *call* me that!" The black girl was shouting now, her high-pitched voice echoing around Dwight's large, suburban house. "I'm *not* Dawn. I'm *not* a girl! I'm-!"

Her voice cut off with a sudden *glerk!* Zach looked at her in uncomprehending wonder, a chill passing over his soft, delicate skin.

The girl's eyes were wide, her teeth frozen together, her lips refusing to open. Before Zach's eyes, she struggled to speak, but her body refused to let her form the words. Refused to let her say she was a man called Dwight.

It's like someone's got their hand round her throat, Zach thought in shock. *Christ! What sort of spell could do that to a man?*

He watched the titanic battle going on behind Dawn's eyes with a feeling of sympathy. Since his transformation, he hadn't had any opportunities to declare he was really male. Now he saw what a good thing that was.

There was no way in hell the magic would've let him.

Dawn made one last, great effort to open her magically-closed jaw, then the fight suddenly drained out of her. She collapsed to the floor, landing on all fours, her large breasts dangling and her breath coming out in harsh pants.

"I'm a girl." She whispered through gritted teeth. "My name is Dawn and I've *always* been a girl."

There was a distant sound, like wind chimes tinkling. Zach saw the muscles in her face relax as the magic flooded out of them.

Now muscle-bound Dwight was no longer fighting his transformation into beautiful, willowy Dawn, the spell was seemingly content to let him do whatever he liked.

For a long time, Dawn stayed in her position by the bed, facing the floor, her eyes screwed up in misery, her nipples long and hard in the cool autumn air. At long last, he pushed herself upright and leant against the bed, a look of resigned defeat on her beautiful teenage features.

"This is it, huh?" She whispered, sadly. "I can't turn back, can I? Oh God..."

She looked helplessly down at her new pussy, barely hidden by the thin black fabric of Zach's panties.

"Look at me!" She suddenly squealed. *"I'm a girl. I-I've got a pussy! I can get pregnant! I-I..."*

As she spoke, Zach looked down at her from inside his own transformed body with sympathy.

Poor Dawn, he thought to himself. Already he was having trouble remembering that this was Dwight. Big, muscular Dwight, with his foot-long cock and cocky attitude towards women.

What are we going to do now?

Then a thought struck him. A thought that sent a smile slowly creeping across his pretty face.

Trying not to giggle, Zach gently padded over to Dawn. He crouched down before the stunning black girl and tenderly put one hand on her bare arm.

He could feel his own vast boobies dangling toward the ground, pulling gently on his back. Their nipples were still sore from the painful sucking Dwight had given them. Between his legs, his sore, abused pussy gently throbbed.

"It's OK," Zach whispered in Zoe's soft voice, *"you get used to it. Trust me."*

"How?" Dawn sobbed. With tears running down her sculpted cheeks, Zach was startled to see she was prettier than ever.

Fuck me, the old, male part of his brain stirred, *she's so hot.*

"How could you possibly know what it's like," Dawn snapped, glaring at him with tear-streaked eyes, *"to be turned into a... into a..."*

Zach smiled as the penny wobbled then finally dropped. A brilliant, feminine smile that flooded his new body with sexy confidence.

"You?" Dawn gasped, her brown eyes going wide. *"But... but then that means..."*

A thought seemed to strike her. An expression of horror flickered over her beautiful features.

"Zach?" She said, weakly.

In response, Zach gently raised one tiny hand. He put it against one of her cheeks, feeling the smoothness of her ebony skin. Feeling the slight damp left by her tears.

With tender fingers he caressed her cheek, turning her head so she was facing him, their lips now only inches apart.

"Not anymore," he said. *"I'm Zoe now, until we find a way to escape these bodies."*

Dawn didn't reply. Zach could practically see the thoughts urgently flitting across her newly-female mind.

Hey, if she's Zach that means I just fucked a guy and let him suck my dick!!!

Zach smiled to himself. Ignoring Dawn's startled expression, he leaned closer. He leaned close until their lips were nearly touching, and he could feel Dawn's breath on his skin, making him prickle with desire.

“Until then,” he murmured, “we’re two straight men trapped as a pair of hot little bitches.”

He cheekily raised one eyebrow.

“Hot little *teenage* bitches, with big tits and nice, tight pussies.”

Like a girl in a dream, Dawn slowly shook her head. She looked deep into Zach’s pretty, girl features with eyes that were dazed and lost.

“So?” She whispered.

“So...” Zach murmured, gently coiling one finger through this beautiful black girl’s long, dark hair. He felt Dawn shiver slightly at his touch. With delight, he saw that her nipples were hard and pointed.

Zach leaned closer still, until he could feel the faint pressure of Dawn’s lips against his. Until he could almost *taste* her on his tongue.

Dawn gazed at him through confused, half-lidded eyes, desperately wanting him to do it. Desperately wanting him to kiss her and let his female tongue swirl around the insides of her mouth.

Slowly, Zach dropped his free hand down to one of Dawn’s long, slender legs. He let his fingers trail up its smooth surface, until his long, pink nails reached the fabric of her panties. He hooked one under the silk and gently tugged it away from her flesh. Teasing her.

Casually, he let another finger slip inside and gently brush against her clit. Dawn let out a *gasp* and shifted slightly, but she didn’t move her lips away from Zach’s. Didn’t push him back.

Didn’t try to hide the fact from him that she was now *soaking* wet.

“So...” Zach whispered again, feeling his own breasts swelling up with desire, feeling his own nipples become painfully hard. Feeling a tiny drip of moisture trickle out his nice, new pussy.

Dawn looked at him with helpless eyes, waiting for Zach to go on. Zach felt a smile creeping over his soft, pretty, teenage face.

“Let’s have some *fun*,” he whispered.

II

The spare bedroom upstairs was lighter than Dwight's downstairs room. The walls were painted cream, the curtains open and fluttering in the cool breeze.

Dawn shyly stepped in and turned to Zach, her long legs slightly bent and an awkward look in her eyes.

"This is it..." she said in her soft voice, avoiding Zach's eye. Although she was at least four inches taller than him, Zach strangely felt like he was the one in charge now.

"I was going to bring you up here later," Dawn murmured. "If I hadn't..."

Zach smiled at her nervousness. He put his hands on his hips and looked round the room, unconsciously thrusting his chest forward so his bare breasts stuck out.

"Show me."

Dawn tiptoed over to the set of drawers beside the large, double bed. She bent over and Zach got a good look at her from behind.

Her ass was *incredible*. It strained at the fabric of the magic panties, a black, curvy dream. Between her two cheeks, Zach could just about make out the faint shadow of her new pussy.

After Dwight had filled all his holes and made him swallow his come, Zach had thought the male part of his brain had been banished forever.

Now, watching Dawn bend over the drawers, her pert ass gently curved, her long legs smooth and slightly bent, he decided he wasn't so sure.

"I used to bring girls up here, the old me," Dawn was saying, casually hooking one long strand of dark hair over one ear. "If they felt like doing something... kinky, I guess. Oh. Here it is."

At long last she stood up, something long and pink clasped in one dainty hand. The sight of it made Zach's slender legs go like water. Deep in his crotch, he felt his pussy twitch as his hole started to open up.

Holy fuck, just look at that thing...

In her tiny hand, Dawn was holding a gigantic rubber dildo. It was pink and long, about 14 inches, with a bulbous head and thick veins molded along its sides. A pair of fat rubber balls dangled from its base, alongside something else too; a dark piece of material that made Zach's mouth go dry.

The dildo came with a long, leather strap for fastening it to your groin and fucking other women with.

"Well?" Dawn asked, uncertainly, "shall I put it on?"

Zach let a secretive, feminine smile slip across his pouty lips. With slow, deliberate movements, he crossed the room to Dawn and gently put one hand on the dildo.

It felt so *thick* beneath his fingertips. So *powerful*. After all his years of having a cock, it was

only now, when Zach had a cunt, that he'd begun to realize what magnificent things dicks were.

"Not yet," he whispered in his soft voice. "First, I've got something I want you to do for me."

Dawn looked at him, her soft eyes unsure.

"What?"

"You'll find out." Zach hungrily bit his lower lip. "But first..."

He reached out, grasped Dawn's soft cheeks with his tiny hands. Stood on tiptoes, propelling himself up to the tall girl's height. Then he leaned forward and the two girls were kissing.

Zach felt his tongue gently push aside Dawn's soft lips. Felt it swirl around the insides of her mouth.

He clung his tiny body *hard* against the black girl's. Felt the pressure on his chest as their breasts pressed against one another's. Felt Dawn's nipples brush against his own, hard and pointed and painful with lust.

Oh my God... Zach thought, *I'm having a lesbian kiss!*

The two girls held tightly to one another, nibbling at each other's tongues, letting the other possess them entirely. At long last, Zach pulled back and looked into Dawn's eyes, woozy with lust. He knew without a mirror that his sculpted female face had an identical expression on it.

"Oh, God, Zoe..." Dawn whispered, gently stroking a long strand of blond hair out of Zach's eye, "oh God, you're so *hot*..."

In response, Zach winked, then slipped one slender finger down the inside of Dawn's panties. He gently pressed against her clit with one pink fingernail, and felt a thrill of pleasure rocket through him as Dawn threw her head back and moaned out loud.

"You like that, do you?" Zach whispered, a smile on his pretty face. "You like having your clit played with, you naughty girl?"

At the word *girl*, Zach saw something flicker across Dawn's features. Doubt. A feeling that this was wrong, this *must* be wrong. She wasn't a *girl*, she was a man called D...

Then Zach pressed down on her clit again and watched as all of Dawn's doubts were washed away.

He knew *exactly* what she was thinking: that it was weird to be trapped as a girl, but that Zach playing with her clit felt so nice, and his Zoe body looked so hot...

Dreamily, Dawn smiled down at Zach. She looked down at his firm, ripe breasts, then raised her hands and started playing with them, her delicate fingers kneading at the soft flesh, her fingertips tweaking at the nipples.

A slow, sleepy pleasure began to course through Zach's tiny body. He closed his eyes and let out a high-pitched *gasp*.

He'd known since the moment he was transformed that his tits were one of his new body's major pleasure centers, and having them felt up like this was *incredible*.

The way Dawn gently squeezed and squashed his breasts made him feel oddly warm and comfortable inside. The way she pinched rudely at his nipples made the thrumming in his crotch grow in urgency, sending a little bead of moisture trickling down his inside leg.

“Christ, you’ve got such *great* tits,” Dawn whispered, her squeaky voice suddenly flooded with her old, masculine power. “I can’t wait to get you down and f-”

She stopped as Zach placed one slender finger against her lips. He lowered his head and smiled up at her from under his blond bangs, biting his lip and fluttering his eyelashes in an extremely feminine way.

He knew without checking that, right then, he looked *hot as fuck*.

“You already fucked me, didn’t you?” He murmured.

As he spoke, he slipped his entire hand inside Dawn’s panties and gently *squeezed* her plump, shaved pussy. The black girl shivered with pleasure.

God, she’s soaking wet already...

“Back when you had your dick, you made good use of it.”

“So?” Dawn whispered.

“So...” Zach couldn’t believe what he was about to say. “I guess that makes it *my turn*.”

For a second, Dawn looked at him with confusion in her eyes. Then Zach saw them widen in horror.

“*What?!*” Dawn shook her head, her long dark hair flicking out in a fan shape around her shoulders. “No way! I don’t want this... this...”

She hopelessly gestured the hard, rubber dildo.

“This *thing* in me!”

At her words, Zach let a high-pitched giggle slip out. He eyed his new, lesbian lover and smiled.

“There’s no point lying. When *I* put on those panties, the spell made me *desperate* for dick.” He winked up at Dawn. “And I’ve got a strange feeling *you* want something in that nice, new cunt of yours.”

As he said the word *you*, Zach curled his wrist and sent one, long finger lancing deep into Dawn’s pussy. She was so wet it slid inside without any resistance.

“*OhmiGod!*” Dawn moaned. She gave Zach a helpless look. “No... no, I can’t. Please, Zoe, please don’t make me...”

“Sure, OK.” Zach’s entire body was tingling now, making him smile giddily. “Let me just take my finger out...”

He gently let his finger slip backwards until it was *almost* out of Dawn’s pussy. Then he *thrust* it forwards again, curling it up towards her womb.

Dawn’s juices trickled out her hole, over his knuckle. Zach saw her mouth drop open . Quickly,

he began jerking his finger back and forth, back and forth, using the ball of his thumb to play with her clit.

“No... please...” Dawn gasped. But she didn’t pull away. Like a woman in a trance, she kept gently playing with Zach’s big titties, her eyes unfocused as Zach expertly fingered her, as confident in his movements as only a beautiful lesbian could be.

“I think it’s time you learned what being a woman *really* means,” Zach said, trying to make his high-pitched voice sound firm. “On the bed.”

Dawn gave him one, last pleading look. She weakly shook her head.

“Do it.” Zach ordered in Zoe’s voice. “Or I’ll go back downstairs, put my clothes on and leave.”

For a second longer, he saw Dawn hesitate. Then her defenses crumbled. With a shake of her beautiful head, the tall black girl broke into a supermodel smile.

“OK,” she said. “You win. I *do* want to try out this new pussy of mine. But I’m *not* going to take orders from a little bitch like you, got it?”

“What do you mean?” Zach blinked.

“I mean *I’m* in charge, OK?” Dawn pulled herself up to her full height, looking down on her demure lesbian lover. “And that means we do things *my* way, even if you *are* the one wearing the dildo.”

In response, Zach shot her a cheeky grin. Then he leaned forward started kissing her magnificent breasts.

He kissed them all over, gently brushing his lips against their soft, dark flesh. Finally, he poked his dainty little tongue out and let it swirl around the edges of Dawn’s areola. He teased the tip of her nipple with it, then leaned back, smiling up at the tall, black girl.

“Deal.”

“Great.” Dawn smiled down at tiny Zach. “Now, get on the bed and spread your legs.”

With a feeling of abandonment, Zach jumped backwards. He fell through space, his blond hair trailing out around him, before landing with a soft flump on the sheets.

Immediately, he parted his legs and began gently rubbing at his pussy, smiling at Dawn with a coy expression.

Stood before him, Dawn started down at Zach’s exposed cunt, all wet and moist. A smile flickered across her ebony features.

“There’s something I’ve always wanted to try...” she murmured. “Something I was too *proud* to do as a man. But now...”

Then Dawn was kneeling down at the foot of the bed, her great breasts dangling towards the floor. She crouched between Zach’s slender legs; kissed both his hips, his flat stomach, the very tip of his pubic mound.

Understanding dawned in Zach’s mind. He grabbed a pillow with one tiny hand and slipped it

behind his head, his long, blond hair tumbling out over the bed in a fan shape. His head propped up, he looked down at the beautiful girl crouched between his legs, past his own swollen breasts, his pointed, pink nipples.

“Lick my pussy,” he said.

“What did I say?” Smiled Dawn. “No orders.”

She bent her head forwards, delicately sniffing at Zach’s exposed crotch.

“But, since you’re such a *lovely* little lesbian...”

She leaned closer still, took one last, deep breath, and then started greedily lapping at Zach’s plump little cunt.

The pleasure hit Zach like a bolt of lightning. It was overwhelming. Incredible. His body automatically arched its back and began to writhe, moaning out loud.

Pink sparks zapped out to every part of his skin. Zach’s nipples immediately went hard as bullets. So hard they hurt. But Zach barely noticed the pain.

It was all lost under a tidal wave of *pleasure*.

Dawn’s tongue ran up and down his slit, teasing his fat lips. She gently swirled it round the edges of his hole, drinking in his juices. She let it dart across his clit, sending shockwaves through Zach’s body. Then she pressed her face right up against him and drove it deep into his pussy.

The shock of it was enough to make Zach close his eyes and cry out loud. With every single movement of her tongue, Dawn made his entire body fizz and dance with bliss. It was like he was a puppet and she was completely in control of him, tearing these strange, feminine groans from his throat, driving him into a female, animal frenzy.

Without thinking, he grasped his big titties in his tiny hands and urgently started playing with them, squeezing their soft and supple flesh. He pinched at his nipples, *hard*, luxuriating in the pain. Luxuriating in the loss of control as Dawn frantically tongued his pussy.

Zach had had blowjobs as a man before. When he and Melina first got together, she’d occasionally surprise him by taking him into a secluded room at parties and sucking on his dick. But he’d never returned the favor and she’d stopped after a while.

Now, Zach could see why. Having your pussy licked was *incredible*. The sleepy waves of pleasure coming off his crotch. The feeling of Dawn’s tongue, swirling round inside him. All of it was a thousand times better than getting a blowjob as a man. *A million* times better!

Why did no-one tell me? Zach gasped inside his dazed, female mind, *why did no-one tell me how fucking good this felt?*

At that moment, Zach realized he never, ever wanted to be a man again.

He wanted to spend the rest of his life as a girl. As Zoe. And he wanted to spend every day getting his cunt licked by a hot lover.

Dawn was licking faster now, greedily slurping up Zach’s juices like her life depended on it.

Without thinking about what he was doing, Zach curled his delicate body forward and gently grasped the back of her head. His fingers disappeared beneath shiny waves of dark hair. With soft, but firm, movements, he pushed Dawn's head forward until her face was pressed right up against his clit.

Then, slowly, he began to grind his hips.

The feeling was dirty, intense, wonderful. As soon as Dawn realized what was happening, she stuck her tongue deep, deep, deep into Zach's hole. The edges stretched to accommodate her, and the constant flicking motions of her tongue sent Zach's female body crazy.

At the same time, the feeling of his clit, grinding roughly against Dawn's ebony features was almost more than he could take. Sparks shot out across every inch of his skin. The thrumming warmth in his crotch grew hotter, more urgent.

With a feeling like a woman losing control, Zach opened his pretty, painted mouth and *screamed*.

Then suddenly, he was coming. Just like that, he threw his head back, his blond hair lying in streaks across his dazed face. His moans turned to gasps, a wave of gooseflesh unfurled over his skin and then everything in his vision went wobbly.

This wasn't like coming during sex as a man. It wasn't even like coming during sex like a girl. It was like he'd just fallen through the edges of the universe, into an endless sea of blinding pleasure.

Zach's orgasm lasted longer than anything. Longer than the history of the universe. Ice ages came and went. Geological eons collapsed into dust and vanished. Then, at long last, he came floating back down to Earth on a blissful pink cloud.

"Oh my *God*," he whimpered in his Valley girl accent, "that was *amazing*..."

Dazedly, he glanced down at Dawn, who was peering at him from between his legs, a smile on her face as she gently wiped Zach's juices from her chin.

A wave of happiness took over Zach. He gently let a hand run through Dawn's long, black hair and smiled down at her.

Being a lesbian is fantastic...

Zach felt he could just lie like this forever. Lie here in a state of dizzy, woozy bliss until Dawn was ready to go again, then have his hot lesbian lover eat his pussy until he came all over again.

Dawn, however, had other ideas.

"OK, Zoe," she laughed, "you got a big one there. But guess what?"

A hungry look came into her eyes. She pulled herself off her knees and crawled forwards, up Zach's body, a smile dancing at the edges of her pussy-wet lips.

Her breasts dangled from her frame, her nipples grazing against Zach's tender, female flesh. She crawled up until her face was inches from Zach's, their lips almost touching.

Gently, Dawn leaned forward. She placed her lips right next to one of Zach's tiny ears, so her warm breath seemed to tickle him.

"Now it's *my* turn," she breathed, her voice making all the downy hairs on the back of Zach's neck stand on end.

The beautiful black girl pushed herself up onto her feet. With a secretive smile at Zach, she went and picked up the rubber dildo from the bedside table. For a second, she simply stood there, holding it in her tiny palms, one hand gently squeezing the heavy rubber balls.

"Something wrong?"

Dawn shook her head, her dark hair falling like a waterfall down her naked back. A slow smile came over her sculpted features.

"Nothing. I was just... just thinking that if you'd told me this morning I was going to be *begging* to be fucked with a strap on this afternoon..."

"You'd have thought I was mad." Zach shrugged his slender shoulders and gave a high-pitched laugh. "Trust me, I know how that feels."

Dawn turned and shot a brilliant smile at him.

"I guess even if we get changed back, you won't go telling anyone what we did today, would you?"

"No way!" Zach laughed. "I'm meant to be straight. If Melina caught me..."

And then he didn't carry on, because his mind suddenly filled up with unanswerable questions.

What would she think? She always said I wasn't a proper man... is this what she meant?

"I'm more worried about my customers," Dawn obviously hadn't noticed Zach's sudden disquiet. "They're all female. I swear most of them only join the class coz they want to sleep with me."

She sighed deeply. Happily.

"In that case, if we're *both* sure we'll keep schtum..."

She turned and threw the dildo onto the bed. It bounced once and rolled to a stop beside Zach, a thick, monstrous thing that should have been disgusting, but to Zach's female brain appeared endlessly fascinating.

"Come on, then," Dawn laughed, before striking a sexy pose, one hand rested on her curved hips. "Give a girl what she wants."

Zach didn't need telling twice.

With gentle movements, he hauled his light, female body to its feet. He grabbed the dildo in one dainty hand, then next thing he knew, he was strapping it round his crotch, fastening it to his hips and under his pussy.

The sight of the gigantic dildo bouncing and wobbling before him was almost too strange for Zach. It was like his penis had suddenly ballooned up to a comical size after losing all the feeling

in it.

He gently swung his hips from side to side and watched with fascination as the dildo bobbed before him, part of him for now, yet seemingly detached.

I'm glad mine wasn't this big when I was a man, Zach found himself thinking, *it's like having an extra arm or something!*

The feeling was odd, too. The leather straps clasped tight over Zach's hips and under his crotch, pressing against his pussy and his tight little asshole. It was kind of like wearing a solid, heavy G-string.

Oddest of all, though, was that he still had a female body. The dildo may have looked like a big, new dick, but without even looking down Zach could still see his heavy breasts jiggling with each movement he made.

It was like he was suddenly neither man nor woman, but something in-between.

"Oh wow," Dawn gasped, watching Zach's newly-endowed female body with something that was part lust and part envy. "I never thought I'd say this, but I can't *wait* to have that thing in me."

She hesitated.

"Does... does it *hurt*?" She suddenly asked, her eyes wide. "When I fucked you earlier... was it *painful*?"

Zach nodded.

"Yeah," he said in his female voice. "Yeah, it was. But it was *totally* worth it."

Dawn nodded. She glanced again at the dildo and swallowed.

"I suppose it's only fair," she murmured. "I fucked so many girls, I guess I should get to see what it feels like."

She took a deep breath.

"OK. How about you lie down? I'll start on top, and then we..."

"Nu-uh," Zach shook his pretty little head. "No way. You need a *proper* fucking. And that means getting your slutty little ass down on all fours."

Dawn's brow creased into a frown. The expression made her look like an adorably stropky teenage girl.

"Hey. I thought we said..."

"We did." Zach giggled. "But that was *before* I put this on. Now I'm the man again and *I* say get on all fours."

He playfully grabbed the end of his new rubber cock in one hand and looked right at Dawn.

"*Bitch.*"

For a second, he thought Dawn was going to refuse. But there was something about the dildo.

The black girl couldn't keep her eyes off it, it was like it had mesmerized her.

Finally, she nodded. With slow movements, the black girl crossed back to the bed. She crouched down on all fours, her pussy a red, throbbing line between her legs. She pushed her ass up into the air, closed her eyes.

Feeling like a girl in a dream, Zach clambered onto the bed behind her. Although he'd fucked Melina many times in this position, it was like his girl brain was experiencing it for the first time.

He looked down at Dawn's perfect ass and trembling pussy. At his own swollen breasts and the big, pink dildo wobbling before him. He realized with a jolt that he was now a beautiful, gay girl, about to roughly fuck her beautiful, gay girlfriend.

"Be gentle," Dawn whispered, afraid to turn round.

Zach grinned. A cocky, male grin that must've looked very out of place on Zoe's pretty, female face.

"Not a chance."

Then he grabbed Dawn's hips, angled the dildo forwards and thrust the long, rubber cock deep into her tight, virgin hole.

Almost immediately, Dawn began to gasp. Little squeaks that could've been pleasure, or could've been pain. Zach watched as the dildo slipped in further, further, until the whole thing was buried deep inside the vulnerable young black girl crouched before him.

"OK," Dawn whimpered, her voice high and shaking. "OK. Just... keep still. Please. Just till I can get used to it..."

"You wish," Zach laughed in his high-pitched voice. And he immediately began thrusting.

Fucking a girl *as a girl* was surreal as hell. With each *thwack* of his hips, Zach heard Dawn moan and gasp and scream out loud. He saw her back arc and her body writhe, her big titties bouncing up and down. But there was no feeling in his rubber cock. Just the visual pleasure of watching a black girl get roughly penetrated with a big old dildo.

Fuck, I wish I could feel that... Zach thought as he hammered the rubber cock into Dawn as hard as he could. *Just for a moment, to remember what it's like...*

But there was nothing he could do. He was no longer a man, which meant he couldn't possibly expect to get any physical pleasure out of using a strap-on.

On the other hand...

There was a movement in the corner of the room. Zach quickly jerked his head up in fright. A scared blond girl stared back at him, her eyes blurry with pleasure, her pouty lips hanging open. With a start, Zach realized he was looking in a mirror.

Perfect. In that case...

"Dawn. Hey. Bitch!" Dawn jerked her head up and looked at Zach through eyes wet with tears of pleasure. "Move round this way. *Now!*"

Obediently, Dawn shifted her body round as Zach moved, not removing the dildo from her pussy. At long last, they were facing the mirror.

“That’s better.” Zach grinned. “And *now...*”

And with a vicious thrust of his hips, he began fucking his dark-skinned lesbian lover all over again.

Dawn’s helpless moans filled the room again; high-pitched, tinged with desperation. In the mirror, Zach watched in fascination as Zoe drilled deep into her hot black girlfriend, a mischievous smile on her beautiful face.

Each jerk of her hips made Dawn’s fat breasts wobble as they dangled from her slender frame. Each thrust made Zoe’s own tits bounce up and down. Her hair tumbled over her forehead, her pretty mouth dangled open with desire.

Entwined on the bed like that, fucking for all they were worth, the two lesbians looked like something out of the dirtiest porno.

“Oh fuck yes!” Dawn gasped “Oh fuck *yeah!*”

She raised her head and gasped, fixing her eyes on Zach’s reflection.

“That’s so fucking *good!*” She squealed. “Oh God, I *love* being a girl!”

At her words, Zach started thrusting harder than ever. In the mirror he saw Zoe grit her teeth with the effort of pounding Dawn’s beautiful pussy. Saw Dawn’s face screw up as she screamed.

It was like having his own private fuck-show. One all the better because he was in complete and total control of everything that happened.

“Spank me!” Dawn suddenly gasped, burying her face down in the bedsheets. “Oh fuck, Zoe, spank my black ass!”

In the mirror, Zach saw a savage grin cross Zoe’s beautiful face. He watched as she raised one tiny hand and brought it *thwacking* down against Dawn’s pert, peach-like ass.

The black girl screamed and whimpered with pleasure. In the mirror Zoe raised her hand and brought it down again and again and again.

“You like being spanked, bitch?” Zach heard himself say in Zoe’s teenage voice. “You like that, huh?”

Dawn sobbed and nodded, unable to speak. Unable to do anything but moan and cry and scream as Zoe fucked her gorgeous little ass.

At long last, the black girl whimpered, and then she was coming. Zach watched in fascination as her pussy squirted its juices all over the big, pink dildo. Without thinking, he reached out and swept some up with one finger and then stuck it deep into his mouth, savoring the taste of Dawn’s virgin pussy.

OhGod, she tastes delicious...

Finally Dawn gave one last gasp, then Zach leaned back, letting the dildo slip out of her hole.

She was so tight that there was an audible little *pop* as it fell out.

The two lesbian lovers lay side by side, panting, on the bed. Then Dawn at last pulled herself up and crawled over to Zach, a dreamy smile on her lips.

“That...” She whispered.

“... was amazing,” Zach grinned.

He playfully flipped a strand of dark hair out of his lover’s eye.

“You’re not bad at being a girl, you know?”

Dawn grinned down at him.

“Neither are you.”

The two girls smiled at each other for a long time. Then Dawn leaned down and the two of them were kissing again, their curvy bodies pressed together, their new breasts squashed against one another’s as they rolled on the bed, kissing like it was the end of the world.

Twenty minutes later, Dwight’s house was alive with the moans of two women playing with each other’s pussies like the naughty little lesbians they were.

III

Much later, Zach and Dawn lay curled up in each other's arms on top of the bed, their bodies slick with sweat, their long hair in disarray and their pussies sore.

It had been a *wonderful* day, Zach thought, happily.

After their screw, the two girls had lay down top-to-toe on the bed and furiously licked away at each other's pussies until they both came, enjoying the feeling of the other's juices dribbling over their chins.

Then Dawn had slipped on the dildo, pinned Zach down on his back and roughly fucked him while he screamed and begged for mercy.

Finally, Dawn had crouched on the bed on all fours, and Zach had gently tongued her black asshole, slipping his tongue deep inside her hole, luxuriating in the pleasure he felt at eating another girl's asshole.

The whole time, the two transformed men found they couldn't stop talking about how incredible it was to be a girl.

The way their bodies could keep firing off orgasm after orgasm, instead of becoming sleepy after just one. The length and intensity of those orgasms, that seemed to come from every part of their new bodies at once. The way their nipples were a source of erotic pleasure. The way they both felt sexy as *hell*. The feeling of playing with one another's breasts.

It was like they were enthusiastic converts to a new religion. Neither wanted to stop talking about how *amazing* their transformation was. How happy it made them.

At one point, as they lay on the floor between bouts of fucking, Dawn had raised her head from Zach's stomach and said:

"You know something?"

Zach had been idly stroking her shiny, dark hair as she lay there. Now, it tumbled off her raised head like a waterfall, tickling Zach's soft, supple skin. He smiled gently.

"What?"

"This is the best sex I've ever had," Dawn said. "By, like, a *million* miles."

She'd turned her beautiful, supermodel face towards Zach, who had felt his heart skip a beat.

"And I've had a *lot* of sex. Being a man?" She had shaken her head. "It just doesn't *compare* to, well, *this*."

"It's the magic," Zach had responded, dreamily. "Listen to us. We don't even *talk* like straight guys anymore. I guess it's 'cause our brains are full of estrogen."

"No." Dawn had said. "No, I'm not so sure. It's like..."

At that point, a frown had stolen across her beautiful face.

“It’s like, maybe, deep down, I always *wanted* to be a girl. And the magic’s just letting me know I should’ve been born a lesbian.”

“Wait till you’ve had sex with another man,” Zach had said in his teenage girl voice, leaning back and staring at the ceiling. “Don’t get me wrong, this has been *great*. But I still can’t stop thinking about cock. The smell of it. The taste of it.”

A shiver had passed through his curvy body, a shiver of delight.

“I guess deep down I’m still mostly heterosexual,” he’d said. “Only now I’m a *female* hetero. And that means I’d give *anything* for a strong man who’d use and abuse me.”

“Like I used to be?”

“Well, yeah,” Zach had said. “Only not someone who’d try on my panties and get turned into a girl, too.”

“I’ve been meaning to ask about that.” Dawn’s voice had suddenly taken on a puzzled note. “Where did those panties come from? How did they turn me into a... well, y’know.”

“I don’t know,” Zach had said, thoughtfully. “I’ve been too busy fucking to think about that. They just sort of appeared. I guess we’ll find out eventually.”

He’d hesitated, then added:

“I hope.”

“Me too.” Dawn had said.

Then she’d turned and shot Zach a cheeky smile.

“In the meantime, how about you let me suck on those perfect titties of yours.”

Zach had laughed out loud at that. A happy, carefree laugh.

The idea that he, Zach, now had ‘perfect’ titties was one he still couldn’t quite get his head round. The idea that he was now a smoking hot teenage girl with a great ass and legs to die for was enough to make him want to giggle with delirious happiness.

The idea that he now knew what it was like to be lusted over by strong, alpha males and beautiful lesbians made him feel like the luckiest man alive.

“OK,” he’d whispered at last. “But on one condition.”

“What?”

Zach had looked down at Dawn’s dark face, resting just beneath his heavy new breasts, and winked.

“You let me eat that pussy of yours all over again.”

And Dawn had broken into a huge grin, and then next thing Zach knew, he’d been lying on his back, trying not to moan too loudly as his beautiful black lesbian lover gently nibbled at his nipples, her tongue swirling round his areola as she massaged his tender, heavy breasts.

Now the two new girls lay side by side in the bed, both completely naked, each privately

thinking how *lucky* they were to have found those magic panties.

The sound of a car's motor cut through the silence. Two beams of light slid across the ceiling of the spare room, fracturing into a million glowing crystals. Outside, a driver hurriedly pulled up to the sidewalk, bumping into something.

Dawn gently raised her head and frowned into the gloom. She'd been dozing with her head against Zach's boobies and looked out of it.

"Who's that?" She mumbled, her eyes bleary with sleep.

"Nobody," Zach replied in his girl-voice. "Just some bad driver."

Dawn frowned, listening to the distant sounds of a door opening. Of hurried footsteps.

"It sounds like it's coming from your place," she said.

Seconds later, the two teenage girls were stood at the window, the light from the streetlamps caressing their bare breasts, watching the male figure frantically moving through the insides of the house Zach shared with Melina.

"Who is that?" Whispered Dawn, clutching her naked body against Zach's side. Although she was taller than him (and probably stronger), the black girl seemed to need protecting.

She needs a husband, Zach thought, some big, strong man who'll look after her and pamper her and get her pregnant and give her loads of babies.

He was startled to realize how warm the thought made him inside. It seemed his female body would quite like such a life for him, too.

"Is it Melina?"

Zach slowly shook his head, his long, blond hair flicking in the corners of his vision.

"It can't be," he murmured. "She's meant to be away till Monday."

"How come?"

"Business trip." A thought struck Zach. "I actually thought she was having an affair. Maybe with you."

To his surprise, Dawn looked away from him, suddenly overcome with embarrassment.

"I did try," the beautiful black girl whispered, "but she wasn't interested. She seemed to have, I dunno... more *important* things on her mind."

Like me? Zach wanted to ask. But the words wouldn't come. Instead, he simply watched the shadow searching his house, wondering who it could be.

"Should we call the cops?" Dawn whispered in his ear. Her hand was in the small of Zach's slender back, making him feel very girly.

"What would we say?" Zach said, looking down at his naked, female body. "It's not like they'll believe *I'm* Zach, looking like this."

"It doesn't matter anyway," Dawn suddenly said. "They're coming out."

The two scared teenage girls watched from the window as the figure came stalking out Zach's house, its shoulders slumped.

It stood outside the door, deep in the shadows, looking around helplessly. Then at last it began to make its way toward the car, a terrible fury in its stride.

If only I could see their face, Zach thought, angrily. If only I could see who it is...

Then a porch light went on up the street, throwing new shadows along the darkened road and suddenly the figure was bathed in light.

Beside him, Zach heard Dawn gasp. He felt his body stiffen. Felt his mind reel with shock.

So they were yours...

Below them in the street stood Melina, a tired, pissed expression on her face. But that wasn't what had made Dawn gasp or Zach feel like squealing.

It was Melina alright, but she was *different*.

Her shoulders were broader. Her arms stronger. Her jaw was squarer, her hands large and thick. Her chest was flat, her hips no longer curved. Stubble dusted her cheeks.

She looked like a boxer. Like Melina's brother would have looked if she *had* a brother. A tall, blond, handsome man with chiseled features and a muscular body.

At the sight of her, Zach felt his knees turn weak. Felt himself becoming faint.

It can't be true... Oh God, don't let it be true...

The eyes on the figure below them were undoubtedly Melina's. The face was similar, too. But where the Melina Zach had argued with the night before had been a beautiful, large-breasted blond, the Melina below them was a strong and hunky *man*.

As Zach stood, gaping, at the man who used to be his fiancée, Melina's eyes raised up. They slid along the houses, taking them in one by one, until at last they came to Dwight's old house.

Should I run? Zach wondered, his heart pounding in his generous chest. *What should I do?*

And then it was too late. Melina locked eyes with him. For a second, Zach saw surprise flicker there, followed by a horrified understanding.

"Oh shit," he whispered.

For a long, long time, the girlfriend and boyfriend stared at each other from across the street, separated by an infinite gulf of darkness.

Then, slowly, Melina pulled her phone from her pants pocket. Without taking her eyes off Zach, she dialed a number.

In Dwight's house, the sound of a phone buzzing made Zach jump. He glanced hurriedly around, then ran and grabbed his phone off the bedside table, where he'd left it.

With one last, trembling glance at Dawn, he swiped the screen and held the phone to his ear.

"H-hello?" he squeaked in his Valley girl voice.

“Zach?” Melina’s voice was strong, deep, masculine, making Zach’s knees go weak.

He swallowed, delicately.

“Yeah,” he said, unhappily. “It’s me.”

There was a pause at the other end of the line. Zach closed his eyes miserably and waited.

“We need to talk.” The gruff male voice said at last.

Zach nodded. He gave Dawn a pleading look. She looked back at him in fright.

“Get over here, *now*.” The voice commanded. “And bring that tasty looking black bitch with you, too.”

A cruel note entered the man’s voice.

“If I’m gonna be stuck as a *man* for the rest of my life, I might as well have some fun.”

“Wh-what do you *mean*?” Zach squeaked. This new Melina was terrifying. So unlike his old fiancée. So much like a cruel and powerful man.

A *powerful, fuckable man*, his brain sang, happily.

“I *mean* that we were going to get married,” the man laughed, his deep voice vibrating in the pit of Zach’s stomach. “So why let this change it? Husband, wife and mistress. Together. Forever.”

“S-see you in a minute, then,” Zach whimpered, desperate to get off the line.

The man who used to be Melina laughed again.

“See you, too, tits. By the way, I hope you haven’t got your pussy *too* sore having fun over there.”

The voice lowered, becoming hungry, playful, threatening. Like a tiger toying with its tea.

“Not when we need to *consummate* this new stage in our relationship.”

Then the voice gave a final laugh and its owner hung up, leaving Zach trembling, not sure if he was scared or horny or *what*.

“*Well?!*” Dawn’s soft voice cut across Zach’s reverie. “What’s going on? What did he *say?!*”

“What’s going on?” Zach slowly turned to face Dawn, an incredulous expression on his beautiful face. The light from outside fell across his bare breasts, his nipples casting long shadows across his chest.

“What’s going on,” Zach repeated, “is that we’re both going to go over there and say ‘hi’ to our new husband.”

He swallowed gently. He couldn’t believe he was saying this.

“Then we’re both going to spend the rest of our lives as his horny little sex slaves.”

In the silence that followed, Zach thought he could hear distant, mocking laughter. The laughter of someone reveling in their misfortune.

Only the night before, Melina had told him to man up.

Now, *she* was the man. She was the handsome man with the massive penis, and Zach... well, Zach would never be a man again.

He would be Zoe now. Until the day he died. Melina's female love-slave Zoe. He would cook for her, clean the house, let her spank him, suck her dick on demand, let her fuck him in any hole she pleased, and carry her babies around in his swollen belly.

A smile suddenly split across Zach's gorgeous soft face. He turned to Dawn with a flirty look in his girl-eyes.

"Well?" The sexy black girl whispered. "What do we do?"

"Isn't it obvious?" Zach giggled.

He winked at the girl who used to be Dwight.

"We haul our sexy little asses over there and prepare ourselves for the fucking of a lifetime."

For a full selection of erotic transgender fantasies by Lisa Change, head over to her [Amazon page](#) NOW.

*

Can't decide which of Lisa's books to try next? If you like what you've read, you'll love this free extract from her naughty gender-swap revenge fantasy...

She Turned Him Into a Sexy Nurse

"Oh yeah. That's it bitch, keep licking."

Craig gave a little, helpless moan. It came out soft, high-pitched. Horrible. He wanted to cry. Wanted to cry and scream and not stop screaming until he woke up from this nightmare.

Instead, he obediently parted his red, bud-like lips and slipped his tongue into his mistress's tight, wet hole. As his pretty little head bobbed up and down, strands of long blond hair fell down across his vision, reminding him. Reminding him of what he had become.

"So, Kirsty," Lauren's voice was alive with amusement. "How do you like our new arrangement? Is it to your... satisfaction?"

How do I like it? Craig thundered inside his mind, *I don't like it at all, you evil witch! Look what you've done to me! How could I possibly like this?*

But he was powerless to say such a thing out loud. His new body wouldn't let him.

Besides, his tongue was too far down Lauren's cunt to produce any words.

"Oh dear," his new mistress giggled high above him. "I forgot those pretty lips of yours were busy. How silly of me."

A long-nailed hand drifted through Craig's flowing hair, gently caressing the back of his head.

At his mistress's touch, Craig felt a shiver pass through his body. The invisible hairs on the back of his neck stood on end. His heart thudded in his heaving chest.

Deep within his panties, his brand new pussy trembled with obedient desire.

"Well, we wouldn't want you to suffer in silence, would we, Kirsty? You may stop licking my hole for *precisely* the length of time it takes you to answer my question."

It was like Craig's mind was suddenly his own again. Gratefully, he raised his head, his tongue slipping out of Lauren's pussy. The taste of her juices was on his lips, in his mouth, on his chin. With a simpering smile, he looked up at his goddess.

"Well?" Asked Lauren with mock-impatience. "I'm waiting."

This is so wrong...

Only the day before, Lauren had been his enemy. With her dark hair, pornstar breasts, cruel red lips and china-white skin, Craig had found her both attractive and utterly repugnant. After all, the bitch was always trying to upstage him, trying to fight her way to the top, where *he* belonged.

Now, though, he had only one thought in his silly, bimbo mind.

To obey Lauren and serve her for the rest of his slutty life.

“I *love* our new arrangement, mistress,” he heard himself whisper in his soft and girly voice. It was like he had no control over the words.

“I love following your orders,” Craig confessed, powerless to stop his body from telling the awful, sissy truth. “I love dressing as you command me, I love licking your clit. And most of all...”

He hesitated.

“I *love* being your slutty little nurse.”

A slow smile crept over Lauren’s beautiful face. She looked down on her pathetic new employee with a distant cruelty that terrified Craig’s male mind, but made his female body shiver with delight.

His female body...

Less than an hour ago, he’d been Craig Johnson. An alpha male surgeon with big muscles, a square jaw, a big dick and bigger ambitions.

Now, on the other hand...

“Good.” His mistress’s dark eyes flashed with amused power. “Because I don’t *ever* intend to turn you back, understand? From now on, you will be silly bimbo nurse Kirsty until the day you die. You’ll work for me, relaxing patients with those big titties of yours. You’ll dress in that sissy nurse outfit every day like the whore you are. And finally...”

Lauren’s voice dropped to a silky whisper.

“You’ll lick my cunt and thank me for it. Got that, *nurse*?”

“Yes, doctor,” Craig whispered, miserably.

“Excellent. Now. Back to work.”

No sooner were the words out her lips than Craig’s female body took control again. With a pained whimper, he lowered his soft, round face into Lauren’s crotch, parted his plump lips, and buried his face deep in her marshy dampness.

Immediately, he felt his big new boobies swelling up with desire, their long nipples becoming hard and pointed. Felt a little bead of moisture drip from his tight little pussy into his lacy pink panties.

Felt the shameful thrill of being Lauren’s obedient sex slave nurse, who would never be able to say no to her again.

“That’s good...” Lauren was whispering. “Oh Christ, you’re so *good* at eating pussy, Kirsty.”

With a feeling of utter misery, Craig let out an obedient whimper. Then he started licking Lauren’s line for all he was worth, tonguing her hole.

He was Lauren's bitch nurse now, and there was nothing he could do about it.

Continue reading at [Amzzon.com](#)...

Like stories of gender-transformation revenge? You'll love this free extract from Lisa Change's naughty tale of a man turned into his own mistress...

Changed Into His Own Mistress

Alex smiled.

"Well, shall we get started?"

Then her brow furrowed in concentration and suddenly Sam felt a shiver pass through his body. He looked down at himself in horror, still half-thinking this *had* to be a joke, and screamed.

His body was *changing*. Ripples were moving around under the skin, shifting, twisting. As Sam watched his clothes trembled and shredded away into nothing, leaving him naked before his wife's powerful gaze. He looked up at Alex in fright.

"Oh, Sam," Alex smiled. "You're in for one *hell* of a ride."

No sooner were the words out her mouth than Sam realized he was shrinking. Where his 6ft5 frame used to tower near the ceiling of the room, now he was barely able to see himself in the wall-mounted mirror. He looked helplessly down at the floor as it rushed up to meet him and let out a strangled groan.

His feet were no longer *his*. Where he'd once had big feet dusted with dark hairs, he now had a pair of dainty little things too small for his body. Red spots appeared in the middle of each toenail and bloomed outwards, turning his nails a deep painted crimson.

But Sam didn't have time to watch his feet for long. The moment he noticed his toenails change color a ripple passed up his legs, distorting them. *Stretching* them. With a feeling like someone was *pulling* on his torso, Sam's strong legs became long, slender and smooth. The excess muscle dribbled up his legs, settled round his hips and suddenly Sam had a curvy hourglass figure. He squeaked in horror.

"Alex!" He shouted. "Make it stop!"

"Make it stop, husband?" Alex asked sweetly. "Give me *one good reason* why."

Before Sam could answer the ripple shot across his waist, dragging fat away from his sides. A feeling of intense pressure built up and his ass leapt up and filled out, becoming pert and smooth. Sam span round and looked at it, aghast at the way it pointed up into the sky.

Aghast at how *sexy* it looked.

There was no time to think about it though. The changes were coming faster and faster.

Sam felt his face squash and shift like a giant was molding it with his fingers. His masculine jawline vanished into softness. His beard *sucked* up into his face with a *schloomp!* noise, leaving smooth skin. His eyes became wide and doe-like, his lips puffed up and became red and pouty, and long dark eyelashes jumped out and fluttered in the edges of his vision.

"Alex!" He tried to scream again, but his Adam's apple rolled back into his throat, choking him. He coughed and swallowed and it vanished down inside his soft new body.

There was a feeling like an electric current was passing through his scalp, then waves and waves of blond hair were falling past Sam's eyes, momentarily blinding him. He angrily reached up to swish his bangs back and saw his hands were now tiny, dainty things with long, elegant fingers and delicate little wrists.

A grinding sensation tore through Sam as his shoulders pulled closer, losing their masculine broadness, and his hips pushed outwards, becoming curved and womanly. His spine gave a loud *click* then twisted, thrusting his chest forward and his ass out and Sam was suddenly the proud owner of a sexy, supermodel figure.

With pleading eyes, he turned to his wife.

"Please..." he whispered.

Alex folded her arms.

"Not a chance," she said firmly.

There was a stinging pain in Sam's chest. His nipples were jutting out away from his body, the skin swelling underneath them like bee stings. He gave a cry and tried to push them back in, but it was too late.

With a sound like a balloon being inflated, Sam's pecs swelled up and burst outward, growing into plump, ripe breasts. They grew and grew and kept on growing until they filled his hands, and still they wouldn't stop. He tried to push them in, to make them *stop*, but they grew until they hung from his frame like two ripe melons, their weight making his back hurt.

"*Perfect*," he heard Alex purr. "They've got to be Double-H at *least*."

But Sam barely had time to think about it. The moment his breasts had finished growing, he felt a ripple pass through his cock. He gave a strangled cry and reached down to try and hold his manhood in place, as if the action alone could overcome Alex's magic powers.

It was no good. The second his dainty new fingers closed round his penis it shriveled away to nothing. The last piece of skin disappeared inside him, taking his balls with it. Then there was a terrible ripping sound and the skin over his crotch split into two plump pussy lips either side of a tight, moist hole.

Finally, it was over. Sam's body gave one last, tremendous jiggle that caused his brand new boobs to wobble up and down and then the magic stopped.

Wordlessly, Sam looked down at his new body, then up at the smirking face of his naked wife, still lounging on the bed.

"What the *fuck* did you do?" He squeaked, then closed his mouth in horror.

His old, powerful male voice had vanished, replaced by one soft and high-pitched and trashy. Suddenly, the way he pronounced words grated on his ears.

That wasn't even the worst part. The worst part was that it sounded maddeningly familiar.

On the bed, Alex eyed him up and down, a smile on her face.

"Oh *husband*," she giggled, "you're looking so much better now. I can see why you spent so

much time here with her.”

“What do you mean?” Sam demanded, his mind racing.

Where the hell do I know that voice from? He wondered, furiously.

Alex raised an eyebrow.

“I would’ve thought it was obvious. I didn’t turn you into a cockroach, although heaven knows you deserved it.”

Her smile widened.

“I turned you into something even *filthier*. I turned you into the most disgusting thing I’ve ever set eyes on.”

Sam wasn’t listening. With tentative movements, he turned towards the mirror hanging on the wall, already knowing what he would see. Already knowing what horror awaited him.

On the other side of the glass, a young blond girl turned to look back at him. She had a pneumatic chest, long slender legs, a cute baby face and red blowjob lips. But that wasn’t what made Sam scream and keep screaming as his wife laughed at him.

He screamed because Alex hadn’t just turned him into a girl. She hadn’t just turned him into a *random* bimbo.

She’d turned him into Trisha.

He was his own mistress.

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Turned Into Her Sexy Asian Secretary

This is wrong...

Jake delicately reached down and pulled his lacy panties up over his smooth new legs. Behind him, he could feel Frank's eyes crawling over his shapely ass, admiring his new body.

This is so wrong.

A drop of cum still lingered on his plump new lips. Without thinking, Jake licked it up and swallowed, trying to ignore the musty taste.

It burned in his throat. Burned with the fire of his terrible humiliation.

"God, you're good at sucking dick." Frank's low voice vibrated in Jake's body, making his pussy tremble with desire. "That's the best blowjob I ever had."

The words made Jake flinch.

It was impossible. The idea that he, Jake Stone, would get down on his knees and put a man's dick in his mouth.

Worse than that. That he would suck on his cock and swallow his cum. And worst of all, that he would *enjoy* it.

But he couldn't help himself. He'd loved sucking Frank's big, black dick. Every second of it.

Hannah's wish had seen to that.

Behind him he heard the sofa creak, then suddenly Frank's strong arms wrapped around Jake's skinny new frame. Two big black hands reached up and massaged his chest, squeezing his pert boobies. Jake instantly felt his nipples go as hard as bullets.

"You're such a perfect little secretary," Frank growled in his ear. Jake felt his heart flutter.

"I bet you'd do anything for your boss, wouldn't you? *Anything* at all."

Shamefully, Jake nodded his pretty little head. It was no use, he could no longer lie.

Jake the brilliant, ambitious and very *male* advertising executive was gone. In his place was this trembling young girl with firm boobies and blowjob lips and a perfect little ass.

Where he'd once had ambition – ambition to beat Hannah and rise to the top – he now only had a desire to serve her every whim.

Gently, Frank turned Jake's new body around. Jake looked up at the tall, strong black man towering over him with shy eyes.

"So here's the deal." Frank's dark eyes twinkled with amusement. "You can tell your boss we've got a deal... on *one* condition."

Jake looked at him suspiciously.

“What condition?” He finally asked. His new voice still sounded so *strange* to his ears. So soft, so feminine... and so *foreign*.

Hannah’s wish hadn’t *just* turned him into a girl, after all.

“That you come round my hotel tonight.” Frank held up a key, a powerful grin on his handsome face. “I’m in town for two more days and I’m gonna be *bored*.”

“Besides,” his eyes drifted down to Jake’s tits. “I’ve always wanted to fuck an Asian girl.”

A hot wave of shame washed over Jake. He felt his face flush red. But he couldn’t help himself. He nodded.

“Yes, sir.” He whispered, “I’ll be there.”

“Good.” Frank reached out and gave his nipple one last tweak. It sent sparks of desire rushing out to every corner of Jake’s new body. Without realizing it he moaned softly.

“Make sure you dress slutty.”

Then Frank was gone, leaving Jake alone in the reception room with the taste of cum in his mouth and a feeling of hot embarrassment.

Only that morning, he’d been a big, strong man. A big, strong *white* man in charge of a whole department.

Now he was trapped as Hannah’s sexy Asian secretary, compelled to obey her every command. To do *anything* to help her seal a deal, even if it involved letting strong men abuse his delicate new body.

But that wasn’t even the worst part.

The worst part was that he *deserved* it.

Continue reading at [Amazon.com](https://www.amazon.com)...

Also by Lisa Change

He Became His Wife's French Maid

Johnny is a typical alpha male who cheats on his wife Annabel and leaves her to do all the housework. Then one day Annabel finally snaps. Armed with a magic pendant that grants three wishes, she turns Johnny into her beautiful, busty French maid!

Now *he's* the one having to scrub the floors, make dinner, and speak only when spoken to. Even worse, his wife has forced him to dress in a gorgeous, frilly little maid's uniform.

But Annabel has big plans for her new maid. Plans that involve forcing Johnny to use his nubile new body to service other men... and love every minute of it.

Buy now at [Amazon.com](https://www.amazon.com).

Changed! From Sexist to Sex Object

Macho Sam is a pro-rape speaker who hates women. But a chance encounter with a feminist witch turns his life upside down. She uses her magic to turn Sam into the thing he hates the most... a gorgeous, sex-mad woman!

Stuck as beautiful dumb blond Samantha, Sam will have to continue his sexist rallies to make ends' meet. Only the woman he's now encouraging angry young men to abuse is himself... and those men can't wait to get their hands on his nubile new body!

Lisa Change's darkly erotic gender-swap revenge fantasy features a transformation scene so detailed, you'll feel like it's happening to YOU. Join Sam on his journey from sexist alpha male to his own worst nightmare: a beautiful horny blond desperate to suck on anything a strong man gives her.

Buy now at [Amazon.com](https://www.amazon.com).

Turned Into His Sister's Pussy

18 year-old Sam has always been a bit of a pussy. But when his sister Jackie catches him spying on her and her sexy best-friend Gina, she decides to turn him into one... for real!

Trapped as his sister's pussy, Sam's about to learn a kinky lesson he'll never forget. Dripping wet and constantly horny, he'll experience what it's like to be penetrated by a dildo, tongued by his sister's lover, and even to have another man's finger inside him. Will Sam be able to escape Jackie's cruel curse and get revenge on her? Or will he find life as his sister's tender pussy too pleasurable to resist?

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About the Author

Lisa Change specializes in stories of gender transformation. Her favorite books feature strong men losing their masculinity and becoming weak and submissive women. Among other kinky interests, she's obsessed by forced male pregnancy, feminization, gender swap servitude, men turned into maids, sexual orientation reversal, bimbofication and magical age regression.

If you've ever wondered what it would be like to feel your masculinity slipping away as you slowly transform into a beautiful, obedient woman, these books are for you...

To see hot new releases and keep up to date with news follow Lisa at her [Amazon page](#).

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