



**SHE TURNED HIM INTO A CHEERLEADER**

[gender transformation revenge]

**LISA CHANGE**



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“Can anyone tell me what the capital of South Sudan is?”

Bruce’s eyes slid around the sea of bored faces, before coming to rest on a familiar pair of blue eyes. A smile creased his middle aged face.

“How about you, Hailey?”

At the back of the class Hailey let out an exaggerated sigh.

“No fair, sir,” she pouted, one finger twining through her long blonde hair “you’re *always* picking on me.”

Inside, Bruce allowed himself a small smile. It was true, he always *was* picking on Hailey. Every time she was in his classroom, he found an excuse to cast his eyes over at her soft, angel-like face. To take in her curved figure, her long legs. Her heavy breasts.

*Little whore*, he always thought as he called on her to answer, *I bet you’d give anything for a big fat dick, wouldn’t you?*

Outwardly, he remained professional.

“Maybe if you spent less time talking to Tracey and Anna,” he said patronizingly, “I wouldn’t have to treat you like a child.”

He gave a measured pause, making sure the whole class was listening.

“You might be able to flutter your eyelashes and make the captain of the football team do your bidding, but in here you’re no different from anyone else.”

A couple of students tittered nervously. At the back Hailey glared at him. Beside her, her dark-haired friend Anna and their half-Asian bestie Tracey glowered.

At just 18 years old, they were the hottest girls in the school, and they knew it. Bruce could tell they were used to getting their own way, so he always took a little bit of care to rile them up a bit in his class.

Besides, with their big tits, tight asses and perfect bodies, the three little cheerleaders were hot as fuck when they were pissed.

*Dumb bitches*, Bruce thought to himself happily, *what I wouldn’t give for a chance to bend them over and spank some sense into them.*

At 44, Bruce could barely remember the last time he’d slept with a girl as hot as these three.

His wife Jo had been a stunner when they first got together, but they’d had an *awful* divorce five years ago, and she was looking pretty ropey by the end anyway. Since then, it had just been a succession of one-night stands with tired looking women he picked up in bars far outside of town.

At least, in real life it had been.

“Come on, it’s an easy question,” he cajoled. “Surely a girl as... *bright* as you would know the answer, Hailey?”

With the air of a long-suffering teenage martyr, Hailey bent toward her notebook, eyes scanning for a clue. Her white top was low-cut, and the action gave Bruce a fantastic view of her boobs.

*This*. He thought, aware of a stirring in his pants, *this is what I need. Some of that sweet cheerleader ass.*

In his real life he might have been a failure with women, but his fantasy life was *very*

different.

Every night when he got home from work, all he had to do was close his eyes, and there she'd be. Hailey, dressed in her tight cheerleader's outfit, begging to be his slave. Hailey, on all fours, *pleading* with him to shove his cock in her pretty mouth..

Hailey, moaning like the slut she was as Bruce fucked her tight little ass.

"Sir?"

Bruce blinked, suddenly aware he'd zoned out. The whole class was looking at him as he stared openly at the cheerleader's ripe young tits. Hailey herself was looking up at him with a disgusted expression. Either side of her, Anna and Tracey sneered at him, like the pathetic, horny man he was.

"Sir?" One of the kids repeated. Bruce reluctantly tore his eyes away from Hailey's breasts.

"Juba," he said loudly, turning back to the board. "The capital of South Sudan is *Juba*."

*Christ*, his palms were sweaty, *that was close. I need to stop doing that.*

"Hailey," he kept his back to her, unwilling to look into the eyes of the girl he'd just been caught perverting on, "I want you, Tracey and Anna to stay behind after class."

"But we'll miss cheerleader practice!"

There was a storm of angry muttering behind him. Bruce distinctly heard Tracey complaining about how *unfair* he was.

*Fuck it*, he angrily wrote up the word 'Juba' on the board, *if those bitches want to humiliate me in front of my students, they'd better expect me to humiliate them right back!*

It was only four hours later, his delicate new body squashed into a slutty cheerleader's outfit as he was forced to perform before a group of sneering girls, that Bruce realized he'd had no idea what humiliation *really* was.

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By the end of that lunchtime, Bruce was in a foul mood.

His talk with Hailey, Anna and Tracey had gone worse than expected. He'd been hoping the three hot cheerleaders would try to argue with him so he could bask in their impotent anger, secretly watching as their breasts heaved up and down in anger.

Instead, those bitches had stonewalled him, not saying a word as he chewed them out. By the time they had left for cheerleading practice, he'd been left feeling less like a man in control, and more like a loser who couldn't even best three bimbos.

He was still turning it over in his mind when he had bumped into Coach Markus, a furious look on his face.

"We've got *two days* left to practice!" He'd practically yelled at Bruce, his handsome features contorted with anger. "I can't have you keeping my boys' cheerleaders behind on some dumb bullshit about geography!"

Coach Markus was a young, strong, athletic black guy who had joined only that year. Barely twenty nine, he was already a success in the high school athletics world. Bruce hated him, not least because he wished *he* could look so big and manly. Whenever the coach passed a group of senior girls, they'd all giggle.

"The principal has my back on this," Bruce said, trying to make his voice sound icy.

Coach Markus rolled his eyes.

"He'd have your back if you weren't keeping them back for fucking *bullshit* reasons," he spat. "Next time you wanna fuck up our joint training sessions, make sure it's for a *better*

reason than you being caught staring at some poor girl's titties!"

As a result, Bruce was now in an utterly shitty mood.

*Goddamn bitches*, he thought as he stalked the corridors, glaring at the teenagers passing him, *all of them. There's not a girl in this goddamn school who isn't an evil witch at heart.*

He was still fuming when he passed the girls' locker rooms, and a thought suddenly struck him.

Hailey and her bitch friends were still out there on the football fields, working up a sweat in their slutty little outfits. Practice wouldn't be over for another half hour.

If he wanted to slip in and do something to... *humiliate* them, there was no way they would know.

Bruce hesitated. There were no cameras in the girls' locker rooms, but there was one watching the entrance here. If someone saw him go in...

But why would they? So long as he didn't do anything *too* obvious, no-one would ever need to check the tape.

With a feeling of abandonment, he opened the door and slipped inside.

The locker room was dark, still dense with the smell of female sweat. Bruce tiptoed inside, trying not to notice his heart jackhammering in his chest.

What could he do? Perhaps he could go through those bitches bags, leave them a note? No, that was too infantile. Maybe he could do something a little *scarier*, like steal their panties. Hey, if they carried condoms around for their slutty behavior, maybe he could poke holes in the rubber?

*Click.* The door opened. *Shit!* Bruce caught a snatch of Hailey's voice...

"...believe we fucked that jump up."

-then he was leaping into a locker and closing the door before his brain had time to register what he was doing.

From inside his dark coffin, Bruce peered out the slats as the three girls walked in, their pert bodies clad in skimpy cheerleader outfits, pompoms dangling from their hands. Tracey, he noticed, had a nasty graze on her knee. They looked tired and fed up.

"It's not *my* fault," Anna was saying. "Tracey screwed up her timing!"

"Hey!" Tracey snapped, sitting down "I paid for it, didn't I? This stings like *fuck!*"

"Chill, girl!" Hailey said. "You're gonna be good in like five seconds."

Then she went over to her friend and pulled her tiny skirt right up. In the locker, Bruce struggled not to let out a gasp. His dick twitched in his pants. It was just like one of his dirty late night fantasies.

Hailey bent over Tracey's wounded knee, casually brushing a lock of blonde hair behind her ear. Her skirt clung to her perfect ass, riding up so Bruce could *almost* see her panties.

"Here." Hailey muttered something under breath and then it *happened*.

A strange light glowed over Tracey's knee, throwing strange shadows on the walls. It faded, and then her knee was good as new again.

"Thanks, Hay," Tracey sighed. "Always good to know a witch. I might hit the showers..."

She started to pull her top off, revealing her flat stomach, when suddenly the slits in Bruce's locker went dark.

*What the-?* He thought wildly. Then he saw the brown eyes, glaring in at him, heard the creak of the locker door being wrenched open and next thing he knew Anna was towering over

him, a cruel sneer on her beautiful face.

“Well,” she exclaimed, “look what we got here!”

Bruce tried to scramble out the locker, but Anna placed both hands on his chest and *shoved* him back inside.

“You’re not going *anywhere*, creep!”

“Holy *fuck!*” Bruce heard Tracey yell. He glanced over to see her frantically pulling her top back down.

“It’s Mr. Richardson!”

*I’ve gotta get outta here!* Bruce’s mind was a whirl of panic, *I’ll lose my job!*

But he couldn’t move properly in this goddamn locker, and Anna was blocking his way with a demonic smile.

“I *knew* it!” Hailey stepped up next to her hot friend, her blue eyes flashing with anger.

“You fucking perv, you came down here to spy on us, huh?”

“No! I was...” Bruce didn’t know *what* he’d been doing.

“Let me out!” He snapped, trying to get some authority into his voice. “If you girls don’t let me out, *this instant*, I’ll call your parents!”

“And tell them all about how you were jerking off over us in secret?” Hailey asked, eyeing Bruce’s visible erection. “No chance, we’re not letting *you* go anywhere.”

“Whaddya want to do with him, Hay?” Asked Anna, arms folded across her magnificent breasts.

“Teacher likes to spy on cheerleaders, does he?” smiled Hailey. “I’ve got *just* the punishment. Bring him out here.”

Two hands grabbed Bruce’s shirt, and *pulled* him out the locker. As a big, strong man he normally would have been able to overpower Anna, but the tight space of the locker and his surprise caught him off balance and he went crashing to the tiled floor.

Bruce frantically pulled himself to his feet, *glaring* at Hailey.

“Punishment?” He snarled, straightening his tie, “who the *fuck* do you think you are? It’ll be your word against mine, who d’you think the board will believe? Me, or a bunch of stupid bitches like you?”

“We’re not going to the school,” Hailey smiled, an evil look on her youthful face. “I’ve decided to punish you *myself*. I guess you saw my trick with Tracey just now, huh?”

Bruce waved his hand irritably. Inside, his mind was reeling.

He *had* to get away. If he could just get to the principal *first*, maybe he could convince him this was all the fault of these dumb bimbos...

“In that case, you know I’m a witch.” Hailey’s eyes narrowed. “And I’ve got a spell for *you*. You like to spy on cheerleaders? Then you can try *being* one.”

And then she was muttering something under her breath and pointing at him. For a split second, a strange light glowed around Bruce. He let out an involuntary gasp, and then it faded.

For a long moment, nothing happened. The three girls simply watched their teacher, Tracey with a look of fear, Hailey and Anna with vicious smiles.

Bruce gave himself a shake, pointing a finger at Hailey.

“If *you* think you can intimidate me-!” He began. And then he saw it.

His finger was *changing*. Gone was his thick, stubby, male finger with its close-cropped nails. In its place was one that was slender, delicate and ended in a long, pink nail.

Bruce gaped wordlessly at the girls before him.

“What did you *do* to me?!” He whispered.

Hailey folded her arms with a smug look of triumph.

“Something that should’ve been done a long, long time ago,” she said. “I turned you into a *girl*.”

*That’s impossible!* Bruce wanted to scream, but already he could tell Hailey wasn’t lying. No sooner had the words left her mouth than his body started *shifting*.

His hips grew outwards, pushing away from his crotch, making room for his brand new birth canal. The fat dribbled away from his sides, rising up into his chest. It collected around his nipples, then suddenly expanded outwards, turning into a ripe pair of magnificent breasts.

Bruce tore open his shirt in panic and tried to squash them back inside, but they pushed back, filling his hands, their nipples growing long and pink and tender.

There was a grinding sensation that tore through his body. Bruce’s shoulders were tugging back in towards his neckline, losing their masculine broadness and becoming narrow and slender. At the same time, his legs were growing longer, telescoping upwards and shedding muscle. There was a tickling feeling, then all the hairs detached themselves from his legs and fluttered out the bottom of his pants, collecting in a little pile on the floor.

The blue light was glowing again. Bruce tried to shift his body away, but it seemed to emanate from his very skin. It flashed bright, and when it cleared Bruce was completely naked, staring at his flesh as it warped and twisted.

“God, what a pathetic little cock you’ve got,” Hailey sneered. Bruce looked up in alarm and saw with a jolt that she was now a good two inches taller than him.

“Men with tiny dicks like that don’t *deserve* to be male. So you know what?” She clapped her hands. “Let’s get rid of it!”

No sooner were the words out her mouth than Bruce’s penis twitched then *shot* back up into his body, taking his balls with it. He let out a girly shriek and frantically clawed at the new space between his legs, trying to ignore the way his large breasts dangled.

For a second he could feel nothing but smooth skin, then there was a sound like a zipper being opened, and Bruce was suddenly the horrified owner of a plump and tender pussy. He gently prodded the lips with one trembling finger; they were warm and wet and puffy.

The changes were coming faster now. An itching sensation crawled across Bruce’s scalp. Seconds later long, blonde hair was falling past his eyes, dangling in cute little ringlets above his big new boobies. His arms and biceps narrowed, becoming slender and dainty, the dark hair on his forearms replaced by invisible downy hairs.

“He’s looking hotter already,” he dimly heard Anna laugh. “Butt needs work, though!”

“You’re right,” said Hailey. “No man’s gonna want to fuck *that* skinny thing. Time you got some booty, girl!”

She clicked her fingers and Bruce’s ass immediately jumped up and filled out, becoming pert and smooth. He span round and *gaped* at it. It was the sort of ass you only ever saw in music videos!

Thinking he had to be dreaming, he reached out and gave it a pinch and was surprised at how *good* it felt.

*Oh God, I wish I had a big strong man to play with that ass,* he thought, unaware the spell was already affecting his mind, too.

Finally, Bruce felt his face begin to shift. He threw up his hands with a squeal, but was powerless to the changes from happening.

In quick succession, his lips plumped up, becoming pouty and decorated in pink lipstick. His eyes widened, becoming round and doe-like, long eyelashes fluttering in the corner of his vision. His masculine jaw lost its edge, became soft and round.

Then it was over. Bruce's flesh gave one last shudder, making his brand new boobies bounce around, and then nothing.

"Well," asked Hailey sweetly, "how d'you feel, *Miss?*"

*Miss?!* Bruce gaped wordlessly down at his curvy new body. At his firm, ripe breasts. His slender legs, his tight little pussy. He looked wordlessly at the way his long, blonde hair fell across his vision. On the floor, his tiny new feet sparkled. Someone had painted their nails with glittery pink varnish.

"Come on, *bitch*. We're waiting."

Slowly, Bruce looked up at his tormentors. At the three hot cheerleaders watching him with shark-like grins. With a start he realized they now towered over him.

Not only was he now a girl, he was a small and helpless one.

"What the *fuck-?*" He whispered, then stopped in fright. He raised one dainty hand to his long, swan-like neck in horror.

*What's happened to my voice?!* He sobbed inside himself.

Gone was his deep male voice, the one he used to scold naughty schoolgirls like Hailey. In its place was something soft and high-pitched and *girly*.

*Oh my God, I sound like a teenage girl!*

Outwardly, Bruce tried not let his fear show.

"What the *fuck* did you do to me?" He demanded, ignoring the strange way his voice vibrated in his throat, the awful, musical ring it had in his ears.

Instead of answering, Hailey turned to her friends.

"Either of you hoes got a mirror?" She asked.

"Here." She took the pink compact mirror Tracey fished out her bag and placed it in Bruce's tiny, trembling hand with a smirk. "See for yourself."

*I don't want to...* Bruce whimpered inside himself. But he knew he had no choice. Stealing himself, he took a deep breath.

And looked.

The first thing he noticed was how *big* the mirror was in his tiny girl hands. Where it would've sat easily in his palm as a man, as a girl he was forced to curl his fingers to stop it falling off.

The thought was gone almost as soon as it had arrived, obliterated by a much bigger one.

He was no longer himself anymore. In fact, he wasn't even a *he*.

From the palm of his hands, a beautiful girl stared back, her adorable blue eyes wide with shock. She had plump pink lips, a soft, innocent face, and long, blonde hair that cascaded over her bare shoulders. At the sight of her, Bruce moaned out loud.

*That can't be me!* He thought, desperately. The girl was *ridiculous!* A beautiful bimbo with perfect cheekbones and a ditzy smile, the sort of girl 21-year old frat boys picked up and got drunken blowjobs off. She had big boobs, slender legs, flawless skin and a perfect ass, the sort of combination that exists only in pornos. But there was something else, too. Something even

worse...

"You always thought you were cleverer than us teenagers," Hailey sneered. "So I decided to let you find out what it was like to *be* us."

Bruce nodded mutely. In the mirror, the beautiful girl nodded with him, her bottom lip trembling. There was no doubt about it, the girl was young.

Not just young. *Young*. No more than a day over 18. Young enough to be Bruce's daughter, if any daughter of Bruce's could've ever *hoped* to look so utterly... hot.

"She looks like," Bruce swallowed. That new voice would take some getting used to.

"She looks like a *cheerleader*," he finished, miserably.

Hailey giggled. She shot glances at the other two girls, who were staring at Bruce in fascination.

"Funny you should mention that," she said. "I almost forgot, the spell's not done yet."

"What do you *mean*, not done yet?!" Bruce howled. Inside, his mind was whirling.

*What else could she possibly do to me?*

Hailey shrugged.

"I turned you into a cheerleader, remember? So," She smiled, evilly, "let's get that outfit on!"

Then she clicked her fingers and the blue light sparked again. Bruce threw up his arms.

"Wait!" He shrieked in his high-pitched, girly voice, "please, stop!"

But it was no use. No sooner had Hailey restarted the spell than a tremendous itching had sprung up in Bruce's crotch. Looking down, he was startled to see a thin pink lace darting back and forth across his brand new pussy, weaving itself into a dainty pair of see-through panties.

As he was watching the thread in fascination, there was a *bump* and suddenly Bruce shot up half an inch. A pair of white sneakers had attached themselves to his feet, their laces done up in dainty bows. He tried to kick them off and was amazed to see drops of white leap off them and attach to his ankles, solidifying into cute little ankle socks.

A cold feeling passed across Bruce's waist, making him shiver. A yellow band of liquid had unfurled itself across his toned new belly. It dripped down his thighs, over his butt, then suddenly became a solid piece of fabric. The edges crinkled and next thing Bruce knew he was wearing a tiny little miniskirt.

There was a sensation like someone was gently squeezing his brand new breasts. His big boobies leapt up and squashed together under his chin, nearly hitting him in the face. For a split second, Bruce wondered what the *fuck* was going on, then a bright pink sportsbra formed across his chest, accentuating his breast size.

Bruce gaped at the ridiculous new boobs dangling from his chest.

*How the hell will I be able to do any sport with these damn things?* He wondered, wildly.

But then he had no more time to think. In a flash, a strapless top in the school covers unrolled over his torso, clinging to his curves. An invisible hand grabbed his hair and *yanked* it back into a ponytail with enough force to make him squeal.

Finally, there was a weight on his dainty new hands. Bruce stared at them in disbelief. He was now carrying two enormous pink pompoms. He desperately tried to unclench his fingers and let the stupid things fall to the floor, but his body refused to let go.

It was like his dumb cheerleader gear was as much a part of him as his skin was.

Then the spell was over. The light faded. From inside his sexy little new cheerleader body,

Bruce looked up in fright at the girls who had just changed his life forever.

“Not bad!” Sat on the bench, Tracey nodded appreciatively. “If I was gay, I’d *totally* fuck her!”

“Don’t worry, I’m sure some big jock will be more than happy to take this little bitch’s virginity.” Hailey turned a smile on Bruce that made his blood run cold.

“How about it, bitch?” She whispered. “Fancy a great big cock in your nice, new pussy?”

Bruce shook his head, desperately trying to ignore the way his new ponytail flicked back and forth behind him.

“No way! That’s *gross*. I don’t like...”

*Men*, is what he’d meant to say. But it never came out. It was like the magic switched the word inside his mouth.

“-*women*. I’m not gay, OK? I *love* dick!”

Before him, Anna giggled.

“What’s that, big tits?”

Bruce held a hand up to his pretty, painted mouth in fright.

*I didn’t mean to say that...*

He tried again.

“Stop fucking around with my voice! I’m a *man*. I like *girls*. I *don’t* want to be fucked by some big, dumb jock!”

That was what he meant to say. Again, something different came out: “Stop fucking around!” Is what he *really* said. “I’m a *girl*. I like *men*. I *can’t* wait to be fucked by some big, hunky jock!”

All three of the girls were laughing now, laughing away at poor, pretty little Bruce. He jammed one pompom over his mouth to stop himself talking.

*It’s not true!* He whimpered. *Oh God, please don’t let it be true!*

Already, he knew that was only wishful thinking. No sooner were the words out his mouth than his new female brain was conjuring images of strong, black men slapping his ass and squeezing his tits. Of hunky jocks, holding him down and *tearing* his cheerleader’s outfit off his tiny body while he struggled.

Of Coach Markus, forcing his smooth legs apart and fucking his tight little pussy till he screamed.

“What have you *cunts* done to me?!” He wailed.

He didn’t even see the blow coming. Hailey stepped up to him and gave him a ringing slap across his soft, girly face. The blow sent bolts of white lancing through Bruce’s vision. He gaped up helplessly at the tall, strong girl towering over him.

“Cool it, *bitch!*” Snapped Hailey. “If you want me to turn you back one day, you better be on your *best* behavior. And that means treating me with *respect*. Got that, whore?”

Meekly, Bruce nodded his pretty little head. His new body was scared of Hailey, he realized. Scared of her height, of her deadly confidence.

*She could probably kick my ass*, he thought, unhappily.

“Good. Now, first things first. We need a name for you. There’s no *way* I’m gonna keep calling you Mr. Richardson.”

“Any ideas?” She asked, turning to her friends. Tracey shrugged. Anna sneered at Bruce.

“What’s your first name, bitch?”

*Stop calling me that!* Bruce wanted to scream. Instead, he humbly whispered: “Bruce.”  
“Bruce?” Hailey smiled at a thought. “Not anymore. From now on, your name is...”  
Her blue eyes twinkled.

“Barbie.”

*Barbie?!* Bruce’s mouth fell open in shock. *No way! Not in a million years!*

The other girls were smiling now. Anna giggled. Tracey rolled the name round on her tongue.

“Barbie... it’s perfect, isn’t it? She even *sounds* like a cockhungry slut.”

“I am *not* a cockhungry slut!” Bruce yelled, struggling to keep his newly female body from crying.

Once again, the magic altered his words: “I *am* a cockhungry slut!” Bruce clamped his hands over his mouth in misery. He looked at the three hot girls before him with tears in his eyes.

Hailey raised a perfectly-sculpted eyebrow.

“We know you are, Barbie. Now come on, girls,” she suddenly said, clapping her hands. “We can’t stand round here all day gossiping. Barbie’s got a *lot* of work to do today!”

“Work?” Squeaked Bruce, already terrified the magic would make him say something incriminating. “What do you mean?”

“Damn, Barbie, you’re dumb!” Hailey laughed. “I didn’t *just* make you into a random cheerleader, y’know? I turned you into a cheerleader for *our* school.”

Her smile widened.

“You’re on our team,” she said, sweetly, “and we’ve got practice. You’re gonna have to be a *real* cheerleader today, girl, or I’ll *never* turn you back.”

Bruce looked in horror from Hailey’s sneer, to Anna’s smile and Tracey’s predatory grin. He swallowed.

“OK,” he whispered, hardly able to believe what he was saying, “what do I have to do?”

\*

*This can’t be happening.*

The thought rattled round Bruce’s brain as he walked out onto the football pitch, his hips automatically curving and making his cute little ass wiggle.

*There’s no way this is happening.*

Further up the pitch, a couple of the star quarterbacks were practicing throwing. A handful of hunky guys with broad shoulders and big muscles stood nearby, watching. A separate group lounged on the bleachers, their strong legs spread wide apart, eyeing the four sexy cheerleaders strutting out onto the pitch.

*Please don’t let this be happening.*

The last few minutes had been the *weirdest* of Bruce’s life. As he’d left the girls’ locker room with Hailey and her friends, he’d realized all the guys in the school were looking at them.

Not just looking. *Staring*. Walking down the corridor, he’d noticed clusters of geeks stop talking out the corner of his eye and stare open-mouthed at his chest. Noticed jocks grin and whisper crude comments to one another, bumping fists as they eyed his perfect ass.

At one point he’d even caught a couple of male teachers looking at his 18-year old body with a smirk on their faces. Furious, he’d crossed his arms across his breasts, hiding his generous new cleavage from view.

*How fucking dare they?* He growled inside his mind, *they're old enough to be my dad!*

Then he'd had to give himself a mental shake. They weren't older than him at all. They were about his age, his *real* age.

It wasn't his fault he was stuck in the body of a teenage girl.

He'd also had to get used to the new way his body moved. Whereas walking as a man simply meant putting one foot in front of the other, as a sexy girl, his hips seemed to roll naturally, making his ass curve in a seductive way.

On top of that, there were his great big boobs to deal with. Even looking directly ahead, he could see them in the bottom of his vision, wobbling slightly with every step.

*Thank fuck I'm in a sports bra*, Bruce had thought. The idea of strutting around in this body while wearing a push-up or, even worse, *no bra* made him shudder.

A loud whistle cut through his reveries, bringing him crashing back to the pitch. Beside him, Hailey turned and shot him a dazzling smile.

"Now remember, Barbie," she said, mock-stern, "I want you on your *best* behavior. Annoy me just once and you'll stay in that body forever. Got that?"

"I got it," Bruce growled in his girly voice. Seeing Hailey's expression he hurriedly added: "Thanks, Hailey."

"No problem," the cheerleader dropped him a flirty wink. "Now let's see what that sexy little tusch of yours can do."

Before Bruce had a chance to reply, the girls around him fell silent. There was a pounding of feet on the turf, and Coach Markus was running over to them, a stern expression on his face. He was dressed only in a pair of running shorts and a tight white vest that showed off his muscles and made Bruce's female heart beat faster.

"I said five minutes! Where the *hell* have you girls been?" He came to a halt a few feet before them. Without realizing he was doing it, Bruce admiring took in the coach's broad shoulders.

*Now that's what a man should look like*, he thought appreciatively.

Fuck. He shook his pretty head, strands of blond hair flicking in the corners of his vision. He *had* to stop thinking like a girl!

"Sorry, coach," Tracey was pouting. "Barbie made us wait while she changed her panties. She said being near all these strong men was making her wet and sticky."

The other cheerleaders all giggled. Bruce shot Tracey a horrified look.

*Bitch!* He thought, angrily. But Hailey was watching him with a sly smile so he kept his mouth shut.

"Barbie...?" Coach Markus frowned, like he was struggling to place the name. Bruce's heart beat even faster. Maybe, just maybe, the coach would realize he wasn't meant to be here and send him away!

It only lasted a second. The magic kicked in and suddenly Coach Markus was nodding, looking Bruce's new body up and down with open disdain.

*God, the way men look at women is so fucking hot*, Bruce suddenly thought.

"Making us all wait, were you Barbie?" The Coach asked. "Perhaps you better be the first out there. You can lead this cheer!"

*What?!* But Bruce had no idea what he was supposed to do! Too late: Hailey's hands pressed against his back, and next thing he knew he was being *shoved* out onto the pitch.

He stumbled, tripped and fell against Coach Markus, who caught him in his strong, black arms.

“Steady there, Barbie!” He looked curiously down into Bruce’s face. With an unhappy jolt, Bruce realized he was now a good foot shorter than the handsome coach.

“You OK?” He asked.

Unconsciously hooking a strand of long blond hair behind his ear, Bruce nodded his pretty little head.

“Um, yeah.” He mumbled. “Totally. Just tripped.”

The rest of the girls giggled again, but Bruce barely heard them. Coach Markus was looking at him with those soft brown eyes of his, making his girl legs go all weak and watery. This close, he could smell the strong man’s sweat; a sweet aroma that should have disgusted him, but instead made his brand new pussy tingle.

*How did I never realize how attractive he was?*

At long last, Coach Markus nodded.

“OK then. Well. They’re all yours, Barbie.”

*Shit.* Bruce turned and looked at the line of beautiful girls facing him, waiting for his cue. Directly before him, Hailie gave him an evil smile, her blue eyes twinkling.

“Um, Miss Barbie?” Tracey stuck her hand in the air with a giggle. “The other way.”

*Fuck. Of course.* Blushing wildly, Bruce turned and faced the semi-empty bleachers. A few dozen yards away, the football players were propping themselves up on their elbows, keen to watch this hot new cheerleader in action.

The blood was rushing through Bruce’s ears, he could feel his pulse pounding in his head. What the fuck was he meant to do now? He couldn’t take lead in a cheerleading squad! He had no idea what to do!

Behind him, the girls were giggling again. Up on the bleachers, he saw one jock nudge his buddies and wink. A blush rose up Bruce’s soft teenage cheeks.

This was absurd! He wasn’t a *real* cheerleader, he was a middle-aged man trapped in a cute teenager’s body. He should just drop his pompoms and leave this ridiculous charade behind!

But he knew he couldn’t. The minute he stopped playing the part of Barbie, the bimbo cheerleader, Hailey would refuse to turn him back.

And he *desperately* wanted to be a man again.

“OK! On my whistle. Ready, girls? Barbie?”

Bruce gave a stiff nod to Coach Markus. He was going to fuck this up, he knew it! He was going to fuck this up and then Hailey wouldn’t ever break her spell!

*Calm down!* He snapped to himself. *Just try and remember the last performance you saw. You can do it, this new body is athletic enough!*

That was true. The one good thing about being Barbie was how *energetic* he suddenly felt. His old, male body would have needed a lie down after five minutes of exercise.

As dumb, sexy Barbie, he was willing to bet he could last the whole session.

“Alright. On three! One, two-!”

The shrill blast of a whistle cut through Bruce’s mind. He took a deep breath, raised his stupid pompoms, forced a smile onto his face...

...and then he was *moving*.

It was like an alien force was in control of his body. Without any input from his brain, his

arms swung the pompoms, his legs kicked out, and his lithe figure curved itself in perfect timing. Distantly, he heard his new voice shouting out the school chant, and realized to his surprise that he was leading the squad *perfectly*.

*The magic!* He thought, feeling his body move in amazement, *Hailey must've accidentally turned me into a cheerleading expert!*

As long as he didn't think too much about it, his new body performed *perfectly*. Bruce felt himself turn and thrust his arms forward, making his huge boobs wobble painfully in their bra. He felt himself kick one smooth leg up, briefly exposing his pink panties to the world.

At one point, the ground suddenly lurched above his head, and Bruce realized to his surprise that he'd just landed a backflip.

*God, I'm so fucking athletic in this body!* He marveled.

The boys on the bleachers were watching him with renewed interest now, a look of amazement on their handsome faces.

*They must think I'm so fucking hot,* Bruce thought happily as his body leapt up, waving its pompoms.

For once, he didn't care that the magic was making him think female thoughts. For the first time in his life, Bruce was discovering how great it was to be an object of male desire.

*This is incredible! I'll bet that bitch Hailey isn't getting anywhere near this much attention.* Bruce snuck a peak at Coach Markus, and saw him watching him with a strange look in his eyes.

*He so badly wants to fuck me,* the thought popped into Bruce's mind unbidden. The moment it formed, he knew it was true. *Oh God, that would be amazing...*

"Pyramid!"

Suddenly, Bruce was back in the main crowd, standing face-to-face with Hailey, waiting to catch another girl. He was going to be a support column for the pyramid and that suited him just fine.

"How you doing, cutie?" Hailey whispered to him, not a hair on her perfect head out of place after all that exercise.

"Great," Bruce responded, smiling up at his tormentor. "You really fucked up, giving me these cheerleader skills."

"I could take them away if I wanted." A lithe redhead – Ginny, Bruce thought her name was – leapt onto their hands. The two girls hauled her up, beaming, into the air.

"So what?" Bruce sneered in his soft, female voice, "I'll just look like a dork. No biggie."

"I suppose," Hailey sighed. "I guess I'll have to just turn you back into a man then, right now."

*What?!* Bruce looked at Hailey to see if she was joking. She wasn't. Her eyes were calm. Powerful.

Cruel.

"N-not here!" He stammered, shooting a helpless glance at Coach Markus, "Not in front of-!"

"No point in doing it in private, is there?" Hailey looked over at the boys on the bleachers. "I want everyone to see what a little sissy you really are. I might even leave your cheerleader outfit on when you become a man again."

Bruce's pretty face was grey. The happiness he'd just felt as an athletic girl had turned to

ash.

“Please...” he croaked.

“Oh for fucks’ sakes, shut *up*.” Hailey sighed. “How did that spell go again. Oh yes... *abracadabra!*”

Bruce recoiled in fright, letting out a girly shriek. He felt the cheerleader pyramid above him wobble, there were distant screams, then suddenly the whole thing came crashing down right on top of him!

Pain exploded through Bruce’s delicate female body. The world lurched like a drunk was piloting it. Next thing he knew, Bruce was lying on the floor, his skirt pulled up, displaying his pink panties to the guys on the bleachers. Ginny lay on top of him, groaning in pain, her pussy pressed right up against his face. Bruce nearly vomited in disgust.

*Ugh!* He thought, *not pussy! That’s gross!*

Somewhere a whistle sounded.

“Time, time!” Coach Markus’s voice cut through the fog of Bruce’s mind. “Barbie, what the *hell* just happened?!”

*Barbie?* Bruce thought, dazedly, *does that mean I’m still a...?*

Then Ginny’s weight lifted off him, a large black man’s hand clasped his small, girly one in its own and hauled him to his feet.

“You OK, Ginny?” Coach Markus was asking. The girl nodded, glaring daggers at Bruce. With an unpleasant start, he realized *all* the other girls were looking at him like they wanted to kill him.

Well, not quite. A few feet away, Hailey watched him with a cruel smile on her lips, her arms folded across her pert breasts.

*Gotcha!* Her expression seemed to say.

“Barbie, what the *hell* were you thinking?!” Coach Markus stepped right up to poor little Bruce, towering over his slender, girly frame. “You coulda *killed* somebody!”

“I-I’m sorry!” Bruce pleaded, hating the way his new body thrilled to see Coach Markus looking so angry and *powerful*, “it wasn’t my fault, coach! It was-!”

“*Don’t* try and pin this on someone else, little missy!” There was anger in the coach’s eyes, eclipsing the desire Bruce had sensed earlier. “That’s it, Barbie, I’ve had enough of your attitude. With me, *now!*”

Before Bruce could utter a word of protest, the strong black man *grabbed* his wrist and led him off through the crowd like a naughty little girl.

“Ow!” He protested, “ow! You’re hurting me!”

Secretly, though, he could feel his body coming alive at the coach’s masculine touch. At the way he took command of situations. Deep in his sports bra, Bruce felt his tender new nipples become as hard as bullets. A faint warmth began to throb in his crotch.

*Not now!* He groaned. *I can’t get turned on now!*

There was nothing he could do to stop it. As Coach Markus led him away across the field, dragging his silly, sexy cheerleader body by the hand, Bruce couldn’t help but hope the coach would tell him he’d been a *very* bad girl.

\*

“Right. Yes please. As soon as possible.”

Sat on the low chair before Coach Markus’s desk, Bruce watched the handsome stud talk

into the phone and tap away at his laptop with a sinking feeling. Whoever was on the other end of the line didn't sound pleased.

"OK. Perfect. Have a good day, y'hear?"

Coach Markus slammed down the phone and turned from his laptop to Bruce, his strong forearms folded across his broad chest.

"Little lady," he said, in a deep voice that set butterflies fluttering in Bruce's stomach, "you are in a *lot* of trouble."

"But I didn't *do* anything!" Bruce exclaimed, trying to ignore how high his voice got in moments of passion. "I'm not even supposed to be here! It was Hailey! She turned me into a-!"

"Not another word!" Under the handsome coach's stern gaze, Bruce reluctantly closed his pretty, painted mouth.

"Good. Now, you mother will be here soon..."

"My *what?!*" Yelped Bruce. For a second, he wondered if his mother really would turn up, driven out of her old folks' home by the magic of Hailey's spell.

"That's right." Coach Markus nodded, his strong body radiating authority. "Mrs. Jo Richardson. I called her just now."

He frowned at Bruce.

"You OK, Barbie?"

No. Bruce was *far* from OK. He wanted to scream, to run out onto the pitch and strangle Hailey to death with his girly new hands.

*How could she?* He thought, his face white. *How could she be such a bitch?*

But there was nothing he could do about it. Hailey's cruel spell hadn't just turned brainy, middle-aged Bruce into teenage bimbo Barbie.

It'd turned his ex-wife Jo into Barbie's *mom*.

"You look a little pale." Coach Markus sat down on the edge of his desk, looking at Bruce thoughtfully. He was so close, Bruce could've reached out and stroked his cock.

He shook the thought away.

"I-I'm *fine*," Bruce said in his teenage girl's voice, struggling to smile. "I-I'm just..."

He didn't want to see Jo. That was for certain. Under *no* circumstances did he want to re-live their relationship as her *daughter*.

"Is there any way you could tell my mom not to come?" Bruce asked, pouring all of his willpower into sounding sweet. He fluttered his eyelids, then leaned back and gently pulled the hem of his skirt up.

"I mean, any way at *all*?" He asked, biting his lower lip.

For a long time, Coach Markus simply gave him a hard stare. Bruce stared right back, keeping up his flirty, female expression, feeling that strange warmth stirring in his crotch again.

"Are you saying what I *think* you're saying, young lady?" the coach asked at last.

It was now or never. Bruce *knew* Coach Markus wanted to fuck his gorgeous 18-year old body. He also knew that he never wanted to see Jo again, no matter what it took.

Slowly, he nodded, letting a sultry smile spread across Barbie's soft, pretty face.

"Well, I'm sorry, Barbie," Coach Markus began, "but I find that wholly inappropria--"

He never finished his sentence. Without taking his eyes off the strong black man before him, Bruce lifted up the hem of his skirt and started rubbing one long, pink fingernail up and

down the lips of his pussy. The rough weave of his panties rubbed against his clit, making him feel wetter than ever.

*What the fuck are you doing?! The male part of his brain screamed in horror. That's Coach Markus; you hate that guy! You're meant to be a man, remember? A straight man!*

Bruce ignored it, pressing the ball of his thumb hard against his new clit. He knew it was the magic, making him act like a slutty cheerleader, but he couldn't help himself.

He'd wanted this ever since Hailey had first cast her spell.

"Here's the deal," he heard himself whisper in a sexy voice, "I'm a *virgin*, and I need a big, strong man with a big fat cock to pop my cherry. You can be that man, sir. And all *you* have to do..."

He giggled in the most-girlish way he could.

"Is tell my mom not to bother coming in."

Coach Markus was staring at his pantie-clad pussy like a man in a trance. A bulge was growing in his shorts, straining at the fabric. On impulse, Bruce slipped his spare hand under his top and started playing with his tits.

"Oh come *ooo-on*," he moaned, shocked to hear how utterly feminine he sounded. "I *need* some dick, Mr. Coach, sir. I'll let you fuck me as hard as you like. You can come on my tits, you can come in my ass..."

A look of wonder was spreading across Coach Markus's handsome face. He tore his eyes away from Bruce's pussy, and looked dead at him.

"You think I make *bargains* with cheap whores like you, Barbie?" He whispered. "I'm a man, remember? Whatever I want, I *take!*"

Before Bruce could react, Coach Markus had leapt to his feet. He grabbed hold of Bruce's long ponytail and *yanked* him to his feet. Bruce let out a girly scream and then there was a flash of pain across his cheek. In dazed horror, he realized Coach Markus had just slapped him.

"Why...?" He asked, feeling small and hurt and pathetic. Coach Markus smiled.

"I like it *rough*, little girl. If you want to fuck me, you'll do it *my way*."

"So," he asked. "Gonna let me abuse that big titted body of yours like the cheap teenage bitch you are?"

Before he could stop himself, Bruce felt his body nod its head eagerly. Words flew out his mouth without him meaning to speak.

"Oh *yes*, master," he heard himself moan. "*Whatever you want. Just fuck meee!*"

"Your wish, you little *slut*," breathed the strong black man towering over him, "is *my command!*"

The world swung in a blur. Bruce let out a yelp as Coach Markus *threw* him up against the desk. His big tits banged painfully against the edge, causing him to gasp. In a daze, Bruce looked up into the screen of the laptop and saw the coach had been watching hardcore porn.

"You want dick, Barbie?" He could hear the coach panting behind him, "well, how about I give you the biggest dick on campus?"

Then Bruce felt a strong hand flip his skirt up and yank his panties down. He just had time to wonder if this was a good idea, and then Coach Markus was *shoving* his big, black dick deep into Bruce's trembling pussy.

The sensation was like nothing Bruce had ever experienced. The coach's dick *pushed* its way deep inside his tiny cheerleader's body, *stretching* the walls of his pussy. It should've been

*agony*, having something so big drive into such a tight hole!

But it wasn't. A Coach Markus slid in deeper and deeper, Bruce closed his eyes and let out a loud moan.

"You like that, bitch?" The coach whispered mockingly behind him. "Then how about you try some of *this?!?*"

He brought his hand down on Bruce's ass with a loud *thwack!* Pain lanced through Bruce's poor little bum, making him cry out loud! His ass stung like hell, like someone had placed a coil of flame against his skin. He opened his mouth to tell Coach Markus not to do that...

...and felt the magic change the words in his mouth.

"Oh *yes!*" He gasped. "Smack my ass, smack my dirty slutty *ass!*"

*Thwack!* The pain was incredible. It shot through Bruce's girly body, making him arch his back wildly. He gritted his teeth. His nipples were rubbing against the grain of the desk, the throbbing in his crotch was unstoppable. He needed to be fucked!

And then Coach Markus began to move.

He thrust with hard, deep movements, drilling into Bruce's tight little pussy, slamming his hips up against his slutty ass. This wasn't lovemaking, it wasn't even fucking.

It was rough, and dirty, and *cruel*.

And Bruce couldn't get enough of it.

With each punp of Coach Markus's hips he moaned out loud, thrusting his pussy back in time to drive his dick in even deeper. It was like a wild, uncontrollable craving had seized his body, eliminating everything else in his mind. Now there was only one thought spinning around his bimbo's brain, one urgent message from his body: For Coach Markus to fuck him as hard as possible.

"Fuck me harder, sir!" He gasped, unsure if it was the magic talking, or him, "*harder!*"

The handsome coach didn't need telling twice. Gripping Bruce's hips, he started to *pound* into his pussy with loud, manly grunts. Using poor little Brucie as Bruce had always dreamed of using and abusing Hailey.

Pleasure lanced through Bruce's body, seeming to shoot out from his pussy to every corner of his skin. His newly-female form arched its back and writhed. His pretty, painted mouth opened in an 'o' shape and let out desperate gasps.

It was like some alien force was in control of his mind, making his body move in ways it never had as a man. Bruce bucked his hips, groaning wildly. A bolt of pleasure shot through him and his head lifted of its own accord, blonde hair lying in streaks across his face. Through pleasure-fogged eyes he stared hopelessly at the women being fucked on Coach Markus's laptop, and realized with a sense of helplessness that he was no longer any different from them.

Now *he* was the slut. The dumb bitch. The silly bimbo. The 18-year old girl unable to think of anything but dick, like the stupid whore she was.

And he was loving every second of it.

"You like that, huh, Barbie?" The coach's deep voice sent prickles of gooseflesh creeping up Bruce's slender back, "you like being fucked like a bitch?"

"*Yes!*" Bruce gasped, no longer caring how female his voice sounded. "Oh, God YES!"

Without realizing he was doing it, he jammed one hand under his sports bra and started playing with his boobies. At first he simply squeezed the flesh, then a primal desire kicked in and he pinched down on his nipple, *hard*.

*Fuck!* Pink stars exploded behind his eyes. The pain mingled with the pleasure and pushed him to brand new heights, making Bruce feel like crying.

Why had no-one ever told him how *good* this was? Being fucked as a girl was *incredible!*

*I don't want to be turned back!* He sobbed inside himself, *I never wanna be a man again! I love dick too fucking much!*

Then suddenly, it was over. Bruce's female body gave a *scream* and then he was coming, his pussy twitching, shooting electric bolts of pleasure out across his skin. His entire body seemed to climax, sending his vision foggy, enveloping him in a cloud of never-ending pleasure.

*Oh my fucking God!* The pleasure was eternal, it kept on coming, seeming to defy the laws of physics. For what felt like hours, Bruce stayed in a state of climax, long after a man orgasm would've been over.

*This is too good!*

Finally, it was over. Bruce drifted back to Earth on a pink cloud. Behind him, Coach Markus suddenly went stiff, and then waves of hot and sticky come were *flooding* into Bruce's pussy. He let out a gasp of pleasure, clenching his pussy so as not to let a single drop fall out.

*I hope I get pregnant,* he thought, deliriously. It didn't seem to matter now. Nothing mattered except how *happy* he was to be a girl.

Raising his pleasure-fogged eyes, Bruce looked at the busty girls being fucked on the laptop screen. One was in a cheerleader's uniform, two black men drilling into her pussy and mouth together.

*That'll be me one day,* he thought with a strange sense of pride, looking at the girl, his spiritual sister. He was a slutty cheerleader now, and there was nothing he could do about it.

It was such a wonderful thought, that Bruce didn't even notice the tiny blue light glowing beside the laptop's inbuilt webcam.

\*

Out on the football field, the cheerleaders gaped in delighted horror at the giant screen above the bleachers. At the pixelated female face of Barbie, smiling radiantly at her first good fucking.

"Say your name, bitch," came the echoing sound of Coach Markus's voice, secretly broadcast from his office via the webcam. "Not that 'Barbie' bullshit. Your *real* one."

Down below on the pitch, Tracey watched in fascination as a helpless smile crossed Barbie's beautiful, teenage face.

"Bruce," the gorgeous little cheerleader panted. "My name is Bruce Richardson, and I'm a little sissy whore."

There was pandemonium across the pitch. Girls burst into fits of giggles, the boys all shouted and laughed, throwing things at the hot little slut on screen. Some held up their phones, recording every second.

*That'll be going up on the internet,* Tracey thought with a strange satisfaction. In only a few hours, the whole world would know the humiliating truth about Mr. Richardson.

They would know what a silly little sissy slut he was, and how much he'd *loved* being turned into a girl.

Tracey turned and gave her witch friend Hailey a puzzled smile. Ever since they'd met, Tracey's life had become a *lot* more interesting.

"How the fuck did you do that?" She asked. "How did you make Coach agree to film the

whole damn thing?!”

Hailey smiled slowly, not taking her eyes off the giant screen and Barbie’s blissful expression.

“I didn’t,” she said. “*He* did. Mr. Richardson, sorry, *Barbie*. The spell just makes your most-shameful fantasies reality.”

Her lip curled into a contemptuous smile.

“I guess he secretly always wanted to be a sissy cheerleader and have the whole world know about it.”

Back in Coach Markus’s office, Bruce lay happily against the desk, the large black man’s cock still deep inside him. He’d just been fucked and humiliated in front of the entire school. He was trapped as a beautiful teenage cheerleader. His ex-wife was now his *mom*. He might be pregnant.

At that moment, trapped as busty Barbie, his pussy still sticky with come, Bruce realized he’d never been happier in his life.

*The End.*

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**She Turned Him Into a Female Stripper** “You're not going *anywhere*,” the crone growled. Then she clicked her fingers and suddenly Jack's feet just *stopped*.

*What the-?* Jack tried to move, to take another step. But it was no use. It was like his legs had turned to stone.

“Turn around.”

To his horror, Jack felt his body obediently spin round to face the old woman.

*She's taken over my mind!* He thought in terror.

“You were a *very* naughty boy just now,” the crone said, smiling up at Jack's petrified face. “Do you know what I do to naughty boys?”

Jack shook his head. What the fuck was happening?!

“I *punish* them,” the crone declared. “And I've got *just* the spell for you.”

And then she clicked her fingers.

For a split second nothing happened. Jack gazed from the smiling crone to Katie, her expression both horrified and strangely excited.

“Oh *Jack*,” the stripper whispered, a slow smile creeping across her face. “You *really* fucked up this time!”

Jack was shrinking. Either side of him, the red-painted walls of the corridor were rising up away from him. In no time at all, his 6ft4 frame had shed so many inches that he was down to Katie's height. And *still* he kept shrinking.

“Wh-what have you *done* to me?” He squeaked.

“You'll find out soon enough,” the crone smiled. “For now, I'd advise you to just sit back and *enjoy the ride*.”

There was a popping sound and Jack felt his clothes begin to loosen. Looking down he saw the buttons were pinging off his shirt, one after the other, while his pants unzipped themselves. With a sudden tearing noise they *ripped* themselves off his skin, leaving him standing naked in the corridor.

Jack opened his mouth to yell, then something caught his eye and the sound died in his throat.

His naked body was *changing*. Where once he'd had a broad chest dusted with wiry hair, he now had a narrow, hairless thing devoid of muscle.

As he watched, his pecs began to sag and lose their definition. Then suddenly they were *growing*, expanding away from his chest, the nipples turning long and pink. In horror, Jack threw up his hands to stop them and suddenly found himself clutching a gigantic pair of firm, round breasts. He glanced up at Katie in fright.

“Wow!” The stripper said. “Look at *those* puppies. Damn, Jack, you've gotta be Double-G at *least!*”

There was an itching in Jack's scalp. His short, dark hair was growing, flowing from his head and cascading down his back, over his naked shoulders. As it grew its color changed, going from black to near-transparent blond. The ends curled into pretty little ringlets that came to rest just above his big new boobies.

A pressure built in Jack's behind and his ass jumped up, filling out and becoming round and peach-like. There was a grinding and his hips *thrust* outwards as the fat melted away from his sides. With a loud *click* his spine curved inward, thrusting his smooth new ass back and his fantastic new chest forwards.

Jack gaped at his sexy new hourglass figure, his mind whirling.

"Stop!" He shouted. "Katie, what the *fuck* is she doing to me?!"

"You mean you haven't figured it out yet, dear?" The crone purred. "Katie, care to enlighten him?"

Katie nodded and smiled right into Jack's helpless face.

"What do you *think* she's doing?" She said. "She's turning you into a *girl*."

The changes were coming faster now. In quick succession Jack's shoulders tugged in, losing their masculine broadness. His biceps shed their muscle, leaving him with two slender, delicate arms. His legs *stretched* upwards, becoming long and smooth and *sexy*.

"You're looking better already!" The crone cried delightedly. "But we've still got work to do. First things first, let's get rid of that ugly face!"

No sooner were the words out her mouth than the flesh on Jack's face seemed to *warp*, moving of its own accord. He let out a girly shriek and threw up his hands to stop it and found himself staring in horror at ten elegant fingers topped with long nails painted a lurid red.

Jack's face twisted like it was modelling clay being reshaped by an invisible giant. He felt his masculine jawline get *shoved* back inside his skull, leaving him with soft, round, feminine features. Felt his lips get plumped up. Felt his eyes widen, becoming large and doe-like. Felt his Adam's apple roll back inside his throat and disappear.

Something trembled in the edges of his vision, fluttering like the wings of a bird. In shock, Jack realized he was now sporting long and delicate eyelashes. He gave a squeak of fright...

And then he felt it.

Between his legs, his tiny dick gave one last, feeble twitch. With a cry, Jack thrust his dainty new hands out, trying desperately to hold onto this last trace of his manhood.

But he was too late. Before he could even grasp its tip, his cock *shot* back inside his body, dragging his balls with it. For a second, there was only smooth skin. Then a terrible sound came like Velcro being ripped, and two plump lips appeared either side of his moist and tender hole.

Jack was now the proud owner of a trembling pussy.

A final ripple passed through Jack's skin, causing his new boobies to bounce around wildly, and then it was over.

Wordlessly, Jack looked down at his new body. He reached up and cupped the large breasts dangling heavily from his frame. Felt their nipples, pointed and tender. Let one hand drop down and run across his smooth, bare ass, shuddering at the sexy new way his body curved.

He looked up at the crone, still sneering at him. And at Katie, watching him with laughter in her beautiful eyes.

"What..." he began, then stopped, his eyes going wide with fright.

His voice was *wrong*. Where it should have been deep and powerful, it was light and airy and musical. A *girl's* voice.

"What the fuck did you *do* to me?!" He shrieked.

*Oh my God*, he thought in numb horror, *I sound like a valley girl!*

The crone gestured a large, grimy mirror hanging further down the hall.

“See for yourself,” she said, sweetly.

With reluctant steps, Jack walked past Katie, trying desperately to ignore the way his ass wiggled as he moved. Trying to ignore the pale pink breasts wobbling in the bottom of his vision.

He stopped before the mirror, took a deep breath. And looked.

It was *horrible!*

The girl before him was young, *very* young. 18 if she was a day. Big, blue eyes peeked shyly out from under long blonde hair that fell in little ringlets over her shoulders. Her lips were large and pink (*perfect for giving blowjobs*, Jack thought unhappily).

A great big pair of boobies hung from her sexy, curved frame, the nipples long and pink and pointed. A hairless pussy hung between two long, slender legs that ended in a perfect ass.

*That can't be me*, Jack thought, shaking his head. Then he froze.

The girl in the mirror had shook her head in time with him, a disgusted expression on her soft, beautiful face. A feeling of panic rising up in him, Jack reached up one dainty hand and stuck out his tongue. He was horrified to see the bimbo before him do likewise.

There was no doubt about it.

This ditzy young blonde, this trashy little whore, was *him*.

He was a girl.

“Well?” Called the crone, “what do you think?”

*What do I think?!* Jack raged inside himself. *I think you should turn be back right now you crazy bitch!*

Outwardly, he simply let out a low moan.

“She looks like a stripper,” he said, miserably, hating how soft and feminine his new voice sounded. Hating how the girl in the mirror moved her lips in time with him.

“Funny you should say that...” the crone’s voice was alive with laughter. “Let’s see how you look with your new uniform on!”

*Uniform...?* Jack wondered, and then there was no time left to think.

There was a tinkling sound followed by a weight on his ears. Looking in the mirror, he saw he was now wearing two heavy pink earrings, expensive-looking stones dangling from them. He reached up to touch them and then a long necklace appeared around his neck, the large diamond at its end coming to rest nestled between his enormous breasts.

Jack wordlessly stared at it. It looked *so* expensive! Without realizing it, he felt a thrill run through his newly-female body at the sight of it.

A pink liquid was oozing round his waist, seemingly defying gravity. As Jack watched it solidified into a thin piece of satiny fabric, the edges crinkling and becoming trimmed with white lace, and suddenly he was wearing an *extremely* short miniskirt.

Jack grabbed the edges and tried to tug it down, but it would go no further. The stupid thing barely covered his tender new pussy. The slightest movement sent its hemline swishing up so everyone could see his round, sexy bum!

There was a jolt, and suddenly the girl in the mirror lifted upwards off the ground. A pair of bright pink heels were forming around Jack’s tiny new feet, causing him to nearly fall over.

He looked down at them and wordlessly shook his head, long blond hair flicking in the corners of his vision. The stiletto heels were sharp as hell and four inches at *least*. How the hell

would he ever walk in them?

Then he had no more time to think about it. Pink lipstick unfurled itself across his lips, blusher decorated his cheeks and a piercing appeared in his naval with a sharp pain.

Finally a pair of bright pink nipple tassels flew across the room and attached themselves to his breasts so firmly that he let out a squeal of pain. At last, it was over.

“There.” Declared the crone. “*Perfect.*”

*Perfect?! Jack thought in shock.*

To him, his new body and uniform were anything *but*. He gaped at his heavy, pendulous new breasts with their absurd nipple tassels. Cringed at the way the hem of his tiny skirt refused to cover both his ass and pussy at once.

“Oh, you’ll get used to it,” the crone declared.

Her eyes narrowed.

“You’ll have to. There’s no time to mess around.”

There was something in her voice that made Jack’s blood run cold.

“What do you mean?” He whispered in his soft new voice.

“Here’s the deal.” The crone folded her arms. “You were *very* rude to Katie earlier, so I decided to transform you and teach you a lesson. *But* Katie apparently needs your money to get through medical school...”

“Yes!” Jack shouted, “God yes, take it!”

He turned to Katie and pleadingly clutched her delicate hands in his own. With a jolt he realized she was now a good three inches taller than he was.

“Take it!” He sobbed, desperately, looking up into her beautiful face. “My savings, my stocks, all of it! I don’t care, just so long as you make her turn me back!”

“No chance.” The old woman snarled. “You need to learn your lesson the *hard* way.”

Jack shook his head, uncomprehending.

*Was I always this slow? He wondered, or did that crazy bitch give me a bimbo’s brain too?*

“You treated Katie here like your property,” the old woman was saying, “so it’s only fair you have to experience that too. That means working *here.*”

Her lip curled into a cruel smile.

“As a *stripper*. If you make enough money for Katie to get through medical school, I promise I’ll go against my better judgement and turn you back.”

*Medical school?*

Jack’s stomach sank. That would take *ages!* Even if he worked his pert new ass off, he’d be trapped in this stupid, sexy body with its soft skin, dangling boobies and blowjob lips for a month, at *least!*

“On one condition.” The crone smiled. “You must make it all by midnight *tonight.*”

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**Changed! From Sexist to Sex-Object** At that moment, a commotion broke out by the hall doors. There was a crash and six female protesters barged into the room, placards in their hands. In the corridor, Sam could see the sole security guard the hotel had laid on desperately trying to stop another five from following them.

"Look out," Sam sneered at his audience. "Here come the feminists."

"You're damn right," one of them, who Sam took to be the leader, snapped. She pushed to the front. Dark hair fell in waves over her shoulders, coming to rest over a pair of pert breasts. Heavy-framed glasses balanced delicately on her nose.

If she hadn't been in the process of interrupting his speech, Sam would have thought she was hot.

"We're here to ask you to stop this convention," the leader said, folding her arms across her tits. "This is a pro-rape rally and you're endangering thousands of women with your talks."

*Oh boy*, Sam thought. He was going to have fun taking this silly little bitch apart.

"Suck it up, *slut*," he sneered through the microphone. "This is a free country. And there's absolutely no evidence linking my *men's rallies* to rape."

The men in the audience cheered, glaring at the feminists. The leader scowled at him, her dark eyes flashing.

"I have a *name*," she said. "It's Gemma. And you've given dozens of rallies in the past month telling angry young men it's OK to grope women and rape them. How do you think that makes *us* feel, huh?"

"Now *this*," said Sam, turning innocently to his audience, "is what I'm talking about. This bitch clearly needs some dick. You can tell just by looking at her that she wants a cock to suck. Pity no man's *dumb* enough to give it to her."

To his surprise, Gemma didn't start shouting. Instead, she smiled at him, a calm, powerful smile. Either side of her, the other feminists broke out in gigantic grins.

Disconcerted, Sam tried to press on.

"All of these whores," he shouted, "are just in need of a good fucking. I mean, if *I* was lucky enough to have a big black dick in my mouth, you wouldn't hear *me* complaining!"

A murmur passed around the room. The men in the audience glanced at one another. On the low stage, Sam turned white as a sheet.

*I didn't mean to say that...* he thought, worriedly.

He nervously glanced at Gemma, now watching him with a predatory grin. Trembling, he raised the microphone again.

"You wouldn't hear me complaining because I *love* dick. In fact, I wish I was sucking a nice fat dick *right now!*"

The hall was silent now. Everyone's eyes were on Sam as he looked at the microphone in horror, then raised a hand to his throat.

*What the Hell is going on?!* He thought, frantically. *Have those bitches hypnotized me?*

Then, before he could stop himself, he was talking again.

“Hands up if you think I’m a stupid slut!” He shouted, immediately raising his arm. “Come on, get those hands up! I’m a cock-loving whore and *everyone* needs to know it!”

Sam dropped the microphone with a gasp, throwing it away as if it had suddenly turned into a snake. The men were looking uncomfortable now. At the back, one of the feminists began to giggle. Stood before her Gemma curled her lip contemptuously.

“What have you *done* to me?!” Sam gasped.

“I forgot to mention,” Gemma sneered cruelly, “We’re not *just* feminists. We’re also witches.”

Her eyes twinkled.

“And you’re about to get a taste of your *own* medicine!”

No sooner had she finished talking than Sam realized he was shrinking. Before his eyes, the walls of the convention hall began to slide upward, the floor rising to meet him as his 6ft5 frame shed inches at an alarming rate.

In horror, Sam held up his hands, hoping to beg with Gemma and make her stop. And then he saw it.

His hands were *changing*. Where only seconds ago they’d been big, calloused, manly things, they were now small and soft and dainty. His fingers had narrowed, becoming elegant and slender. Long nails now stretched from the tips. As Sam watched a tiny blot appeared in the middle of one and suddenly expanded, turning them a dark, slutty red.

There was an itching in his scalp and a feeling that someone was *pulling* on his hair. Then waves and waves of long, blonde hair were cascading down his shoulders, coiling into beautiful little ringlets that bounced and twirled. Sam grabbed a strand and held it up in front of his eyes, unable to believe what he was seeing.

“What’s happening!” He squeaked, shocked to hear his voice had suddenly leapt up two octaves.

“Isn’t it obvious?” Gemma purred. Beside her the giggling feminist had picked up a phone to film Sam on. In the audience the men watched in slack-jawed amazement.

“I’m turning you into the thing you hate most in the entire world.”

Sam was hardly listening. The changes were picking up speed, shooting out to every corner of his body, leaving no part of him untouched.

There was a grinding sensation and his shoulders began to draw in, becoming narrow and slender. Simultaneously his hips started to stretch *away*, jutting outwards, becoming big and curved and womanly. The fat trickled away from Sam’s sides, his spine snapped forward with a *click*, and suddenly he was the horrified owner of a sexy hourglass figure.

A feeling of pressure grew in Sam’s backside. He frantically clasped his hands against his cheeks and felt them leap up and fill out, becoming round and pert and smooth. He turned and gaped at his brand new bum and was startled to see how *good* it looked.

“Better already.” Gemma said with an approving nod. “But we’re not done yet, not by a *long* shot. Ladies?”

The giggling feminist smiled up at Sam. She was tomboyish with short hair and an evil smile that spread across her face as she held her thumb and forefinger together.

“Help you with those clothes, babe?” She asked sweetly, then she *clicked* her fingers and Sam’s suit vanished, leaving him stood naked onstage.

“Urgh,” the witch said, shuddering at the sight of his semi-male figure. “That’s *disgusting*. Hurry it up, Gemma!”

“My pleasure.” Gemma murmured, hungrily watching Sam’s mounting helplessness.

There was a sound like a balloon deflating. Sam’s biceps, reminders of when he used to hit the gym three times a week, shrank back into his body, leaving him with thin and delicate arms. The dark hairs that dusted his forearms turned downy and soft and invisible. His armpits became smooth.

Sam’s legs were stretching now, the muscle falling away as the *pulled* upwards, becoming smooth and slender even as his torso kept shrinking. Sam gaped down at them and was horrified to see his feet were tiny now; two dainty little things with narrow ankles and red-painted toenails.

A burst of pain swept through his jaw and suddenly the bone was softening, losing its hard, masculine edge and making his face round and pretty. In quick succession, Sam felt his lips plump up, his eyes widen and earrings appear in his earlobes. There was a pause, and then long, dark eyelashes sprouted out and fluttered at the edges of his vision like the fronds of tiny palm trees.

By this time, everyone could see where Sam’s transformation was going. Yet it still had a few adjustments left to make to get there. Thirty eyes settled on his chest, the men with a kind of perverted fascination, the women with expressions of glee.

“Please,” Sam whispered helplessly in a soft, feminine voice that wasn’t his own, “Please, no...”

But there was nothing he could do. Before his eyes his nipples started to jut out from his chest, the tissue round them swelling up like a bee sting. There was a feeling of intense pressure and then two large, beautiful breasts came bursting out, growing bigger and bigger until they dangled from Sam’s frame, the nipples long and pink.

Desperately, Sam tried to wrestle them back inside him, but they just kept on growing until they were bigger than his hands. He cupped one and it felt pert and ripe and firm.

Finally, a tremor passed through Sam’s tiny dick. He looked down at his 3-inch cock with a low moan, just in time to see it *shoot* up into his body, taking his balls with it. For a second, there was nothing but smoothness between his legs, and then with a loud ripping sound the skin split in two, leaving two plump pussy lips dangling either side of a moist little hole...

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**Turned Into His Wife's Teenage Daughter** "I'm sorry," Jo whispered as they crossed the dark parking lot, Hank's fingers gripped tight around her arm. "I'm so sorry, baby."  
"Shut up." Hank grunted.

In his mind's eye, he was already picturing what he was going to do to his sniveling wife when they got home. How he was going to smack some sense into her pretty little head, then hold her down on the couch and rape her.

That would teach her to ruin his big evening.

They were almost at the car when they heard footsteps, running behind them.

"Must've forgotten something," Hank muttered, turning to the waiter with a cool smile. Then he stopped and the smile drained from his face.

The waiter was nowhere to be seen.

In his place stood the redhead girl, her chest rising and falling from exertion, that old book clasped in her arms.

Up close, Hank could see it was a battered, leather thing covered in strange writing. It looked like it was a thousand years old.

Hank glared at the girl.

"What do *you* want?"

"Don't worry," the girl spoke to Jo, ignoring Hank. "I'm here to help. I don't usually do this, but you seemed so upset..."

"She's fine." Hank took a menacing step toward the girl. She ignored him.

"I had a boyfriend once who acted like a teenager," she said to Jo. "In the end I found a *perfect* cure. I thought you could use it, too."

*What does that bitch mean, 'cure'?* Hank thought, furiously.

"I don't know who you are-" He started.

"Me?" The girl at last turned to him, that predatory smile back on her face. "I'm a witch. And *this* is my spell book."

She yanked the old book open and smiled evilly at Hank.

"And *you* are about to get exactly what you deserve."

Then she was reading, whispering something under her breath. There was a distant flash of lightning and a wind picked up, blowing leaves across the parking lot.

For a moment, Hank was frozen to the spot. Then he laughed nervously.

"Listen to this dumb-" he started, turning to Jo.

Then he saw his wife and stopped in horror.

Jo was now his height and growing taller, looking down on him with an unbelieving expression on her face. With a start, Hank realized he was shrinking. He turned back to the girl with a feeling of panic.

"What did you do you *bitch?!?*" He yelled, then clamped his hands over his mouth.

His voice had changed. Gone was its deep, masculine bass. In its place was something soft and high-pitched and-and...

...girly.

The girl threw back her head and laughed, her dark red hair bouncing off her shoulders. “You were acting like a spoiled teenage girl.” She smiled. “So I decided to turn you into one.”

Hank’s clothes were growing around him, becoming vast sheets which dwarfed him. His jacket hung from his frame, his shirt draped loosely off his skin. He threw Jo a pleading look.

“Jo!” He squeaked in his newly-feminine voice, “make her stop!”

But Jo hesitated. As Hank watched, she folded her arms across her enormous breasts and gave him a peculiar smile.

“I don’t know, honey,” she said. “I want to see where this is going.”

There was a flash of light and suddenly Hank was naked, cowering under the gaze of the two women. He instinctively wrapped his arms around his body, and then he felt it.

His body was *changing*.

A ripple passed through Hank’s flesh, like a wave passing under his skin. His strong pecs collapsed and deflated, the hair on his chest sucking back into his body with an unbearable itching. At the same time his middle-aged paunch hauled itself up and vanished inside him, leaving a flat, smooth tummy.

Hank watched in fascination as the fat dropped away from his sides, wriggled down to his waist and formed around his hips. There was a feeling of pressure and his ass leapt up and filled out, and suddenly Hank was the proud owner of a sexy, hourglass figure.

He squeaked in horror, and was rewarded with a shiver in his chest. Two big and beautiful breasts came bursting out, pushing away from his frame, the nipples dark and long. Hank reached out a terrified hand to stop them, and felt one grow to fill his palm, pert and firm and smooth.

There was an unpleasant grinding sensation, and Hank’s shoulders began to tug in towards his body, becoming narrow and slender. The muscle collapsed from his arms and drained away, leaving only two delicate, hairless things. For a brief moment, his large, masculine hands held on, then they gave a shudder and contracted, becoming small and dainty and girly. As Hank watched, his nails turned pink and sparkly with nail polish.

“What do you think?” Hank heard the girl shout over the wind to Jo. “Improvement?”

It was too noisy for him to hear the reply. But as Hank shot his wife a terrified glance, he saw something that sent a jolt through his stomach.

For the first time in months, Jo was smiling.

The changes were getting faster now. In quick succession, Hank’s feet shrank, his legs shed their hair and muscle, becoming long and smooth, his lips puffed out.

An incredible itching gripped his face, so intense it made him want to scream, and when it was over Hank’s beard had vanished, taking his masculine jawline with it. In its place was a soft, round, girly face.

Hank reached up a trembling hand to touch his new cheeks. There was a feeling like electricity passing through his scalp, then waves of long, blonde hair were falling from his head, sweeping over his upraised hands. He stared at his new hair in shock, and then he felt it.

The moment he’d been dreading.

A tremble was passing through his cock. It started pulling back into his body. Hank reached out and grabbed it, holding it in place. For a split-second, he thought he’d done it, then his crotch gave a spasm and his dick snapped off in his hand.

For a horrible second, Hank looked at penis, lying uselessly between his dainty new fingers. Then it crumbled into dust and blew away on the wind.

Finally, there was a terrible, loud sound like Velcro ripping and pain briefly flared between Hank's legs. He lowered his eyes and goggled at his new pussy, its lips plump and tender.

Then it was over. There was another flash of light and Hank was wearing his clothes again. Only they weren't *his* clothes...

"Not bad." Hank looked up in fright, the girl was watching him with a smirk. "You've certainly got an... *interesting* fashion sense."

A pair of tight black pants encased Hank's slender legs, clinging to his curves, showing off his bum. His large chest was hidden inside a simple, skimpy white top that left his cleavage on display. Over that he wore a short denim jacket, the sleeves rolled up to his elbows. Bracelets clattered on his wrists. Looking down, he saw his feet were encased in a pair of high-heeled boots.

There was a feeling of weight on his head. Hank reached up. A fashionable hat perched there, its brim angled away from his forehead. He dropped a hand to his ears and was horrified to feel earrings there.

He turned to the girl.

"What did you *do*?!" He whimpered, hating his soft, girly new voice.

The redhead witch shrugged.

"Exactly what I said I would." She smiled. "I turned you into a teenage girl. Go ahead. Look."

Hank scampered over to his and Jo's car, gazed into the wing mirror. The reflection was distorted, but it was enough to make him want to scream.

Gone was handsome, powerful Hank. In his place was a young teenage girl with a soft face and shy eyes hidden behind too much makeup. She was dressed in a self-consciously adult way that made her look even younger, like an 8-year old playing dress up.

But worse than that, she looked somehow *familiar*. With her big breasts, pleasantly chubby face and blonde hair. She looked like someone he knew. She looked like...

Then the penny dropped. Hank's insides froze.

*No. She couldn't*, he thought helplessly. *She wouldn't...*

But already, he knew it was true.

The witch hadn't just changed him into a shy, fashion-conscious teenage girl. She'd turned him into a teenage girl who looked just like her mother. Who looked just like...

He turned to Jo with a horrified moan. There was a strange look in her eyes.

"Mom?" He whispered.

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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.

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