

A sepia-toned photograph of a man and a woman embracing in a field. The man is on the left, wearing a light-colored button-down shirt and dark pants, with his arms around the woman. The woman is on the right, wearing a light-colored, possibly white, dress, with her back to the camera. They are standing in a field of tall grass and some bare trees in the background. The overall mood is romantic and intimate.

Turned Into His Best Friend's Girlfriend

(a gender transformation
novel)

Lisa Change

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Part One: The Best Friend

The nightmare started almost as soon as Will left the dormitory.

He'd woken up that morning to a text from his ex-girlfriend Katie, a text that had set his mind spinning. After months of no contact between the two of them, his blond, beautiful ex had sent a simple 3 words: MY PLACE. TODAY.

Lying in bed, the bulge of morning wood clearly visible through his tight boxers, Will had frowned at his phone.

What the hell could she possibly want now? He'd wondered, aware of a faint feeling of unease creeping up his spine like a million tiny prickles.

After all, it's not like we left it on good terms.

Katie had been Will's first girlfriend at college. Hell, Will's first girlfriend *ever*. After spending his teenage years as the slightly-shy boy in his seaside town, Will had finally come to college to discover that *everything* was different. Suddenly, being intelligent and coming from a good family wasn't a hindrance to his success with girls.

Suddenly it made him kinda... *sexy*.

He'd discovered this almost by accident. His new roomie Chris – a handsome, square-jawed guy with bulging biceps and a winning smile – had dragged Will along to a party on his first week.

At first, Will had felt slightly awkward, convinced none of the stunning sorority babes milling around would find him even remotely attractive.

He was too shy, too interested in math, his soft face and dark, curly hair too effeminate by *far*. Next to big, manly Chris, who would ever pay attention to *him*?

And then something unexpected had happened.

One of these stunning blonds had drifted over with Chris, a tipsy smile on her face and laughter in her eyes. The sight of her long legs, pert butt and prominent chest straining at the white fabric of her tight top had set Will's heart hammering in his chest.

God, she's perfect, he'd found himself thinking. *Too bad I'll never be able to talk to her.*

"Will!" Chris had called, his deep voice reverberating across the crowded room, "how you doing, bud?"

He'd smiled down at the blond beside him.

"I want you to meet Katie," he'd said. "She's studying literature."

"Not *literature*," the girl had corrected him. "History. I study ancient manuscripts."

Will had turned to the girl, expecting to do nothing more than give her an awkward mumble, then leave her and Chris discussing history and books or whatever. Only he'd seen something that made his heart beat so fast it was like there was a jackhammer pounding in his chest.

Katie had been looking at *him*, with clear, undisguised interest in her sparkling blue eyes.

That night had wound up being the greatest of Will's life. He and Katie had talked for what felt like *forever*. Finally, as the party began to wind down, Will had found himself doing something he'd never expected he'd be capable of doing.

Leaning toward Katie, he'd lowered his voice and said in a low, confident murmur: "What's say we go back to my place?"

And Katie had looked at him with those clear blue eyes of hers, gently bit her lower lip and nodded.

Less than an hour later, those same eyes had been looking helplessly into Will's as he drove his long, thin cock ever-deeper into Katie's small, curvy body, pushing her towards orgasm.

Too bad about everything that happened afterwards.

Has Katie been thinking about that night, too? Will wondered as he swung his lithe body out of bed and began to get dressed, *is that why the sudden text?*

Katie's sexual appetite was incredible. After they'd gotten together, barely a day passed without Will thrusting his hips against her bare ass, listening to her high-pitched moans and watching the way her big titties bounced as he drilled into her. Texting him out of the blue for one last, angry, post-breakup fuck was exactly the sort of thing she might do.

But then, thought Will, what about all that other stuff?

Over the eight months of their relationship, being with Katie had changed Will noticeably. His natural shyness had diminished. He'd become more confident in himself, begun working out with Chris at the gym. Looking in the mirror one morning, he'd even begun to realize he was actually pretty attractive.

And it seemed the girls on campus had realized it too.

About halfway into his time with Katie, Will had picked up a hot chick at some party or other. She had dark hair, porn-star breasts and hadn't stopped talking to him all evening.

So Will had taken her back to the two-bed dorm he shared with Chris.

And he'd fucked her. On the same bed he'd fucked Katie so many times, delighting in his new found attractiveness. Delighting in his sudden *power* over women.

It had been the first of many, many affairs.

By the time gossip got back to Katie, Will was screwing a new girl every couple of weeks.

It was like he'd been living in a desert, subsisting off sand, and only just discovered what food *was*. There were so many dishes to try, so many exotic flavors, so much *pleasure* to be had.

He couldn't just restrict himself to *one* meal, could he? Not when he had so much lost time to make up for.

Exactly, Will thought to himself as he padded over to their dorm room door. It was early and Chris was still asleep, probably lying semi-naked on top of his bed, the sunlight playing through the golden hairs that dusted his chest.

She'd already had gotten her experience, Will was barely aware he was rehashing the same old arguments he'd given Katie six long months ago, *she was ready to settle. Well, I wasn't, so what? Who can blame a guy for that?*

No-one. That's who. He was young, reasonably attractive, and looking forward to a highly-paid future in some bank somewhere. In short, Will was shaping up to be a catch.

And if he didn't want to be tied down by one girl, he wouldn't let himself be.

Just as Will was thinking these thoughts, his phone vibrated again. Swiping the screen, saw a new message from Katie.

I'M WAITING.

For a second, Will hesitated. Did he *really* want to cycle all the way across the city, all the way to Katie's place, just on the off-chance of sex?

What if she just yelled at him again? Or cried, like she had when she found out about all the girls he'd been seeing behind her back? Did he want the hassle of seeing this volatile girl, no matter how beautiful?

Then his phone buzzed again. Will glanced at it and felt his prick twitch deep inside his pants.

I'M WET.

Two minutes later, Will was outside, cycling across campus in the direction of the brownstone Katie shared with three other girls, his mind already alive with images of his busty, blond ex, writhing on the bed beneath him, moaning for his cock.

If he'd known then what Katie *really* had in mind for him, he'd have never left his bedroom.

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"*Christ*, you took your time."

Will slipped off his bike and gave his ex a faint, mysterious smile he knew girls *loved*. Up the steps above him, Katie lounged in the doorway of her building, her perfectly-proportioned body hidden only by the soft blue folds of a fluffy dressing gown.

"I had to stop off on the way," Will said, casually, chaining his bike to the railings. "Stuff to do."

Rule number one with women, he thought, *always keep them waiting. Always make them feel unimportant.*

Katie arched a perfect eyebrow at him.

"Thought you'd keep me waiting, huh? Keep me in *suspense*."

She knows me too well...

"Don't be dumb." Will straightened up, locked eyes with Katie. "I had shit to do. You can't just text and expect me to come running."

A smile twitched at the corner of Katie's lips.

"You're here, aren't you?"

Will said nothing. He couldn't exactly disagree.

At last Katie sighed. She crossed her arms, her long, slender legs poking out the bottom of her dressing gown, and smiled at the morning sun.

"Nice day, isn't it?" She said. "Man, I freakin' *love* fall. Days like this, where it's not summer and not winter. There's something in the air, isn't there? Like something..."

Her eyes twinkled at Will.

"Like something's about to *change*."

"Sure." Will slowly climbed the steps of the brownstone. He stopped just before Katie. She looked coolly up at him from inside her small, 5ft7 frame, not breaking his gaze.

"How about I come inside?" Will said, at last.

Katie slowly nodded.

"Yeah. Yeah, I think that would probably be best."

The twinkle returned to her eye.

"In fact, I think it would be *perfect*."

*

The place Katie shared with her friends – Will could never remember their names, even when the two of them were dating – was set out weirdly, with the bedrooms on the lower two floors and the kitchen and living space upstairs. Katie led him up there now, her ass wiggling seductively through her low-cut dressing gown as she climbed the stairs before Will.

"I meant to ask," she said as they climbed, "are you still rooming with Chris?"

“Yeah.” Will’s reply was barely more than a grunt. Despite Katie’s text, he didn’t feel like a man about to get spectacularly hate-fucked by his old girlfriend.

“Cool. I always liked Chris.” Katie’s voice was soft, but Will thought he could detect an undercurrent of amusement. “He’s gonna make a *great* boyfriend one day. Oh, did I tell you? Nadia moved out.”

“Who?”

“The one who used to live on the ground floor,” Katie replied. “Dark skin, seriously *amazing* tits. Remember her?”

“Not really.”

“Too bad.” Katie glanced over the shoulder as she opened the door to the kitchen. “She’s the one you got to suck your dick at James’s party while I was stuck at home with flu.”

“Oh. Yeah.” Will muttered uncomfortably. “*Nadia.*”

Katie gave him a tight smile, then the two stepped through into the kitchen.

The whitewashed walls threw back the morning sun that streamed in through the window, making the whole place seem to thrum with magic. A breakfast nook was set up with three stools alongside it. A teak dining table was still decorated with the remains of some drinking game or other.

Katie stepped through and leaned against the table, facing Will. Her arms stretched back like that, Will couldn’t help noticing how far forward her large chest was thrust. His dick twitched in his pants.

“Shouldn’t we be in the bedroom?”

“Here’s fine.” Katie was looking him up and down, a strange glint in her eyes. Will wasn’t entirely sure he liked the way she was looking at him.

“God, look at you.” Katie murmured at last. “All that gym. You’re even hotter than you used to be.”

“You’re not bad yourself,” Will replied.

Rule number two. Never overly compliment women...

“It’s too bad,” Katie sighed, her eyes drifting over his broad shoulders. “It seems such a waste to get rid of a body like that.”

“Get rid of it?” Will frowned. “What the hell are you talking about.”

In response, Katie gave him a small smile. She changed the subject.

“Seeing anyone at the moment?”

Will shrugged.

“You know me.”

“I do indeed.” Katie said, not taking her eyes off his torso. “Bad luck for me.”

Will shifted uncomfortably. He didn’t like where this conversation was headed.

The chances of him getting a fuck out of his journey across town were beginning to seem vanishingly remote.

Katie glanced up at his face and rolled her eyes.

“I know what you’re thinking, dipshit. And *yes*. I can *guarantee* you’re gonna get some sex today. In fact, I’m willing to bet you’ll get fucked more times today than you ever have in your life.”

A smirk crawled across Will’s face. He stepped forward. Katie held up her hand.

“But not yet. Not till I’ve said my piece.”

Will's smirk faded slightly.

How long's this gonna take? His brain whined. But then his eyes drifted down to Katie's slender legs, and the way her dressing gown *barely* hid her panties from sight and he decided he could wait.

Katie seemed to be thinking, seemed to be choosing the right words. At long last, she nodded.

"Here's what's gonna happen." She said with unexpected authority. "I'm gonna ask for an apology, and you're gonna give me one. I'll give you five seconds to get down on your knees and *beg* for my forgiveness, and not a split-second more."

Will's jaw dropped open. A scowl passed across his effeminate features; features that strangely seemed to attract women rather than put them off.

"*Apologize?*" The word sounded alien in his mouth, distasteful. "On my knees...? What the *fuck* are you talking about, Katie? I didn't come here to..."

"Five." Katie said, holding his gaze. "Four... three..."

"This is ridiculous." Will took a step forward. "Do you want me or not? I came all this way, just because *you*-"

"Two." A smile tugged at the corners of Katie's lips. "I suggest you hurry up, Will. Things could get nasty."

"What was that? A threat?"

Katie shrugged.

"One."

"Fuck this." Will muttered. "I'm getting out of here."

He turned to go.

"Zero." Katie's voice was cold as ice. "Time's up."

A note of humor crept into her voice.

"Which means you're not going *anywhere*."

"Try and stop me," Will muttered. He was nearly at the door already.

"If you insist. *Stop*."

Instantly, Will's feet stopped moving. He came to a halt, only inches from the door. Will blinked, tried to move his legs, but they refused to budge.

It was like he'd suddenly been turned into a statue.

"Turn around."

The world lurched sickeningly. In fright, Will saw the door swing away from him, felt his body turn round until he was facing Katie, his mouth hanging open in a terrified 'o'.

At the sight of him, Katie gave a little giggle.

"Oh my God, you look so funny," she said. "If you could see your face..."

"Katie?" Will struggled to keep the panic out his voice. "What the *fuck* is this? What have you-?"

"Shh." Katie held a finger up to her lips. "Not another word, slave."

Immediately, the sounds died in Will's throat. It was like his mouth forgot how to form words, like a switch had been thrown in his mind, making him mute.

What the fuck? He thought, wildly, *has she hypnotized me?*

A delighted look came into Katie's eyes. She pushed off from the chair and walked towards him, looking Will's helpless body up and down with something like glee.

“So it really *does* work.” She murmured. “I really *can* make you do anything I want you to.”

Katie! Will tried to say. *Stop! Whatever you’re doing, just stop!*

But, of course, no words came out.

It seemed his body was suddenly incapable of disobeying Katie’s orders.

“Jesus, that’s so *satisfying*.” Katie was looking into his eyes now, a big grin on her face. “I can see you panicking in there. Thinking ‘oh-no, what’s she done? What’s going on?’”

She giggled, then leaned close so her lips were almost brushing his ear.

“Well don’t worry. I’ve been looking forward to telling you ever since I found it.”

Abruptly, Katie stepped back. She folded her arms.

“You really hurt me, Will, you know that, right? I don’t care that you didn’t want to be with me – I’m a big girl, I can handle that. But going around behind my back. Fucking my *friends*?”

Her blue eyes flashed.

“Lying to me. Making me think you *loved* me. Now *that* I had a problem with.”

Will tried to speak up, tried to protest, but it was impossible. He was –somehow – entirely under Katie’s control right now. He could no more speak out of turn than he could suddenly start flying.

“The last straw was when I found out about Nadia,” Katie was whispering. “I’d managed to keep a lid on it till then, but hearing that you let her suck you pathetic cock like that...”

She shook her head.

“That’s when I *knew* I had to teach you a lesson.”

A cloud passed over the sun, making the kitchen suddenly seem very dim, very gloomy. Katie smiled at Will. A cold, unpleasant smile.

“I remembered reading about a book in class, an ancient, powerful book. The stories said all you had to do was recite a passage out loud, and you would have *complete* control over one person of your choice.”

Her voice dipped even lower.

“Imagine that, Will. Absolute power over someone who had wronged you. Course, all the texts said it was a story, some dumbass myth dreamed up by ancient scribes. But I decided to look anyway, kinda as a joke. A way for me to work off all my rage at you being such a *dickbag*. Only guess what?”

What? Will wanted to ask. But he was still enchanted to be silent.

“I *found* it.” Katie’s eyes were alive, alive with a power Will had never seen in them before. “I found it, and you know what I did? I read the passage and asked for *unlimited* power over *you*, Will. I asked the book to make you my slave. A slave I can do *anything* to. And it *worked*.”

No. No, this was too crazy. It had to be a dream. Or a hallucination...

“And now you’re thinking,” Katie put on an impression of a dumb, male voice. “‘this is all a dream!’ or ‘I’ve taken too many drugs!’”

She gave a light laugh.

“Well, you’re here, aren’t you? You couldn’t disobey my texts, any more than you can disobey me when I tell you to do *this*.”

Her eyes flashed.

“Cut your dick off and eat it.”

What?! Will wanted to scream, to shout, to tell Katie she'd gone *mad!*

Instead, to his horror, he felt his body moving. With jerky movements, he crossed the kitchen, *yanked* a knife out a drawer and held it up. He felt his free hand rummage in his pants, then his cock was out, lying on the counter.

Will tried to scream. To shake his head. To tense his muscles. But his arm simply raised the knife up high...

"OK, you can stop."

...and froze. Will stood there, his penis lying on the counter, shriveled in horror, the knife held high. Waiting for more orders.

"You see?" Katie asked. "I can make you do *anything*. And you better believe I'm gonna use this power to fuck you up, Will."

"Drop the knife and turn around," she added as an afterthought.

Obediently, Will placed the knife on the counter and turned back to face his new mistress, his cock still hanging out, his heart pounding in his chest.

So it was true. Katie could make him do absolutely *anything* she wanted him to. And he was powerless to stop her, or even plead for mercy.

"Look at you," Katie sighed. "Look at the big, cocky man, forced to be my little bitch. You're a little bitch, aren't you, Will? Tell me, what are you? You may speak."

Instantly it felt like Will had remembered how to work his tongue again. He was going to tell her now. Tell her how crazy this was, tell her she couldn't do this to him! He-!

"I'm a little bitch." He said. His eyes grew wide.

Katie! He tried to beg. *Stop this, please. I'll do anything!*

But the words changed in his mouth.

"I'm a little bitch!" He heard himself say, as if from very far away. "I'm a little bitch. I'm a little *bitch!*"

Katie giggled, one small hand held up to her lips.

"Yep, you are." The delight was audible in her voice. "I'd stop trying to talk if I was you. That's not an order though. It's *so* much fun hearing you say that!"

For fuck's SAKES! Will tried to yell. *Turn me back you CUNT!*

"I'm a little BITCH!" Is what he really shouted. *"I'm a little BITCH!"*

It was hopeless. Katie's powers meant Will was incapable of saying anything but those exact words. He looked up at Katie and saw her watching him with a big, happy smile, like a little girl who just got a pony Christmas.

"I'm a little bitch?" He whispered, pleadingly.

"I'm glad you're admitting it," Katie giggled. "But it's getting old now. You can stop talking again, slave."

Obediently, Will's mouth closed.

"Now." Katie folded her arms. "It's time to get on to your *proper* punishment. I planned this all out, and I'm *super* eager to try it out. But first. Take you clothes off."

Will's hands immediately leapt up, undressing him with a frantic speed that frightened him. He felt his body unbutton his jeans and let them drop to the floor, felt himself *yank* down his boxers.

In no time at all, Will was completely naked, trembling in the morning cold under Katie's powerful gaze.

“Excellent. Now. Before we get started.” Katie’s voice was clipped, becoming more dominant by the second. “I want you to say something. I’m going to *order* you to say it, but I want you to listen, understand? Because it’s relevant to your life. OK, here goes.”

She steeled herself.

“Slave. I want you to tell me that you understand you deserve *everything* that’s about to happen to you. I want you to say that you were a shit to women, and that it’s only fair you get to know their pain.”

She raised an eyebrow.

“Well? I’m *waiting*, slave.”

“I understand I deserve everything that’s about to happen to me.” Will echoed, miserably. “I was a shit to women, and it’s only fair I get to know their pain.”

“*Really?*” Katie’s eyes went wide in mock-surprise. “You want to get to know what it’s like to be a woman with a shitty boyfriend? How very *modern* of you. Will, I had no idea.”

She giggled again, obviously enjoying their strange and twisted role play. A role play she was utterly in control of.

“How do you want me to show that to you, slave?” Katie’s eyes twinkled. “*Now*, say: ‘I think you should turn me into a girl, mistress. A slutty girl with big boobies and a nice, tight pussy’.”

What?! Will tried to scream. *No, that’s sick. You’re a sick woman, Katie. A sick, twisted...*

But those weren’t the words that came out.

“I think you should turn me into a girl, mistress,” he heard himself say in terror. “A slutty girl with big boobies and a nice, tight pussy.”

“*Do* you?” Katie gasped, “well, if that’s what you *really* want, Will...”

A dark shadow passed across her face. She stepped back, put her hands on her hips.

“In that case...” A triumphant look flashed in her eyes. “Will, I order you to grow a *massive* pair of tits!”

No! Will wanted to scream. *Please!*

But it was too late.

Barely had the words left Katie’s mouth than Will felt an agonizing stinging in his chest. He looked down in numb horror and saw his nipples were erect and pointed, growing before his eyes. The tissue around them was swelling. A feeling of pressure was building up. Will threw up his hands...

...and felt them knocked away as a gigantic pair of beautiful breasts came bursting out. They swelled up, growing larger and larger and heavier and heavier, the nipples turning long and pink. As Will tried not to cry with fear, he saw his brand new boobies grow far, far out from his chest, until they wobbled before him, pert and ripe and firm.

With a feeling like he was in some terrible dream, Will reached up and gently clasped his gorgeous new tits. They were heavy in his hands, swollen and tender. His body had obeyed Katie’s commands to the letter.

His new tits really *were* massive.

“They’re Double-H, in case you were wondering,” Katie purred. “The sort of puppies that are gonna give you *loads* of back trouble in later life, Will.”

Will was barely listening. He *stared* down at the two flesh-colored lumps dangling from his chest. They looked ridiculous. Unreal. The sort of things you would see in a porno. Attached to

his slender frame, they seemed impossible.

“But we’re not done yet,” Katie declared. “Now for the next step. Will, I *order* you to grow a nice, tight pussy!”

There was a stabbing pain in Will’s crotch. He doubled over with a cry, claspings his hands across his dick. His eyes went wide. He looked at Katie in mute horror.

Will’s dick was *gone*. Where he should have had a long, pale cock hanging between his legs, there was now only soft, moist flesh.

In horror, Will gazed down between his strong, muscular legs, trying to ignore the heavy tits that threatened to block his view. He let out a soft moan.

Beneath his clasped hands, where his dick should have been, there now hung two moist, plump lips guarding a tight little hole.

That’s my pussy, Will thought, dazedly, *oh God, that’s my pussy...*

“Who said you could stop changing?” Katie glared at him. “My order isn’t finished yet, *slave!* I ordered you to grow a nice, tight pussy, but *also...*”

She grinned savagely at Will’s obvious helplessness.

“... I order you to grow a woman’s ass, a womb, ovaries, and a nice, long pair of legs.”

The changes were immediate. Will’s body began to twist and warp, like he was clay and Katie was – *somehow* – sculpting him with her mind.

There was a pressure in his ass and it suddenly jumped out, growing round and peach-like, pointing at the sky. At the same time, Will’s legs shivered, then began to telescope upwards, becoming smooth and slender and *long*.

Please, no! Will gasped inside himself. *I’m turning into a giant!*

But his eye line was exactly where it had always been. With a jolt, Will realized that was because his torso was curving and shrinking even as his legs got longer, leaving him with a small frame perched atop a pair of *heavenly* legs.

Just like a girl, Will thought miserably.

There was a sloshing inside him that made him feel nauseous. Will could feel his internal organs rearranging themselves to make way for his brand new womb and ovaries. As his birth canal opened up, Will realized that he was now capable of getting pregnant.

“Oh my God, you look *amazing*,” Katie giggled. “No *wonder* you wanted me to turn you into a girl!”

Her laughter died.

“But we’re not done yet, Will. I *order* you to grow some nice, girly hips. Then change those arms and shoulders, too. In fact...”

She smiled sweetly at him.

“I order you to grow an *entirely female* body.”

There was nothing Will could do. Reality kept bending into any shape Katie wanted it to and he was powerless to stop her.

There was a *pushing* around his waist and his hips widened out, stretching away from his body and giving him a curved, hourglass figure. At the same time, his shoulders *tugged* inwards with a grinding sensation, losing their masculine broadness and becoming slender and delicate.

A pain in his wrists made Will look down. His hands and wrists were shrinking, going from large, masculine things to dainty, willowy ones. His fingernails grew, extending away from his body and turning an embarrassing shade of sparkly pink. A *hissing* sound signaled his biceps

deflating and his arms becoming slender and hairless.

And still the changes kept coming.

Will's Adam's apple rolled back down his throat, disappearing inside his body. His feet shrank to less than half their size, his toenails becoming the same, sparkly pink as his fingernails. His spine suddenly curved inwards, thrusting his chest and ass out at the world, and making Will's big boobies jiggle around.

"Almost there," Katie purred. "Now I order you to shrink to a more... *female* size."

Immediately, Will saw the kitchen rising before him. He looked down at the floor and squealed, thrusting his hands out, convinced he was falling face-first towards it.

But rather than go crashing onto the laminated floor, he simply shrank until he was smaller than Katie. Shrank and kept shrinking until he was a cute, girly 5ft4 and had to look upwards to see his former girlfriend's face.

Will knew what was coming next. His face. It was the last, male part of him. Any second now, Katie would say the words and his features would disappear, replaced with those of some strange girl.

He let out a soft moan and touched his cheeks with his new, girly hands, as if wishing them goodbye. Katie smiled, looked him in the eye...

"Stop there." She said.

And instantly, Will's body stopped changing.

For a long time, neither girl moved. Katie looked down at Will with laughter in her blue eyes, while Will trembled before her, awaiting her next cruel order.

At long last, he lowered his hands. He gave Katie a blank look.

What...?

"That's as far as I wanted to go," Katie said. "I think I'll keep you like that, for now at least."

No... this was wrong. Katie had said she was going to turn him into a girl. But she'd done something even *worse*.

She'd give Will a slutty, curvy girl's body from the neck down, and left him with his own head.

"Well?" Katie raised an eyebrow. "What do you think, slave? You may speak."

Once again, the switch threw in Will's mind. He could remember how to make words, but he didn't know what to say. Wordlessly, he looked down at his soft, female body. At his new breasts, hanging heavily from his frame. At the folds of skin hiding his brand new pussy. At his curvy hips and perfect ass.

"Christ. Hurry up and say *something*."

Will barely heard what she was saying. His heart was pounding in his chest. His mind swirled, threatening to become detached from the rest of his body.

I've got to find a mirror.

There was a glass surface over the oven door, about head-height with his new body. Will ran over, trying to ignore the way his breasts wobbled and bounced painfully with each step. He took a deep breath.

And *looked*.

The first thing he realized was that he'd picked a poor place to explore the body Katie had forced on him. The glass surface of the oven was reflective, but it was also dim. Looking into it

was like peering into a cave in which vague, humanoid shapes moved.

But it was still reflective enough to give Will everything he needed. He raised his delicate, girly hands to his face and let out a *scream*.

His body was wrong! Wrong, wrong, *wrong*! Where he should have been straight, he now curved. Where he should have been solid, he was soft.

The girl looking back at him had a body to *die* for. She was busty, long-legged, and curvy, with an ass Will would've given *anything* to tap if he'd seen it at a party. Her pussy was shaved, her stomach flat and her hips *just* wide enough. It was the sort of body you saw at strip clubs or in pornos; the ideal body for a woman to have...

...only she wasn't a woman. Atop her long, swan-like neck sat the head of a man, staring at his new form in terror.

The head of Will, cursed to become a woman from the neck down.

"It's *horrible*!" The words were out before Will could stop himself, before he could worry about what Katie might do to him if he upset her. "Katie, *please*! You can't keep me like...!"

"I can do whatever I want," Will's ex-girlfriend sneered cruelly. "You're *my* toy now, and I've decided I want you to keep your old head."

She laughed, a cold, harsh bark.

"Call it a... *reminder* of all your sins."

Will shook his head, as if trying to wake up from a nightmare. In the reflective glass of the oven door, he saw his face crumple with misery.

This was *horrible*. In its own way, it was worse than if Katie had just turned him into some busty, blond bimbo. At least then no-one would know who was really in there. Now, on the other hand...

"I look like a tranny," Will whispered.

Helpless tears were pricking at the corners of his eyes. Male head or not, it seemed Will's body was now *flooded* with estrogen.

"You'll get used to it," Katie shrugged. "After all, you're gonna be having a *lot* of fun with that new body of yours."

"What do you mean?" Will couldn't tear his eyes away from the mirror, couldn't stop looking at his slutty new form.

In response, Katie pushed away from the table. She walked slowly over to her former boyfriend, her eyes half-lidded. She stopped behind Will, who looked up at her, depressed to see she now towered over him.

Gently, Katie reached out and let one hand drift down Will's new spine. Let it trace a lazy line across his skin all the way down to his pert and hairless ass.

Instinctively, Will slapped her hand away. Katie shot him a warning look.

"Careful." She said. "Or I'll make you drink your own piss."

Will swallowed. He obediently lowered his girly new hands so they hung uselessly at his side.

"Better," Katie muttered.

She took hold of one of his ass cheeks and gently squeezed it, kneading the flesh. Instantly, Will felt a warmth spreading in his new crotch and his nipples stiffen as his body responded to his mistress's touch.

"I *mean*," Katie breathed in Will's ear, making the tiny hairs rise across the nape of his

neck, “that I think it’s time we had some *fun*.”

*

This can’t be happening.

Will marched down the stairs in front of Katie, his new hips rolling seductively with each step, his big boobies wobbling before him.

There’s no way this is happening.

“Turn left.”

At the sound of his mistress’s voice, Will’s body obediently swung left. It was all too obvious where they were going now.

They were going to Katie’s bedroom.

Please don’t let this be happening.

“Inside, slave.”

Obediently, Will opened the door. The handle was higher up than he remembered it being, then he remembered that he was now nearly a foot smaller. Together, the mistress and her sissy slave stepped into the room.

It was the same room Will had come back to with Katie many, many times. The same room he’d playfully undressed her in. The same room he’d thrown her down on the floor of and fucked her roughly in, enjoying the way she moaned.

It was the same room, but in his new body it looked like somewhere utterly alien.

“Good girl.” Katie closed the door behind her and leaned against it, eyeing Will. “Now, where were we?”

Will didn’t know what to say. He looked hopelessly around Katie’s room, with its pink walls, thick carpet and fairy lights. There were clothes strewn out across the bed, girl’s clothes. He guessed they were Katie’s.

“Ah, that’s right.” Katie’s voice was twinkling with laughter. “Your punishment. Care to guess what it is, slave?”

“No mistress,” Will replied automatically. Already, his brain was getting used to obeying Katie’s every utterance like it was the word of God.

“Go on,” Katie purred. “Guess. Be a *good girl* and tell your mistress what you think you’re about to do.”

Will swallowed. He had ideas, but he didn’t want to share them with Katie in case she got inspired. Across the room, he could see his reflection in a full-length mirror; his effeminate, male face balanced on top of his new, girly body.

At the sight of his naked, female self, Will felt a faint tingle in his pussy. He quickly looked away, blushing. He didn’t want to get turned on by *himself*.

“I think...” He hesitated, but the magic forced him to proceed. “I think that you’re going to use me as a sex toy. Make me lick your pussy, or maybe make me get on all fours while you fuck my tight new cunt with a strap on, as punishment for me fucking all those other girls.”

The words were unreal, like something you should only hear in a dirty story. But made even worse because they were true.

If Katie wanted to penetrate Will’s new, virgin body, he was powerless to stop her.

“Mistress.” He added in a faint whisper.

“What a *good* idea,” he heard Katie purr behind him. “So you want me to – what was it – put on a big, rubber dildo and fuck you with it like a little bitch, is that right?”

“I want whatever you want me to, mistress,” the words made Will feel sick. “If you want to fuck this lovely new body of mine, then...”

He hesitated. Was he really going to say it?

“Then I’d *love* you to penetrate my virgin pussy,” he whispered.

To Will’s utter horror, his body then planted its dainty hands on his smooth thighs and slowly bent forwards until Katie could see his nice, new cunt. Without meaning to, he felt himself give his ass a seductive little wiggle, inviting her to abuse him however she saw fit.

“Oh my *God*, that spell works so well!” He heard Katie exclaim. “You’re *such* a sissy bitch now! But you’re way off, darling, sorry. Stand up, OK?”

Obediently, Will felt himself stand up straight again, the heavy weight of his new breasts settling against his chest.

What the hell does that mean? He wondered. *Has she got something even sicker in store for me?*

An image flashed through his mind, of himself, lying on his slender new back, driving an enormous dildo deep into his new pussy while Katie watched and masturbated. To his infinite shame, Will realized that he found the idea kinda... arousing.

“You can test drive that cunt of yours later,” Katie cooed behind him. “I promise you that. But for now, I’ve got a slightly *different* idea. See those clothes?”

Will glanced over at the clothes strewn out on the bed. A seemingly-endless selection of bras, panties, skirts, dresses and tight crop-tops.

“I order you to get dressed.”

Will’s mouth dropped open.

“M-mistress?” He stammered.

This has got to be a trick. She can’t just want to use me like a giant doll, playing dress up!

“You heard me, didn’t you, whore?” Katie’s voice was light, even affectionate. “I want my brand new girl buddy to cover up that gorgeous bod of hers, but to do it in the *sexiest* way possible.”

She giggled.

“We’re gonna get you in girls’ clothes, Will, and you’re gonna look *amazing*. Now.” A note of steel entered her voice. “I order you to *get dressed*.”

Uncertainly, Will crossed over to the bed he and Katie had screwed so, so many times on. Back then, the idea that he’d one day be stood in this bedroom, enchanted to cross dress his curvy new body, would have seemed like a spectacularly fucked-up joke.

Look at me though, he thought, I’m smaller than Katie. My tits (he still couldn’t believe that he had tits) are much bigger. I’m never gonna fit into her clothes...

Then he picked up the nearest bra, and saw how large it was. Saw how its cups dangled toward the floor, ready for boobies *much* bigger than Katie’s, and realized his ex-girlfriend must have gone shopping.

“Whichever one you want, it’s yours.” Katie called out, behind him. “Take your time, try them on. Today, you’re gonna pick an outfit like a *real* girl!”

Will had no choice. With a feeling of blackness, he bent his delicate new body forward, feeling his pert ass rising into the air, and began to sort through the clothes Katie had provided.

The first thing he decided he wanted was to put on a bra. Not because he wanted to hide

his naked body from Katie's prying eyes – since it wasn't really *his* body anymore, Will didn't feel particularly self-conscious about it – but because he couldn't *stand* the way his big new boobies pulled on his chest, making him constantly feel like he was about to topple over.

A flash of pink caught his eye. A lacy bra, trimmed with sequins, a tiny little satin bow sat between the two cups. Will pulled it out the pile and held it up. It was large, almost comically so, but it had to be to fit his giant new breasts.

"Interesting choice," he heard Katie say, "I genuinely thought you'd have gone for the white one. Pink seems a little... *girly* for you, Will."

"That's why I picked it," Will heard his body say, horrified to discover he no longer seemed capable of lying to Katie. "Ever since you transformed me, mistress, I've wanted to feel as much like a girl as possible."

Before he could stop himself, his treacherous body slipped out a terrifying afterthought.

"Maybe even *before* you transformed me."

"Is that so?" Katie's voice was alive with amusement. "I'm *so* glad you told me that. Well, if you like it so much, why don't you try it on?"

This is gonna be weird.

Will grit his teeth. He gently slipped the straps of the bra over one shoulder, then hooked it over the other. He shifted the cups and worked his brand new boobs inside them, then reached behind his back and fastened the clasp like an expert.

The feeling of his heavy breasts resting in the cups was strangely pleasant. Comforting. With the added support, they didn't feel so monstrously heavy, either.

Will looked down at the pink, lacy bra he was now wearing, and was surprised to feel how pleased he was with his soft new cleavage. How much he liked the look of his new lingerie.

I bet I look hot in this, he found himself thinking, happily.

Irritated, he shook the thought away.

He didn't want to look *hot*.

"OK, let's try it with the panties, shall we?"

"Yes, mistress."

Katie needn't have said anything. Will was already plucking matching pink panties off the surface of the bed and holding them up to examine them.

Compared to his large bra, they were almost spectacularly flimsy. Little more than a few pieces of pink lace, held together more by accident than by design. Looking at them, Will had a sinking feeling that he'd never be able to get his big new butt inside them.

"Well? I'm waiting, slave."

Bending forward, his breasts rising in the bottom of his vision, Will reluctantly slipped first one smooth, slender leg into the panties, then the other. The touch of lace against his skin was strange, almost ticklish.

This is wrong, he thought to himself, *I'm a man. I shouldn't know what it's like to wear girls' clothes.*

But, of course, he *wasn't* a man anymore. At least, not anywhere below his neck. So Will gently tugged the panties up his smooth legs, secretly enjoying the way they brushed against his skin.

To his surprise, they fitted *perfectly*. The pink lace clung tight to his skin, accentuating the curves of his ass, pressing against his pussy.

For Will, who was used to wearing loose-fitting boxers, it was a wholly alien sensation. At the same time, though, he could see why women chose to wear lingerie.

In his lacy new bra and panties, he suddenly felt... *sexy*.

"Wow. You look *adorable!*" Katie clapped her hands excitedly. "Go and take a look!"

Will obediently padded over to the mirror, his tiny feet pressing into the soft carpet. Even walking felt different now, the curve of his hips and the tightness of the fabric making him feel as if he was almost naked.

He stopped in front of the mirror and looked down at his new body, trying to avoid seeing his male face.

The figure that looked back at him was like something out of a swimwear catalogue. Somehow, the sexy, curvy body he'd been forced into looked even sexier in its bra and panties. Curves were amplified. Your eye line was drawn to the seductive roll of its hips, the swell of its breasts, the tiny piece of fabric hiding its pussy.

Will hated to admit it, but he looked *great*.

"Like what you see?"

"Yes, mistress."

"Good girl. OK, let's decide what to dress you in *next*."

Like the obedient bitch slave he was, Will returned to the bed and began rummaging through the clothes again. Incredibly, he found that he was starting to enjoy himself.

"There's too much to choose from, mistress. What am I dressing for?"

"I'll tell you shortly. For now... let's just say I want you to look *extremely* pretty, slave. Like the sort of girl you'd want to take home and fuck."

The sort of girl I'd want to take home and fuck?

Will frowned in concentration. Already, he was starting to forget what his male mind had been attracted to. What did boys like in a girl's clothes?

Ah-ha.

He hoisted up a pair of tight, cut-off jean shorts. The kind that would leave a *whole* lotta leg on display and make his ass wiggle and bounce with every step. Maybe if he combined these with a tight, low-cut top...

"Mistress?" Will asked, still holding up the shorts. "May I?"

"Knock yourself out," came the reply.

With a feeling of abandonment, Will bent forward again, raised one long, smooth leg, and stepped into the shorts. As he pulled them up over his pert bum and buttoned up the front, he decided he was going to enjoy himself while Katie made him dress up like a girl.

After all, he thought, it's not like I can do a damn thing about it.

He slipped the top on over his head, and seconds later he was stood in front of the mirror again, checking out his new outfit.

As predicted, his shorts clung tightly to his hips, drawing attention to his long legs and peach-like bum. The white top he'd selected barely covered his breasts, leaving his flat stomach on display and his bra straining at the fabric.

"Not bad," Katie said. "You've got a real farm girl thing going on. With some boots you'd look cute as-"

"No." Will's eyes widened, alarmed that he'd just interrupted his mistress. He waited a fraction of a second, then when Katie didn't do anything, continued.

“It’s too slutty. I’d have *slept* with a girl who dressed like this, but never really *wanted* her.” Will shook his head. “She’d seem too... *cheap*, I guess.”

In the mirror, he saw Katie shrug from her position over by the door.

“Sure. Try something else.”

Will was really getting into this now. He returned to the bed again, cast off his white top, kicked off the denim shorts and began digging through the pile.

Think, he urged himself, *think*. *What would you want to see on a girl with a bod like this?*

Then his eyes lit up as he threw some dungarees aside and saw what lay under them.

I think you have your answer.

With a delighted, girlish giggle, Will held up the slim piece of fabric against his body and shot Katie a shy smile.

“Mistress?”

For a moment, Katie seemed strangely thrown. She looked at him then shook her head and gave a little laugh. Will’s heart began to beat faster. He hadn’t upset his goddess, had he?

“Mistress, are you-?”

“Yeah. Don’t worry about it. It’s just...” Katie hesitated. “You look so fucking *cute* right now. I’m starting to think maybe I *should’ve* fucked you.”

Will’s cheeks turned pink. He was alarmed to hear himself giggle again.

Hang on, am I flirting with her? He thought. *Flirting like a girl?*

“Well, what are you waiting for, girl? Try it on.”

With a strange feeling of abandonment, Will slipped the piece of fabric over his head and let it fall around his body. Then he snatched a pair of boots up from the pile and slipped them onto his feet, laughing all the time.

Finally, he skipped over to the mirror, put his hands on his wide new hips and *looked*.

The girl looking back at him no longer looked slutty. She looked *adorable*.

Her tiny, curvy body had been hidden away inside a dark blue summer dress decorated with white flowers. It had a low-cut that showed off *just* enough cleavage. The bottom of it was flowing and crinkled and swished open slightly below her thighs, leaving enough leg on display to attract attention, but not so much that you didn’t have to use your imagination a little.

The back was open almost all the way down, the straps connecting just above her curvy ass. A cute little brown leather belt was clasped round her waist. A little pair of ankle-high boots encased her dainty feet, the tops of two white socks barely visible above them.

She looked casual. She looked cute. She looked pretty as *hell*.

It was just a shame about the male face.

A slow clap made Will look around. From her perch by the doorway, Katie was applauding him, a faint smirk on her flawless features.

“Wow, Will...” she said. “God, if I’d only know how fucking *cute* you’d look as a girl, I would’ve transformed you the moment I met you.”

“Thanks, mistress.” The words were automatic, but Will really did feel flattered. “It’s not quite right, though. My face...”

Katie shrugged.

“Nothing I can do about it. Well, I *can*, but I don’t wanna. Nope.” She shook her head. “You’re gonna have to deal with that like any other girl.”

“What do you mean?” Will asked, baffled.

Katie raised one amused eyebrow and nodded at the wooden vanity chest in the corner of her room. A round mirror stood on its surface.

“See over there?” She asked. “Go on. Try it.”

Try what? Thought Will, irritably, as he padded over to the vanity chest. The hem of his dress swayed with every step, gently swishing against his bare legs. Will couldn’t help but note how *nice* it felt.

“Sorry, mistress,” he said, standing before the smaller mirror, “I don’t see anything...”

The words died in his throat. Ah. Of course. After all, what *else* did girls do to make their faces more attractive to men?

“I see the penny’s dropped,” Katie said.

Will nodded. He reached forward, gently picking up a tube of lipstick. It felt strange in his hands. Will realized it was the first time he’d held one in his life.

So that was it. Katie wanted him to wear makeup.

“I altered your mind a bit,” Katie was saying behind him. “You should have *some* idea how to use that stuff. But I’m not gonna help. I want to see if the little bitch can figure it out herself.”

Herself, Will thought, *even my pronouns are female now*.

Nonetheless, he gave a sharp little nod, swept the edges of his dress under his cute round bum and perched himself on the little stool before the vanity chest.

The array of makeup before him was dizzying. There were different colors of lipstick, stuff for you nails, stuff for your eyelashes, foundation, mascara, blusher, and a few things that Will couldn’t even begin to *guess* at. It was like a parallel universe, one he, as a man, had never even suspected of existing before.

How do girls manage to keep track of all this shit? Will wondered.

Then he remembered that *he* was now a girl, and he’d better get used to makeup as a fact of life.

Hesitantly, Will plucked a lipstick up. He pulled off the lid and frowned at the color of it.

Will this look good on me?

He really didn’t know. With pleading eyes he turned and looked at Katie for advice. She shook her head.

“You figure it out, bitch.”

“Yes mistress. Thank you, mistress.”

With a sigh, Will turned back to the chest. He looked at himself in the round mirror, at his male face, magnified so he couldn’t see the rest of his body.

At least putting on girls’ clothes had felt a bit more natural now he had a female body. The idea of putting makeup on his male face, on the other hand...

Well. It felt *wrong*.

Unfortunately, he didn’t have a choice.

Tentatively, Will picked up another lipstick. The color was a kind of glossy pink. Not too obvious. Just like his new nails.

That should do it...

With a feeling of unreality, he pursed his lips in the mirror, and watched as his old, male self expertly applied the lipstick.

The effect was somewhere between grotesque and hilarious. Will – the male Will who Katie had all but wished away – puckered his lips in the mirror, made a kissing motion and then smiled at himself, his lips suddenly a subtle shade of pink.

Oh my God, I look like a drag act...

Will could hardly believe he was seeing himself in lipstick. It felt wrong. So, so wrong. But there was nothing he could do.

Katie wanted him to wear makeup. And he had to obey his mistress's wishes to the letter.

The next ten minutes passed in a blur. Looking back, Will dimly remembered his hands trembling as he penciled on his eyeliner, vaguely worried about stabbing himself in the eye. He had flashes of gently running mascara through his lashes; of applying dabs of foundation; of adding a touch of blusher to his cheeks.

But these memories were vague compared to what came next. To the moment when Will finally leaned back and examined his made-up face in the mirror.

"Well?" Asked Katie. "How do you feel, slave?"

Like I'm going crazy...

The Will in the mirror was transformed. The makeup had highlighted the femininity of his features in ways he'd never imagined possible. Suddenly, his eyes were deeper, their lashes long and cute. His painted smile was strangely seductive. His cheeks seemed to glow with feminine energy.

Unbelievable as it seemed, he actually looked like a girl. A girl with a strangely *handsome*, almost male face, but a girl all the same.

I could be my own sister...

"I feel..." Will swallowed. "I feel like a *girl*, mistress. A *real* girl."

Unexpectedly, a smile split across his made-up features.

"I feel *amazing*." Will heard himself confess, disgusted at what he was admitting to, but powerless to stop himself. "I'm... I'm so happy you transformed me, mistress."

"My pleasure." Katie pushed herself off from the door and walked over to him. She placed two hands on Will's bare shoulders and leaned down to look in the mirror with him.

"You know," she murmured, "I always thought you might secretly want to be female. There was something about the way you used to look at me when I was all dolled up. Kinda like you wanted me, but also kinda like you wanted to *be* me..."

Will simply nodded, a feeling of shame washing over him. Why oh *why* had that spell taken away his ability to lie – to Katie and to *himself*?

One of Katie's hands gently teased a lock of his curly, dark hair. She kept her eyes on his in the mirror, as if she was looking right into Will's soul.

"In that case, maybe I can do something for you," her voice caressed Will as gently as her hands, "not *too* much, mind. You're still an asshole after all. But maybe I can make you look a *bit* more like a girl."

Then she looked down at his head, a strange smile on her face.

"Hair." She commanded. "Grow."

Immediately, Will's short hair began to cascade out of his scalp like a waterfall. It grew in dark, seductive curls; suddenly shinier and *bouncier* than it had ever been while he was male. It grew until it reached shoulder length, then suddenly stopped, its ends tickling against Will's neck.

His made-up face now framed by his long, curly dark hair, Will looked almost completely female. In wonder, he reached up and clasped a strand between two dainty fingers, amazed at the transformation.

This is what I'd look like if I'd been born female, he realized. If my genes had changed just slightly in the womb, I'd have always looked like this.

The thought made him feel strangely warm inside.

"There," Katie whispered in his ear, "don't say I never did anything for you."

"Thank you mistress," Will said, breathlessly.

"No problemo. Now." Katie gently hooked one finger under Will's chin. He obediently looked up into her wide, blue eyes, only inches from his own. Saw her lips, pink and slightly moist.

She's going to kiss me, he realized. Oh God, that's my punishment. She's turned me into her girlfriend!

But rather than being upsetting, the thought was strangely pleasant. Will felt a faint warmth tingling in his new pussy, where as a man he would have felt his dick twitch. He felt himself becoming slightly wider at the thought of nibbling on Katie's tongue, as it swirled round the inside of his mouth.

It was strange, being in the body of a woman getting slowly aroused. But Will found he didn't care. He was still a straight man, and Katie was still one of the hottest girls he'd ever met.

Maybe being trapped as her lesbian lover won't be so bad...

"Now," Katie was whispering, her lips inches from his, "it's time for the *second* part of your punishment."

"Yes, mistress," Will's voice had a strange, feminine moan to it. He slowly leaned towards Katie, tilting his head back.

"You were a bad girl before I transformed you, weren't you?" Katie's voice was like silk, caressing him, making him dizzy. "Sleeping with my Nadia, ruining our friendship."

"Yes, mistress." Will closed his eyes. His heart was thumping in his chest. His nipples were hard as bullets, his new panties already damp.

"So it only seems fair that I do the same to *you*." Katie's lips were practically brushing his. "Don't you think, bitch?"

Abruptly, she straightened up. Will's eyes flew open. He gazed up at Katie with a mixture of longing and confusion.

"Mistress...?"

"What? You didn't really think I was going to transform you just so *I* could fuck you?" Katie's eyes twinkled with amusement. "No thanks. I still prefer *men*."

"Then what...?" Will asked weakly.

"It's simple," Katie was struggling not to laugh now. "You ruined my friendship, so I'm going to ruin yours. Or rather, I'm going to make *you* ruin yours."

She can't mean...

But she did. Suddenly a cruel look flooded into Katie's eyes. The look of a scorned goddess about to wreak her terrible vengeance.

"Will," she said clearly, "I *order* you to go back home and fuck Chris. I *order* you to suck his cock. I *order* you to let him fuck your virgin pussy. I *order* you to let him put his cock in

your ass.”

Her smile widened.

“And I *order* you to become his girlfriend.”

No! Will wanted to scream. *No you fucking bitch, you can't make me do that!*

Instead, he humbly bowed his head like the sissy slave he was. Looked down at his girlish body, hidden away inside his summer dress. Looked down at his large cleavage, at his slender legs.

“Yes, mistress,” he whispered.

It was like a switch had been thrown in his mind. He now had no choice but to have wild, passionate sex with his own best friend. No choice but to slobber all over Chris's penis and enjoy every single second of it.

He could no more avoid this fate than he could stop himself from growing old, or dying one day.

Katie's spell had seen to that.

“Well, what are you waiting for, bitch?” Katie's voice was alive with mocking laughter. “Get back home and fuck that boy *immediately*.”

*

I have to be dreaming.

The wind rippled between Will's legs as he cycled across campus towards his dormitory, blowing up his dress and threatening to expose his panties to the world. Will barely noticed.

This has to be a dream, a fucked-up dream...

Their building rose up behind the crest of the hill. Already, a few students were lounging outside, enjoying the sun. Will bowed his head, terrified they would see his male face and recognize him.

Some dream.

After Katie had given her order, Will had tried to argue with her. Even as his body obediently stood up, walked down the stairs and unchained his bike (which had somehow transformed into a girls' model while he was inside), he'd desperately reasoned with her.

It wouldn't work. Chris would recognize his face. He'd heard Will's male voice and be freaked out. Even with a body this hot, he'd find the idea of fucking his best friend seriously unappealing.

But Katie had simply shrugged her slender shoulders.

“Not my problem,” she'd said. “You'll have to figure something out. Oh, and you should probably be quick about it.”

Here her voice had dropped to a deadly whisper.

“The spell I cast on you has some... interesting side effects. For instance, if the slave fails to carry out the master's order by midnight of the same day then there are *consequences*.”

A cruel smile had spread itself across her beautiful face.

“In your case, you have to let Chris fuck each one of your holes. Then you have to become his *official* girlfriend, all by 12 tonight. Or else...”

“Or else what?”

“You'll turn into a pig. A *female* pig who'll live out the rest of her life rutting around in some sty somewhere.”

Katie winked at him.

“Can you say *oink, oink*, piggie? Coz that’s what you’ll be doing if you fail to become Chris’s hot new lover.”

Then Will’s body had forced him to get on his new, girls’ bike and start pedaling and there’d been no time left to plead.

All the way back, he’d desperately turned over in his head how he could seduce Chris. Lord knew he didn’t want to. Although his body had been changed, his mind was still *male*. He still found girls attractive. Hell, he found his own new female body weirdly attractive. The idea of having sex with a *man* was...

But Katie’s orders, combined with the threat of spending the rest of his life as a fat sow oinking on some farm, meant he really didn’t have a choice.

By the time he reached their dorm block, Will thought he had a plan.

His bike locked up, he pulled out his phone and dialed Chris’s number. Across the grass he noticed a couple of guys he knew from parties eyeing his figure and quickly turned away.

The last thing he wanted now was for someone to recognize him.

Why didn’t she give me a girl’s face? Will thought angrily as the phone rang. *This would be so much easier if I didn’t still have my own stupid head!*

“Hey. Will?”

“Chris!” Will said, then immediately lowered his voice to barely a whisper. A couple of girls he’d chatted up before were walking past, and the only thing more-likely to expose his humiliating transformation than someone seeing his face was someone hearing his deep, male voice coming out a girl’s mouth.

“It’s early, man. Can’t this wait?”

“No.” The blood pounded in Will’s ears; he needed to get this right. “I’m... I’m at school. Something came up. With my essay. Plagiarism. I’m being investigated.”

“Shit. That’s too bad,” Chris mumbled, still half-asleep. “Really. But, err, not sure what it has to do with me.”

Gee, thanks for the sympathy, asshole, Will thought, crossly. If he really *was* in trouble for plagiarism, he’d have wanted a bit more support than that!

Nonetheless, he ploughed on.

“It’s my sister,” he said. “My twin sister. She’s coming to visit and I said she could stay with us. She’s probably already here. I need you to...”

He took a deep breath.

“I need you to look after her while I’m busy. Take her out, show her around. Make her feel at home.”

He gritted his teeth.

“Have some *fun* together.”

There was a long pause as Chris turned things over.

“Sure, why not.” He finally said. “Since when have you had a sister, though? You’ve never mentioned her...”

“Must’ve slipped my mind,” Will said, quickly, eager to move on. “But she knows all about you.”

“Fine, whatever. I’ll show her around.” Chris sounded like he was yawning. “In that case, I’d better...”

“There’s more.” Will closed his eyes.

This was it, the difficult bit. His male face had been easily explained away by the twin sister lie. But his male *voice*...

"She's mute." He said, scarcely able to believe the words coming out his mouth. "She can hear and everything, but she can't speak. Not a word. So don't even try and get her to talk, OK?"

There was another pause. Will found himself crossing two slender, girly fingers.

"OK. Understood." Chris said at last. "Take a mute girl round campus while you get shafted for cheating. Easy. Anything else I should know? Has she got a club foot or a hare lip or..."

"Just one thing." Will grit his teeth. "She's a... a *total nympho*. Seriously, bro, she'll fuck *anything* with a penis. All you'd have to do is wink at her and she'd start sucking your cock."

"A nympho? *What?* Why are you telling me this?!"

"So you won't try anything." The blood pounded in Will's ears; he needed to get this bit right. "Seriously, you could *easily* get her to do anal. I'm telling you this because you're my best friend, and hearing you screwed my sister is the *last* thing I want!"

On the other end of the line, Chris laughed.

"OK, sure, understood. Orders received. Catch you later, bud!"

"Later."

Will hung up and let out a breath he didn't know he'd been holding.

Although Chris was his friend, he was also a guy. A guy who was *famous* for thinking with his dick. If he thought he was alone with a beautiful nympho, he'd probably try it with her, even if she was meant to be his best friend's sister.

He just had to hope his roomie didn't get a sudden attack of conscience.

With a feeling like a man heading to the gallows, Will slipped his phone away and turned towards their dormitory building.

So this was it. The start of the worst day of his life. The day where he'd have to let Chris come in his mouth, his brand new pussy *and* his asshole. The day where he'd have to turn his best friend into his *boyfriend*, or spend the rest of his life as a pig.

As Will slowly made his way into the dorm, his ass curving with each step and his summer dress fluttering in the breeze, he thought he heard something in the distance. Something that made him feel madder than he ever had in his entire life.

Somewhere, he swore he could hear Katie laughing.

Part Two: The Girlfriend

“So you’re Will’s sister, huh?”

From far below his best friend, Will arranged his painted lips into what he hoped was a winning smile and fluttered his eyelashes. Acting so openly... *female* in front of Chris was weird, but what choice did he have?

“Nice to meet you.” Chris’s eyes briefly flickered down Will’s enormous cleavage. “Do you, uh, wanna come in?”

That’s the last thing I want.

Outwardly, Will simply bowed his head in girlish nod and slightly crossed his slender legs. Without trying too hard, he realized he probably looked cute as fuck.

“Right this way.”

Will’s tall, muscular best friend held the door open. With a grateful smile, Will made his way inside, trying not to notice how Chris was watching his ass as he wiggled past.

It was strange, entering his own apartment as a girl. Everything was slightly distorted. As a man, he’d gotten used to things being at a certain height, and seeing them from a certain angle. As a tiny girl, those angles had all changed. It was almost like he was seeing the apartment for the first time all over again.

The door closed behind him. Chris stepped past, shooting Will a winning smile. Even his roomie looked different now.

Chris had always been the taller of the pair, but only by a few inches. Now, he *towered* over Will. There was probably a foot difference in their heights, and Will couldn’t help but notice how much broader his best friend was. How large and powerful his arms were. How his shirt pulled taut against his muscles.

How his big dick nestled in his boxer shorts, its thick outline all too visible.

“Will’s told me all about you,” Chris was saying as he led his transformed friend into the living room. “Except your name, weirdly. “

Shit!

A look of horror briefly flickered across Will’s face. How could he have been so stupid? He’d been so busy thinking up ridiculous lies about his muteness and nymphomania that he’d forgotten to even give his new character a name!

With an effort, Will forced his face back into a pleasant smile. Then he slipped his smartphone out the discreet little pocket on the side of his dress and started typing.

NO? He wrote. THAT’S SO DUMB!!! I’M...

As Chris watched, Will hesitated. Then his long, delicate finger started tracing across the keypad again.

I’M WENDY.

He turned the phone around and held it up to Chris, his heart pounding in his large chest. Chris read what was there and slowly nodded.

“Wendy. OK, *Wendy*, great to meet you.”

Will smiled and nodded, but inside he was already kicking himself.

Wendy?! Great, now I sound like a fucking grandma!

He quickly traced his finger over the keypad again. It was such a pain in the ass, pretending to be mute. But better that than have Chris hear his old, male voice coming out this girl’s body.

GREAT TO MEET YOU TOO. He wrote, then added. JUST GOING TO THE RESTROOM. TWO TICKS.

He slipped his phone away, and started to turn towards the restroom when he realized Chris was still watching him, a puzzled frown on his face.

Oh shit, did I do something wrong? Will wondered. He pulled his phone out again. WHAT?

“Nothing.” Chris said. “Just... don’t you want me to tell you where it is?”

Of course! Will’s eyes went wide at his own stupidity. He was supposed to be a guest here, a girl who had never seen this apartment before. Quickly, he started typing again.

WHOOPS! HOW SILLY LOL. CAN U SHOW ME????

“Long flight, huh?” Chris murmured with a cheeky grin. “Sure, just down there.”

THANKS!!! Will typed, then set off down the corridor as fast as his little girly legs would carry him, feeling Chris’s amused eyes crawling over his ass all the way.

He had to be *careful* with this stuff, he chastised himself as he made his way down the corridor, his great big boobies wobbling in the bottom of his vision. Suppose Chris got suspicious? Suppose he realized what had happened? What then?

But Will already knew. Already, he could feel the stiffness as his hands magically bunched together and turned into trotters. Feel his own helplessness as his nose swelled up into a pig’s large snout. Hear his own screams turning into porcine grunts.

Shuddering, he let himself into the toilet.

The room was dim, the mirror flecked with bits of grime. Will closed the door, surprised to feel his body registering disgust at the rarely-cleaned toilet.

You can tell two guys live here, he thought irritably.

So far, so good. Chris seemed to have accepted he was Will’s sister Wendy, and, judging by the way he’d kept casting glances at Will’s new body, was eager to accept the nympho story, too.

Now Will just had to somehow seduce him, and get fucked in his mouth, pussy and asshole.

In the mirror, the girl-version of Will looked back at him, her face all made-up and creased with thought. Even though it still had his old face, Will couldn’t help but think of his reflection as a girl. A girl who was similar to, but separate from him.

“Think,” he murmured to her, keeping his male voice low in case his roomie was within hearing distance, “what would a girl have to do to get in Chris’s pants?”

Abruptly, he reached down and clasped the hem of his dress. He pulled it over his head, the world vanishing behind a wave of fabric. He hung it over the door, then closed his eyes, his slender fingers grasped round the handle.

Are we really gonna do this? His brain whispered. *Are we really gonna do... that with Chris?*

“We don’t have a choice.” Will muttered in return.

Then he flung open the door and padded out into the apartment, wearing nothing but his panties, bra and ankle-boots.

Chris was fixing some coffee up in the kitchen, his back turned as Will entered. The sight of his broad, muscular shoulders made Will feel strangely woozy.

“I didn’t know if you’d want white or black,” Chris was saying. “Will always takes his

white, so I guess you...”

He trailed off as he turned and saw Will. Saw his killer new girl-body, exposed and waiting for a big strong man to take it. Stopped before him, Will saw a surprised look flicker into his eyes.

“Wendy...?”

Here goes. Will’s heart was in his throat. *Quick, do it!*

With an outward calm more confident than he felt inside, Will stepped forward. He pressed his female body up against Chris’s unresisting male one. Then he tilted his head back, stood on tiptoes and they were kissing.

It was horrible, feeling his best friend’s tongue swirling around inside his mouth. *Horrible!* Chris’s short blond stubble brushed roughly against his chin like sandpaper. His saliva mixed with Will’s. Will could feel an erection, already growing in his roomie’s boxers. Growing thanks to *him*.

Urgh! He thought, *I’m kissing Chris! I’m kissing my best friend... and it’s gross!*

But that wasn’t entirely the truth. While Will’s male mind tried not to feel sick at having his best friend’s tongue in his mouth, his female body wasn’t so sure.

In fact, judging by the way its nipples were hardening and its pussy was tingling, it seemed to think kissing strong, handsome Chris was as far from gross as you could possibly get.

“Well, that was unexpected,” Chris smiled as he pulled back. He looked down on Will with those blue eyes of his, making his heart hammer in his chest.

God, he’s so handsome... Will mentally shook the thought away. Katie might have the power to transform him into a girl and force him to have sex with Chris, but there was no *way* she could make him enjoy it!

“Listen.” Chris murmured. “Wendy... you look *amazing*. Seriously.”

His eyes drifted down to Will’s breasts with a kind of longing Will had never seen on his best friend’s face before. It was the look of a man who, after spending years in a desert, has had to decline a cup of ice cold water.

“But you’re Will’s *sister*. I mean, you even *look* like him. If we... well, it’d be weird, y’know?”

You’re telling me.

But Will wasn’t ready to let squeamishness condemn him to life in a pigsty. Bending his head forward, he looked up at Chris from under his bangs with a pouty expression he’d seen girls make millions of times before. A look that seemed to say ‘if you don’t fuck me now, I’ll die.’

“C’mon. Look,” Chris shifted his torso, pulling away from Will. “I know this is a medical thing. Will told me. So I’m flattered, but I really can’t take advantage...”

Will’s mouth dropped open.

Of all the times for Chris to pick up some lessons in feminism! He thought, furiously.

“You’re cute as fuck, Wendy, you really are,” Chris was saying. “But, seriously, you need to go back to the restroom and get some clothes on.”

Will couldn’t believe it. Here he was, a girl, offering herself to Chris on a plate. He *knew* his roomie. Knew what he was like. There was no way he should’ve been able to resist a random girl throwing herself at him!

But Will was no random girl. He was Wendy, his own ‘sister’. And it seemed Chris was a

far more-loyal friend than he'd ever been letting on.

You asshole! Will wanted to scream. *Forget me, forget loyalty! Just take this girl and fuck her!*

It was too late. Already, Chris was gently moving away from the counter, leaving Will stood in his girly underwear, feeling embarrassed and horny and grossed-out and confused.

"Don't worry, I'm not gonna tell Will. We'll keep this between us, OK?"

So that was it, then. He'd blown it. Against all the odds, he'd somehow been unable to fulfil Katie's orders. Will could almost *feel* the mud of his sty, squelching under his new trotters. Almost feel his horror at the bunch of piglets, growing in his piggy womb...

Then, in a flash, Will realized what he had to do.

Slowly, not taking his eyes off Chris, he reached behind his back. With one flick of his wrist, he undid the clasp of his bra. It tumbled to the floor.

Chris's eyes grew wide. He looked down at Will's large, bare breasts. At their ripeness. At the long, pink nipples, hard as bullets and pointing at the sky.

"Wendy..."

With slow movements, Will stepped over to his best friend, letting his hips roll seductively. He reached out with one dainty hand and clasped the waistband of Chris's boxers, then he steeled himself and *pulled*.

There was a soft *flump* as Chris's boxers fell to the floor. Yet it was lost under the audible gasp Will had let out.

Jesus Christ! He thought, *no wonder girls like Chris so much! I had no idea...*

Chris's dick wasn't just big. It was *enormous*. Poking upwards in the sunlight of the kitchen, it looked like a thick, wooden club. The end was bulbous and dark. The shaft long and thick and swollen.

It was so much bigger than Will's cock had been. And it still wasn't fully erect.

That's got to be nine inches at least... Without meaning to, Will raised one dainty hand to his painted lips. He couldn't stop *staring* at Chris's dick. No matter how badly he wanted to tear his eyes away, there was something mesmerizing about it. Something...

... something *wonderful*.

"Wendy..."

Will looked up into his best friend's handsome features. He shook his head and put a finger to Chris's lips, shushing him. With his free hand, he reached out.

For a second, Will hesitated. He felt like a man standing on the edge of a precipice. If he went any further, he would've gone to a place no male friends should ever go.

But what choice did he have? Closing his eyes, Will took Chris's fat dick in his hand and stepped over the edge.

He landed with a gentle bump on his knees. His eyes opened, and he saw he was face-to-face with his roomie's dick. The sunlight glinted through his blond public thatch. A drip of pre-cum glistened on the tip of his penis. Down here, Will could see his friend's balls for the first time, dangling free and heavy.

The sight of them sent a strange shiver through Will's female body. As a man, he'd always thought cocks and balls were weird, ugly things and couldn't get his head round how girls could stand to be near them.

As a girl, though, he suddenly found them *fascinating*.

With gentle movements, he reached out and clasped Chris's balls in his dainty new fingers. He squeezed them gently, loving the way they felt in his hands, loving their weight.

He looked wordlessly up at his best friend. Chris was watching him with eyes half-closed with desire. In Will's other hand, his cock felt harder than ever.

"Good girl," Will thought he heard Katie whisper, deep inside his ear. "Now for the next step. I *order* you to start sucking."

Will nervously looked back at his best friend's enormous cock. At the big, fat thing that dangled between Chris's legs. At the thing that made Chris a *man*, a man who fucked girls like Will.

No, I can't. Will thought weakly. *This isn't right. I'd rather be turned into a pig than suck off Chris!*

"Rubbish," Katie seemed to murmur in his ear. "You're just in denial is all. Now stop being a naughty little bitch and *start sucking!*"

Slowly, almost reluctantly, Will parted his pretty, painted lips. He leaned forward, his exposed boobies dangling closer and closer to the floor. He gently kissed the tip of Chris's dick, savoring how it felt against his lips.

Then he took a deep breath, opened wide, and took his best friend's cock deep inside his mouth.

The sensation was *awful*. It was like having some sort of alien monster inside him; a thick, rubber thing that forced his jaw open and tunneled right into the back of his throat.

Will wanted to scream, to cry. To spit this enormous, horrible thing out his mouth and run away and *beg* Katie not to make him do this. His gag reflex was already working overtime, how the hell would he be able to keep sucking until Chris finally came?!

Then a funny thing happened. As Chris's dick slid further and further into Will's mouth, it began to feel less unnatural. Less intrusive.

In fact, it began to feel *wonderful*.

"Oh fuck yeah, oh fuck, that's it..." Chris's deep voice reverberated through Will's small, girly body, making him feel all warm and tingly.

He grasped his best friend's shaft in one hand and started pumping, just like he'd seen girls do in pornos. His other hand gently squeezed and massaged Chris's balls. Then, with a feeling of abandonment, Will started to bob his head back and forth, sucking away like his life depended on it.

Almost immediately, he heard Chris begin to groan out loud. With each movement of his head, Will drove his roomie's cock deeper and deeper into his throat, until it filled his mouth entirely and he was deep throating. At the same time, he pumped away with his dainty fingers, making sure his bestie stayed nice and hard inside his mouth.

As he sucked and sucked, Will noticed his female body was responding, too. With each thrust of Chris's hips, his breasts seemed to swell up slightly, becoming warm. His pussy, too, was tingling, tiny beads of moisture dribbling down the inside of Will's hairless legs.

It was like nature was overriding his male instincts. He might have wanted to spit Chris's cock out in disgust, but his body was content to suck on it *forever*.

"Ah, fuck. Wendy!"

A sudden thought popped into Will's head. He slipped Chris's big dick out his mouth and started kissing it all over. He grabbed the shaft and rubbed the tip across his face, leaving a

glistening trail of pre-cum across his cheeks and lips.

Oh my God, that feels amazing...

Chris's penis was *incredible*. It was all Will wanted in life. It was a thing to worship, a thing to hold in his tiny girl-hands and never let go. He stuck the tip under his nose and inhaled deeply, enjoying its distinctive smell. Then he opened his painted lips and carried on sucking.

Will was thrusting his head faster now. With each bobbing movement he brought his lips so far forward they were brushing Chris's pubic hair. His best friend's balls bounced off his chin, filling Will with a deliriously happy sensation. He wanted to laugh, wanted to cry out loud.

He was Chris's cumslut dicks slave. A little bitch who'd suck his dick whenever he wanted and swallow his cum.

And Will couldn't be *happier*.

A feeling was building up in his female body now. An urgent craving that seemed to gnaw between his legs. Without thinking, Will gently let go of Chris's balls and dropped one finger down to his pussy. Instinctively, he pressed it hard against his clit and almost screamed.

The sensation was unbelievable! The slightest touch sent pink stars exploding behind his eyelids, making his entire body tremble. Will pressed two fingers up against his panties and started rubbing and was rewarded with a wave of pleasure so intense he thought he would pass out.

Oh my God! He wondered, *why did no-one ever tell me how good it was having a pussy?!*

With furious movements, he began rubbing himself faster and faster, even as Chris's cock drilled ever-deeper into his mouth. His big, dangling tits wobbled with each thrust, his pussy thrummed with pleasure, and Will suddenly realized he was on the brink of orgasm.

Here it comes. Oh God, here it comes!

It hit with the force of a tidal wave. One moment, Will was frantically rubbing his clit through his panties and deep throating Chris, the next he was falling through space, his whole body sparking and twisting with pleasure.

This wasn't the quick squirt and finish he'd known as a man. This was like his whole body was coming and would never, ever stop.

God, oh please God, oh God, oh GOD!!!

Just as his orgasm peaked, Will felt Chris grow stiff. A rough hand wildly grabbed his hair and *yanked* his head back so Will was knelt just before Chris's penis, looking up into his eyes.

Will just had enough time to wonder what was going on, then Chris was coming. Waves and waves of white, hot spunk flooded out the end of his cock, splattering across Will's face.

With a surge of happiness, Will closed his eyes, opened his mouth and smiled as his best friend's cum splashed over his lips, over his cheeks, over his eyes. It squirted into his mouth, up his nose, into his hair, covering him in sperm.

So that's what cum tastes like, Will thought. Then he stuck his tongue out and tried to lick up as much as possible. To swallow it and let his best friend know he was now and would always be his cumslave.

Finally, Chris's grip loosened on Will's hair. He staggered back and fell against the counter, looking down on Will with blue eyes fogged with pleasure. His cock jutted out into the air, impossibly big and impossibly thick.

I can't believe I got all that in my mouth, Will thought, strangely proud of himself. He couldn't wait to see what *else* Chris could do with his dick.

For a long time, the two best friends simply looked at each other. Chris leaning against the counter, his breathing ragged; Will, knelt on the floor, his pussy tingling and his large chest rising and falling with each gasp.

At long last, Chris broke into a vast grin.

“Know something, Wendy? What you can do with that mouth of yours is *incredible*.”

Will nodded and gave his roomie a shy, come-stained grin. Absent-mindedly, he wiped some sperm off his cheeks and licked it up off his fingers, luxuriating in the taste.

He’d just sucked his best friend’s cock. Worse than that, he’d *loved* it. Despite what he’d promised himself, it had wound up being probably the greatest experience of his life.

There was no use pretending anymore: Katie’s spell had turned him into exactly the sort of pathetic little bitch she’d wanted him to be.

And we’re still not done yet...

With slow movements, Will picked himself up off the floor. He dreamily walked over to his large, muscular friend and took his large, calloused hands in his newly dainty ones.

Chris looked deep into his eyes, his breath still coming out in gasps. At that moment, Will saw a flicker of the male friend he used to know. The guy he hung out with. The guy he liked to exchange tips on fucking girls with.

The handsome, wonderful guy who was the last person on Earth he wanted to fuck.

Please... The last vestiges of Will’s male brain were whispering. *Please, no more. We’ve done enough, Katie will be happy. We don’t need to do any more. Please, just... don’t.*

Will mentally pushed the voice to one side. It was too late now. Here he was, covered in Chris’s sperm. There was no going back.

Besides, his female body was *desperate* to be used.

With a slow smile, Will looked up into his best friend’s handsome features. He fluttered his eyelashes and let out a high-pitched, girly giggle.

Come on. He mouthed.

For a second, hesitation returned to Chris’s features. Then he looked down at Will’s large, ripe tits and started smiling again. He nodded.

Gently, Will pulled on his best friend’s hand. With determined footsteps, he led his roomie across their apartment and into his old bedroom.

It was still early, and the two male friends had a *lot* of fucking to do.

*

Six hours later, Will found himself lying on his back, staring at the ceiling and wondering if he was in heaven or in hell.

The day had passed in a wonderful blur. After sucking off Chris and swallowing his cum, Will had led his best friend in to the bedroom and slipped out his lacy panties. Next thing he knew, Chris had picked him up and *hurled* him onto the bed and then the two friends had been passionately fucking, lips locked together as Chris drove his dick harder and harder into Will’s tender new pussy.

It had hurt like hell at first. Will had been surprised and a little disgusted to discover Katie had given him a *virgin* girl’s body, complete with an intact hymen and everything. Yet even the pain of breaking in his new vagina had quickly vanished underneath a wave of bliss, as Chris’s big dick stretched the walls of his cunt and made him want to cry with pleasure.

After, they’d collapsed into each other’s arms and dozed softly in the autumn light. Then

Chris had woken up, forced Will to put his large breasts together, and titty-fucked him until he finally came with a loud groan, splattering Will with come for the second time that day. Then it was another rest, and then back to fucking.

The hardest part of it all had been trying to control his new, female body. Whereas when he fucked as a man, Will had only made occasional grunts, his female body seemed determined to scream out loud and writhe and buck and do all sorts of weird-ass things.

When Chris had first penetrated him with his thick cock, Will had caught himself subconsciously moaning in pleasure. Immediately, he'd clamped his jaw tight, terrified Chris would hear his male-sounding noises and figure out what had happened. Ever since that moment, he'd had to keep a close eye on himself, even when he should've been at his most carefree.

The only trouble was, his body didn't seem to want to be quiet. At least twice now, Will had nearly cried out Chris's name in abandon. It was only the thought of turning into a pig that made him stop at the last second, an act of restraint that had nearly ruined his orgasm.

Eventually, Chris had noticed something was up and tried to ask him about it.

"Sure you're OK, Wendy?" He'd asked, his deep, blue eyes looking right into Will's. "You seem kinda... I dunno. Tense."

And Will had had no choice but to shrug his slender shoulders, flutter his eyelashes and give Chris a girly, clueless smile like a simpering bimbo.

In the distant recesses of the apartment, Will heard a toilet flush. So. Chris was on his way back, or would be any second. Gently raising his head, he glanced at his phone and saw it was almost sunset. Not long left. And they still had so *much* to do...

At the thought of spending the next few hours fucking even *more* with Chris, Will's female body shivered with delight. But his male mind was less-certain.

Even if I can get him to fuck me up the ass, he thought, we're not exactly boyfriend and girlfriend material right now. And I really don't want to suddenly turn into a pig in front of him...

It was so stupid, Katie's command. So arbitrary. What would turning him into Chris's girlfriend achieve? She'd already humiliated them both this afternoon, why bother adding the extra indignity?

But Will thought he already knew. If he were suddenly turned back now, he could rationalize this day of sex later by saying he'd been under duress, that he'd have done *anything* at that point to escape Katie's cruel spell.

On the other hand, if he wound up being Chris's long-term *girlfriend*, he'd find it impossible to deny how much he'd enjoyed belonging to his hunky best friend.

There were footsteps in the corridor. Will gently pulled himself into a sitting position, his bare breasts dangling from his frame. He arranged his face into a cheeky, 'come hither' look, extremely glad he couldn't see himself in a mirror right now.

The truth was, he didn't really *want* any more sex. His pussy was so tight having Chris's dick in it had made it instantly sore. His boobies were hurting from where Chris kept grabbing them, and he was worn out to boot.

Still, he couldn't give up after coming this far.

The door opened and Will flashed his best friend a sexy, servile grin...

...which quickly faded, to be replaced by an expression of confused hurt.

Chris stood in the doorway, an awkward look on his handsome face. But that wasn't what had caught Will's attention and made him suddenly very worried.

When Chris had left the bedroom, he'd been naked. Now, he was fully clothed again, his hairy, muscular legs encased in jeans and his strong body hidden inside a football jersey.

"Will's gonna be back soon," he muttered, by way of explanation. "Guess you should probably get out my bedroom, huh?"

What?! Will's sexy, girl expression immediately gave way to one of horror. He shook his head furiously.

"Oh Christ..." Chris shook his head and sighed. "Will warned me about this."

Warned you about what, you jackass? Will thought, furiously, *I didn't say you could just screw my 'sister' and kick her out when you were bored!*

Amazingly, he realized he was as angry as he would've been if he really had a sister and found out Chris had taken advantage of her.

"Look, Wendy..." Chris was saying, "we had fun, OK? Trust me, that was the most fun I've had with a chick in *years*."

Chick? Who the fuck does he think he is?!

"But you're my roomie's sister. Us spending the night together. That'd be... weird, y'know? I think it's probably time for you to..."

Will didn't let him get any further. He jumped across the bed, trying to ignore the way his large breasts painfully bounced, grabbed his phone and started typing.

Chris watched wearily as Will traced one long, pink fingernail over the keypad as fast as he could.

NO, he wrote. I'M STAYING HERE. I HAVE TO.

"Wendy, for fucks' sakes..."

Will shook his head again, his long hair flicking in the corners of his vision. He was trembling with anger. If only Katie had given him a girl's voice he could use now!

YOU STILL HAVE TO FUCK MY TIGHT LITTLE ASSHOLE.

He showed the phone to Chris, forcing a seductive smile up. As his friend read the message, Will turned his body slightly and wiggled his curvy ass, inviting Chris to abuse him.

Come on! He pleaded, amazed he was literally begging a man to fuck him in the ass, but too panicked to give the feeling much thought, *you're always going on about trying anal. Well, here's your chance you jerk!*

To his horror, though, Chris shook his head.

"Wendy, honestly. You're great, *so great*, but I'm tired, and Will's gonna be back soon, plus my cock is getting sore..."

HE WON'T BE BACK, Will wrote as quickly as he could, NOT TONITE. JUST U AND ME.

He hesitated, then added a ☐ for good measure.

"How do you know?"

I JUST NO. Will wrote. TRUST ME.

"Well, whatever." Chris sighed. "Maybe he *won't* be back, but I'm still done. Maybe tomorrow we can..."

NOT TOMORROW!!! Will cursed how slowly his elegant finger made the words form. TONITE! PLZ!

He shot Chris a pleading expression as he held out the phone. With a mild feeling of revulsion, he realized just how low he'd sank since Katie transformed him.

"No." His roomie shook his handsome head. "Sorry, but no. I'm done. If you're gonna be weird, I'll spend the night with friends. So long, Wendy."

He turned to go, leaving Will stood naked by the bed, his mind in turmoil.

Quick! He screamed at himself, *think of something. Anything!*

But what could he do? He'd already shown Chris his great, big tits. Already sucked his dick and let him fuck his girl-body however he wanted. What else was left?

With a start, Will realized that this was precisely why plenty of girls still didn't like to put out on a first date. He'd already given Chris everything. And now he had nothing left to offer.

As Chris stepped out into the corridor, Will felt the phone vibrate in his hand. Looking down, he saw a message from Katie that filled him with dread.

HEY, HOW'S MY FAVORITE GIRL???? TICK TOCK, LITTLE BITCH, TICK TOCK ;)
A feeling of cold horror enveloped Will. He dropped the phone and ran after Chris.

His roomie was crossing the apartment, heading for the door. Will ran naked into the living room, his big boobies bouncing and his pussy still sore. He stopped by the couch, took a deep breath...

"Chris!" He said.

At the sound of Will's male voice, Chris froze. For an agonizing minute, Will watched his best friend's back, trying to guess what must be running through his head. Then, at long last, his roomie turned round.

"Will?" He asked, his face drawn and pale.

Across the room, Will gave a tiny nod. Suddenly, he felt like he could see himself from outside. See how pathetic he looked: A drag-act's face on a supermodel's body.

"What the fuck?" Chris looked like he was about to faint. "But you're..."

"I know." Will's deep voice was tight with emotion. "Earlier today. Katie turned me into a-a girl. I know it sounds crazy..."

"You're damn right it sounds crazy!" Chris shouted. "What...? I mean, what the *fuck* are you saying? Is this some sort of trick?"

"No trick." Will lowered his head, looking down at his feet. His pert breasts blocked his view, hanging in the bottom of his vision.

"I don't believe you," Chris was saying. "You *can't* be Will. Will would never let me do those... those *things* to him!"

"I didn't have a choice." Will's voice was suddenly choked with shame. "Katie. She-she *made* me do it. She told me if I didn't, y'know, *fuck* you she'd turn me into a pig."

"I can't believe I'm actually having this discussion," Chris shook his head. "You're *not* Will. You're his crazy, fucked up nympho sister who is making up bullshit stories so I'll sleep with her. Christ! I should never have told Will I'd look after you!"

"I'm Will," Will mumbled, sadly. "I know it's fucked up and I'm sorry, but I really am. *Please*, Chris, you have to believe me."

For a long, long moment, Chris simply stared at him. Will was terrified he'd simply shake his head and barge out the door, but something seemed to hold him in place. A sense of gnawing doubt. A creeping fear that maybe, just maybe, it could all be true...

"Prove it," he whispered at last.

Will looked at him helplessly.

“How...?”

“*Prove* it.” Chris said. “Or I’m outta here!”

Slowly, Will nodded his head, his long bangs falling over his eyelashes.

“OK.”

He took a deep breath.

“At the start of summer, we went out to the lake behind campus together. We were meant to be going skinny-dipping with some girls, but they never showed.”

Chris waved a hand irritably.

“*Anyone* could’ve heard about that. That’s not proof.”

“Wait.” Will steeled himself and continued. “They never showed, so we got naked and went swimming anyway. It was a really hot day, so afterwards we got out and lay on the beach to dry off.”

A look was coming into Chris’s eyes now. An incredulous look as he figured out where the story was going, but found he couldn’t believe it.

“We both fell asleep,” Will went on, hardly able to look at his roomie. “We slept for like three hours and got really sunburned. But it wasn’t *continuous* sleep. At one point, I woke up...”

“Stop it,” Chris whispered, his face pale.

“I woke up,” Will went on, ignoring him, “and looked over. You were already awake. Only you weren’t sunbathing or getting dressed or anything. You were...”

“Stop it!”

“You were looking at *me!*” Will said, defiantly raising his eyes. “You were staring at my cock and you were touching yourself. And when you saw me, you said...”

Abruptly, Chris lurched across the room. He grabbed Will’s naked shoulders, his eyes alive with fire, raised one arm and gave him a ringing slap.

The *thwack* echoed emptily round the apartment. Will blinked. An unpleasant warmth was spreading across one cheek. He shook his head, unable to believe Chris had just hit him.

“Not another word.” His roomie growled, his face still white. “Not another *word* Wendy, I’m warning you...”

“Don’t call me that.” Will said. He was amazed to find he was suddenly feeling calm.

He straightened up, looking Chris right in the eye from inside his tiny, girl body.

“You know it’s me,” he whispered. “You know it’s me, Will. Just like you *know* I know what you said. About how you’d like to touch *my* cock, too.”

“I was drunk.” Chris said, weakly, the fight draining out of him. “It was a joke...”

“Bullshit.” Will was in charge now, his male voice flooding with power. “You wanted me. You wanted to *fuck* me, just like I always wanted to fuck *you*. We just couldn’t admit it. Well, guess what?”

He put his hands on his wide hips, displaying his whole female body for Chris to see.

“Now’s your chance. You were too ashamed to make me your boyfriend, weren’t you? So now how about making me your *girlfriend*?”

For a second, Will thought Chris was going to hit him again. His face was like a man suppressing an incandescent rage. Then his shoulders sagged.

“How did this happen?” He whispered. “It doesn’t make any *sense*, how did Katie...?”

Before he could finish, Will stepped forward. He took his best friend's head in his dainty hands and raised it up. Chris looked deep into his eyes and Will felt a sudden surge of tenderness that nearly made him smile.

"It doesn't matter," he murmured. "All that matters is she *did* do it. And now..."

A cheeky light entered his eyes.

"We can be the couple we've always secretly wanted to be."

There was a frozen moment as Chris looked back at him. Will waited, his heart thudding like a jackhammer in his ample new chest.

Oh fuck... what if I'm wrong? What if it was just me who felt this way...?

Slowly, Chris looked back down at Will's curvy, female body. He swallowed.

"That spell, or wish or whatever Katie did..." he muttered, "it sure is strong, huh?"

"Totally," Will smiled. "It made me admit some weird shit too."

"Like what?" Chris asked. He still looked dazed, like he couldn't believe what was happening.

"Like the fact I've always wanted to be a girl," Will said.

The moment it left his lips, he knew it was true. Deep down, on some level he'd never dared admit existed, he realized he'd always felt *wrong* in his boy's body.

That's why I fucked all those girls, Will thought to himself. *So I could pretend I was trapped in their bodies myself, lying on my back while some big, strong man fucked me.*

He shook his head. What a psychiatrist would make of all this he didn't even *dare* try to imagine.

"There's something else, too," he murmured. "Something else I realized after Katie transformed me."

Chris looked helplessly into Will's eyes.

"I realized," whispered Will, gently caressing his friend's cheek with one long, pink nail, "that I wished I'd said yes, back there on the beach. I realized..."

He hesitated. Was he really going to say it?

"I realized that I've always loved you," he murmured.

Slowly, a look spread across Chris's masculine face. A look not of disgust, as Will had feared, or even of denial.

It was a cocky look. The look of a man who is planning to fuck the beautiful girl stood right in front of him.

"Well, I *was* gonna take off," Chris's voice was flooding with confidence again, "but that new body of yours isn't exactly *bad* looking..."

Will giggled, a natural, girlish giggle that felt wonderful coming out his mouth.

"You like it?" He asked, looking down at himself. "It was all Katie's idea. I kind of thought the boobs were too big."

"They're *perfect*," Chris said, firmly. "Nice and big, just like I like 'em."

"I'm glad," Will said. Impulsively, he sprang up and down on his toes, making his brand new titties jiggle.

"They're honestly pretty fun," he said, smiling. "Not as fun as your cock, though. Even at the beach, I never realized you were so *big*..."

"Too right I'm big." Chris pulled himself up to his full height again, smirking down at Will. "So big that we'd probably better skip the anal."

Will shook his head, his eyelashes fluttering.

“No *way*.” He said, firmly. “*I’m* your new girlfriend, and *I* want you to fuck my asshole.”

“Well...” Chris reached out, grasping Will’s ass with his hands, squeezing it’s flesh, “if you insist...”

“I *do* insist,” Will smiled, tilting his head right back. “Now. How about you make a girl happy for once?”

Then Chris gave him a cheeky smile that just made Will’s heart *melt*, and next thing he knew they were kissing like their lives depended on it.

As Chris’s tongue swirled around inside his mouth, Will clung tight to his best friend, enjoying the way his new breasts squashed against his strong, manly chest. Enjoying the way his big cock pressed against his flat, girly stomach.

Enjoying the way his own pussy immediately became dripping wet at the thought of being fucked in the ass by this handsome stud.

They kissed for what seemed like forever, then Will pulled back with a cheeky grin. He grabbed hold of Chris’s dick and led his best friend by the member over to the couch. He climbed onto it on all fours and stuck his pert new ass up in the air, ready to be penetrated.

For a second, Chris simply stood there, running his hands over Will’s perfect, soft ass. Squeezing and kneading the flesh so the skin stretched around Will’s pussy, making him moan softly.

“Are you sure?” Chris whispered. “I mean, we don’t have any lube...”

“I’m sure.” Will said, firmly. “So man up already and fuck my asshole!”

Behind him, Chris laughed out loud.

“Whatever you say, ma’am,” he said.

There was a rustle of fabric as he let his jeans slide to the floor. A large, strong hand grabbed Will roughly on one hip, making him whimper. Then Chris gently stepped forwards and shoved his large cock into Will’s ass.

The pain was immediate, intense and all-consuming. Will let out a strangled cry and bit down hard on one pink-nailed finger.

He hadn’t been expecting it to *hurt* so much. It was like fire, like his body was about to be split in two. He closed his eyes, trying to ignore the tearing pain.

“Are you OK?” He heard Chris whisper.

“I’m fine,” Will managed to squeak out. “Just... just please fuck my asshole, master. *Please.*”

“Your wish,” Chris murmured, bending down to kiss Will’s slender back, “is my command.”

Then he raised himself up straight and started thrusting.

It was the weirdest thing Will had *ever* experienced. It felt like he was about to shit himself, like somehow he was going against the laws of nature. Things were meant to go *out* of his asshole. Not back in it!

But then Will thought of his beautiful, wonderful, handsome new boyfriend, with his enormous cock and strong arms and broad shoulders and winning smile and a warmth rose up in him. A happiness like nothing he’d ever experienced. He felt his body lose its tenseness, and suddenly the pain was washed away on a wave of pleasure.

Chris was moving faster now, drilling his cock deep into Will’s ass, his balls slapping against

his pussy with each thrust. Each time they *thwacked* up against his clit, Will felt a bolt of pleasure tear through him, making him open his mouth and gasp out loud.

Oh Jesus, oh Christ... he found himself thinking, *being a girl is so good!*

Chris's fat dick was lancing deeper and deeper inside of him, making Will's eyes go foggy with pleasure. Only it wasn't quite pleasure, not exactly. It was pain, it was desire, it was humiliation and it was servility all mixed together into one, overwhelming feeling.

Each time Chris thrust, it hurt. Each time he thrust, it made Will feel like he was just some useless sex object that existed only to have dicks put inside it.

But also, each time Chris thrust, it reminded Will that he was the luckiest girl in the world.

"Oh *fuck* baby, oh *fuck* yeah, that's it..." Will heard himself moaning. He was surprised to hear he naturally put on a high-pitched, girly voice while being fucked.

Must be the magic, he thought, deliriously, *or maybe I've been secretly preparing for this day for years.*

Chris's balls whacked against his clit, making him groan and writhe. One hand held him firmly in place on the couch, his ass raised up in the air. He was a strong man's plaything now, and he was loving every second of it.

"Look at you," Will heard Chris grunting behind him. "You're so fucking hot now, Will. You've got such a fucking *sweet* little ass..."

The idea that he, Will, had a sweet ass should have made him feel disgusted. But instead, Will heard himself moan in enthusiastic pleasure.

Oh God, the way he talks to girls is so fucking hot... like I'm just a lump of meat and he can do whatever he likes to me!

For the first time in his life, Will suddenly realized how awful it was being a straight man. Having to take control. Plowing your dick into girls, in the hopes of a shitty little orgasm. Never having your asshole penetrated. Never experiencing life as your best friend's lover.

Well, not anymore, he thought, determinedly, *from now on, I'm a girl. And I'm going to act like one!*

Then he opened his mouth and screamed:

"Fuck me, master! Fuck me like a *little bitch!*"

Chris's response was immediate. His free hand came slapping down against Will's gorgeous little ass, sending pink sparks shooting through him. He spanked Will again and again and again until he was screaming and sobbing in pain, and all the while he kept thrusting faster, faster, faster...

Finally, Will felt his best friend go stiff. He quickly clenched his asshole as tight as possible, hoping to pause the flood of sperm, to keep it stopped until the time was right.

"Oh fuck, oh fuck..." Chris grunted.

"Not yet!" Will gasped. "Say my name!"

"Oh fuck, *Will*..."

"No!" Will was almost crying now, desperate to feel Chris's white, hot come flooding into his asshole, but wanting to get this bit *right*. "Say my *real* name. NOW!"

"Wendy!" Chris growled behind him. "Oh, fuck *Wendy!*"

The moment the words had left his mouth, Will smiled. He unclenched his asshole. Chris gave a quiet sigh and then gallons and gallons of come were squirting deep inside Will, making him want to cry with happiness.

“Jesus! Fuck!” He heard Chris gasp. Then suddenly he was pulling out, pulling out so quickly Will cried out in pain.

“Wait! What are you-?”

And then the last drops of come were spattering down onto Will’s back, onto his ass and onto his pussy and he had his answer. With a feeling of utter bliss, Will closed his eyes, reached round, and started rubbing some of his best friend’s sperm deep into his cunt, driving his fingers between its red and puffy lips.

I hope I get pregnant, he thought with a feeling of happy abandon.

At long last, it was over. Chris stepped back and collapsed onto the sofa beside Will, breathing in great gulps of air. His best friend slowly crawled over to him and rested his girly head on his manly chest.

“That...” gasped Chris, “was *incredible!*”

“Mmm.” Will smiled as a thought suddenly occurred to him. “If you want, I’ll let you do that to me every day for the rest of our lives.”

“If I want?!” Chris laughed. “Will – sorry – *Wendy*, you’re gonna make one *hell* of a girlfriend.”

Curled up against his roomie, Will closed his eyes.

You don’t even know the half of it, he thought, *just you wait, Chris. I’m gonna be the best girlfriend you ever had!*

At that moment, trapped in a girl’s body, his pussy sore, and his ass dripping with hot, sticky come, Will realized he was happier than he’d ever been in his life.

*

“So what do you want me to say?”

It was a couple of hours later and it was dark outside. Will was wearing Chris’s football jersey and nothing else, enjoying the way it hung large and loose against his female frame, hiding his pussy but leaving a *lot* of leg on display. He shrugged.

“It’s pretty straightforward, I think,” he said. “Katie said we had to become boyfriend and girlfriend. You’ve already called me your girlfriend, but I think to be sure you should probably formally call yourself my boyfriend.”

“OK, fine. Well, here goes.” Chris frowned, as if unsure what to say. “I, Chris Kennedy, hereby agree to be Wendy’s boyfriend and to have her as my girlfriend and fuck her asshole whenever she wants me to. Good enough?”

Will giggled, enjoying how female he both sounded and *felt*.

“Good enough. My turn?”

Chris shrugged.

“Sure.”

“In that case...” Will looked his best friend right in the eye. “I, Wendy Darling, formerly Will Darling, take this handsome, big-dicked stud as my boyfriend, whose cock I’ll suck whenever he asks for it.”

He fluttered his eyelashes.

“Like it?”

“Love it,” Chris grinned. “So, what now?”

Will shrugged.

“We wait, I guess. We wait for midnight.”

Chris nodded. He glanced at his phone, held it up for Will. They only had a minute or so left.

“What happens,” Chris asked after a while, slowly, “if we fucked up? What if the spell transforms you?”

“Well,” Will swallowed. “I guess I’ll turn into a pig.”

He shuddered slightly.

“But I don’t think that’ll happen. We did everything right.”

“Sure,” Chris nodded, as if unconvinced. “It’s just... I mean, if Katie can turn you into a *girl*... I’m still having trouble getting my head round that.”

“You’re not alone.” Will glanced down at his female body, at its vast breasts, delicious curves and plump little pussy. “I still can’t believe this is really happening. It’s like the plot of some dirty ebook... the boy who turned into a girl and got to fuck his best friend.”

“His *boyfriend*,” Chris corrected him with a smile. “And I guess you’re right, we did everything Katie wanted us to. So let’s just wait and see.”

“Not long now,” Will murmured.

At that moment, there was a buzzing from the bedside table. Will grabbed up his phone. Another message from Katie.

TIME’S UP, LITTLE BITCH! SAY GOODBYE TO YOUR BODY! HAHAAHA! OXO X

“What?” Chris asked, seeing the color drain from Will’s face.

“But... but I did it.” Will whispered, as if Katie could hear him. “You can’t...”

Then the clock in the corner of his phone switched from 23:59 to 00:00, and Will felt it.

His face was *changing*. The skin was starting to shift and warp, like giant hands were molding him into a new shape. He looked at Chris with terror in his eyes.

“She tricked me!” He squeaked. “I-I’m turning into a...”

“Oh, fuck. No!” Chris whispered. “Don’t say it!”

“I’m turning into a *pig*!” Will screamed.

There was a feeling of pressure as his nose began to change, began to turn into a snout. With a cry, Will clasped his dainty hands over his face. He didn’t want Chris to see. Didn’t want his boyfriend to watch as he transformed forever into a farm animal.

“Chris?!” He called urgently from the darkness behind his hands. “I’m sorry. Please... just remember that I love you!”

“Wendy, don’t...”

“We’re too late.” Will sobbed. “I love you, Chris. I’ve always, *always* loved you!”

Then his entire face shifted and Will screamed.

He screamed and screamed and kept screaming, expecting at any moment to hear his screams transform into the squeals and grunts of a pig. He kept screaming until his throat was raw and he could scream no more.

And then he stopped.

It was still dark before his eyes, where his dainty hands were covering his face.

What the-? Will wondered, *I’ve still got hands? But...*

“Wendy?” Chris’s voice was distant, tender. “Wendy, it’s OK.”

“It’s not OK!” Will’s voice trembled in fear. “I felt my face changing. She’s... she’s given me a *pig’s head*!”

“Wendy.” The sound of Chris’s voice was like a lifesaver, floating in a vast and empty

ocean. "Lower your hands."

Shaking with terror, terrified of what he'd see, Will slowly lowered his hands.

The first thing he realized was that he was still human. There was no pig's snout sticking out the front of his face, dominating his vision. Just a human nose, small and cute, and button-like.

The second thing he realized was that Chris was laughing. He turned and frowned at his new boyfriend.

"*What?*" He asked. But the words came out weirdly. High-pitched and almost musical. Will cleared his throat.

That's not my voice! He thought, wildly.

Before him, Chris was holding his phone out, his eyes alive with laughter and relief and happiness.

"Here." He whispered. "*Look.*"

Uncertainly, Will took the phone. It's camera was on, reflecting a perfect image of whoever was looking at it. With slow, unsure movements, Will lifted up the phone and *looked*.

He looked for a long, long time. So long it felt like entire universes were born and died in that instant, a million eternities marching past. He looked and looked and looked.

And then, he began to laugh.

Staring back at him from inside the phone was the most-beautiful girl Will had ever laid eyes on. She had a cute little button nose, wide, doe-like eyes, plump lips, a flawless complexion and the *cutest* smile. Her eyelashes were long, her teeth perfect, and her cheekbones so high you could cut glass on them.

She was amazing. She was flawless. She was *beautiful*.

And she was *him*.

His new eyes shining with wonder, Will lowered Chris's phone. He glanced wordlessly down at his own one, and saw a new text from Katie.

GOTCHA. It read. HEEHEE, WHOOPS!! ENJOY UR NEW LIFE BABE XXX

With a feeling of immense happiness, Will looked up into his boyfriend's face. He smiled, feeling his new lips move, feeling his new face crinkle into an expression of utter joy.

Seductively, he planted one hand on his hips and winked at his gorgeous boyfriend.

"Well?" He asked in his newly soft, female voice. "What do you think?"

Chris smiled back at him. He looked almost adorably confused. At that moment, Will realized they were going to spend the rest of their lives together.

"I think..." he murmured, unsure what to say. "I think..."

Then a slow grin split across his handsome features.

"I think you'd better come over here and try out those new lips of yours."

With a laugh that seemed to bust out of him, Will jumped up and threw his arms round his boyfriend's neck. Chris caught him in his big, strong arms and then the two of them were kissing madly, passionately. A boy and a girl, completely in love.

At long last, Will pulled back. He looked deep into Chris's eyes, a serious expression on his new, supermodel face.

"This. Right now," he murmured. "This is the happiest I've ever been."

Chris nodded. He looked like he couldn't believe what was happening.

"Me too, Wendy, me too."

“Great.” Will split into a dazzling grin. “Now what’s say you carry me over to the bed and fuck my tight little pussy?”

Chris grinned right back at him. Then they were kissing again, kissing as Chris carried Will over to the bed, kissing as they ripped their clothes off and tumbled down onto the mattress together.

Five minutes later, the sound of loud, female screams were echoing through the apartment, as Will got his first fuck as a real girl.

Epilogue

Two years later, Wendy stood before the church's large full-length mirror, smiling at herself.

She could hardly believe how much she'd changed since she and Chris got together. The thin girl she'd once been had gone, replaced by a woman with a belly swollen from nine months of pregnancy. Her breasts – always big – were now larger than ever, straining at her white dress.

After nearly a year of carrying their baby around, Wendy was just about ready to pop. She couldn't *wait* to see her lump go down. Couldn't wait to be skinny again. Chris always said she looked beautiful even with the baby, but he had to say that, didn't he?

Still, maybe today he was right. With her hair all done up and her veil on, Wendy had to admit she wasn't bad looking.

In fact, the pregnant bride thought she even looked kinda beautiful.

"Wendy?" The voice made Wendy turn round. Alexa stood in the door, an envelope in her hand and tears in her eyes.

She looked her best friend up and down and gave a tiny shake of her head.

"Oh, babes..." she whispered. "You look *gorgeous*."

"Thanks." Wendy smiled at her bestie. "You look amazing too."

"I'm serious," Alexa looked Wendy over in wonder. "You're gonna make *such* a beautiful bride, Wendy!"

"You think?" Wendy giggled and gave a little turn. "Even with this big old bump of mine?"

"*Especially* with that bump," Alexa replied, firmly. "Girl, you're just... *wow*."

Wendy smiled at her. Alexa was the greatest friend a girl could hope for. They'd met not long after Wendy had started dating Chris and immediately become besties.

Alexa always knew *exactly* what to say to make you feel special. She always seemed so fucking happy to see you, no matter how down she was feeling herself. And she *never* chatted shit behind your back or anything.

Wendy knew she was lucky to have such a great maid of honor.

"What's in the envelope?" She asked, nodding at it. "More congratulations? Hate mail?"

"Oh, yeah..." Alexa frowned at the envelope like she'd just remembered she had it. "Bit weird. Some blond with a *slamming* bod dropped it off. Didn't say anything, just put it in my hands and... I guess *ordered* me to bring it to you."

She shook her head.

"Funny. I kind of just did what she told me to. Like she was in control of me. Why would I...?"

But Wendy wasn't listening anymore. She'd suddenly gone very still. Her mouth was dry.

"Can I see it?" She whispered.

"Sure." Alexa handed her the envelope, then gave her another smile.

"You're looking *so* amazing, Wendy. Chris is so lucky. I-I can't *wait*, y'know?"

"Aw, honey." Wendy gave her bestie a quick hug. "Me either. This is gonna be amazing!"

Alexa nodded, a tear forming in the corner of her eye. She turned and quickly scuttled off, running back to the wedding, back to the preparations, back to the stress.

Wendy watched her go with a smile. When she was sure she was gone, she turned her attention to the envelope.

It was a cream white thing, stiff and formal. There was no writing on the front, but Wendy was willing to bet it would've been in embossed gold or something if there was.

Her heart hammering in her chest, the pregnant bride opened the envelope and took out the card inside.

It was a single piece of expensive card, as creamy white as the envelope had been. Cursive script on one side simply read 'Wendy'. Turning it over, Wendy saw a long message.

'My darling little bitch,' it read. 'How *wonderful* to hear that you and Chris are getting married and that you're now nice and pregnant. Sorry about my little joke on you two years back. You're *far* too beautiful to turn into a pig, my darling, and, truthfully, I still loved you a little bit. Even if you *were* a naughty girl.'

Wendy shook her head slightly in amazement as she read. In the years since her transformation, she'd succeeded in repressing large parts of her memories. Having it all brought up now like this was weird in the extreme.

'Anyway,' the card continued, 'I wanted to write you as a little reminder that I'm *still* your mistress. The spell lasts for life, and I can still order you to do anything I want you to, even if I only send the order via writing. At this point, you might be feeling a little nervous about what's coming, so I *order* you to keep reading, darling. I think you'll be glad I did.'

The moment she read the words, it was like a switch had been thrown in Wendy's brain. Suddenly she could no more put the card down and stop reading it than she could start levitating.

Oh fuck, her brain whispered. *What does she want?*

'So, now you're stuck reading to the end, here's the deal,' the card went on. 'I've got a final set of orders for you, Wendy. After that, I'll never write you again, and I give you permission to forget all about me. But first, you must follow these orders perfectly. Here goes:'

'First things first: I order you and Chris to stay together until the day you die. You will never fight, you will never make each other miserable, and you shall *always* be happy, got that? Second: I order you to get pregnant *at least* twenty times, and have a home birth each time. No painkillers, OK? I want you to experience life as a *proper* woman.'

"Yes, mistress," Wendy felt herself say, automatically. She read on.

'Obviously, twenty kids will be a bit of a handful,' the note continued. 'So my third order is for you and your future husband to make lots of money and be able to afford them all. I also order you to love them all unconditionally and spend as much time with them as possible. No nannies or anything. Just make sure you have enough time for sex with your hunky man. You are to be a good wife first and an excellent mother second.'

'Finally,' the note concluded, 'I order you to forget all about your male life. From the second you stop reading this note, you will think you have been a girl since the moment you were born. I know that's what you've always wanted.'

A smile spread across Wendy's beautiful face. She nodded as she read, already anticipating the wonderful memories that would appear like magic. Of her childhood, as a little girl in princess dresses. Of her teenage years, buying her first bra and making out with boys.

Of her whole, wonderful life as a natural-born woman.

"Thank you, mistress," she whispered.

'I'm so happy I met you, Will,' the note ended. 'And so happy I transformed you, too. I think our lives are both so much better for it. Burn this note and forget you ever read it once

you finish. Big kisses, Katie.'

Then, underneath, a scrawled message:

'P.S: Congratulations!'

Wendy stopped reading with a smile. She turned the note over, and suddenly her face went blank.

Deep inside her, she was vaguely aware that her old, male memories were vanishing. That they were being replaced with newer, much better ones. Ones she used to wish she'd grown up with in the first place.

Less than a second later, it was done. Absent-mindedly, Wendy chucked the note on the fire, then frowned.

What had she been thinking of again? Something about Chris. Something about a boy she used to know, so long ago it could have been in a previous life. What was his name again? Walter? Something beginning with W...

Then the baby kicked inside her, and Wendy's train of thought was derailed. With a look of utter bliss, she placed one delicate hand over her womb, stroking the bump.

"There, there, baby," she whispered in her soft voice, "just you wait. You're going to have *lots* of brothers and sisters to play with. As many as I can manage. And we're always going to be happy."

Inside her, the baby was silent. Wendy liked to think it was agreeing with her.

Somewhere, a few rooms over, an organ had started playing. A song Wendy knew only too well. She quickly fastened her veil and shot her reflection one final smile, almost as if she was saying goodbye to something.

There was a knock at the door. Alexa leaned her head in, a big smile on her face.

"It's time!" She hissed. "You're up, babe!"

"Thanks," Wendy gave her bump a last pat for good luck. Already she was looking forward to getting pregnant all over again.

I think I'll have a home birth, she mused. No anesthetic. I want to experience motherhood properly.

She smiled at her maid of honor.

"Shall we do this thing?"

Alexa rolled her eyes.

"We're already doing it, babe. Now, c'mon!"

And she grabbed Wendy's hand, and the two of them disappeared off into the church. Off to where Chris was waiting, dressed in his suit; waiting for the woman who'd be his wife for the rest of their long, long lives.

Unnoticed by anybody, a tiny piece of card turned to ash on the open fire. Somewhere, if you concentrated really hard, it almost sounded like a girl was laughing.

The End.

Like what you've read? Then you'll love this free extract from Lisa Change's new series about a man forced to live out the rest of his life as a beautiful, blushing schoolgirl...

She Turned Him Into a School Girl

Suddenly, it was over. James's body gave one last violent jiggle and the spell was finished.

The silence that followed was broken only by James's breath, coming out his mouth in soft, feminine gasps. He gazed in wonder at his newly-formed body.

"Well? What do you think?"

James swallowed. What *did* he think?

It was *impossible*. Where he'd once been a big, broad man, with a hard, man's body, he now had a soft, delicate one. His outline curved in ways he couldn't believe, naturally tucking in and pointing out where it had once been a simple rectangle.

Experimentally he touched his new skin. It was soft and springy to the touch, the skin of someone far from middle age.

"Come on, I haven't got all day."

James was barely listening. His brand new breasts wobbled in the bottom of his vision. With a jolt, he realized he could see them even when he was looking straight ahead.

He automatically stroked a long lock of white-blond hair behind his ear and hesitantly grabbed his new boobies. He squeezed them together, marveling at the way they squashed into a vast cleavage just below his chin. He gently tweaked one nipple, and was embarrassed to feel it quickly go hard and pointy, like a bullet.

Oh fuck, that felt good... he thought, not sure how he should feel about that.

He let one dainty hand drop slowly down to his crotch. He hesitated then stroked the new line between his legs with the tip of his finger.

Immediately a tremor passed through his lower body, making him give an involuntary gasp. There was no denying it.

He was a girl.

"Alright, you can examine yourself later. We've got work to do."

Wordlessly, James looked at the woman leaning against the door. Even raising his head like this was different. He could feel his long, blond hair tickling his naked back; feel its near-invisible weight as it lay across his bare shoulders.

He opened his plump new lips, unaware that he was trembling.

"What the *fuck* did you do?" He whispered.

Immediately, he wished he hadn't spoken. The voice that came out of his small, pretty new mouth wasn't the deep, bass-filled voice he was used to hearing. Instead it was soft, high-pitched, almost musical. It was like moving his lips in time with somebody else speaking.

Except it was even worse than that. The vibration it made in his chest, the way it echoed up into his ears. It was all *wrong*. Not just in its girly qualities, either. There was something else, something James couldn't quite put his finger on...

"I did what I said I would." Jay raised an eyebrow at his soft, trembling new form. "Or at least half of it."

"What do you mean, *half*?" James said, crossly, deliberately trying to lower his voice. It didn't work. His words still came out with a soft, singsong quality that made his stomach turn.

What the hell's wrong with it? He thought, furiously. *My voice, there's something weird about it...*

"I mean," Jay drew out the word, "that I said I'd turn you into a schoolgirl, remember?"

Well, you're a girl now, so let's get on with the school part, shall we?"

She clapped her hands.

"Time to get that uniform on!"

Instantly, James felt a horrible tickling sensation. He looked down and saw two long, white stockings furiously knitting themselves together over his feet, travelling up his legs. He frantically tried to pull them off, but they refused to give.

It was like his new clothes were as much a part of his body as his brand new boobies or pussy.

A sensation of cold around his soft new stomach caused him to cry out loud. A strange, dark liquid was flowing round his hips. Before James's fascinated eyes it flowed down his legs, came to a halt and solidified, turning into a piece of navy blue fabric. The edges crinkled, a red checked pattern appeared and suddenly James was wearing a short skirt that barely covered his ass.

He moved his legs, appalled at the way the fabric *whisked* and *swished* and threatened to ride up. If he bent over in this, the whole world would see his sexy new bum!

There was a distant rustling, like the wings of a large bird approaching take off. A white shirt flew in the window and settled over James. It tugged over his head and for a second everything was lost in a whirl of white fabric. Then James blinked and he was wearing a tight, white schoolgirl's shirt, its front buttoned up only halfway.

Without thinking, James tried to fasten the rest of the buttons to hide his big new cleavage, but his fingertips refused to grasp them. He could no longer dress as he wanted, but only as Jay's magic allowed him to.

The changes were coming faster now. James was aware of a tickling in his crotch, then a pair of lacy white panties settled over it, their see-through fabric barely hiding his new pussy from prying eyes. A white, push-up bra formed over his big new breasts, then *yanked* them upwards so suddenly he gasped.

James looked down in horror at his prominent new tits, straining at the fabric of his school shirt.

Oh my God, he whimpered to himself, *I look so slutty!*

A dark green blazer appeared from the sky and draped itself over his shoulders. It buttoned up a single button at the front, clinging to his skin and showing off his curves. It was *way* too small to be practical, but James had a horrible feeling it had been chosen more for how it exaggerated his sexy new body than for practical reasons.

The last changes were over in seconds. A pair of cute little shoes with dainty bows fastened themselves to James's feet. He felt a pressure on his head, and reached up to discover he was wearing a cute little schoolgirl's hat.

Finally, the world went blurry, swimming away into fog. For a second, James thought he was going blind. Then he reached up and removed his glasses. Everything snapped back into focus.

It seemed his new body had perfect vision.

"Oh my God!" He heard Jay laugh, clapping her hands. "You look so *cute!*"

She shook her head.

"No, I wasn't going to, but now I've simply *got* to show you!"

Then she clicked her fingers and James nearly screamed.

The split-second Jay had finished talking, a mirror had appeared directly in front of him. A long, full-body thing with an ornate wooden frame someone had polished to a high finish.

But that wasn't what caught James's eye and made him want to turn and run, run, run away into the cool early morning, screaming his head off.

It was what was *in* the mirror that nearly sent him mad.

Looking back at him from behind the glass was a girl. Not just any girl. She had a soft, innocent face and wide, blue eyes that perched above plump, pink lips. Her straight ultra-blond hair framed her pale skin, making her seem almost ghostly.

She can't be a day older than eighteen, James thought, dizzily. *She looks so... so innocent!*

More than that, he realized, the girl looked *beautiful*. Like an idealized version of a schoolgirl. The sort of girl James would've killed to put in one of his videos.

Especially when you got to the body.

Like a man in a daze, James felt his eyes drift over the girl's figure. Over her slender waist and wide hips. Over her plump breasts, barely concealed behind her tight, white shirt and green blazer. Over her long, slender legs, encased in white stockings.

"She's..." he whimpered in his soft new voice, hating the way the girl moved her lips in time with him. "She's..."

"She's what, dear?"

"She's *me*!" James gave a mortified squeal. In the mirror, the girl's soft face creased, her pretty mouth opened and she squealed right back at him.

That can't be me! James thought, desperately. *It can't!*

There was no way those innocent eyes could be his. No way that swan-like neck could belong to him. No way *he* – James, the straight, women-hating man – could be wearing those clothes!

Yet there was no doubt about it.

The girl in the mirror was him.

The genie had turned him into a beautiful schoolgirl.

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Like stories about men turned into girls and forced to seduce their best friends? Check out this extract from Lisa Change's kinky Kindle best-seller...

Trapped as His Best Friend's Wife

Karl's lips were dry. The blood pounded in his ears.

"What do you mean?" He whispered.

"I *mean*," Ginny giggled. "Ben wants a wife? Then I think I've found the *perfect* wife for him."

And she clicked her fingers.

For a long moment the two simply stared at each other, Karl frozen by the fridge, Ginny watching him impassively from the sofa.

Finally, Karl let out a breath he didn't realize he'd been holding.

"That's it," he said firmly, "I've got a vacation to pack for. Either you leave *now* or I'm calling the-"

Across the room, Ginny laughed out loud as he broke off in horror.

"You've got a vacation coming up alright," the genie smiled, "but I think you'll be packing *very* different clothes to the ones you were expecting!"

Karl was shrinking. The walls of his apartment rose up as his body shed inches at a dizzying speed.

"Stop!" He yelled, pointing a furious finger at Ginny. "You... you *witch*! I order you to-!"

Then he saw it.

His finger was *changing*. Where it had once been thick and strong, it was now slender and dainty. As Karl watched in fright, the nail began to extend outwards, away from his hand, turning a lurid red.

"Oh my," whispered Ginny, "I think I'm in for a *treat* with this one."

The rest of Karl's body was starting to alter now, his flesh rippling and warping like clay in the hands of an invisible sculptor.

His muscular pecs lost their definition, sinking back into his body and becoming flabby. The short, dark hairs coiled across his chest sucked back inside his skin, leaving a smooth surface.

As Karl stared at his torso in horror, his pecs began to re-inflate, filling with fatty tissue. They grew bigger and firmer, blowing up like a pair of balloons, until Karl was the proud owner of a pair of ripe, firm breasts.

"Please!" He begged, "please, make it stop!"

"I can't," Ginny retorted, "not unless my owner makes a wish."

She smiled savagely.

"And since he's already used his three wishes up, I'd say there's *zero* chance of that happening."

There was a grinding sensation and Karl's shoulders tugged in toward his neck, losing their masculine broadness. At the same time his hips pushed outwards, away from his groin, giving him a sensual, curvy hourglass figure.

A strange, tickling sensation passed through Karl's torso. All the fat that had accumulated round his belly over the years – the result of a few too many beers and not enough gym – dribbled away, leaving him with a flat stomach. The old belly fat ran down to his hips, disappeared under his skin, then suddenly Karl's ass *jumped* outward, filling out and becoming pert and smooth.

Karl clasped it in his newly-dainty hands, marveling in horror at how firm and *womanly* it

felt. He craned over his shoulder, and saw that his bottom now poked out in a way it never had before, straining at the fabric of his boxers.

"Wow," he dimly heard Ginny giggle, "that's one sexy little tush you've got there, girl!"

But I'm not a-! Karl thought to himself, but it was too late.

No sooner had Ginny said the word 'girl' than Karl's cock began to tremble. He just had time to let out a horrified moan and then it *shot* back into his body, dragging his balls with it.

With panicked movements, Karl *yanked* down his boxers and *stared* at the strange, smooth space between his legs. There was a sound like Velcro ripping, and a vertical slit opened up, the skin forming into plump lips dangling either side of a moist little hole.

His mind numb with wonder, Karl gently brushed his brand new pussy with one of his long, red fingernails. It trembled to his touch, making little sparks of pleasure shoot through his body.

"Not long now!" Ginny called.

The changes were coming faster now. Karl's legs lost their beefy male muscles, becoming long and slender and smooth. His feet shrank to about half their size, his toenails turning a painted red. His arms narrowed, his wrists got smaller, and suddenly Karl had a perfectly female body.

Frightened, Karl turned and looked into the faintly-reflective glass surface of his oven. For a second, he saw himself as an awful grotesque; his own masculine head gaping above a curvy, female body.

Then the final part of Ben's wish began.

There was a feeling like giant, invisible hands were molding Karl's face. As he whimpered in fright, bits squashed in, other bits rearranged and his features began to *change*.

His masculine jawline lost its definition, becoming soft and round. His lips plumped up, his nose got smaller, and his eyes became wider and decorated with fluttering eyelashes. A tingling ran through his scalp and long, dark hair tumbled across his bare shoulders like a waterfall, hanging in cute curls above his big new boobies.

Finally, there was an itching in his crotch as Karl's boxer shorts rewove themselves into a pair of lacy black see-through panties. Then his body gave one final shudder and it was over.

In the silence that followed, Karl tremblingly turned and looked at Ginny, watching him with a smirk.

"What the fuck did you-?" He began, then instantly clamped a dainty hand over his pretty new mouth.

His voice was *wrong!* Where it should have been deep and playful and masculine, it was now soft and high-pitched and *womanly*. Everything about it; the way it vibrated in his throat, the way it sounded in his ears was just... *wrong!*

Panicked, Karl grasped one hand to his elegant new neck and realized his Adam's apple had vanished.

Of course, he thought, numbly, *now I talk like a girl, too.*

Ginny was watching him with ill-disguised pleasure.

"Did you mean to say 'what the fuck did that beautiful genie do to me'?" She asked, sweetly. "Sorry, honey, I didn't quite catch it."

"Don't call me *honey*," Karl tried to snarl. In his newly-female voice it sounded less like a threat, and more like a whimpered plea.

But there was something else, too. Something even worse than the soft and musical way his

voice sounded to his ears.

He thought his new voice sounded somehow *familiar*...

"Why not?" Ginny smirked. "It suits you now, doesn't it? Isn't it the sort of childish pet name *you* used to give women? Or maybe I could go for something more insulting?"

Her eyes drifted down to his chest.

"What do *you* think, tits?"

Karl quickly clasped his hands across his big new boobies, ashamed at his nakedness, at his *femaleness*.

What's wrong with me? He thought, miserably.

As a man, he'd never been embarrassed to strut around his apartment semi-naked. Now though, in his newly-female body, he felt... different. Like there was something worrying about being seen topless.

Like he was somehow *vulnerable*.

"Don't call me that!" He squeaked, hating the way his firm breasts pushed back against his slender, coiled arms. Hating the way strands of long, dark hair dangled in the corners of his vision.

"I have a *name*!" He snapped. Inside, he was reeling.

Where do I know that voice from?! He wondered, wildly.

"Of course you do, how silly of me. Tell me," Ginny smiled, "would you like me to use the long form, or the short one?"

What the hell does she mean? Karl thought. And then the penny dropped.

Slowly, like he was moving through treacle, Karl turned and stared at his reflection in the oven door. Stared at the firm, ripe breasts. At the olive skin and dark hair. At the brown eyes he'd gazed into so often as he climaxed.

No. His brain whispered numbly. *She wouldn't. She couldn't.*

"Well, if you're not going to answer me," Ginny drawled, "I guess I'll just use the *long* version. So."

A note of dark amusement crept into her voice.

"How do you like your new body... Rebecca?"

In the glass door, Karl watched as the woman reflected there slowly shook her head in time with him.

It was impossible. It was wrong.

But there was no denying it.

He was no longer Karl Peters, advertising executive who cheated on his best friend Ben with his smokin' hot wife.

Now *he* was the smokin' hot wife.

He was Becca.

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Do you ever dream of being turned into a beautiful bride and forced to marry your best friend? Then you'll love this free extract from Lisa Change's kinky novel...

Turned Into His Best Friend's Bride

With a start, Matt realized someone was watching him. He whirled around and let out a strangled moan.

Wrapped up in his thoughts, he'd forgotten to lock the bathroom door. Now it stood ajar, Will peering through the crack, watching him shower.

"Will!" Matt squeaked, automatically throwing his hands over his exposed breasts. The water from the shower pounded down on him, hot and hard.

"What are you *doing*?"

Will didn't answer. Instead, he slowly stepped into the bathroom. He was naked except for his boxer shorts, a huge erection visible behind the fabric. He locked the door, and turned to face Matt.

"Will," Matt said, urgently, "you have to go. You have to get out of here and leave me *alone*!"

"I'm not going anywhere." Will whispered.

A fresh wave of horror rose up in Matt. He desperately wished he wasn't naked and could hold up a hand to ward Will off. Instead, he squeezed his legs together, hiding his pussy, and clasped his hands tighter across his breasts.

Across the room, Will smirked.

"I don't know what's gotten into you, babe," he said softly, "but I love you. And I'm here to prove it."

Then he slowly lowered his shorts and Matt felt his knees go weak.

He'd never seen Will's dick before. It was enormous. At least three inches longer than his had been, and Matt used to think he was pretty well-equipped. It stood hard and firm, its fat tip pointing at the sky.

Slowly, Matt realized he couldn't take his eyes off it.

"Will..." His mind was racing. He wanted to say something, *anything*, to get this –this *man* out of the room!

"Will..."

Will quietly crossed the bathroom, opened the shower door. Matt shrank back behind the curtain of water. He felt the tap digging into his slender, girly back.

"*Please...*"

But Will simply smiled. Then he stepped into the shower, reached out his hands and pulled Matt gently towards him.

Under the low bathroom lights, Will looked stronger than ever. The water ran in little rivulets over his pecs, along his abs, down to his enormous cock. His black skin was taut and strong, the veins visible under his biceps. Matt felt his body go dizzy with desire.

"I can't..." he whispered. Will put a finger to Matt's lips.

"Shh."

His dark eyes stared into Matt's, seemed to drink in his soul. Inside his mind, Matt screamed at his body to get out of there, but it was like he couldn't move. He felt Will's strong chest press up against his tender breasts. Felt his large, masculine hands slip down to his waist. This close, he could feel Will's breath on his face, warm and intoxicating.

"Emily..." Will whispered.

And then they were kissing. Will's tongue rudely thrust between Matt's painted lips, swirling around the inside of his mouth.

Matt clung tight to his muscular best friend, no longer trying to fight, but trying to *drink* him in. The hot water cascaded over both of their bodies, carrying them off into a private world of bliss.

Please, no... Matt whispered inside himself.

But it was no use. His body was screaming at him. He was in love with his new husband, and he was determined to show it.

Gently, Matt let one hand glide down Will's stomach. His fingers clasped delicately around his shaft. Between Matt's tiny, dainty fingers, Will's dick looked bigger than ever. He held it tight, then looked back up at his husband. His heart pounded in his chest. His mind urgently cried out.

Don't say it. Don't say it!

But there was no way he could ignore his body's anguished cravings any longer. Feeling like a man stepping over the edge of a cliff, Matt took a deep breath and stared deep into Will's soulful brown eyes.

"Fuck me." He whispered.

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Also by Lisa Change

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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.

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