

A young woman with dark hair in pigtails, wearing a white short-sleeved shirt with a dark sailor collar, a dark pleated skirt, black tights, and black loafers. She is leaning against a light-colored wall, looking towards the camera with a slight smile. The background is a bright, sunlit room with a window and a white toilet visible in the lower right.

LISA CHANGE

The Father
who Turned
into a
Teenage Girl

(from grown man to
school girl - a
transgender fantasy)

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Sneak Preview

(Skip this bit to avoid spoilers!)

Finally, after maybe five whole seconds of waiting, Aaron realized he was going to have to be the one to make the first move.

Clearing his throat, he summoned what he hoped was a non-threatening smile onto his lined, thirty-eight year old face.

“Hey, sorry if I spooked you. I’m Aaron, I…”

Aaron’s soft voice slowly trailed off. His dark eyes went wide.

No... no, that can't be...!

As he spoke, the girl had suddenly started speaking too, an awkward smile spreading across her teenage features as she said she was sorry she’d spooked him and introduced herself as... as...

...as him.

A feeling of unreality washed over Aaron. Dazedly, he felt his eyes flick over the frame of the full-length mirror he was facing, the young girl’s reflection watching him from its glass surface.

Like a man in a dream, he looked down at himself.

The first thing he realized was that he’d felt a strange movement in his chest while walking because he wasn’t wearing a bra. Beneath the thin material of his pink pajamas, a pair of B-Cup breasts swelled gently outwards, still developing as his female body went through puberty.

The second was that his skin was now darker, almost Mediterranean in complexion. Softer, too. Springier, like it had been when he was still a teenager.

“No...” Aaron heard himself whimper out loud in his strange, soft new voice, “no, please...”

A surge of nausea rose up in him. He held his hands out in front of him, took in their newly dainty wrists, slender fingers and fashionably long nails.

Trembling, he reached up, touched his hair. Felt how thick it was. How long. How curled and *cute*.

He ran his hands down over his face, urgently feeling his soft new jawline. The smoothness of his hairless cheeks. The way his face suddenly felt like an oval.

Then, with a feeling like he was about to go mad, he touched his new torso.

The pink fabric of his pajamas was smooth to his touch, almost silky. With a soft whimper, Aaron ran his hands over his new bust, down over his tight waist. Felt his hips, already starting to widen as puberty slowly changed him from a girl into a woman.

At last, he let go and stared in horror back at the mirror. Inside the glass, the cute teenage girl stared back at him, equally terrified.

Trying not to scream, Aaron raised one hand. Stuck out his tongue. Ran his hands through his hair and *wailed*.

No matter what he did, the girl in the mirror copied his movements *perfectly*. There was no longer any doubting it.

She was him. He was her.

Somehow, Aaron had *turned into a teenage girl*.

(Now turn over and keep reading!)

I'm such a shit...

The thought pulsed in the back of Aaron's mind, mingling with the dull rumble of the car. He gripped the wheel until his knuckles went white, grit his teeth a little.

Why can't I just be a normal person?

It was a feeling that had been a constant companion all his thirty eight years on Earth. A kind of sad confusion, as he wondered why he did the things he did.

Back in college, they'd told him he was depressed. That he wasn't as awful as he thought he was. That it was just... what was it again?

Negative thought patterns, Aaron remembered. A broken path in your brain, sending you on a weird loop, like getting trapped in a one way traffic system.

A mental sigh.

Yeah. Right.

There was a *swooshing* sound as a car passed by. An indistinct light that grew and fractured in the raindrops, before exploding into a roar of noise and chaos that lit up the world then vanished on its way. Another stranger, passing in the night.

Aaron held the wheel tighter, his whole body tense.

He didn't want to be reminded of the outside world just now.

I'm such a goddamn shit...

He could still see that message from Ellie, glowing bright before his mind's eye. The message she'd sent after all those missed videocalls, the ones he'd let ring and ring and ring, knowing he should answer them, but knowing equally that he never would.

WHERE ARE YOU? It had said. YOU WERE MEANT TO BE HERE.

And then, the bit that had broken his heart.

RHONDA CALLS HER DAD HER BEST FRIEND. SOMETIMES I WISH YOU COULD BE MY BEST FRIEND, TOO.

After that, nothing but hurt silence.

"She doesn't understand," Aaron muttered out loud, "how could she? She's a kid. She doesn't know..."

He pressed the accelerator harder, as if trying to outrun his own thoughts, his own past.

But it was useless. No matter what he thought or said, his mind knew the truth.

I'm a goddamn awful father...

There was a blaring of a horn as a truck swished by. Was it meant for him? He supposed he was going pretty fast.

Ah, let them toot at him. In a weird way, it comforted him, all the noise and sense of aggression.

It made the world seem angry, confused, broken.

And if the world was really like that, then who could blame him for being so useless?

Another pair of headlights zipped by, briefly turning the inside of Aaron's car a burning white, dazzling him.

When his sight returned, he saw he'd almost drifted into the concrete central divide. He quickly yanked the wheel over, making the body of the car swerve and sway.

Whoops. Oughta be paying more attention.

It was just so damn hard to concentrate when your head was full of black stuff.

Now Kym's voice was joining Ellie's in his head, tormenting him. Reminding him again and again of his massive screw up.

"Just please be there for her," he could hear his ex-wife saying, clear as day, *"she's so sure you won't be. I really think you're gonna make her..."*

"Make her what?" And, when there'd been that pause down the other end of the line. *"Go on, say it."*

"Make her hate you."

Well, Kym had been right. He'd left Ellie standing there for God knows how long, in all this rain, waiting for a dad who didn't seem to care, who was never there for her.

Aaron guessed she had every right to hate him.

Yet still, he couldn't make himself change.

There was another blare of a horn, this time urgent. It barely penetrated Aaron's skull, so wrapped up in his thoughts was he.

Most men who realize they're shitty fathers try to do something about it, a voice said inside his head. When it hits them they're letting down their fifteen year old girl over and over, they try to make a change.

But not you. You just dig on in. Keep drinking. Keep failing. Keep refusing to change.

It's almost admirable. Like seeing a coach field the same shitty team in the same shitty lineup every damn game.

It wasn't supposed to have been like this. He could still remember telling Kym all those years ago that he would change for Ellie, for their new baby. That the last thing he wanted was to be an absent deadbeat, like his own dad.

Well, he'd been right in a way. He *had* changed.

He'd gotten so useless, so drunk, so unreliable, that even his old man seemed a paragon of fatherhood compared to his pathetic ass.

He could almost picture Ellie as she must have looked when she realized he wasn't coming. Fifteen year old Ellie with her kinked black hair, so unlike her dad's blonde fuzz, and her dark eyes, eyes he could barely remember anymore.

Ellie, who was growing up to be a beauty, to be fashionable, to be the smartest damn kid he'd

ever met.

Ellie, who he could just imagine giving one of those tiny little exhales of hers as her face closed down, shut off, hiding the disappointment, hiding the hurt.

Mature, fifteen year old Ellie who was already learning that men would hurt you, that they would let you down.

Just like her father.

Aaron was so wrapped up in this miserable fantasy that he didn't hear the car horn until it was too late.

There was a blaring noise so loud it seemed to fill the universe. A flash of light as someone flicked their headlights in urgent warning. Aaron just had time to see the concrete divider looming up before him...

And then there was a thudding sound that was more of a feeling, a sensation of losing control, and suddenly Aaron was hanging weightless in their air above the rain-slicked road.

Ellie... he just had time to think. Ellie, I wish I could have been your best friend, too...

Then there was a flash of light that exploded into a billion pieces, a terrific *CRASH*, and Aaron thought no more.

When the first police car pulled up in the driving rain alongside the flipped over vehicle, Aaron had already been dead for ten long minutes.

II

When Aaron looked back on that strange morning, he would find he could never remember exactly when he realized he was still alive.

He had vague memories of feeling like he was floating. Like his body was wrapped in a soft, warm cocoon of light.

He could remember, too, the whiteness surrounding him. Calm and infinite. Somehow comforting.

Occasionally, he would feel like maybe he tried to move in that endless nothingness. To say something. But he found his hands were immobile, his mouth unable to move.

Aside from these faint impressions, though, the first real, concrete memory Aaron had that day was of a penguin.

It was sitting almost right beside him. A big, fluffy black and white thing that smiled inanely at him with its big, cartoonish eyes.

For a moment, Aaron struggled to remember if penguins were even *meant* to smile, and then he saw it was sitting on a white pillow and realized it must be a toy.

What the-? How did that get there...?

The penguin was still grinning at him, so Aaron reached out with one dainty hand and knocked it off the bed. Then, with a feeling of grogginess, he pulled himself into a sitting position, running his fingers through his thick long hair, and blinked around the room.

He'd half been expecting to see the sterile white walls of a hospital, or maybe even the chilly reflective metal of a morgue.

What he saw instead was something *far* stranger.

He was sitting in an average-sized suburban bedroom, propped up on a long single bed, surrounded by the detritus of ordinary life.

In one corner, a full-length mirror stood beside a closet that was packed to overflowing with jeans and tops and dresses and shoes.

Under a window, a modern writing desk groaned under the weight of textbooks on everything from history to chemistry to math.

An easy chair that didn't look like it had been used in a while was buried beneath a pile of discarded clothes. A bra lay on the top, obviously dropped there by someone who could just not be *fucked* with doing her laundry.

As Aaron frowned at the bra, other unlikely aspects of the room began to prick at his consciousness.

There was the way everything seemed to be decorated in a way that was... well, he didn't want to stereotype, but *girly*. Not all pink and flowery or anything, but with that sort of feminine vibe you just didn't get in guys' rooms.

There were fairy lights, strung out across one wall at varying heights, clearly to give the room some retro mood lighting. A collage of Polaroids stuck to one wall, faces of uncountable teen girls smiling out of them, at parties, on some random beach.

Posters decorated every available surface, images of good-looking guys with smoldering, faraway gazes alongside large black and white prints of a dark haired woman Aaron vaguely thought might be Simone de Beauvoir.

There were artfully placed throws. Scatterings of makeup kits, hair dryers, curlers, clustered around a mirror.

But there were also stuffed animal toys, battered copies of the *Twilight* series half-hidden in corners, as if the owner were ashamed of them.

As Aaron's dazed eyes came to rest back on the penguin, he felt a strange feeling rising up in him.

Where the heck am I...? He thought, absent-mindedly playing with one lock of hair.

It was clear this bedroom belonged to a girl around Ellie's age. A fourteen or fifteen year old who was on that weird cusp between childhood and adulthood, when you can quote French intellectuals but still sleep alongside a favorite toy.

With a faint shudder, Aaron realized he must have been sleeping in this unknown girl's bed.

But how did I get here? He wondered as he started to kick off the white bedsheets. *Did someone drag me from the accident, or did I dream that?*

As he dropped off the edge of the bed and staggered to his feet, one hand raised to his head, he struggled to remember what had happened the night before.

There was something about Ellie... and a car... and-and...

The thirty eight year old man padded across the room, vaguely wondering who had changed him into these loose pink pajamas. Vaguely wondering why each step brought a strange sensation to his chest.

Vaguely wondering why his body felt so... so *light* today.

There was an accident. Aaron thought, firmly, as he crossed to the door. *Must've run off the road or something. Can't have been that bad if they brought me here.*

It was starting to make sense now. He'd crashed the car out on the freeway, likely after taking an off ramp or something. Someone had found him and brought him to their house, and... and...

And put you in their teenage daughter's bedroom? And dressed you in pajamas? A voice in his head asked. *Tell me, does that sound likely to you?*

"Oh, leave me alone," Aaron muttered. His voice came out sounding *wrong*, somehow. Too high-pitched. Too youthful.

Chalk it up to yet more craziness.

It was fine. He'd go downstairs and find whoever owned this house, ask them what had happened, maybe offer them some thanks if they'd helped him, and then he'd... and then he'd...

What, exactly?

Call Ellie, call Kym? Tell them he was fine? They'd just think he was still drunk, digging up some new, feeble excuse. Why would they believe his tale of a car crash he'd miraculously survived?

My Goddamn head, Aaron thought, furiously. If only I could think straight, I'd...

He was almost at the bedroom door when he saw the girl.

She was just a glimpse at first. A feminine shape moving in the corner of his eye.

Aaron let out an *Oh!* that came out all squeaky. Span around and saw a teenage girl *staring* at him, her expression just as shocked as he felt.

Aaron stared back at her, unsure what to say, all too aware that he was a grown man in this random girl's bedroom, with no idea how he got there.

Did she know I was in here, or...?

He'd been right about one thing, he saw. The girl was around Ellie's age, probably fifteen years old.

She had long, curled hair that was reddish-brown, with big, dark eyes and an olive complexion that made Aaron guess she was probably mixed race.

She was pretty, too, with the sort of sharp cheekbones, perfect teeth and willowy frame that meant she'd probably look like a supermodel by the time she hit college. There was a natural beauty about her face that combined with her dark-ish skin to make her seem exotic in a way Aaron would have found extremely desirable when he was still a teenage boy.

The shape of her still-developing breasts was clearly visible through the thin, pink pajamas she was wearing, making Aaron feel slightly embarrassed. Her hair was all mussed up like she'd just gotten out of bed.

How didn't I notice her earlier?

Frozen by the doorway, Aaron waited for the girl to say something, to break this awkward silence and tell him what the *hell* was going on.

But she simply stood there, watching him with a sort of wariness Aaron wasn't at all sure he liked.

Like she couldn't quite believe he was really *real*.

Finally, after maybe five whole seconds of waiting, Aaron realized he was going to have to be the one to make the first move.

Clearing his throat, he summoned what he hoped was a non-threatening smile onto his lined, thirty-eight year old face.

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teenage features as she said she was sorry she'd spooked him and introduced herself as... as...
...as *him*.

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Somehow, Aaron had *turned into a teenage girl*.

III

Ten minutes later, Aaron sat on the edge of the white bathtub, one wrist jammed against his lips, trying not to scream.

Somewhere outside the locked bathroom, he could hear footsteps. Murmured, adult voices, preparing for a new day at work.

His *parents*.

Or rather, two adults who thought they were his parents. The parents of the teenage girl whose body he'd magically been transported into. A pair of adults around his age – his *male* age – blissfully unaware that a fully-grown man was now inhabiting their daughter's body.

Trembling all over, Aaron closed his eyes. Took deep, steady breaths, trying to calm his nerves, to stop himself from going mad.

This is all a dream... he told himself firmly, just a dream. You'll wake up at any moment, you'll wake up and... and...

But it was already all too clear to him that it *wasn't* a dream.

You never had dreams where you could feel the weight of your new breasts, gently tugging at your chest.

You never had dreams so detailed that you could feel the weight of extra hair on your head, or the awkward way your hips now swelled out and your bum felt bigger than a man's had any right to be.

And you certainly never had dreams where the unconscious, pleasing feeling of your cock had disappeared...

...and been replaced by the sensation of having a *vagina*.

At the thought of the changes that had taken place in his crotch, Aaron let out a stifled squeak. Tried to blink back the tears that threatened to come running out his eyes.

There was no denying it.

He was a *girl* now. A pretty teenage girl of fifteen, with teenage girl thoughts and teenage girl feelings.

Somehow, his male body had been snatched away from him.

And in its place had been left the young, attractive girl he was now.

Why is this happening to me?! Aaron moaned inside his mind. Dear God, why is this happening to me?

The worst part was, there wasn't really any mystery. If it had just been a cosmic accident, a result of some strange screw up in the multiverse or something, Aaron could have handled it.

But his transformation had come with a *purpose*, he was sure of it.

And knowing that just made things a million times worse.

The hard, angular shape of his phone pressed against his skin through the pocket of his pajamas, cool and smooth.

Aaron knew he only had to pick it up to see that message again, the one that had arrived with a *PING* just as he was freaking out before the mirror. The one that had made his heart stop in his developing chest and threatened to send him mad.

No, he didn't want to see that message ever again.

There were footsteps outside again. Adult laughter. A- a *man* of some description, passing just outside the door.

As Aaron shrank down onto the floor, tucking his slender legs up against his body, he saw a shadow through the crack between bottom of the white door and the carpet. The footsteps stopped.

"Hey, Alysha!" A man's voice, deep and powerful, but tinged with humor. "Hurry up in there, your mom's waiting!"

"Oh, leave her be." A female voice now, further away. "Don't pay any attention to him, Allie! Take all the time you need."

"God damnit, woman! Are you *trying* to undermine my authority?"

Followed by a hearty male laugh and more heavy footsteps, fading away.

Curled up on the bathroom floor, Aaron felt like he might be sick.

So that's who he was now. *Alysha*. Beautiful, teenage Alysha who would grow up to break the heart of every boy in the county.

Confident, pretty Alysha who had a mom and dad who teased one another and lived together and didn't fuck up, just like real parents should.

Alysha, who was best friends with-

The phone pinged in Aaron's pajama pocket again. He grit his teeth, faintly aware that even his *teeth* felt different now. Less uneven than he was used to.

Another message, probably from *her*. Just like the last one, the message that had nearly sent him into hysterics not ten minutes ago.

It hadn't been so much what the message said as who it came from.

Aaron had been stood before the bedroom mirror, pulling faces, sticking his tongue out and watching in dazed horror as Alysha's face twisted and gurned in time with his when it arrived.

He'd noticed the phone with its pink casing glowing on the floor beside the stuffed penguin, plugged into a power socket, and picked it up.

If he'd been thinking straight, he wouldn't have touched it. He might have been forced by some horrendous curse into Alysha's body, but that didn't mean he had the right to read her messages.

But he hadn't been thinking straight. He'd barely been thinking at all.

So he'd picked up the phone – *anything* to get away from his awful new reflection! – and automatically logged in with his fingerprint, opened WhatsApp.

And read with a sensation of madness the words that would haunt him for the rest of his life.

It had been part of a group conversation, ironically (he hoped) labeled COOL PEOPLE.

At the top of the screen had been a message, date stamped the previous night, from a girl named Rhonda, her sharp, black face smiling awkwardly out from behind a pair of glasses.

NIGHT, NIGHT BITCHES, it had read. I'M GOING DARK NOW. E, HOPE IT GOES WELL, followed by a series of emojis Aaron couldn't even begin to decipher.

Below that, also date stamped last night, had been a reply obviously sent by Alysha.

NIGHT, BABES. YES, E! GIVE HIM HELLLLLLLLL!

The sight of that message alone had been enough to send a wave of gooseflesh across Aaron's new body, making all the invisible downy hairs on his slender arms raise upwards.

Does this mean this body had a life before me? He'd wondered, looking unhappily down at his new frame, with its strange curves and kinks and youthfulness. *Did I just tear some poor kid out of her life and replace her?*

Is her soul in my wrecked up body right now?

But this train of thought hadn't had any time to go further, because Aaron's dark girl-eyes had settled on the newest message and everything he'd thought previously had been washed away.

The sender's name had simply been down as E, and her tiny, circular image at the top of the conversation had just been of her feet, clad in a pair of retro sneakers.

And yet, just that had somehow been enough for Aaron to recognize her.

SO IT WAS A BIG THING, GUYS, the message had read. NOT GONNA LIE. MAJOR TEARS AND UPSET.

BUUUUUUUUT...

BUT I THINK IT WENT WELL. HE'S PROMISED TO CHANGE. REHAB. EVERYTHING. MOM SAID SHE'S NEVER SEEN HIM LIKE THIS BEFORE, NOT EVEN WHEN I WAS BORN.

I THINK THIS MIGHT REALLY BE IT.

The phone had slipped soundlessly out of Aaron's fingers, dropped to the carpeted floor with a faint *flump!*

Like an automaton rotating on invisible gears, Aaron had turned his head towards the collage of photos stuck to one bedroom wall, desperately trying to ignore the way his thick, curled hair fell across one of his eyes.

Of course, why didn't I notice it before...?

There, amid photos of older, laughing, smiling people Aaron took to be Alysha's family, had been a collection of Polaroids showing three girls at the beach.

One had been Alysha, wearing a bikini top Aaron privately felt was *much* too small for a girl her age, a pair of circular, metal framed sunglasses balanced on her nose, grinning out from under a floppy white hat that contrasted well with her darker skin.

(Seeing the girl he was now trapped as looking for all the world like an Instagram model had been enough to make Aaron feel like laughing. All his life he'd been an average-to-unattractive looking man. To suddenly be not just a girl but a *cute* girl...!)

The second had been Rhonda, the tiny black girl with ultra-straight hair, decked out in a full-body swimsuit, peering over the top of a natty old paperback.

But it had been the sight of the third girl that had made Aaron feel like crying.

Unlike the other two girls, she was dressed in non-beach clothing. A pair of denim cutoffs paired with a loose denim top a shade lighter, its sleeves rolled up and its bottom tucked into her shorts, defying the conventional wisdom that double denim was for maladjusted losers.

She was sat on the edge of a wall, looking out to sea through a pair of sunglasses, her kinked hair – inherited from her mother – swept over one shoulder as she posed for all she was worth.

She had looked older than Aaron had ever seen her look before. More confident. The look of a teenage girl who has found her place in the world.

There was none of that closed off, shut down expression he'd gotten so used to seeing over the past fifteen years.

The expression she always used when she confronted her deadbeat dad.

I remember dropping you off at the beach that day... Aaron thought as he stared numbly at the photo. *Maybe the one time I didn't screw up in the last two years.*

But it was just you and Rhonda. There was no third girl. No Alysha. Which means... which means...

As these thoughts swirled through his head, his phone – Alysha's phone – had buzzed again. Glancing down, he'd seen the new message appear from Rhonda.

OH MY GOD FOR REAL? I'M SO HAPPY FOR YOU! YOU DID IT!

And, beneath that, the name of the third girl, the name that had been forever fused with feelings of love and despair and hope and guilt in Aaron's heart.

I'M SO, SO, SOOO PROUD OF YOU ELLIE!

Curled up on the bathroom floor, locked away from the madness of the outside world, Aaron ran that moment through his newly-teenage mind over and over again, trying to wrap his head around it.

Trying to wrap his head around the fact that he was now best friends with his own teenage daughter.

How did this happen...? Dear God, how did this happen...?

It didn't make any sense! Grown men didn't just suddenly transform into teenage girls!

And, if they did, why would they transform into their own daughter's best friend?

As Aaron sat there, thinking these crazy thoughts, there were more footsteps, this time further away from bathroom. Followed by a low, male voice:

"Do you really think she's OK in there?"

But Aaron didn't even hear it.

He was too busy remembering the last message Ellie had ever sent his male form.

SOMETIMES, I WISH YOU COULD BE MY BEST FRIEND...

Followed by the last thought he could remember having, as the car began to flip.

I wish I could have been your best friend, too...

Slowly, Aaron lowered his delicate hands from his pretty head. Studied them. Their alien shape, how much darker they were, how feminine.

The wish...

Somehow, the idle wishes he and Ellie had made the night before had come true.

They'd both wished he could be Ellie's best friend. But his male self was so incapable of that role that whatever hidden mechanism had granted the wish had just taken a shortcut.

It had created a teenage girl called Alysha out of thin air. It had given her parents, and implanted memories of her in Ellie's head, and the heads of everyone in their town.

And then it had forced Aaron's soul into this new body, trapped him there until... until...

Until he could find a way to make Ellie wish him *back*.

A faint light came on in Aaron's mind, a possible end to the dark tunnel he'd woken up today to find himself in.

If Ellie's wish accidentally put me in Alysha's body... then maybe, if I talk to her, tell her what's happened...

She can wish me back to being myself again...

There was a timid knocking on the bathroom door. A female voice asking if everything was OK in there?

Aaron didn't bother replying.

It was clear what he had to do.

Abruptly, the teenage girl who used to be Aaron unfolded her long legs, pulled herself up off the floor. Then, unconsciously combing her hair with her hands, she unlocked the bathroom door.

"*There you are!*" A short blonde woman who looked about 35 stood there, her arms crossed over her heavy breasts. "We thought you might have fallen in."

"Nu... nu-uh," Aaron heard himself say in Alysha's voice. "Nah, I'm... I'm fine. Just a little sleepy."

He smiled awkwardly past the woman (who was now rolling her eyes) at the big, heavysset black man in his early forties shaking his head in a semi-mocking way.

"Sorry, dad. The bathroom's all yours."

He automatically smiled down at the woman again.

"Sorry, mom."

Aaron's new parents exchanged a half-exasperated, half-amused look.

Look at them, a voice whispered in Aaron's brain, *they're not even older than you were. You can't be suddenly calling these strangers mom and dad!*

But neither was he about to start an argument with them.

He was a fifteen year old girl now. A girl who was a sea of hormones and confusion about her body, and incapable of knowing what was good for her. Of *course* he had parents living with him.

"Just next time maybe show some signs of life, huh?" Aaron's new mom said. "Wave a flag or something."

"Or break wind *really* loudly," the black man declared. Aaron wrinkled his cute little nose.

"Ewww! *Dad!*"

His reaction was so natural that it took him whole seconds to realize how perfectly like an embarrassed teen he sounded.

"There's a deterrent if ever I heard one," the woman sighed. "Be quick or your dad will unleash his so-called humor on us all."

She gave Aaron a conspiratorial little grin. Aaron was surprised to feel himself automatically responding.

"So, missy, what now? Done with the bathroom?"

Aaron nodded, the movement making his long hair swish a little.

"Yeah. I mean, I guess so. Now I gotta..."

He stopped, unable to believe what he was about to say.

"Got to what, sweetheart?"

Aaron closed his eyes, suddenly feeling a little faint again.

"Get ready for *school*," he replied.

IV

The hallway was at once familiar and unfamiliar.

Kids flowed through, a moving tide of humanity and youth sweeping past the lockers. Jocks, their bodies already becoming big and toned. Rich girls, moving in well-dressed gaggles. Drop outs, radiating rebellion. Math geeks. Young Christians. Abject losers, refusing to meet anybody's eyes.

Through the middle of it all, Aaron walked, his books clutched to his chest, moving like a girl in a dream.

He'd been to the school before, of course. Every time the parents were called in for some meeting, or the drama society put on a play.

But usually, he was arriving out of school hours, when the corridors were either empty, or devoid of adults.

The one time he'd had to go there in the middle of the day, when Kym's dad had been taken away by a stroke and his ex-wife had been in no shape to go tell Ellie herself, even that had been different.

Yes, there had been kids, overflowing the corridors like they were now. Yes, there had been all the same sights and sounds.

But back then, Aaron had felt like he was floating above it all. Like he was disconnected from it, and the kids had looked at him the same way. Like he was an adult, an intruder into their world.

Now, though...

Now the experience was *very* different.

A group of hunched guys who were probably on the football or wrestling team were lounging against some lockers, watching the world go by. Even to Aaron's adult, male brain they looked big enough to be intimidating.

As he passed, though, he didn't feel hostility. Well, not as he was used to feeling it.

Instead, the boys followed his walk with cocky smiles on their faces, watching him go.

As Aaron drew level with them, one of them – a handsome, black guy who was bigger than the others – flashed him a confident smile.

To Aaron's horror, the sight of this cocky teenage boy checking him out made his knees feel slightly funny. At the same time, he felt his pretty face automatically rearrange itself into a dazzling smile of its own.

"Hey, Alysha!" The boy called. "You in tonight, or what?"

A frown creased Aaron's face, even as his smile stayed put. The thirty eight year old man didn't know it, but he looked almost heartbreakingly cute at that moment.

"Tonight? For what?"

The guys all laughed.

“Cheerleader tryouts,” the handsome one grinned at him. “No joke, with *that* body...”

Aaron felt his cheeks flush bright pink.

“Hey, you can’t just...!”

“Take it as a compliment.” The guy grinned. “See you there?”

For a moment, all Aaron could do was stand there like a total dum dum.

Am I being complimented, or insulted, or... or something else? Should I say thanks or spit on him, or...?

At the same time, he was all too aware the effect being near this attractive boy was having on his female mind, making him feel all dizzy and giggly, even as he felt like telling this kid to *fuck off*.

As a result, the encounter ended with Aaron simply turning and walking away while the boys laughed behind him.

“Damn, bro,” he thought he heard one of them say not *quite* quietly enough, “look at that ass...”

Inside his girly mind, Aaron raged.

What the hell even was that?! I thought it was all meant to be consent and anti-harassment and stuff today!

But, as he could remember from his own teenage years, when did kids ever do what adults wanted of them?

Stupid clothes... the transformed man thought sourly, unaware he was already internalizing the slut shaming rhetoric society forces onto every girl, *why did I dress so... so...*

Y’know. Like this.

He’d thought it was a bad idea, even as he was putting the clothes on. Thought, with Alysha’s obvious beauty, it might open him up to a few stares at school.

But he’d been unprepared for how true that would turn out to be.

Even ignoring the weird compliment-insult shit those football jocks had pulled, Aaron could already see his new body was having a strange effect on some of the students.

There were the confident guys who gave him knowing little looks as he passed, like they were trying to catch his eye and impart some great secret.

There were the other good looking girls, all of whom seemed to take in everything about him in a single glance, judging him, measuring his worth in a way he couldn’t quite comprehend.

Worst of all, there were the creeps. The male losers Aaron had barely noticed when he was back in school, but who now seemed to openly *stare* after him, their eyes resting on his developing breasts, on his ass, on his legs.

Each time Aaron felt their eyes crawling across his skin, he instinctively shuddered.

Yuck. Can’t someone teach these little assholes about consent and not being a jerk?

But another part of him – the defeatist, deadbeat part – felt almost resigned to it.

It had been one *Hell* of a weird morning so far. So why would he expect it to be any less weird

now he was at school?

One of the strangest parts had come not long after he'd spoken to his new mom and dad outside the bathroom.

After he'd left them, shaking their heads and tutting (jokingly, of course) about teens, Aaron had shut himself back in Alysha's room and leaned against the door, his teenage breasts rising falling with each deep breath he took.

OK, Aaron, cool it, he'd said to himself. It's fine, we've got a plan. Let's just get to school, huh? Then we can find Ellie and fix this whole thing.

"Sure." He'd replied in a soft whisper, still freaked out by the youthful, female voice escaping his lips. "Sounds like a plan. How do we start?"

Now, I'm no expert on teenage fashion, his brain had responded. But how about we get out these pajamas, and into some real clothes?

Gently, Aaron had nodded his pretty young head. Exhaled.

"I was afraid you were gonna say that."

And so the dad who'd transformed into a daughter found himself trying to get ready, as a teenage girl, all while having no damn idea what he was supposed to be doing.

He hadn't been able to face the thought of showering (even though Alysha was *him*, the idea of being naked in her body filled him with shame and dread), so he'd quickly shed his pajamas, determined to get dressed and ready as fast as possible.

Getting his new underwear on had been OK. Although Alysha's underpants were tighter fitting and smaller than he was used to wearing as a guy, they were still underpants.

Well, what were you expecting? Aaron had grouched to himself as he slipped them over his hairless new legs, satin panties? She's fifteen you idiot!

In no time at all, his crotch had been covered, and Aaron had turned his attention to the next step.

It was here he'd run into the first of his issues.

As a straight male with no interest in crossdressing, he simply had no idea how to put on a bra.

Like, he understood the idea. And getting the thing on over his shoulders and hotching his small-ish breasts into the cups had been easy – even if it *had* felt weird as hell.

But doing the clasp at the back?

That had been a *nightmare*.

It had taken Aaron all sorts of contortions and made him pull endless ridiculous expressions working the two straps together.

I must look like a freakin' clown...

At last, though, he'd been stood in the middle of his new bedroom, triumphantly looking down at his female body in its underwear.

It had only then dawned on him that there was still a whole other mountain to climb.

Draped across Alysha's chair, tumbling out her closet, was the biggest collection of female clothes he'd ever seen.

During their marriage, he'd always thought Kym was a hoarder of dresses. Then they'd had Ellie, and the girl had become a teenager who outdid even her mother.

But this, though...

This was something *else*.

Alysha's closet was a galaxy of clothing. Like a cluster bomb filled with items from the Gap had detonated above this one suburban home, spraying shorts, skirts, dresses, and shirts everywhere.

There were denim cut offs. Things that looked like miniskirts. Proper, honest-to-God dresses. Regular jeans that looked so tight around the butt Aaron refused to even consider wearing them.

His first thought confronted with all this female *stuff* was to simply dress down, to dress as much like a boy as he could and leave it at that.

But it had soon become apparent that doing so simply wasn't an option.

The wish had changed more than just his body, Aaron realized as he plucked out a cute skirt with a floral pattern and held it up before the mirror.

It had given him the urges and ideas of a teen girl, too. Every time he went to dress in something that would look embarrassingly *off trend* or *not on fleek* or whatever the crying fuck teens actually said these days, it was like a steel shutter came down in his mind, forbidding him from doing it.

At first, Aaron gamely tried to resist, to assert some control over his new form.

After the third wardrobe fail, though, he simply gave up and sat back. To his amazement, his teenage body switched to a kind of autopilot/muscle memory mode and made the selection for him.

A short white skirt with funky flowers on it magically seemed to find its way into his hands and was placed on the bed.

A flowing green top was added to it, with sleeves that stopped just below the elbows, along with a cute little belt.

A pair of black knee-high boots were yanked from their home. Hippy style bracelets thrown onto the bed. Makeup grabbed from its table.

Before Aaron knew what was happening, he was posing before Alysha's full length mirror, his face a mask of shock as he admired his new body.

If Alysha had looked attractive having just rolled out of bed, she was like an Instagram model now.

Aaron's skirt was pulled up so it showed off his smooth thighs, the elastic tight around his waist.

His green top was tucked into the band, its front hanging loose so it almost hid his breasts and gave him a slightly boyish figure.

His olive forearms were on display, his dark hair curled and falling either side of his teenage

face.

Alysha's long pair of knee-length boots encased his feet and lower legs, a dramatic contrast to the rest of his outfit.

As Aaron turned and posed sideways on for the mirror, he felt something he'd never felt before. He actually felt attractive.

With a little giggle, he turned so fast his skirt swished out, struck a pose over his shoulder, his dark eyes alive.

Say what you like about Alysha, she sure knows how to dress...

Yet even as he'd been amazed by his new body's natural fashion sense, he'd felt a vague unease, too.

Despite the makeup, despite the attitude, Alysha was still only fifteen.

If he looked closely at the mirror, he could see the youth in her eyes, in her features, impossible to ignore.

As the father of a teenage daughter (even a shitty father), it made him kinda... uncomfortable to see any girl this young dressing up so maturely.

In fact, part of him wanted nothing more than to dress Alysha in the most conservative outfit he could find, lest any creeps give her trouble.

But, simultaneously, the Alysha part of him had been *desperate* to look mature. To act grownup and like the models she saw online in YouTube tutorials.

It was the classic battle that plays out between teen girls and their dads millions of times every day across the globe: should you dress how *you* want, or how your overprotective father wants?

The only difference was that, this time, the battle was happening within a single body.

In the end, though, it was time that decided who won.

Aaron had *just* been on the verge of stripping off and trying again with a plain jeans and tee combo when he heard his new mom's voice, yelling up the stairs.

"Alysha! I'm leaving in five! Hurry up young lady or you'll haveta catch the bus!"

That settled it.

No way was Aaron riding the school bus again, like some fourth grader.

So he'd grabbed his bag and sprinted down the stairs, his skirt fluttering out behind him and his curled locks bouncing, and practically dove into the car.

And then they'd been off, driving toward school while Aaron sat there, his head spinning, still unable to believe this was really happening.

The drive had been awkward in the extreme.

Alysha's mom (Aaron still didn't know her name) had chatted away about stuff and family members and plans that Aaron was obviously meant to understand, but had no clue about.

He'd also had no clue how to respond to his new mom.

In his old body, it would have been easy. Alysha's mom was pretty: he'd probably have tried flirting with her a little bit, even as he knew nothing would ever happen.

Trapped as this woman's daughter, though, flirting was obviously not just off the table, but out the kitchen, out the front door, and zooming off down the street at warp factor five.

So Aaron had tried to simply keep silent, ignoring his new body's overwhelming feelings of frustration towards and love for this woman. The way he wanted to jump down her throat at every little perceived slight, while also wanting to throw his arms around her and hug her was confusing in the *extreme*.

So this is what it's like to be Ellie's age, Aaron thought, dimly, no wonder she's so difficult.

No sooner had his immature brain formed the thought than he felt a pang of guilt.

She's difficult because her father is an asshole. If you'd been a better dad you wouldn't be trapped as a girl right now!

It had been an uncomfortable realization, but thankfully one made bearable by Aaron's new mom pulling up just moments later, giving him a quick goodbye and ushering him out the car and into his new life.

And now here he was, walking through the halls of Ellie's school, one of the kids – one of the *girls* – seemingly no different from any of the other teens.

Only he knew just how deceiving his new looks were.

Just as Aaron was thinking these thoughts, he heard a faint buzzing from inside his bag. He quickly yanked his phone out and held it up, his breath catching in his throat.

“No phones in the hall, Miss Astoria,” a passing teacher called.

But Aaron was too busy trying not to freak out to respond.

Back in the car, he'd quietly sent a message in a private chat, almost hoping he'd never hear back, but knowing it was inevitable.

And now here her name was, glowing on his phone's screen.

ELLIE.

Nervously, Aaron pressed one slender finger against the sensor, unlocking the phone with his fingerprint, almost too scared to read the message.

We need to talk, Aaron's own message had said. Like, urgently. Where can we meet that's private?

If Ellie had responded, that meant he was only minutes away from meeting his teenage daughter while in the body of her female best friend.

Only minutes away from trying to explain what had happened to him.

With a deep, steadying breath, Aaron tapped the WhatsApp icon. Opened Ellie's new message...

And let out a *squeak* that made some of the other kids in the hall giggle.

There, in the black on white text of the app, was Ellie's simple response:

BEHIND YOU.

Oh no, oh shit no! I'm not ready for this... I can't...!

But it was too late.

“Hey! Alysha!”

At the sound of that oh-so-familiar voice, Aaron felt his body start to turn, rotating almost of its own accord. He looked around, over his shoulder, his heart pounding in his chest...

To find himself face to face with his own teenage daughter.

Ellie was exactly as she'd been when he last saw her. The same kinked dark hair and serious eyes, the same traces of baby fat around her cheeks and bust that had caused her no end of mental agony over the last few years.

But she was also *different*.

She was taller, for one thing, or so Aaron thought until he remembered his female body was shorter, 5'6" to his male body's 6'2".

Ellie's clothes were different, too, showing more leg than Aaron thought was really acceptable, accentuating her growing bust more.

(It took him a moment to realize the clothes themselves were familiar, but the way they were being worn was not. Ellie had clearly been adjusting her outfits after leaving for school to appear cooler or more daring, or whatever kids wanted to be these days).

But the biggest change was her face.

Oh, she was still the same, old Ellie, with her round baby face and freckled cheeks and slightly long nose Aaron knew she hated.

At the same time, it was like she was a whole new person.

The closed-off expression Aaron was so used to seeing... the hidden hurt in her eyes...

The suspicion, the wariness, the weariness, the whole gamut of shitty emotions you have to deal with when your dad is a worthless alcoholic. They were all gone.

In that moment, standing breathless in the school hall, Aaron realized with a feeling of nausea just how long it had been since he'd last seen his daughter *smile*.

She looks like an angel... No, better than that...

She looks like someone who's happy...

“Oh wow...” Ellie was shaking her head as she approached him, a look of amusement in her dark eyes. “I can't believe you actually have the *balls* to wear those here. Mister Chapman will *kill* you!”

At the sound of the Vice Principal's familiar name, Aaron's heart seemed to start beating again. His breath returned to his body.

He blinked, forcing up a smile.

“Huh?”

“Your boots, man.”

Ellie laughed as Aaron stared dumbly down at the black knee-length things encasing his slender legs. He still hadn't gotten over how *weird* it felt to look down and see a girl's body attached to you.

“I mean, they're *clearly* awesome, but I dunno if Veep's gonna buy that as a reason...”

“Who...? Oh, right,” Aaron replied, lamely. It had only just clicked that Veep was their friendship group's nickname for the Vice Principal.

“Rhonda's got some backup sneakers hidden away if you've gotta change, better than wearing the office's *sneakers of shame*. I mean, I guess...”

At last, Ellie gave a sigh, looked right into Aaron's transformed face.

“So, what did you wanna talk about.”

The sight of his daughter, inches from him, looking so happy, so radiant, was too much for Aaron.

As he opened his mouth to speak, Ellie began to blur around the edges. Her face fractured and dissolved as a look of concern flashed across her features.

“Whoa! Alysha, are you...?”

“Wha... what's *happening*...?” Aaron heard himself whimper in Alysha's voice.

And then he felt the dampness on his cheeks and realized he was crying.

As Ellie urgently pulled him into a tight hug, a hug all the weirder because his daughter was suddenly almost the same size as him, Aaron closed his eyes and let the tears come flowing out.

The rest of the school kids swirling about them stared in surprise or amusement at the attractive, weeping girl. But thanks to the warning look Ellie flashed them, no-one dared say anything.

“Right, this should be private enough. Need a tissue?”

“Thanks,” Aaron gave a delicate sniff, forced up a smile, “I dunno what came over me...”

The two girls were in an empty classroom in one of the science buildings. After reassuring a hairy male lab technician that this was just one of those girl things and they were really fine, no, for real, Ellie had shut the doors, giving them some semblance of privacy.

“Hey, it’s cool. Shit! Watch your makeup, man.”

Don’t swear! Aaron nearly said automatically. But he managed to control himself just in time, instead replying with:

“Huh?”

“Your eyes.”

Aaron blinked down at the tissue in his hands, now covered in smears of black. Oh, great, now he had panda eyes to deal with, too.

Ellie dropped down onto a wooden stool alongside her dad with a little sigh.

“Wanna talk? Or are we just in cry it out mode?”

Aaron gave a snort of laughter. Thanks to his recent cry, it sounded just a *little* gross.

“I don’t think I could explain it even if I wanted to,” he said, fishing in his bag for a pocket mirror, “too weird...”

He held the palm-sized mirror up before him and felt that strange kick in his stomach again at the sight of Alysha’s youthful face looking back at him, her eyes pink and her makeup smudged, but looking no less attractive for it.

I look like an emo fan from 2004...

“Way too weird,” he repeated, dabbing gently at his mascara.

Beside him, Ellie nodded sympathetically, absentmindedly chewing on her lower lip, as she always did when she was distracted.

The familiar action almost made Aaron feel like crying again.

What sort of fucked up God would do this? He wondered, taking a steadying breath. What sort of celestial asshole would force a man to talk to his daughter while trapped as a teen girl...?

Even the way he was *sitting* made this little scene feel wrong. As he dropped onto the stool, Aaron had automatically swept his skirt under the back of his legs, then crossed one leg over the other.

The longer he spent in this body, the more feminine it seemed he was getting.

To say nothing of the feeling of my tits resting in my bra... or my hooch getting all squashed up between my thighs...

This is a goddamn nightmare.

“Sorry,” he said out loud, trying to change his train of thought, “I’m just talking about me, here. What about you? All your messages last night...”

The ones about your father, he added, silently. *The ones about me...*

“Oh. Yeah. Those.”

Ellie hesitated.

“I don’t wanna get all cheerful, not when you’re like this...”

“I’m *fine*,” Aaron insisted, giving Ellie a smile so big he thought it might crack his teenage face.

“PMS. Or something. Go. Tell.”

Inside his female body, the old, male part of him was debating whether he should just come clean and tell his daughter what had happened.

Whether he should stick to the plan and tell her about the wishes, and force her to try and wish him back to normal right here, right now.

The feeling faded the moment Ellie started talking.

“Well, you know my dad’s been kinda...”

“Busy, lately?”

“More like an *asshole*. Always.” Ellie shook her head. “No, sorry, that’s not fair.”

A sigh of relief escaped Aaron’s slender throat.

“Glad to hear it.”

“Asshole’s the wrong word. It’s more like he’s a... *constant disappointment*.” His daughter stared down at her sneakers. “You ever hear Rhonda’s mom when she’s really fucked up? She’s all like *We’re not angry, Rhonda. Just disappointed*.”

The teenage girl fake-smiled, kicked her feet out.

“I guess that’s how me and mom have always felt about dad.”

But it’s not his fault! Aaron wanted to say. *You never met his dad, saw what he was like.*

How could I grow up and be a good dad with a role model like that, huh?

Wisely, though, he kept his mouth shut.

Now wasn’t the time for excuses. Not when the universe had changed its entire form for Ellie’s sake. Now was the time to do something he’d never done before.

To *listen*.

Gently, Aaron reached out with one small, delicate hand. Squeezed Ellie’s arm.

“Go on,” he told his daughter, in this soft voice that wasn’t his own.

Ellie gave him a little smile.

“Like, I know it’s not a *big* deal. I know Stacey gets all this shit at home, and, like, we’ve all seen Danni’s bruises, right? And my dad never...”

But he was never *there*, either. Did I ever tell you about when I came back from that elementary

school trip to Washington? Our plane landed at, I dunno, *midnight*, and..."

"And I wasn't there," Aaron murmured. "Um, I mean *he*. Your dad. *He* wasn't there."

He could remember it all too clearly.

Being in that bar, with those men he called "the guys" but whose names he could barely remember. Loudly protesting that he could only have one, and then he'd have to go, I've got my daughter to pick up, fellas, so you see...

How one had turned into two. Into three. How the guys – whoever they were – had started talking about their kids, their nephews and nieces, who were all into sports.

How time had slipped by, and the clock kept moving, and he'd been so sure he could keep talking and still make it on time.

How, at one point, one of those assholes had made a crack about Ellie being a bit of a nerd. And, instead of standing up for his absent daughter, Aaron had laughed along with that nasty, leering face. Laughed along and said:

Next one. Kym's promised me next one's a boy!

Almost like Ellie had meant nothing to him at all.

No, not quite like that.

Almost like he was still in school, joining the bullies in teasing a friend because he was too weak, too pathetic to stand up to them.

Then more drinks, more cruel jokes, until everything went blissfully black.

"What kind of dad *does* that?" Ellie was saying, her eyes still on the ground. "I was waiting outside that airport for *hours*, and the damn teachers had to wait with me, coz nobody wanted to be the person who said *Gee, let's just leave this young girl on her own here to get abducted and maybe raped*."

I was mortified. It was like someone had shone a goddamn spotlight on me, and started shouting *This girl's dad is crap! Everyone, come take a look!*"

That hardness, that closedness was coming back into her face again. It made Aaron ill to see his daughter looking like that.

That's my fault, he thought, uneasily, *I did that to her...*

No, he didn't deserve to ask Ellie to wish his body back.

So he simply squeezed her forearm harder, assumed a sympathetic expression. Tried to be the friend he knew his daughter deserved, instead of the dad she didn't.

"I'm so sorry, Ellie," he said.

For her part, Ellie gave herself a little shake.

"Don't worry, no seriously, don't. There's been a sorta... twist in the story, I guess."

As she talked, confidence began to flow back into her voice, the aura of sadness to fade away.

"Last night. Something really strange and just *wonderful* happened. You know I was at that thing

with Rhonda?”

“Sure.” Aaron didn’t have any idea what his daughter was talking about, but he didn’t want to interrupt her now.

“Well, at the start, it was like, classic dad, y’know? We finished our game and he just wasn’t there. Didn’t answer my messages, ignored my video calls.”

Aaron prayed to God that his little girl wouldn’t see the pang of guilt in Alysha’s eyes. He let go of her arm, took her hand.

“Go on.”

“Well, I sent him this really spiteful message. Like, I wanted to *hurt* him, make him feel what I felt. So I told him...

Rhonda’s dad is her best friend, something like that. And then I said, I just wish you could be my best friend, too.”

A strange feeling was creeping over Aaron. He licked his suddenly dry lips.

“And then what happened?”

Ellie shrugged.

“Nothing. I mean, not at first. I sent that message and... *nothing*.

But then, I dunno, fifteen minutes later, I felt this weird... I can’t describe it. Like...”

She shot Aaron a heartbreakingly nervous glance.

“Don’t laugh at me, OK? Please.”

Those awful old words floated up to the top of Aaron’s mind again.

Kym’s promised me next one’s a boy!

He mentally shook them away, suddenly disgusted with himself. Fixed Ellie with what he hoped was a frank expression.

“I’ll never laugh at you Ellie. Never, I promise you.”

To his surprise, Ellie let out a snort. But she smiled, too. Squeezed his hand back.

“Oh my God, that was *so* intense! No, it’s was good too! Kinda what I needed to hear.”

Her face became serious again, she chewed her lip, collecting her thoughts. Then:

“I sort of got this strange feeling, like something *bad* was happening somewhere. To my dad. I thought... I thought I could feel him in pain. Scared.

It was really *real*, y’know? Like, I got so scared. For a second...

For a second, I thought he was really gone. And part of me just felt so, so guilty. Even though I *knew* he’d been such a shit, there was part of me that thought: *If he dies now, it’ll be my fault we weren’t closer.*”

“Ellie, no...” the words were out before Aaron could stop himself. “Don’t say that...”

He pulled his daughter into a hug, intending to hold her against him and comfort her, just like a

father *should* comfort his daughter.

To his surprise, though, Ellie didn't just passively let him hug her. She turned toward him, held him tight, hugged him not as you would a parent, but as a... as a...

As a friend.

The two girls sat there like that for a long moment, Aaron marveling at the strange feelings shooting through his newly-teenage mind as he hugged the girl who used to be his daughter.

I've never seen her like this before... I've never heard her talk about her problems like this. If only she'd been more open with me...

A female voice in his mind – Alysha's voice – immediately corrected him.

If only you'd let her be more open with you.

Ellie shifted, pulled back out of the hug. Wiped one eye with the back of her hand.

"Oh great, now I'm getting panda eyes too..."

She laughed. Sniffed. Smiled at Aaron.

"It's OK, though. There's a happy ending. After I thought all that, you know what happened?"

He appeared. Dad. He just suddenly came cruising up in his car, opened the door and said *I guess we have a lot to talk about.*"

"What?!"

Aaron was on his feet before he knew it, barely even noticing the way his breasts jiggled with the sudden movement. Ellie blinked up at him, confused.

"He was there? Your dad? Me... I mean, *Aaron*?"

Ellie shook her head.

"I know, it's weird. But yeah, he just appeared. Like nothing had happened."

"But..." Aaron struggled to piece all this together in his mind. "But, wasn't the car all banged up? Wasn't it a wreck?"

"Why would it be...? No, it was fine. But guess what! He was *different.*" Ellie's eyes lit up with that happiness again, happiness Aaron had never seen in them before. "When I got in the car, he apologized. Like, not just for being late yesterday, but for the airport, for all those times he got drunk, for *everything!*"

He told me he was gonna change, Alysha. Starting right then. He actually *said* to me:

I've been a crappy dad to you long enough, Ellie. Maybe it's time I started being your best friend."

It was all Aaron could do not to faint.

He stood there, his pretty, teenage mouth dangling open, a comical look of shock on his girlish features.

So... So that means...

Ellie's wish hadn't just ripped him out of his old body and created a whole new life for him as a

teenage girl.

It had saved his old body from death, too. Saved it, and put a new soul in it. A new Aaron with all of his memories, and all of his flaws, but with the strength to overcome them.

As Ellie continued talking, a strange light began to dawn in Aaron's mind. A realization that maybe this hadn't all just been some tremendous disaster.

A feeling that maybe he'd even been *lucky*.

"He was honest, too," Aaron's teenage daughter was saying, "he said he wouldn't lie to me, and it was gonna be difficult. He needs rehab, AA, a lot of work, therapy to deal with his own dad-issues, I dunno.

But he said he was gonna *try*, Alysha! Like, for the first time ever. And you know what else he said?"

Ellie locked eyes with Aaron. The transformed man felt a chill run down his spine.

"He said that, now more than ever, I'd need my friends to help me through this. My best friends, who will always be there for me. Rhonda...

...and *you*, Alysha."

The silence that followed seemed endless, infinite.

As Aaron stood there, trapped in the body of a fifteen year old girl called Alysha, he felt like he was hanging in space. His body dangling over a precipice of change, the dividing line between one world and the next.

Between his old, failed life as Ellie's dad.

And his new life as her best friend. As the girl who would always be there for her, no matter what.

It wasn't even the wish, Aaron realized with sudden clarity. *I've not been cursed. I died in that car crash.*

I'm in Purgatory, the place where you make up for your sins. Only it's not about suffering. It's about making amends, here on Earth.

Ellie? You better believe I'm gonna spend the rest of my sentence being the friend you always deserved.

All of this passed through Aaron's brain in a millisecond. Ellie was still looking at him, expectantly, as she'd looked at him when she was younger and he was still a man, still her father, waiting for him to do the right thing.

Well, this time, he knew exactly what to do.

With infinite calm, the girl who used to be Aaron took a step forward, stepped off the cliff edge of her old life, leaving her old identity behind.

As her male life slipped away, Alysha – brave, beautiful Alysha who was loyal to her friends – took Ellie in her arms. Gave her the biggest hug she'd ever given anyone.

"I love you so much, Ellie," Alysha whispered in the other girl's ear, her voice muffled by her

hair. “You mean everything to me, you really do. And I’ll be here for you, no matter what.”

In her head, the girl added, silently:

I’m finally going to be the father I should have always been.

The teenage girl who used to be a grown man felt her best friend’s shoulder shake. Ellie clasped Alysha to her hard, until their breasts were squashed up against one another’s, and they looked almost like a single being.

“Thank you,” Alysha heard her whisper. “Thank you so much.”

They were still stood there like that, hugging like father and daughter when the lab technician finally came back from his coffee break and looked inside the classroom.

The two girls looked so content, so *happy* that he didn’t have the heart to interrupt them.

VI

The next few years were the most intense, hardest, and strangest of either of Alysha's two lives. But they were something else, too.

They were by far the most rewarding.

After her chat with Ellie that fateful morning, Alysha gave up on trying to get back to her old life. She accepted her fate, stopped thinking herself of Aaron, the grown man trapped as a teenage girl, and started thinking of herself as Alysha, the beautiful, insecure, intelligent, confused fifteen year old for whom friendship was *everything*.

Oh, it wasn't quite as easy as just throwing a switch, of course.

She was still Aaron. She still had his memories, his sense of body. She still didn't really know how to be female.

That made for some... *interesting* times, to say the least.

Learning to pee sitting down, that had been weird. As had getting used to the idea that her breasts were growing, her hips getting wider, and her body slowly blossoming into womanhood.

Well, maybe "blossoming" wasn't the right word. After the mess and agony of her first period left her feeling miserable, Alysha came away feeling certain that all these metaphors for womanhood had been created by male Victorian writers who'd never even *heard* of ovaries, much less been forced to live with them.

Still, she took it all as part of her punishment. Just as she took learning to deal with boys acting like they inherently knew more than she did, just as she took the endless stares her developing body attracted.

She could still remember all too well the many times she'd acted like a creep as a boy, or ignored or belittled women as a man.

So she got on with it as best she could, navigating the treacherous waters of puberty and girlhood with the same stoicism as millions of teenage girls across the globe.

And she survived it. Because she knew she had her mission, the one that consumed her every waking hour.

Saving Ellie's soul.

The new version of Aaron – the improved version now occupying Aaron's old body – had been right about what he told Ellie.

It was a rough ride at first.

For whatever reason, the wish, or this purgatory, or whatever you want to call it, hadn't sent a Ellie a new Aaron that was perfect.

Sure, new-Aaron wanted to improve in a way Alysha never had when she was still in that body. But it was hard for him.

Over the first few months, at least, new-Aaron kept backsliding. Kept returning to the bottle.

Kept fucking up.

The third time it happened, as Alysha and Rhonda comforted Ellie after her dad got blackout drunk, Alysha felt so angry that she almost wanted to go around her old house and personally kill Aaron.

She supposed that was part of the punishment, too.

But, oh so gradually, it got better. New-Aaron stopped drinking. Started going to AA. Managed to stay on the wagon.

By the time the first anniversary of Alysha's transformation into a girl rolled around, Ellie was happier than she'd ever seen her before.

And, as Ellie's life became more stable and things improved, Alysha began to discover that being a girl wasn't *just* punishment.

There were some serious upsides, too.

Take shopping. As a man, Alysha had never held much interest in trying on clothes, trying to dress functionally.

As Alysha, though, she was amazed to discover she wasn't just *into* fashion.

She was a goddamn genius at it.

Every weekend, she would be drawn to the mall, or to the vintage stores in their town's restored historical main street.

There, the teenage girl who was secretly a man would lose herself for hours in trying on various tops, hunting bargains, pairing outfits until even Rhonda and Ellie started to dread going with her.

Not that Alysha cared.

She had someone else she could drag around with her now.

She couldn't quite recall how she'd gotten a boyfriend. All she remembered was that Rhonda had invited her to some party while Ellie was out of town, and she'd impulsively accepted.

Truth be told, it hadn't taken much cajoling. As Alysha, she was attractive and confident enough to be popular in a way she'd never been in school as Aaron, so going to parties was kind of a fun way of stroking her ego a little.

Anyway, she'd gone along to the address Rhonda gave...

...and been horrified to discover her friend had made an absolute fail and they were the only girls there.

It should have been awful. Should have been the most cringe-inducing thing ever.

It was just her, Rhonda, and all the jocks, all of whom responded to having cute girls in their midst by starting to act like macho D-bags. Alysha had been *this* close to bailing!

But then she'd found herself sat outside on the lawn, looking up at the stars. And then she'd heard his voice, sensed the dark shadow standing over her.

"Mind if I join you?"

At first, she'd thought the handsome black jock was Tyrone, the prick who'd told her to try out for cheerleader.

"That's my younger brother," the boy had snorted, sitting down. "He can be a real douche sometimes. I'm Brandon."

Five minutes later, they'd been kissing.

Two days after that, they'd been messaging like mad.

Two weeks after *that*, they'd been hanging out whenever they could.

By the time a month had passed...

Well. Alysha had herself her first ever boyfriend.

Yeah, it had been a little weird, especially in the early days.

Deep inside her mind, Alysha was all-too aware that she was really a man. That she'd once been straight.

But it almost didn't seem to matter.

The longer she spent as Alysha, the more her residual attraction to women was slipping away.

When she watched TV, it wasn't the hot girls who made her smile to herself and feel butterflies in her stomach. It was the boys.

Boys like Brandon.

Not that the couple did anything too naughty. Alysha was all too aware of the age difference between them, even if, biologically, they were both 16 when they started going out.

So she simply refused to go any further than kissing. At least until they were both 18. She figured that, if Brandon couldn't handle it, then fuck him, he wasn't worth it.

But to her surprise, Brandon did handle it. He stayed by her side all the way through high school, never complaining, never trying to force her into doing things she didn't want to do.

Finally, on the night she turned 18, Alysha at last gave into her urges. After a heavy makeout session with the boy of her dreams, she slowly unbuttoned her top, slipped down her pants, climbed into the bed with him and...

Well, you can probably guess what happened next.

Through all this, Alysha's two best friends kept an eye out for her, just as she kept an eye out for them.

In the same way she helped Ellie deal with her recovering alcoholic father, and Rhonda with the pressures of getting into Harvard on a scholarship, her two besties helped her navigate the world of boys and sex and love.

When they finally all graduated, three long years after Alysha had got into her car as a man called Aaron and woken up as a girl, Alysha knew she would never have any friends as good as these two again. She cried all the way through the ceremony.

And afterward, the three teen girls ditched everyone else and drove out to the beach by themselves, where they had one last swim in the ocean for old time's sake.

For the rest of her life, Alysha would never forget that memory.

*

All that was ten long years ago.

Today, Ellie and her father – the no longer quite-so-new Aaron – have reached a good place.

There are still issues, of course. Alysha hears about them on the phone from time to time, when Aaron's being an asshole, or the demons of drink rematerialize.

But those calls are few and far between.

Mostly, the two are like any other father and daughter. Loving. Teasing. Exasperated with one another. But never resentful. Never hateful.

Ellie may have not forgotten everything that came before, but she has forgiven it.

And she now seems completely at peace with herself.

For her part, Rhonda is living in the Twin Cities with her artist girlfriend, making her way in the world as a corporate lawyer.

Neither Ellie nor Alysha hear much from her nowadays, sadly, but the three girls (or rather, three *women*) always make a point of meeting up at the holidays, even just for one drink. Rhonda's seriously talking about marrying her girlfriend soon, and her old high school friends both secretly hope to be bridesmaids.

After all, Alysha made Rhonda a bridesmaid at *her* wedding.

Yep, Alysha and Brandon are married now. They wed when they were only twenty two, right after they both finished college.

At first, Alysha told her new husband she didn't want kids. She couldn't say it out loud, but Ellie was enough for her, and she didn't want to screw up again.

But time changes all of our minds. As she approached the mid-point in her twenties, Alysha found herself more and more feeling like *not* having kids would be missing out.

Finally, after years of resisting, she gave in. She stopped taking the pill.

You can see the effects quite clearly now.

Today, Alysha is nine months pregnant with her first child as a woman. They've already had the scan, they know it's gonna be a boy. Alysha even thinks she might call him Aaron.

When she tells Ellie this, her bestie laughs. *What a weird choice!* She says, *naming him after my dad!*

But Alysha thinks she'll do it anyway, and she knows why. As a message to herself. As a reminder.

She may have once upon a time been a shitty father.

But Alysha already knows that she's gonna make an *excellent* mother.

*

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Free Extract:

The Man Who Became a Pregnant Teen

For the rest of his life, Drake Hawkwind would always remember the words that turned him into a pregnant teenage girl.

“I wish...”

For some reason, the phrase stayed in his head. Stuck there with far more clarity than the strange sensation of his heavy new breasts growing and filling with milk, of his penis vanishing and a pussy growing between his legs, of the horrible way his belly had swelled up as his brand new womb filled with his husband’s babies.

“I wish...”

He would never forget, either, the way the laughing witch that had cursed him had made him look in the mirror. The way he’d blinked in horror at the gorgeous, 18-year old beauty staring back at him, her face plump from pregnancy, her rosy cheeks giving her shy features a healthy glow.

But even this paled besides those dreadful words.

Dreadful, because they suggested the whole universe knew what he was. What he’d done. That some cruel and capricious God was watching him with a malevolent eye, and had taken *her* side.

“I wish... I wish...”

I wish that this lying piece of shit would get everything he deserves!”

And then that last, blissful moment of confusion – when he still wasn’t sure if he really believed in wishes – followed by the tingling of magic, and the panic as his skin started to shift and twitch and rearrange itself to her will.

“I wish...”

“You wish what?”

Drake opened his eyes. The memory of his transformation faded. He blinked in the gloom of the bedroom, gently touched his swollen womb.

Inside he could feel his unborn baby, kicking faintly. Could feel the way his belly was now swollen into a pregnant bump. The shape of it made him shudder.

But that wasn’t all he could feel.

He could feel, too, the way his breasts, all swollen and heavy with milk, rested against one another as he lay on his side.

He could feel the way his long blonde hair trailed down his back, swept over one narrow shoulder.

And he could feel, too, the *thing* pressing into the soft flesh of his pert little ass. The long, hard thing that pressed against the lacy panties Rita’s stupid wish had forced him to wear. The thing that was making his new pussy feel all damp, even despite him being nine months’ pregnant.

Justin's rock hard cock, all firm and ready for sex.

Drake shut his eyes again as he felt his new husband stir behind him. As he felt one strong hand gently squeeze his hips, so tender, so loving.

He forced himself not to sob out loud as Justin – dark skinned, beautiful Justin, with his chiseled pecs and gentle smile – brushed a lock of hair away from Drake's soft, feminine cheeks and softly kissed his neck.

It was wrong, he knew. So wrong. All of it.

And yet... and yet...

And yet even now, filled with misery as he was, suffering under this awful curse, he couldn't help but notice the way his nipples were hardening at Justin's touch. The way his body was signaling him desperately to kiss this beautiful man back.

"You wish what?" Justin whispered in his ear, his breath warm and ticklish against Drake's skin.

He playfully slipped his big, strong hand off Drake's hip, let it slide around his feminine body until it, too was clasped across Drake's pregnant belly.

Or rather, until it was holding Drake's own, girly hand against his bump, gently squeezing his fingers. Comforting, supportive.

Just how a husband *should* be.

I wish none of this was happening! Drake felt like screaming. *I wish you'd let go of me and fuck off!*

I'm a man! I shouldn't be here. I shouldn't have a husband...

And I shouldn't be pregnant!

But, of course, Rita's wish was too strong. The magic wouldn't allow him to say such words, even if he wanted to.

So instead, he helplessly squeezed Justin's fingers back, a wave of misery washing over him at how big and thick his husband's fingers were compared to his.

"I wish..." he whispered in his soft, feminine voice, "I wish..."

Drake blinked back girly tears.

"I wish this moment would never end," he sighed, his contented words a strange counterpoint to the emptiness howling within him. "I wish I could just lie in your arms forever..."

...husband."

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Also by Lisa Change

*

She Made Him into a School Girl

*“Any minute now,” whispered the Scientist with a smile, “you’ll find out what it’s like to lose that big, strong man-body of yours... and **wake up as a school girl!**”*

32-year old Alex thought he had it made: a good job, a loving fiancée and an apartment in the city. But then They came for him, and made him a subject in one of their unethical experiments.

An experiment to take a grown man **and turn him into a teenage girl.**

Stuck as beautiful, 18-year old Lena, Alex must suddenly learn to deal with life as a school girl with school girl thoughts, school girl feelings... and school girl *crushes*. Because the experiment

has done more than transform his body and wipe his memories. It’s made him into a **teenage hottie** with all the cute boys falling at her feet!

Can Alex fight his new feelings and escape back to his male body? Or will he discover that being an adorable 18-year old girl with a teenage boyfriend is what he secretly wanted all along?

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The 40 Year Old Man Who Woke Up as a 14 Year Old Girl

*“No...” whimpered Rob, “you can’t mean...” But there was no denying the evidence before his eyes. Overnight he’d somehow changed from a middle-aged man into **a teenage girl...***

The night before his fortieth birthday, unhappy man Rob Stephens makes an ill-advised wish. He wishes he was young again. But he didn’t specify what gender, and now his wish is coming true in the craziest way possible!

From the moment he wakes up the next morning, Rob is thrown headlong into a nightmare. Trapped in the body of pretty, popular fourteen year old girl Ruby, Rob suddenly finds himself adrift in a sea of lipstick, fashion, girlfriends, and hormones. If that wasn’t enough, he must also deal with having the body, thoughts, and feelings of **a teenage girl!**

But trouble is brewing for this transformed man. Because if the wish isn’t undone within twelve hours, then Rob will become trapped as cute teen Ruby... *permanently*. Can Rob get his manhood back, or is this grown man doomed to spend the rest of his life as **a fourteen year old girl?**

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His New Life as a School Girl

It started with a spell. A spell Natalie thought was a joke, a way to get back at her coworker without hurting anyone. A spell that claimed it could take any grown man... and **turn him into a thirteen year old girl.**

But the spell was no joke. And now her colleague Melvin is being forced to live with the consequences.

Just this morning, Melvin was a 32-year old guy with a fiancée and his own house. Now he's 13-year old Melissa, with a cute face, flowing brown hair, and all the **thoughts and feelings of a teenage girl!** He's back at school. Trying to deal with having parents and a bratty younger sister. Trying to deal with lipstick and crushes and girlfriends.

And the worst part? The spell's erasing his identity. Unless Natalie can find the reverse spell *fast* Melvin will forget who he really is... and become carefree schoolgirl Melissa **permanently.**

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About the Author

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

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

To see hot new releases, read kinky free short stories and keep up to date with news visit Lisa at her [blog](#).

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