



LISA CHANGE

The Gender Swap Games

(she turned them into girls - a
multiple gender-swap fantasy)

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“Time’s up. *Choose.*”

The man looked around the arena in uncomprehending fear, as if desperately searching for an ally. Female faces leered at him from the old, wooden seats. Thousands of women, watching his suffering with undisguised glee.

“Hurry up, little man.” The voice of the High Priestess was laced with humor, like she was struggling not to laugh. “Either make a pick or...”

She let the word hang in the air for a moment.

“Let *us* decide your new form for you.”

Beneath the glare of the TV camera lights, a look of terror flickered across the man’s face. He helplessly shook his head.

“N-no... please. I’ll-I’ll do it, I just need more...”

“Time is for us.” The Priestess’s voice was sharp. “For *women*. Creatures like you... *men-*”

She spat the word out.

“-have no such luxury.”

High up in the gallery, the tall, dark-haired woman smiled down at the cowering man before her. She folded her arms across her bare breasts, her sculpted, supermodel face alive with pleasure.

“You have ten seconds, worm. Now. *Choose.*”

Silence. The women in their seats leaned forward, craning their necks for a better look. Cameras focused, broadcasting the spectacle to billions of women across the globe. At home, mommies and girls and wives sat, glued to their seats.

No one ever missed the finale of the Games.

Trembling, the man looked down at the ornate wooden table before him. At the six boxes, neatly lined up. The six boxes that would decide his fate.

High above, a vast digital clock silently counted down his last few seconds. A bead of sweat formed on his forehead, rolled down his handsome face.

Earlier in the program they’d broadcast footage of him before It happened: a square-jawed and carefree hunk in a business suit, eyeing up secretaries in his office.

Now, naked and scared, his sculpted torso oiled for the cameras, he looked

less like a man in control, and more like what he really was.

A pathetic little slave.

4... Flashed the clock. 3...

The audience held its breath. The arena was silent. In each woman's face you could see the same tension, the same question, being asked over and over again.

Is he gonna do it? Is he...?

They rarely did. Rarely chose the box that, when opened, would allow them to keep being male. The odds were simply against them. Five boxes that would automatically turn them into one of five types of female, and only one that would allow them to keep their cocks and escape this cruel madness.

But you never knew...

2... The clock counted off. 1...

In the gallery, the High Priestess picked up her silver staff. Sneered.

"Looks like we'll have to choose your new shape after all-"

"WAIT!"

The man's hand shot out. Landed on a simple, wooden box *just* as the clock hit 0. The assembled women gave a collective sigh of relief.

It was never as fun when the Priestess chose for them.

"I... I choose *this* one!" The man shouted, his face a mixture of defiance and terror.

Twenty TV cameras panned back to the Priestess. She smiled. She knew this would make *great* television.

"Very well," she said. "Box five it is. Now. Let's see what you *could* have become."

There was a sting of music in the studio. High above the arena, the female commentators sat in their box, breathlessly whispering into their microphones in a dozen different languages, explaining to all those watching at home what was going on.

"If you had picked box one," the Priestess intoned, clearly enjoying herself, "you would have become..."

The man's eyes were wide, his hands shaking. You could tell what he was thinking, even without the digital screen relaying his thoughts.

Please don't say male, please don't say male...!

The Priestess gave a practiced pause. Her eyes alive with amusement.

"...a bimbo secretary!"

The audience gave a collective gasp. The man let out a breath. The lid of box one flipped up. For a second, the image of a blonde secretary with vast tits, a tight waist and pouty lips hung there, her eyes twinkling behind her fashionable, heavy-framed glasses.

"One down," the Priestess said. "A step closer to keeping your male form? Or a step closer to becoming something *really* awful?"

Below her, the man swallowed. He'd knocked out a box, true. But 'secretary' was one of the nicer things you could be turned into.

He didn't want to think about what might be waiting in the box beneath his hands.

"Next... box two."

The Priestess paused again. After a decade presenting the weekly Games, she had a natural flair for suspense.

"If you had picked that box, you would have become..."

The audience leaned forward again. The man closed his eyes.

"...a little girl!"

Another burst of music. Another sigh of relief. The lid of box two flipped up and a ghostly image appeared of a 5-year old poppet with freckled cheeks, a gap between her front teeth and two blonde pigtails dangling above a sparkly pink princess costume.

In front of the audience, she giggled silently and waved at the man who'd nearly become her.

"Another bullet dodged," the High Priestess murmured. "Maybe this worm will make it all the way through?"

A look of sadistic delight crossed her statuesque features.

"I doubt it, though. *Now,*" she suddenly snapped, "box *three...*"

And so on it went, each box opening in turn, each one accompanied by a gasp from the audience, and a whimper of relief from the trapped man.

He whimpered as box three opened to reveal a dead-eyed stripper with enormous boobs, raven hair and a surgically-enhanced body covered with tattoos.

He whimpered as box four opened and an image flashed up of a piece of bimbo arm candy, her curvy body hidden inside a revealing, expensive dress, her pretty head resting against the strong arm of a male billionaire.

Finally, he whimpered as the cameras focused on box six, and the world waited to see his fate.

“Box six...” by now the Priestess was openly laughing. “Just imagine, *worm*. If we open this and see another girl, you will have beaten the odds and kept your body. Not only that, but you will be sent to Paradise. *But...*”

Her eyes flashed.

“...if the image of a *man* comes out, then your luck will be up.”

Another pause.

“How are you feeling, slave?”

The digital output of the man’s mind was going wild. Women in the arena giggled as he tried to force himself not to think unkind thoughts about the Priestess.

Only last month a man who got to this stage had made the mistake of responding to this very question with a snapped *how do you think I’m feeling?* So the Priestess, to the delight of the women watching at home, had turned him into a bright pink rubber dildo.

The man swallowed. Forced up a hideous, cracked smile.

“I’m excited, oh Goddess. Excited to see what... see what I *become*.”

“Good,” the Priestess smiled. “In that case...”

She raised her arms, holding her staff up in the air.

“If you had opened box six, you would have become...”

A pause, a silence that seemed to last forever. The audience were frozen. Not even the TV crew dared breathe.

The Priestess looked down at the pathetic creature before her. Suppressed a

giggle.

“...you would have become... *a man!*”

The audience shrieked with laughter. The man’s eyes grew wide. The digital readout of his thoughts went wild.

NONONONONONOHGODPLEASENO!

The lid of box six opened. An image appeared of the man, no different than he was now. The hologram gave him a sad smile and a little shrug.

“Which *means...*” the High Priestess’s grin tugged wider than ever, “that box five contains...”

“NO!” The man suddenly screamed. “No, *please!* Goddess, I beg you. *Please-!*”

“... *a French maid!*”

The audience went wild, screaming, laughing, applauding. The man let out a hopeless cry. The lid of box five opened and an image appeared of a breathless, 18-year old French girl with a soft baby face, a vast cleavage almost falling out a tight little black maid’s outfit, and a pink feather duster clasped in one tiny hand.

Before the man’s shell shocked eyes, she silently blew him a kiss, giggling as she did so.

“You made your choice.” The High Priestess’s voice was suddenly hard, unforgiving. “By the power vested in me by the women of Earth, I find you *guilty* of being a man.”

The audience all cheered at once. The TV cameras zoomed in. The man looked like he was about to faint.

“Now be a good little bitch, and *accept your punishment!*”

And suddenly she pointed her staff right at the naked man, whispered something. The man threw up his hands-

“*No!*”

-but it was too late.

Before the watching eyes of millions of women, the man’s body began to shift and twist. As he screamed and begged, his entire form started to rearrange itself, like putty being molded by invisible hands.

His shoulders tugged inwards, losing their masculine broadness, even as his hips pushed out.

His arms and legs shed muscle, becoming weak and willowy.

His waist tightened, like someone had *yanked* an invisible belt tight around it.

His ass jumped up and filled out. His pecs wobbled then began to inflate into breasts. His dick hiked back up into his body, replaced by a pair of plump and moist little lips.

The man looked down at his body and *howled*. Tears rolled down his cheeks. He gave the Priestess one last, pleading glance.

“You deserve this,” the Priestess whispered. “*Every* man deserves this.”

Then the man began to scream, a raw, animal scream that rose in pitch until it became a girly shriek.

He shrieked as his face transformed from a square-jawed man’s face into a soft and girly one.

He shrieked as long blonde locks erupted from his head, tumbling past his narrow, cream shoulders.

And he shrieked as he shrank ten inches, as his skin became smooth and hairless and springy, and as a maid’s uniform began to form across his curvy new body.

Half a minute after it had started, it was over. The Priestess lowered her staff with a smile. The audience craned their necks to look...

...at the cute little French maid standing where a man had once been.

She was young, maybe 18 at most, with wide blue eyes, pouty pink lips, round cheeks and platinum blonde hair that fell in straight lines either side of her pretty little face.

Her breasts and ass were large, her waist tight, her legs long. Her black uniform was tiny, trimmed with white lace, barely able to cover her cute little bum.

Pristine white stockings laced their way up her slender legs. A dainty little maid’s cap perched on her head. Frilly garters hung from her dainty wrists, a black choker wrapped around her throat. A pink feather duster dangled from one tiny hand.

She was beautiful. She was tacky. She was a bimbo. The sort of woman men used to fantasize about, when they were still allowed to think such thoughts. And she was *him*.

In horror, the French maid who used to be a man looked down at her new body. At its curves, its soft bits, its ridiculous little uniform that was more lingerie than clothes.

Then, suddenly, she began to cry.

Before the cameras, big fat tears rolled down her soft cheeks, pattering onto her new uniform. As the audience watched, the pretty young French girl placed her face in her dainty hands.

“Now, now,” purred the Priestess, “you knew this would happen. We couldn’t leave you as a disgusting *man* now, could we?”

The French maid raised her eyes to the Priestess, her cheeks flushed red.

“*Zis iz not fair!*” She wailed, in an adorable French accent. “*Please! You can no force me to be ze Fronch maid!*”

The Priestess smiled calmly at her.

“We can do whatever we want. You may be a girl now, but you have a *man’s* brain.”

Her eyes narrowed.

“And men *deserve* punishment.”

The audience cheered loudly at that. As their whooping overwhelmed the studio, the French maid lowered her pretty little head.

Like every man on planet Earth, she knew all too well that what the Priestess was saying was true.

“From now on,” the Priestess continued, “your name is Fifi. You are the maid of a cruel countess living in a castle in rural France. You will spend the rest of your life scrubbing that old castle from top to bottom and serving your new mistress’s every whim.”

“You will cook for her. Clean for her. Dress her. Worship the ground she walks on. You will speak only when spoken to. You will have no time to yourself, no choice but to debase yourself sexually for her pleasure, no option but to spend the rest of your life as her worthless little maid.”

She tilted her head.

“How does that sound, *Fifi*?”

For a moment, those watching wondered if *Fifi* would say something. If she'd snap at the Priestess and have to be punished.

Her little hands balled into angry fists. Her shoulders tensed. She opened her pretty little mouth...

...and then the fight drained out of her. With an unhappy smile, she looked up at the Priestess.

“*Zat sounds merveilleux, madam.*”

“Good,” the Priestess smiled, raised her staff. “Off you go, then.”

There was a flash of light, a little squeak, and then *Fifi* had vanished. Half a world away, in France, a sadistic countess smiled as her pretty new maid appeared, her cheeks flushed red and a *desperate* urge to serve already overwhelming her curvy body.

“We'll be checking back on *Fifi*'s progress next episode,” the Priestess smiled to the women in the audience, “along with a special segment on what happened to the man we turned into a pair of panties five years ago.”

Some cheers from the audience. Applause. A camera zoomed in on the Priestess's face. She looked into it, raised one sculpted eyebrow.

“Don't forget to join us next week, girls, for another round of the Games. And to all you pathetic little men watching...”

She laughed. A cold, horrible laugh.

“Serve your mistresses well. Or *you* could find yourselves trapped here next time!”

The applause rose into a roar. The Priestess gave one, last, tiny bow...

...and that was it for the 46th episode of the 20th season of the never-ending Games.

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“Wow, wasn't *that* a showstopper? What about you, *Carol*, were you as glued to your seat as I was?”

“You bet, *Aimee*! *Y'know*, for one second there, I really thought that little

worm was gonna make it...”

In front of her vast TV, Hailey tilted back her head and yawned lazily. She was lying sprawled across the leather sofa, as she always did, dressed only in a fluffy white dressing gown.

“Well, that was fun,” she murmured, plucking another grape out the silver bowl beside her. “I’m bored now. Turn the TV off.”

Sat at her feet, her husband Frank looked up at her with an expression of barely-controlled anger. He held a little nail varnish brush in one hand, the other carefully holding one of Hailey’s feet.

“For God’s sakes, Hailey, can’t it wait until I-”

Hailey narrowed her eyes.

“Did you just question a direct order, *bitch*?”

She smiled as Frank swallowed. As he grit his teeth and shook his head.

“No, mistress Hailey,” he muttered, “I would never dream of...”

“No? Then turn. The. TV. *Off*.”

A savage grin split Hailey’s pretty, middle-aged face.

“*NOW*, slave! Or I’ll submit your name to the Gamesmasters!”

That was all she needed to say.

With a hideous, fake smile plastered to his handsome face, Frank pulled himself to his feet. He crossed the room, his 13-inch cock swinging between his naked, hairy legs and turned the television off, deliberately bending low so Hailey could get a good look at his toned and naked ass.

“Finally.” Hailey sighed. “God, you’re useless. If it weren’t for that *dynamite* body of yours, I’d have got rid of you long ago.”

“Yes, mistress.” Frank replied, stiffly. “Thank you, mistress.”

Inside, he tried to fight his urge to laugh bitterly.

It wasn’t like this body was *his*, anyway.

Not so long ago, Frank had been a normal guy with what he thought was a normal wife, living and getting along in the suburbs of their town. He had a boring job, a slowly-developing paunch, and a secretary he sometimes fucked in a motel off the interstate. He’d thought that was it. That that was life.

And then the Sisterhood had come to Earth, and everything had changed.

“Stand up, slave. Turn around and let me get a good look at you.”

Frank grimaced. He always hated this part.

“Yes, mistress.”

Moments later, he was facing Hailey, watching in faint disgust as her eyes crawled over his oiled and naked form. A form she’d used her new powers to give him, twenty long years ago.

He could still remember it now. The way Hailey had smiled and clapped her hands while he screamed and begged.

The strange sensation of his body *changing*, turning from a normal man’s body into a cage of muscle and steel that looked like something off the cover of a romance novel.

The way his pecs had hardened, his cock extended. The way his arms and legs had suddenly become thick and muscular. The new face Hailey had wished onto him, sitting beneath a dreamy mop of dark and curly hair.

Since that day, Frank had been his wife’s naked, muscleman slave. Cooking for her, cleaning for her, kissing her feet...

...fucking her whenever she felt horny, a combination of disgust and horror mingling in his chest as he realized just how much his wife liked this horrible new body of his.

“Reminiscing about the past again?”

Hailey’s words jerked Frank back to his senses. He blinked at her.

“What do you-?”

“The readout,” Hailey irritably waved a hand at the digital screen beside their TV, “I can see *everything* you’re thinking, remember?”

One of the first things the Sisterhood had done – after giving every woman on Earth complete control over the planet’s men – was to hook every non-transformed man up to a device that constantly monitored their thoughts. For twenty years, Frank had watched, mortified, as Hailey was given access to every single, idle thing that crossed his mind...

And punished him, accordingly.

Shit, I forgot about the screen...

Frank quickly forced himself to think bland, boring thoughts. Stuff about flowers. Birds. Dumb shit like that.

“Oh, give it a rest,” Hailey said. “I know you’re not *really* thinking about flowers, worm.”

Nonetheless, she turned from the screen, letting her green eyes drift greedily back over Frank’s body. Settling on the stupidly-oversized cock she’d wished onto him.

Frank shuffled uncomfortably. Although he’d never dare think such a thought out loud – let alone *say* it – the way Hailey looked at him these days made him feel like a piece of meat.

“Well, darling, did you enjoy watching the Games?”

Frank forced up another smile.

“Of course, honey,” he hoped his words sounded more sincere to Hailey’s ears than they did to his. “You know I love the Games.”

Hailey giggled.

“I *am* glad,” she purred, not taking her eyes off Frank’s dick, “because I’ve been thinking for a while now, it can’t be comfortable for you, walking round the house like that. Don’t you get cold sometimes, dear?”

Frank hesitated, his brain whirring. He gave his wife (*mistress*, his brain reminded him) a doubtful look. Where was she going with this?

More to the point, did she *really* want him to answer truthfully?

Hailey was smiling up at his square-jawed face, her eyes innocent. At last, Frank nodded.

“Well, now you mention it, I guess I *do* get kinda chilly...”

“My poor darling!” Hailey raised one hand to her red lips in faux-shock.

“Why didn’t you say something? Well, no matter...”

Another giggle. A familiar feeling of dread began to gnaw at Frank’s stomach.

“...watching the Games just now gave me an *excellent* idea. I’ve had you naked for so long, it was starting to get tiresome. So, why not kill two birds with one stone?”

“Hailey? What are you...?”

“You want to keep warm, and *I’d* like a husband in uniform,” Hailey continued, that deliberately-naïve smile still on her lips. “So, what are we waiting for? Let’s get my darling husband dressed up!”

At the word *up*, Hailey clapped her hands. Frank’s eyes went wide. He let out a moan...

...and watched in horror as his new uniform appeared over his naked body.

A cool black liquid magically appeared around his hips, flowed down his beefy thighs, across his horse-sized cock. As Hailey watched in amusement, it solidified into a tight pair of shorts that *clung* to Frank’s groin, leaving almost nothing to the imagination.

There was a flash of white, and then a little apron unrolled down the front, over the bulge of Frank’s dick. It pulled tight around his crotch, then tiny little buttons appeared in its surface, barely holding the fabric together.

“Ease of access,” murmured Hailey, “just in case I need to get it out quickly. But we’re not done yet, my darling...”

There was a faint sound, like the fluttering of wings. A starched white collar flew into the room and fastened itself around Frank’s neck, claspings on so tight he let out a gasp.

As he reached up to try and tear the collar from his throat, his hands wobbled, and suddenly his wrists were sporting two white cuffs with black buttons. Frank gaped at them, as if astonished to find them there.

“H-Hailey!” Frank stammered, “what the *hell* is this? *Please!* You can’t-!”

“Oh *do* shut up.” His wife yawned. “You’re not allowed to talk anymore.”

At her words, a switch flipped in Frank’s brain. His voice cut off with a *glerk*. Ever since It happened, he – like every man on Earth – had been incapable of disobeying an order from a woman.

Now, he could only watch in silent terror as Hailey’s latest wish came true.

There was a noise like rubber stretching. A back bowtie *pulled* itself into existence, fastened to the collar around Frank’s neck. He grasped it in shock, his eyes dazed. There was an itching feeling, and two white silk gloves knitted themselves around his hands, perfect for holding trays.

It was only too obvious where this was going now.

Hailey was making Frank into her *sexy butler*.

There was a gust of wind. Frank's hair automatically swept itself back and up into a clean, obedient cut. A hand towel appeared from nowhere, folded itself over one muscular forearm.

And then the magic was over.

In the silence that followed, Frank could see Hailey admiring her handiwork, her eyes shining with laughter.

Oh God, what now...?

Looking down, he grimaced at his new uniform, at the clothes he would be forced to wear, day-in, day-out, until Hailey changed her mind.

Experimentally, he touched his black bowtie. Tried to rip it off and hurl it on the floor, but he knew from experience it would be useless. His fingers refused to even close on it.

He was a man, after all. And that meant he was completely powerless in this female-dominated world.

"Seeing that maid on TV made me decide I wanted a butler," Hailey said, her voice light. "From now on, you'll cook and clean and serve me wearing that uniform. No more nudity."

She giggled.

"Except in the bedroom, of course."

Frank lowered his hands. Gave his mistress a jerky, obedient nod. It wasn't his place to question Hailey's decisions.

"Excellent."

There was a brief pause, and then Hailey slowly unfurled her legs, got to her feet. She walked over to her husband. Placed one hand on his chest. With a start, Frank realized she was feeling his muscles, enjoying the raw *power* of his magically-altered body.

But it was more than that. She was feeling his fear, too. His fear of what she could do to him.

Of what *any* woman could do to him.

Gently, Hailey leaned forward, until their lips were almost touching. Looked up into Frank's eyes, a demonic little smile on her lips.

"You look so perfect like that..." she whispered, her lips parted. "So very,

very... *perfect*.”

At the word *perfect*, she let her hand drop down. Grabbed Frank’s humungous dick through his skimpy little shorts and *squeezed*.

“No more backchat, OK? No more bad thoughts,” she murmured. “You be a good little butler, and I *promise* I won’t send you on the Games.”

Frank swallowed. Nodded. There was no use fighting now. There never was.

“Wonderful.” Hailey seemed to think for a moment, then leaned in. “Now, *slave*. How about showing your mistress what a *good little butler* you are?”

And before Frank could even think of disobeying, she was whispering in his ear, and the magic was kicking in, forcing him to sweep his wife to her feet and carry her silently through to the bedroom.

Ten minutes later, he lay on top of Hailey, mechanically fucking her like some clockwork robot, pounding his dick into her pussy while Hailey gasped and grinned evilly into his helpless features, while she used him like the unthinking sex toy he now was.

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Five hours later, Frank stood at the sink in his stupid butler’s uniform, staring out into the darkness of their backyard while his body automatically washed the dishes.

It had been another evening of hell.

After turning him into her butler, Hailey had used her powers to make Frank fuck her for precisely two hours, forbidding him to come, even as she fired off orgasm after orgasm.

The moment she was done, she’d sent Frank to run her a bath, then had him give her a candlelit massage, purring away as Frank’s body – without any input from his brain – expertly worked the tension out of her back, her thighs, her feet.

Finally, once he’d prepared her bed, she’d given him strict instructions to go back downstairs and continue cleaning once she was asleep. Then she’d jumped onto the big double bed they’d once shared, twenty long years ago, and forced Frank to gently eat her pussy for two hours until she fell asleep.

In all that time, she hadn’t given him permission to talk. Frank was still stuck on ‘mute’, and would be until she remembered to give him his voice back.

Right now, he wouldn't be able to make a sound, even if the kitchen was on fire and he was about to burn to death.

With an internal growl, Frank dropped the metal pot he was cleaning onto the rack. Glanced up at the clock.

Midnight. He would have to wake up in six hours to start getting Hailey's breakfast ready. And he *still* hadn't ironed her clothes.

This is a goddamn joke... he thought, bitterly. Twenty years... twenty years that bitch's slave...

Now she was asleep, Hailey wouldn't be monitoring his thoughts. An automatic alarm would wake her if he thought about anything *really* bad, like killing her, but some PG swearing was OK, thank God.

Jesus, I need a break... I'll do the clothes later...

With heavy limbs, Frank dragged himself away from the sink, into the living room. Since his transformation into Hailey's muscleman, he'd been blessed with a physical stamina he'd never dreamed was possible.

Mentally, though, he was still same old, lazy Frank. And, right now, lazy Frank was freakin' *tired*.

He dropped onto the sofa, trying to ignore the way his stupid new uniform hugged his cock. Trying to stay as quiet as possible as he turned the TV back on.

Just fifteen minutes, then we'll get back to work...

"...welcome back to Men Getting What They Deserve! Today, we're looking at all the ways you girls have punished those pathetic little creeps in your life..."

Frank sighed to himself.

Not this dumbass show again...

It was that stupid compilation show they played, again and again. The one where women sent in short home videos they'd taken of their male slaves, showing what they'd done to them.

Onscreen, two oiled and naked men were being walked on chains by some young blonde girl. They were on all fours like dogs, barking and sniffing each other's asses.

“...Candie from California used to always want a pair of mangy mutts to call her own. When she got her powers, she made her boyfriend and his brother live out her dream! But they’ve got nothing on Wendy...”

On and on it went. As Frank watched, images flashed up. Men dressed in tutus being forced to dance down the street, singing *I’m a little sissy!* Straight dudes forced to make out. Men being used as footstools, as toilets, as coatracks...

Ever since It had happened – ever since the Sisterhood had landed – women’s power over men had been effectively limitless. The only thing the laughing women posting these videos *couldn’t* do was turn their male slaves into girls or objects.

That was a power only the sisterhood had.

Enough already...

With a feeling of disgust, Frank flipped the channel. But it was hopeless. For twenty years, now, every single channel on Earth had been dedicated to videos of men being humiliated.

There must be something...

At last, the screen switched, and suddenly Frank was watching old reruns of the Games. Gently, he lowered the remote.

He hated to admit it, being a man and all, but there was something kinda... *interesting* about watching the Games.

You could tell this episode was old from the grain of the video. In low-resolution, he watched as some oiled young stud opened his boxes one by one, hoping against hope to beat the odds.

There was something... *familiar* about him. His mop of blond hair. His blue, hopeful eyes. Frank felt like he’d seen him somewhere before.

Probably Hailey made me watch it. Is he the one who gets turned into a fat girl...? Or maybe he’s the one who tried to escape and got turned into a pig...

He watched with morbid interest as the stud survived two boxes being opened... three... four...

And then, suddenly, it clicked.

Of course! How could he have been so dumb?!

It was Victory Night on the channel, the night where they played the survivors' episodes on an endless loop. He was watching the last one who made it.

The last boy who had made it out the Games with his cock still intact.

"You're now down to the last two boxes..." The High Priestess was saying onscreen. *"Choose well and you'll be sent to paradise, still in that delectable man-body of yours. But choose badly..."*

And you'll become what you deserve, Frank thought.

"...and you'll become what you deserve," The Priestess finished.

There was a shot of the all-female audience, looking on with bated breath. Then a close-up of the boy, a strange, confident smile on his face.

"I guess that's the chance I've gotta take," he said.

A strange feeling prickled over Frank's skin.

"Very well, then." The Priestess declared. *"Let's see what's inside the other box...!"*

The ending played out, as it always did in these rerun shows. For the bazillionth time, the box opened, showing the sexy nurse the boy *could* have become. For the bazillionth time, the camera showed the audience going wild, the Priestess glaring. For the bazillionth time, it showed the final box opening, and the boy's manhood being saved.

Frank watched it all, but he didn't see it. Instead, something was ticking over in his brain. An urgent, gnawing thought.

How did he know? You could see, before the boxes were opened, he already knew which was the right one...

As the TV showed the boy being led away to paradise, Frank's eyes went slightly wide.

No... that can't be right...

He had to get back to work. Knew he had to. Hailey would punish him horribly if her clothes weren't ironed by the morning.

But instead he just sat there, watching these old reruns of the Games. Watching as Victory Night screened all nine episodes where the men had won over the last twenty years.

By the time his alarm went off at 6am, Frank's plan was already fully formed.

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“What the fuck is this?”

Frank stiffened, the mop held tight in his hands. He swallowed, turned, smiled at Hailey.

What? He mouthed.

Hailey narrowed her eyes.

“Don't play dumb, husband. You know perfectly well *what*.”

Hey, it's your fault I can't talk, Frank thought to himself, but it was pointless. Hailey was too busy looking at the printout in her hands to register his thoughts flashing across the screen.

It had been another morning of pain and misery. Without a wink of sleep, Frank had been forced to cook his wife a big ol' breakfast, then wake her up and eat her pussy for two hours until his jaw was sore and his neck ached . Then he'd dressed Hailey and been ordered to go mop the house in his stupid butler's uniform.

It had been all Frank could do to stop himself from collapsing from exhaustion. But the thought of Hailey finding it had kept him going.

And now here she was.

“I found it by the screen this morning,” Hailey growled. “Remember what it says?”

“Oh, for God's sakes, *fine*,” she snapped when he began miming his innocence, “you may speak again.”

It was like an invisible hand had loosened around Frank's throat.

“Hailey, I dunno *what* you've got there...”

“No?” His wife held up the printout. “It's your *thoughts*, dummy. The machine records them.”

Frank nodded. Not only recorded; printed out any ones that might require punishment.

“Know what it recorded last night?”

Hailey's eyes were on fire. She thrust the sheet of paper at him.

"There. Remember thinking *that*, slave?"

Frank's eyes focused on the paper. At the damning words, looming in his vision, a 6:30am timestamp in the corner. The words that had crossed his mind, only a few hours ago.

JESUS CHRIST, they read, WHEN IS THAT DUMB CUNT GONNA WAKE UP?

"Dumb *cunt*?" Hailey's voice was quiet, deadly. "Did you *really* think you could get away with thinking that, husband? Did you really think you could escape punishment?"

She shook her head gently, in wonder. Raised her hands.

"Maybe that butler uniform has gone to your pathetic head. Perhaps I should dress you like a *maid*, after all..."

Hailey was just about to clap and use her powers when Frank frowned and looked up at her.

"But, Hailey," he said. "Baby. I don't see what the problem is..."

He took a deep breath. It was now or never.

"You *are* a dumb cunt."

The silence that followed was agonizing. Like the entire universe was holding its breath.

Hailey lowered her arms, *stared* at her husband.

"What did you just say...?" She whispered.

Frank's stomach was doing backflips. Any moment now, Hailey could clap her hands and make him act like a dog, or eat her shit, or any of a million nasty things...

But there was no turning back now. Not when everything was going to plan.

"I *said*," Frank drew out the word, deliberately irritating. "That you are a dumb. *Cunt*. You're a shit-for-brains, Hailey, you always were. And not even those stupid powers can change the fact that you will always be a dumb cu-"

"SHUT UP!"

Hailey's scream filled the living room. Frank's jaw immediately *snapped*

shut, almost biting his tongue off. He stood stock still, staring at his wife with wild eyes.

Oh fuck, I hope I didn't overdo it...

Hailey's face was black, angrier than he'd ever seen her. She looked like she wanted to tear his soul out his body, cast him away into the pits of Hell.

Be calm... be calm...

"You pathetic piece of *shit*," Hailey said, her voice dangerously low.

She slowly crossed her arms over her ample breasts.

"I could call up the Sisterhood and have you turned into a-a *butt plug* for that. Do you have *any* idea how many laws you just broke?"

A faint gurgling sound was all that would come from Frank's magically-sealed throat. He knew all right.

Hailey stared at her husband in wonder.

"What's gotten into you?" She said, slowly. "All this time, you've been acting like the perfect little slave, and then suddenly..."

Understanding dawned in her eyes. Her anger slipped away, replaced by a vicious little smile.

"Could it be, *husband...*" she leaned casually against the wall, crossing her arms, "that you've decided you *want* to go on the Games?"

Oh fuck...

Frank put all his willpower into summoning and innocent grin onto his square-jawed features. Hailey laughed.

"So, you think you can beat the odds," she purred, "you think you can escape me and get to Paradise. Well? Why don't we *find out*."

With slow, almost languid movements, she got out her phone. Dialed someone.

"Hi, yes, I'm trying to contact the Entertainment Department. Great, yeah, put me through, please."

Frank watched as she tapped out the beat of the holding music with one toe, her green eyes fixed on his, a deadly smile on her beautiful face.

"Heya. Yes, my name is Hailey, I live in sector B. No, I don't wanna send in

a video. No, something more than that...”

She dropped a wink that almost made Frank feel like screaming.

“Have you got a contestant lined up for next week’s Games? Coz I think I’ve got the *perfect* man right here...”

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“Laaaaay-deeees and *other* ladies... *welcome* to the Gender-Swap Games!”

Lights flashed. The crowd went wild. The pretty young PA smiled at Frank, a clipboard clutched to her chest.

“OK, you ready?”

Frank nodded.

“Yeah, I guess so.”

He peered past the curtain at the distant wooden arena, surrounded by cameras and a giant, steel lighting rig. He was surprised to see it looked smaller in real life. More-obviously fake.

“Shall I...?”

“Nu-uh.” The girl held one hand up to her ear. “My director’s saying to wait. We’re gonna do the Priestess’s entrance a couple times. Try some stuff out.”

“She does it more than once? I always thought this stuff was live.”

The girl shrugged.

“That’s TV.” She suddenly frowned, touching her ear. “OK, shut up now, worm. I gotta listen to this.”

The way she casually tossed out *worm* should’ve made Frank’s gut all tighten up with anger. But he was too dazed to really pay attention.

I had no idea this was so slick...

When the car had come to pick him up from Hailey’s that morning, he’d been braced for a horrible experience, like being led off to your execution.

What he *hadn’t* been prepared for was the non-stop insanity that went into making a TV show.

From the moment he arrived, Frank had been treated like a minor celebrity. The PA had taken him to a dressing room, where muscular young men had obediently done his makeup and oiled up his body and changed him out of

the French maid's outfit Hailey had wished him into after making her call. "Is this... y'know, necessary?" He'd muttered as one of the male studs expertly plucked his pubic hair.

The PA had nodded.

"Our market research tells us that only about 65% of our viewers are watching to see contestants get transformed. The rest simply want some eye candy. Ever wonder why we don't feature ugly guys?"

Here she'd looked down at Frank's sculpted torso with the air of a businesswoman considering a purchase.

"Nice bod, by the way. Natural, or did someone use their powers on you?"

"My wife." Frank had winced as a male hand plucked a hair from his groin. "I never knew she was into such big..."

Embarrassed, he'd simply gestured his impossibly-large cock.

"Well, she's got good taste," the PA had nodded. "That thing is gonna make *excellent* TV."

Then before Frank could reply, he'd been whisked away on a whirlwind tour of the studio.

"These are your fellow contestants," the PA had said, gesturing a group of five handsome men as they passed.

Frank had turned and looked in amazement at the naked guys lining the wall. At the stacked black guy with a shaved head and bulging biceps. At the two slender Asian dudes who looked like brothers, frowning at their feet. The blond white guy who looked like a surfer, the hipster guy with the red beard and dark glasses.

Some of them had looked up and given Frank a curt nod. A wan smile. The two Asians had just sat there, staring at their feet, lost inside their own little hopes and fears.

"Other contestants? There's only one guy on each show."

"We film several episodes back to back, means us staff get a break around Christmas and summer. That's how shows like this have always been done, even before the Sisterhood arrived."

At that moment, they'd passed an open door with a star stuck to the front.

Frank had idly turned his head...

...and felt his breath catch in his throat as he caught the High Priestess's eye.

"You're..." He'd whispered in horror, his blood running cold. "You're..."

"Julie," the PA had said, knocking gently on the door. "So sorry to interrupt, this is one of today's contestants."

Julie...?

The High Priestess – or Julie, or *whoever* the fuck she was – had raised an eyebrow at Frank, a smile on her lips. It had taken all of Frank's concentration not to stare openly at her naked breasts.

"Nice to meet you," she'd murmured. "I hope you're looking forward to your new body."

Frank had just stood there, dumbly, his mind caught in a hopeless tailspin.

She's the High Priestess, and she's just sitting in a dressing room... what the hell is going on?

For the first time in his life, either before or after the Sisterhood arrived, Frank was getting a taste of what happens when showbiz crashes up against reality.

"I hope you're not going to be this quiet on set. It's always *such* a bother when we have to transform someone before we even begin."

As if by magic, Frank's voice had reappeared.

"H-high priestess..." he'd stammered, "it's, uh, it's an honor to..."

"I don't doubt it," the naked woman had drawled, before giving the PA a slightly-bored look. "Can we wrap this up? I've got so much preparation to do..."

"Sure thing, Julie. Come on, worm."

And the PA had grabbed Frank's hand and *yanked* him away. The last thing he'd seen of her, the High Priestess had been leaning into her dressing room mirror, checking her makeup. Her reflection had smiled at him.

"Good luck getting to Paradise," she'd called after him. "It'd be a crying *shame* to lose a cock like yours."

As he'd been led away, Frank found himself asking for the umpteenth time whether this was really happening or not.

And now here he was, waiting in the wings while the director finished shooting the episode's opening from multiple angles.

"Hey," he mumbled to the PA. "I need to ask. Paradise. Is it... I mean, where...?"

"Nobody knows," the PA said, checking something against her clipboard. "Only Julie- sorry, the High Priestess has any idea what happens to the winners."

There was a cheer in the studio. She smiled at Frank, gave his oiled and naked body one last glance up and down.

"Perfect. OK, slave. You're on!"

Then she was pushing him out, giving his toned ass a friendly slap as he passed, and then Frank was walking into the arena, his big cock swinging between his legs, into a cheering, baying crowd of women, wondering if this was really a good idea.

Too late to back out now...

Spotlights shone in his face. Female faces craned to get a better view of him. Someone wolf whistled.

Frank raised his hand to shield his eyes. Looked up at the High Priestess, smiling from her viewing platform, then glanced down at the table full of boxes...

...and felt his blood freeze.

Wait! No, that's not right. They can't-!

Stood by the table, their faces set and grim, were the five other men he'd met earlier, backstage. All of them watching him with eyes that were cold and unfriendly.

But she said they were on different shows...

He was about to turn back to the pretty PA and shout that they'd made a mistake when the High Priestess's voice rang out, silencing the studio.

"Welcome, you pathetic dogs, to this *special edition* of the Gender Swap Games. We'll be doing things a little differently today..."

As Frank turned and looked helplessly up at her, the Priestess gave the assembled men below her a terrible smile.

“The last of you to arrive will be choosing the boxes for each of our six men. That means the only way to win...”

A camera swooped above Frank’s head, right up to the Priestess. She looked directly into it.

“...is to *force your fellow men to become female!*”

Cheers erupted around the arena. Women were applauding, stamping their feet. Frank looked at his fellow men in horror.

No... wait, I can't do this!

Five pairs of eyes looked back at him with fear, hatred, hope. Five men he’d have to personally transform if he wanted to make it out as a male.

They've never done this before... did Hailey-?!

And then there was no time left to think. The High Priestess raised her arms. Twenty cameras swung in her direction. The studio lights swept down.

“Let this year’s 47th Gender-Swap Games *begin!*”

*

“...always dreamed of becoming a champion boxer.”

The audience sat in silence in the darkness, watching as the big screen played out the life stories of the assembled men, their faces lit only by its soft electric glow.

In the arena, Frank obediently watched with them. But, inside, his mind was racing.

I can't do this...

For the past half-hour, the screen had detailed the histories of the men around him. The men whose lives and dicks now lay in his hands.

He’d been forced to watch footage of the blond surfer-dude, Jamie, as he emigrated from Australia to the US. As he worked tirelessly at his studies, hoping to land a residents’ visa so he could stay with his girlfriend.

He’d watched as footage was played of the two Asians, Mike and Lee – who, it turned out, *were* brothers – as they practiced at the local swimming pool every day as teenagers, determined to make it onto the Olympic diving team.

And he’d watched as the life story of the hipster guy, Milo, unfolded. A story

of thwarted artistic dreams and endless jobs in coffee shops as he kept waiting for *someone* to discover his filmmaking talent.

Now, footage of Caleb, the muscular black man, was playing, detailing his struggle to become a champion boxer. The pain. The disappointments. The fortitude.

Frank watched in silence, a queasy feeling in his stomach.

They were people. Actual, *real* people, who'd had hopes and dreams, like he had. Who'd suffered as slaves under the Sisterhood and were now being sent on the Games as punishment for something.

And, God help him, he was going to have to decide *all* their fates.

The film about Caleb ended with him falling under his younger sister's power and being forced to become her slave. The audience applauded politely, then a film flashed up, showing a plain-looking man on his way to work.

Who the hell is that? Wondered Frank. *Are they gonna bring another guy in...?*

With a lurch, he realized that he was watching footage of his old, pre-transformation self.

He'd gotten so used to seeing Hailey's dream muscleman in the mirror that he'd somehow forgotten what he used to look like.

At long last, the film ended with Hailey using her powers to transform Frank. The audience clapped, the lights came back on, and then the cameras were gliding in on them again as the Priestess smiled.

"Mmm... what a lovely little show. Wasn't it delightful seeing all those nasty men get their comeuppance, girls?"

The audience whooped and cheered.

"I know, right? Well, here's the good news... you get to see them punished all over again!"

To more cheers, the Priestess turned and smiled down at Frank.

"Well, worm. It's up to you. Choose. One box for each man. Remember, if you get one with an image of a *man* inside, you will keep your cock and be sent to Paradise. But *remember...*"

Her eyes flashed.

“You can only get there by sacrificing your fellow men. Your happiness will mean their eternal misery.”

She *slammed* the tip of her staff against the ground, making the entire arena jump.

“Now *choose*, worm! Or I’ll turn you into a tampon!”

Frank swallowed, his mouth suddenly dry. As the audience cheered, he turned to the boxes, to his fellow men, watching him with sullen eyes.

I guess I don’t have a choice...

In silence, he stepped over to the ornate wooden boxes. All six stared blankly up at him, like the eyes of some dead creature. Trembling, Frank reached out one hand, laid it on top of Box One. Felt the cool, hard feel of mahogany under his fingertips.

“Well?” The Priestess demanded. “Don’t keep us waiting, dog.”

“J-just a sec.” Frank stammered. “I just wanna...”

He let his hands drift over the lid. The audience leaned forward as one. Wondering, wondering if this would be the one with his salvation in it...

Abruptly, Frank stepped back.

“Box One,” he said, clearly, “I assign to... *Milo*.”

The studio lights swung upwards. A dramatic sting of music sliced through the studio. On his pedestal across the arena, Milo’s shoulders stiffened. A hand nervously tugged his beard.

Frank avoided his eye.

“Good work, slave.” The Priestess said. “But we still have five more boxes to go. Chop, chop!”

Frank gave a jerky nod. Stepped up to the next box. Felt it’s hard, wooden lid, as if trying to sense what might be inside it.

For a moment all was silent, as the audience waited. Finally, Frank looked up.

“Box Two...” he said. “Box Two I assign to...”

Suddenly, his eyes went wide. His voice trailed off.

On their pedestals, the five men glanced uneasily at each other. In the

audience, a woman coughed.

“Speak, toad!” The Priestess shouted. “If you hesitate again, I’ll-!”

“I’ll come back to this one!” Frank said, hastily. “Sorry, I just want to...”

With abrupt movements, he left Box Two, walked across to Box Three. Briefly laid his hand on it.

“This box,” he declared, his voice suddenly confident, “I assign to... *Mike!*”

And so on and on it went. Box by box, Frank made his way up the line, briefly touching each one and then confidently shouting a name.

Box Four was sent to Jamie, who scowled out at Frank from beneath his blond surfer’s locks.

Box Five was given to Lee, who exhaled with something like relief, turned and gave his brother a wan smile.

That only left Caleb for Box Six. Frank quickly said his name, not even bothering to touch the box’s wooden surface, then turned and walked back down the line, at last positioning himself next to Box Two.

“*This* box,” he said. “Is for me.”

And that was it. The audience let out an *oooh*. The Priestess smiled down at the pathetic man before her, her eyes alive with amusement.

“Are you sure that’s the box you want? We will give you one last chance to change it. Just think how you’ll feel if we open Box One and an image of a man is waiting insi-”

“I’m sure.” Frank said, firmly.

I hope, he added silently to himself.

The Priestess glanced at the digital readout of their thoughts. Smiled to herself.

“In that case, then...” she raised her staff high. “Let’s see what was in Box One. Worm!”

She pointed her staff dramatically at red-bearded Milo.

“Come accept your fate!”

On his pedestal, the naked Milo hesitated. He crossed his arms over his muscular chest. Turned to the audience.

“P-please...” he stammered. Frank was surprised to hear his voice was naturally high-pitched.

“I didn’t mean to call my mistress a bitch... I promise, I just got so upset when she said-”

As he talked, the Priestess theatrically rolled her eyes. A demonic grin split her face.

“When I say *now*, slave, I mean *NOW!*”

There was a flash of light, followed by a high-pitched scream. The audience gasped, as Frank’s eyes went wide with fright.

Dear Jesus, is there anything she can’t do...?

The sand on the arena floor had magically bunched together into two gigantic hands. They’d grabbed Milo by the shoulders, hoisted him up and *hurled* him to the table. He’d landed face-first in the dirt, cracking his glasses.

“Get on with it,” the Priestess snapped, “or next time I’ll make them tear your balls off.”

An APPLAUSE sign lit up. The audience dutifully clapped. Milo struggled to his feet, his torso dirty, his lip bloodied. With an unhappy moan, he stepped forward, clasped Box One, closed his eyes...

“By opening Box One,” the Priestess intoned, “you have sealed your fate to become...”

...and opened it.

“...*a pregnant bimbo!*”

Milo’s eyes flew open. He gave a weak little shriek. Before his eyes, an image of a heavily-pregnant young woman appeared, one hand clasped over her swollen belly.

She turned and gave Milo a little wink, her cheeks red and rosy from her pregnancy.

“No...” whimpered the hipster, “this isn’t fair...”

He suddenly span round, pointed at Frank.

“It was *him!* *He* chose the box! He should be the one to-!”

“I’m afraid that’s not how it works,” the Priestess said. “You already knew that. Now. Be a good little bitch...”

She raised her staff.

“And accept your punishment!”

There was a flash of light. Milo let out a wail. He looked hopelessly down at himself...

...as his body started to *change*.

The wiry male hairs covering his chest and legs were worming their way back inside him, leaving him with skin as smooth as the day he was born. At the same time, his skeleton was shrinking, making him smaller, slighter.

The man known as Milo looked up helplessly at the Priestess.

“Please...” he whimpered.

The Priestess flashed him a savage smile.

“Please what? Save your pathetic man-body? There’s no chance of that happening. So...”

She lowered her staff, folded her arms over her bare breasts.

“I suggest you sit back and enjoy the ride!”

Before Frank’s eyes, Milo’s body was shifting and twisting, like he was a clay figure in the hands of some invisible giant.

There was a twitch and his shoulders tugged inwards, even as his hips *pushed* outwards, becoming wide and ideal for child-bearing.

A ripple passed over his naked form, and his masculine muscles shrank down and down, until his arms were weak and willowy and his legs long and slender.

Breast tissue formed around his pecs, started to inflate. His ass jumped upwards and filled out. His thick, male hands shrank until they were small and dainty.

And still the changes kept coming.

In silence, the studio watched as Milo’s breasts got bigger and bigger, until they were dangling from his frame, their nipples sore and leaking watery milk. The man held his new tits in his hands, feeling their weight, a look of revulsion on his still-male face.

“You’ll need to pump those puppies every single day,” the Priestess smiled, *“to stop them getting too sore with milk. But that’s not even the best part.”*

She laughed.

“On with the show!”

No sooner had she spoken than Milo’s dick – big, but not stupidly, comically big like Frank’s – rolled up inside his belly, dragging his balls with it. For a second, there was nothing but smooth skin between his legs. Then there was a noise like Velcro ripping and a pussy appeared, its lips plump and already moist.

“That’s the tightest pussy this planet has ever seen,” purred the Priestess. “Forcing a baby out through there is going to *hurt* like Hell.”

Her eyes twinkled.

“And trust me. You’ll be having a *natural* birth, without any painkillers.”

If Milo was listening, he didn’t give any sign of it. His hands were thrown up to his face, panickily trying to stop the skin from churning. To stop his nose from shrinking down to a cute little button, his lips from plumping up, his cheeks becoming round and rosy, and his eyes wider and more-innocent.

Stood nearby, Frank watched the changes with a feeling of pity and disgust.

This is horrible. I should look away...

So why can’t I?

He kept telling himself to close his eyes, even as the face of a pretty, plump young girl emerged where Milo’s used to be. As his red hair suddenly exploded out his head, falling down his bare back in a long and shimmering waterfall.

Then, finally, it happened. The moment they’d all been waiting for.

The girl who used to be Milo let out a gasp and grabbed her stomach. A look of nausea flickered across her youthful features.

“Oh *God!*” She exclaimed in a soft, girly voice. “I’m gonna be *sick...!*”

And then her belly was expanding, growing like an inflating balloon until it dangled from her frame, huge and heavy and filled with the baby of an unknown man.

Stretch marks appeared on her skin. Her bellybutton popped out, protruding like a nub from her skin. And still her belly kept growing as she squealed and begged it to stop.

At the last moment, the pregnant girl turned to Frank, a look of hatred burning in her eyes so brightly it made him take a step back.

“*You did this!*” She screamed. “This is *your* fault! You turned me into a-a... *aaaahhhh!*”

She squealed as her belly reached full size. As her hair magically swept back in a ponytail and a wedding ring appeared on her finger. As a flowing, almost see-through dress wrapped around her body, and comfortable pumps appeared on her feet.

And then it was over. The Priestess lowered the staff. The audience craned forward...

...and *stared* at the heavily-pregnant girl stood before them.

She was young, maybe 18, with a cute little face and rosy cheeks, fat and full from her pregnancy. A stylish pair of pink glasses balanced on her tiny button nose, making her eyes look wide and permanently surprised. Her heavy breasts poked out, ripe and sore with milk.

But it was her *belly* that everyone was staring at.

It dangled from her frame, an impossible size, poking out further than anyone would've thought possible. Its skin was stretched taut as a drumskin. Instinctively, the girl who had been Milo clasped its underside with one hand, the other resting on the top, looking at the evidence of her pregnancy with horrified wonder.

“*Excellent,*” the Priestess declared. “From now on, you are *Millie*, a pregnant young housewife living in some godforsaken cabin, many miles from civilization.”

“You have a strong, sexist husband whom you will work for, cooking and cleaning and acting like the perfect little wifey. You will bear him ten children in all and carry his babies in your womb from now until the day you die. You will have natural births for all of them, and rest assured that it will *hurt.*”

“You will give birth only to boys. And when they grow up, you will cook for them and serve them just as you did your husband. That will be your life now, until the day you die.”

She tilted her head.

“How does that sound... Millie?”

The redhead girl was still staring in shock at her pregnant belly. At the Priestess’s words, she slowly looked up. Shook her pretty, chubby little head.

“That sounds...” she whispered in a soft, feminine voice, “that sounds...”

Suddenly, her expression cleared.

“That sounds *horrible!*” The girl called Millie screamed. “You can’t do this! It’s sick, it’s *wrong!*...”

The Priestess smiled coldly at her.

“We can do whatever we want. We’re the Sisterhood, remember? And you’re just a sniveling little *man!*”

She pointed her staff right at her.

“Time to go, *Millie!* As punishment for talking back, you will now have to carry *twenty* children for your new husband. Goodbye, and enjoy your new life as a *mommy!*”

“WAIT!” Millie shrieked, clutching her tender belly tighter in her tiny hands. But it was too late. There was a flash of light, a tiny scream, and then Milo’s pedestal was empty.

With a little smirk, the Priestess turned back to the remaining men. High up on the screen, live footage was playing of the silly little pregnant housewife opening her eyes to find herself stood at the sink in a tiny cabin, scrubbing the dishes while her lazy, scruffy husband read a magazine and picked his nose.

Frank watched the footage with fascinated horror, aware that *he* was the one who had condemned Milo to this horrible life. That *he* was the villain here.

Yet, at the same time, another thought was running round the back of his mind.

I’m glad that wasn’t me... I’m glad that wasn’t me...

“Indeed, it wasn’t.” The Priestess smiled, reading his thoughts off the digital screen. “But there are much worse things to become than a pregnant housewife...”

Her eyes flickered over to the four remaining pedestals.

“Much worse things to force your fellow men to be, too...”

She let her words hang in the air for a moment. Four pairs of male eyes swiveled towards Frank, alive with hatred, with hope, with fear. He bowed his head, refused to meet their gaze.

It's not your fault, they made you do this... it's not your fault...

“Five men left,” murmured the Priestess, “five more boxes. Only *one* of which contains a ticket to Paradise.”

She turned to the camera. Raised her arms.

“So. Let's find out who gets it!”

*

When he looked back on it later, Frank felt that night might have been the most-horrible night of his life.

One by one, his fellow men were forced to come forward and open their boxes.

One by one, they were forced to accept their fates.

After Millie had been wished away to a life of servitude and child-bearing, the next one up was Mike, one of the two Asian brothers.

Unlike Milo, he calmly climbed down from his pedestal and walked across to Box Three, his face set and determined.

As he was about to open it, he turned to Frank and gave him a defiant look.

“I don't care what's in here,” he said, quietly. “You could have chosen me to get turned into a toad, and I'd accept it. *But...*”

His calm voice suddenly wavered.

“If there's anything in Lee's box, *anything* in my little bro's box that's gonna turn him into some fucked-up shit...”

“I will find you.” he whispered. “Even in Paradise. And I'll make you *pay*.”

Then he opened his box, not taking his eyes off Frank, even as the audience burst into laughter and an image rose up of a white farm girl with big boobs, braided blonde hair, dumb-but-pretty features and stupid old-fashioned farm clothes.

“*You'll become a hick farm girl!*” The Priestess crowed.

The audience laughed. Then she was pointing her staff, the cameras were

zooming in, and the magic was starting all over again.

Before Frank's eyes, athletic Asian man Mike lost his toned and lithe body. Became kinda chubby, with a big ass and enormous boobs. Had his dark hair turn blonde and grow longer and longer before knitting itself into plaits.

Had his naked body encased inside a checked shirt knotted up at the front that barely covered his new tits, and a *tiny* pair of denim shorts. Had a pair of cute leather boots form on his feet. A rancher-style hat appear on his head.

Throughout the entire change, he kept his eyes fixed on Frank's, his hard expression never changing, even as his face disappeared and was replaced with the visage of a dumb, horny farm girl.

"My, my, don't you look *fantastic*?" The Priestess laughed. "How are you feeling *now*, Maybelline? Or, should I say, *Bella*?"

"*Feelin' purty good, miss,*" the pretty girl who used to be Mike drawled in a comically-exaggerated Southern accent, her new voice light and perky.

Yet she still kept right on looking at Frank with that same cold warning in her eyes.

"Good girl. From now on, you'll be the dumbest bimbo on *any* farm in the world. You'll do all the housework while the men are out working, then helplessly flirt with them when they come back."

"You'll go to country dances with beefy farm boys, get felt up behind cowsheds, and have so much sex in haystacks you'll *constantly* be picking dirt out your various holes. You'll be the bicycle of your little hick community, the one *all* the men get to ride."

"Understood, *Bella*?"

Bella nodded.

"Yes, *ma'am*," she whispered.

"Good. Off you go then."

There was another flash of light, and then Bella was gone. Overhead, the screen showed her waking up in a haystack in hick country somewhere, rolling over and instantly climbing on the cock of the naked, heavysset boy lying next to her, a look of helpless humiliation in her sky blue eyes.

Yet Frank missed all of this. He was still staring at the place where Mike had been standing only seconds ago.

To his disquiet, he found that when he blinked an afterimage of Bella remained in his eyes, imprinted there by the bright flash. Still giving him that same, awful warning look.

Next up came Jamie, the Australian surfer boy.

“No fucking way!” He yelled. “You bitches can’t do this to me! You... *hey! Get offa me!*”

The two giant hands formed from the sand again, dragged him over to the box while he cursed and yelled and promised to kill all the women in the audience and at home.

For their part, the audience laughed at this pointless bravado.

No man had laid a finger on a woman for at least fifteen years. They all knew what would happen to them if they did.

“And *you*, you asshole!” Jamie spat at Frank as the giant hands forced him to his knees. “Who the *fuck* do you think you are? You’re a *fuckin’* traitor!”

Frank looked away, trying to ignore the feeling of sickness washing over him.

He was a traitor, all right. He’d knowingly condemned each of these men to a hideous transformation to save his own skin.

But what else was he supposed to do?”

“You were assigned Box Four,” the Priestess called out, obviously enjoying Jamie’s struggle. “Which means you are destined to become...”

“I said get *off!* Damnit, all you bitches are gonna pay...!”

“...*a bride!*”

Once again, the audience cheered. Once again, the lid rose up, revealing a slender blonde woman with flawless skin, high cheekbones and ornate hair that flowed over her bare shoulders in tumbling waves. Her body was lost inside a billowing white wedding dress that looked like something from a Disney cartoon.

“NO! You cunts! You fucking *goddamn cu... Arrrrgh!*”

As he screamed, Jamie’s voice shot up in pitch. His stubbly, surfer’s features vanished, replaced by those of a beautiful girl in her early 20s, with sharp cheekbones, a cute, turned-up nose, soft skin, dark eyebrows and pink, plump

lips. His body became slender, his arms willowy. White fabric started to weave itself around him.

“Nononononononono! Oh God, make it *stop!*”

His chest inflated. His torso curved. His waist pulled tight. His legs telescoped upwards even as he shrank down, until he owned a body that could've belonged to a model.

Flowers appeared in one dainty hand. A bridal dress wove itself around him, its delicately-patterned top almost see-through, its bottom big and frilly. Long hair exploded from atop his head, expertly arranged itself into a glorious, expensive-looking style.

And then there was no more Jamie. In his place, a beautiful, willowy young bride knelt in her dress, struggling and swearing in a voice that was light and pleasant and slightly stuck-up.

“You bitches! You stupid *bitches!*”

“That’s no way for a girl to talk on her wedding day,” the Priestess smirked, causing the audience to laugh. “Not when you’re about to become the wife of a big, strong man.”

The bride started screaming again, but the Priestess carried right on, ignoring her cries.

“Your name is now *Jennifer*. For the rest of eternity, you will be stuck in a time loop. Every morning, you will wake up to find it’s your wedding day. Every day you will have to walk down the aisle in your lovely dress and repeat your vows to a hunky black stud.”

The corner of her lips twitched.

“And every *evening*, you will retreat to a fancy hotel, where your new husband will use his big cock to deflower your virgin body in *all* its holes. Wash and repeat until the end of time.”

The bride was in tears now, sobbing into her dainty little hands. Her bare shoulders shook. Her mascara ran.

“You... you *monsters...*” she whimpered between sobs. “H-how could you...?”

“Easy,” the Priestess declared. “Because we can. Now, off you go, *bitch*. And don’t forget to say *I do!*”

Then that flash of light came again, thousands of eyes swung up to look at the screen, and there Jennifer was, stood at the altar, looking in unbridled horror at the enormous, black hunk who was going to spend the rest of eternity fucking her virgin pussy.

“Three down,” the Priestess murmured into camera. “Three to go.”

She looked into the arena and dropped Frank a little wink that made him want to be sick. He clenched his hands into fists and closed his eyes, trying to stop himself from screaming.

Like it or not, his plan was going *perfectly*.

“OK...” said the Priestess. “Who’s next? I guess we have...”

That was as far as she got.

Suddenly, a deep, masculine roar filled the arena. The women in the audience gasped. Frank nearly jumped out of his skin.

What the-?

And then he saw it.

On the pedestal nearest to the exit, big, strong Caleb had finally snapped. With a howl of despair, he’d leaped onto the ground and was now sprinting, sprinting for all he was worth.

As Frank watched, the PA stepped in his path. Started yelling.

“Worm! I *order* you to stop!”

But her voice was drowned out beneath the boxer’s roar. Caleb had his hands *pressed* over his ears, his eyes closed.

There was no way he could possibly hear the PA’s orders.

“Stop!” The PA yelled again. “I mean it! I... I...”

Frank saw her pretty face turn pale. Saw her realize, too late, that *nothing* was going to stop Caleb.

No! He saw her mouth. *Please don’t-!*

Then the boxer was barreling into her, knocking her aside with a sickening *crack*. The PA’s body hit the floor, limp as a rag doll, bounced to one side, her eyes dead, open. Someone in the audience screamed.

“I’m getting outta here!” The black giant roared as he ran. “You can’t make

me do this! You can't make me-!"

For a moment, Frank really thought he was going to make it. Really thought Caleb was going to make history on the Games that day.

Then reality reasserted itself and the helplessness of their situation came crashing back down.

Up on her high podium, the Priestess casually raised her staff, pointed it at the retreating giant's back.

"Bad boy," she whispered.

There was a flash of light. Caleb's feet stopped dead. He gave a scream of rage, turned round to glare wildly at the Priestess...

...and then his features were freezing, turning shiny and plastic. His eyes lost their definition, became 2-dimensional, shiny things that were permanently frozen open.

His body lost its shape, its muscles suddenly mere outlines drawn across it. The shiny new surface of Caleb's dark skin sagged slightly, like there was no longer anything but air holding it together.

His fingers stuck together, became drawings. His feet turned on their sides, flat and cartoony. He just had time to open his mouth...

"...no..."

And then it was already over. In disgust, Frank looked at the object now standing comically-upright at the edge of the studio. The shiny, plastic reimagining of a man, a big, rubber cock sticking out in front of it, bobbing up and down, ready for its owner to use.

Against all the laws of nature, the Priestess had turned Caleb into a male blow-up doll.

"Pity," the Priestess murmured, lowering her staff. "I *had* been looking forward to seeing what he would become."

She shrugged her bare shoulders, her dark hair bouncing off her pale skin.

"Still, sometimes you don't have a choice. Ladies and ladies, I give you... *our newest sex toy!*"

The eyes of the audience swiveled as one to look at Caleb. At his plastic skin. His features, permanently frozen in shock. At the rubber dildo protruding

from his groin. There was a pause.

And then everyone started laughing.

The women in the audience laughed and laughed, pointing at Caleb and clutching their sides. They laughed so long and so loud, Frank thought they were gonna damage his ears.

He looked at the *thing* Caleb had become, and was horrified to see a tiny tear running out of one of its plastic eyes.

Oh God... he's not... she-she wouldn't...

“He’s still conscious in there,” the Priestess shouted over the laughter, reading Frank’s thoughts off the display. “He always will be. Until that new body of his disintegrates, he’ll see and feel *everything* that happens to him.”

As the audience continued to laugh, she spread her arms wide.

“Hear this, men of the world. *This* is the fate that awaits if you try to escape! In a moment, this rubber man will be sent to an all-girls’ boarding school, where breathless 18-year old beauties will use him as a masturbation aid whenever they get bored and horny.”

“And he’ll have no choice but to let them! Whatever they want to do to him, he’ll have to let them. He’ll have buxom young bitches riding his big, rubber cock from dawn till dusk.”

Her smile became a demonic leer.

“But he’ll never, *ever* be able to come or feel any pleasure from it whatsoever. This is his punishment, and it is *everything* he deserves.”

The crowd cheered again. Frank looked away from the blow-up doll, feeling sick.

There’s nothing I can do for him now...

Then there was another flash of light, and the vast screen lit up, showing five teenage girls giggling as they pulled Caleb out from under a dormitory bed and started playing with his rubber penis.

At last, the Priestess raised her arms. The crowd fell silent.

“A fitting punishment, I’m sure you’ll agree. But better than what was in his box? Let’s find out.”

She looked down at Frank.

“Open Box Six, worm. Show us what fate that fool *should* have suffered.”

Frank blinked up at her.

“Wh-*what?*”

“The box, you pathetic fool.” The Priestess nodded at it. “Open it.”

B-but, Frank thought, *won't I... I mean, won't it...?*

He didn't need to even say the words out loud.

All over the arena, female eyes turned excitedly to watch as the contents of Frank's mind unspooled across the readout. His fear. His terror.

WON'T THAT MEAN I TURN INTO WHATEVER'S IN THERE?

The Priestess smirked at his thoughts.

“Usually, yes. But we'll make an exception.”

Her eyes glinted with mocking laughter.

“Trust me.”

But I don't trust you...

Outwardly, Frank simply stood frozen, unwilling to move. Unwilling to risk opening the box and suddenly becoming a... a-*a little girl* or something.

The Priestess rolled her eyes. Raised her staff.

“Or do I need to turn you into a *female* blow-up doll?”

What could he do?

With a soft moan, Frank turned towards the box at the end of the row. A vast, wooden 6 looked impassively back at him.

“*Now*, slave.”

Feeling like a man moving through treacle, Frank slowly stepped forwards. Gripped the lid of Box Six.

The wood seemed to thrum in his hands, as if the universe was already laughing at him, laughing at his hubris in thinking he could beat the Game. Frank closed his eyes. Grit his teeth.

Then *tore* the lid off with a yell.

It clattered to the floor. A murmur ran through the audience. Frank kept his eyes closed, unwilling to open them. Unwilling to see what he was about to

become.

“*Look, you pathetic worm!*”

Frank tried to fight, tried to stay in the soft, comforting darkness. But his rebellion had crumbled within half a second. With an anguished howl he opened his eyes...

“*Look at what Caleb could have become!*”

...and then he was staring at her. At the image of an ebony-skinned teenager, clad in a bright yellow cheerleader’s uniform, a pair of pompoms clutched before her perky little breasts.

As Frank watched, she looked him up and down, then wrinkled her nose and skipped away, her tiny skirt *barely* covering her ass as she did so.

“Too bad,” the Priestess said. “I guess that box wasn’t for you, after all.”

Stood before it, Frank could barely take onboard what was happening.

No... he thought, numbly, *no, I guess not...*

His hands were trembling, his mouth dry. He felt like a man who has been thrown out of a plane at 20,000ft, only to land safely in a pillow factory.

“In that case, let us continue. Box Five?”

The Priestess gave the remaining boy a dreadful grin.

“Lee, was it? Would you step over to the table, dear, and accept your punishment?”

The wait was heartbreaking. Where others had screamed or begged or tried to run or even, like Mike, walked over with calm detachment, Lee acted like a kid in a horrible, confusing dream.

He smiled uncertainly at the audience around him, took a couple of steps, then seemed to have second thoughts and simply stood there, a dazed, unhappy look on his handsome features.

As the crowd bayed and stamped their feet, Frank watched the boy approach. As Lee slowly got closer, he felt his heart kick in his chest.

Where all the other men had been north of twenty five, Lee looked like he barely scratched 18.

He’s just a kid... Frank thought in shock, *he’s just a boy...*

Then a darker, more-disturbing thought crossed his mind.

Oh Jesus, what have I condemned him to?

At last, Lee reached the table, a nervous smile on his face. He looked at Frank, as if wondering what he was doing there, and shook his head.

“Are you the presenter?” He mumbled. “I-I’m not sure I’m meant to be here...”

The Priestess was making her announcement now, her voice booming out over the crowd. Frank leaned in toward Lee.

“You’re... you’re just a *kid*,” he whispered, feeling sick. “Why did they bring you here?”

“I dunno...” Lee looked around unhappily at the crowd. “I think it might’ve been something I did.”

“What?”

Lee gave a sad smile.

“I forgot to boil my mistress’s egg. Just stupid. She...”

He shrugged.

“She said I didn’t deserve to be male anymore. Called up the Games. Asked them to ensure I became her French maid.”

The noise of the audience and the Priestess became very dim. Frank watched as the young boy’s face screwed up slightly, as he swallowed back his fear. He looked down at the box sat before him, at the box he’d specially selected, then at the box with the large wooden ‘5’ sat before Lee.

With a feeling of sudden calm, he realized what he had to do.

“Lee.” The Priestess was saying. “You were assigned Box Five. So. Open it and show all of us what you’re destined to beco-”

“*WAIT!*”

Silence fell across the studio. Thousands of women gasped collectively. The Priestess slowly turned her head and glared down at Frank.

“Did you *dare* just interrupt your goddess, *slave*?”

She raised her staff.

“I’ve got a good mind to turn you into a...”

“*Please.*” Frank said, his voice wobbling. “Please just *listen* to me. I want... I want to change...”

A sneer coiled the Priestess’s lip.

“*Change?* Oh, you’ll change alright, worm. As soon as we get onto your box, you can...”

“I don’t mean that.” Frank’s shoulders slumped. He took a breath.

Now or never...

“This box...” he gestured Box Two, “is the *safe* one. I... I deliberately kept it back for me.”

He hung his head.

“I was gonna let everyone else get transformed, then cash my ticket to Paradise.”

The Priestess shook her head incredulously.

“You *deliberately* kept it back? How could you *possibly* know which...?”

“It was easy,” Frank said, his head still bowed. “You can tell just by touching. That’s what I saw on Victory Night. Everyone who has ever won the Games... they *touched* the boxes first. I guess we all thought they were doing it for luck. But really...”

“They get warm, OK? The ones with the male option in get warm. All the others are cold to the touch, don’t ask me why. I didn’t even know what I’d be looking for, but then I touched this box, and it was the only one that felt warm.”

Suddenly, he raised his head, stared defiantly at the Priestess.

“But you must already know that, huh? So you *know* I’m telling the truth.”

The Priestess glared back at him.

“So what if you are? What could possibly be the point of you telling us all this now?”

“Coz...” Frank grit his teeth. “Coz...”

He turned, gave Lee an unhappy look.

“Coz I want to swap with this boy. He... he doesn’t deserve to suffer, like I do. He’s just a kid.”

He closed his eyes.

“He deserves to go to Paradise.”

There was a whisper of shock in the studio. Cameras zoomed in on Frank’s unhappy, square-jawed face. All over the world, millions of women would be frantically comparing notes, trying to see if something like this had ever happened before.

A cruel smile crept over the Priestess’s features.

“You really mean that? You really think you’re willing to spend the rest of your life as ditzy little bimbo, sucking on dicks and getting fucked, all so this *stranger* can go free?”

Frank nodded.

“Yeah, I know what’s in his box, too.” He said. “And I guess I can live with it. It’s basically my life anyway. Besides...”

He forced up a grin.

“Hailey will be happy.”

There was a long pause. Frank could tell the Priestess was both considering his request, and milking the drama for all it was worth.

At last, she spoke.

“Well, well... not often we get a display of bravery like that on here. Funny. It seems almost a shame now to have you turned into a girl.”

She considered.

“But why not? OK, worms. You may change boxes *once*. After that, you must open them and accept what’s coming to you.”

“Yeah,” grunted Frank. “I know.”

With a feeling of sickness, of despair, he turned, walked over to Box Five. Put his hands on its cool surface, feeling its power. Feeling the woman inside he would soon become.

Feeling the pretty French maid he’d be forced to spend the rest of his life as.

Across the box, Lee looked at him in wonder.

“Hey... no. I can’t...”

“Just hurry up.” Frank said. “Before she changes her mind.”

There was a sickening moment when he thought Lee wasn't going to leave. That they'd open the box and both get turned into maids, and Frank's grand gesture would've been for nothing.

Then, at long last, Lee gave Frank a sad smile of gratitude. Walked over to Box Two. Placed his hands on its warm surface.

"Good." Said the Priestess. "In that case, Box Five. You may accept your punishment."

"Yes, ma'am," muttered Frank.

He clasped the lid, looking down at his strong hands, with their dark hair and large knuckles. The hands that would soon be replaced by a pair of dainty little things clutching a feather duster.

For some reason, he felt strangely sad looking at them. True, they weren't *his* hands, strictly speaking – Hailey had changed them when she changed everything else – but they were at least male. A reminder of what he was. Of what the world was like before all this crazy *shit* started.

"Move along now. We're waiting."

Frank nodded, unwilling to speak. He gripped the lid tight, his muscular arms trembling.

Here we go, then. This is it...

Out the corner of his eye, he saw Lee give him that smile again. Saw the teenage boy mouth the word *thanks*.

"Don't mention it," Frank muttered.

Then he grabbed the lid and *pulled*.

There was a collective gasp from the audience. A flash of light. And then Frank was looking down at the little, translucent figure rising from his box with a feeling like he was about to faint.

"No!" He heard himself gasp, as if from very far away. "No... you can't! Not *that!*"

"Tough titty," he heard the Priestess declare. "You wanted to switch. And now you must deal with the consequences."

"But..." stuttered Frank. "B-but...!"

The figure in front of him wasn't a pretty little French maid, as he'd feared.

Oh, no.

It was something a thousand times worse. The last thing he wanted to see in the box. An image that made him want to scream and keep screaming until he fainted.

“Man Frank,” the Priestess’s voice boomed out. “By choosing Box Five, you have condemned yourself to spend the rest of your life...”

A note of humor entered her voice.

“...as a man!”

There was a roar from the audience. In cold shock, Frank stared down at the figure before him. Of himself, as a man, wiping his brow with relief.

No... that can't be right! The box was cold. I was so sure...!

“Which means...” the Priestess raised her staff, pointed it at Lee, “that inside *your* box, maggot...”

“...is another *French maid!*”

There was a flash of light from her staff. The lid of Box Two *burst* off, and then Lee was staring in fright at a busty young French maid with big tits and a tight waist and a flimsy uniform that *barely* covered her naked pussy.

She giggled silently, winked at him and blew a kiss, but Lee was too busy glaring at Frank to notice.

“You... you tricked me! You *asshole*, YOU TRICKED ME!”

“Trick or not,” the Priestess’s words were dripping with malice, “we must abide by the swap. Lee! Prepare to spend the rest of your life as *Lina!*”

The Asian boy threw up his hands before his face, as if hoping to block the magic.

“WAIT!” He screamed.

But it was too late.

The Priestess smiled cruelly. There was a flash of light. A cheer from the audience.

And then Lee was no more.

*

“Worm? Are you in there, worm?”

The knock on the dressing room door cut through Frank's gloomy reveries. He jerked his head up and looked in the mirror. At the handsome, *male* face he was cursed to wear for the rest of his life.

What do they want now? He thought, thickly. *Haven't they had enough already...?*

"Open up, worm! There's somebody to see you!"

The end of the show had been like a non-stop nightmare for Frank.

After the last box was opened and the magic was finished, he'd found himself standing next to a gorgeous young French maid, watching in horror as she screamed in misery, big, salty tears running down her cheeks.

Please... he'd tried to say, *please, I didn't mean to, it was them, all them...*

But the maid had batted his hands away with her feather duster, shrieking at him in French while her oversized boobs wobbled in their cups and the audience howled with laughter.

"What a wonderful ending we've had tonight," the Priestess had laughed into camera, "but we're running out of time now. So. Let's wrap things up."

And Frank had been forced to stand there and listen as the Priestess told Lina about her new life. That she was now the personal maid of a family living in a vast mansion. That she would scrub and clean everything and act as a wet nurse to their children, letting babies suckle at her breasts until her nipples were sore and tender, 24/7.

As Lina listened, she'd wept big, girly tears that pattered down on her cleavage, on her uniform. The audience had laughed again at that, enjoying her humiliation.

And then the Priestess had finished talking. She'd raised the staff again, there'd been another flash of light, and then it had been just Frank, all alone in the arena.

In misery, he'd watched as the screen lit up, showing Lina opening her eyes in a bright pink nursery, cursing under her breath in French, then undoing her top, getting one large breast out, and picking up a baby girl from a crib to breastfeed her.

The footage had made Frank sick. The whole time, Lina had been crying. Crying for the male life she'd unaccountably lost.

And it's all because of me... he remembered thinking, hollowly.

Then the Priestess had made one final, closing speech, the cameras had zoomed in on his face again – the face of only the 10th man in history to escape to Paradise – and then the lights had dimmed, a new PA had taken him by the arm and, before Frank knew it, he'd been ushered backstage and the Games were over.

Now here he was again, sat in a spare dressing room, wondering what the hell had happened tonight.

“Worm.” The new PA’s voice was firm. “I *order* you to...”

“It’s OK!” Frank yelled, suddenly feeling extremely tired. “Bring them in.”

There was a frantic whispering outside the door, like someone was being shooed away. Then the handle turned, the door opened...

...and Julie strode in, a big smile on her perfect features.

“My, my, look at you,” she said, her eyes twinkling, “the lucky man on his way to *Paradise*.”

She’d changed out of her Priestess costume, into a simple pair of jeans and a white tank top. Her hair was mussed up and her makeup removed.

She looked distressingly normal, like a mildly-attractive 30-ish young woman you might meet while shopping in the local store or something.

“How are you feeling?” Julie asked, leaning against the dresser and crossing her arms over her large breasts. “Not many men have ever made it this far, you know?”

“I know,” Frank muttered.

For a long time, the two sat in a kind of worn-out silence. A lack of words that was neither companionable, nor charged with antagonism. It just *was*, like the dresser just *was*, or the studio just *was*, or the fact that women ruled the world just *was*.

At length, Frank stirred to life. He slowly looked up at Julie.

“Hailey told you, right? The warm box... that was meant to be a trap.”

Julie nodded. Away from the cameras, her sneers and cruel grins were gone, replaced with a casual, friendly smile.

“Indeed. The hot box thing was something we started a little while back, just

to see if word would leak and we could get more men on the show. But no-one ever seemed to figure it out.”

“Until tonight.”

Frank nodded.

“Guess I kinda ruined that for you, huh?”

“Oh, yes. We couldn’t possibly leave that little clue in there again. But, hey, it made *great* TV. They’ll never forget you, you know?”

“Or Lee.”

“No,” Julie sighed. “I suppose they won’t forget poor little Lina, either.”

She frowned slightly.

“Not that it’ll bother her. Humans are supremely adaptable. Give it a year and she’ll be happy as a maid. The children will love her, she’ll have a purpose in life, a nice warm bed and a roof over her head...”

“That’s more than many get, isn’t it?”

Frank blinked at her. He had a strange feeling he was missing something important.

“But then why do you call it punishment? Why all the nastiness? *Why*,” he suddenly shouted, “all this goddamn *nonsense*?!”

Julie shrugged.

“It’s theatre. All TV is. All fantasy, too.”

She gave him a knowing grin.

“Look, all TV is drama, right? We want to see somebody getting turned into a French maid and laugh at them and so-on. But we don’t stop to think what it must *really* be like, becoming a maid.”

Frank shook his head.

“Horrible, probably. No. Humiliating. Awful...”

“You’re just looking at the drama again. No, if you were to *really* become a French maid, sure, you’d spend a few months feeling *super* weird. But, eventually, you’d start to feel like this was your body. You’d get used to seeing a beautiful girl when you looked in the mirror. You’d start to feel almost at home in your job.”

“Who knows? Maybe you’d even get a boyfriend. Get pregnant. Maybe, one day, many years from now, you’d find yourself looking at your life and thinking how glad you were that things turned out this way.”

Frank swallowed. His throat felt strangely dry again.

“That sounds crazy.”

“Perhaps you’re right,” Julie shrugged. “I doubt it, though.”

“Why are you telling me this?”

For a moment, Julie didn’t answer. Instead, the High Priestess just looked around the shabby dressing room.

“Because that was a nice thing you did for Lee back there.” She said at last. “It would’ve ruined the show for me to say so in front of the cameras, but that really was a decent thing you did. So. I thought maybe you’d want to know he could be happy in his new life. If he just lets himself be.”

There was another pause.

“I somehow doubt the others...” Frank began.

He broke off when Julie laughed.

“Oh, sure they will. Millie is going to work *very* hard, but she’s also going to get to raise a big family who will love her unconditionally. Bella’s going to fall in love with some beefy farmhand and get married and realize that she doesn’t want to go back to being a man, even if she gets the chance.”

“Jennifer is going to experience the happiest day of her life, over and over and over. And, every evening, she’s going to get to climb into bed with a man who loves her like crazy and wants her to be happy, and will never stop loving her.”

She paused.

“Who wouldn’t want that?”

Frank shook his head. He had the weirdest feeling now, like he was standing on the edge of something, something *big*, but couldn’t quite see its whole shape yet.

“And Caleb?”

For a moment, the evil little smile returned to Julie’s face.

“That’s a harder one, I grant you. Or, at least it *would* be if we’d gone ahead

with it.”

She tittered at his expression.

“That was just pantomime. Something we throw to our she-wolves in the audience to keep them happy. Everybody knows it’s not real. Kinda like reality TV.”

“But I *saw* him, I saw him turn into that... that *thing!*”

“Indeed you did. But it only lasted till the program ended. Think of it this way,” she gave him a frank look. “When you close a book, do you need to know the characters are still out there somewhere, living their lives without you?”

Frank shook his head.

“There you go, then. Why should TV be any different? Stuff you see on TV is just as fake as a bunch of lines on a page. Close the book, end the show, and it’s all over.”

Julie laughed at his confused expression.

“Which brings me to Paradise.”

She slipped off the dressing table, started pacing the room.

“Weird idea, isn’t it? Paradise. If you can get used to the hell of being trapped as a French maid, then surely you’d get used to the heaven of being, oh, I dunno... a wealthy, powerful man being waited on hand and foot by those very same maids.”

Frank shook his head, despairingly.

“What’s the *point* of all this?” He said. “What are you *saying*? That Paradise doesn’t exist? Is that the big twist?”

He glared at her.

“Am I gonna become a French maid, too, now?”

Julie laughed, a not-unpleasant sound.

“All I’m saying is that nothing can last forever. Nothing. Not TV. Not fantasies. And *not* stories.”

“Paradise is just another word for fantasy. And fantasies are just stories. And stories need to end, sometime or another. Else we’d go mad, wouldn’t we?”

She came to a stop, folded her arms and looked down at Frank.

“And you’ve reached the end of your submissive little story.”

A wave of prickles unfurled across Frank’s skin.

“I don’t know what you mean.”

Julie laughed.

“Oh, come on. Women ruling the world? A gameshow where men get turned into girls by *magic*? A Priestess with her tits out shouting crazy shit at a baying audience. Don’t you *see*?”

“You’re *in* the fantasy. There’s no freakin’ way this shit could be real. It’s all just a dream. It’s all just...”

Her smile grew wider.

“Your *Paradise*.”

The room seemed to grow cold and dim round Frank. He shook his head. He felt like he was going mad.

Julie crouched down, lowering herself onto his level.

“When we first created Paradise, out in reality, we were very careful. We didn’t want to *hurt* men. That’s no way to empower women. We just wanted to put them away for a while, while we changed a few things. Things that would stop them being so... *dominating*.”

Her eyes glinted.

“And the best way to do that was to give them what they secretly wanted all along.”

“To be dominated and abused by powerful women.”

Gently, Frank shook his head.

It wasn’t possible. It couldn’t be true! The idea that he... that he might have *enjoyed* all the shit that had happened to him was crazy!

“You’re *nuts*,” he whispered. “This... this is *mad*! You can’t be telling me this isn’t real. It happened. I saw it, twenty years of it! I...!”

But Julie was already speaking over him.

“We carefully calculated the exact length of time a story could last... that *Paradise* could last, until the person trapped inside began to go mad. At that

point, there's a grand finale, and each man can either leave and start his new life, or we reset the program and they get to live it all over again. All twenty years of it."

"And you, Frank, you've reached your personal grand finale. It's time for your story to end."

The suddenly she winked at him. Blew him a kiss. And then there was a sudden, roaring rush of wind. The world grew dim around the edges. Frank tried to scream.

"You haven't told me!" He yelled. "What... what...?"

What happens when the story ends?! He wanted to say. But it was too late.

The wind gave one last, gigantic roar, and then Frank was falling. Falling through blackness.

And then there was nothing left at all.

*

"Francine? *Francine?*"

The sound of the familiar female voice cut through the blackness of Frankie's mind. She gave a little groan.

"France..." the voice trailed off. There was a sigh.

"Goddamnit, Frankie, you're not in *there* again, are you?"

There was the sound of a door being opened, then suddenly light was flooding in, burning Frankie's eyes. She feebly held up two dainty hands, trying to ward it off.

"*There* you are." Her girlfriend Hailey rolled her eyes. "I shoulda known you were dicking around in here."

"Hailey... sorry," Frankie mumbled, trying to clear her head, "I-I can't..."

"Scrambled your brain again, huh? You gotta give this shit a *rest*..."

She sighed, held out her arm.

"C'mon, lemme give you a hand."

Five minutes later, the two girls were sat on a marble bench across the mall, watching the other women come staggering confusedly out the VR parlor, a pair of Frappuccino's clutched in their teenage hands.

As they watched the girls go by, Frankie tried to shake the strange feeling inside her head. The feeling like she was still in the game; that none of this could be real.

“Soooo...” Hailey said after a loud slurp, “which one were you on this time?”

“Usual.” Frankie replied, embarrassed, not wanting to look at her girlfriend.

“The one with those... whaddy call them again?”

“Men.” Frankie said.

“Yeah, whatever.” Hailey had another reflective slurp. “I don’t get *why* you’d wanna play a game with those things in it. They’re so *super gross* on so many levels.”

Frankie just shrugged. She wasn’t exactly sure, either.

“I just... kinda *like* it.” She said. “Everything we learn about in history, how they used to be our slaves, how the Sisterhood changed them... I just wanna *see* it.”

“You wanna have some *male slave*?” Hailey shuddered. “No. *Thanks.*”

Frankie just shrugged her slender shoulders. She’d never told Hailey about how she always liked to play as male in the game.

Nor had she told her about how she’d set the VR set to turn her real-life girlfriend into her virtual dominatrix wife.

There was some shit that was just *too* weird, even for friends.

“Julie’s gonna meet us after, if you wanna come? Said something about catching a movie. Don’t think there’s any *men* in it, though.”

The name briefly made Frankie jump.

Shit. *Julie*. Hailey’s ex, the hot one she’d programed the VR to make into the Priestess when she played the game.

It was all she could do to keep herself from blushing.

“It’s creepy, the way you still hang out with her,” she said, hurriedly. “You’re meant to be *my* girlfriend now.”

“Sure,” Hailey nodded. “But we’re still friends, aren’t we? ‘Sides...”

She glanced sideways at Frankie, her expression suddenly mischievous.

“Her rack’s got *nothing* on yours.”

Frankie looked down at her big boobs, as if seeing them for the first time. She frowned for a moment.

Hold on... this isn't right. Aren't I meant to be a... I mean, wasn't I a...

A man?

Hailey was waiting for an answer. Frankie stared down at her 18-year old girl body, a horrible feeling washing over her. A feeling that maybe this was wrong. That maybe reality was back *there*, back inside...

Suddenly, she shook her head.

You're being dumb. The VR scrambled your head a bit is all. You've always been a girl.

What was it the Julie character had said again, at the end of the last game?

Fantasies need to end, sometime or another...

She looked up from her body, smiled and shook her head, her long, blonde hair trailing out.

"You're such a *perv*. Why do I go out with you?"

Hailey grinned at her, the end of her straw still clasped between her teeth.

"Coz I'm the only one who'll play along with your stupid man fantasies and boss you around."

Impulsively, she slipped a hand around Frankie's waist. Pulled her close.

"Hey! Give it a..."

And then the two girls were kissing. Long, sweet, tender kisses that made the entire universe seem to stand still, and made Frankie think maybe she'd died and gone to heaven.

At long last, they disengaged. Hailey smiled down at her weird girlfriend.

"I'm just jerking you. If you wanna pretend to be a... a *whatever*, I don't give a shit. I just want you to be happy."

Her eyes twinkled.

"So. What's say we tell Julie *sorry but no way*, run back to mine and play out one of these fantasies of yours, huh?"

She leaned close, so close her breath was warm and ticklish against Frankie's ear.

“The one where I’m some crazy dominatrix, and you’re my obedient little *man* slave.”

Frankie stiffened.

“How did you...?”

Hailey leaned back and winked at her.

“Found the code on your tablet, dipshit. *Man*, I can’t believe you wrote me into your pervo fantasy.”

She laughed at Frankie’s thunderstruck expression.

“On the other hand, I *am* kinda flattered...”

In dazed amazement, Frankie smiled at her. At her beautiful girlfriend she’d been with for as long as she could remember.

What was I thinking? I’m not some man. I’m me. Frankie. The Game is the fantasy...

...and out here is the real world.

Gently, she reached out. Took Hailey’s hand. Squeezed it tight in her own.

“Hay. Let’s go home, huh?”

Hailey dramatically rolled her eyes.

“Gurl, I thought you’d *never* ask.”

And then the two girls were leaving together. Walking out into the bright world they inhabited, a world that hadn’t seen a *real* man, or any gender but female, for twenty long years.

A world where everyone would now *always* be equal.

High above them, the sign over the mall winked and blinked, held in place by two drones, hovering unnoticed high above the VR plaza far below.

WELCOME, it said, in bold, simple letters, TO PARADISE.

The End.

*

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Gender-Swapped for Her Pleasure

“H-Holly?” Zayne whimpered, horrified to hear his voice had somehow shot up in pitch. “What happened? Fifi had a gun and...”

“Shhh...” Holly delicately placed one fingertip against Zayne’s lips. “Not another word.”

“But...”

“Voice override,” Holly smiled. “*Silence.*”

Zayne opened his mouth to carry on talking, to ask what the *hell* was happening...

...and closed it again.

The moment Holly had said the word *silence*, it was like he’d been put on mute. To his horror, he realized he was now utterly incapable of making a sound.

“Look at you,” Holly whispered, delighted. “You pretty little thing. So... *delicious.*”

She leaned forward and gave him a gentle kiss on the lips. Instantly, Zayne’s observant new brain registered an increase in her skin surface temperature.

Responding appropriately. Now all I need to do is...

He cut the alien monologue off with an internal moan. It was replaced by thick, black fear.

At long last, Holly stopped kissing him. She ran the tip of her tongue delicately over his lips, smiled at him.

“I think,” she murmured, “that you and I are going to have a *lot* of fun together, detective.”

Abruptly, she straightened up, turned, and walked back toward her desk where Fifi stood, a large wooden rectangle clasped in her hands. With a start, Zayne realized that he’d been standing up this entire time, and that Holly was now a good six inches taller than him.

“We’ll show him in a moment,” Holly whispered to her maid-bot. Zayne was surprised to discover he could hear her clearly even all the way over here.

That's impossible. What's going on...?

“But first...” Holly leaned on the edge of the desk, facing Zayne, her arms folded across her ample breasts. “Command override. Examine your new body.”

My new body? What the-?

But that was all Zayne had time to think.

The moment the words were out Holly's mouth, his neck moved as if on gears, tilting his head forwards. His hands raised up automatically, ready to explore. His eyes focused on his frame.

And what they saw made Zayne want to start screaming and never stop.

His body had *changed*. Where he'd once had a big, strong, muscular frame, he now had a torso that was weak and willowy, with slender arms and a tight little waist.

But it wasn't his sudden lack of muscle that sent shockwaves of horror ricocheting through him.

Protruding from his chest was the sweetest pair of tits Zayne had ever laid eyes on.

They were big, two large, pert things that stuck out in front of him, their nipples long and pink and pointy. In fright, Zayne clasped them in his hands and was disgusted to feel how *heavy* they were. How... *ripe*.

Oh Jesus, God no... oh Christ...

They were *huge!* A big pair of Double-H tits, bigger and firmer than anything Zayne had ever seen not attached to a pleasurebot.

He wanted to close his eyes. Wanted to scream.

But it was like his body was no longer under his control. Just as Holly had instructed, Zayne examined his new form.

He gently squeezed his breasts, noting with fright how pert they felt in his palms.

He let his hands drop down, over his tight waist, with its soft, springy skin, to his ass. Instantly, he realized that it was now significantly bigger than it once had been, a pert, peach-like *thing* that wobbled out behind him, cushioning his newly-wide hips.

No! Please!

Zayne turned around, gawped over his newly-narrow shoulders at his bare ass. As he did so, a long strand of blond hair tumbled across his face. The detective delicately hooked it behind one ear, and was shocked to see his fingernails were now long and painted a deep, lustful red.

“That’s right...” he heard Holly whisper. “Get used to that new body, darling.”

Her voice hardened.

“You’ll be seeing a *lot* more of it.”

Zayne was hardly listening.

In shock, he examined his fatter thighs, more fleshy than a man’s could ever be.

In shock, he put his fingertips to his face, felt the plump, pouty lips, the tiny, button nose, the long, fluttering eyelashes.

Finally, with a little whimper, he hesitantly reached one hand down, between his legs. Felt the soft, moist mound that now hung there. A pair of plump lips guarding a tight little hole.

Oh God... that’s my pussy!

There was no denying it now. He was no longer a man.

Somehow, against all the laws of nature, Holly had turned him into a *girl*.

“Not *just* a girl, darling,” Holly purred, causing Zayne to jerk his head up in fright.

Holly smiled up at him from a tiny hologram projecting from her wrist.

“It’s sending me updates on your every thought,” she said, waving the device at him, “so make sure you only think *nice* things about me.”

She giggled.

“Or else I’ll use that command override to force you to do something *truly* dreadful.”

She nodded at her maid.

“Fifi. It’s time.”

Time for what?! Zayne thought, wildly.

He didn't have to wait long to find out.

With purposeful steps, the French maidbot wiggled her way over to him on her high heels. She stopped just before Zayne, her eyes flicking dismissively over his new figure, with its big boobs and wide hips. Then she held up the wooden rectangle in her hands...

....revealing an old-fashioned mirror.

Oh no... Zayne whimpered in his head. *Oh sweet Jesus, no...*

Looking back at him from the silvery depths of the glass was the trashiest bimbo Zayne had ever seen.

She had wide, perplexed blue eyes, plump, pink lips and a cute little button nose. Her face was soft, baby-like, with long, platinum blonde hair tumbling in lines either side of her head.

She looked barely a day over 18. Like a dumb little bimbo about to do her first day's shooting on a porno.

Only she wasn't *just* a girl. Everything about her: the too-perfect features, the way her eyes moved in little jumps rather than smoothly, the flawless complexion, pointed to one, hideous conclusion.

He, Detective Zayne Swift of the Ing-Bot robocrimes division, was now trapped as a *female pleasurebot*...

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Turned Into the Girl of His Dreams

The first thing Joe noticed when he woke up was how bright it was in his room.

His window faced west, the opposite to Simon's, and he never got any sunlight until the afternoon at least.

What the...? He wondered, sitting up and sweeping his long, blonde hair out his eyes with two dainty little hands, *did I sleep through...?*

Then he blinked, rubbing sleep out his eyes with the back of his hand, and noticed three things at once.

The first was that he could see clearly without his glasses on.

The second was that he was no longer in *his* room. All around him, the mess and detritus of Simon's room spread out, a whirlwind of discarded football sweaters, textbooks and general crap. A white, lacy bra dangled over the back of one wooden chair, a tiny tank top scrunched up beside it.

However, it was the third thing that *really* made Joe freeze. That made his pretty little mouth drop open and his mind go whirling off into infinity.

The hand that he'd just used to rub the sleep out of his eyes wasn't *his*.

Where Joe had once had two slender but definitely-masculine hands, he now had two tiny, willowy things with non-existent knuckles and long nails painted a sparkly pink.

As Joe looked at them in numb wonder, he saw the tiny dark hairs on his arms had also vanished, leaving skin as smooth and soft as the day he was born.

No way... no way...

Like a man in a dream, Joe glanced down at the rest of his body...

...and nearly squealed out loud.

His clothes had vanished! Where he'd gone to bed wearing his jeans and t-shirt, Joe was now dressed in nothing but a tiny pair of white satin panties that clung to his thighs and left nothing to the imagination.

But Joe barely noticed his change of clothes. He was too busy staring at his

change of *body*.

Dangling from his chest were a small, perky pair of ripe, firm breasts, their nipples pink and long and pointed at the sky.

As Joe gaped at them, he instinctively gave his torso a little shake, and was amazed to see his new boobies bounce around, causing a strange *jiggling* feeling in his chest.

No way...

He clasped his sides and was shocked to see they now seemed to *suck* inwards, like someone had tightened an invisible belt round his midriff.

His hips were wider. His bum and thighs bigger. His legs longer and smoother.

Hesitantly, Joe reached down with one trembling new hand. Placed it between his legs. Felt the soft, plump mound that now existed where his penis should have been.

To his amazement, Joe was now the proud owner of a perfect little pussy.

No fucking way...

Trying to contain his excitement, Joe threw back the sheets and leaped out of bed. He ran across Simon's messy room, trying to ignore the painful way his new breasts bounced up and down with each step. Trying to ignore the way his ass naturally curled.

He came to a stop just before Simon's full-body mirror. Took a deep breath...

...and looked.

And looked.

And *looked*.

Oh fuck. Oh fuck it actually worked!

Staring back at Joe from the silvery depths of the mirror, a look of delighted surprise on her beautiful features, was Summer.

She was naked except for a pair of white satin panties that clung to her bum and barely hid her pussy from prying eyes. Her small breasts dangled free, their nipples hard and pointed.

Her long blonde hair was in disarray, like it needed a quick comb run through

it. Last night's makeup still clung to her face, making her look both messy and beautiful.

Her soft, English face was lit up with a stunned smile. Her blue eyes twinkled with laughter.

There was no doubting it.

She was him. He was her.

Overnight, Joe had turned into his roomie's beautiful *girlfriend*.

For a long, long moment, Joe simply stared at Summer, staring back at him from inside the mirror.

Then a thought came to him. Summoning up a cheeky smile, he reached up, grabbed hold of his new breasts and started gently squeezing them, tweaking the nipples with his fingertips.

Immediately, the Summer in the mirror reached up and grabbed hold of her ripe young titties, squashing them beneath her palms, a lustful look suddenly on her beautiful features...

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*

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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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