

A woman with long, dark, curly hair is seen from behind, walking away on a green lawn. She is wearing a white wedding dress with a long, flowing train and a lace-up back. She is holding a bouquet of white flowers. The background consists of lush green trees and foliage under bright sunlight.

Trapped As His Best Friend's Wife

(a gender transformation
novel)

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Prologue

“Fuck me, that was *good*.”

Becca turned and grinned at the sound of Karl’s voice, dropping him a flirty wink. Even now, as she slipped into her concealing work clothes, Karl couldn’t help but thinking she was the hottest piece of ass he had ever tapped.

“You weren’t so bad yourself,” she replied, casually stepping into her high-heeled shoes.

Look at those legs, Karl thought, his mind still fogged by a post-fuck haze.

In all his life, he’d *never* had sex as good as he had with Becca. The dark-haired girl before him was like something else in the sack; like a robot programmed for maximum pleasure. Her great big boobies drove Karl wild. Her pussy was so tight it made him feel like his cock would explode. And what she could do with her mouth...

Well, let’s just say that the mere thought of it had Karl’s member jutting back up and ready for action.

“Hey. C’mere.”

Obediently Becca turned and gave Karl a pouting look, then stalked slowly over to him, her hips curling and her eyes alive with mischief. She sank down onto the soft hotel bed and ran a delicate hand through Karl’s thick hair.

“Did you want something, master?”

Karl grinned. He’d never banged a chick into domination before and he was *loving* it.

“How long till work?”

He let one of his fingers absently coil through his lover’s dark hair, studying her brown eyes. He could tell she was weighing her options up. Knowing she’d get chewed out if she left too late.

But also knowing that Karl could work *wonders* with his cock.

“Twenty minutes,” she said at last, smiling at him. “But not a second more, got that, Casanova?”

“Twenty minutes...?” Karl let the figure roll round on his tongue, pretending to think.

“Gee, that sure is a *long* time.”

He leaned forward, his lips almost brushing Becca’s ear.

“Just long enough for you to suck your master’s cock,” he whispered.

A cheeky look came into Becca’s eye. She nodded gently then turned to him with a deliberately overdone, servile expression.

“Your wish,” she murmured. “Is my command.”

Then she was making her way down Karl's strong body, kissing his chest, his stomach; before finally burying her beautiful face between his legs and sucking.

Sweet Jesus, Karl thought as he gave a silent gasp, *this is the life*.

When he was with Becca, he was happier than he'd ever been. She was the perfect woman. A dark, olive-skinned beauty who obeyed his every whim (*like a woman should*, thought Karl). She was the girl of his dreams. The woman he wanted to marry.

There was only one problem with that.

"*Christ*," Karl muttered, staring up at the plain white ceiling, "you're so *good* at sucking dick."

In response, Becca pulled his member out her mouth and swirled her tongue round the rim, making him close his eyes and groan. He didn't look down at her dainty hand clasped round his thick shaft.

He didn't want to see her wedding ring.

He didn't want to think about who she was married to.

As he got his dick sucked by his mistress, Karl tried not to think about Ben. Tall, handsome Ben with his strong arms and gentle smile. Poor, gullible Ben with his dashing stubble and trusting nature.

Poor, betrayed Ben with a best friend who was screwing his wife.

"Oh God, that's it!" Karl suddenly groaned. "That's it bitch, suck!"

Seconds later, he was lying back with a wide grin, watching as Becca primly made her way to the bathroom to spit out his cum. Deep down, he'd rather she'd swallow it, but he knew most chicks didn't enjoy that.

Especially those as classy as Becca.

As he listed to Becca politely spit and gargle some mouthwash, he found his mind turning back to Ben. Wondering if Becca swallowed for him.

Wondering if he suspected what his wife and best friend did during every lunch break.

The worst part was, Ben *knew* Karl was screwing around. He'd seen a lipstick smear on his collar one afternoon and Karl had been forced to improvise a story about some secretary he was screwing. Now, whenever he came back from one of his trysts, he'd have to give his best friend a high-five and talk about how good his imaginary secretary was.

Poor, dumb bastard...

Karl sat up as Becca made her way back inside the bedroom. Now wasn't the time to be worrying about Ben.

"I've been thinking," Becca said, "we should take a vacation together, me and you. Somewhere tropical. Somewhere *hot*."

Karl smiled up at his supermodel mistress.

“I’ve always wanted to see you in a bikini,” he grinned. “I bet your ass looks *great* in a thong.”

“And I bet *you*,” murmured Becca, “look *dashing* in Speedos.”

Karl casually reached up and started absently stroking her pussy. The thin weave of her panties felt good against his strong, masculine hands. He could tell from her expression it felt good for Becca, too.

“When?” He asked.

“As soon as possible,” Becca gave him a hungry look. “Next week. Ben knows I’ve got some time off. I’ll just tell him I spontaneously decided to visit my Dad in Panama. What’s wrong?”

At the words ‘next week’, Karl had felt himself freeze. An image rose in his mind, an image of Ben, three weeks ago, confiding in him.

“It’s a surprise,” Ben had whispered, holding up the cruise pamphlet, “I know Becca’s got some time off coming up so I went ahead and booked it. Thought it might rekindle the romance.”

“Are you OK?” Becca was looking at him with concern now. “Karl? If you can’t make it, we can always do it some other-”

“No, I can do it.” Karl suddenly blurted out. He fixed Becca with a winning smile.

“Anything to spend a week in some tropical paradise with my babe.”

A look of quiet delight stole in Becca’s brown eyes. Then she was leaning down and the two of them were kissing, kissing like they were teenagers about to fuck for the very first time.

It was only much later, when he was trapped in a gorgeous dress and lacy panties, his male body long gone, that Karl began to wish he’d never agreed to Becca’s stupid vacation.

I

The morning of the flight, Karl awoke at six am in strangely high spirits. Strange because he'd spent the whole of the previous night comforting Ben at the bar.

Ben had been devastated to discover Becca wanted nothing to do with his romantic cruise.

"I really thought this would do it," he'd mumbled over the beer clasped in his strong hands, while Karl nodded sympathetically. "It's no secret things haven't been great. But I just thought..."

"I thought maybe it was just a work thing," he'd said, his voice filled with despair. "It started six months ago, when she got this new project. Before that, we were *so* good together. We really were. And now, suddenly..."

He hadn't finished, instead taking a swig of his beer as Karl kept silent. He'd known exactly what had gone wrong.

After all, it was only six months ago he and Becca had had their first drunken fuck in the bathroom at Jo's dinner party. Bodies pressed together, their arousal heightened even further knowing Ben was downstairs and didn't suspect a thing.

Today, though, all the guilt seemed to have sloughed off. As Karl made his way into his apartment kitchen clad only in his boxers, stretching as he went, he decided that if he felt *this* good, then what he was doing couldn't be wrong.

That's life, he thought happily as he grabbed a carton of orange from the fridge. *If Ben can't satisfy a girl like Becca, he doesn't deserve her.*

He was so surprised when he turned around and saw the woman that he almost dropped his juice.

She was both gorgeous and utterly ridiculous all at once. A pair of sly green eyes peeked out from a bronze face. Long black hair tumbled over a pair of enormous breasts, hidden away in a little gold bikini. Her bare legs were long and slender, her shapely ass concealed only by a flap of white fabric. She lounged across Karl's leather sofa, looking like a Queen from ancient Egypt.

She was handsome. She was perfect.

And she was *somehow* in Karl's apartment.

"So," the mystery woman purred with a voice like honey, "you're the one I need to see."

Karl's mouth dropped open. He gazed at this strange, sexy, *impossible* woman.

What the hell, he wondered, *is this crazy bitch doing in my apartment?*

“I can see you’re a man of many words,” the woman raised an eyebrow at him, a smile tugging at the corners of her red lips. “Allow me to introduce myself, then. My name is Ginny...”

She gave a flourish.

“And I’m a genie.”

In the silence that followed, Karl wondered if maybe he should just crawl back into bed and accept this was a dream.

“A genie.” He said at long last. “In my apartment.”

Ginny nodded approvingly.

“My we *are* quick, aren’t we? Yes, I’m a genie, dear, and I’m here to change your life.”

“Look,” Karl said, allowing a hint of menace to enter his voice “I don’t know who you are or how you got in here...”

“Ginny. And magic.” Ginny frowned at him. “Do I *really* have to go over it all again?”

She sighed at his blank expression.

“Oh, fine, let’s get it over with, shall we?”

And she pointed her finger at Karl with a mischievous smile.

What’s she-? Karl had time to think, and then his mind went a horrifying, awful blank.

Where the orange juice carton had been only a second before, there was now a *snake*. A long, deadly, yellow thing, coiling round his wrist. Its awful eyes looked deep into Karl’s, its forked tongue licking over its lips.

It felt cold to his touch, leathery. It was all he could do to keep from screaming out loud.

“Genie. Magic. Get it?”

Karl nodded wildly. *Anything* to get this snake off his arm!

“Good. *Now*, enough of the party tricks,” Ginny clicked her fingers and the snake turned back into an orange juice carton, “let’s get down to business.”

She fixed Karl with a level gaze.

“I’m here because someone you know has made a wish, or rather a series of wishes that impact you directly. A series of rather muddled wishes that I’m having to sort through, understand?”

Karl’s head was spinning. He gaped at the strange woman, unable to believe any of this was really happening.

I hope this is a dream...

“I’m going to ignore that dopey look on your face and pretend you said yes.” Ginny frowned at him. “Do you know Ben?”

“Yes!” Karl shouted, glad to have something he could finally cling onto. “He’s my... my best friend.”

Ginny raised an eyebrow.

“Someone should probably tell him that,” she drawled. “As far as I could make out, he sure as hell doesn’t like *you*.”

A trickle of ice was making its way up Karl’s spine.

“What do you mean?” He whispered.

“Look,” Ginny sighed, “it’s simple. A few weeks ago, your friend Ben bought my lamp off a girl called Brittany after she put it for sale on eBay. He wanted to give his antique-loving wife something special and Brittany thought that was the nicest thing she’d ever heard.”

She paused.

“You do know Rebecca likes antiques, right? I only ask as you’re *meant* to be her lover.”

Karl nodded automatically. He’d had no idea Becca was into antiques, but he sure as hell wasn’t going to give this... this *witch* the satisfaction of knowing that.

“Good.” Ginny continued, “only my lamp never *got* to Rebecca. Last night Ben got home drunk and they had a blazing row about something or other. Sounded to me like she was cheating on him, as you’re probably aware, and that she wouldn’t go on vacation with him.”

“*Anyway*, the upshot is that Ben grabbed my lamp and made some, shall we say, *ill-advised* wishes, and now *I’m* having to sort them all out.”

“What does that have to do with me?” Karl asked, his head thick with worry.

“*Well*, Ben’s first wish was that he’d never have to see Rebecca ever again. His *second* wish was that ‘the bastard’ who was sleeping with her would get *everything* he deserved.”

She let her words hang in the air, smirking at Karl.

“And his *third* wish was that all this had never happened and he still had his ‘beautiful wife’ and that they’d go on vacation together and fall in love and everything’d be fine and yada, yada, yada. Tricky, huh?”

“What do you mean,” Karl whispered, “*everything* I deserve?”

“We’ll come to that.” Ginny gave him a frank look. “Here’s my problem. I *have* to grant people’s wishes, got that? I don’t have any choice in the matter. But I *do* have leeway to interpret them as I see fit. Ben’s first wish was pretty simple. I just clicked my fingers and sent Rebecca to live out the rest of her life with her father in Panama. Nice and easy, Ben will never see her again.”

Her eyes narrowed.

“Only, his *third* wish kind of contradicted that. How can I possibly make sure his wife both spends the rest of her life apart from him, *and* comes back and remains married to him? Tricky, isn’t it?”

Karl nodded. There was something about the way Ginny was looking at him that he didn’t like.

It was almost as if she had a nasty surprise in store for him.

“But then it hit me. Why not use his *second* wish to solve the problem?” Ginny gave him a slow, dangerous smile. “‘Everything he deserves’ is pretty... nebulous after all. At first I thought I’d turn you into a pig just for a laugh, but then I had a *better* idea.”

Her smile was savage now.

“What could be a better punishment for a man who wrecks a relationship than to spend the rest of his life *trapped* in that relationship? What better way to teach a cheat a lesson than to make *him* into a cuckolded spouse?”

Karl’s lips were dry. The blood pounded in his ears.

“What do you mean?” He whispered.

“*I mean*,” Ginny giggled. “Ben wants a wife? Then I think I’ve found the *perfect* wife for him.”

And she clicked her fingers.

For a long moment the two simply stared at each other, Karl frozen by the fridge, Ginny watching him impassively from the sofa.

Finally, Karl let out a breath he didn’t realize he’d been holding.

“That’s it,” he said firmly, “I’ve got a vacation to pack for. Either you leave *now* or I’m calling the-”

Across the room, Ginny laughed out loud as he broke off in horror.

“You’ve got a vacation coming up alright,” the genie smiled, “but I think you’ll be packing *very* different clothes to the ones you were expecting!”

Karl was shrinking. The walls of his apartment rose up as his body shed inches at a dizzying speed.

“Stop!” He yelled, pointing a furious finger at Ginny. “You... you *witch!* I order you to-
!”

Then he saw it.

His finger was *changing*. Where it had once been thick and strong, it was now slender and dainty. As Karl watched in fright, the nail began to extend outwards, away from his hand, turning a lurid red.

“Oh my,” whispered Ginny, “I think I’m in for a *treat* with this one.”

The rest of Karl’s body was starting to alter now, his flesh rippling and warping like clay in the hands of an invisible sculptor.

His muscular pecs lost their definition, sinking back into his body and becoming flabby. The short, dark hairs coiled across his chest sucked back inside his skin, leaving a smooth surface.

As Karl stared at his torso in horror, his pecs began to re-inflate, filling with fatty tissue. They grew bigger and firmer, blowing up like a pair of balloons, until Karl was the proud owner of a pair of ripe, firm breasts.

“Please!” He begged, “please, make it stop!”

“I can’t,” Ginny retorted, “not unless my owner makes a wish.”

She smiled savagely.

“And since he’s already used his three wishes up, I’d say there’s *zero* chance of that happening.”

There was a grinding sensation and Karl’s shoulders tugged in toward his neck, losing their masculine broadness. At the same time his hips pushed outwards, away from his groin, giving him a sensual, curvy hourglass figure.

A strange, tickling sensation passed through Karl’s torso. All the fat that had accumulated round his belly over the years – the result of a few too many beers and not enough gym – dribbled away, leaving him with a flat stomach. The old belly fat ran down to his hips, disappeared under his skin, then suddenly Karl’s ass *jumped* outward, filling out and becoming pert and smooth.

Karl clasped it in his newly-dainty hands, marveling in horror at how firm and *womanly* it felt. He craned over his shoulder, and saw that his bottom now poked out in a way it never had before, straining at the fabric of his boxers.

“Wow,” he dimly heard Ginny giggle, “that’s one sexy little tush you’ve got there, girl!”

But I’m not a-! Karl thought to himself, but it was too late.

No sooner had Ginny said the word ‘girl’ than Karl’s cock began to tremble. He just had time to let out a horrified moan and then it *shot* back into his body, dragging his balls with it.

With panicked movements, Karl *yanked* down his boxers and *stared* at the strange, smooth space between his legs. There was a sound like Velcro ripping, and a vertical slit opened up, the skin forming into plump lips dangling either side of a moist little hole.

His mind numb with wonder, Karl gently brushed his brand new pussy with one of his long, red fingernails. It trembled to his touch, making little sparks of pleasure shoot

through his body.

“Not long now!” Ginny called.

The changes were coming faster now. Karl’s legs lost their beefy male muscles, becoming long and slender and smooth. His feet shrank to about half their size, his toenails turning a painted red. His arms narrowed, his wrists got smaller, and suddenly Karl had a perfectly female body.

Frightened, Karl turned and looked into the faintly-reflective glass surface of his oven. For a second, he saw himself as an awful grotesque; his own masculine head gaping above a curvy, female body.

Then the final part of Ben’s wish began.

There was a feeling like giant, invisible hands were molding Karl’s face. As he whimpered in fright, bits squashed in, other bits rearranged and his features began to *change*.

His masculine jawline lost its definition, becoming soft and round. His lips plumped up, his nose got smaller, and his eyes became wider and decorated with fluttering eyelashes. A tingling ran through his scalp and long, dark hair tumbled across his bare shoulders like a waterfall, hanging in cute curls above his big new boobies.

Finally, there was an itching in his crotch as Karl’s boxer shorts rerove themselves into a pair of lacy black see-through panties. Then his body gave one final shudder and it was over.

In the silence that followed, Karl tremblingly turned and looked at Ginny, watching him with a smirk.

“What the fuck did you-?” He began, then instantly clamped a dainty hand over his pretty new mouth.

His voice was *wrong!* Where it should have been deep and playful and masculine, it was now soft and high-pitched and *womanly*. Everything about it; the way it vibrated in his throat, the way it sounded in his ears was just... *wrong!*

Panicked, Karl grasped one hand to his elegant new neck and realized his Adam’s apple had vanished.

Of course, he thought, numbly, *now I talk like a girl, too.*

Ginny was watching him with ill-disguised pleasure.

“Did you mean to say ‘what the fuck did that beautiful genie do to me’?” She asked, sweetly. “Sorry, honey, I didn’t quite catch it.”

“Don’t call me *honey*,” Karl tried to snarl. In his newly-female voice it sounded less like a threat, and more like a whimpered plea.

But there was something else, too. Something even worse than the soft and musical way

his voice sounded to his ears.

He thought his new voice sounded somehow *familiar*...

“Why not?” Ginny smirked. “It suits you now, doesn’t it? Isn’t it the sort of childish pet name *you* used to give women? Or maybe I could go for something more insulting?”

Her eyes drifted down to his chest.

“What do *you* think, tits?”

Karl quickly clasped his hands across his big new boobies, ashamed at his nakedness, at his *femaleness*.

What’s wrong with me? He thought, miserably.

As a man, he’d never been embarrassed to strut around his apartment semi-naked. Now though, in his newly-female body, he felt... different. Like there was something worrying about being seen topless.

Like he was somehow *vulnerable*.

“Don’t call me that!” He squeaked, hating the way his firm breasts pushed back against his slender, coiled arms. Hating the way strands of long, dark hair dangled in the corners of his vision.

“I have a *name!*” He snapped. Inside, he was reeling.

Where do I know that voice from?! He wondered, wildly.

“Of course you do, how silly of me. Tell me,” Ginny smiled, “would you like me to use the long form, or the short one?”

What the hell does she mean? Karl thought. And then the penny dropped.

Slowly, like he was moving through treacle, Karl turned and stared at his reflection in the oven door. Stared at the firm, ripe breasts. At the olive skin and dark hair. At the brown eyes he’d gazed into so often as he climaxed.

No. His brain whispered numbly. *She wouldn’t. She couldn’t.*

“Well, if you’re not going to answer me,” Ginny drawled, “I guess I’ll just use the *long* version. So.”

A note of dark amusement crept into her voice.

“How do you like your new body... Rebecca?”

In the glass door, Karl watched as the woman reflected there slowly shook her head in time with him.

It was impossible. It was wrong.

But there was no denying it.

He was no longer Karl Peters, advertising executive who cheated on his best friend Ben with his smokin’ hot wife.

Now *he* was the smokin' hot wife.

He was Becca.

II

“Well?” Ginny demanded. “I’m *waiting*.”

That bitch...

The blood pounded in Karl’s ears. This couldn’t be happening. Becca was his lover, his hot, submissive lover who he screwed every lunchtime. There was no *way* he could be her!

Yet there was no denying the evidence before his eyes.

He was Becca. Beautiful, cheating, *sexy* Becca. The woman whose lips had sucked on his cock more times than he could remember. The woman whose breasts he had fondled, tweaking the nipples and enjoying the way she groaned.

The woman he’d bent over and fucked from behind, his cock driving deep into her tight pussy.

Now those lips, those tender nipples, that tight pussy were *his*.

That bitch...

In the dark glass door, Karl saw a surge of anger pass across Becca’s beautiful face. He span round to face Ginny.

“You *bitch!*” He yelled in his mistress’s voice.

Ginny calmly raised an eyebrow.

“Excuse me, Rebecca?”

“Stop *calling* me that!” Karl’s large new chest was rising and falling in anger. He knew from the infrequent arguments he’d had with her that Becca looked absolutely *stunning* when she was angry.

“My, my. You *are* pretty when you’re upset,” Ginny murmured. It was like she’d read his mind.

“In that case, what would you *like* me to call you? Do you prefer Becca?”

“Don’t play dumb you *bitch*,” Karl snarled. “I *have* a name. It’s...”

Ginny smirked, her green eyes flashing.

“Sorry, Rebecca? I didn’t quite catch that.”

Before her, Karl stood in stunned silence, his jaw gaping open.

He couldn’t remember his name...

It was like his old identity had been wiped from his mind. No matter how hard he tried, he couldn’t summon the name he’d used until only a few seconds ago.

“...it’s Becca,” he finished, lamely. He felt his pretty new face crease into a scowl.

“My bad.” Ginny smiled. “Becca it is. Well then, *Becca*. I think it’s time.”

“For *what*?!” Karl squeaked.

“What do you think?” Asked Ginny, her thumb and finger poised together. “It’s time to get you ready for your vacation!”

And she clicked her fingers.

Karl just had time to wonder *what vacation*? Then the magic kicked back in and there was no time left to think at all.

With a delicate tearing sound, his lacy new panties snapped in half and dropped to his ankles, leaving him cowering naked under Ginny’s mirthful gaze. Karl automatically dropped a hand to hide his brand new pussy, and then he saw it.

A small thread was weaving across his naked crotch, moving faster and faster, knitting itself into a small yellow thong. As Karl watched in fascination, two *extremely* thin pieces of fabric coiled around his waist and a third one *leaped* up and nestled into his ass crack.

Startled, Karl turned to look and let out a moan.

He was wearing the *tiniest* thong imaginable! It was basically a G-string, leaving his entire pert ass on display!

Is this really something Becca would wear? He thought, deliriously. But he already knew the answer.

When she went on vacation with him, he’d been planning to make Becca dress as revealingly as possible.

Two invisible hands gripped his wrists and *yanked* his hands away from his chest. For a second, Karl’s large breasts dangled freely, the cool morning air caressing them and making their nipples go as hard as bullets. Then there was a rustling like a bird taking off and a yellow bikini top dropped out of nowhere and settled over them.

There was a pause and then the string *pulled* tight behind Karl’s back, mashing his new boobies together into a fantastic cleavage. He reached up to try and pull the silly bikini top off, but the invisible hands stopped his wrists again.

Suddenly, the world went darker, causing Karl to squeak in girly panic.

Am I going blind? He wondered. Then he became aware of a pressure on the bridge of his dainty little nose and realized he was simply wearing sunglasses.

A weight settled on Karl’s pretty little head. He reached up and discovered he was now wearing a stylish white sunhat, its large brim crinkled in a cute way. He turned and gazed at his new body in the glass oven door and felt his painted mouth drop open into a little ‘o’.

I look like a supermodel... he thought distractedly.

Finally, there was a faint feeling of weight on one finger. Looking down, Karl saw he was now wearing the same wedding ring he'd seen Becca slip off hundreds of times before. He tried to *wrench* it off and fling it away, but it wouldn't budge.

It was like the ring was as much a part of him as his brand new boobies or tight little pussy.

"My, you look *stunning*," he heard Ginny purr approvingly. "I wish *I* was lucky enough to be going on vacation with you."

"Why did you do this?" Karl asked, looking down at his hot new body squeezed into its tiny bikini. "For God's sakes, Becca – the *real* Becca – is in Panama! Who the hell am I supposed to go on vacation with now?!"

Besides, he added silently, *there's no way I'm getting on a plane looking like this!*

"You really don't know?" Ginny's eyes twinkled. "Oh *my*, this is going to be fun... Well. I suppose you'd better find out. Say goodbye to your apartment, I doubt you'll ever see it again!"

Karl had just enough time to take in a last glimpse of his old life – a life of unwashed shirts hanging over chairs, empty beer cans on the side, and shaving in the mirror each morning – and then Ginny clicked her fingers again.

There was a rush of wind that blew his long, dark hair all around him, making him cry out and sending him blind. It blew for five full seconds, during which time Karl could've sworn he was *moving*.

Finally, it died. Karl's hair dropped back over his shoulders. He nervously glanced round...

...and felt his mouth drop open.

Gone was his old apartment, his old life. In its place was a scene from a tacky romance novel.

He was standing in a large-ish room with expensive paneled walls. A king sized bed lay in the center, its white covers scattered with rose petals in the shape of a heart. In one wall, a large, porthole window looked out onto a sparkling blue ocean.

But that wasn't what caught Karl's eye and made his blood run cold.

Sat in the far corner of the room on a wicker rocking chair was Ben. He was dressed only in a pair of tight speedos that clung to his masculine thighs and showed off the contours of his dick. His large, strong arms were clasped in front of his muscular, hairy chest. He looked like he'd been crying.

He gaped open mouthed at Karl.

"Becca...?" Ben whispered.

Behind him, Karl heard a giggle. He slowly turned and saw Ginny, perched on the edge

of a footstool, watching the happy couple with laughter in her eyes.

“You’re going on vacation with your *husband*, you silly girl.” Her smile grew wider. “Ben wished for his beautiful wife to come back and go on a romantic vacation with him. One where...”

Her eyes twinkled.

“They’d fall back in *love*. So,” she spread her arms wide. “Consider that wish granted.”

Wordlessly, Karl looked at his best friend, watching him with tender eyes. He felt his heart skip a beat at the sight of Ben’s masculine features. With a feeling of horror, he realized he couldn’t stop looking down at his bare chest, at his broad, powerful shoulders.

No... he thought to himself, weakly, *please...*

“You can’t do this!” He urgently spun round to face Ginny, “you can’t leave me as *Ben’s wife!*”

“Becca?” Ben’s deep voice vibrated in the pit of Karl’s stomach, making gooseflesh rise across his female body. “What’s wrong? You *are* my wife!”

“Not quite,” Ginny giggled. “See, master, this isn’t *really* your wife, you wished her away, didn’t you? No *this* is your second and third wish combined.”

The color drained from Karl’s face.

“Don’t *tell* him!” He squeaked. “Please, don’t!”

“Oh, hush,” Ginny replied. “You brought this on *yourself*, remember? No, Ben, this is your *new* wife. The wife who will act *exactly* like Rebecca did, only better. The wife who will fall head over heels in love with you and do *anything* you want her to.”

“I don’t understand,” Ben was saying. “If that’s not Becca, *who is she?*”

“She’s not a she at all,” Ginny smiled, enjoying the fear in Karl’s eyes. “*She’s* the bastard who was sleeping with the *real* Becca. *She’s* the one your second wish made me punish.”

Her smile widened.

“*She’s* your best friend.”

Karl helplessly gave Ben a pleading look. But his former best friend was *staring* at him with a thunderstruck expression.

“Karl?” He whispered.

III

Ben was the first to break the long, horrible silence that followed.

“What the *fuck?!*” He roared, getting to his feet. At the sound of his husband’s powerful, angry voice, Karl felt his new pussy give a tiny tremor.

“This isn’t what I wanted! I didn’t want to spend the rest of my life fucking *Karl!*” Ben *glared* at his former best friend, who guiltily shuffled his dainty new feet. “That’s sick! Bring the real Becca back *right now!*”

“I can’t.” Ginny shrugged, unconcerned. “You used up all your wishes.”

“Listen...” Ben was across the room in a flash, towering over the small genie. “Don’t you make me...”

“Careful.” Ginny eyed him narrowly. “I can use my magic for self-defense, you know? How would you like to spend the rest of your life as a five year old girl with ringlets and a cute little bow in her hair?”

Karl waited, watching the stand-off between his new husband and the genie with his breath held. At long last, he saw Ben’s broad shoulders slump.

“It isn’t fair,” he heard the powerful man growl. “You tricked me.”

“Bullshit.” Ginny replied. “You tricked yourself. What a *dumb* set of wishes to make. Still, they came true, I suppose.”

She gave Karl a secret wink, obviously enjoying his misery.

“You want my advice?” She said to Ben. “Enjoy yourself. You’ve got a *beautiful* wife who is desperate to fuck you...”

“What?!” Shrieked Karl in Becca’s voice. “I’m *not-!*”

But he couldn’t finish. The magic had taken away his ability to lie about his and Ben’s new relationship.

And his new body was *very* interested in his new husband. Ever since Karl had first appeared in this expensive cruise ship cabin and seen Ben sitting nearly naked, he’d been aware of a warmth in his crotch. Now, watching Ben act like a strong, *dominant* male in front of Ginny, he realized he was dripping wet.

“*Anyway,*” Ginny grinned, turning away from Karl, “I’d advise you get used to your new life. After all, you’ve got everything you wanted. A *stunning* wife. A way to get revenge on the man who slept with your last lover.”

“What do you mean?” Ben asked, slowly.

“I mean that Karl spent his lunchtimes with his prick buried deep inside your wife,” Ginny said. “Perhaps it’s time for *him* to find out what being faithful really means.”

The genie yawned theatrically and pretended to look at an imaginary watch.

“Is that the time? I’d better be off. You kids have fun, y’hear?”

“Wait!” Becca’s voice sounded higher-pitched than ever coming out Karl’s pretty mouth. “You can’t just leave me like this!”

But it was too late. Before his eyes, Ginny turned to smoke and vanished back inside an ornate lamp, leaving him all alone with Ben.

For a long moment, neither of the two former friends spoke. Then slowly, Ben turned to face Karl, his strong arms crossed across his broad chest.

“Ben...” Karl whispered, pleadingly clasping his hands pathetically before his big, wobbling breasts, “don’t...”

“Shut up.” Ben snapped. Karl felt his mouth obediently close.

It seemed his new body was just as servile and submissive as the real Becca had been.

Karl watched as Ben’s eyes crawled over his new body, taking in his plump breasts, his curvy hips, his tight ass. Finally, they settled on his pretty face.

“You look just like her,” he whispered at length. “It’s hard to believe that it’s – that it’s a *man* in there.”

Karl nodded violently, long strands of shiny dark hair flicking in the corners of his vision.

“You have to help me!” He whimpered. “I can’t spend the rest of my life looking like *this!* I’m *sorry* I screwed Becca, Ben-” it felt weird saying this now that he *was* Becca – “but you can’t *keep* me like this. I’m your *friend!*”

“Was.” Ben corrected him, his eyes resting on Karl’s big boobies, still clad in their ridiculous bikini. “Before you fucked my wife.”

“It was *wrong*,” Karl moaned in his soft new voice, “but you have to help me! I can’t spend the rest of my life as a – a *girl!*”

“Y’know,” Ben’s voice was low, dangerous. “If you were still a man I’d punch your lights out.”

He reflexively clenched a fist, causing Karl to shrink back. Ben could kick his ass under normal circumstances. In this weak and delicate girl body, he could probably kill him.

“But I think I’ve got a better idea... You’re still a man inside, huh? A *straight* man, too. Then I guess I know how to punish you.”

A cruel smile flitted across his handsome features, unlike any smile Karl had ever seen on his friend’s face before.

“Get on your knees.”

With a low moan, Karl felt his new body obediently crouch down on the wooden floor. He looked up at Ben with uncomprehending terror, ashamed at how servile his new, Becca-mind was.

“Crawl over here. Like a dog.”

No! Please! Karl tried to beg, but it was no use. Gently putting one hand out before the other, he crawled across the room to his former best friend, the wood rough beneath his soft and girly palms.

“You really *are* just like Becca,” Ben murmured as he came to a stop before him. “She used to love this shit. But I guess in your case, the magic doesn’t give you a choice. Just like you won’t have a choice about *this...*”

And he reached down, pulled on his speedos and let them fall to the floor.

The blood turned to ice in Karl’s veins. He let out a helpless moan; it came out sounding feminine, filled with desire.

Don’t, he begged inside his mind, *anything but that...*

Ben’s dick was jutting out into the morning air, as hard as granite. Karl was shocked to see his best friend was *much* bigger than he’d been, and he used to pride himself on his size.

But Ben’s cock was something else, a great, thick, long thing that looked like a club in his hands.

That’s got to be nine inches, at least! Karl desperately tried to pull his eyes away, but they wouldn’t move. It was like the sight of Ben’s member had hypnotized the Becca part of his brain.

“I’ve never wanted to fuck a guy before,” Ben growled, his voice making Karl’s heart flutter, “but since you’re looking so fucking *hot*, I guess I’ll manage. ‘Sides, the most important thing is that you learn your lesson.”

His eyes flashed.

“You learn what a little *bitch* you are.”

“Ben!” Karl squeaked urgently, “just listen! Give me the lamp, I’ll use my wishes to bring Becca back and make us both forget about this. I’ll never touch her again! I’ll wish myself up my *own* wife, so I don’t have to-!”

“*Wife?*” Ben asked, contemptuously. “You’ve already got a husband, *Becca*. Now.”

The strange, cruel smile on Ben’s lips grew wider.

“Be a good girl and do your wifely duty.”

“*Ben!*” Karl just had time to plead, then he couldn’t talk anymore. His female body clasped his best-friend’s enormous dick in its dainty hands, parted its painted lips, and took the whole thing in its mouth.

It was *horrible!* Karl felt himself gag. He thought he might start crying. He furiously tried to push back, to spit this... this *thing* out his mouth and climb to his feet, but his body refused to obey his commands.

The genie had turned him into Becca, and he no longer had any choice but act *exactly* as Becca would.

And, as he knew from personal experience, Becca *loved* sucking dick.

“Yeah, that’s it,” he heard Ben grunt above him. “Suck my cock you little *bitch.*”

His dick was like rubber in Karl’s mouth, forcing itself right back into the back of his throat. It was an alien, a monster, an invader...

...it was *so good.*

With a moan of pleasure, Karl slipped Ben’s enormous dick out his mouth and ran his tongue all the way around the rim, earning a groan from his best-friend. He stared in delirious shock at the large member in his hands, at Ben’s pubic thatch, level with his eyes.

Then he put Ben’s cock back in his mouth and started furiously sucking.

Strands of dark hair fell across Karl’s vision as he pumped his head back and forth, back and forth, each motion sending Ben’s dick ever further down his throat. Becca’s nipples were hard as bullets now and he could feel a distinct dampness in her crotch.

No, this is wrong. It’s wrong...

But the rest of his body didn’t seem to hear him. It was like Karl was losing control of everything. Even his own mind.

He let one dainty hand drop down to tiny yellow thong. As Ben’s hips thrust against his face, he slipped one finger inside the thong and gently, hesitantly, probed the entrance to his pussy.

It was like nothing he’d ever felt before in his life. The pleasure was immediate, intense, explosive. A thousand times better than stroking your dick was as a man. He felt himself gasp as the tip of his finger slid into his new hole.

On one level, he felt like he could scream with humiliation. This was so *wrong!* He was a *man!* A big, strong man with a big fat dick. There was no *way* he should know what it felt like to have something inside his pussy!

But the Becca part of his brain was too strong. The magic was forcing him to enjoy things he’d never have *dreamed* of doing before. As Ben’s cock slid in and out of his pretty, painted lips, he started pumping his dainty wrist.

Fireworks were going off behind Karl’s eyes. Above him, Ben was groaning loudly. The dick in his mouth, the finger in his pussy combined to make it feel like he was being invaded in all his holes at once. Invaded... and loving every second of it.

Why did no-one tell me how good this felt? Karl sobbed to himself. If only he'd known how amazing it felt to have a dick in your mouth!

Deep down, he knew it was the magic, making him think this way. But he also knew he didn't care.

Gently, Karl pressed the ball of his thumb up against his clit. He'd seen Becca do this dozens of times while they were making love, and he was desperate to try it out.

Almost immediately, a wave of pleasure hit his mind, almost knocking him off balance. Karl's eyes went foggy. His pussy felt *amazing!* He felt amazing.

Is this what it's like? He wondered deliriously, *is this what it's really like, being a woman with a big, strong husband?*

Finally, Ben let out a loud groan and went stiff. Instinctively, Karl shoved his head forwards so his lips were pressed against the skin of Ben's crotch, his cock right in the back of his throat.

A split-second later, he felt it. Waves and waves of Ben's white-hot cum squirted into his mouth, stale and strange and salty. Without thinking Karl closed his eyes and swallowed, enjoying the feeling of his best-friend's cum sliding down into his stomach.

Well, that answers that, he thought, dimly. *Becca really does swallow for Ben.*

But he had no time to feel jealous. There was a fire burning in his pussy, a screaming desire that needed to be sated.

And he could only do that so long as he had Ben's magnificent cock in his mouth.

Not giving his friend time to pull away, Karl instantly began bobbing his head again, his wrist working his cunt faster and faster as he did so. Faintly, he was aware that Ben was laughing – with pleasure, or at what a servile little bitch his wish had turned Karl into, he had no idea.

All he knew was that he *needed* his friend's dick in his mouth more than he'd ever needed anything in his life.

Suddenly, Karl felt his pussy tremble, his hips spasming as if under the control of some alien force. He just had time to brace himself, and then his orgasm hit, washing over his entire body in a wave of pink fire.

He wanted to scream. This was nothing like the quick squirt and finish you had as a man.

This was like every inch of him was coming like crazy and would never, ever stop.

Finally, after what seemed like an eternity, Karl's orgasm peaked and he came drifting back down to earth on a soft cloud.

Slowly, his eyes fogged with pleasure, he leaned back, letting Ben's big dick slip out of his mouth. The tip glistened with saliva. With a faint, half-smile on his tired lips,

Karl leaned forward and kissed it.

“God, you’ve got such a good dick...” He heard himself whisper in Becca’s voice.

A strong hand ran through his hair. With wide, doe-like eyes, Karl gazed up into his best friend’s handsome features. With a jolt, he realized Ben was better-looking than he’d ever thought possible.

How was I ever into girls? He wondered, *when there are men out there who look like that?*

“That was some good sucking you did there, Becca,” Ben whispered, leaning down to his former friend. A tingle ran through Karl’s new body.

He’s going to kiss me! He realized. He knew he should be embarrassed. Humiliated. This was *Ben* they were talking about!

But deep down, he felt nothing but contentment. At the idea of being trapped as a woman. At the idea of tall, strong, handsome Ben kissing him, his tongue rudely thrusting into his mouth. With a smile, Karl closed his eyes and parted his lips. Ben leaned down...

“Now get dressed you dirty little slut,” he heard his friend growl in his ear. “You’re a fucking *mess*.”

Karl’s eyes flew open. He stared with a hurt expression at Ben, grinning down at him.

“God, you really *do* look like her,” Ben smiled. “She used to pull that shit every time I pissed her off. Course, I cared about her so much, I’d usually back down. *You* on the other hand...”

His smile turned savage. Hateful.

“You’re *nothing* to me, got that, Karl? Just a pathetic little whore who *happens* to look like Becca. I’ll keep you around just so I can enjoy those big titties and get my dick sucked, but I’ll *never* feel anything for you.”

He straightened up, pulling his speedos up. His erection was so large that the fabric stuck comically away from his skin. It would’ve made Karl laugh if he wasn’t so busy feeling hurt.

“Your life is gonna be *hell*, Karl. I’m gonna keep you as my little housewife, and fuck you until you’ve had more sperm in you than the sluttiest whore. That’s your *punishment*. You’ll be nothing more than my sex slave; a piece of hot ass I keep around to remind me of what a fucking *bitch* my ex-wife was.”

He leered down at poor, pathetic Karl, with his wet pussy, swollen breasts and trembling, blowjob lips.

“Now clean yourself up, *bitch*. You look disgusting.”

Then he *spat* a globule of mucus onto Karl’s horrified face. As in a trance, Karl picked

his new, female body up off the floor, the taste of his former friend's cum still lingering in his mouth. Then he shamefacedly staggered into the bathroom, *hating* the way his hips rolled with every step he took. *Hating* the way his big boobies jiggled in the bottom of his vision.

Hating the fact he deserved everything that was happening to him.

Inside the bathroom, he locked the door. Outside, he heard Ben switching the satellite TV on. A game was playing, somewhere. For a second, Karl looked at his new self in the mirror...

...and then he was crying. Silent sobs wracked his female body as he held one dainty hand over his mouth, desperate that Ben shouldn't hear him. That Ben shouldn't know how much his punishment had hurt him.

Miles and miles from his home, with his male body gone, his mistress lost forever and his best friend turned into his jailer, Karl sat down on the edge of the bathtub in their expensive cruise ship suite and wept.

IV

“Is that sun lounge taken?”

Karl lowered his copy of *Cosmo* and peered over the top of his sunglasses at the handsome young black man stood before him, a towel over one arm and a smile on his face.

“My name’s Trey. I noticed you out here on your own a few times this week. Thought you could do with some company.”

Silently, Karl let his eyes drift over the man’s body. He was youthful, maybe about 25, with a six pack, a strong chest, big, strong arms and a winning smile. Through the folds in his shorts, Karl could see the outline of his penis, long and thick. A tiny tremor passed through his body.

“If it’s a problem, I can take off? No hard feelings,” Trey grinned, clearly hoping Karl would invite him to sit down.

Clearly hoping he could invite this exotic, older beauty back to his cabin and fuck her harder than she’d ever been fucked in her life.

God he’s cute, Karl thought to himself. After a week as Becca, he no longer found it strange being attracted to men. The way his eyes were drawn to their broad shoulders, their muscular backs, felt like the most-natural thing in the world.

Already, he found it hard to believe he’d *ever* been attracted to women, with their silly curves and neediness. The guilt of being a straight man trapped in a straight woman’s mind had disappeared. If he’d had his way, he’d have spent the last week sampling the handsome young men who secretly and not-so-secretly lusted after his female body.

If...

“Sorry,” Karl said with a regretful smile he instinctively knew looked beautiful. “I’m saving it for my husband. He’ll be out any minute.”

“You’re boss,” Trey shrugged. His casual smile was so gorgeous it practically made Karl’s heart break.

“Maybe see you around some other time, miss...?”

“I doubt it.” Karl replied. “I’m really not interested. But thank you.”

As Trey made his way off toward the pool, Karl raised his magazine, cursing at himself.

Ever since he’d first ventured outside onto the upper decks in Becca’s body, he’d noticed younger men seemed to have a thing for him. There appeared to be something about the idea of seducing an older woman – *especially* one as hot as Becca – that put him ahead of even the nubile young 18 year olds he saw parading around with their

flesh on display.

At first, their sideways glances and flirting had made him feel uneasy, but by the end of the week, Karl was wishing he could take one, two, or even three of them back to the cabin with him. It seemed the genie's curse had given him not just Becca's body and mannerisms, but her fantasies as well.

Karl had been stunned to find out how depraved his old mistress had really been. The mere *sight* of a boy like Trey was enough to make him want to close his eyes and rub himself to climax. Already, his mind was full of little videos that cast Trey as the leader of a party of oiled, muscular black men who liked to rape naughty girls, and had Karl marked as their next target.

He'd have given *anything* to let some of these fantasies become reality, his old life as a straight man be damned (*after all*, he'd reasoned, *it wasn't like he was going to get turned back anytime soon*).

Unfortunately, Ben had other ideas.

With a sigh, Karl pinched one corner of the glossy page between two long, red nails and flicked it over. More mindless features on how to experience *the best orgasms ever*, and a colorful advice column on dating rich men.

Karl hated magazines like Cosmo, but he couldn't help himself. Whenever he wanted to sit by the pool, it seemed like his body automatically picked up a trashy women's mag.

Since the day of Karl's transformation, Ben had treated him with a level of contempt you wouldn't show to a dog. He was no longer human in his former friend's eyes. He was simply a shapely female figure that could be used and abused however Ben saw fit.

And it turned out Ben had *quite* the imagination.

Only last night, his new husband had forced him to strip and get down on all fours. Then he'd taken a leather collar out from somewhere, fastened it round Karl's neck and attached it to a leash.

His big boobies dangling, his pussy poking out high into the air, Karl had been forced to crawl around on all fours, barking like a dog. Ben had made him eat his dinner from a bowl placed on the floor, forced him to drink out the toilet, then finally got down on his knees behind him and fucked Karl's poor asshole until he screamed.

And the worst part was, Karl had loved every second of it.

"God," Karl muttered to himself in Becca's soft voice, his eyes no longer seeing the spread in Cosmo, "I had no idea you were such a filthy *bitch*."

But he suspected the real Becca, submissive as she was, would *never* have consented to anything as degrading as that.

It seemed Ginny had decided not to just turn him into Becca, but into a heightened

version of her. A version who was as submissive in life as the real Becca only dared be in her darkest fantasies.

At the edge of the pool, Trey was laughing with a chubby young blonde thing with an excellent pair of boobies. Karl watched the two through Becca's sunglasses and felt a stab of jealousy.

God, what does he see in her?

He couldn't even use the lamp to wish himself back to normal. Or just to make Ben less aggressive towards him. The evening after he'd had to play the part of Ben's dog, he'd tried, grabbing Ginny's lamp from the table and furiously rubbing its slender spout.

Nothing had happened. Ben was still the owner of the lamp.

And unless he explicitly gave or sold it to Karl, he'd *never* be able to get his wish granted.

"Look at you, you little tramp. Eyeing up the boys."

Karl gave a little start and glanced guiltily up at Ben, towering over him. He was dressed in a pair of loose-fitting shorts and a collared shirt that clung to his muscles and made Karl's slender legs go weak and wobbly.

"Sorry, baby," he smiled apologetically. "I was just reading..."

"And you decided to eye-fuck some kid. *Christ,*" Ben swung himself down onto the lounge beside Karl, "you're even hornier than she was. At least Becca screwed around on the quiet."

Karl kept silent. Whenever the conversation turned to either his old life or the *real* Becca (or, more likely, both at once), he never knew what to say.

He didn't want to make his strong new husband mad.

"Y'know, if she'd just turned you into a random bimbo, I'd give you permission to screw that kid," Ben said suddenly. "Hell, I'd encourage you to screw as many twenty year olds as you like."

"But, like it or not," he went on, "we're *married*. And I'll be damned if I want people thinking *I'm* some stupid cuckold, even if I have to put up with having my cheating dickbag friend pose as my wife for the rest of his life."

"It's your fault," Karl replied waspishly, "if you'd just made your wishes a little clearer..."

"*My* fault?!" Ben goggled at him. "If *you* hadn't been fucking Becca behind my back...!"

"Well maybe you should have paid a bit more attention to her!" Karl snapped. "Maybe if you hadn't spent so much time at work, maybe if you'd realized it takes more than just some *stupid* cruise to fix a broken relationship-!"

"*Stupid?!*" Ben looked genuinely wounded. "This *stupid* cruise cost me ten thousand

dollars!”

“And that’s the problem!” The blood was pounding in Karl’s ears now. “You can’t just throw money at a problem, that’s not how marriages *work*. No wonder she was unhappy!”

“Why didn’t you *tell* me you were unhappy?!” Ben said in disbelief.

Both of them fell silent at the exact same time, uncomfortably aware they were now arguing like a *real* married couple.

Stupid! Karl angrily dug his long fingernails into the palm of his hand, focusing on the pain. *Get him mad and he could do anything to you tonight!*

Beside him, Ben shook his head.

“Why am I arguing with you?” He gave a hollow laugh. “You’re not her. You don’t even *act* like her. You’re just some fucked up sissy wearing her face.”

He leaned forward and put his head in his hands, the fight suddenly drained out of him.

“Christ, I wish you *were* her,” he muttered, thickly. “I wish she was here, right now. The real her, I mean.”

“Well, she’s not.” Karl felt strangely angry. Tears pricked at the corners of his large and doe-like eyes. He furiously jabbed the sunglasses up his nose so Ben wouldn’t notice.

“You think *I* want to be stuck like this?” He squeaked in his horrible, high pitched voice. “*Look* at me!”

He angrily gestured his curvy body. The bronze, slender legs draped over the sun lounger. The large boobies that were always wobbling in the bottom of his vision. The whole, horrible *femaleness* of his new form.

“I’m a fucking *girl!*” He said. “I’m stuck as my best friend’s *fucking* wife, and he won’t even treat me like her. You think I *wanted* it to end like this? I just wanted to fuck Becca for a few months then ditch her. She’d have been mad, I’d have felt guilty, you’d have never been any the wiser, and in a year’s time everything would’ve been back to normal.”

“*Now* look at us,” he finished, miserably. “I’m gonna be stuck like this forever, and you’re gonna be stuck right alongside me.”

For a long moment, neither man spoke. Ben sat there, his strong hands folded between his hairy legs, staring into the distance. Karl, with his bronze, slender arms crossed over his great big breasts, scowling down at his little feet with their painted toenails.

At long last, Ben hauled himself to his feet.

“I’m going back to the cabin,” he muttered.

“See you there,” Karl replied, not even looking at his husband. Already, he was

wondering what sadistic delights Ben would have in store for his poor, girl body tonight.

Ben nodded, turned to go, then stopped. He hesitated, looking down at the man living inside his wife's body. Karl waited, wary of where this was going.

"There's a dance tonight," Ben said at long last. "The captain's ball. Some cheesy thing they always do, everyone dresses up. Looks kinda fun though."

He stopped, as if unsure whether to go on.

"Me and Becca were gonna go," he said. "So maybe the two of us should. I mean..."

He gave a nervous laugh.

"You're my wife now, right? Who else am I gonna take?"

Karl gave the slightest nod of his head.

"Sure," he said in his soft voice, not knowing if he really meant it. "Sounds like fun."

Besides, he thought, anything's gotta be better than another night of sucking dick and acting like a dog.

"OK. Cool." Ben gave him a strange smile. "See you back at the cabin. Be there at six."

And with that, he turned and vanished off across the deck, a shadow against the harsh, tropical sunlight.

Karl watched him go, then turned and thoughtfully gazed across the pool at Trey and the chubby blonde girl.

The idea of going to a formal dance as Ben's date seemed a little... well, *odd*. But his life was full of odd stuff right now. And it couldn't be any odder than being transformed into a girl and forced to go down on his best friend.

Could it?

"I guess we'll see," Karl murmured, for the first time not noticing Becca's voice coming out from between his plump lips. "I guess we'll see."

And with that, he slowly raised his magazine and went back to reading.

Before twenty minutes had passed, he'd completely forgotten about Trey and the argument he'd caused.

V

The sun was low by the time Karl made his way back to the cabin. The sky outside the porthole was a brilliant pink, the small clouds scudding across it a dark blue. It looked utterly beautiful.

Karl saw precisely none of it.

“Ben?” He said in Becca’s voice as he closed the door, “honey? Look, I’ve been thinking. I really don’t think we should...”

He trailed off as it became apparent there was no-one else in the cabin. Silence hung like shadows in the corners. The air was empty, devoid of Ben’s male presence.

“For fuck’s sakes,” Karl sighed, kicking off his sandals and preparing to spend the evening alone.

And then he saw it.

Laid out across the bed was the most-gorgeous little blue dress Karl had ever set eyes on. Just looking at it made his girly heart beat faster. A white oblong box lay beside it, along with a manila envelope.

Curious, Karl picked up the envelope and slipped one dainty fingernail under the flap. A piece of white card fell out. Stooping forwards, his big boobies dangling, Karl picked it up and turned it over.

It read: **Open the Box.**

With a frown, Karl turned his attention to the plain white box.

What’s in there? He wondered. *A dildo? Some new toy for Ben to torment me with?*

Nonetheless, he slipped the lid off, brushed Becca’s long, dark hair out of his eyes and peered inside.

Sat on a bed of crinkled white packing paper lay the *cutest* pair of shoes. They matched the dress in color *perfectly*, their heels ending in long stiletto spikes. Karl looked at them approvingly, faintly aware that his new female mind was way more receptive to stuff like this than his man brain had ever been.

The message was obvious. Ben wanted to meet him at the ball.

And he wanted Karl to be looking *gorgeous*.

For a long moment, Karl hesitated, balancing between his male revulsion at the thought of wearing a *dress*, and his deep-seated desire to look as good as possible for his husband.

Then slowly, as if in a dream, he reached behind his back and undid his bikini top. It fell to the floor with a rustle of fabric. Karl reached two delicate hands down and slid

his thong off his thighs. Completely naked, his nipples erect in the evening night, he stepped forward and picked the dress up.

He could tell without even trying it on that he would look *fantastic* in it. It was exactly the right sort of shape, size and style for Becca – not *too* slutty, but pretty revealing. Sophisticated without being pretentious.

In short, very *him*.

“Jesus,” Karl muttered, “I’m even *thinking* like a girl now.”

Yet the thought didn’t deter him. Holding the dress in one dainty hand, he made his way over to the bathroom, with its large mirror.

If Ben wanted him to look hot tonight, then he was gonna make sure he was the hottest woman on the whole damn ship.

*

Fifty minutes later, Karl was stood in the bathroom, looking at his reflection with a pleasant feeling of shock.

Getting ready had taken *forever*. He’d gotten used over the course of the week to the laborious process of doing his hair and applying makeup before he went out to sunbathe, but getting dolled up for a big night out was something else entirely.

Karl had found himself going through Becca’s bag, trying on different lingerie, just to see what *felt* right with the dress.

Slipping his slender, bronzed legs into each lacy pair of panties, he’d wondered uneasily if this was somehow *wrong*. The idea that he, Karl, a straight man with no transvestite leanings, would be trying on women’s underwear was a little sickening.

As he hooked the straps of the first bra over his shoulders, feeling his large breasts come to rest in the firm cups, he’d thought how much grief he’d have given any of his friends if he found them wearing women’s clothes.

But there was nothing he could do. He *was* a woman.

And that meant wearing women’s clothes.

By the time he’d got himself inside the dress, any doubts Karl had had were beginning to dissipate. Once he’d applied his makeup, put on his heels and done his hair, they’d been blown away entirely.

Now, standing here, ready to go out into the night, he could focus on only one thought.

He looked *incredible*.

The dress clung to Becca’s curves just as he’d predicted it would, accentuating them rather than showing them off. Making him look classy instead of tacky. Its color subtly highlighted his darker skin, making him seem faintly exotic.

His hair, too, was *gorgeous*. For once, Karl had been glad to have Becca’s mind and

instincts. As a man, he could never have *hoped* to get it looking like this. His dark hair fell in waves over his shoulders, illuminating his bare neckline, drawing attention to his red lipstick, doe-like eyes and long eyelashes.

Staring at himself in the mirror, Karl impulsively arranged his face into a flirty smile and fluttered his eyelashes. He was stunned at how *hot* he looked. How seductive.

It reminded him why he'd been unable to stop seeing Becca after all these months, even as their affair destroyed his best friend.

The final touch was a cute little black handbag with a clasp strap that Karl now absentmindedly slipped a tube of lipstick and some emergency makeup into. He picked it up, turned and struck a pose before the mirror, hands on his curved hips, a hungry look on his beautiful face.

"Look at *you*," he murmured. "Nearly forty and you're *still* the hottest gal around."

He had a feeling that a woman like Becca, with her flawless skin, winning smile and perfect curves, would still be attracting glances even when forty was just a distant memory.

"Never mind that *now*," he scolded himself, enjoying the way his female voice sounded to his ears, "we've got a *man* to meet."

And with that, he turned and made his way across the room, treading carefully so his high heels wouldn't trip him up and send him sprawling to the ground. He got to the door in one piece, a goofy smile on his pretty face.

Are we really gonna do this? His brain whispered as he turned the lock. *Are we really gonna play the part of Ben's wife tonight?*

But deep down, he already knew the answer. Already knew that this night would be different from the rest.

"Ladies and gentlemen," Karl muttered giddily, "let the party *begin!*"

With a feeling of abandonment, he opened the door and stepped out into the crowded corridor.

*

"You look *fantastic*."

Karl beamed as he made his way over to Ben, aware that he was one of the best-looking women at the ball.

"Is it wrong of me to agree?" He asked, feeling his cheeks flush slightly red. "When the door guy let me in it was like he suddenly forgot how to talk. I mean, I'm already used to men staring at my tits, but this was something else."

Ben smiled, the first genuine smile Karl had seen on his handsome face all week.

"I don't blame him," he said. "Right now, you're probably the most-beautiful woman

I've ever laid eyes on."

To his surprise, Karl heard himself giggle like a schoolgirl, one dainty hand raised to his lips.

"Thanks," he replied. "You're not so bad yourself."

That, he thought, was an understatement.

Ben had managed to rustle up some formal evening wear from somewhere and squeeze his muscular frame into it. The result was a suit jacket that *strained* around his biceps, making him look stronger than ever. Each time he moved his arms, it sent a thrill running through Karl's female body.

Holy fuck, he thought appreciatively, he looks so handsome right now!

At that moment, he suddenly felt glad that he was here with his dashing husband, and not stealing a dirty fuck in some grotty cabin somewhere with young Trey.

"Had to make sure I brushed up, knowing I was going to be escorting the most-attractive girl on ship." With a sly grin, Ben offered Karl one muscular arm. Karl immediately clasped it, throwing his body up against Ben's in giddy delight.

This is amazing... the feeling of Ben's muscles, taut and strong through the fabric made him feel like swooning.

He loved the way his husband towered over him, making him feel protected and womanly. He loved the way he could press up against his side, secretly drinking in the smell of his cologne and the faint traces of masculine sweat beneath it. He loved seeing his own arms, so slender and delicate, wrapped in Ben's big strong one.

Christ, why did I have to be born a man? He wondered. If God or Allah or the universe or whatever had given him a *choice* with all the knowledge he had now, he would've chosen to be a girl, no contest.

Karl knew it was probably the magic making him feel that way. Making him so happy to be beautiful. Making him so attracted to Ben. But it didn't matter.

At that moment, he was no longer Karl. He was no longer Ben's sex slave; a little bitch he made crawl on all fours and fucked in the nastiest ways.

He was smart, sexy Becca. On vacation with her husband and *determined* to enjoy herself.

He grinned up at Ben, his eyes half-lidded with desire.

"C'mon gorgeous," he purred, "let's have a dance."

*

Three hours later, the two of them stood alone on the decking, staring out to sea, drunker and happier than they could remember being in *years*.

It was a cool, clear night. The moon hung swollen and heavy above the ocean, its cool,

blue light making the night seem woozy with possibilities. Far overhead, the stars winked, half-lost in the moon's bright glow.

"Look at that," murmured Karl, his arms clasped across his breasts. "Isn't that beautiful?"

"It sure is." Ben glanced down at Karl, his face a half-shadow in the moonlight. "Are you cold?"

"It's nothing," Karl smiled quickly. "Just a little chill."

Yet he was grateful when Ben slipped his suit jacket off and hung it over his delicate, slender shoulders. It was like a rug on Karl's tiny, girly frame, enveloping him in warmth.

"Thanks," he muttered. Then he sighed and leaned against his husband, thrilled at the way Ben wrapped an arm around his tiny waist, pulling him close.

"What a night," he whispered in Becca's voice – the soft, high-pitched voice he now thought of as his own.

"I'll say," Ben snorted. "The way you were dancing... think half the women thought you were mad."

"Oh, they were too busy eyeing *you* up to notice me," Karl giggled. Flirting with Ben felt like the most-natural thing in the world.

"I'm serious," he added, "the way you look right now... if we were back in the cabin I'd be ripping that shirt off you. Oops."

He raised one hand to stifle a hiccup.

"Drunky. I don't think this body can take quite as much alcohol as my last one."

At the mention of his previous life, he felt Ben stiffen slightly. He unwound his arm from round Karl's waist.

The two men turned to face each other, Ben tall and strong and masculine, Karl small and delicate and girly.

This is it... With a start, Karl realized his heart was thudding in his chest.

"Look," Ben began in a somber tone. "Karl..."

"No." Karl said defiantly, shaking his pretty little head. "Tonight, I'm Becca."

"OK, *Becca*," Ben said. "We can't do this. I know we've had sex, but that was... *different*. It was just physical. My way of working through my hatred of you. *This...*"

He gestured the moon, the sea, all of it.

"This is something else." He sighed. "And I can't... I still love Becca..."

Wordlessly, Karl took one of Ben's big strong hands in his small, dainty ones. He stood up on tiptoe so his eyes were level with Ben's lips. He gently tilted his head back.

“If you love me so much,” he whispered. “Prove it.”

For a second, he thought he wouldn't. Thought Ben would shake his head and say something about Karl not being the *real* Becca. Thought the romantic evening would dissolve into argument, bitter recriminations, another hateful fuck in the cabin.

Those thoughts were still swirling around his head as Ben leaned forward and kissed him.

It was a slow kiss, sensuous. Ben's tongue swirled around the inside of Karl's mouth, possessing him, making him *his*. Karl clung tight to his husband's big, strong body, desperately trying to drink him in.

They kissed like that for what seemed like forever, until Karl's entire body seemed to be tingling with wonderful electricity. Inside his bra, his nipples were hard, pointed. He could feel Ben's erection pressing up against his stomach. There was a desperate warmth between his legs, making him feel woozy.

Gently, he pulled back and stared into his former best-friend's eyes. Into eyes that were scared and excited and nervous all at once. Into the eyes of the man he'd spent the last two decades of his life with, loving him quietly from the sidelines.

“Ben...?” He whispered.

“Yes Becca?” Hearing his new name like that made Karl feel giddy. He wanted to throw his head back and scream and laugh for joy. But he had more-important things to worry about now.

Gently, he bit his lower lip as he'd seen dozens of girls do many times before. He gazed into his husband's handsome features.

“Fuck me.”

It was like a switch had been thrown. Suddenly, they were in each other's arms, grasping, kissing, biting. Karl let out a gasp as Ben bit down on his neck, shocked at how much pleasure his new body could get from pain, so long as it was delivered by a lover.

Is this what it's like for all women? He wondered, dreamily.

They kissed for what felt like forever, then Karl suddenly pulled back, stepping away from his husband. Ben watched him from the shadows, panting with exertion.

“Becca...?”

“Shh...”

Karl smiled, then slowly let Ben's suit jacket slip off his shoulders and drop to the ground. He unhooked the straps of his gorgeous dress. Not taking his eyes off his husband's strong features, he let it fall to the ground.

With elegant movements, he stepped forward, clad only in his bra and panties. The

night air was cool against his skin, but he didn't care.

He didn't care about anything but wonderful, handsome Ben.

"Are you sure?" Ben was whispering, even as he unbuttoned his shirt. "What if someone-?"

He didn't finish. Karl stepped up to him and *pressed* his girly body against his husband's big, strong frame. He felt his boobies squash against Ben's broad chest as he kissed him, his arms thrown around his shoulders.

At that moment, he no longer felt like a man in a woman's body.

He felt like a woman determined to enjoy her beautiful husband.

"Take that shirt off," he whispered in Ben's ear, his lips almost brushing his skin.

"Not yet," Ben grunted beside him. "I've got a better idea."

Immediately, Karl felt two large hands behind his back, grasping his bra strap. With a casual flick, Ben undid the clasp, Karl slipped the straps over his shoulders, and his cute bra tumbled to the floor.

Now clad only in his panties and elegant shoes, Karl leaned back, his arms still round his husband's neck and smiled at him.

"Like what you see?" He whispered, playfully.

Ben's eyes drifted down to Karl's large, firm breasts, pale and tender in the moonlight. He gently reached out and tweaked one nipple, causing Karl to give a tiny gasp, then looked back up into his pretty face.

"You look beautiful," he whispered.

A cheeky smile suddenly flitted across his handsome features.

"Take your panties off."

With slow movements, Karl slipped the lacy pair of panties down over his slender legs. His pussy felt warm and moist in the cool air. He was now completely naked except his fancy shoes.

"Good," Ben whispered, unbuttoning the rest of his shirt. "Now, turn around..."

"Not yet." Karl leaned forward and gently tugged the edges of Ben's shirt open. His husband's torso glistened in the moonlight, so strong and firm and *manly*.

He leaned forward, pursed his lips and planted a kiss between his pecs, savoring the faint taste of masculine sweat. At that moment, Karl understood exactly what women saw in men's bodies. It wasn't their cocks or their butts; it was stuff like this. Their chests and arms and shoulders. Parts that marked them out as *real* men.

With gentle movements, he slipped Ben's shirt off, admiring his naked torso. Then he let one dainty hand drift down to his pants.

“No master-slave stuff tonight,” he murmured, slowly unbuttoning Ben’s fly. “Tonight I want a *husband*.”

Then he pulled down Ben’s pants and reached inside his y-fronts. There was something in there, something long and hard and *strong*. Something that made Karl’s female body tremble with longing.

Ben reached out and took Karl’s pretty face in his hands. He kissed him a soft, tender kiss. A smile split his handsome features.

“Your wish,” he murmured, “is *my command*.”

Not breaking eye contact, he reached down and slipped out of his underpants. A shadow jutted up from his crotch, hard as granite. Karl looked down at it, feeling his heart skip a beat. Then he looked back up at his husband with a blissful, hungry smile.

“*Now*,” he whispered, turning and leaning up against the ship’s railings, curving his body so his pussy was on display, inviting Ben inside him.

In all this long week as Ben’s slave, he’d never had his master’s cock inside his pussy. Ben had invaded his mouth, his asshole, but never once had he stuck his dick into Karl’s tight little cunt.

Part of Karl was glad. Having a dick in his pussy felt like the last step, the moment that would send him plunging into womanhood. Even if he somehow managed to get back to being a man, he would never be able to forget what it was like to be truly female.

Even now, the faint, male part of his brain was hoping Ben would go for his asshole again. But his husband had other ideas.

Gently placing his strong hands on Karl’s hips, Ben leaned forward. He planted a gentle kiss between Karl’s shoulder blades, making a shiver pass through his body.

“I love you, Becca,” he whispered.

Then he straightened up and slid his big cock into Karl’s virgin cunt.

The pleasure was immediate, incredible. Karl closed his eyes and let out a gasp from the depths of his soul. The feeling of his pussy *stretching* to accommodate Ben’s member was intense enough alone to make all his memories of sex as a man seem pale and grey.

He bit down on his lip and gripped the cold metal railings. His body trembled. His nipples were hard and erect, his breasts swollen with desire.

“Ben...?” he whispered.

“Yeah?”

Don’t say it! His male mind screamed, *whatever you do, don’t say it!*

“I love you.” Karl hesitated, then added with a feeling of utter abandonment. “I’ve *always* loved you.”

“I know.” Came the soft reply. And then Ben slowly began to move his hips.

Each thrust sent bolts of pleasure firing through Karl’s female body. He opened his mouth and *moaned*. As Ben moved faster, feminine gasps began to tear out his lips, heightening his pleasure. Karl was powerless to stop them, just as he was powerless to stop himself from moaning Ben’s name.

“Oh *fuck!* Ben!”

Streaks of Becca’s dark hair lay across Karl’s face. Each thrust of Ben’s hips made his dangling boobies wobble and bounce. He could feel his husband’s balls *thwacking* up against his clit, sending electric sparking across his skin.

“Spank me!” Karl heard himself gasp as if from very far away, “oh fuck baby, please *spank me!*”

Immediately, Ben’s flat palm struck Karl’s bare ass, making him yowl in pain. His husband spanked him three more times in quick succession, each hit making Karl’s pleasure spike, pushing him closer towards orgasm.

He finally came with a shudder that seemed to pass through his entire body, radiating out from his crotch in waves. Dimly, Karl was aware that he was screaming Ben’s name, Becca’s soft voice disappearing into the roar and clamor of the ocean.

Ben went stiff, then jets of hot cum were squirting deep into Karl’s womb, making the inside of his pussy sticky and warm. Instinctively, he thrust his hips back against Ben’s, holding his husband to him, making sure not a single drop of sperm went to waste.

I hope I get pregnant, the thought made him smile all over again, a smile of perfect happiness.

In the warm silence that followed, Ben leaned forward. He slowly planted a kiss on the nape of Karl’s neck, making all the little hairs rise up. Faintly, Karl thought he could hear him laughing.

“Know what, Becca?” Ben whispered in Karl’s ear, his low, masculine voice driving him wild with desire. “I’m glad you’re my wife.”

At that moment, stood there on a cruise ship thousands of miles from home, his male body gone and his husband’s cock buried deep inside him, Karl realized he was happier than he had ever been in his life.

Epilogue

“Are you sure about this?”

Ben smiled at Karl’s nervous expression and nodded.

“Yeah. I’m sure.”

It was 2am. After their passionate fuck outside, Karl and Ben had gone back to the dance, faces red, giggling like schoolchildren. As he clasped tight against his husband during one of the slow numbers, Karl had realized that he never wanted this night to end.

And now he was going to make sure of it.

“OK.” Ben bashfully scratched his head. In his mild confusion, Karl thought he looked heart-breakingly adorable.

“I’m not sure how to do this... but, I guess...” He held out the lamp to Karl, an overly-serious expression on his face. “I, Ben Stone, hereby give this lamp to...”

He hesitated.

“Which name should I use?”

“My name,” Karl said firmly. “Becca. Becca Stone.”

“Hereby give this lamp to my wife,” Ben’s eyes twinkled, “Becca Stone.”

“Thanks.” Karl took the lamp in both his dainty hands, giving his husband a flirty look.

“And I, Becca Stone, officially accept this lamp off my *hot* husband.”

The happy couple grinned at each other in the darkness of their cabin.

“Now,” murmured Karl in his soft voice, “let’s see how this works...”

He gave the spout an experimental rub. Almost immediately, a purple fog rose out the end, twisted and solidified into the form of Ginny, lounging on the bed.

“Well now,” purred the genie, “if it isn’t the two lovebirds. Enjoying your cruise, I hope?”

In the embarrassed silence that followed, Ben and Karl shared a glance and a secret grin. They were enjoying their new lives more than Ginny could have ever known.

“I’ll take that as a ‘yes’,” the genie smiled. “Now, I’m guessing you’ve summoned me for a spot of wish making. So.”

She spread her arms.

“What’ll it be?”

Karl shot his husband a nervous glance. Ben nodded encouragingly. He took a deep breath.

“We’ve been talking,” he said, watching for Ginny’s reaction. “The first thing we want is for Becca – the *old* Becca – to be happy. It’s not her fault we got her caught up in this. She deserves a new husband and a happy life.”

Ginny gave the tiniest shrug.

“It’s your wish.”

“Good. Now, our *second* wish...” Karl steeled himself. “Our second wish is to have a big, happy family. I want to get pregnant lots of times. I want *loads* of kids. But I want us to always have money and always be happy, no matter how many children we have. OK?”

Ginny nodded.

“And our *last* wish.” Karl glanced over at Ben with a smile. “We want to start again. Not just metaphorically. We want to go back to when Ben and Becca first met, and do the entire relationship over again. All twenty years. Only *this* time...”

His smile widened.

“*I’ll* be Becca. I want-” he swallowed, unable to believe he was about to say this. “I want to have *always* been Becca. I’m so happy in her body, I want to have been *born* this way. I want to *be* Becca, only better. A Becca who never cheats on her husband.”

He gave Ben the tiniest wink.

“A Becca who is *always* happy with her amazing husband,” he whispered. “Her amazing husband who is always happy with *her*.”

Across the room, Ben mouthed the words ‘I love you.’ A thrill ran through Karl’s body. He turned to Ginny.

“Can you do it?”

“Sure. But are you *sure* that’s what you want, Karl?” The genie was suddenly serious. “To lose all your memories, all of what makes you *you*? Isn’t that a little bit like dying?”

Karl shook his head, strands of long dark hair flicking in the corners of his vision.

“Truthfully? I never liked being a man,” he said. There was no point in holding back now.

“In fact, I *hated* it,” he confessed. “Just like I hated the old me. Since you turned me into Becca, I’ve realized something.”

He hesitated.

“All I want is to be a woman. A *real* woman. A *real* Becca who loves her husband.”

He shot one last, shy glance at Ben.

“I’ve always wanted that,” he whispered, looking at his beautiful best friend. “I just

never let myself admit it.”

“Well, then, if you’re *certain...*” Ginny raised her hand, thumb and finger poised together. “Let’s get on with it, shall we?”

And she clicked her fingers.

A wind began to blow in the cabin, sending clothes, sheets and towels scattering in its wake. It whipped around Ben and Karl, making Karl’s long dark hair blow around his face, obscuring the cabin from view.

Between the flickering strands, he caught one last glimpse of Ben, watching him with a tender look Karl had waited all his life to see.

I love you, too, he mouthed back at him.

Then the wind blew stronger and the cabin vanished.

Moments later, Karl vanished with it.

*

“Hey.”

Becca blinked at the dark shadow towering over her, the sun burning bright behind it. She was lying on her back in the grass somewhere on a hot summer’s day.

“Are you OK?”

“I think so...” Becca gratefully took the stranger’s big strong hand and let herself be pulled into a sitting position.

Her head was groggy, like she’d just woken from the deepest sleep. She wasn’t yet sure where she was or how she’d got there.

All she knew was that it was summer, 1996, and she was in her second year at college.

“Was I sleeping?” she muttered.

“Jeez, that really *was* a bad fall,” the stranger said. Now he was closer, Becca could see he was super-cute, with a masculine jawline and a stylish dusting of stubble.

“You fainted,” he explained in his deep voice. “One minute you were just walking, the next you...”

He shrugged.

“I fainted?” Becca murmured. She couldn’t remember anything like that.

But then again, what she *could* remember didn’t really make any sense. There was something about a ball on an ocean liner somewhere. Something about a handsome man who loved her.

And something else, too. Something about another man. A man called something like Kim, or Charles, or something. A man who’d been very unhappy.

“Yeah,” she nodded, slowly. “I guess I must’ve.”

Already the images were fading. Becca guessed she must've dreamed it.

"Thanks," she gave her rescuer a dazzling smile. "I'm Becca, by the way."

The handsome guy gave her a shy grin. Becca was used to boys acting a bit off around her. You didn't get to 20 looking like *this* without encountering it every now and then.

But there was something about the way this boy handled his awkwardness that made her warm to him without knowing why.

"Don't mention it," he said. "I'm Ben."

"Ben. That's a nice name." Becca picked herself up off the grass, then frowned slightly. "You look familiar. Do we share a class or something?"

"You too." Ben gave her a puzzled look. "Guess we must do."

"OK. Cool. Well," Becca flashed him a final smile. "Thanks for your help, Ben."

She turned to go, her mind already on her upcoming history exam, on the cute boy with the dark skin she'd met at her friend Sophie's party the week before, on the million little things that made up college life...

"Hey."

Becca turned.

"I was just thinking..." Ben nervously ran a hand through his hair.

God, he really is cute, thought Becca.

"Maybe we could grab a coffee or something? My treat."

For a long second, Becca didn't know what to say. Then she shrugged her slender shoulders, laughed and nodded.

"Sure, what the hell. Guess I owe you."

"Great." Ben laughed. He stuck out his arm in an ironic fashion, but so awkwardly it made Becca's heart melt. She clasped her arm in his, an ironic smile on her face, but secretly enjoying how big and strong his biceps were.

"I don't know why," she said as the two headed off across the campus grounds. "But I've got a good feeling about you, Ben."

"I know what you mean," Ben smiled apologetically. "I'm getting that off you, too. Almost like..."

He hesitated, clearly feeling slightly stupid.

"Almost like we're *meant* to be together."

Five years later, stood at the altar in her gorgeous white wedding dress, her handsome husband-to-be stood awkwardly before her, Becca would look back on that exchange and *smile*.

The End.

Like what you've read? Then you'll love this free extract from Lisa Change's latest novel of gender transformation and taboo romance...

Turned Into His Best Friend's Girlfriend

In a flash, Will realized what he had to do.

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

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

"Wendy..."

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

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

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

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

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

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

... something *wonderful*.

"Wendy..."

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

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

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

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

The sight of them sent a strange shiver through Will's female body. As a man, he'd

always thought cocks and balls were weird, ugly things and couldn't get his head round how girls could stand to be near them.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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Like what you've read? Then you'll love this free extract from Lisa Change's other novel of gender transformation and taboo sex with male friends...

Turned Into His Best Friend's Bride

With a start, Matt realized someone was watching him. He whirled around and let out a strangled moan.

Wrapped up in his thoughts, he'd forgotten to lock the bathroom door. Now it stood ajar, Will peering through the crack, watching him shower.

"Will!" Matt squeaked, automatically throwing his hands over his exposed breasts. The water from the shower pounded down on him, hot and hard.

"What are you *doing*?"

Will didn't answer. Instead, he slowly stepped into the bathroom. He was naked except for his boxer shorts, a huge erection visible behind the fabric. He locked the door, and turned to face Matt.

"Will," Matt said, urgently, "you have to go. You have to get out of here and leave me *alone!*"

"I'm not going anywhere." Will whispered.

A fresh wave of horror rose up in Matt. He desperately wished he wasn't naked and could hold up a hand to ward Will off. Instead, he squeezed his legs together, hiding his pussy, and clasped his hands tighter across his breasts.

Across the room, Will smirked.

"I don't know what's gotten into you, babe," he said softly, "but I love you. And I'm here to prove it."

Then he slowly lowered his shorts and Matt felt his knees go weak.

He'd never seen Will's dick before. It was enormous. At least three inches longer than his had been, and Matt used to think he was pretty well-equipped. It stood hard and firm, its fat tip pointing at the sky.

Slowly, Matt realized he couldn't take his eyes off it.

"Will..." His mind was racing. He wanted to say something, *anything*, to get this –this *man* out of the room!

"Will..."

Will quietly crossed the bathroom, opened the shower door. Matt shrank back behind the curtain of water. He felt the tap digging into his slender, girly back.

"*Please...*"

But Will simply smiled. Then he stepped into the shower, reached out his hands and pulled Matt gently towards him.

Under the low bathroom lights, Will looked stronger than ever. The water ran in little rivulets over his pecs, along his abs, down to his enormous cock. His black skin was taut and strong, the veins visible under his biceps. Matt felt his body go dizzy with desire.

“I can’t...” he whispered. Will put a finger to Matt’s lips.

“Shh.”

His dark eyes stared into Matt’s, seemed to drink in his soul. Inside his mind, Matt screamed at his body to get out of there, but it was like he couldn’t move. He felt Will’s strong chest press up against his tender breasts. Felt his large, masculine hands slip down to his waist. This close, he could feel Will’s breath on his face, warm and intoxicating.

“Emily...” Will whispered.

And then they were kissing. Will’s tongue rudely thrust between Matt’s painted lips, swirling around the inside of his mouth.

Matt clung tight to his muscular best friend, no longer trying to fight, but trying to *drink* him in. The hot water cascaded over both of their bodies, carrying them off into a private world of bliss.

Please, no... Matt whispered inside himself.

But it was no use. His body was screaming at him. He was in love with his new husband, and he was determined to show it.

Gently, Matt let one hand glide down Will’s stomach. His fingers clasped delicately around his shaft. Between Matt’s tiny, dainty fingers, Will’s dick looked bigger than ever. He held it tight, then looked back up at his husband. His heart pounded in his chest. His mind urgently cried out.

Don’t say it. Don’t say it!

But there was no way he could ignore his body’s anguished cravings any longer. Feeling like a man stepping over the edge of a cliff, Matt took a deep breath and stared deep into Will’s soulful brown eyes.

“Fuck me.” He whispered.

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Turned Into His Wife's Teenage Daughter

"I'm sorry," Jo whispered as they crossed the dark parking lot, Hank's fingers gripped tight around her arm. "I'm so sorry, baby."

"Shut up." Hank grunted.

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

That would teach her to ruin his big evening.

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

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

The waiter was nowhere to be seen.

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

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

Hank glared at the girl.

"What do *you* want?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Listen to this dumb-” he started, turning to Jo.

Then he saw his wife and stopped in horror.

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

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

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

...*girly*.

The girl threw back her head and laughed, her dark red hair bouncing off her shoulders.

“You were acting like a spoiled teenage girl.” She smiled. “So I decided to turn you into one.”

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

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

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

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

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

His body was *changing*.

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

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

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

There was an unpleasant grinding sensation, and Hank’s shoulders began to tug in towards his body, becoming narrow and slender. The muscle collapsed from his arms

and drained away, leaving only two delicate, hairless things. For a brief moment, his large, masculine hands held on, then they gave a shudder and contracted, becoming small and dainty and girly. As Hank watched, his nails turned pink and sparkly with nail polish.

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

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

For the first time in months, Jo was smiling.

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

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

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

The moment he’d been dreading.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

horrified to feel earrings there.

He turned to the girl.

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

The redhead witch shrugged.

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

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

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

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

Then the penny dropped. Hank’s insides froze.

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

But already, he knew it was true.

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

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

“Mom?” He whispered.

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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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