

A woman with long, dark, wavy hair is shown from the waist up, posing in a black and pink bra and black and pink underwear. She is standing in front of a window with a white frame, and a green plant is visible on the left. The text "LISA CHANGE" is overlaid in large, white, serif font.

LISA CHANGE

A Mile in Her
Panties II:
Dressed to
Screw

(a gender
transformation tale)

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I

“Who’s there?”

Zach smiled at the sound of the deep voice, muffled by the heavy doorway. It seemed to caress his body, making him shiver slightly.

Without being aware he was doing so, he dropped one hand onto his curvy hips and struck a girlish pose, a radiant smile on his teenage face.

“Come and see!” He called with a mischievous giggle.

There was a long pause. Zach guessed he was being watched through the peephole. It didn’t matter. He was content to just stand here, letting the sunlight play through his long, golden hair and warm his nearly naked legs.

Content to stand there, the curves of his pert ass on display, his body ever-so slightly bent forward so the world could get an excellent view of his vast cleavage.

Zach didn’t need a mirror to know he was looking *fucking hot*.

*

After he’d finished masturbating to his female reflection in the bathroom, Zach had gone skipping back into the bedroom he shared with Melina, a huge smile on his pretty new face.

It was like sticking something inside his new pussy had broken a dam. On the inside, he was still shell shocked by his sudden transformation into a girl. Terrified at the thought he’d be stuck that way forever. Worried about what his beautiful fiancée Melina would say.

But it was like all that had been temporarily swept aside, and replaced with a sudden hunger. A desire to be desirable.

If he was stuck as a girl, Zach had decided, he was at least gonna have some *fun*.

Moments later, he had been stood before Melina’s full-length mirror, admiring his new body.

Everything about Zoe was *incredible*. She had perfectly curved hips, a nice, tight waist, a pert, firm ass and tits that were big, but not so big they looked plastic.

Her legs were long and slender, her face soft and babyish, her hair shiny and perfectly combed, and her eyes alive with mischief.

In short, she was the perfect woman, from a man’s point of view. The sort of blond bombshell teenage boys fantasize about. The sort of woman who exists solely in the pages of Playboy magazine.

And Zach had been magically turned into her.

“OK,” he’d said in his soft, high-pitched voice, tinged with its Valley girl accent. “Let’s see how *hot* we can make you.”

Then he’d skipped, giggling, over to Melina’s closet and started to yank out clothes.

As Zach threw dresses, skirts, shorts and bras onto their bed, he'd had an uneasy feeling that he was no longer in control. That the magic was changing him so much and so fast that soon there wouldn't be anything left of him.

As a man, he'd always dressed functionally: jeans, maybe slacks, and a collared shirt or tee, depending on whether he was at work or not. Occasionally a suit jacket if the situation demanded it.

Like a lot of men, he'd had little interest in clothes, and next to zero interest in women's clothes. Traipsing around shopping malls after Melina as she tried on an endless procession of outfits had been his idea of hell.

Now, on the other hand, the chance to dig through Melina's expensive outfits and select one for himself filled him with joy.

"Oh my *God...*" Zach had murmured to himself, unaware he was talking aloud, "some of these are just *so cute...*"

With a happy laugh, he'd put his hands on his curvy hips and smiled down at the pile of clothes on the bed, the morning sunlight caressing his bare, teenage breasts. Then he'd grabbed a handful and begun dressing himself for the day.

First had been his choice of underwear.

The panties had been easy. Almost without thinking about it, Zach had slipped his long, slender legs back into the magic pair of lacy panties that had turned him into Zoe.

The feeling of their silken fabric against his legs had made him sigh with happiness. He'd glanced down at his body, gently and unconsciously hooking a strand of blond hair over one of his ears, and been pleased at the way the panties clung to his ass, accentuating his curves.

I look like an underwear model, he'd thought, and the thought had made him feel strangely warm and pleasant inside.

The next step had been trickier. Zach had had to choose a bra to wear.

As a man, Zach's only experience with bras had been removing them from women he was about to fuck. His knowledge of cup sizes and measurements was non-existent, and he had no idea if Melina's bras would even fit his big breasted new body.

Yet he'd found the idea of going braless strangely unappealing.

Not only did he find the feeling of his boobs bouncing up and down to be a bit odd, the female part of his mind seemed *desperate* to try on as much lacy underwear as possible.

It was like he now existed only to look sexy, and *not* looking his best would make him feel utterly miserable.

Luckily, Melina had a vast selection of designer bras she'd bought and rarely wore. Zach spent a happy fifteen minutes holding them up to his chest, one after the other, trying to decide which would be best.

Should I go with pink and patterned? He'd found himself thinking, *Or black with white lace?*

Hmm... I want something that'll match my panties, but maybe not too closely...

If someone had told Zach just that morning that he'd soon be trying on bras and enjoying himself, he'd have told them they were mad.

Now, it was like he'd spent his whole life waiting for the chance to dress in women's clothes, and he wasn't about to let it go to waste.

At long last, Zach had selected an expensive, black bra that almost matched his panties, save for a trimming of white lace round the cups, and a tiny, dainty satin bow that sat in the middle and made his insides squirm with delight.

He'd worried that getting it on would be difficult, but to his surprise, his new body had dealt with it without any problems.

As he'd slipped the straps over his shoulders, he'd marveled at how reassuring it felt, having the padded insides of his bra pressing gently against his heavy breasts. At how firm his boobies now felt with that extra bit of support.

Running back to the mirror, Zach had been delighted with how he looked. Zoe somehow looked even better in her bra and panties than she did naked.

"*Damn* girl," he'd murmured, watching Zoe's pouty lips move in the mirror, "you're one *hot* piece of ass."

For a second, he'd been sorely tempted to slip one finger inside his panties and masturbate to his own reflection again, but he'd managed to control himself.

He was no longer intending to simply let the straight, male part of his brain enjoy his stunning female body.

He was intending to experience *all* the pleasure being female had to offer.

And that meant getting fucked by a man with an *enormous* cock.

Did I really just think that? Zach had wondered, uneasily, as he made his way back toward the bed strewn with clothes, his vast breasts wobbling in the bottom of his vision. *I'm supposed to be a man, remember? A straight man.*

But then he'd turned his attention to the dresses and his worries had been swept aside.

How had he never noticed before how *amazing* Melina's wardrobe was? There were summer dresses, cocktail dresses, pencil skirts, and tiny little miniskirts that Zach had almost felt embarrassed to try on.

How, he'd wondered, *am I ever gonna choose something from all this?*

Outwardly, he'd sighed and crossed his arms over his enormous breasts, his body naturally standing in a way that heightened its curves, its ass slightly thrust out to one side. The faint pressure of his arms on his tits made him feel all warm again.

"There's only *one* solution, girl," he'd said to himself in his soft voice, "try them on!"

And so he had.

For the next hour, Zach had posed before the mirror in a stunning array of outfits, amazed at how well they all fitted his new, girl body.

He'd tried on a summer dress with an amazing floral pattern that stopped just above his knees and looked *adorable* with a little pair of ankle boots.

He'd tried on a grey miniskirt that barely covered his ass with a deep blue top with sleeves over his elbows and a neckline that left his enormous cleavage on display. To that he'd added knee-high black boots and a tiny black belt that made him feel like a sexy office secretary.

He'd even tried on a pair of cut-off denim shorts that clung to his ass with a tight, white top that barely kept his titties hidden from view and made him look like a hot farm girl.

Each outfit had been less like a change of clothes, and more like he was changing his entire *identity*.

Inside, he'd marveled at the ability of women's clothes to utterly transform him. In a way, these non-magical clothes were changing him with each new outfit just as much as the magical panties had when they swapped his gender.

At long, long last, Zach had picked up an outfit with his dainty new hands and known *immediately* that it was the one for him.

It was a type of dress he didn't know the right word for. One that looked like a t-shirt at the top – with a high neckline and short sleeves that covered his shoulders and stopped at his biceps – but that transformed into a dress below the waist, with a hem that would *barely* cover his ass.

It was a darker, greyish sort of blue, and made of a thin fabric that felt *perfect* between his fingertips. Once he'd slipped it over his head, Zach had added a wide, brown leather belt around his waist, and a pair of adorable high-heel, shin-length boots made of the same brown leather.

Then he'd looked in the mirror and heard himself gasp out loud.

His new outfit was the *cutest* thing ever. The dress clung to his body, accentuating the curves of his butt and boobs, but without putting any flesh on display, leaving a *ton* to the imagination. The eye line drew you to his long, slender legs, the boots somehow conspiring to make them look longer than ever.

It wasn't too trappy. It wasn't too formal. It was just right.

And it made Zach look like the hottest teenage girl you might see hanging at the mall.

The sight of himself all dolled up had made Zach's mind spark with happiness. Impulsively, he'd jumped up in the air, clapping his hands, amazed at how light his new body was, how flexible.

In the mirror, Zoe had sprung up and down on her toes, her blue eyes shining, her 18-year old baby face arranged into a heart-melting smile. Her blond hair trailed out behind her. She looked like a supermodel.

There's no 'she' about it... Zach had thought, *That's me. I'm the one who looks like a supermodel!*

The thought had made him giggle out loud, a high-pitched, girlish sound. He turned around in

the mirror, threw a glance over his shoulder and pouted at himself, wiggling his cute butt.

“Hey, hot stuff,” he’d said in his high-pitched girl’s voice. “I’m Zoe. Fancy a fuck?”

You bet I do... the male part of his brain had replied.

There had been no doubt about it. Dressed like that, Zach could’ve fucked any straight guy in the world.

Not that Zach wanted ‘any’ old guy.

He’d known even then *exactly* whose dick he was after.

The next stage had been to put his makeup on and get himself dolled up for his big day as a hot girl.

Until that day of his life, Zach had been almost comically straight. He’d never dressed in women’s clothes. Never even *thought* about kissing a guy. And he’d *certainly* never worn makeup.

So it had been with trepidation that he’d approached Melina’s vanity chest, with its tubes of lipstick and mascara and God-knew what else.

Oh, Melina, Zach had thought as he sat down, *if only you could see me now...*

At first even figuring out what was what had confused him. Casually brushing his long blond hair out of his vision, Zach had picked up and opened tube after tube, raising his eyebrows at the contents.

Do I really have to stick that in my eye? He’d wondered as he picked up an eyeliner pencil, turning it over uneasily in his hands. *Seems like an easy way to poke an eye out...*

But he was a girl today, he’d remembered. And that meant doing girl things.

With a feeling like a man in a dream, he’d hesitantly picked up a thin little foundation brush. He’d glanced at himself in the mirror, into the nervous, excited eyes of the beautiful girl sat before him.

Then he’d shrugged his slender shoulders, smiled at Zoe, and got to work.

To Zach’s surprise, his female brain had known *exactly* what to do. If he didn’t think too hard about it, he’d found his body had naturally applied his makeup like a *pro*.

First he’d applied his foundation smoothly, taking care to blend it in with his skin around the neckline.

Then he’d plucked up a tube of pink, glossy lipstick and gently run the edge across his pursed lips. That done, he’d puckered them together and opened them out – like he was blowing exaggerated air-kisses – and been amazed to find he’d applied it *perfectly*.

Then he’d gotten out the mascara brush and made his eyelashes long and dark and wonderful.

Then he’d gently applied his eyeliner, admiring how it made his blue eyes look wider, deeper, sexier.

Finally, he'd added some blusher to his cheeks, had a go with the eyebrow pencil and then sat back and looked at himself in amazement.

In the weak morning light reflected in the mirror, Zoe looked like a dream come true. Her innocent face was softer, more-seductive now. Her eyes seemed to shine with a lustful light. Her smile was sexier in pink, her skin flawless.

Zach had added *just* the right amount of makeup. Not so little that a man would assume he was makeup-free, not so much that he looked like he was about to head out for a night on the town.

It was subtle, but distinctive. It made him look sexy, experienced, ready to fuck.

It made him feel *beautiful*.

For a long time, Zach had simply sat there, looking at his female reflection in awe.

He'd never felt beautiful before. Attractive, yes, even handsome. At a stretch, he might even have used the word *sexy*.

But beautiful was something new. A strange, feminine feeling. Like he was powerful, yet vulnerable. Like he simply *knew* that when he walked into a room, all eyes would turn to him.

It was a strange feeling. A confident feeling.

And it had made Zach feel deliriously happy.

"Here we go then," he'd whispered at himself, hardly able to believe the gorgeous, big-titted supermodel in the mirror was *him*. "How about we have some fun?"

At the word 'fun' the girl in the mirror had started to smile her mysterious, seductive smile.

*

Now, stood on the porch of the house over the road, Zach felt that same smile tugging at his painted lips as the figure inside watched him through the peephole.

He didn't need a mirror to know he looked *fucking hot*.

And he didn't need to be a mind-reader to know the man inside was thinking exactly the same thing.

At long last the door opened. A shadow stepped out from the depths of the house. A tall, strong shadow with broad shoulders, tree-trunk like arms and a dark, handsome face that made Zach's knees go like water.

Oh my God... He found himself thinking, *he's so fucking hot...*

"OK," said Dwight in his deep voice, looking down on Zach's tiny body from inside his 6ft6 frame. "Here I am. Where you after something, miss...?"

"Zoe," Zach said, astonished at how confident his soft girl-voice was, how seductive. "And since you mention it, there *is* something I'm after."

Dwight's eyes drifted down over Zach's new body. Taking in his legs, the curve of his hips, his supermodel face and dynamite figure.

Finally, the strong black man's eyes came to rest on the bulging outline of Zach's big breasts. Zach felt himself blush slightly. An overwhelming urge to giggle and cross his legs like a silly schoolgirl suddenly came over him.

"What's that?" Dwight asked at last with a cocky smile on his handsome features.

"Simple."

Zach gently stepped forward, allowing his hips to sway as he did so. He drifted across the porch, until he was stood right in front of this big, strong black man.

This close, Zach could smell Dwight's sweat. The masculine scent of it made his pussy tingle and his nipples harden.

He hasn't showered since his morning workout, he thought, I'll bet his body still stinks of the sweat he built up lifting weights...

For some reason, the thought made his legs go like water, like he was trying to balance on slippery ice.

Gently, Zach tilted his head back. In his new body, his eye line was directly level with Dwight's strong chest. He raised himself up onto his tiptoes, suddenly so close to the black man that he could feel his breath caressing his cheeks.

So close he could almost kiss him.

For a long moment, the two men simply looked at one another. Dwight with a cocky smile on his face, one large arm leaning casually against the doorframe, Zach from inside his tiny, female body, a hungry look in his clear blue eyes.

Then Zach smiled, a slow and sensuous smile that felt so *natural* on his face, like he'd *always* been a girl.

"Isn't it obvious?" He murmured in his soft voice. "I want you to *fuck* me."

Dwight blinked down at the small, seductive girl before him. Then his grin turned into a smirk that reached right up into his eyes.

"In that case," he growled in his deep voice, leaning right down to Zach's ear, "I think you'd better get your hot little ass inside."

II

Do I really wanna do this?

The thought crept uneasily round the edges of Zach's brain as he sashayed his way into the gloom of Dwight's house, his cute butt wiggling seductively beneath his dress.

Here he was: Zach Beaufort, a straight man, about to have sex with another man.

As a girl. While his fiancée was away on a business trip.

It wasn't even like he'd been Zoe for a long period of time. His transformation had occurred only a couple of hours ago, and already he was virtually begging a strong, black man to fuck his tight little pussy.

That magic must've been really strong, Zach thought as Dwight closed the door behind him. *It must've switched my sexuality completely. It's the only explanation.*

But there was one other explanation, one he really didn't want to think too hard about right now.

Maybe the magic hadn't changed his mind at all.

Maybe these desires had always been there, buried deep down inside himself where Zach was scared to look.

The slamming of the door jerked him out of his reverie and made him look round.

"So, Zoe," Dwight smiled, his eyes half-closed with barely-suppressed desire, "you like a bit of black, do you?"

Zach shrugged his slender shoulders.

"You tell me," he heard himself say in his high-pitched voice, "it all depends on how *big* your dick is."

The words were out his mouth before he could stop himself.

Whoa there, don't sound too eager! His brain warned him.

The rest of him ignored it. He wanted cock. *Desperately.* He'd worry about the implications for his male life later.

"Big enough." Dwight cocked one eyebrow at him, "does Zach know you're here?"

Shit...

Zach's pretty little mouth dropped open. He blinked at Dwight, who was still watching him with a smirk. The center of power in their conversation had suddenly shifted, away from him.

He can't know... Zach thought, weakly. *He can't possibly know...*

But beneath that was a much scarier thought:

The panties... Oh fuck, what if he was the one who...?

“Don’t look so shocked,” Dwight laughed. “I just saw you leaving the house before you came over here is all. What are you, his piece on the side?”

Relief flooded through Zach. He felt his muscles untense and realized he’d been almost paralyzed with fear.

So Dwight didn’t know then. He was just observant. Which meant Zach didn’t have to worry about his secret getting out.

Which meant he could now be Zoe – horny, beautiful, *slutty* Zoe – again, and no-one would ever find out.

With surprising ease, Zach forced up a giggle. He shook his head, his long, blond hair flicking in the corners of his vision.

“Oh no, nothing like that,” he laughed. “I’m just... I’m just a *friend*. They’ve gone away for the weekend and wanted me to housesit.”

“Really?” Dwight frowned. “When’d they go? I could have sworn I saw Zach at the window earlier.”

“Nu-uh.” Zach forcefully shook his pretty little head. “That was *me*. I saw you waving, and, well...”

He giggled again, a wonderful, feminine sound.

“I thought I’d better come on over.”

Slowly, Dwight pushed his gigantic frame off the door. With quiet, panther-like footsteps, he made his way across the room until he stood directly in front of Zach.

At the sight of this big, strong man towering over him, Zach’s heart began hammering in his chest.

He could do anything to me right now... He suddenly realized. Rape me. Strangle me. He’s a big, muscular man, and I’m just... well. I’m just a weak little girl.

Strangely, the thought didn’t make him feel even slightly anxious or scared. Instead, Zach started to feel that slow, wonderful warmth spreading in his crotch again.

Confronted with an alpha male like Dwight, his female body seemingly had no choice but to become incredibly aroused.

Without a word, Dwight gently closed his fingers round the bottom of his t-shirt. Then he pulled the whole thing off over his shaved head, and Zach heard himself gasp out loud.

Dwight’s body was *magnificent*. His torso was like that of a God, an Adonis, sculpted from black marble and meant to be worshipped.

He had a visible six pack, muscular pecs, and shoulders that were so broad and powerful they made Zach in his little girl-body feel like fainting. His biceps were enormous, the veins in his arms standing out like dark cords wrapped around his muscles.

It was the body of a *real* man. A man who could make women do whatever he wanted them to.

The sort of man Zach could never have been.

And the sight of it made him feel *extremely* glad he'd been turned into a girl.

Without being aware he was doing it, Zach gently raised one long-nailed hand. He placed it, palm flat, against Dwight's powerful chest, feeling the black man's raw *power*. Let his fingers drift down over his torso, his mouth suddenly dry.

Between Zach's legs, a tiny bead of moisture trickled out his wet cunt. In his bra, his nipples were hard as bullets.

Dear God, he's so fucking hot...

"Like what you see?" Dwight's deep voice seemed to vibrate in the pit of Zach's stomach, making him shiver. "White girls usually do."

"What about..." Zach swallowed. His mouth was dry. He was dizzy. He couldn't think straight.

It was like the sight of male flesh was sending his girl-body crazy.

"What about the rest of it?" He whispered at last. He slipped his hand hopefully inside the elastic of Dwight's sweatpants.

Oh fuck... I could touch his dick right now if I wanted to. I could take it out and put it in my mouth and he wouldn't even try to stop me...

Dwight grinned down at helpless little Zach. He slowly shook his smooth, shaved head.

"Not yet," he whispered.

Zach had to stop himself from moaning out loud in despair. He'd *never* felt this horny in his life before. Never felt this much trepidation.

The smell of Dwight's sweat was in his nostrils, confusing him, making his body come alive with female, animal passions. If the black man were to suddenly turn him away now, he thought he might go mad.

Instead, Dwight reached out. His two large, thick hands settled over Zach's curvy hips. With remarkable ease, he gently pulled Zach towards him. Pulled him closer until their bodies were touching. Until Zach's face rested against his powerful chest, and he could feel Dwight's erect penis pressing into his soft belly.

With woozy eyes, Zach looked up at the strong, powerful man holding him. Felt his rough, thick fingers, gently kneading the flesh of Zach's pert little ass. His heart hammered in his chest.

"Dwight..." he managed to squeak.

"Shh." The black man responded.

Then he gently leaned forwards, and suddenly they were kissing.

It was the first time Zach had ever been kissed by another man before. Dwight's tongue swirled around the inside of his mouth, rudely pushing his pouty lips apart, possessing him, making him *his*.

Zach gently nibbled on it, devouring it like a foreign delicacy, shocked at how *good* it felt. How incredible it felt it be roughly kissed by a strong and dominant male.

Why did no-one ever tell me this? He thought, wildly, *why did no-one ever tell me how amazing men are? I would've gone gay years ago!*

At last, the two men pulled apart, their breathing ragged. Zach looked up at Dwight through eyes fogged with pleasure, taking in his handsome face, his muscular chest, the vast erection straining at the fabric of his pants.

Between Zach's legs, his pussy had opened its hole nice and wide. His panties were soaked through, and his hole was *desperate* to be filled by a dick.

"Now." Dwight growled, his eyes alive with fiery passion. "Take it off."

Zach didn't need telling twice.

With urgent movements, he grabbed the hem of his dress and pulled it off over his head. The cool morning air made goosebumps creep across his bare belly and the skin of his breasts, but Zach hardly noticed.

He threw the dress down on the floor and stood, panting, before the man who was about to violate his virgin pussy, dressed only in his bra and panties. His large boobies rose and fell in the bottom of his vision, swollen by desire, their nipples pointed and ready to be teased by a finger, a tongue, a mouth.

"Good." Dwight looked over Zach's body, eyeing him with detached disinterest, like he was judging a piece of meat.

Trembling in his lacy underwear before this muscular black God, Zach couldn't help but think the way Dwight was looking at him was hot as hell.

"Christ, *look at you*," Dwight growled. "A hot little *white* bitch, desperate for black cock. Well, I've got just the thing for you..."

As he spoke, he pulled at the band of his sweatpants. They crumpled to the floor, revealing his thick legs, as muscular and as hairless as the rest of him.

But it wasn't his legs that made Zach gasp out loud and his clit start thrumming wildly.

Jutting up into the air was the biggest, blackest dick Zach had ever seen.

Dwight's cock was *enormous*! It was at least twice as big as Zach's had been, and Zach had thought himself pretty well equipped. It poked up into the air, thick as a club, the end bulbous and dark and swollen. Thick veins stood out along its edges. It looked like something out of the dirtiest porno.

There's no way I'll fit that in me! Zach thought in horror. *I'll die if I try. I'll split in two!*

But his body wasn't listening. At the sight of Dwight's aggressively huge penis, Zach's tight pussy had become wetter than ever.

"I'm gonna put this in *all* of your wholes," Dwight growled in his low, menacing voice. "I'm gonna fuck you till you scream and beg me to stop."

He smiled.

“And *then*,” he added. “I’m gonna fuck you some more.”

The room seemed almost pitch black now, like the sun had faded outside, taking the rest of the world with it. Now there was nothing but Zach’s frightened, horny girl-body, and that big, fat dick.

Like a man in a daze, Zach gently reached behind his back and undid his bra strap. His lacy bra fell from his shoulders, landing with a soft *flump* on the floor. The morning air caressed his heavy breasts, making his nipples go harder than ever.

Zach was naked now except for his lacy silk panties and leather boots. Without looking in a mirror, he knew he must look fucking *hot*. The horny blond girl, about to be fucked like the little slut she secretly was.

Delicately, Zach swallowed. Then he looked the big, black man before him right in the eye and bit his lower lip. For a second he teetered on the precipice.

And then he was falling.

“Fuck me.” He whispered.

The effect was immediate. Before Zach could figure out what was happening, he found himself kissing Dwight, kissing him passionately, clutching his tiny body to his broad chest and moaning out loud.

Two rough hands suddenly grabbed hold of his ass and hoisted him into the air. Without even thinking about what he was doing, Zach fastened his slender legs round Dwight’s waist, and suddenly the strong black man was holding him in his arms, his tongue swirling round the inside of his mouth.

Look at him, Zach thought dizzily. *He’s so strong... he’s holding me up here like I’m nothing but air!*

Suddenly, they were no longer kissing. Dwight pulled back from Zach’s lips and *hoisted* him higher into the air and then his face was buried between Zach’s heavy breasts, his lips nibbling at and sucking on his nipples, his tongue swirling round his areola.

The pleasure was intense, beyond belief. Zach threw his head back, closed his eyes and moaned loudly – a high-pitched, feminine sound that made him feel hornier than ever.

As Dwight worked Zach’s big titties, his rough hands squeezed and massaged the flesh of Zach’s perfect ass, making him feel like his whole body was on fire. Without thinking about it, Zach began to automatically grind his crotch against the black man’s chest, gasping at the jolts of pleasure shooting out from his sensitive new clit.

The way Dwight used him was amazing. Like he was nothing but some sort of glorified sex toy who existed only for the black man’s pleasure.

Only a day ago, the thought of being *used* would have horrified Zach’s cocky, male brain.

Now, though, it made his female mind go dizzy with delight.

“Oh, *fuck!*” Zach gasped as Dwight bit down on one of his nipples. The shock sent bolts of pain through his chest, making them mingle with and heighten his feelings of pleasure. He grasped the black man’s smooth head in his tiny hands and clutched him close to his breasts, desperate for this moment to never end.

But end it did. Only a second after the thought had flashed across Zach’s brain, Dwight pulled back from his nipples, leaving Zach with a disappointed craving.

Dwight looked up at him with eyes that burned with passion. He reached up with one large hand and clasped Zach’s head.

The two men gazed deep into each other’s eyes, both panting loudly with the force of pleasure running through them. Dwight with loud, manly grunts, Zach with soft, feminine squeaks.

“You’re so fucking hot,” Dwight growled at him, pinching Zach’s ass and making him gasp as he did so.

“I’m wet!” Zach gasped back at him. “Oh *fuck me* baby, I’m wet and ready for your dick!”

The words sounded surreal on his lips, the sort of words a man should never say. But Dwight had no idea he was secretly a man and merely smiled.

“Your wish...” he whispered, “is my command.”

Then he lowered his hand to grasp Zach’s ass again, used one thick, black finger to tug his panties to one side, and then *shoved* his dick deep into Zach’s cunt.

The pain was indescribable. The pleasure beyond belief. The walls of Zach’s pussy *stretched* to accommodate this hard black man, making him gasp and scream and beg for more.

Zach had no idea if the feeling was wonderful or horrible. All he knew was that right now he *needed* Dwight’s dick in him, no matter how much it might hurt his tight little virgin pussy.

He’s too big... part of his mind whispered wildly, *he’ll never fit... not when you’re such a tiny little girl!*

But to his surprise, Dwight’s dick slid in easily. Zach felt it traveling up inside him until it penetrated his womb; a throbbing, blissful warmth that spread out to every corner of his body. He felt himself slide down until his pussy lips were resting against Dwight’s pubes and his whole, enormous cock was inside him.

And then Dwight began to move.

He thrust his hips slowly at first, using his strong arms to keep Zach held in place, pinned against the living room wall, his feet crossed behind the black man’s strong back.

Each twitch of Dwight’s cock sent shockwaves of pleasure rushing through Zach, making his body writhe and moan out loud. As Dwight’s dick slipped deeper and deeper inside him, he had to bite down on his tongue to stop himself from screaming the house down, and even then involuntary squeaks still escaped.

Oh Jesus Christ, that feels so good!

Dwight was thrusting faster now, his strong hands holding Zach’s delicate little body against his

big strong one as he rammed his cock into his hole. His fat, black balls *thwacked* up against Zach's pert little ass, adding to his pleasure. Each thrust made his fat tits bounce and wobble, reminding him of his new, female existence.

Reminding him that he was now a beautiful, helpless white girl, getting roughly fucked by a big, black stud.

Zach's blond hair was lying across his face in streaks. He wanted to sweep it out of his eyes, but his arms were wrapped around Dwight's thick neck. Instead he simply clung on tight, letting this strong man use him as his cum dump.

"You like that *huh?!?*" Dwight hissed in his ear, his breath hot and stale on Zach's slender neck. "You like black dick?"

In response, Zach opened his mouth and let out a high-pitched, female gasp that seemed to come from the very depths of his soul.

Dwight's dick was *pounding* into him now, making his pussy scream with desire. Every thrust sent his bulbous head deep into Zach's womb. His pussy was stretching, moisture dribbled out his hole and ran over his anus.

And still Dwight just kept on fucking him.

Suddenly, something was rising in Zach. Some great, powerful, unstoppable thing that made him scream out loud.

OhmyGod, I'm gonna come!!!

With a loud shriek, Zach bit down on Dwight's bare, muscular shoulder, causing the black man to grunt with pain. Then he gave his hardest thrust yet, a thrust so hard it seemed like Zach's pussy would surely split wide open, and then Zach was coming.

He came with a muffled scream, his teeth still clamped down on his lover's shoulder, his eyes screwed up and blurry with tears.

He came with the force of a supernova, a flash of pink light that swept him away in its warm embrace and made every inch of his skin tingle.

It was like falling through emptiness. It was pleasure so intense it eclipsed every other thought.

And it went on *forever*.

At long last, Zach's orgasm peaked, and then he was floating back down to Earth, his eyes wide and his breathing ragged. He felt like someone stepping off the world's greatest rollercoaster. Adrenaline flooded his body, endorphins zinged through his brain-

"I'm not done with you *yet*," Dwight growled, menacingly. Then suddenly he let go of Zach's left ass cheek and roughly *shoved* his hand down onto his tender clit, rubbing away at it with the ball of his thumb.

"Wait!" Zach gasped as he felt electric spark out from his clit again. "Dwight, *please...!*"

But it was too late.

The combination of Dwight's rough touch and his fat dick still sliding in and out of Zach's tender hole pushed him to orgasm again. It was like he'd stepped off the rollercoaster and was walking out the exit, only to suddenly be magically transported to the top of the highest peak again.

It was impossible. Like logic had been turned on its head. As Zach's female body screamed and moaned and writhed, he dimly thought to himself:

Oh, that's right. I come like a girl now.

The realization that Dwight could potentially keep him here all day, forcing him to fire off orgasm after orgasm as he roughly fucked him, was almost more than he could bare.

In the end, Zach's orgasm peaked once, twice more, and then suddenly he felt the strong black man lifting him off his dick.

Zach automatically put his legs out, aware he was in a daze. He felt Dwight grab his hair and roughly force him to the floor with a pressure that seemed to come from far away. He looked up at his muscular lover with wide, confused eyes.

Hey, what's going-? He just had time to think, then Dwight was holding his penis just in front of Zach's pouty lips and growling at him.

"Suck it! *Suck it!*"

Obediently, Zach opened his mouth wide. He clasped his lips round the end of Dwight's black dick and felt its owner push it to the very back of his mouth. A strange, marshy taste danced over the tip of his tongue.

So that's what my pussy tastes like, Zach thought dimly.

Then he didn't think anything at all, because suddenly Dwight started thrusting again, and Zach was sucking his fat, black dick like his life depended on it.

He bobbed his pretty head forward in time with Dwight's movements, each thrust sending his dick right to the back of Zach's throat. His heavy, dangling balls bumped against his chin, reminding him who was boss. Zach felt himself gag, felt tears forming in the corners of his eyes, but he felt something else, too.

A deep-seated desire to let Dwight keep his cock in his mouth for as long as he wanted.

It didn't turn out to be long. After about thirty seconds of deep throating, Dwight suddenly went stiff. He frantically grabbed Zach's hair and *pulled* him back, so his penis was wholly out his mouth, resting against his lips.

Wait, why did he-? Zach wondered, and then Dwight gave a distant sigh and suddenly waves and waves of white hot come were cascading from the end of his cock across Zach's pretty, upturned face.

The black man's spunk spurted over his lips, splattered on his cheeks, went up his nose, in his hair. Obediently, Zach opened his pouty lips and tried to catch as much of it in his mouth as possible.

He felt a huge globule land on his tongue and immediately swallowed it, savoring its salty, tangy taste.

So that's what come tastes like! He thought, dazedly. *No-one told me how delicious it was!*

A dazed smile on his feminine face, he stuck his tongue out and ran it over his lips, trying to greedily swallow as much of Dwight's come as possible. The black man gave his penis two sharp tugs, making sure the last drops fell down onto Zach's face.

Deep inside himself, Zach knew this was wrong. Knew he'd crossed a line from which there was no going back from.

But he found he didn't care. He was Dwight's cumslut bitch now.

And he was *loving* it.

Then Dwight was done. With a sigh, he fell back so his strong back leant against the wall, a dreamy look in his eyes and his fat dick in one hand.

He smiled down at Zach, who smiled back at him from his spot crouched on the floor, his boobies dangling, his pussy tingling and his pretty face stained with the black man's come.

"Know something, Zoe?" Dwight grunted with a laugh.

Zach shook his head, his long blond hair flicking at the corners of his vision.

"You're the *hottest* fucking piece of white ass I've ever had."

At his words, Zach broke out into a delirious, happy grin.

He'd done it. He'd decided he wanted to make the most of his time as a girl. And now here he was, the best fuck his muscular neighbor had ever had.

With a cheeky grin on his come-stained lips, Zach dropped onto all fours. He slowly crossed the room to where Dwight stood. He lifted his head up high, sniffed at his penis. Delicately kissed his balls, wishing he could have them in his mouth.

"We're not done yet," he murmured, his face still buried in his neighbor's crotch. The smell of his sweaty cock was driving his female body crazy.

"You promised to fuck me in *all* my holes, remember?" He said in Zoe's teenage Valley girl accent.

He leaned back, a big grin on his lips.

"So." He whispered. "I'm not leaving till I've had that cock of yours inside my asshole."

Above him he saw confusion flicker cross Dwight's handsome features. Zach could practically see him thinking '*girls aren't meant to like that...*'

Too bad, he murmured to himself. *I'm no ordinary girl.*

He didn't know if it was the magic or his own hidden desires, but he was suddenly *desperate* to be fucked in his tight little asshole.

"In that case," Dwight said at last, a smile creeping over his black face, "you'd better get that

cute little tush of yours to the bedroom.”

On the floor, Zach smiled happily up at the man towering over him. His lover. His master.

“Yes, sir,” he whispered, humbly.

Then he pulled himself to his feet, gently wrapped one hand around Dwight’s thick, throbbing dick and silently led him across the hall, into the bedroom.

Twenty minutes later, the house filled with the moans and gasps of a girl being fucked in her asshole and loving every minute of it.

III

The open fridge door blew out cool air that made gooseflesh rise across Zach's naked body. His nipples – still sore from Dwight's nibbling on them – stood up, pointed, hard and pink.

With one hand resting on the cheek of his sore, pert ass, Zach dreamily inspected the fridge's contents and tried to figure out if he wanted a beer.

The last three hours had been incredible. After fucking his asshole, Dwight had fallen into a doze, leaving Zach to rest his pretty little head against his strong chest and marvel at how feminine he felt.

This is so much better than being a man, he thought, firmly, pleased to have Dwight's strong arms wrapped around him, *it's so much better to be the protected one than to be the protector...*

After twenty minutes, Dwight had woken up and then they'd fucked again, the black man pinning Zach's shoulders to the bed as he hammered his cock deep into his pussy, making Zach scream out loud.

Then they'd had another doze, after which Zach had begged Dwight to put his sweaty balls in his mouth so he could suck them.

The feeling of having things in his mouth was amazing, Zach decided, still casually looking over the contents of the fridge, a faraway smile on his painted lips. As a man, he'd never even *considered* giving Melina oral sex. That was something *girls* did.

Well, now he *was* a girl, he found he didn't want to do anything else.

The sun was brighter now, its strong, afternoon rays casting shadows across the linoleum floor. Zach clutched his hands across his vast, tender breasts and sighed.

His pussy was sore. His asshole hurt like hell. His lips still tasted of come and his nipples were constantly erect and painful.

He'd been abused. Used and abused and left to swallow spunk while Dwight treated him like a blow-up doll or some kind of sex toy.

And he'd loved every single second of it.

"Maybe I was always *meant* to be a girl," Zach murmured to himself in his singsong voice.

"Like, maybe that's my *destiny*."

He wasn't sure he believed in destiny. But how else did you explain those magic panties, now lying crumpled in a heap on Dwight's floor.

How else did you explain how *quickly* he'd started to think and act like the girl in some dirty porno. Like a sex-mad slut who exists only to be violated by big, strong men.

After all, it wasn't like Zach used to close his eyes and imagine these sorts of encounters while he was fucking Melina.

Was it?

With a careless shake of his pretty head, Zach flicked the thought away. It didn't matter now. All that mattered now was making the most of his time as a woman.

And that meant going right back into Dwight's bedroom and offering to suck his dick again.

"Maybe I could do something else?" Zach said to himself, picking up a couple of beers with one dainty hand and closing the door. "I could let him titty-fuck me. Or spank my ass. There's way more stuff we could do."

The thought made him smile with unbridled happiness. He was free. Right now, he was free of all the shit that had worried him as a man. Free of everything but the dull cravings in his pussy and his desire to try out his new body.

As Zach made his way back to the bedroom, barely even noticing anymore the way his hips curved seductively with each step, the way his breasts wobbled in the bottom of his vision, he realized that he felt happier than he had in *years*.

He was still smiling when he stepped back into the darkened bedroom.

"Hey, babe," he heard himself prattle in his Valley girl accent – he was starting to get used to it now, "I got us some beer, if you wanna..."

The sound died in his throat. He frowned at the empty bed.

Where did he go? He wondered.

Then his eyes saw the shape in the corner of the room and his mind went blank with shock.

She was young, 18 if she was a day. Crouched in the corner of the darkened bedroom, her arms wrapped helplessly across her large, heavy breasts. Her legs were long, her face sculpted like a supermodel's, with high cheekbones and thin lips.

She had long, flowing dark hair that shone and bounced in a way that made Zach's female brain prickle with jealousy. Her eyes were brown, wide and innocent. Her skin was like ebony, dark and succulent. Her ass was pert.

She looked like a celebrity. Like a young Thandie Newton. Or even a Beyonce.

She was gorgeous. She was the hottest girl Zach had ever seen.

And she looked utterly terrified.

"Please..." the girl whimpered, her voice like honey. "Please, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to. Just-just turn me back..."

"What do you mean, turn you back?" Zach squeaked, his mind whirling with horror.

How'd she get in? He wondered, frantically. *Is she one of Dwight's girlfriends?*

"I'm sorry," the girl repeated, helplessly. "If I'd known you were a witch, I'd have never tried them on. I-I just got an urge... like something was controlling me..."

"Try *what* on?" Zach demanded, his voice suddenly high and shrill. "Who *are* you?"

In response, the girl blinked at him with eyes that shone with fear. Then, slowly, obediently, she

got to her feet.

A lightbulb flashed on in Zach's brain. In shock, he shook his head at the tall girl stood before him, one arm crossed miserably over her enormous breasts.

Why? He thought, furiously *why did you do it, you idiot?*

"I thought it'd be funny," the girl whimpered. "I thought you'd see me in them and-and we'd laugh and then we'd fuck some more..."

But Zach was no longer listening. Instead, he was staring in horror at the black piece of fabric around the girl's waist. At the lacy piece of silk that barely covered her pussy and clung to her curves, showing off her perfect ass.

At the magical pair of panties he himself had put on that morning, that had turned him into a girl.

Like a man moving through treacle, Zach looked from the magical panties to the girl's frightened, miserable face. He slowly shook his pretty little head, his long, blonde hair flicking in the corners of his vision.

"Dwight?!" He whispered.

To be continued...

*

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She Turned Him Into a Cheerleader

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

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

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

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

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

What else could she possibly do to me?

Hailey shrugged.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Finally, there was a weight on his dainty new hands. Bruce stared at them in disbelief. He was

now carrying two enormous pink pompoms. He desperately tried to unclench his fingers and let the stupid things fall to the floor, but his body refused to let go.

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

Then the spell was over. The light faded. From inside his sexy little new cheerleader body, Bruce looked up in fright at the girls who had just changed his life forever.

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

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

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

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She Turned Him Into a School Girl

Suddenly, it was over. James's body gave one last violent jiggle and the spell was finished.

The silence that followed was broken only by James's breath, coming out his mouth in soft, feminine gasps. He gazed in wonder at his newly-formed body.

"Well? What do you think?"

James swallowed. What *did* he think?

It was *impossible*. Where he'd once been a big, broad man, with a hard, man's body, he now had a soft, delicate one. His outline curved in ways he couldn't believe, naturally tucking in and pointing out where it had once been a simple rectangle.

Experimentally he touched his new skin. It was soft and springy to the touch, the skin of someone far from middle age.

"Come on, I haven't got all day."

James was barely listening. His brand new breasts wobbled in the bottom of his vision. With a jolt, he realized he could see them even when he was looking straight ahead.

He automatically stroked a long lock of white-blond hair behind his ear and hesitantly grabbed his new boobies. He squeezed them together, marveling at the way they squashed into a vast cleavage just below his chin. He gently tweaked one nipple, and was embarrassed to feel it quickly go hard and pointy, like a bullet.

Oh fuck, that felt good... he thought, not sure how he should feel about that.

He let one dainty hand drop slowly down to his crotch. He hesitated then stroked the new line between his legs with the tip of his finger.

Immediately a tremor passed through his lower body, making him give an involuntary gasp.

There was no denying it.

He was a girl.

"Alright, you can examine yourself later. We've got work to do."

Wordlessly, James looked at the woman leaning against the door. Even raising his head like this was different. He could feel his long, blond hair tickling his naked back; feel its near-invisible weight as it lay across his bare shoulders.

He opened his plump new lips, unaware that he was trembling.

"What the *fuck* did you do?" He whispered.

Immediately, he wished he hadn't spoken. The voice that came out of his small, pretty new mouth wasn't the deep, bass-filled voice he was used to hearing. Instead it was soft, high-

pitched, almost musical. It was like moving his lips in time with somebody else speaking.

Except it was even worse than that. The vibration it made in his chest, the way it echoed up into his ears. It was all *wrong*. Not just in its girly qualities, either. There was something else, something James couldn't quite put his finger on...

"I did what I said I would." Jay raised an eyebrow at his soft, trembling new form. "Or at least half of it."

"What do you mean, *half*?" James said, crossly, deliberately trying to lower his voice. It didn't work. His words still came out with a soft, singsong quality that made his stomach turn.

What the hell's wrong with it? He thought, furiously. *My voice, there's something weird about it...*

"I *mean*," Jay drew out the word, "that I said I'd turn you into a schoolgirl, remember? Well, you're a girl now, so let's get on with the school part, shall we?"

She clapped her hands.

"Time to get that uniform on!"

Instantly, James felt a horrible tickling sensation. He looked down and saw two long, white stockings furiously knitting themselves together over his feet, travelling up his legs. He frantically tried to pull them off, but they refused to give.

It was like his new clothes were as much a part of his body as his brand new boobies or pussy.

A sensation of cold around his soft new stomach caused him to cry out loud. A strange, dark liquid was flowing round his hips. Before James's fascinated eyes it flowed down his legs, came to a halt and solidified, turning into a piece of navy blue fabric. The edges crinkled, a red checked pattern appeared and suddenly James was wearing a short skirt that barely covered his ass.

He moved his legs, appalled at the way the fabric *whisked* and *swished* and threatened to ride up. If he bent over in this, the whole world would see his sexy new bum!

There was a distant rustling, like the wings of a large bird approaching take off. A white shirt flew in the window and settled over James. It tugged over his head and for a second everything was lost in a whirl of white fabric. Then James blinked and he was wearing a tight, white schoolgirl's shirt, its front buttoned up only halfway.

Without thinking, James tried to fasten the rest of the buttons to hide his big new cleavage, but his fingertips refused to grasp them. He could no longer dress as he wanted, but only as Jay's magic allowed him to.

The changes were coming faster now. James was aware of a tickling in his crotch, then a pair of lacy white panties settled over it, their see-through fabric barely hiding his new pussy from prying eyes. A white, push-up bra formed over his big new breasts, then *yanked* them upwards so suddenly he gasped.

James looked down in horror at his prominent new tits, straining at the fabric of his school shirt.

Oh my God, he whimpered to himself, *I look so slutty!*

A dark green blazer appeared from the sky and draped itself over his shoulders. It buttoned up a single button at the front, clinging to his skin and showing off his curves. It was *way* too small to be practical, but James had a horrible feeling it had been chosen more for how it exaggerated his sexy new body than for practical reasons.

The last changes were over in seconds. A pair of cute little shoes with dainty bows fastened themselves to James's feet. He felt a pressure on his head, and reached up to discover he was wearing a cute little schoolgirl's hat.

Finally, the world went blurry, swimming away into fog. For a second, James thought he was going blind. Then he reached up and removed his glasses. Everything snapped back into focus.

It seemed his new body had perfect vision.

"Oh my God!" He heard Jay laugh, clapping her hands. "You look so *cute!*"

She shook her head.

"No, I wasn't going to, but now I've simply *got* to show you!"

Then she clicked her fingers and James nearly screamed.

The split-second Jay had finished talking, a mirror had appeared directly in front of him. A long, full-body thing with an ornate wooden frame someone had polished to a high finish.

But that wasn't what caught James's eye and made him want to turn and run, run, run away into the cool early morning, screaming his head off.

It was what was *in* the mirror that nearly sent him mad.

Looking back at him from behind the glass was a girl. Not just any girl. She had a soft, innocent face and wide, blue eyes that perched above plump, pink lips. Her straight ultra-blond hair framed her pale skin, making her seem almost ghostly.

She can't be a day older than eighteen, James thought, dizzily. *She looks so... so innocent!*

More than that, he realized, the girl looked *beautiful*. Like an idealized version of a schoolgirl. The sort of girl James would've killed to put in one of his videos.

Especially when you got to the body.

Like a man in a daze, James felt his eyes drift over the girl's figure. Over her slender waist and wide hips. Over her plump breasts, barely concealed behind her tight, white shirt and green blazer. Over her long, slender legs, encased in white stockings.

"She's..." he whimpered in his soft new voice, hating the way the girl moved her lips in time with him. "She's..."

"She's what, dear?"

"She's *me!*" James gave a mortified squeal. In the mirror, the girl's soft face creased, her pretty mouth opened and she squealed right back at him.

That can't be me! James thought, desperately. *It can't!*

There was no way those innocent eyes could be his. No way that swan-like neck could belong to him. No way *he* – James, the straight, women-hating man – could be wearing those clothes!

Yet there was no doubt about it.

The girl in the mirror was him.

The genie had turned him into a beautiful schoolgirl.

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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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