

A woman with long dark hair, wearing a white lace wedding dress and a matching veil, is shown from the chest up. She is looking down with her eyes closed, and her hands are clasped together in front of her. She is wearing a gold-colored bracelet on her left wrist. The background is a soft, out-of-focus light. The text "LISA CHANGE" is overlaid at the top in a large, white, sans-serif font.

LISA CHANGE

Turned into a Bride

(the man who changed
into a wife - a
transgender fantasy)

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Preview

(Skip this bit to avoid spoilers!)

Lorena clicked her fingers.

Immediately, Eric leapt back with a gasp.

A *girl* had just appeared, right in front of him! She was tiny, maybe 5ft4, with enormous boobs that were *way* too big for her frame, a tight waist, long blond hair and a pert little ass.

She was naked, her pussy shaved and on display. Her legs were heavenly. Her face was even better. Her cheekbones were sculpted, her eyes blue and wide and innocent, her lips pouty glossy and pink and *perfect*

She looked 18-years old, with all the inexperience of youth. A busty little virgin you could just *tell* needed a man inside her. A girl you wanted to deflower.

A teenage beauty you wanted to take home and roughly fuck, listening to her squeal as you pounded into her.

She looked like a supermodel. An exotic girl with the pale, china white skin you find in the snowy depths of northern Europe. She was beautiful. She was perfect. She was...

And then the penny dropped. Eric looked in fright at the bombshell blonde, looking back at him with terror in her innocent blue eyes.

“Well?” Asked Lorena, mockingly, “what do you think?”

Eric slowly shook his head, his mind numb with horror. The girl shook hers in time with him, looking like she was going to faint.

Lorena had magicked up a mirror. The girl before him wasn't some random hottie who'd suddenly appeared.

She was *him*.

He was now a beautiful bride...

Now turn over and keep reading!

I

“The most important thing is she has big tits.”

The pen froze over the application form. A frown creased the brow of the beautiful, dark-haired woman holding it.

“I beg your pardon?”

“Tits.” Eric snapped, impatiently. “Y’know: boobs. Breasts. Titties. They have to be...”

He raised both his hands, tracing vast air circles in front of his chest.

“*Big.*”

For a long time, the young woman simply stared at him through her thick-rimmed glasses, her grey eyes flinty, her china white skin paler than ever under the fluorescents.

At long last, she lowered her eyes, and resumed writing, saying the words out loud as she did so.

“Breasts. Double G at a *minimum.*”

Eric nodded.

“And not plastic, either. Can’t *stand* plastic tits. Nice and natural’s how I like them.”

The woman raised one thin, penciled eyebrow at him.

“So you’re looking for a *curvaceous* woman, then, are you?”

“How’d you mean?”

“Well.” The woman leaned back, regarding Eric with her cool, clear eyes. With her sharp black blazer, firm, ripe breasts and slender legs, Eric couldn’t help feeling she was hot as hell.

“It’s simple, really,” the woman continued. “Beyond a certain point, breast size tends to correlate with body shape. A woman carrying breasts as large as you seem to want would typically be a larger lady, we’ve got some lovely plus-size girls who are simply *delightful* to chat to...”

At the words ‘plus size’, all the color had drained from Eric’s cheeks. He shook his head violently.

“No way!” He exclaimed, “I’m not fucking some fat chick! She’s gotta be *slender*, got that? I like a girl with nice, big tits and a tight little waist you can practically wrap your fingers round.”

The woman’s eyebrow raised another fraction of an inch.

“So what you’re saying, Mr. Filler, is that you want a cartoon character?”

Eric waved one impatient hand.

Geez! He thought to himself. *The attitude on these bitches!*

“Hey! *I’m* not the one who wrote an advert saying you could show any man the woman of his dreams. *Any man*, that’s what you said! *Guaranteed!*”

He leaned back and folded his arms across his chest. They rested on the top of his heavy belly, the end result of hitting 40 without much gym and with way too much beer. Beneath his

forearms, the dried tomato stain from a bit of spilled lunch clung to his shirt.

“And here I am.” Eric smiled. “Any man. And also a consumer. One who knows you chicks have to deliver on what you promised.”

A silence descended over the small office, broken only by the tick of the gunmetal gray clock. From across the mahogany desk, the beautiful woman watched Eric with an air of distaste.

What was her name again? Eric wondered, *something classy. Lenora? Laura?*

A buzzing sound cut through his reveries. The nameless woman frowned and jabbed her finger against an intercom.

“What is it?” She barked. “Don’t you know I’m busy with a client?”

“Sorry, Miss Lorena,” squeaked a nervous female voice (*aha!* thought Eric), “B-but it’s nearly time, ma’am. In ten minutes the new man will...”

“Yes, thank you!” Lorena snapped, cutting off the other girl. “No more interruptions please, Anya. We’ll be ready shortly.”

She cut the other girl off with a flick of her wrist and turned her cold smile back to Eric.

“Apologies, Mr. Filler, and you’re right, of course. We *did* promise you your ideal woman.”

She picked up her pen again, a little spark twinkling in her eyes.

“So. Shall we continue?”

“You bet,” Eric grinned. Inside he was cheering.

You see? You see what you can do when you just stand up for your rights?

Eric could see alright. In his mind’s eye, he could already picture the woman he would be partnered up with. The girl who would be ordered specially for him from Russia, Ukraine, Belarus...

He could already see her plump breasts and tiny waist. Already see her nervous, pale features, blond hair and obedient smile.

With his initial meeting still not even halfway over, Eric already knew coming here was the best idea he’d ever had.

“Now, then,” Lorena was saying, peering down at the pink form clasped in her hands. “We’ve dealt with looks: blond hair, straight. Blue eyes. Face type: classic Eastern European. Breasts...”

She raised her eyebrow at Eric again.

“Very big. Behind: large. Waist: non-existent.”

She paused.

“You do know that’ll require a very controlled diet to maintain, right?”

Eric nodded.

“OK then. Well. That brings us to *personality*.”

A faint smile tugged at the corners of Lorena’s ruby red lips.

“I assume you won’t be looking for a... *headstrong* girl, Mr. Filler?”

“No chance,” Eric said. “I don’t want no *feminist*, y’hear? I want a girl just like Marcus said.”

Marcus was a minor client of Eric’s sales company, someone he saw from time to time when his work took him upstate. Last time he’d been, the door had been answered by a stunning blond wearing nothing but a see-through pink nightie.

“Jesus! Who’s the girl?” Eric had asked when the 18-year old supermodel had silently led him through to his old pal.

“Oh, her?” Marcus had said, casting a lazy look in the girl’s direction. “That’s my new Mrs. Marcus.”

“She’s your *wife*?!” The information had almost made Eric fall over backwards. Marcus was older than he was, nearly 50. And he was fat as well. He stank. His beard was scraggly and unappealing. Next to Marcus, even overweight and aging Eric felt like a male model.

Yet, somehow, Marcus had managed to bag a wife who had the boobs, bum and blowjob lips to be a world-famous porn star.

“Yep.” Marcus had said. “Valentina! Get over here, you dumb bitch!”

Immediately, the girl had crossed the room with graceful footsteps and sank onto the sofa beside Marcus. Before Eric’s eyes, she’d laced one slender arm around his neck, leaned forward and kissed the disgusting old man like her life depended on it.

After they’d disengaged, Marcus had dropped Eric a wink then turned back to his new wife.

“Eric here was just saying what a hot little piece of ass you are.”

Eric’s cheeks had immediately flushed red.

“Hey, no way!” He’d stammered. “Marcus, what the hell are you-?”

“Aww, don’t worry ‘bout it,” Marcus had laughed. “She don’t mind. Do you, whore?”

And he’d given Valentina’s ass a ringing slap, all while Eric stood watching with his mouth dangling open.

“Go on.” Marcus had urged her. “Tell him how much you *love* being my little wife. You have daddy’s permission to speak.”

At Marcus’s words, Valentina had turned her beautiful face toward Eric and smiled.

“I love being this handsome man’s slave,” she’d said in a faint Russian accent. “I cook for him. I clean. I do *everything* he tells me.”

She’d giggled daintily, raising one tiny hand up to her ruby lips.

“He is the perfect man. And I am the perfect wife.”

“OK, that’s enough,” Marcus had grunted. “Shut your trap and go get daddy a beer.”

With a happy sigh, teenage Valentina had got to her feet, bent over and given Marcus a long and lingering kiss. Then she’d turned and strutted her pert little ass into the kitchen, shooting Eric a cheeky little wink as she passed him.

At that moment, Eric had known that she was everything he wanted. That he'd have given *anything* to spirit her away from Marcus's fat and sweaty arms and make her his.

Fortunately, he didn't have to give very much at all.

"Just like Mr. Marcus said," Lorena echoed, writing as she spoke. "Tell me, Mr. Filler, did Mr. Marcus order our five thousand dollar model, or our ten thousand?"

"Ten thousand," Eric replied, promptly. The sum was seared into his mind. Ever since he'd met Valentina and Marcus had shown him the advert for this place, he'd been working tirelessly to get that magic figure in his bank account.

Lorena's eyes flashed with amusement.

"Total submission. Excellent choice." She held her pen poised to the paper. "Now, if you'd like to just fill me in on what exactly the traits you're looking for are?"

"Sure." Eric frowned, concentrating. He wanted to make sure he got this bit exactly right.

"Obedient." He said, slowly. "Very obedient. Only speaks when spoken to, that sorta thing. Does all the housework. *Respects* me. Someone who'll never talk back or question me, or..."

"Or refuse your advances in the bedroom?"

"*Exactly.*" Eric nodded. "Not like these feminists you see everywhere. I want a woman who knows what being feminine *means.*"

Lorena peered at him over the top of her glasses.

"And what exactly *does* it mean, Mr. Filler?"

"*You* should know," Eric said. "What it *used* to mean. A girl who doesn't wear pants or dress like a dyke. A girl who knows her place is to cook and clean while her husband goes out to earn. Doesn't swear. Spends her time on hair and makeup so she looks good for her man."

"You mean a bimbo?"

"Well... if you wanna call her that," Eric muttered.

Lorena shrugged.

"OK, so, to sum up, you want a dumb, big-titted blond who will do your housework and live like your slave. *Now...*"

She rushed on before Eric could interrupt.

"What about in the bedroom?"

"What do you mean?" Eric asked, doubtfully.

"What *else* could I mean?" Lorena's cold smile surfaced again. "Does she like sex? Is she scared of it? Is she willing to let you try anal? Whips and handcuffs? Is she secretly attracted to girls? Maybe into threesomes..."

She trailed off as Eric violently shook his head.

"No. Fucking. *Way.*" He said, firmly. "I know some guys like that shit, but not me. We've got enough queers in this country already without there being one in *my* bedroom. No."

He crossed his arms.

“I like a *traditional* girl. One who *only* has eyes for her husband. Likes to jump him when he gets home from work. Dresses up sexy just for him. *And...*”

His eyes sparkled. He couldn’t believe he was about to say it.

“She’s gotta *love* sucking dick.”

Lorena shot him the teeniest smile. With careful, deliberate movements, she traced her pen across the page, repeating the words aloud.

“Must *love* sucking dick... Mmm.” She looked back to Eric, eyes alive with laughter. “We can do that, Mr. Filler. That is *very* do-able. Anything else?”

“Yeah.” Eric said. “She’s gotta be able to deep throat. And I’m only interested in her if she’s *tight*, understand?”

I can’t believe this is really happening, he thought, barely able to control the excitement coursing through his veins, *if what Marcus said was true...*

Well, then Eric was about to become one *very* happy man.

“Pussy: *tight*.” Lorena was saying. “Favorite activity: sucking dick.”

She paused.

“Would you like her to have any more hobbies, Mr. Filler? You don’t think she might get... *bored* doing nothing but cook, clean and suck on your penis?”

“She won’t have time for other hobbies,” Eric snapped. “Not if she’s working to keep her body in shape and doing all her hair and makeup *properly*.”

A thought suddenly occurred to him.

“OK, *here’s* a hobby. I want her to spend all her spare time when I’m not around thinking about me and playing with herself. Only not so she gets too sore or anything.”

“You just want to know she’s thinking about you.”

“Yeah. And that its making her horny.”

“Excellent. Now, one last thing.” Lorena gave Eric an innocent look. “How old would you like her to be? Someone your own age, maybe? Or perhaps even...”

“Eighteen.” Eric said, firmly. “Not a day older.”

Lorena shrugged.

“Eighteen it is.”

She wrote something in the final box, the scratching of her pen nib filling the office and seeming to crawl inside Eric’s head. At last, she put the application form down.

“Well?” Asked Eric, anxiously. This was the part he’d been dreading.

Back when Marcus had first told him about this place, he’d given him an ominous warning.

“They don’t just take *anyone*,” his fat client had casually informed him as Valentina slipped a beer into his hand and lowered her pert little ass into her husband’s lap. “You gotta be *right*. If

they don't think you're right, they'll turn you away. Call it a test."

Now here Eric was, waiting for the results of that test. If he failed, Lorena would say goodbye and he'd go back to being lonely, overweight Eric, fast approaching middle age and with only a shabby apartment and a gut to show for it.

On the other hand, if he passed...

Well. Eric was soon going to have his very own Valentina to play with.

"Before we get to our evaluation of your suitability," Lorena said, "I first want to check you know exactly how this works."

A frown crossed Eric's lined face.

Oh for God's sakes, get on with it...

"Marcus already told me. You don't have to--"

"I just have to check." Lorena said, calmly. "Insurance. Now."

She leaned back.

"You understand we're a mail order bride service, yes?"

Eric nodded.

"Good." Lorena went on. "We import girls from all over the world. Russia. Ukraine. Latvia. Thailand. North Korea. Pakistan. Although our lawyers take great pains to ensure we operate within a *technically* legal area, there are some... ethical questions you might like to consider."

She raised her thin eyebrows, inviting Eric to speak. When he didn't, she sighed.

"Anyway, it's like this. Most of these girls have nowhere else to go. They have no money. We buy a bond on them when they're very young and bring them over here to marry men. Men like *you*."

Inside himself, Eric sighed. It sounded like this bit was going to take a *looong* time.

"Generally," Lorena was saying, "these girls are scared. They're obedient because they have to keep sending money back home. They're marrying you to secure their families' futures, not because they love you. It's a set up many would describe as emotionally abusive."

She hesitated.

"Does that bother you?"

Eric shook his head.

"What if I told you we... *do things* to these girls?"

"What things?"

Lorena smiled a thin smile.

"Nothing illegal. Sort of. We use magic on them. Magic to make them obedient. To make them..." She glanced at Eric's file, "tight and big-breasted and *addicted* to cock. In short, we use magic to *change* them."

"Into what?"

“Into perfect wives,” Lorena responded, blandly.

There was a long pause.

Magic? Eric thought, uneasily. *That must be some sort of code word the company uses. New tech, maybe...*

Lorena tilted her head.

“Does that bother you?” She gestured his file. “We still have time to call this off, you know? I could throw this in the trash and you could walk out of here, lonelier but with a clear conscience.”

“Or what?” Eric breathed. For some reason, he was starting to feel nervous.

Starting to feel like something was deeply *wrong* with this setup.

“Nothing.” Lorena shrugged. “There’ll still be an Eric Filler, living as a free man, untroubled by the law. Only he’ll now have a girl with him who probably doesn’t want to be there but has no choice. Can you live with that?”

For just a second, Eric wondered if he should say ‘no’. If he should get to his feet and walk out, past Anya, the hot receptionist, out the front door, into the street, and away into the sunset.

Then the feeling passed and he found himself vigorously nodding his head.

If it’s good enough for Marcus...

“Well then.” Lorena smiled. “I think congratulations are in order.”

Eric’s mouth dropped open. He felt his heart rate speed up.

“You mean I passed?”

“You did indeed.” Lorena pressed the buzzer. “Anya? Pop your pretty little head in in ten minutes, would you please?”

She turned back to Eric.

“We’ve got the *perfect* girl lined up ready for you. Natalya. She’s Russian. I hope that’s OK?”

“It’s perfect!” Eric could hardly believe his luck.

A perfect wife, just for \$10,000! He thought, happily. *Wait till the guys hear about this! I’m gonna tell Jim, and Duke, and Harrison...*

“So.” He said, outwardly, reaching for his wallet. “I suppose we’d better do the payments then. When do I get to meet her?”

Lorena smiled at him.

“Why, Mr. Filler,” she laughed. “You already *have*.”

Eric froze, his fat fingers clasped around his wallet. He blinked at her, unsure if he’d just heard that.

“Y-you...?” He whispered.

In response, Lorena shot him a chilling smile.

“No, not me, Mr. Filler. Honestly? I wouldn’t be seen dead with a bona-fide creep like you.”

“Well, who then?” Eric snapped.

Creep? How dare she?

Lorena began to giggle. Quietly at first, then louder and louder until she was roaring with laughter, her mouth open, her head thrown back, her dark hair bouncing off her shoulders.

Her laughter echoed round the office, making Eric feel suddenly very, very worried.

“Look, if this is all just some big joke...” he mumbled, lowering his wallet.

At last, Lorena seemed to notice him again. Her giggles subsided, but didn’t trail off completely.

“Why, Mr. Filler,” she purred, “I can assure you there’s no joke at all. In fact, my organization is *deadly* serious. They can’t *wait* for you to start your new life as Natalya.”

“*With.*” Eric snapped. “My new life *with* Natalya.”

To his horror, Lorena shook her head.

“No, Mr. Filler, I’m afraid not.”

She leaned forward, the light from the fluorescent tubes reflecting in her glasses so it completely obscured her eyes.

“We’re a matchmaking service, alright. But not in a traditional sense. We don’t match men like you with the sort of dumb bimbos you’re always looking for.”

Her smile grew wider.

“We match men like you with the women they *deserve* to be. We turn them into their own perverted fantasies.”

She began to giggle again.

“Mr. Filler, *we’re going to turn you into your own perfect wife.*”

II

In the silence that followed, the two of them simply sat there, Lorena with a shark-like grin on her perfect features, Eric with a look of shock on his gray, lined ones.

This is a joke. It has to be a joke...

"I know what you're thinking, Mr. Filler," Lorena said. "You're thinking this is all some prank. A gag we're videoing to put on YouTube. Well, I assure you it is not."

She raised one hand, thumb and forefinger poised together.

"All I have to do is click my fingers and you'll turn into a girl. Not just *any* girl, either. You'll turn into the *exact* girl you just described to us."

She giggled again, a light, carefree sound.

"Complete with big tits, a nice, *tight* pussy and a desire to do nothing but cook and clean and doll yourself up for your husband and suck his dick whenever he wants you to."

Her face took on a mocking, innocent look.

"Would you like me to demonstrate?"

Eric swallowed, his heart hammering in his chest. He looked nervously from Lorena's glinting eyes to her poised fingertips.

"B-but Marcus..."

"Ah yes. Mr. Marcus." Lorena's eyes twinkled. "I remember him. He wanted an obedient Russian teenager who would let him grope her ass in public and respond to pet names like 'bitch' and 'whore'. A total scumbag, in essence. So, you know what we did?"

Eric shook his head.

"We gave him what he wanted." Lorena smiled. "I clicked my fingers, and now whenever he looks in the mirror, he sees dumb, obedient Valentina, who *loves* living out her silly little life as a fat man's sex slave."

"But I *saw* him!" Eric shouted. He felt like he was losing his grip on reality. What this crazy bitch was saying *couldn't* be true.

Could it?

"You saw a *replacement*," Lorena sneered. "A fake-Marcus we magicked up to act as the real one's new husband. Mind you, we did make *some* changes. A bigger penis. Smellier armpits."

She giggled.

"Less interest in *washing* himself."

Eric watched her in aghast silence.

No... it was too horrible to contemplate. The thought that Valentina – dumb, eye-candy Valentina who Eric had spent his entire trip perving over – was really *Marcus*, trapped forever as a girl and forced to have sex with an exact copy of himself...

Well, it was *horrible*.

“You’re lying,” Eric whispered, weakly. “There’s no way you could...”

“Oh no?” Smiled Lorena. “Let’s see, shall we?”

And she clicked her fingers.

For five whole seconds, neither moved. Eric simply sat there, paralyzed with fear. Terrified that he would feel his body start to *change*.

At long last, he let out a breath he didn’t realize he’d been holding in.

“That’s *it*,” he snarled, climbing to his feet. “I’m getting outta here.”

He started towards the door. About halfway across the room, something struck him.

“What the *hell* were you even playing at!” He suddenly yelled, turning and jabbing his finger out at Lorena, who watched him with an impassive expression. “You know, it’s women like *you* who... who...”

A smile crept across the pale woman’s face.

“Who what, Mr. Filler?” She asked, sweetly.

But Eric didn’t reply. Didn’t even hear her. He was too busy *staring* at his finger in horrified shock.

His finger was *changing*. Where it had once been a fat, stubby thing, it was now slender and long and dainty. As Eric watched, his fingernails began to grow longer, turning a dark, lurid red.

He looked up at Lorena in fright, his jaw working. No sounds escaped.

“Oh dear.” Lorena purred. “Oh dearie, dearie me. It looks like that magic *is* working after all. In that case, I have one piece of advice for you, Mr. Filler. Or should I say ‘Mrs. Filler’?”

Her grin became a hideous leer.

“Strap yourself in tight, honey. Coz you’re in for one *hell* of a ride!”

The walls were rising up around Eric, lifting away from his head like the ceiling was trying to take off and fly away. With a start Eric realized he was shrinking, his manly, 6ft2 frame shedding inches at an alarming rate.

A grinding sensation tore through his body. With slow yet unstoppable force, his shoulders began to tug back in towards his body, losing their masculine broadness and becoming slender and narrow.

At the same time, Eric felt his hips *pushing* out from his crotch, growing wider and wider and wider. The fat dribbled away from his sides, and suddenly Eric had a curvy lower body, all round and tight and womanly.

He squeaked aloud in fright and turned terrified eyes towards Lorena.

“Please!” He gasped at this strange, dark-haired woman he’d met only an hour before. “Please, make it stop!”

Lorena shrugged her slender shoulders, the movement making her large boobs rise and fall.

“I can’t,” she declared. “But, more to the point. *Why would I want to?*”

There was a hissing sound as Eric’s biceps – still not entirely run to fat – deflated. His stomach *sucked* in, hiking itself up and rolling back inside his body.

Eric went to rip open his shirt to watch his transformation, when a tinkling like distant bells filled the air and suddenly he was stark naked.

Eric gaped down at his shifting, twisting body. Now he could see what was happening, he realized things were even worse than he’d thought they were.

Before his eyes, his chest hair began to move, twitching back and forth like it was dancing a slow, hypnotic dance. It slithered back inside his skin, causing a tremendous itching that made Eric moan and wince.

Before he could even start scratching, though, it was over. His hair had gone, leaving only smooth skin. For a moment, Eric stared at his chest in wonder, then the itching spread across the rest of his body and suddenly his wiry hairs were all retracting, leaving him with a body as smooth and as hairless as the day he was born.

There was a pain in his wrists and ankles. Eric’s hands and feet were shrinking, becoming smaller, more girly.

His arms shed their muscle and became two weak, slender things, incapable of hauling around anything more demanding than a mop and bucket. His legs lost their fat, became more toned. Stretched out, becoming long and smooth and slender.

Eric gaped dumbly down at his own body as it changed.

Fuck! Those look like a supermodel’s legs...

Then there was another tinkling as the magic shifted gear and Eric had no time left to think at all.

His ass leaped up and filled out, becoming round and peach-like and pert. Eric clasped his hands to his cheeks in fright and was terrified to discover how *firm* they were feeling. How *ready* to be spanked and groped by a chauvinist husband.

There was a pressure in his chest and Eric let out a loud, helpless moan. Glancing down miserably, he saw his nipples were elongating, becoming pink and pointed, even as the skin around them became heavier.

He shot one last, pleading glance at Lorena, who firmly shook her head.

“You asked for large breasts, remember?” She smiled. “Well, then. Let’s make sure your wish is granted!”

Then she clicked her fingers again, the pressure reached a crescendo and suddenly two large, beautiful breasts came bursting out of Eric’s chest.

He threw his hands up with a frightened squeak, trying to stop them, to stuff them back in, but they swelled up, pushing his hands aside and growing bigger and bigger. They grew until they dangled heavily from Eric’s frame, the weight of them making his back twinge.

He watched them grow with a look of horror. They were *enormous*! Like two large grapefruit dangling from his frame.

In shock, he reached up with his newly dainty hands and weighed his brand new breasts. They were heavy, the flesh firm and springy beneath his fingertips. But that wasn't what scared Eric the most.

What *really* frightened him was how *good* it felt to have someone touching his great new titties.

The changes were coming faster now. In quick succession, Eric's spine curved, thrusting his ass and chest out, his jawline lost its masculine edge, becoming soft and round, his cheekbones became sharper and his lips plumped up.

With a moan, Eric reached up two trembling hands to touch his face and was horrified to discover how *alien* it felt. His nose had shrunk down to a little button. His eyes were wider, now large and innocent and doe-like. His eyelashes were longer. All traces of his male stubble were gone.

As Eric explored his new, female face in fascination, there was a sudden itching across his scalp, like worms were tunneling under his skin.

Seconds later a tidal wave of hair came bursting out his head, falling over his eyes, past his shoulders to dangle, level with his breasts, long and straight and blond.

Like a man in a daze, Eric experimentally grabbed a strand and held it up before his brand new eyes, amazed at how *shiny* it was. How *straight*.

To his horror, he realized he now had the sort of perfect hair most women would *kill* for.

There was a mournful twitch between Eric's legs, all the worse because he knew what it signaled.

Frantically, he bent forward, his big boobies dangling and almost blocking his view, just in time to see his penis give one last shudder. It *jumped* up into his body, dragging his balls with it. There was a feeling like a zipper being opened, and suddenly Eric was staring at two plump lips dangling either side of a moist and *very* tight little hole.

That's my pussy, he thought in delirious horror, *oh God, that's my pussy!*

Finally, Eric's body gave one gigantic shake and all the fat he'd accumulated over the years *sucked* back inside him.

The last remnants of his large stomach vanished, leaving him with a belly that was smooth and toned.

The fat dribbled off his sides, until his waist was so tight a man could've easily put his hands round it and had his fingers meet over Eric's bellybutton.

The traces of plumpness disappeared from his cheeks and suddenly Eric was slimmer than he'd ever been in his life. Stepping back and moving his arms, he realized that his body was now *much* lighter than he was used to.

And then it was over. Eric's body gave one last, almighty jiggle that caused his big new boobies to bounce up and down and then the magic stopped.

For a long time, Eric didn't dare move.

He simply stood there, his heart pounding in his generous new chest, trying to ignore the blond

hair falling across his vision.

Trying to ignore the feminine gasps escaping his newly-plump lips.

Trying to ignore the faint craving in his crotch and the way the cool air in the office was making his nipples go hard as bullets.

Trying to ignore the fact he was now a *girl*.

Maybe if you close your eyes, his brain desperately fizzed, *it'll all go away. Maybe it's all a dream. It has to be a dream!*

But, deep down, Eric already knew he wasn't dreaming. No dream had *ever* felt this detailed.

"My, my, Mr. Filler," the voice cut through Eric's fear, making him raise his pretty little head, "that certainly is an improvement."

Lenora was watching him from behind her desk, a twinkle in her eye.

"A *perfect* transformation, first class," she declared. "And don't worry, we included *everything* you asked for."

What do you mean? Eric tried to snap. But he couldn't. His mouth refused to open.

Eric raised one dainty hand to his pouty new lips in shock.

Hey, he thought, miserably, *what's happening to me?*

"Oh, silly me," Lorena giggled, "I forgot. One of the things you *specifically* included in your criteria was a woman who only talked when spoken to. Unfortunately for you, you also specified that only her husband could give her permission to talk."

Her smile widened, becoming predatory.

"And since you don't have a husband yet, Natalya, your delightful new body is *incapable* of talking."

Her words hit Eric like a punch to the face. He desperately tried to argue, tried to say *something*, but it was no use.

He could no longer talk without a man's permission, any more than he could spontaneously start flying.

"Good," Lorena smiled. "Well, so long as you're unable to speak, I might as well explain what's happening."

She leaned back in her chair.

"Eric Filler is gone. You are now Natalya, an 18-year old Russian immigrant with one goal and one goal only."

Her eyes danced with laughter.

"To serve your husband, and do whatever he tells you to do."

What husband?! Eric wanted to scream, but nothing came out. It was like his lips were glued shut.

"Oh dear," Lenora sighed. "I have a feeling this is going to be hard work with you all dumb like

that. Lucky for you, it won't last long. In the meantime..."

She picked up Eric's old application form.

"Let's run over your new life, shall we?"

Angrily, Eric shook his new head, his long, blond hair flicking in the corners of his vision. Lenora ignored him.

"From now on, Natalya, you will find that all your interests have vanished. You'll no longer care about sport, about cars, or about whatever the hell you used to care about. Instead, you'll care about doing your hair and putting on makeup, cooking and cleaning, and slobbering all over your husband's big, fat dick."

She winked at him.

"How does that sound?"

Wonderful! Eric thought, happily. His eyes suddenly went wide.

I didn't mean that... He thought, nervously. But he already knew he was lying.

Somehow, the mere *thought* of cleaning up after a big, strong man and being his perfect little wife, cooking his dinner and sucking his dick, was enough to make Eric break out in a goofy, happy grin.

"Well, well," Lorena giggled. "I see our magic is working already. Pity you can't talk. I'd *love* to hear you enthusiastically saying how much you love dick."

I do love dick! Eric thought, dreamily. He let out a loud moan.

I don't! He pleaded with himself. *I don't! I'm not gay!*

Nonetheless, he was suddenly very glad his new body couldn't talk.

"I'm glad you're happy," Lorena said. "In just a moment, you'll be meeting your new husband, and I'm sure you'll both be *very* pleased with your new arrangement. But before we do that, let me clear some things up. First."

Her brow furrowed.

"This spell *can't* be undone. Got that? You are now Natalya, and you'll stay that way *forever*."

"Second. You deserve everything that's happening to you. Don't try and argue, your new body won't let you. We set up this company to punish men like you, men who would put their own sexual gratification over a poor young, mail order bride's life. Which brings me to my *third* point."

Lorena smiled.

"*Everything* you wanted in your woman you now have. You've constructed your own prison. As Natalya, you'll live the rest of your life as your own conception of a perfect wife. That includes everything from how you dress to your sexuality."

She glanced down at the form.

"Starting to wish you'd put bisexual now, dear? Most men usually do."

At her words, Eric felt a cold horror washing over him.

She's turned me into a straight girl, he thought numbly, *but that means...*

He didn't get any further. Suddenly, a thousand images were flashing through his head.

Images of big, strong men, pounding their dicks into Eric's tight little pussy. Images of strong men forcing him to get on his knees and suck their dicks.

Images of strong men, using and abusing his new female body, while Eric moaned out loud and enjoyed every last second of it.

A strangled squeak escaped Eric's throat, coming out high-pitched, girly. He put his dainty hands to his head in horror.

What's happening to me?!

The thought of those strong men fucking him hadn't been upsetting. On the contrary, it had made his new body feel all warm and nice and *wonderful*.

Between his legs, Eric was mortified to discover his new pussy was starting to get wet.

"I see you've just clicked what I meant by that," Lorena observed. "That's always fun. Anyway, one last thing."

She raised her thumb and forefinger again.

"This is traditionally the part where we show our new girls *exactly* what we've done to them. So. Here we go."

She clicked her fingers.

Immediately, Eric leapt back with a gasp.

A *girl* had just appeared, right in front of him! She was tiny, maybe 5ft4, with enormous boobs that were *way* too big for her frame, a tight waist, long blond hair and a pert little ass.

She was naked, her pussy shaved and on display. Her legs were heavenly. Her face was even better. Her cheekbones were sculpted, her eyes blue and wide and innocent, her lips pouty and *perfect* for sucking dick.

She looked 18-years old, with all the inexperience of youth. A busty little virgin you could just *tell* craved cock. A girl you wanted to deflower. A teenage beauty you wanted to take home and roughly fuck, listening to her squeal as you pounded into her.

She looked like a supermodel. An exotic girl with the pale, china white skin you find in the snowy depths of northern Europe. She was beautiful. She was perfect. She was...

And then the penny dropped. Eric looked in fright at the bombshell blond Russian girl, looking back at him with terror in her innocent blue eyes.

"Well?" Asked Lorena, "what do you think?"

Eric slowly shook his head, his mind numb with horror. The girl shook hers in time with him, looking like she was going to faint.

Lorena had magicked up a mirror. The girl before him wasn't some random Russian who'd suddenly appeared.

She was him.

He was now Natalya.

III

No sooner had the penny dropped than the door to the office opened. Eric whirled round in fright.

Ohmigod... he thought, miserably, is that my new husband?!

But it was only Anya. The blond, large breasted Russian receptionist looked at the naked girl before her with eyes that were tinged with sadness.

“Ah, Anya.” Lorena said. “Meet Natalya, our *newest* bride. Do you like her?”

Bride, thought Eric, *I’m not a bride!*

He wanted to scream. To run. To *push* past Anya and sprint out into the real world again, away from all this madness.

Then Anya said something that made his blood run cold.

“Da,” she whispered in her exotic Russian accent. “She reminds me of...”

She winced, her soft, pale little face crumpling up, like the words were causing her pain.

“Of *me*, mistress.”

Behind Eric, Lorena let out a low chuckle.

“I forgot to mention, Mr. Filler, you are not the only one we’ve transformed today. Mr. Carter here came in *just* before you arrived, looking for a servile Eastern European he could treat as his personal secretary.”

She laughed again, a light, airless sound.

“So we turned him into one.”

Before Eric, Anya smiled miserably. She was beautiful and utterly obedient. But now Eric could see something, something he’d subconsciously noticed in Valentina, but been too horny to react to.

Behind her clear blue eyes, Anya was screaming.

“Da.” Anya mumbled. “I was transformed. Now I-I...”

“Now she wants to do *nothing* but serve me, isn’t that right, Anya?” Lorena called.

Anya nodded. With her cute baby face, straight blond hair, big chest and air of servility, Eric should have found her hot as hell.

But he was no longer attracted to girls. He could no more enjoy the sight of obedient little Anya than he could get turned on by a lamppost or a redbrick wall.

“Good.” Lorena continued. “Now, is the husband ready yet?”

“Almost, mistress” Anya responded primly, refusing to meet Lorena’s eyes. “Fifteen minutes.”

“In that case...” Eric could hear the smile enter his tormentor’s voice.

What has she got lined up for me now? He thought, miserably.

“I suppose we’d better get this tasty little bitch ready, hadn’t we?”

Anya raised her clear blue eyes up and looked straight into Eric’s. Eric could see his own helplessness reflected there.

“Da, mem.” She whispered. “I suppose we had.”

*

The changing room was tiny, a small cubicle with mirrors on each of its walls, angled to give you a total view of each part of your body.

For Eric, stepping in was like stepping into the strangest peep show ever. All around him, different images of Natalya’s naked body appeared. He could see what she looked like side-on. See what she looked like from behind.

She’s so fucking hot, he thought, dazedly, *if only she wasn’t me.*

He half expected the sight of her pert ass, long legs and enormous breasts to make his new pussy wet again. But his newly-female brain seemed incapable of getting anything out of Natalya’s slender, curvy form.

It was like he’d gone to a strip show only to realize he’d magically turned gay overnight.

“Here.” Anya rudely thrust a pile of clothes into Eric’s hands.

He took them, claspings them against his heavy breasts. The soft fabric teased his nipples, making them go hard and pointy.

“You must get dressed for your new husband,” Anya said, her arms crossed before her own generous bosom, “the magic will make sure you do it *perfectly*.”

Thanks... Eric tried to say, but he still couldn’t talk.

Until a man gave him permission to open his pretty little mouth, he’d be mute for the foreseeable future.

Anya sighed and shook her head.

“Good luck,” she whispered, sadly. “I would help you escape, trust me, but the magic...”

Suddenly her eyes cleared. She stood smartly, gave Eric a little curtsy, turned and vanished into the corridor.

For a long time, Eric listened hopelessly to the fading *clack, clack, clack* of her high heels against the wooden floor. Then, slowly, he turned back to face the mirrors.

Natalya was looking back at him with a scared expression, her worry-creased face almost heartbreakingly beautiful. She was a supermodel. A goddess. The sort of woman who doesn’t really exist, except in fantasies.

And she was Eric.

I can’t believe that’s me, he thought, looking deep into her perfect features.

With hesitant movements, he let go of the bundle of clothes with one hand and raised it. He watched as Natalya copied his movements perfectly, raising one dainty hand, palm flat at Eric.

He slowly shook his head. In the mirror, Natalya shook hers, too, her long, straight blond hair flicking gently as she did so.

Suddenly, Eric stuck out his tongue. He stuck one finger out and wiggled it up and down across his lips, making a *bumbum* noise, just like he used to do when he was a little kid.

Immediately, Natalya stuck her tongue out, too, the action looking adorably petulant on her flawless teenage features. She ran one elegant finger up and down over her lips, and made a stupid noise right back at him.

It was no use. She was him. He was her.

Eric was now beautiful Natalya.

With a sigh, Eric lowered his hand. He shot one last look into Natalya's deep, blue eyes, then turned his attention to the bundle of clothes.

Well, he thought, I suppose it's time to get ready. I can't leave my husband waiting.

At the word 'husband', Eric's blood went cold. But there was nothing he could do. The thought that he should just hide out here didn't even occur to him.

Besides, on a level he didn't want to admit existed, Eric was kinda looking *forward* to meeting his new lover.

I hope he's handsome, he absent-mindedly thought to himself as he plucked a pair of panties from the pile, and I hope he has a nice, big cock...

The panties were pink, trimmed with lace and largely see-through. Eric slipped them on over his slender legs, marveling at how *good* the fabric felt against his smooth, hairless skin.

He pulled the panties up around his waist and turned to look at himself in the mirror. Natalya was watching him, her ass hidden inside a pair of pink panties that clung to her curves and made her look even sexier than she had when naked. A little smile was on her face.

Fuck, I look hot right now... Eric thought.

The thought made him involuntarily smile. Eric might try to deny it, but the mere *act* of putting on a pair of nice panties had made him feel better than he had in *years*.

Suddenly, Eric's body struck a pose. A glorious, feminine pose, with one leg slightly bent, its ass curved, one hand on its hips, its chest thrust forward.

In the mirror, Natalya immediately struck a supermodel pose of her own. The effect was *stunning*. The Russian girl looked like a professional underwear model.

I didn't meant to do that... Eric thought uneasily as he admired the way Natalya's panties clung to his new figure. *Maybe I should stop, take a break...*

But it was hopeless. The magic wanted Eric to play dress-up in women's clothes. And his body was determined to enjoy it no matter *what*.

Without a signal coming from his brain, his body suddenly picked up a matching pink bra.

As Eric daintily plucked it into the air between two long fingers, he felt a cold shiver of delight run through his female body, matched only by the mortified horror cascading through his male

mind.

The bra was *adorable*. It had white, lacy trim round the edges of its cups, and a tiny satin bow sat between them. The cups themselves were large, so large Eric had trouble believing they would fit on his tiny body.

It's not adorable, stop thinking that way! It's just the magic...

Yet even as he struggled, Eric found himself hooking the straps over his shoulders, shivering at the faint weight against his bare skin. He poured his fat breasts into the large cups and was both mortified and delighted to see they fit perfectly.

With expert precision, his body fastened the clasp behind his back, grabbed the cups and *hoisted* the whole thing up. Eric's big boobs mashed together into a vast, pale cleavage that stuck out so far in front he could see it even when he was looking straight ahead.

To his horror, Eric realized he kind of *liked* the faint, soft pressure of his tits pressing against one another.

Kind of *liked* the cushiony feeling of having his boobies in a bra. It was somehow comforting, like having a gentle man lightly cup his breasts with his soft hands.

Looking down at his dynamite new body in its underwear, Eric let out a strangled moan.

It was like having two minds at once, living inside his skull. A part of him that *hated* what he was being forced to do. That *hated* the way he was being humiliated like this...

And part of him – the new, girly part – that simply *loved* dressing up sexy for his husband.

Without sending any signal to his mind, Eric's new body clapped its tiny hands and jumped up and down, leaving Eric to watch in horrified fascination as his breasts jiggled and wobbled in their cups.

There was no doubt about it... he looked amazing. For the first time in his life, Eric was disturbed to realize he felt *sexy*.

Turning round, he shot himself a backwards glance over his shoulder, subconsciously pouting his ruby lips. In the mirror, Natalya glanced back at him, a slutty, hungry expression on her soft baby face.

Hey, hot stuff, Eric thought, *Damn, you looking fine, girl!*

He shook his head, trying to dislodge the thought. He didn't *want* to look *fine*!

But there was no time to try and muddle out his strange new feelings now. With a dual feeling of horror and happiness, Eric began rummaging through the clothes again.

Anya had left him with a tiny, bubblegum pink dress to compliment his new underwear. Holding it up in his hands, Eric was astonished to see how *small* it was. It was barely a slip of fabric.

No. Please, not that... He pleaded, uselessly, *no way is that gonna cover anything!*

Yet what else could he do? With a feeling of hopeless misery, Eric slowly pulled the dress on over his head.

The whole world briefly vanished behind a curtain of pink. For a second, Eric couldn't see a

damn thing. Then he *yanked* the dress down over his big boobs, looked in the mirror and only just managed to stop himself from screaming.

Anya had chosen his new clothes well. The dress was *perfect* for Natalya. The front had an *extremely* low cut, leaving all of Eric's vast cleavage on display.

The hem stopped *just below* his pussy, showing off a *ton* of leg.

The fabric was tight around the midriff and below, so it clung to his waist and bum, showing off his sensuous new curves.

It was a bimbo's dress. A showy, bright-pink outfit that combined with Eric's long, blond hair to make him look like a brainless sex machine.

But it was something else, too. Slightly domestic. Not the sort of dress you'd wear when going out to a Moscow nightclub, or for dinner in St Petersburg.

It was a housewife's dress. Something only a glamorous woman who spent all day at home could wear.

In short, it was everything Eric's new brain had secretly wanted, and everything that made his male mind want to scream and tear it off and burst into tears.

In the end, he did none of that. Turning away from his reflection with a shudder, Eric unhappily picked up his new shoes with a pitiful little sigh.

Like everything else, they were bubblegum pink. Like everything else, they were faintly glamorous.

Unlike everything else, though, they had no practical or domestic air about them whatsoever.

They were heels, but *crazy*. The stiletto spikes were at least six inches and came down to the narrowest point Eric had ever seen. The front was solid, raised, a big, pink block that hid his toes away from view. They had a 1950s vibe, with a single strap fastening across the tops of his feet.

Wearing them, Eric felt himself shoot upwards, until he must've been almost man-height again. They pinched the edges of his feet something dreadful. Just standing in them made him want to put his arms out to stop himself from overbalancing.

How the hell am I ever gonna walk in these?! He thought, wildly.

They were ridiculous. They were the sort of impractical footwear only a *man* would ever insist his stay-at-home wife wear.

Yet, to his utmost shame, Eric couldn't deny they looked *cute as fuck* on his new body.

God, I look so fucking hot... he thought to himself, unaware the Natalya part of his mind was already taking over, *now, if only I can learn how to walk in these things...*

Experimentally, Eric began to pace up and down the tiny, mirrored room, trying to get used to wearing heels.

It was odd as hell.

As a man, he'd *never* worn any footwear that made him feel like he was teetering on a cliff-edge before, about to overbalance and plunge to his doom.

Nor had he ever worn anything that was so *painful*. After only a few steps, Eric was aware his feet would feel like *murder* after walking around in these for a couple of hours.

No wonder girls always take their heels off on a night out. You'd have to be mad to wear these things all the time...

The design of the shoe forced his body to move in weird new ways, too. Each step required Eric to walk like he was on a tightrope, one foot before the other, his hips rolling seductively, his pert bum wiggling beneath his new dress.

It was a weird feeling, to walk with a feminine gait. It felt *wrong*, like even the most basic parts of Eric's existence had been transformed along with his body.

On top of that, it was difficult. Three times, Eric nearly fell over, Natalya's reflection wildly throwing out her arms for balance, a startled look on her pretty face as she almost went sprawling.

If I go face-first, it's gonna hurt like hell landing on these new titties of mine...

But slowly, Eric began to get used to it. After five minutes, he was walking with a confident stride and sexy swing of his hips that would've sent any man watching crazy with lust.

With a feeling of disbelief, Eric crossed the room and did a supermodel twirl, spinning on his heels and striking a pose before the mirror.

From its silvery depths, Natalya looked back at him with a sexy, giddy smile, one hand resting on her hips.

She was perfect. She was the ideal woman. Eric was now a beautiful housewife, ready to meet her strong, handsome husband.

Oh God, look at me, I'm already acting like a girl. Stop! You've got to fight...

It was a fight he could never, ever win.

Already, Eric's magically-altered mind was starting to plan how he could do his hair and makeup. Already, it was focused on how to make his slutty new body *perfect* for his as-yet-unseen husband.

It was like he was suddenly incapable of doing *anything* but thinking about how to make himself look better for his man. The magic had plucked out every single other interest from his brain.

All Eric's new, female mind was able to think about was clothes and hair and makeup and sucking dick.

What's happening to me? Eric thought to himself miserably, as he plucked up a bright pink handbag Anya had left for him, wondering vaguely if there was any lipstick in it, *it's like I'm vanishing. Like there's nothing left of me...*

At that moment, a knock at the door brought him crashing back down to earth.

"Natalya?" Anya's voice was muffled. "It's me, Anya. Time's up, dear. We have to go."

Just a second! Eric's body tried to call. But, of course, nothing came out.

He still hadn't found a man to give him permission to talk.

Geez, what a pain, Eric thought as he opened the door, *I hope being a girl isn't always like this...*

"Ah. There you are." Anya smiled at him, a smile Eric knew was magically-forced, but couldn't help responding to with a smile of his own. "You look *amazing* by the way. I can already tell he's going to be happy."

Who? Eric tried to say, but he needn't have bothered.

"He's just arrived," Anya was prattling. "I think you're going to be *very* happy with him, Natalya. Fuck, just *looking* at him made me all jealous that I'm stuck here as the secretary!"

Of course, Eric thought with a sudden feeling of horror, *who else could she mean...?*

It wasn't like Lorena hadn't warned him.

"Come on, then, dear," Anya smiled. "Hurry up, it's time already!"

She clasped one of Eric's dainty new hands in her own.

Time for what? Eric thought, but he already knew the answer. Even before Anya said it, he knew *exactly* what it was time for.

"It's time for you to meet your new husband!"

IV

This can't be happening.

The thought echoed round the insides of Eric's skull as he made his way along the corridor, pulsing in time with the *clacking* of his pink high heels.

There's no way this can be happening.

Ahead of him, Anya bounced along on her own heels, her pert bum wiggling beneath her dress, her long, blond hair trailing out behind her.

Please don't let this be happening.

They reached the door. Anya span on her heels to face Eric, a serious expression on her flawless features.

"Remember," she said in her low Russian accent, "you *must* act like a good little wife, or the client will get *very* annoyed. Understand?"

Eric nodded his pretty little head. Until a man gave him permission to talk, he was mute.

Inside, though, he was raging.

I don't want to be a wife! I don't want to be a girl. Turn me back right now!

He felt *ridiculous*. Ahead of him, his vast breasts rose outwards in a soft cleavage that dominated the lower part of his eye line. His pink, plastic heels were already pinching his feet something rotten.

He could feel his peach-like ass sticking out behind him, curved and seductive. Feel the cool air caressing his smooth, slender legs. Feel his long, blond hair falling in straight lines down his back, tickling him between his shoulder blades.

It was wrong. All of it. The revealing dress clinging to his curves. The faint pressure of the bra straps on his shoulders. The faint craving from the tight little hole between his legs that left him feeling mortified.

If he hadn't been enchanted to be utterly obedient, he would've turned and ran. Ran as fast as these stupid heels would carry him, away from this nightmare.

At least, that's what he told himself.

After all, it wasn't like there was a dark and secret part of him that was actually *enjoying* this. That loved dressing and acting like a sexy Russian mail order bride. That couldn't *wait* to see what his new husband looked like.

Right?

Anya hesitated, one manicured hand resting on the door handle.

"Listen, Natalya," she used Eric's new, female name. "I just want to say... good luck."

Thanks, Eric thought. He flashed Anya a dazzling, supermodel smile, but the young secretary had already turned away.

Now she was opening the door, stepping into the reception area, waving Eric through... he strutted in after her in his high heels, wondering who would be waiting for him, wondering who he was destined to spend the rest of his life as the wife of...

And then he froze.

His mouth dropped open in a cute little 'o'.

No... Eric thought, weakly, *please God no...*

Across the room, Lorena smiled at him over the rim of her dark glasses.

"Ah, Natalya," she purred. "So *glad* you could join us. There's somebody I want you to meet."

The man sat next to her turned round. At the sight of poor little Eric, stood there in his bubblegum pink dress with his legs and tits on display, a dazed smile broke across his lined features.

How could she?! Eric raged inside himself, *how could she do this? It's wrong. Sick!*

"*This,*" said Lorena with a grin, "is Mr. Filler."

I know who it is, Eric trembled as he looked down at the man before him. The man who was so, so, so familiar.

The man who he'd seen every single day of his life, staring out the mirror at him.

"Hot *damn,*" male Eric murmured, his eyes greedily running over the contours of Eric's supermodel body. "She's *perfect.*"

"Isn't she just?" Lorena said, turning to Eric. "Natalya, dear, why don't you come over and say 'hi'? Don't be shy."

Male Eric was watching him with expectant, hungry eyes. Eyes that made Eric shiver with disgust. He subconsciously took a step backwards, a feeling of nausea rising in him.

No way. No way am I going near him!

For the first time in his life, Eric was outside his own body, seeing it as a stranger would. And not just *any* stranger. A woman. A woman his male-self *badly* wanted to fuck.

And what he saw was enough to make his blood run cold.

Male Eric was at least twice as ugly as he'd expected. A large belly hung over his belt, hidden from view behind a tomato-stained shirt. Scraggly stubble lined the cheeks of his gray, lined face. His hair was thinning, greasy.

He looked like he smelled. He looked like he never washed. He looked like he'd possibly *never* had a girlfriend.

But that wasn't the worst part.

The worst part was how he was *looking* at Eric.

He was studying Eric's body with a casual sort of leer, like he was pricing up meat in a store.

Eric had never seen that look on another man's face before. It was a look that was simultaneously desiring and dismissive, hungry and repulsed.

Male-Eric's eyes lingered on Eric's big breasts, on his curves. It was a look that made Eric suddenly feel vulnerable, naked, afraid.

Even if he hadn't known from personal experience *exactly* what was going through male Eric's mind, he would've been able to guess.

This fat, old, *disgusting* man was picturing himself undressing Eric and forcing him to suck on his greasy cock.

"What's wrong with her?" Male Eric suddenly snapped. "Look at her. She's just standing there like some *dumbass* bimbo."

"She's just shy," Lenora said smoothly, getting to her feet. "Allow me."

With slow movements, the young woman made her way over to Eric, a devilishly amused look in her dark eyes.

"Now, now Natalya, be a good girl and say 'hi' to your new husband."

She stopped beside him, gently slipped an arm round Eric's tight little waist. Then she leaned forward until her lips were almost brushing his ear.

"Well? What do you think?" She murmured. "A good likeness?"

Eric dumbly looked at his male self, watching him with open contempt, and swallowed.

This is too weird...

"It's a simple spell," Lorena's breath was hot, tickling his earlobe. "I simply created a *new* you with your exact memories and personality. The only difference is that he doesn't remember *anything* of your transformation. As far as he's concerned, the moment we finished filling in the form I brought him out here to meet you."

She giggled.

"Of course, I did include *some* changes. New Eric only bathes once a week, and he has a *weird* fetish for having his ass wiped by his wife..."

At real Eric's visible shudder, male Eric shifted in his seat, scowling.

"Hey, how long's this gonna take?" He demanded. "If you want me to take my money elsewhere..."

"Not a bit, Mr. Filler," Lorena called to him. "Just one moment, please."

She shot Eric a savage grin.

"You see?" She murmured, her fingers gently drifting down Eric's back, making him shiver.

"He's *you*. He has no idea he's a copy, nor does anyone else. Legally, practically, even philosophically, I'd say he's you."

A note of steel entered her voice.

"And you, Natalya. Why, you're just his silly little bimbo *wife*."

Dear God no... Eric tried to shake his pretty little head. But it was hopeless. The magic wouldn't let him show any negativity in front of his new husband.

“Obedient.” Eric dimly remembered himself saying. *“Very obedient. Only speaks when spoken to, that sorta thing. Does all the housework. Respects me. Someone who’ll never talk back or question me...”*

Lorena’s fingertips trailed down to the base of his spine. Gently, she slipped one hand down and place it, palm-flat, against Eric’s pert new ass.

“Now,” she whispered. “Why don’t you go and *introduce* yourself to your husband?”

At the word *introduce*, she suddenly gave Eric a ringing slap on his poor little bum.

It was like someone had thrown a switch. Immediately, Eric felt himself sashaying forwards, a seductive smile on his teenage features.

He crossed the room, feeling his hips curve beneath his dress. Feeling male Eric’s eyes, crawling over his legs.

He reached his new husband, casually stroked a long, blond strand of hair out of his eyes and gave him a deep curtsy, a servile look on his beautiful face.

“Hey hot stuff,” male Eric gave him a sleazy grin, not taking his eyes off Eric’s massive tits.

“What’s your name?”

My face is up here, Eric thought, angrily.

But of course he couldn’t say anything. Couldn’t even throw a protective arm across his cleavage. The magic wouldn’t let him.

All he could do was stand there, smiling like an idiot bimbo, waiting for male Eric to tell him what to do next.

At long last, male Eric turned to Lorena.

“What is this?” He said. “Can’t she speak English? Is she a fucking *retard*?”

You asshole! Eric thought, furiously, *no wonder you’re stuck with a mail order bride. What normal woman would want you?*

“It’s just like you specified, Mr. Filler,” Lorena called. “She only speaks when spoken to. You have to give her *express permission* to talk or she’ll simply stay silent.”

“Express permission, huh?” Male Eric turned back to Eric with a cocky smile on his middle aged features. “So, no gossiping or any of that shit? I like it.”

Of course you would, Eric snarled inside his head.

Outwardly, he simply kept smiling his pretty, bimbo smile, unable to do *anything* that might displease his new husband.

“OK,” male Eric said at last. “I give you permission to talk.”

It was like a hand had suddenly let go of Eric’s throat. His pretty, painted mouth dropped open, his tongue suddenly alive with words again.

“Oh, thank *fuck!* Eric, you’ve gotta help me. I’m *you!* That bitch Lorena transformed me into a woman. You *have* to get me out of here!”

At least, that was what Eric *meant* to say.

What came out was something rather different.

“*Zdravstvuyte*, Mr. Filler,” the soft, Russian accent coming out Eric’s mouth made his mind whirl. “My name is Natalya.”

The voice was *wrong*! Where Eric was used to speaking with a deep bass, his words now came out soft and musical and *extremely* feminine.

Oh fuck, that’s gonna take some getting used to...

Then things got even worse.

“Soon to be Natalya *Filler*, I hope,” Eric heard himself say in his sensual new, female voice. To his horror, he then felt himself drop a flirty wink at his male body.

Male Eric was looking at him in dazed wonder. He gently turned toward Lorena, like a man moving through honey.

“Well?” Eric heard Lorena ask.

“That was...” Male Eric shook his head. “That was wow. She’s just right, isn’t she?”

I’m right here! Eric fumed. *You can talk to me, asshole!*

But the magic wouldn’t let him speak. Even now he’d found a man to give him permission, Eric realized he could still only talk in response to specific questions.

“I’m glad you’re pleased,” Lorena replied. “Anything else you’d like to ask her?”

A note of mischief entered her voice.

“Just to make sure we got everything... correct?”

“Oh, right. Sure.”

Male Eric turned back to Eric. He frowned into his beaming visage.

Christ it hurts to smile endlessly like this...

“So... Natalya,” male Eric said at last. “Can you cook?”

“Da, Mr. Filler,” Eric heard his female body reply. “I am a *great* cook. The only thing I love more than cooking is cleaning.”

“Awesome. What about your other hobbies?”

“That is so easy,” the words seemed to come from very far away. No matter how much Eric struggled, he couldn’t make himself say what he wanted to. “I like to do my hair and nails and take care of myself for my husband.”

Those aren’t hobbies! Eric thought, miserably. *I can’t just spend my whole life grooming this stupid body for you. I’ll get bored!*

But the worst was yet to come.

“Of *course*,” Eric’s voice dropped down to a sultry whisper, “there are other things I like, too.”

The corners of male Eric’s lips tugged up into a hideous smile.

“Like what?”

A soft giggle escaped Eric's throat. He felt his body flutter its eyelashes, shooting male Eric a naughty, flirty look.

"I love to... how do you say it? I love to *suck the penis*."

What?!!

Eric felt like he'd just been slapped. He hadn't meant to say that! There was no way he was going to suck male Eric's dick. No way! Even with all this magic, he wasn't going to...

Without any warning, Eric's body suddenly bent forward. He slowly felt himself curve down into a sexy little pose, his hands on his bare legs, his big new titties practically falling out the front of his dress.

His straight blond hair fell over his cleavage, gently tickling his breasts. Eric leaned forward until his pouty lips were nearly brushing male Eric's ear.

"Maybe later I can show you how *good* I am at sucking the penis, hmm?"

A light seemed to come on in male Eric's eyes. He leaned back and examined Eric again, who found himself incapable of doing anything but smiling seductively at him. He turned to Lenora.

"She's correct, alright," Eric heard him say, hoarsely. It was weird hearing his old voice coming from someone else's mouth.

Christ, that accent. I never realized I sounded so crass...

"Glad to be of service." Lorena replied. "Natalya, is there anything *you* would like to say?"

"Da, mem." Eric's body replied for him in its soft, seductive voice. "I would like to say that Mr. Filler is the most handsome, interesting man I have ever..."

"Shaddup," male Eric snapped at him, "I'm thinking."

Instantly, Eric's pretty little mouth snapped shut. The invisible hand closed round his slender throat again. With a start, Eric realized he was once more incapable of talking.

You asshole! He raged at male Eric. *I was complimenting you, you freakin' jerk!*

But male Eric seemed utterly unaware of the white hot rage boiling through the Russian bride stood obediently before him.

"She's good, I'll give you that," he was saying to Lorena. "But I'm not ready to pay for her yet. Ten K is a *lot* of money, y'know?"

Cheapskate, Eric thought, furiously. *When are you ever gonna get a girl this good-looking again?*

"Well, that's how much she costs," Eric could practically hear the shrug in Lorena's voice. "Take it or leave it."

"I'm not saying I'll *leave* it," male Eric huffed. "Just that... well, with a purchase *this* big..."

Oh for Chrissakes, get on with it already...

"What is it Mr. Filler? And *please* be fast. We have other clients booked in today."

"I'm just saying you wanna try before you buy, don't you? And this little chick's got a *very*

specific service she's offering."

"Get to the point, Mr. Filler."

"The point *is*," male Eric looked back to Eric, still stuck in his stupid, sexy pose, with a triumphant grin. "This little Ruskie talks a good talk about sucking dick."

His eyes flashed with cunning.

"So. How about she *proves* it?"

V

The door to the bedroom slammed shut. In horror, Eric turned to face his male self.

“Well?” Grunted male Eric. “What are you waiting for, Tits?”

Don’t call me that! Eric fumed.

But it was useless. He wasn’t just male Eric’s new wife. He was his *property*. And he would respond to *anything* this fat and uncouth man wanted him to respond to.

The magic would see to that.

After male Eric had suggested test-driving Eric’s female body, Lenora had told Anya to prepare the ‘emergency bedroom’. Then she’d gently taken hold of real-Eric’s elbow and led him into a corner.

“Well, Natalya,” she’d whispered, her voice amused. “It sounds like you’ve gotten yourself into *quite* the fix now, haven’t you?”

And Eric had tried to shout at her. To scream. But his pretty, painted mouth had stayed stubbornly closed.

In horror, he’d realized that he probably wouldn’t open it again until it was time to put male Eric’s cock in there.

“Look at you,” Lenora had smiled. “So quiet. So demure.”

She glanced sideways at male Eric, sat across the room, impatiently chewing on his fingernails.

“Just what you always thought a woman *should* be, right?”

To his surprise, Eric had found himself gently nodding his pretty little head, a look of misery on his beautiful features.

“Aww, Natalya!” Gaspd Lenora in mock-empathy. “Don’t cry my pretty Russian doll! It’s not *all* bad. You’re about to have a delightful little encounter with the man of your dreams!”

The man of my dreams...?

Forlornly, Eric had glanced back over at his fat, sweaty, male self. Then he’d closed his eyes and *shuddered*.

The thought of those fat hands, crawling over his body. Of those sweaty lips, locked to his. Of that smelly and probably unwashed cock being slipped between his lips was *awful*.

Is this how women always felt about me? He’d wondered, miserably. *Is that why I could never find a bride of my own?*

And now he never would. After all, *he* was the bride now.

“What’s the matter, dear?” Lenora had asked. “After all, *you* were willing to force that body onto some poor Russian beauty, weren’t you? The only thing that’s changed is which body your mind’s in.”

She’d smirked at the helpless anger building up behind Eric’s doe-like blue eyes.

“Don’t worry, sugartits. I’m not *all* evil. I’ve arranged a little surprise for you my dear.”

At this point, Lorena’s eyes had sparkled with barely-concealed mirth.

“In fact, I think you’re going to *love* your new husband. Completely.”

Before Eric could violently shake his head, Anya had popped her head back inside the door.

“Bedroom is ready, mistress,” she’d squeaked.

Lorena had given Eric one last wink, then turned her attention back to male Eric, who was now absent-mindedly picking his nose.

“Mr. Filler?” She’d called. “It’s time!”

It’s time...

The words echoed through Eric’s empty bimbo brain as he looked miserably around the room he now found himself in.

It was a small, cramped office room that someone had done up to look like a hotel bedroom. There was a double bed squashed in between two walls. The lights were low and red. A tube of lube stood on a tiny bedside table.

It’s time...

“Hey, Tits!” Male Eric impatiently snapped his fingers before Eric’s soft face. “I’m talking to you. Answer me, damnit!”

The invisible hand loosened on Eric’s throat again. He felt his striking teenage features arrange themselves into a compliant smile.

“*Prosti*, Mr. Filler. I am sorry.” The musical voice, with its exotic accent, sounded like it was coming from someone else. “My mind. It wandered.”

“Stupid as well as pretty, huh?” Male Eric snorted. “I *said*, you need to show me what you can do.”

He took a step forwards. Eric instinctively stepped back. He bumped against the rear wall of the tiny bedroom, suddenly aware that he had nowhere else to go.

Suddenly aware that he was a weak, young and *very* vulnerable woman, caged up with a potentially-dangerous man.

Slowly, male Eric stepped forwards. He stopped mere inches in front of Eric, a sneer on his lips. This close, Eric could smell his breath: hot and musty and sour.

Oh God, what’s he gonna do to me...

Male Eric let his eyes drift down to Eric’s big new titties. He smiled at the sight of them, then casually reached up and started squeezing them, kneading their flesh with his stubby fingertips.

Immediately, Eric’s female body responded. To his horror, he felt his nipples go hard as bullets. Felt a strange warmth begin to spread between his legs. Felt his head start to go woozy.

Hey, what’s happening? He yelped inside himself. *Why am I getting turned on here?*

Then a hideous thought dawned in his mind.

Back when he was filling out the form for his perfect woman, he'd specified that she be *deeply* attracted to him.

Well, now he *was* that woman.

And he suddenly couldn't help but find his old, male form *incredibly* attractive.

"God, look at these tits of yours," male Eric murmured, causing a shiver to shoot through Eric's body. "I bet you *love* having boys suck on these puppies, don't you?"

His fingers were massaging Eric's new chest with rough movements, squashing the flesh here, pinching there. It was uncomfortable. Almost painful.

It was also hot as hell.

As male Eric began to run the ball of his thumb around his areola, Eric let his pretty little head tilt back and let out a gasp. It came out sharp, feminine.

Having his tits felt up was so *good*. Already, a strange and sleepy warmth was rolling out in waves across his entire body, making his skin prickle and his legs go wobbly.

It should have been hideous. Being trapped as a woman and having his own male body rudely pinch and play with his nipples.

But the magic meant that Eric couldn't help but be completely turned on by whatever his new husband did.

"Da, Mr. Filler," he whispered, humbly. "I *love* having my breasts played with. Especially by a man as *powerful* as you."

"Powerful, eh?" Smirked male Eric. "You like power? Try *this*."

Instantly his thumb and forefinger snapped together round one of Eric's nipples, twisting and pinching it. The pain shot like rockets through Eric's new body, making him tremble slightly. He closed his eyes.

Oh Jesus, that felt so good...

Male Eric was working his breasts harder now, switching tenderness for rough pinches and twists. Little pinpricks of pain fired out from Eric's nipples, mingled with the pleasure in his breasts and dissipated into a feeling that was blissful.

Without realizing he was doing it, Eric gently started to spread his legs. Deep between his smooth thighs, he could feel his tight little hole starting to open up.

It was incredible. Beyond belief. That he, Eric Filler, should be here, getting felt up by his own body. And, worse yet, loving every minute of it!

Dear God, I think he could make me come just by feeling my tits...

As a man, Eric had never thought of his chest and nipples as an erogenous zone. Now, however, it was like they were brightly-lit pleasure centers, crackling with erotic energy.

"Look at you..." Male Eric smirked. "You're such an obedient little whore, aren't you? I bet I could do *anything* to you and you'd love it, wouldn't you?"

No... Eric tried to plead. *No... I wouldn't...*

Outwardly, he simply opened his eyes a fraction and looked at his male body through lids half-closed and heavy with pleasure. He gently bit his lower lip and nodded.

“Good. In that case...” Male Eric leaned forwards, so his lips were almost brushing Eric’s. From inside his new body, Eric faintly realized he was now a good four inches shorter than his male form.

And that’s with heels on...

For a moment, male Eric didn’t do anything, just held his lips near Eric’s so they were almost brushing. His fingers kept pinching, kept squeezing at Eric’s fat and heavy boobs. His hot breath tickled Eric’s smooth cheeks.

“Kiss me.” Whispered male Eric at last.

Eric’s new body didn’t need telling twice.

Obediently, he leaned forward, parted his pouty red lips and then they were kissing. The two men pressed their faces against one another’s, biting, sucking, nibbling, trying to *drink* one another in.

Male Eric’s tongue swirled round the inside of Eric’s mouth, possessing him, owning him. He whimpered faintly and nibbled on it, tasting it like it was some exotic delicacy. The thrumming in his crotch got louder. More intense.

This is so wrong, Eric whimpered in his mind. I can’t be making out with myself. I can’t!

But his body refused to pull back, to disengage. Instead, Eric felt himself lean forward until he was *pressing* his body against male Eric’s, clinging to him like a drowning girl clinging to a lifesaver.

He felt the pressure of male Eric’s chest against his boobs, squashing them. Felt male Eric’s hands slip down to his ass and start kneading its cheeks through his dress. Felt an erection, pressed up against his flat stomach, digging into the skin.

The two Eric’s kissed for what seemed like forever. When they finally pulled apart, Eric was astonished to hear himself panting, weak little feminine gasps escaping his ruby lips.

The taste of male Eric’s mouth lingered on his tongue. The stale taste of someone who hasn’t brushed their teeth for a couple of days.

It should’ve been disgusting. But instead it seemed to trigger something in Eric’s female mind, making his brand new pussy start dripping with moisture.

She’s made me attracted to everything about him! Eric realized. Even the bits I should find disgusting are just turning me on...

“You’re a good kisser,” male Eric smiled, his hands still playing with Eric’s shapely ass. “But it’s not kisses I want...”

He suddenly stepped back a few paces, leaving Eric dizzy and panting with lust.

“Take that dress off!” He suddenly barked.

It was like a switch had been thrown in Eric’s brain. Before he could stop himself, he grabbed the hem of his new dress and *yanked* it off over his head.

For a split-second, the world was lost behind a wall of pink. Then the cold air of the bedroom was caressing Eric's soft and springy teenage skin as he cast the dress to one side and stood, semi-naked before his wonderful new husband.

He's not wonderful... he's a scumbag! Oh please... oh God, please...

"And the bra."

It was like his body was no longer his own. Eric felt himself reach behind his back with one dainty hand. A moment later the clasp on his bra twanged open and he felt his large breasts droop a little towards the floor.

With automatic movements, he pulled the bra off and threw it to one side, then stood uncertainly before his male body, his tiny hands on his curvy hips; his huge boobies dangling heavy and free. Before him, male Eric slowly unzipped his pants. He reached his hand inside and then pulled out something long and hard and strong.

The sight of his penis made Eric's mouth drop open. He *gaped* at the monstrous thing before him.

Hey! That's not right!

All his life, Eric had been proud of his 7-inch dick. But male Eric wasn't 7 inches, or even close. The penis attached to his male body was now at *least* 11 inches and thick as a club.

The magic. Oh God, the magic...

"Like what you see?" Male Eric laughed. "I bet a horny bitch like you would."

"I-it is *amazing*," Eric heard himself gasp in his female voice, unable to take his eyes off male Eric's gargantuan dick. The purple head throbbed in the red light of the tiny room, a thick vein stood out, running down one side.

Delicately, Eric felt himself swallow.

"Mr. Filler, *pozhaluysta... please...*"

"What is it, sugartits?"

"I want..." Eric suddenly realized what he was about to say. He desperately tried to stop himself. To close his pretty little mouth and hold those forbidden words in.

But the magic was too strong. With barely a pause, he heard himself say:

"I want it *in my mouth*."

A slow smile spread across male Eric's features. He shrugged his heavy shoulders.

"Bitch likes to suck?" He breathed. "Then *get sucking*."

Eric felt his soft, beautiful new face break into a radiant smile. Felt himself give a delighted little giggle.

"Thank you, Mr. Filler. *Spasibo*. Thank you *very* much."

Then before he could stop himself, he took three steps forward on his pink high heels, leaned forward, gave male Eric one last, lingering kiss, then sank down onto his knees.

He landed on the carpeted floor with a soft little *flump*. Just in front of him, male Eric's penis bobbed in the artificial light, long and hard and thick. Eric could see his fat testicles, dangling between his legs. See the wiry hairs of his pubes, coiling just above the end of the shaft.

Look at it... he marveled, quaking in fear and fascination. *It looks so good...*

Without realizing he was about to do it, Eric suddenly bent forward on his haunches, his heavy breasts dangling towards the floor, tugging on his chest.

He kissed the tip of male Eric's penis, lovingly letting his lips brush against its swollen end.

He gently flicked his tongue all the way down the shaft, luxuriating in the smell of male Eric's sweaty cock. In its faint taste.

Impulsively, he leaned right into his crotch, rubbing his pretty face against male Eric's dick, feeling his balls bump against his lips, inhaling his aroma.

Smell that... he thought, with an unexpected surge of happiness that simultaneously made him feel like screaming, *I bet he hasn't washed down here in days...*

The odor of male Eric's crotch sent urgent messages sparking down to Eric's new pussy. He felt himself becoming puffy and wide and wet. A tiny droplet of moisture trickled down the inside of one leg.

He breathed in deeply one last time, then leaned back, so the tip of male Eric's enormous penis was resting right on the tip of his bud-like lips.

With innocent blue eyes, Eric gazed up at his new lover. At his new husband, who he would always obey. Who he'd spend the rest of his life helplessly attracted to, no matter what he did.

He felt a dizziness rising in him. A woozy, intense feeling of passionate *desire* at the sight of male Eric's fat belly, sweaty armpits and lined, gray face. He knew it was the magic. Knew he was being tricked into thinking this way.

Yet, crouched there on his knees, his breasts dangling, his pussy wet and the taste of pre-cum on his pretty, painted lips, Eric found he no longer cared.

"Ok, Ruskie," male Eric's voice was patronizing, yet it was also like music to Eric's ears. It was the voice of the man he *loved!* The man who could do no wrong. He would do whatever his wonderful husband told him to! Whatever he-

"Time to prove what a good little wifey you are." A grin split male Eric's features. "Now. Get sucking."

Without a second's hesitation, Eric smiled up at his male self, kissed the tip of his dick once more, then opened his pretty little mouth and took the whole length inside.

It was the strangest thing Eric had ever felt.

Male Eric's dick *forced* its way inside his mouth, pushing his jaw open wider, wider. It sat on his tongue like an alien invader, a throbbing, rubbery thing that made him gag slightly.

It should have been *horrible*. It should have made Eric scream and retch and throw up. He was a man. A *straight* man!

Yet it did none of these things. Instead, the feeling of another man's dick in his mouth made

Eric's already drenched pussy soaking wet.

If his new husband wanted him to suck dick, then his new body was *determined* he enjoy it.

Reaching up, Eric gently wrapped one dainty hand round the shaft of male Eric's dick. Then, slowly, he began to gently pump it, thrusting his head back and forth as he did so.

Immediately, he heard male Eric let out a satisfied groan that sent shivers through him. His long dick slid easily to the back of Eric's throat, its pre-cum mingling with his saliva.

With a feeling of abandonment, Eric tilted his head right back until only the bell was in his mouth, and expertly ran his tongue around the rim. Then he swallowed the whole dick back inside his mouth again and kept on pumping.

Eric's plump lips moved up and down male Eric's shaft with surprising ease. He saw his pubic thatch sliding gently closer, then further away again.

I bet I can fit the whole thing in my mouth! Eric suddenly thought.

It was like a challenge. At his next pump, instead of bobbing his head back and forth, he forced himself to push forwards, forwards, until male Eric's pubic thatch was brushing against his lips and he was deepthroating his old body. He felt his fat balls bump against his chin and felt a thrill pass through him.

That was so easy! I make such a great wife!

Then male Eric impatiently reached down, grabbed his straight blond hair and pulled him back up, and then he was thrusting, his dick pounding into Eric's throat as Eric gagged and whimpered and cried with happiness.

Male Eric was thrusting faster now, each pump of his hips bringing his dangling balls *thwacking* against Eric's chin. He groaned out loud, each masculine moan making Eric's pussy tingle like it was burning with pink fire.

If only I could I could put something in there... Eric thought as he slobbered greedily over his male form's gigantic cock, *if only I had something to put in my pussy...*

A light went on in his brain. Still bobbing his head back and forth, male Eric's hands laced through his hair, Eric gently reached down between his legs.

Like a man in a dream, he slowly extended one slender, pink-nailed finger. He hooked the nail under his panties, pulling them to one side. Then he rested it right against the entrance to his brand new pussy.

The simple pressure of his finger made a bolt of pleasure go arcing through Eric's body. He moaned, a sound that came out muffled with male Eric's big dick still filling his mouth.

For a second, Eric hesitated, like a man standing on the edge of a precipice. Then he mentally closed his eyes and *jumped*.

With determined movements, Eric *pushed* his fingertip against the folds of his pussy. To his amazement, it slid inside with ease. His entire finger slipped in until it was buried up to the knuckle, his hole clenching around it and sending shockwaves through his new body.

OhGod! He gasped inside himself. *Oh fuck, that feels so good!*

Without even thinking, he began delicately swirling his fingertip round the inside of his pussy, probing the deepest recesses of his womb.

It felt weird, having something *inside* him. It was like waking up one morning to discover you had to stand on your head to walk. Eric knew it was something no man should *ever* have to experience.

But he found he simply didn't care.

It felt *way* too good for that.

As male Eric drilled his dick deeper and deeper into Eric's throat, Eric jabbed his finger back and forth inside his moist little hole. The combined feelings of a dick in his mouth and a finger in his pussy were almost too much to bear.

Each movement of male Eric's hips made his nipples go so pointy and hard it hurt. Each jab of his finger made his pussy spark and sing.

He was being used. Used and abused like a dirty little slut.

And Eric was loving every single second of it.

Suddenly, Eric was aware of something building up in him. As he jabbed away with his finger, he felt a wave of something, rising deep within himself. Something unstoppable. Something that would overwhelm his tiny, female mind and threatened to obliterate him entirely.

Ohmygod, I'm gonna come... I'm gonna come! I'm gonna...

Then suddenly, male Eric was pulling out his mouth, grabbing hold of his dick, working his shaft.

Eric looked up at him dumbly with uncomprehending, innocent eyes.

What the-?

"The bed!" Male Eric snarled. "Get on the bed. *On the bed, you Ruskie bitch!*"

His eyes still woozy with pleasure, Eric leaped up onto the bed. His body automatically crouched on all fours, his face pressed to the pillow, his ass high up in the air, exposing his dripping wet cunt to the entire world.

What's going to happen? Eric wondered, helplessly, to himself as he continued to play with his pussy. *What's he going to do with me?*

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

With heavy movements, male Eric clambered onto the bed behind him. Eric felt the mattress sag under his weight. Felt two large, meaty hands clasp his curvy, womanly hips and pull his ass up still higher into the air.

"M-Mr. Filler," he squeaked in his Russian accent. "Stop! I-I have no contraceptive..."

"Well..." came Eric's old, male voice, smug and laced with contempt. "I guess you shoulda thought of that beforehand, huh?"

Then male Eric shifted his position, jerked his hips forwards and suddenly he was fucking Eric hard in his brand new pussy.

It was overwhelming. Terrifying. Eric's sparkly new cunt was so tight that he squealed as his male form drilled his penis in.

He felt the walls of his pussy *stretch*, sending pink stars exploding under his skin. Felt the tip of male Eric's penis penetrate and invade his poor, virgin womb.

It was like a bolt of fire was coiling up inside him, drilling deep into him. It hurt. It hurt like hell. But it was also deeply, wonderfully, *overwhelmingly* pleasurable.

As male Eric fucked him like the little bimbo bitch he was, Eric screwed up his beautiful Russian face and screamed out loud.

He couldn't have stopped himself, even if he wanted to. His body writhed and screamed and moaned and begged like someone else was in control of it. There was no way he'd *ever* be able to deny he had loved this.

And Eric found he simply didn't care.

They fucked roughly in that position for what seemed like an age, Eric trapped in his purgatory of unending pleasure. Unable to do anything except bury his soft teenage face in the sheets, close his eyes and whimper loudly.

His long hair coiled out about him on the bed in the shape of a fan. Long blond streaks lay across his face, trailing through his vision.

His heavy boobies jiggled with each *thwack* of male Eric's hips against his upraised ass. His nipples grazed against the bedsheets, making them sensitive. His fingers automatically clenched. His mouth dropped open, emitting gasp after gasp after gasp.

He was helpless. He was horny. He was male Eric's bitch bride now, and there was *nothing* he could do about it.

At long last, male Eric suddenly went stiff. He urgently yanked his dick out of Eric's tight, tender little pussy and *shoved* him down onto the bed so he lay coiled up before him.

What the-? Eric had time to wonder. And then male Eric gave a small sigh and jets of white hot come were spurting down onto Eric's pale and naked body.

Drops of spunk splattered down onto his naked ass. Onto his pussy. Onto his heavy tits. With a feeling of helplessness, Eric span round, grabbed his boobs and squashed them together, offering them up for his male form to come on.

I'm his cumdump now, he thought deliriously, *his silly bimbo sex toy... and it feels so good!*

Oh my God, this is horrible...

Male Eric's sperm shot across real-Eric's tits, hot and sticky and *perfect*. Without thinking, Eric leaned forward and greedily licked it up, luxuriating in its salty taste.

He was no longer a man now. He wasn't even a real woman.

He was another man's sex fantasy. And he would serve his desires for the rest of his life.

Finally, male Eric let out a *whoosh* of breath. He slipped his penis back away inside his pants and did up the zipper.

“Please, Mr. Filler...” Eric heard himself beg in his girly Russian accent, his eyes fixed longingly on male Eric’s fly. “Please let me suck the penis some more...”

“Later.” Male Eric grunted, getting to his feet.

He scowled down at Eric.

“Don’t you bitches ever shut up? In fact, don’t talk no more, got that?”

Instantly, the invisible hand closed round Eric’s throat again. He smiled up helplessly at the his new husband. At the man who had paid ten thousand dollars for him.

At the man he was now doomed to wait on as a dotting, mail order bride for all eternity.

He treats women like trash. He’s going to treat me like trash. Like an object. His plaything. Eric realized. *Oh God, I’m so sorry. Please, make me stop enjoying this. Please, turn me back!*

But it was hopeless. Mutely, Eric watched as his male form crossed the room and threw open the door.

“Hey! Miss Laura, or Loretta, or whatever your damn name is, I’m done here!”

Moments later, Lorena appeared at the door. She shot Eric’s naked, come-stained body a cursory glance, a smile dancing in her eyes.

“Well? How was she?”

“Not bad,” male Eric replied. “Not sure if she’s worth *ten* though.”

“Now, now, Mr. Filler, we had a *deal*.” Lorena gave him a small, professional smile. “Besides, you haven’t tasted her cooking yet.”

“Yeah, well. Even if she’s a Michelin starred chef, I’d say she’s only worth six.”

“You’re welcome to try elsewhere, Mr. Filler. But, I assure you, I can’t possibly go for less than nine.”

Unable to speak, Eric listened in horror as the two people bargained his life away.

His life. His freedom. Who he married. Who he spent the rest of his life fucking. Whose *kids* he carried in his brand new womb.

All that had been reduced down to a paltry handful of dollars.

It’s like I don’t even exist. Like I’m an object. A worthless object.

It slowly dawned on Eric that he’d never seriously expected to be stuck as a girl. He’d thought Lorena would turn him back after male Eric fucked him. He’d thought he’d get to learn his lesson and run on home like a good little boy.

It was only now, as Lorena and male Eric haggled, that he realized he was truly stuck this way forever.

“Eight-five,” male Eric grunted. “And that’s my *final* offer.”

“Well...” Lorena sighed, looking at poor, helpless, *beautiful* little Eric. “I suppose she does need a home to go to...”

A devilish smile flashed across her lips.

“Just promise me *one* thing, Mr. Filler, and I’ll let you have her for eight.”

“Eight, huh?” Male Eric frowned down at Lorena, as if looking for the catch. “What’s that?”

“Why,” purred Lorena, not taking her eyes off Eric, “that you’ll tell *all* your friends about us.”

She dropped real-Eric a wink, so subtle male Eric couldn’t have seen it.

“We’ve *always* got room for more clients.”

Then she laughed a long, loud, *hideous* laugh that chilled Eric to his core.

Epilogue

The low house was filled with the cheers of the men as they watched their football game. The Super Bowl had started less than half an hour ago and already they were all drunk and raucous.

With a smile pinned to his pretty face, Eric piloted his way around the room, trying not to topple over on his ridiculous heels, picking up empty beer bottles and emptying out ash trays.

“Hey, Natalya, get me a beer!”

“Natalya, I want some nachos. Fix them up for me, huh?”

“Goddamnit Natalya, move your fat ass, I’m trying to watch the game!”

As the men howled with laughter, Eric scuttled out the way of the TV, his pert bum wiggling under his bubblegum pink dress. He grabbed a beer off the side and made his way back over to the crowd, his heart sinking in his generous chest.

Just this once. Please, just this once...

“Here you are, my handsome husband,” Eric heard himself croon in his sweet, Russian accent as he handed male Eric the beer.

The action caused him to lean *slightly* too far forwards. Immediately, Eric felt half a dozen eyes swivel and gaze down at his big, fat titties.

Big tits, Eric thought, unhappily, *I did say they were the most important thing...*

Over the last three years, he’d come to loathe his heavy, jiggly GG titties more than anything else about his female body.

Eric’s husband took the beer with a grunt, his eyes glued to the game. Eric stayed in place, a servile smile on his lips, waiting for an acknowledgement. Waiting for some thanks from this Neanderthal asshole.

After a good thirty seconds, male Eric turned and frowned at him.

“You still here?” He snarled. “Get your dumb ass back to the kitchen and fix me a sandwich!”

The sofa erupted into laughter. Eric felt his cheeks flush pink with embarrassment.

Just you wait, he thought, angrily. *One day, I’ll grab that bottle and smash it over your stupid, thick head! One day...*

But, deep down, he knew he never would.

He was enchanted to spend the rest of his life as male Eric’s perfect wife. And that meant never so much as politely rebuking him for acting like an asshole.

Besides, he didn’t want to *ever* upset the man he loved.

“Right away, daddy,” Eric felt himself beam. He *hated* calling his disgusting new husband that, but he didn’t have a choice.

He gave a curtsey, dropped a flirty wink at the rest of the sofa, turned and sashayed back towards the kitchen, back towards his natural home.

As he passed the sofa, he felt Jim and Duke's eyes appreciatively linger on his pert little ass. Felt Harrison reach up and give his bum a cheeky little pinch that made him squeak.

Those bastards! Eric thought, furiously. *I'll get them. One day I'll get them!*

Not that he had any idea *how*.

Besides, they'd kinda already learned their lesson.

As he reached the door, Eric was forced to step aside to let Marcus back in. The fat, older man was still zipping up his fly, a visible boner bulging in his pants.

Through the door, Eric could just about see Valentina unhappily slink out the bathroom, wiping the last traces of sperm off her pouty lips.

"Hey, Nattie," Marcus slurred drunkenly, staring down at Eric's boobs. He always called him 'Nattie', never Natalya.

"Mr. Marcus," Eric smiled politely. "I was just getting my hunky husband a sandwich. Would you like one?"

"Would I like a sandwich?" Marcus mumbled. A bit of drool dangled terrifyingly from his lower lip, threatening to drop into Eric's cleavage.

Just remember, Eric found himself thinking, he's not the real Marcus. The real Marcus is out there, trapped in Valentina's body. This is no more Marcus than the guy in there with your face is the real Eric.

Somehow, the thought didn't make him feel any better.

He couldn't even say for certain that he was the real Eric now.

Not after thirty six long months stuck as Natalya.

"There's something else I'd like," Marcus leaned forward so his lips were almost touching Eric's ear. "Remember that night last month?"

Outwardly, Eric gave him an obedient housewifey smile. But inside he shuddered with revulsion.

"How could I forget?" He heard himself say.

Yeah, how could I?

About three weeks ago, male Eric had called up Marcus and asked if he'd like to do a wife-swap for the night. Just like that. Without talking to Eric, or even telling him he was planning it.

"I'm fed up with looking at your ugly face," he'd grunted to Eric after hanging up the phone.

"Geez, why can't I have Valentina *all* the time?"

Even though Eric objectively knew his new body was beautiful – was magically enchanted to *forever* be beautiful – the words had still stung. Had still made him lock himself in the toilet, put his pretty face in his hands and weep; big, girly sobs wracking his delicate little body.

Why do men have to be so mean? He'd silently sobbed. *I fucking love him and he treats me like dirt!*

But he knew it wasn't real love. It was just the magic, forcing him to act like the poor wife in an emotionally abusive relationship.

It was just the magic that had made him go to Marcus's with male Eric that night. Just the magic that had made him beg Marcus to fuck his tight little asshole.

Just the magic that had made him come as Marcus's oily dick pounded into him. Just the magic that had made him secretly enjoy that evening, purely because it made male Eric happy.

"Sorry, Mr. Marcus," Eric heard himself simper. "I need to iron Eric's shirts tonight and let him come all over my big boobies."

He bounced his big tits in his hands to emphasize, cringing inside himself at what the magic was making him do.

"Maybe you can fuck my asshole again some other time?"

"Whatever," grunted Marcus. He gave one last look at Eric's big old titties, then pushed past him into the living room, deliberately letting his arm brush against his boobs as he went.

Asshole! Eric thought, furiously, as he stalked into through the house on his heels. *Asshole, asshole, ASSHOLE!*

He burst into the kitchen. The other Russian wives were furiously preparing snacks for their men, getting them beer. They didn't even look up.

"*Dear God,*" Eric immediately snapped in Russian, "*why the hell did we marry such pigs?*"

Four pairs of frightened eyes looked up at him.

"*Please, Natalya, don't say things like that.*" Anastasia pleaded. "*They're not all so bad. My Duke is a true gentleman!*"

"*That's right!*" Called Valerie. "*Don't forget my Harrison is an amazing, strong, handsome man too!*"

Eric glowered at the two girls, tiny Anastasia with her cartoon waist, heavy breasts and dark hair, and tall, willowy Valerie with her flowing, golden locks. He shook his head and turned to the others.

"What about you two?" He snapped. "*Can you admit your men are assholes?*"

"*Never!*" Snarled Margarita. With her curly brown hair, long legs and freckled cheeks, she was the prettiest of the lot of them.

"*Jim's a wonderful man,*" she went on, "*you're just a bitch, Natalya. Always trying to stir shit up.*"

Eric turned incredulously to Valentina.

"What about you, Valentina?" He demanded. "*Surely you must...?*"

But Valentina simply shook her pretty little head.

"No." She muttered in English. "No. My man is good. I love him."

This is insane! Eric wanted to scream. *They're not your men. They're you! We all got transformed into girls, and now we're stuck acting like housewives for copies of our old male bodies!*

Of course, though, he didn't say that. He *couldn't* say that. The magic simply wouldn't let him.

Just like it wouldn't let the other four admit the awful truth of their existence.

"What about you, Natalya?" Anastasia asked with wide, pleading blue eyes. "*You're not saying you don't love your husband?*"

For a second, Eric thought he'd really do it. Really thought he'd tell the other transformed men around him *exactly* what he thought.

Then the magic kicked back in. He swallowed delicately. He smiled unhappily at his fellow mail order brides.

"Of course not." He said in English. "Eric is the most wonderful man I've ever met. And his penis... my god, you should see it!"

Immediately, the tension flowed out the room. All the other silly little housewives started nattering in English about their husbands' bodies.

"His balls, they just feel so *good* in my mouth..."

"...He likes it up the bum. What can I say? I like it, too..."

"...always ties me up and spansks me. I *love* it!"

"Ah, but when he comes on my *face*...!"

They'd been talking like that for five minutes, deliriously comparing their menfolk, when male Eric appeared in the doorway.

"For Chrissakes, you bitches *shut up!*" He hollered. "We're trying to watch the game!"

Instantly, five beautiful Russia women felt an invisible hand clasp round their throats. Felt their bodies suddenly become incapable of talking.

Mutely, they gave male Eric a deep curtsy. Turned back to their chores.

"Natalya?"

Eric turned to face his husband, his long blond hair trailing out behind him.

"I'm swapping you with Marcus tonight. I'm fed up with seeing your fat ass all the time. Stay here when I go and let him fuck you, got that?"

No! For fucks' sakes, why are you such a dick to me?!!

Outwardly, Eric forced up a pretty smile and nodded. Then he turned back to the table and began fixing male Eric his sandwich.

Across the table, Valentina caught his eye. For a second, Eric thought he saw something flicker behind her gorgeous Russian features. Something buried deep inside her, deep where the magic couldn't reach.

Eric thought he could see a trapped and terrified man, screaming for help.

Then Valentina abruptly turned away and wiggled off into the living room, carrying a beer for her husband, leaving Eric alone at the table.

This was it then. This was the rest of his life. Being insulted by his husband. Being forced to fuck Marcus on demand, and probably, at some point, Jim and Duke and Harrison, too.

Never talking back. Never speaking out. Never even having his own interests. Just cooking and cleaning and fucking. For the rest of his silly little life.

You're a housewife now. A mail-order, Russian housewife. And there's nothing you can do.

In the living room, another cheer went up. Male Eric called out.

"Goddamnit Natalya, where's that goddamn sandwich?"

Coming! Eric yelled in his brain.

He quickly finished putting it together, grabbed the plate and trotted off on his high heels towards the living room.

As the men all turned to leer over his curvy body again, squashed into its little pink dress, Eric closed his eyes and wished he'd never even *heard* of that stupid mail order bride service.

*

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Free Extract:

How I Became a Gender Swapped Daddy Dater

Karen put her hands on her hips, gave a sly little glance that went from Dwight, to the inside of the car, and back to Dwight again.

She's such a flirt...

"Alright, then," she said, playfully. "Why don't you empty this car for me, mister, and I'll get some coffee on for us."

A smile teased the corners of her lips.

"You get that finished in ten minutes and I *might* even let you have something to eat."

She dropped Dwight a little wink, then casually turned and, with a flick of her hair, strutted off towards her new suburban home, her cute, round butt bouncing and curving under her tight jeans as she went.

As he watched her walk, Dwight could already feel something growing in his pants, getting long and hard and thick.

"Easy tiger," he murmured to himself, "let's get this stuff in first..."

He glanced back at the pile of boxes, tried to quickly guess how heavy each might be. A smirk crawled across his handsome face.

Ten minutes? I ain't even gonna need half of that.

And he was right.

Eight minutes later, Dwight deposited the last box in the hallway of Karen's new, large suburban house.

Five minutes after that, the hot young mom was clutched against his strong chest, a dazed smile on her face as Dwight kissed her with a roughness and passion he knew chicks liked.

Ten minutes after *that*, Dwight was kneeling on the soft white rug in Karen's new living room, his hips thrusting violently as he pounded into his new neighbor, who crouched on all fours before him, wailing with female pleasure as her pert titties dangled and bounced and Dwight's ten inch cock rammed over and over again into her dripping wet pussy.

Later, as they lay naked on the rug together, exhausted by their sudden, passionate fuck, Dwight happened to glance at an old photo album half-unpacked from one of the boxes.

After checking that Karen was still dozing, he'd gently pulled himself up and gone to look at it, vaguely wondering what Emily's dad might have looked like.

To his surprise, the album was completely empty, only little corners of tape left where a whole load of photos had recently been torn out.

The only picture in it was at the very, very back. It showed Karen and a fashion-conscious 8 year old girl stood outside Karen's 4x4, both looking unhappily at the camera.

OFF TO START OUR NEW LIVES, read the scribbled caption. Beneath, in ominous letters, it

added:

AND TO LEARN OUR LESSON.

And beside it, the date. Dwight frowned.

The picture had been added only yesterday.

*

“You let him *fuck* you? What, in here?”

“I... I couldn't help it.” Karen kept her eyes on the sink as she washed up. It was already dark outside, the last traces of the New England summer already being swallowed by Fall's chill evenings. “He was just being so nice and helpful, and...”

“She said you need to find a *husband*, remember? Not a fuck-buddy. He *can't* be my daddy if he's just some guy you screw.”

“I know, I know... it's just this magic, OK? It's turning me into a-”

“A whore?”

“A *real* woman,” Karen said, firmly. “With, you know, real woman desires.”

There was silence, only broken by the sound of the water sloshing in the bowl.

Then...

“Was it... was it *nice*? Like, having his dick-”

“I can't tell you. You're *way* too young.”

“Like *fuck* I am. I've had *loads* more sex than you, Karl, I've...”

Karen dropped the dish back in the bowl, turned around, folded her arms over her chest. She'd taken her bra off as soon as they got home and now her nipples were poking out the fabric, all hard and pointy.

“Don't use my name! Remember what she said, we're not allowed to use our old names anymore.”

“Think that bitch can hear us? Karl, she's already turned us into *this*, what else could she possibly do?”

A look of fear flitted across Karen's beautiful features. She closed her eyes.

“She could destroy the reverse spell. Keep me trapped as horny milf, and you as a... as a...”

“If she tries it, I swear I'll track her down and cut her *fucking* head off.”

At last, Karen opened her eyes, a weary expression on her elegant, 38-year old features.

“Do you have *any* idea...” she said, quietly, “how fucked up it is to hear a little girl say that?”

Before her, Emily sulkily crossed her arms. Scowled up at her mommy. She had dark brown hair like Karen, only hers was straight, and tied back now in a cute little ponytail.

Her skin was darker, more Mediterranean than Karen's (*from her father*, Karen supposed), her face still childish and adorable, even when it was creased with sulky defiance like it was now.

“I don’t *care*. I’m *not* a little girl, Karl. I’m *Evan*, and you’re *not* my mommy! You’re *Karl*. We’re both-!”

“Shhh... I know, darling, OK? But we’ve got to be careful...”

The little girl who used to be Evan made a face.

“Don’t call me that. You know I hate it when you call me that.”

“Deal with it, it’s the magic, OK? Just like *this* is the magic...”

Suddenly, Karen bent down, scooped her little girl into her arms and picked her up so her angelic head was resting against one of her shoulders.

At first, Emily struggled, squirming in her mom’s grasp, before finally giving up the fight and settling in to being carried in this strange mother-daughter hug.

“I wish you wouldn’t pick me up like this,” she muttered. “I’m too old to be carried.”

“You’re only 8,” Karen said firmly as she stroked her daughter’s hair, “and I love you *way* too much not to cuddle you.”

“I meant in real life,” Emily grumbled, “I’m twenty one, remember?”

Suddenly, she pulled herself away from Karen’s neck, turned and planted a big kiss on her cheek.

“I love you, mommy.”

Karen gave a tight smile, squeezed her daughter tight.

“I love you too, angel.”

She felt Emily shudder in her arms, disgusted at what the magic was making her do, how it was making them both act. For a second, she was certain her daughter – the daughter the curse had created for her out of thin air – would say something and spoil the moment.

But she was wrong. Instead, Emily allowed her head to droop back onto Karen’s shoulder. Allowed herself to be carried into the living room, past the rug where Karen had surrendered her new body to a powerful man for the first time in her life, over to the window that looked out on their little suburban street.

Outside, the light of the streetlamps flickered behind the waving branches of the trees. Pools of light illuminated trimmed grass verges, sidewalks scattered with the first leaves of autumn.

In the middle distance, the lights of nearby houses glowed like faint and dying stars, each one orbited by its own solar system of silent lives, each flickering with the possibilities of all the endless stories they contained.

The thought made Karen smile sadly. She already knew with one hundred percent certainty that no-one else’s story could be as weird as hers.

Not three days ago, she’d been a man called Karl. A man with a handsome face, a toned, male body, designer stubble, and a long life of male privilege ahead of him.

He’d had a best friend, too, a guy called Evan, just as confident and ready for life as he was.

And then... and then...

And then they'd met Her. And It had happened. And now...

Now there was no more Karl left at all.

Now there was only the beautiful milf Karen, who was *desperate* to have some sexy daddies get in her pants...

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Also by Lisa Change

*

She Changed Him into a Bridesmaid

“A New England wedding, he thought, what could she *possibly* do to me there?”

Millionaire playboy Drake Templeton has it all: money, girls, and looks to spare. He also has a secret. Six years ago, he stole his ex-wife’s money and utterly ruined her. Now Holly has got back in touch with a surprising request... she wants Drake to attend her wedding.

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About the Author

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

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

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