



LISA CHANGE

She Made
Him into a
School
Girl

(the grown man who
turned into a teenage girl
- a transgender romance)

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Author's Note

*This story was originally written as a personal commission for a fan who later gave me permission to publish it. If you like what you read, you can hire me to write **your personal TG fantasy** too! Details are on [my website](#).*

I

This can't be happening.

As the car rumbled through the night, Alex forced himself to keep staring straight ahead, trying desperately to ignore the way his new body felt around him, the way each bump of the wheels made that faint, *horrible* feeling in his chest come back.

There's no way this can be happening.

He could feel it all around him, part of him. What they'd done to him. What they'd *forced* him to become.

Even now, with the evidence all around him, he couldn't believe it. Couldn't believe this was really happening, that he wasn't just fast asleep in his condo, dreaming weird dreams in the bed he shared with-

"Lena?"

The voice was female, slightly-bored sounding. Sat bolt upright in the dark leather seat, Alex reflexively dug his long new nails into his palms. Grit his teeth.

All that's happened... all of-of this, and she's bored?!

"Lena?"

A practiced sigh.

"Lena, you're really going to have to start answering if you want-"

"That's *not* my name."

At the sound of his soft, squeaky new voice the car fell silent once more. Alex closed his eyes, breathing deeply.

He still couldn't get used to the idea that this voice was now *his*. That it would be his forever.

It was just so alien, so fundamentally wrong – with its high pitch, its femininity, its *youth* – that it made him want to scream.

Of course, doing so would have only made his hopelessness a thousand times worse.

For a few seconds there was nothing, just the warm darkness behind his eyelids and the humming of the car. Then the female voice again, so maddeningly measured, so patently businesslike.

"It is your name now. And that means you need to start reacting to it, or else..."

"Or else *what?*"

At last, Alex opened his eyes, turned to glare at the woman, even as he tried to pretend he hadn't noticed the blocky new glasses perched on his nose, the way his long, auburn hair moved as he turned his head, falling down his back.

He fixed her with *that* look. The one he liked to use in high stakes meetings, or when someone at work had really fucked up. The look that said, *I'm a reasonable guy, but do NOT fuck with me.*

Just a few short hours ago, that look alone would've been enough. On his new face, though, it clearly didn't have the same effect. For the first time during their journey, Alex saw the woman smile.

"Or else," she gently shrugged, her white lab coat slipping a little off her shoulders with the movement, "you'll find it impossible to make friends, I guess. Everyone at school will think you're weird."

She smiled again, a faint compression of those thin lips that didn't reach her blue eyes.

"And trust me, as someone who didn't have many friends as a girl, your new hormones will make that social isolation punishment enough."

When Alex didn't reply, the woman picked up her tablet again, looked down at the screen. In the soft blue glow, one tendril of her shoulder-length brunette hair came loose and fell over her forehead. As she automatically hooked it back behind one ear, Alex felt a pang, a feeling of loss that threatened to suffocate, to overwhelm him.

For a second there, she looked just like her. Just like...

He squashed the thought down as soon as it emerged.

If he thought about her now, about how he'd never see her again, he might go mad.

Did they choose this woman deliberately? Are they really that sick?

"Now, let's start from the top, shall we? Name."

Alex turned away, faced out the window. Wrapped his arms closed and tried to ignore the way his big new breasts pushed back against them.

"Lena Starling," he muttered, his new, teenage-girl voice making the two words sound stropky.

"Good. Age?"

"Eighteen."

"Birthday?"

Alex hesitated. Shit, what was it again...?

The answer came to him.

"January 22. 2000." Saying a birth date without a 19 in front somehow made the whole experience even more surreal.

Couldn't this dumb bitch at least have been born in 1999...?

He shook the thought away with an internal sigh. There was no point in thinking such a bitter little thought now.

Not when he was the 'dumb bitch'.

"Hometown and high school?"

"Clearwater Falls, some dumb flyover state, Rhonda Jackson High. Whoever that is."

"Good girl. Parents?"

"Kirsten and Joe."

“Best friends?”

“Umm... Stacey and Keesha?”

“Hmm. We’ll need to practice that one. Now, who’s the cutest boy at school?”

A sigh.

“Some dork called Dorian...”

On and on it went, like some absurdist play, a piece by Beckett where the character of Alex was forced to repeat these meaningless words and phrases over and over again in his squeaky teenage girl voice until they became nothing but sounds.

But Alex knew this was no play. No dream. No fiction.

He knew deep in his bones, in the same way that he’d once known he was a 32-year old male living in America, that this was really happening. That the impossible had, in fact, happened.

That these people had taken him, snatched him from his old, settled, grown up life...

...and turned him into a teenage girl.

As the woman kept asking her questions, Alex stared out the window, into the darkness surrounding them, trying not to go mad.

Out there, America was unfurling past his window. The great continent, deep in slumber, unaware of the horrifying things that had happened while it slept, of the impossible change that had taken place.

But it wasn’t the country surrounding him that Alex was looking at.

It was the girl staring back at him.

Her face was ghostly, a blurred reflection on the dark glass. But the image was still sharp enough for Alex to make her out, to see the sort of girl she was.

And it was as bad as it had been when he first saw her in the lab.

The girl looking back at him was young, just turned 18, with the softness around her cheeks that girls seem to have as teenagers but lose as soon as they become women.

Her face was shy, inexperienced, her innocent brown eyes magnified slightly by her stylish hipster glasses. Long, auburn hair flowed in waves down her back, over her shoulders.

“When you were 8 years old, what did you want to be?”

“Vet,” Alex murmured in his soft new voice, but he was barely listening.

He was too busy staring at the girl he now was.

She was ever so slightly chubby, in a puppy fat sort of way, but she wore it well, and the overall effect was cute; the face of a pretty, girl-next-door type who you might want to marry and have babies with.

She was short – way shorter than Alex was used to being – but not excessively so. In the drama of the last few hours, Alex hadn’t thought much about it, but he guessed she was probably 5ft5.

Her hips were wide, curvy. Her fingers ended in longish nails painted a light shade of green. Her

lips were big and soft, her ears tiny, her nose a cute little button. She was dressed in pink pajamas with red ponies on them that Alex guessed were worn mainly for sentimental reasons.

But it was her breasts that really drew his eyes, still made him sway with disbelief. Made him want to wail and scream and burst into tears and pray to God to stop this madness.

Lena's tits were *enormous*.

They were huge. Two big, ripe things that strained at the fabric of her pajama top, creating two distinctive swells even when – like now – she wasn't wearing a bra. The woman had assured him they were Double D, but he wasn't so sure.

Attached to him like that, they felt much bigger.

Alex could *feel* them, dangling from his new chest. Jiggling slightly every time he moved, every time the car went over a bump. Taunting him. Reminding him of his newfound femininity, reminding him that he was now a shy, pretty teen girl just starting to blossom into womanhood.

A girl with nice big boobies and a tight little snatch. With ovaries, and a womb, and teenage girl thoughts and desires.

With a feeling of vertigo, Alex took in the two fleshy bumps, poking out from his frame, announcing to the world that he was a girl. That his male form was long gone, now the property of somebody else.

Somebody who was probably just as scared and miserable he was.

As the woman droned on with her questions, Alex let out a tiny sob. Felt a tear prick at the corner of one innocent eye. He furiously blinked it back, went back to looking out the window.

Somewhere out there, Lena – the *real* Lena – was sitting in a car identical to this one. Answering questions in her masculine voice as she looked in disbelief at her broad shoulders, her slightly-thinning brown hair, her two-day stubble.

Answering questions about the grown woman she now lived with, the cute, German-descended girl she was suddenly destined to marry. The pretty brunette she would be forced to use her brand new dick to impregnate, as part of this sick, twisted game.

The woman Alex could no longer remember. The love of his life, who'd been excised from his mind in that pristine lab, as precisely as a surgeon might remove a tumor.

The woman he'd been going to marry.

"Describe your first boyfriend to me."

A choking sound escaped Alex's throat, not for the first time that awful evening. As the woman narrowed her eyes at him from across the car, Alex raised one dainty hand to his soft new lips, and watched as Lena's blurry reflection dissolved into tears.

This was happening. There was no longer any way of denying that.

Unless Alex could figure a way out of this *fast*, he was going to spend the rest of his life as a cute, miserable schoolgirl.

II

It had happened so suddenly, like they'd been watching him for months.

Oh sure, they'd denied it at the lab. Tried to insist he'd been chosen at random by some algorithm only two weeks before. But Alex wasn't sure he believed them.

He already thought they'd been lying about plenty else.

It had been a fine, if cold evening. One of those evenings you got in that part of the country, when spring has not yet fully arrived and the winter hasn't yet given up.

He'd been sat in that bar uptown, the one he liked to drop by after a long day's work. Like so much else its exact name and location was gone now, scrubbed from his mind, leaving only the faintest impression of low orange lighting and lazy good times.

(Alex still wasn't entirely sure how much was missing from his memories. It felt like a lot. The name of his hometown was a blank. The location of the condo apartment he'd once shared with the missing woman was gone, too. As the Scientist had said with his wide, chilling smile, it wouldn't do to have him sniffing round his old home again).

Exactly what had happened next was lost in a sea of mist. But he had the distinct impression he'd been a few drinks gone. Trying to work up courage. Something to do with a...

...with a ring. Of course. The one he'd bought two weeks before, and carried around nervously ever since, working up to doing it.

The ring he was going to propose to her with. Tonight.

Or so he'd thought.

If he concentrated hard, he could remember a clock. A feeling that he needed to move, or else he was going to be late somewhere. He remembered leaning across the counter to get the barman's attention...

And then he'd noticed the figure sat beside him.

- Mind if I get these?

Whatever voice the figure had spoken with, it was gone now, chopped out in the lab. Whether it had been low and gravelly or soft and girly in real life, it was now nothing more than the faintest impression on his mind, like words written in sand, disappearing as the tide comes in.

The person, too, was lost. All that remained was a dark, shifting outline. A sense of blonde hair, of gray eyes, of a male or female someone who looked almost perfectly average.

Like a spy. Alex remembered thinking. *Perfect for blending in.*

"I'm leaving, actually." Alex's own voice remained in his memories, clear and unclouded. "But thanks -----"

A word here. *Buddy*, or *miss*, or something that might give the figure's identity away. Whatever it was, it too had been scrubbed, wiped out.

- Too bad. They do an excellent line of cocktails here.

The figure raised a vaping pen to its missing lips. Inhaled through a black hole and blew a tendril of smoke back out.

- Meeting someone?

“Is it that obvious?” Alex had laughed, still trying to track the barman with one eye. Shit, why hadn’t he just gone to some regular place and paid upfront?

The figure hadn’t laughed back. He was sure of that.

- She must be special.

“She is. *Hey, barman!*”

- Indeed. She’d have to be. I wouldn’t be here if she wasn’t.

Alex remembered lowering his hand, frowning. Even with his alcoholic buzz, he’d thought that was a pretty weird thing to say.

“Hey, -----” (another identifying word, excised) “what are you trying to... what do you mean, *you* wouldn’t?”

- He always said, the figure had gone on, ignoring him, - that love was the ultimate test. That we’d only know we’d succeeded when we found a way to overcome that particular stew of chemicals and hormones.

The figure took a thoughtful puff on its pen. Alex remembered a strange tightness growing in his chest.

- Ordinary people, people like you and me, Alex-

How do they know my name?

- -we like to think our feelings are special. Unique. Maybe they are. I can’t imagine ever living without this thing, for example.

The figure held up its vape pen with a faint shrug.

- But he disagrees. He thinks we can change a person’s very soul. Mess around with the core of what makes them them, if you believe that shit.

At this point, Alex had opened his mouth to speak, only to close it again when the figure kept right on talking.

- Just think about it. Being able to completely replace one person with another. Like, if you could snatch the mind of a drug cartel leader, say, and leave him trapped as a helpless little girl a few thousand miles away. Or take some terrorist, and force him to become a horny call girl and spend the rest of his days thanking Allah for all the dick he was sucking.

Another puff. Slow. A vague memory of a smile.

- Or maybe you could take a man about to propose and force him to swap places with a teenage girl...

At the figure’s words, a chill had crept up Alex’s spine. Part of him had wanted to laugh at this mad (man? Woman?), then wave down the bartender and get the heck outta there.

But a bigger part still had found itself unable to move. Unable to do anything but sit perfectly

still, a trickle of fear seeping up its spine.

- Call it a test. A prototype, if you like. Final proof that his tech works as well as he thinks it does. That should get the dollars rolling in, don't you think, Alex?

"Why are you telling me this?"

He'd meant the words to come out sounding tough, but they'd come out dry and scratchy. He hadn't known then that they'd be the last words he'd ever say in his male voice.

The figure affected surprise.

- Why? Hasn't this whole, mysterious conversation made it obvious? You are that test subject, Alex. And now it's time for us to go.

He was sure he'd tried to stand up. To push back. To open his mouth and yell.

But it had all been too late.

With a lazy flick of its wrist, the figure had pointed the tip of its vape pen right at Alex. There'd been a *ptchoo* noise, a sting, and then Alex had been pulling the tiny dart out his neck and staring at it, even as the room began to swim around him.

- Subject neutralized. Bringing him in.

Then a louder command, to someone sitting further up the bar.

- Kill 'em all.

As his mind had fogged and his vision started to fade, Alex thought he'd heard silenced gunshots. Screams. The voice of the barman, pleading for mercy.

But why? He'd tried to say, still looking at the tiny dart. *Why would you...?*

And then he'd felt his legs slip and he'd been falling, falling through space, falling into an infinite blackness that seemed to swallow him up, even as he tried to scream out.

Why me?!

It was a question he would never get a satisfactory answer to.

*

The next thing he remembered was the voice.

"Alex? Time to wake up, old boy."

Even now, the voice – smooth and cultured and British – was still intact in his memories. Almost like its owner had arrogantly left it there, knowing there was nothing he could do about it.

"Come on, my dear chap. What's say you open those peepers of yours, huh?"

So, his mind still swimming from the cocktail of drugs, Alex had opened his eyes.

And immediately wished he hadn't.

The bar was gone, along with any semblance of sanity. In its place was a set from a sci-fi film.

A vast, white laboratory had stretched away around him, strange diagrams and readings glowing from the distant banks of screens lining every wall. A harsh light had been suspended high above

him, shadows moving behind it where near-invisible figures looked down on him from a viewing gallery.

A long, steel arm dangled from the ceiling, folded up right now, but with a deliberately-retro ray gun on its tip, pointed upwards. Its body was chrome, and the white light reflected off its surface, so it seemed to glow with an unearthly light.

And, in the middle of all this, his long, lined face pulled back into what Alex thought was meant to be a reassuring smile...

...stood the Scientist.

“Ah, there you are! Awake at last.”

He was tall, almost freakishly so, with spindly limbs hidden inside a flowing white lab coat. His remaining hair was jet black, thinning from the front, and absent-mindedly slicked back so it seemed to flow away from his wrinkled forehead.

His eyes were piercingly blue. His face alive with a boyish enthusiasm that seemed to cover up a deadness inside. He was thin to the point of malnourishment, his skin like paper pulled taut over the skull of a long-dead skeleton.

Two deep lines ran down either side of his cheeks, leading to his thin lips. As he smiled, they got deeper than ever, leaving him looking almost unreal.

It was, from Alex's point of view, like falling asleep in the middle of a nightmare only to wake up in the fucking craziest nightmare of all.

“I do hope they weren't too rough with you, God knows we've had behavioral issues ever since the government started to take an interest in our- *no!* No, don't do that. Please. You'll do yourself a mischief.”

Alex had tried to sit up, to yell, to go running for the door (wherever it was) as fast as his drugged legs would carry him...

...only to feel the straps on his wrists tighten, the straps on his ankles, forehead and neck pull taut, choking him, cutting off his blood.

Oh God, oh God, oh God...!

His eyes bugged out his head as he pulled, looking down in horror at the white hospital bed he was strapped to. At his body, suddenly naked, his gut on display and his cock all shriveled in the cold.

He tried to scream, but there was something in his mouth, a strap running between his teeth, suffocating him with its leathery taste. A strangled noise escaped his throat.

And then he collapsed back against the bed, a wave of horror sweeping over him.

I'm trapped...!

He felt like a butterfly, pinned to some collector's board. He tried to move his head, to look for help, but the strap held him firmly in place, looking up into the Scientist's concerned eyes.

“Alex. Please. Let's not make a scene. It'll be embarrassing for both of us.”

Who the hell ARE you?! Alex tried to scream. It came out as:

“Mmmrghf fwah! Grrr... huffneffwar!”

The Scientist pressed the back of one fist against his lips, stifling a snort of laughter.

“Yes, well... quite. I should think so, too!”

You bastard!

“Mfhuu bafhewaff!”

“I’d imagine,” the Scientist leaned down towards him, “that those particular noises were something rather crude. Lucky for you, I’m not one to bear grudges.”

With an incredulous feeling, Alex watched as the lined face dropped him a secretive little wink, like this was all some fabulous game.

Who were these people?!

“Allow me to try and fill you in, my dear fellow.” The Scientist stepped away, surveyed the screens around them, his hands clasped behind his back. Up in the gallery, Alex could hear faint murmurs.

“Right now, you are in the underground R&D department of ----- (the name was blanked, but Alex had a faint memory of recognizing it as some famous company). Top secret, naturally. Except when it suits us, or those who employ us.”

More murmurs from above. Alex strained at his straps, trying desperately to see who was doing this to him, but the shadowy figures were lost behind the glare of the light.

“For some time now, we’ve been working on forced mind transference. Rather a simple idea, actually. You just sort of point a little gun at someone – you Americans do love your guns, don’t you? – point an identical one at someone else, pull the trigger and there you have it.”

He shot Alex a bashful look over his shoulder.

“Instant mind swap.”

More murmurs. Perhaps even some clapping. Alex bit down on the leather strap in his mouth. He wasn’t sure if he wanted to scream or cry or just wake up.

What does all this have to do with me?

“Mmghfwunk hffhuhhsh miff mffeh?”

If the Scientist heard his muffled question, he didn’t show it. Instead, he turned toward the bed, began walking slowly backwards toward the biggest of the distant screens.

“We’ve had some successes in the lab. Two interns, one male, one female, swapped for a week. A male volunteer we briefly put into the body of a little girl. A female volunteer we accidentally swapped into a pig. That was certainly memorable.

But nothing yet done *in the field*, as your government agencies might have it. Nothing yet that would unlock Uncle Sam’s deep pockets, if you’ll forgive a mixed metaphor.

So here we are. The field experiment. Two people who’ve never met, each at opposite ends of your country, about to swap places for good. The question *is...*”

He turned his face up to the distant audience, his eyes alive with cold fire. There was laughter. Alex let out a sob.

“...can they convince those around them? Can we arrange a swap so perfect they even begin to act like one another, all while retaining most of their original memories?”

Most?! But Alex’s muffled exclamation was lost under a wave of voices muttering their approval.

The Scientist looked back down at his helpless patient.

“I gather our friends upstairs,” he gestured upwards with one long, stick-like limb (*he’s like a spider*, thought Alex), “think this technology would be most useful for spying. Maybe ----- mentioned it when ----- so charmingly kidnapped you.

Trust me, I’m not one to argue with the money men. But my interest in this is a little more... philosophical, I should say.”

He stopped by one huge, wall sized monitor, its surface filled with brightly colored dials showing everything from Alex’s blood pressure to his heart rate. Rested one hand lovingly against it.

“When I was a little tyke, you know, I always wished I had the power to put people in the bodies they deserved. My unlovely neighbor into a donkey, my older brother into my own personal butler.

As I got older, I started to wonder what that might actually be like. If the mind could accept such sudden change, or if it would simply go mad. Volunteer experiments suggest there’d be a period of resistance, followed by acceptance, perhaps followed by a stage where the swapped person actually began to forget who they used to be.”

A pause. Even strapped down like this, feeling like he was going mad, Alex could sense the audience above, holding their collective breath.

“Perhaps,” whispered the Scientist, “they would even being to *enjoy* it. Perhaps they’d no longer want to go back, even if it was offered to them. An interesting hypothesis, I’m sure you’ll agree. But one that could only be tested by taking two *very* different people, each with a *strong* reason for remaining in their old bodies, and seeing what happened.”

He smiled again, a smile that made Alex feel like screaming.

“Two weeks ago, we unleashed our algorithm onto social media. It tracked every post, every fleeting usage – regrettably, only in the United States – to find the perfect test subjects. As you’ve no doubt guessed, my dear boy, you were one of them. As for the other...”

A faint chuckle. He gently patted the screen.

“Well. Why don’t you meet her?”

Her?! Alex just had time to think, then the screen flickered, the charts and graphs disappeared... and Alex was looking right through the looking glass.

The screen now showed a life size room identical to this one, complete with harsh white light, retro ray gun on a steel arm, and hidden figures in a gallery.

Only where Alex should have been, strapped naked to the bed, there instead lay a terrified girl.

She was young, with long auburn hair, and a cute face that – perversely – looked even sweeter in its terror. She was slightly chubby, with boobs that were big and heavy, their nipples long and pink and pointed at the sky.

Her legs were smooth, attractive, her hips curvy. Her pussy was on display, a thin, dark line running between her legs beneath a tiny tuft of wiry hair. Even from this distance, it was clear her skin had the softness and suppleness of youth.

“Don’t feel embarrassed, my dear old Alex,” the Scientist smiled widely, showing off teeth that were unnaturally white, “she’s of age, no need to fear your biological reactions to her naked body. Though, truth be told, it will soon be *your* body, anyway.”

A paralysis was taking hold of Alex, draining what little fight he had left out of him. He tried to weakly shake his head, but the strap prevented even that.

No. Please...

“Oh, stop acting so upset!” The Scientist laughed, turning to the screen, “she’s from a good home, got some friends. She’s rather cute. You’ll have no trouble fitting right in at her school.”

But I don’t want to fit in at her school!

Alex wanted to scream the words, but it was like his fear had made his body stop working. Not even a muffled noise escaped his throat as he stared in horror at the screen.

“And it’s not like *she’s* got a great deal. I mean, just look at you.” He raised one eyebrow a fraction. “Would you like to hear what’s happening in her lab?”

Before Alex could even think the word *no*, the sound came on, flooding out of hidden speakers, much louder than someone talking in real life would have been.

“...your new body, my darling little Lena?”

A woman’s voice, slightly bored sounding. Although Alex wasn’t aware of it yet, he’d soon be sharing a car with its owner.

“I know he’s a bit old to your eyes, but look on the bright side. Tall, a good job, a woman who wants to be his wife.”

At the mention of his girlfriend, Alex felt his insides turn to ice.

Oh God, have they done something to her too?

On the screen, the girl – Lena – looked like she was starting to cry. Her eyes fixed right onto Alex’s. He tried to give her a reassuring look, but it didn’t translate with them both all trussed up like this and, besides, he didn’t feel remotely assured himself.

Those eyes are going to be mine... the thought was unreal, the thought of a madman, *any second now, I’ll know what it’s like to see from those eyes...*

Dear God, why is this happening...?

It seemed Lena was thinking the same thoughts. As Alex hopelessly watched the teenage girl, a tear rolled out her eyes.

“Please don’t cry. Haven’t you ever secretly wondered what it’s like to be a boy?”

“There. She’s just as scared as you, see?” The Scientist said. “Now I suggest you both stop being such babies, and think about how you’re about to set a new historical first. Gentlemen?”

He looked up at the gallery.

“Glasses, please.”

There was a general shuffling from above. The Scientist plucked a pair of heavy dark glasses out his lab coat and put them on.

“Ready, my dear?” He called.

“Ready when you are,” the unseen woman said back through the screen.

“Excellent.” The Scientist gave Alex one last smile. With his dark glasses on, it was disconcertingly like having a skull grin at you.

“My colleague will fill you in on all the additional information you’ll need on the other side,” he said. “So I guess all that remains to be said is ‘Goodbye, Alex’...

..and *hello Lena!*”

The moment the words left his lips, there was a blinding flash of light, a crackle of electricity. Alex was aware monitors were beeping, going crazy. He felt like he was falling, a muffled scream tore out his throat...

...and then it was over. The white light faded, the sensation of vertigo vanished, and Alex was blinking up at the gallery of figures above him, trying to get his vision back.

At first he thought it hadn’t worked. That maybe it had just been a well-executed TV prank, and his panic was about to be broadcast to millions as a joke.

Then he noticed several things at once, and his last hope shattered to pieces.

The first was the strong smell of ozone. It seemed to flood his nostrils, infesting them, so strong he could taste it, like he was eating lightning. After three decades with an almost non-existent sense of smell, it was like a pathway to a whole new sense had been opened in his mind.

The second was the figure standing by the screen, her white lab coat hanging off her shoulders. Where the Scientist should have been, there was now standing a businesslike, brunette woman with piercing blue eyes.

The final thing was the sudden, horrible realization that his body *felt* different. That his mental map of it was suddenly wrong.

There, where his mind assured him should just be his flat, boringly male chest, he could now feel a weight he’d never felt there before.

There, where he knew there ought to be short, thinning hair he barely noticed, he could feel waves of the stuff, tumbling from his crown, tickling at his bare shoulders.

And there, where his entire life’s worth of experience told him a fat cock should be dangling, he now felt...

...nothing.

“All good this end,” the woman was saying. Straining his head up to look at her, Alex was surprised to see she was faintly blurry, as though he should have been wearing glasses.

Gain one sense, lose another, he thought, deliriously.

“How are things back at base?”

“Perfect,” the Scientist’s voice seemed to boom out the loudspeakers, so much louder than it had been in person. “Judging from the way our subject is now staring down at his body and trying to scream, I’d say it was a complete success. Yours?”

“Well, she’s not screaming, per se. But that may be because she hasn’t quite yet realized this is really happening.”

“Well then, drill it into her as soon as possible, there’s a good girl. We can’t keep the yanks waiting.”

“I suppose not.” The woman sighed. “Nuclear option it is, then. Remove the straps.”

Somewhere, somebody must have pressed a button, because suddenly the tightness loosened around Alex’s dainty wrists, around his ankles, his slender neck.

He sat up with a high pitched gasp, rubbing his wrists, his eyes wild, a feeling of madness threatening to overwhelm him.

“Take your time, Lena,” the woman was saying, “we don’t want to rush you.”

Alex knew he shouldn’t look. Knew he should take this unexpected moment of freedom as an opportunity to try and... run for it? Fight? He didn’t know.

It was a moot point, anyway. He couldn’t help but look.

Like his neck was on gears, his head leaned forward, one delicate hand automatically sweeping the long hair out of his eyes, hooking it back behind one tiny ear.

His first thought was that he was looking in a carnival funhouse mirror, so distorted was the body attached to him, so unlike his own.

Before him, his new body looked back up at him, as hairless and smooth as he had been when he was a baby.

The dark hairs that dusted his forearms as a man were gone, leaving only pink skin. His legs, too, were suddenly smooth, with only a tiny tuft of pubic hair signaling that he wasn’t naturally bald all over.

His hips were wider, curving out from the sides of his body in a way that made him feel dizzy. His waist now kinked in around his soft little belly. As Alex raised his arms, he saw they were impossibly slender – *stupidly* slender – as devoid of hard, male muscle as his had been as a 12 year old boy.

There was a heavy weight on his chest, pulling at his back. With a sensation of faintness, Alex glanced down at the pair of heavy tits now dangling from his frame. Attached to him, they looked even bigger than they had on Lena’s body, back when she was only an image on a screen.

Hesitantly, aware a crowd of people was watching him but unable to stop himself, he reached up. Clapsed his new breasts in his hands, squeezed them, then let go like he’d just been stung.

Until that moment, part of him had been convinced that they'd just collapse inwards like burst balloons, and the whole fake trickery of this prank would be exposed.

But they'd pushed back against his fingertips, as firm and supple as he remembered girls' breasts being when he was still a young man. Nor had he just felt Lena's tits pushing back against his new fingertips.

He'd felt that squeeze, deep inside his chest. Felt the sensation all girls presumably felt when someone fondled their breasts, that strange feeling that was weird and comforting and sexual all at once.

At long last, he turned his attention to his new crotch.

It sat between his legs, demure and hidden, like it was keeping the secrets of his sex safe from prying eyes. Two plump, red lips tucked either side of a moist little hole.

As he looked at his brand new pussy, Alex felt something rising in him. Something that had been brewing ever since he'd tried to pay at that bar and found himself plunging headlong into a nightmare.

With a feeling of disgust and shame so vast it seemed to eclipse the entire world, Alex parted his soft, pouty new lips...

...and screamed.

He screamed like he'd never screamed before, not the roar of a strong male, but the squeal of a helpless girl. He screamed in a voice that rose in pitch until he thought it might damage his eardrums. He screamed the scream of a scared and helpless teenage girl unable to do anything to stop the horror unfolding around her.

"There it is!" The Scientist's voice was filled with relieved laughter. "Good job, old girl. I *knew* I could count on you!"

*

"Hobbies? Rank from favorite to least favorite, please."

In the window, Alex saw Lena's reflection breathe in, a look of frustration on her teenage face. Below her chin, a strip of dull light now ran through her neck, where the sun was finally beginning to rise across the flat landscape.

"I don't care," he said at last, in the teenage girl voice that was now his own. "Seriously..."

He turned round to the woman, trying to ignore again the way the action made his long hair swish across his back.

"Can we stop this now. Please?"

The woman shrugged.

"Your wish, Lena," she said, "is my command. You're the one who's going to be answering awkward questions about holes in her memory, not me."

Her insouciance made Alex want to punch her, to scream at her and hurt her for the billionth time that night. Instead, he forced himself to stay calm.

“What if I just tell everyone, huh? You ever thought of that? What if I just spill your stupid little secret and they *force* you to turn me back?”

“With all that information missing from your mind? How convincing do you think that’ll be, Lena? I’ll tell you now. It won’t convince anyone at all. They’ll either think you’re mad and lock you away, or think you’re an attention seeking teen and ignore you.”

Another shrug.

“Either way, it’s no skin off our noses.”

There was another long silence. Outside, street lights and the dark, slumbering forms of houses whisked past. They’d left the highway *ages* ago.

“Look,” the woman said, her voice softer. “This is freaky, I get it. But you’re a lucky girl, too. You understand that, right? Most people in their thirties would *kill* for another shot at their twenties.”

Alex gave a hollow laugh. Not only did it come out sounding all wrong and soft, the way it vibrated in his throat felt off, too.

He had a nasty suspicion it was going to take him *forever* to get used to all the tiny differences of Lena’s girl body.

And that’s before we even start thinking about stuff like periods...

“My twenties weren’t exactly great. So I’m fairly happy staying thirty, if it’s all the same to you.”

“It’s not. And I guess that ship has already sailed.” The woman fixed him with her businesslike look. “You’re Lena now. You have her body, her family, her emotions, her sexuality...”

At that last word, Alex’s innocent eyes widened.

“What?! You mean I’m-?!”

“Straight? Yes, of course you are. You’re attracted to men now, so what? Plenty of women are.”

The woman looked annoyed at being interrupted, but Alex was too busy trying not to freak out at this latest piece of information.

In all the horror of the forced body swap, the memory erasure, and now this long journey in the car, he hadn’t even had time to think about stuff like sexual attraction. If he had, he’d have just assumed that, since he’d kept his mind, he’d kept his attraction to women, too.

But now he’d been told he’d inherited Lena’s sexuality, it seemed undeniable. Without even having to think about it, he realized every fiber of his being was now hardwired to give boys longing looks, to go giggly in their presence, to want to be fucked by them.

To let them put their dicks in him. To let them thrust away until sperm squirted deep into his new womb. To lie in their arms in breathless joy, clutching their strong forms against his chest as they fertilized him and made him pregnant...

Alex gave a visible shudder. Awful as this new information was, he’d have to worry about it later.

“Where was I? Oh, yes. You’ve got everything that made Lena who she was, with the sole exception of her memories. Keep up your revision,” the woman indicated her tablet, “and in time you’ll feel like you have those, too.

In other words, you can keep moping around, or you can use this second chance to have the youth you doubtless wanted to have.”

Yeah, but I didn’t want to have it as a girl... Alex thought, sulkily. The thought seemed way too much like a teenager’s thought, so he didn’t say it out loud.

“Anyway, the choice is yours,” the woman sat back, put her tablet to one side. “You can have fun, meet some boys, get a great group of girlfriends, or you can spend the rest of your life moping around about some woman you can’t even remember anymore.”

She tapped her watch.

“Excellent. Right on time.”

“For what?” Even as he was asking the question, Alex became aware that the car was slowing down. Stopping. He gave the woman a wary look. She smiled back at him.

“For you to get a solid ninety minutes sleep before you have to get up for school. God knows you’ll need it after the excitement of tonight.”

A worm of fear was gnawing away at Alex’s gut again. He looked uneasily out the window.

“You mean, we’re...” He swallowed delicately, “We’re here?”

“Of course. Lena,” the woman opened the door closest to her, “welcome to your new home.”

With a feeling of unreality, Alex leaned over her. Let the chill of the morning air wash over him, making gooseflesh creep over his skin, his nipples go hard as bullets.

The car had stopped in a modest suburban street. Large-ish houses set back from the sidewalk lined up side by side, their well-kept front lawns watched over by sporadically placed trees that were just starting to bud.

Cars nestled in drives. Curtains were closed. Mailboxes stood empty at the feet of driveways, waiting for morning deliveries.

It was nowhere and it was everywhere. The average American suburb, seen in the cold light of dawn. Comforting. Lifeless. Secure. Boring. The sort of place Alex hadn’t ever wanted to live.

And now here he was. Home.

He frowned at the woman, the young, inexperienced girl looking at the grown up woman.

“I live in the ‘burbs?”

“We can’t all live in condos, Alex. And that includes you now. The algorithm was designed to pick two people from polar opposite lives. You were a big city male. So. You’re a small town girl now.”

The weight of Alex’s breasts was tugging on his back again, making him desperately wish he was wearing a bra. Nonetheless, he stayed like that, leaning over, wanting to see where fate had exiled him, but afraid to get out the car in case it just drove off.

“What now?”

“Now? Now you go into that house just there, tiptoe upstairs and slip into bed. When you wake up...”

The woman fluttered her fingers in a dismissive way.

“All *this* will be your new world.”

The girl that used to be Alex gently shook her head. There was something about the sheer normality of this street that made everything that had happened seem even weirder. Like, if he’d only been forced to start his new life in a woman’s prison or a magical boarding school, the double strangeness might have canceled it all out.

The woman was waiting now, clearly expecting him to step out of the car. Still, Alex lingered, afraid to leave this last tie to his old life.

“What...” He took a deep breath, “what am I supposed to do. I mean, I don’t know *anything* about being a girl. What happens when I need to put on makeup? What happens when I have my... y’know.”

He couldn’t bear to say the words *my period* out loud.

“Whatever you want to happen, Lenny dear.” The woman gave him a friendly pat on the shoulder. “Don’t worry, it’s really not as bad as they make out on TV. And look on the plus side. Ovulating means you’ll get to have kids someday.”

The thought of being *pregnant* was so weird Alex nearly burst out laughing. He stopped himself at the last second, breathing hard.

No way. No way am I ever letting a guy put his... his dick in me. That’d be gross.

But there was another thought, too. Underneath. One so quiet Alex almost couldn’t hear it.

Wouldn’t it?

“Alright, Lena.” The woman gave his ass a cheeky little slap. “Time to go. Get in that house before your parents wake up.”

Part of Alex thought he should fight. That now might be the perfect time to start screaming and wailing, when he was a local girl getting out the car of two strangers.

But then he remembered the unconcerned way the figure had slaughtered everyone in that bar and he thought better of it. From what he’d seen of this group so far, they’d happily destroy the entire town before letting anyone stand in their way.

Besides, a deeper part of him was aware that, right now, Lena was probably stood in his body beside a similar car, making a similar decision. And calculating that if she didn’t resist then maybe Alex wouldn’t too, and her family wouldn’t be killed.

Just as Alex was now hoping that the woman he’d once loved – the woman whose memory had been cruelly snatched from him, leaving just a faint impression – wouldn’t be killed if he played along.

So, reluctantly, he got out the car. Stood on the damp grass in his bare feet and shivered, painfully aware of how the cotton of his pajamas was scratching against the tips of his nipples,

irritating them – yet also faintly arousing them. He turned back to the woman.

She'd closed the door now, was looking up at him through the half open window.

“Goodbye, Lena. If all goes to plan, your little adventure should soon be making the world a better place. Provided the agencies cough up, of course.”

She nodded to someone Alex couldn't see. The car's engine started humming again.

“Oh, by the way.” The woman leaned out slightly, smiled at him. “Art, reading, going for long walks with friends, and discussing which male teachers are the hottest.”

Alex blinked at her.

“What?”

“Your hobbies. In that order. So long then, Lena. Good luck.”

And before Alex could say another word, the window was winding up, the car was pulling away, and then it was gone, leaving him stood all alone in this strange part of this strange town, trapped in this strange body and wondering what the *hell* he was gonna do.

“Fuck.” Alex whispered. In his squeaky, teen girl voice, the curse came out sounding oddly naughty.

He turned, looked up at the boring suburban home before him, its whitewashed walls *just* starting to light up with the sunrise.

Somewhere in there, his new mom and dad were sleeping, unaware that their daughter had been whisked away in the night, and replaced with a fully grown, very terrified, man.

Somewhere, there was the bed he was now going to have to sleep in. The bed where Lena had shared her first kiss with Chris when she was fifteen (so the woman's tablet had told him), where the girl he was now trapped as had doubtless masturbated thousands of times, her eyes screwed shut as she thought of famous men and desperately tried not to let her mom hear her.

The bed that now belonged to Alex. Where he too would now sleep, and jerk, playing with his pussy in the half-dark and trying helplessly not to think of strong men holding him down and roughly fucking him.

Where he'd sit with his girlfriends and talk about *Twilight* (were teens still into that?), and, eventually, kiss a boy he didn't know, and let him touch his big new boobies, and then maybe lay on his back, and slip out of his brand new panties, and watch as that boy unsheathed his big dick, and... and...

Alex shook the thought away, suddenly annoyed with himself.

No. No need to think about that right now.

He dithered for a moment longer, still not sure what to do. But it was cold out here, he really was tired, and so he eventually crossed the lawn, took the key out his pocket, and slipped inside the strange new house.

It was dark inside. Quiet in a way no room had been since he was a kid, scared of waking his parents.

Alex tiptoed through the gloom, trying not to bump into chairs in this unfamiliar environment, in this unfamiliar form, with its weird size and strange bits that poked out. Trying not to get drawn in by the pictures of his new body – back when it belonged to a girl called Lena – smiling down from the walls.

For a moment, he worried that he wouldn't be able to find his room. That he'd accidentally walk in on Lena's parents by mistake (he refused to think of them as *his* parents), and be forced into an awkward explanation.

He needn't have worried. As he reached the top of the stairs, he saw one door in the upstairs hallway had been left open, pink walls clearly visible inside.

With careful movements, he stepped inside, softly closed the door behind him. Took in his brand new bedroom.

Even in the faint light of morning, it was clear a teenage girl lived here. The walls were pink, still not changed from when she was a kid. Fairy lights, currently switched off, were strung along one wall, over a quaint little vanity chest decorated with hairbrushes and tubes of makeup.

Posters of hunky men like Chris Pratt vied for space besides reproductions of famous paintings, and promotions for intellectual-looking books and films. In one corner, a closet full to bursting with shoes and dresses stood beside a full-length body mirror.

Stood there, surrounded by the detritus of his new life, Alex felt more alone than he ever had before.

It's OK, he thought to himself as a wave of emotion started to wash over him, *it's cool, we can handle this. We can...*

And then he saw the clothes Lena had kicked off beside her bed the night before, not bothering to pack them away. The pile of skirts and shirts and socks, with a little pair of lacy panties and a large, delicate looking bra lying on top.

A bra just like those he would now be forced to wear, every single day until the day he died.

It was all too much.

With a soft little wail, Alex collapsed onto the bed, curled up into a ball, buried his face in one pink pillow, and wept.

He wept quietly, not wanting to wake Lena's parents. Wept for the life he had lost, and the woman he had lost with it.

Wept at the way he could now feel his long, shiny new hair spreading out in a fan around his head, the way he could *feel* one of his heavy breasts laying on top of the other, the way he could no longer feel anything at all between his legs.

And, most of all, he wept because he was now a girl. And there was *nothing* he could do about it.

At last, he was cried out. His girly sobs changed to sniffles, then tiny whimpers, before vanishing altogether. With a faint start, he realized he couldn't remember the last time he'd cried like that.

It must be the estrogen... he thought vaguely to himself, *you've got girl hormones now. That probably means more crying, more getting upset, more...*

He was still thinking these strange, unhappy thoughts as he finally drifted off to sleep, where he dreamed dreams of a laughing mad scientist, and a girlfriend whose face kept slipping away when he tried to look at it, leaving nothing but blackness.

When Lena's alarm finally awoke him less than two hours later, he thought for a split second that it had all been a dream. When he opened his eyes and saw the pink room he was still in, he felt like crying all over again.

III

“Hey, Lennie!”

Stood at his locker, Alex felt his new body freeze. He closed his eyes, tried not to let his misery show.

Now what...?

“There you are. What, you’re not answering your cell now?”

Alex took a deep breath, summoned a smile and turned toward the female voice. A young girl with long, frizzy dark hair was leaning against the lockers, a smirk on her face.

She was shorter than Alex – maybe 5ft2 – with a slender frame that bordered on the unhealthy, but which made Alex’s newly female mind feel faintly jealous. Although her skin was pale, her dark, frizzy hair and something about her facial structure made him think she was probably mixed race.

There was a short silence as Alex’s mind raced to place the face to the name, to the endless images the woman had shown him on her tablet during the car ride.

Just before the pause could get socially awkward, a lightbulb went on in his brain.

“Keesha!” Alex practically yelled the name. “Keesha... Uh, hey! Umm... what’s, y’know... up?”

Keesha let out a snort of laughter, rolled round so her back was against the lockers and languidly watched the teenagers going past.

“Wow, Lennie. You’re acting *weee-ird!* Or more weird than normal.” She turned her head, gave Alex a look that was somehow both friendly and bored. “So, what happened?”

When Alex’s expression remained frozen the new girl let out a long sigh.

“Your cell, dum dum. Stacey’s been raising the alarm, like you’re dead or something. I told her you’d probably dropped it down the toilet rubbing one out, but you know Stace...”

Alex gave an awkward little laugh that came out sounding way too high pitched for his liking.

“Digital detox,” he said. “Decided I needed some time away from social media.”

It wasn’t strictly false, but nor was it exactly true. Lena’s cell had been buzzing since the moment he woke up, with Snapchats and WhatsApp groups and other apps Alex had never even heard of, all filled with teenagers he’d never met, talking about shit he didn’t understand, at an intensity that seemed beyond anything he’d ever experienced at school.

All talking about some party, where something had happened, and someone had done something with someone, and you wouldn’t *believe* what someone else said about...!

In the end, he’d simply turned the damned thing off, sure it would impact whatever social life he currently had, but by that point beyond caring.

“Lennie, you can be so mature sometimes it hurts.” Keesha leaned her head back, looked away from him. “I tried to ditch my cell once. Managed, like, fifteen minutes before I broke out in cold

sweat.”

“Yeah. It was, uh, hard.” Alex had no idea what else to say.

Luckily, Keesha seemed to be one of those people who just talk at their friends, rather than with them.

“Man, history was a pile of ass today. Miss Pritchard’s such a bitch, I swear, every time I open my mouth, it’s like she thinks – I dunno – ass goblins are gonna come crawling outta there or something.”

The short girl gave a nasal sigh.

“Total. *Bitch*,” she said, quietly, before adding:

“What about you?”

Trapped inside Lena’s pretty little head, Alex smiled grimly to himself.

If last night had been the nightmare, this morning he’d woken up to the day from hell.

Everything that could have been weird or wrong or just screwed up had happened, right from the off. A billion tiny, fucked up things, seemingly designed to remind him of his awful fate.

There had been the way he’d woken up with a faint sort of tension in his groin, a weird warmth in his crotch that had seemed totally alien and strangely pleasant all at once.

Used to waking up as a man, it had taken Alex whole minutes to realize that his new body was feeling horny, his pussy getting all puffy and wet as the result of some half-forgotten dream he’d been having.

Then there had been his morning shower, which had been all *sorts* of screwy.

From the way he’d had to tie his hair up to stop it getting wet, to the way everything had gone blurry when he’d had to take off his glasses to step inside the curtain of hot water, to the way the showerhead had seemed to float far above him in his shorter body, rather than just above his head, it had all been wrong, wrong, *wrong*.

And that wasn’t even taking into account the act of washing itself.

As Alex had quickly rubbed the soapy sponge all over his hairless body, his eyes closed so he didn’t have to watch, he’d been all too aware of how alien his new form was.

The way the water from the shower dribbled over his heavy chest, to hang in little droplets from his pointy nipples.

The way rubbing soap over his chest made that weird *jiggling* feeling come back that made him want to moan and cry out loud.

The way he suddenly didn’t even know how to clean his crotch, so alien was its shape.

Do I rub it with a sponge? He’d founding himself wondering, *or do you have to properly get water in the hole and everything?*

Will soap irritate it?

He wondered if maybe he should turn the shower off and Google it, but the thought of what gross stuff might come up if he did put him immediately off.

In the end, he'd simply stuck two fingers either side of his new slit, quickly pulled the lips back – trying not to shudder at the sensation – and quickly run some water over it.

The beat of droplets against his clit had sent a tiny thrill through his body that made him feel like vomiting. He'd let go of his pussy the moment he felt it.

No. There was no way he wanted to know what it was like to masturbate as a teenage girl.

Bad as this was, the horrors of getting dressed had somehow been worse.

After quickly toweling off in his new bedroom, Alex had been forced to confront the realization that – for all the time he'd spent living with a woman – he had very little idea about women's clothes.

Digging through Lena's closet, he'd pulled out whole items he simply couldn't identify.

There'd been dresses, sure, and skirts, and cut-offs, and shorts, and cardigans and sweaters, but there had also been flimsy pieces of fabric that might have gone on the top or bottom of his body, or might just have been left there by the Scientist and his minions to mess with his mind.

By the time he extracted an old onesie buried in the very back, Alex had felt like screaming.

What the hell did you even *wear* to school when you were a cute, ordinary girl?

If only he'd been forced to swap with a cheerleader, or a troll no-one would ever look at, he could've dressed up or down and no-one would've noticed.

But as a regular, slightly nerdy girl with a shy streak? A girl who kinda *wanted* boys to notice her sometimes...?

He had no fucking clue.

We could just not go... a voice had whispered as he unhappily held up a dress before his new body, *we could stay home today. Save the horrors of school for another time.*

It was a tempting thought, almost seductive. But it was also stupid.

As far as Alex could tell, he was stuck as Lena now until the day he died. That meant he'd have to go to school sooner or later, whether he liked it or not.

Besides, he wasn't entirely sure the Scientist wasn't still somehow watching him. And if he failed to play by the rules, there was always the chance that horrible, spider-like man would do something even worse in revenge.

Alex swallowed, his throat suddenly dry. No. He'd go to school today, all right.

Even if dressing up for it killed him.

After a lifetime digging through the closet, he'd decided to dress in as close to male clothing as he could get away with.

He'd found a pair of tight jeans and tried putting them on, only to discover, with a feeling of mortification, that they made Lena's bum look not just big but *huge*.

He'd stood before the full-length mirror, gaping helplessly over his shoulder at the big, girly ass he now owned as it strained against the denim fabric. An awful thought occurred to him.

As a teenage boy, if he'd seen a girl Lena's size wearing jeans that tight, he'd have privately

thought her ass was too fat. Even if he hadn't said anything, even if it had been less malicious and more an observation, he'd have thought it.

And there were plenty of teen boys out there who would be less inclined to stay silent. Less inclined to not whoop and holler as he passed them in the school corridors.

As horrible as it was to admit, Lena's body shape simply wasn't a good fit for masculine clothes. Which meant there was only one option...

We're not are we? He'd thought uneasily as he picked the dress up, held it at arm's length. *We're not actually gonna cross dress are we?*

"I don't think we have a choice," he'd murmured in Lena's soft voice.

And so it had come to pass that Alex found himself, at precisely 8am, stood in front of Lena's full-length mirror and reluctantly admiring his new body.

His instinct with the jeans had been right. While boyish clothes exaggerated Lena's weight, making her ass and bust look too big, girly clothes made her look...

Well. He hated to say it but...

Awesome.

He was dressed in an all black dress that looked like something you'd see a professional woman four years older than Lena wearing.

It came flowing down to his knees, where it floated above the dark leggings Alex had found in a drawer, which in turn led down to a cute pair of brown leather boots.

A belt of similar leather was casually pulled around his waist, making his boobs more prominent and his curves more noticeable. A light, open cardigan – apparently just coming back into fashion – lay across his shoulders, encasing his slender arms.

A white, button-up shirt was visible just under the dress, its collar poking out and flattened down, so it felt like black and white blended into one. He'd managed to curl his auburn hair with a brush he found, and it now lay against the dark dress, all shiny and bouncy.

Lena's blocky, dark glasses matched the dress. Magnified his new brown eyes and made his face appear cuter, more feminine.

He looked less like a teenager, and more like a college girl interning at her dream job over the summer. A curvy, emotionally mature woman, ready to take on the world.

If he had to be female, then by God he was gonna be the sort of high powered female who kicked ass.

Alex had just been standing there, starting to feel slightly better about his new life, when the door had burst open and the man had come in.

"Jesus, what the fuck?!"

He'd span round, stared open mouthed at the middle-aged, balding guy with the lined face staring back at him, wondering what fresh new hell awaited him.

"Sorry honey, didn't mean to startle you."

For a moment, nothing but confusion. Then a memory had fired, of an image on the woman's tablet, and it had all come crashing into place.

"D-dad?"

The man with the lined face had blinked at him, as if wondering why his daughter sounded so confused to see him.

Oh God, not this, I can't take this...

Alex briefly closed his eyes, tried to control his breathing.

"I mean, you can't just..." he heard himself say, trying desperately to sound natural, "it's *my* room, dad..."

As he spoke, the man's face had slowly changed from an apologetic look into a frown.

"Hold up. Was that an f-bomb just now? Len, you know your mom doesn't like you swearing."

"But I'm *eighteen!*"

No sooner were the words out Alex's soft lips than he felt himself cringing up inside.

He wasn't 18. He was 32. And he shouldn't need to justify himself swearing. In fact, he shouldn't be doing any of this!

Across the room, Lena's dad had been looking at him closely.

"Len, hon? Is everything OK? You're acting a little..."

"I'm fine." Alex had managed to say. "I'm just..."

A sigh.

"What did you want?"

"I just came to say there's waffles downstairs, if you want them, hon. I'll leave them in the oven so they're warm for you."

The older man had started to go, then stopped and turned back to Alex.

"Just don't let your mom hear you cussing, huh? You may be eighteen, little lady, but we can still ground you."

He'd dropped him a wink to show he was half joking, then shut the door, leaving Alex all alone with his thoughts.

With a feeling of misery, he'd turned back to the mirror. Looked at the shy girl looking back at him from it, all dressed up like she had somewhere important to be instead of just school.

What had he been *thinking*? He wasn't a woman. He wasn't ready to take on the world.

In his new body he was a *girl*. A teenager who could get grounded, who had to watch her mouth and not use bad language. Who probably had a curfew and was expected to only go out with boys if she told her parents exactly where she'd be.

And just like that, he realized the Scientist hadn't just taken away his gender and his memories and his old life and body.

He'd taken away his freedom, too.

So he'd slowly changed out of the smart, mature clothes he felt his adult self belonged in, and slipped into something more befitting his age. Jeans with shredded holes down the front. A black skirt that covered up his too-big girl ass. A loose fitting white top. A retro denim jacket thrown over that.

Then he'd slowly sloped downstairs and ate his waffles in silence, trying to ignore both his new mom and dad, and the way his newly-sharp sense of smell was messing with his brain.

And *that* was why he now felt like Keesha's 'bad day' could kiss his ass.

The only comfort was knowing that, somewhere, the real Lena was going through exactly the same mad shit as he was.

"Yeah, this morning kinda sucked," he said out loud, aware Keesha was still waiting for an answer. "My parents..."

That was as far as he got.

"Keesh, Lennie, oh my fucking *balls!*"

As the shriek echoed down the corridor, boys turned to look, girls gave each other little disbelieving glances, and Keesha let her eyes briefly close.

"I knew there was a reason face to face communication dropped outta fashion," she muttered.

There, coming down the corridor, a slightly unhinged look of wild-eyed excitement on her face, was...

"Hey Stace," Keesha sighed. "What madness you got for us now?"

The blonde girl came skidding to a stop right before them, her blue eyes bright, her face pulled into a near-inhuman grin.

She was tall, not as tall as Alex used to be, but taller than his new body was. She had the look of someone who might grow up to be a model, but was currently at that stage of adolescence where parts of her body were growing at different rates, giving her a kind of gangly look.

Her breasts were small, almost invisible behind her flowing shirt. Her hair was done in a bunch at the top, making her somehow look even taller. Alex had glimpsed her on the woman's tablet the night before, but he'd never realized she'd be this... *energetic*.

"Lennie, what the fuck? I've actually been sweating my nuts off trying to get hold of you."

"I'm, um, digital detoxing," Alex repeated in his squeaky voice, aware everyone in their part of the corridor was watching them, and suddenly feeling deeply embarrassed.

Cool it, it's just a bunch of kids, who cares what they think?

The thought was barely worth forming. He was all too aware that his new body cared deeply about not being the center of attention.

"Russian trolls hacked her account," Keesha said. "Made her start reposting reams of Putin-Trump slash fiction."

If Stacey either got Keesha's dry humor or was even slightly bothered by it, she didn't show it.

"We've absolutely got to get out to the quad, right now," she murmured, looking deep into

Alex's eyes. He was vaguely aware he was standing closer to this weirdly attractive high schooler than he'd stood to a teenage girl in years.

Close enough that part of him – perhaps determined to find some normality to cling to in all of this – desperately tried to imagine what it'd be like to suddenly lean forward and kiss her. To touch her breasts. To play with her pussy.

To his eternal misery, the Lena part of his mind instantly informed him exactly what that'd be like.

Guh-ross.

Stacey was still giving him that wild-eyed look. Alex reluctantly opened his mouth to reply.

"The quad? What's the...? I mean, why?"

"You'll see. Promises. But, I swear to God, it is so *worth it!*"

Before Alex knew what was happening, Stacey's hand had closed over his, and she was dragging him away down the corridor. For a second, he gamely tried to fight, before realizing that not only was Stacey probably stronger than he was, she was probably also the kind of girl who wouldn't take no for an answer.

He gave Keesha a helpless smile.

"Um, guess I'll see you?"

"What? Nu-uh!" Stacey said. "Keesh, you gotta come too!"

Further up the corridor, tiny, rake-thin Keesha gave a long-suffering sigh, unfurled herself off the lockers, started following in their wake.

"Sure, course I do." Alex heard her mutter as Stacey whisked him away into the depths of the building, before adding, in a quieter voice:

"Not like I've got enough problems of my own to worry about, is it?"

*

In the short time he'd been a girl, Alex had already discovered there were certain things he just didn't know how to do.

Getting into his bra that morning had been one. Hotching the cups around, feeling his big boobies jiggle as he helplessly tried to close the clasp behind his back had been an infuriating experience.

Peeing had been another. After his first class (which, by the way, had been a surreal enough experience in itself) he'd felt a pressure in his bladder and realized, to his dismay, that he needed to visit the restroom.

Just going in the girls' toilets had been hard enough. Walking past the cheerleaders chatting at the mirror as they checked their hair, he'd been suddenly convinced that they would realize who he was, what his gender really was, and scream and have him arrested.

To follow that up by having to sit down, and awkwardly listen to the urine spraying out his new crotch, and then follow *that* up by trying to make girly small-talk as he washed his hands had

been...

Well, you can probably imagine.

But perhaps the biggest one of all – the one that, if you'd told him he'd have problems with it only 48 hours earlier, would've made him laugh with disbelief – the one that eclipsed all others, until it became a burning sun, obliterating all other thoughts in his teenage brain was...

Talking.

To.

Boys.

"...didn't think you'd really come."

Alex gave the tall, blond boy a smile which probably looked natural, but which screamed nervousness inside his head.

"Well... I sorta had to. Stacey wouldn't exactly take no for answer, y'know?"

The boy laughed. He leaned back against the wooden table out on this sea of concrete that was apparently the quad, stuck his hands in his pockets. With his sandy blond hair, taut, muscular frame, and stylish stubble, Alex couldn't help but think he looked a *little* like a teenage Chris Pratt.

No, he doesn't. A voice – a male voice – whispered in his mind. He just looks like a kid. Some 18 year old sea of testosterone and confidence who isn't even old enough to drink yet. Why are we wasting our time here?

But his body didn't seem to be listening.

For all Alex knew he shouldn't care about things like broad shoulders, biceps, and teenage boys acting cool, he couldn't find the willpower to drag himself away.

"Yeah, that's Stacey, all right," the boy smiled. "Doesn't think there's much point keeping a secret when you can just broadcast it to the world."

"No," Alex agreed. "I guess she doesn't."

There was a short pause. Soft, unhurried. Without knowing why, Alex looked down at his feet, the toe of one was playing gently with a loose bit of gravel.

Why can't I stand still?

"So," he carried on in his girly voice, hooking a strand of long hair out his eye as he did so, "what did you want to tell me?"

He was all too aware that somewhere, just out of sight, Stacey and Keesha were hiding in wait, desperate to hear what came next.

The moment he'd realized Stacey was dragging him all this way for a *boy*, Alex had suddenly started trying to resist.

No way! He remembered thinking, angrily, *I'm not getting pulled into some stupid teenage relationship thing!*

But Stacey had been implacable. The more Alex had struggled, the more she'd informed him

that, like, this was *Dorian Sweet* they were talking about, *Sweet Dorian*, and there was no way she was letting Lena ruin this chance!

So he'd turned to Keesha for help, but the cynic of their group had just shrugged.

Don't try to fight it, he remembered her saying, *Stace is like the tide, and you're just King Canute*.

A sigh.

Even if this middle school bullshit is starting to get really dumb.

And so they'd dragged him here, out to the quad, protesting outwardly the whole way, and inside groaning with despair at how stereotypical his teenage girl life was already becoming.

Dorian... what a dorky name, he'd thought, sourly, as Stacey propelled him towards the collection of wooden benches and lunch tables, *exactly the sort of doofus a girl like Lena would be interested in*.

It was only when he'd finally caught sight of the tall boy, casually leaning against the table, a roguish little smile on his handsome face, that he'd been forced to admit Lena did better with the guys than he'd anticipated.

Must be these tits of mine. He'd thought, dazedly, as Dorian caught his eye and winked. *Shit. Why couldn't I have been put in a flat chested body, like Stacey's?*

Now they were actually stood together talking, though, it was only a tiny part of him that was thinking that.

A worryingly large part was thanking its lucky stars that Lena had been blessed with the sort of rack and cute face that could intrigue boys who should be out of her league.

Beside him, he was aware that Dorian was glancing around the quad, as if worried someone might hear them. Alex kept his head down while he waited for his answer, his toe still playing with that loose little lump of rock.

Oh my God, why didn't I wear that smart outfit, why the hell am I stood here dressed like this...?

"It wasn't exactly something I wanted to *tell* you," Dorian said at last. "More like talking, I guess."

"Yeah?" It seemed Alex couldn't have lifted his head, even if he wanted to, "about what?"

For a long moment, Dorian was silent. Alex was just starting to think the boy was less confident than he appeared and had maybe lost his nerve, when he felt a hand in the small of his back.

He instantly stiffened, warning signals shooting through his brain. He tried to turn away, but suddenly there was Dorian, standing very close, standing *oh* so close, his lips nearly pressed up against one of Alex's tiny little ears.

What the hell is happening?!

"I just wanted to say," Dorian murmured, his breath warm against Alex's cheek, "that I can't stop thinking about you. Every time I close my eyes..."

He gave a low sigh. Alex could feel it, like a zephyr wind caressing his cheeks.

“I’m serious, Lennie. At that party. The way we...”

The boy’s hand shifted slightly, drifting down Alex’s back, towards his ass. Part of Alex wanted to pull himself away, to yell and stop this strange boy from touching him.

But it was like he couldn’t move. Like the combination of Dorian’s closeness, of his masculine voice, of his faint, tangy smell had hypnotized him. Alex swallowed, suddenly aware that his lips were very dry.

“I don’t wanna make you feel weird or nothing. But, if you want, maybe we could...”

He let the words hang in the air, his hand hovering just above Alex’s backside. With a huge effort, Alex forced himself to look up, to look straight into those piercing blue eyes. The sight of them made his legs feel all strange and wobbly.

Oh God, what’s happening to me...?

“M-maybe we could what?” He managed to get out at last.

Dorian smiled, a practiced smile that Alex could tell had lured dozens of girls into his arms before. Its edges crinkled slightly, making his eyes seem so bright, so kindly.

Deep down, Alex knew he should be looking at this boy like he was a baby. Like a 32 year old *should* look at an 18 year old.

But it was like his brain chemistry had altered so much already that he couldn’t help but feel Dorian was older than him, somehow. Stronger. More mature. The sort of fantasy most girls only ever got to experience in movies.

The sort of boy he’d dreamed of being with ever since he’d been a little girl.

“Maybe we could see each other again.” Dorian’s eyes twinkled. “Like, a date?”

Alex felt his brain go whirling, part with horror, part with delight. He knew this was the time to take a step back. To smile blandly and say *thanks, but no. I’m not the person you thought I was.*

Instead, he felt his body moving of its own accord. Felt his lips tugging up into a bright, flirtatious smile. Heard that soft, squeaky voice escape his lips again.

“Sure, why not? Friday?”

What are we doing?! His brain screamed. This is a boy, remember? A teenage boy!

But he was completely under Dorian’s spell. Completely lost as the boy grinned at him.

“Friday it is.”

Then he suddenly leaned forwards, and gave Alex a kiss.

It was a brief kiss, lasting maybe half a second. The sort of kiss you give when you’re a cocky rulebreaker at school, but also aware you can’t let the teachers catch you being intimate. A brush of the lips, a momentary feeling of pressure. Nothing more.

Inside Alex’s teenage brain though, it was a revelation.

As Dorian’s lips touched his, he felt like time had stood still. Felt his body momentarily freeze up, then melt into the boy’s arms. Felt his resolve crumble in a split second, the last assurances from his male brain that he was still straight simply wash away.

He felt himself long to fall into Dorian's arms, to let this boy kiss him and fondle him and touch him as he'd never been touched before.

It was complete surrender, like his body had capitulated without informing his mind. An offering of himself, of his new female body, on a platter to this wonderful male who was doubtless just trying to get in his pants, but still...

It was the first time he'd ever kissed a guy. The first time he'd ever had male lips locked against his.

And it was like something had just clicked into place and made everything right in the world.

All this flowed through Alex's transformed mind in less than half a second. Then suddenly Dorian was pulling back, a slightly cocky grin on his lips as he smiled down at Alex's trembling girl body, as if he already knew that Alex's nipples were suddenly hard as bullets, that he could already feel his new snatch getting warm and moist.

Dorian gave his head a faint little shake, a lost expression on his handsome face.

"Shit, Lena," he whispered. "You really are the cutest girl in this whole school."

Part of Alex wanted to laugh at the cheesiness of the line. Part of him wanted to desperately believe it, to cling to Dorian's words like he wanted to cling to his body.

But another part of him had just had a strange realization.

Unbidden, an image arose in his mind, already faded and unreal. The night before. Lena, lying helpless and naked on the giant screen while the Scientist smiled his ghoulish smile.

"An interesting hypothesis, I'm sure you'll agree. But one that could only be tested by taking two very different people, each with a strong reason for remaining in their old bodies, and seeing what happened."

It was like a lightbulb had just come on, illuminating a dark and dingy room.

Dorian, the boy Lena had met at a party. The reason Alex had been forced to become Lena, rather than Keesha or Stacey, or someone else entirely.

A strong reason, the Scientist had said. A strong reason for wanting to stay in their original bodies.

His erased girlfriend was *his* strong reason, the ring he'd been carrying the indicator. In all the excitement at the lab, he'd forgotten to ask what Lena's reason might be.

And now here he was. A boy Lena had only just met. A handsome, flirtatious teen whose Casanova nature had been missed by Lena's hormone-addled mind, but seemed all too obvious to Alex.

Dorian was Lena's reason for staying. The boy she'd unexpectedly fallen head over heels in love with.

And that meant that he was now the boy of Alex's dreams, too.

The Scientist hadn't just swapped their bodies. He'd swapped their *souls*. The collection of thoughts and feelings and ideals that made them *them*.

Alex could no more deny it than he could deny gravity, or the laws of physics.
He was now head over heels in love with this teenage boy.

IV

The rest of that week was one of the strangest, most-confusing, most-exciting weeks of Alex's life.

Monday.

After his brief meeting with Dorian, Alex had walked away from the quad feeling like he was in a protective bubble of warmth that nothing bad could penetrate. As he passed through the corridors with Keesha and Stacey, their breathless questions had seemed muffled, like they were coming through from another world.

For the rest of the day, even as he found himself shunted from class to class, forced to relearn shit he'd pushed out of his mind the minute he graduated, he'd been unable to shake either the dazed smile off his pretty new face, or his vague sense of dread and unease.

That night, as he'd lain in bed, the house filled with the low, distant sounds of his parents watching Netflix, Alex had locked his bedroom door, dropped facedown on the sheets, and furiously masturbated.

He'd lain on his front, his big boobies painfully squashed, his hand bunched into a fist and shoved between his legs as he grinded his new clit up against it, no longer caring that this was wrong. No longer caring that he was a grown man, experiencing what it felt like to be an 18-year old girl playing with her pussy.

No longer caring about anything but the images of Dorian – sweet, handsome Dorian – flooding through his brain, making it impossible for him to concentrate on anything else.

He'd rubbed himself until his cunt was all wet and sticky. Until his tits were hot and their nipples pointed. Until streaks of hair lay across his breathless face, his pouty lips dangled open, and he felt more ashamed than he ever had in his life.

When he finally came, it had been with a shudder and a loud squeak he'd been unable to muffle. His entire body had been tingling with pink fire, his pretty face all screwed up as his orgasm peaked and images of Dorian naked swept through his mind.

After, he'd curled his new form up against one pillow, helplessly looked at the distant, dark ceiling, whirling with shifting shadows, and felt a hopelessness that bordered on despair.

He'd been a schoolgirl less than 24 hours now, and already he was obsessed with boys and dating and becoming someone's girlfriend.

I've got to get out of here, he thought miserably.

But he had no idea how.

*

Tuesday.

Gym that afternoon. After an intense hour of exercise that had made his tits hurt like *hell* and made him realize he needed to get a sports bra, Alex trooped back to the girls' locker rooms, bitterly thinking about the irony of it all.

If you'd told his teenage self that one day he'd get to hang out in the girls' showers, while all the cheerleaders were *naked*, and they wouldn't even notice him, he'd have whooped with joy.

Well, now here he was. Naked with a bunch of other girls. Surrounded by a sea of female flesh; a pink wave of breasts and nipples and bare asses and hidden little snatches...

...and he was incapable of feeling anything at all.

As he stood under the stream of hot water, vaguely listening to Stacey prattle away beside him, Alex had gamely tried to peer out the corner of his innocent eyes at the other girls around him. Urging his mind, willing it, to feel something. Anything.

It was useless.

While his new girl-brain was still capable of appreciating how attractive some of the chicks around him were, it could only do so on a purely aesthetic level. Sort of like how, as a man, he'd been able to pass a guy in the street and acknowledge he was good looking without ever feeling the slightest twitch in his crotch.

Unhappily, he'd found himself looking back down at his own big tits, so ripe and heavy that they dangled from his frame, all wet and shiny with soap from the shower.

He was the sex object now. That was the truth of it. The way he'd looked at girls, that was now how boys looked at him. *He* was the one teenage boys dreamed of spying on while he showered, and nothing could ever change that.

Already he'd experienced it. Walking through the endless corridors of this high school. Junior boys – suddenly all taller and more powerful than he was – giving him sly little glances. Some openly staring at his big, bouncing tits, sneers on their lips, as if asking him what he was gonna do about it.

He hated it. Hated how uncomfortable it made him feel. And yet... part of him had almost craved it, too. This validation men could give you, could give your body, simply by showing their desire for it. It was a mortifying feeling, one he was deeply ashamed of, but one which seemed to have been programmed into his new brain.

Is this how it is for all teenage girls? Christ, how do women ever survive puberty...?

As he was thinking these thoughts, staring glumly at his own breasts, he heard a gentle cough beside him.

"Umm, Lena?"

He jerked his head round.

"Hmm?"

"Might have to leave the self-admiration for home, babes," Stacey half-nodded in the direction of the rest of the showers. "Audience."

Alex glanced over, and was mortified to see giggles of other girls watching him, smirking, laughing, whispering to each other.

"You see her? Checking out her own tits..."

"...total freak. Like, what does she think she's...?"

He felt himself blush beetroot red. Turned the shower off, grabbed his towel, and scuttled back out into the locker room, running away from that world of naked femininity, away from the female flesh he'd craved so long.

Why didn't they just kill me? He sobbed to himself in his mind, *why didn't that Scientist just kill me in the bar and be done with it?*

The fact he knew he'd never be able to answer that question only made him even more miserable.

*

Wednesday.

Sat out on the quad with Keesha and Stacey, slowly eating some dumb Quorn wrap the smaller girl had offered him, trying desperately to think of a way out.

"Two people who've never met, each at opposite ends of your country, about to swap places for good..."

As he had for days now, Alex replayed the Scientist's words in his head, over and over again, searching for a clue, for anything that would give him a marker of his old identity.

"Opposite ends of your country..."

In theory, it should be easy to narrow things down. He knew the state they were now in, so he should just be able to draw a line across a map and find roughly where his hometown used to be. He still had enough of his memories to know it had been a big city, after all.

But in practice, it was so much harder than that.

Opposite ends...

What did that even mean? It might be geographical, referring to either east coast v. west coast, or north v. south, or it might be far less literal. Maybe it meant in income division? He'd been fairly well off in his old life, he seemed to remember, but then Lena seemed to live in a solidly middle class household...

It could be political. He had no idea who the male him had voted for, but what if he'd been flipped from a red state to a blue state, or the other way round? Or maybe it was just demographics, and the Scientist had merely meant he was leaving his city life behind to experience life out in the boonies...

Or, and this was the most horrible possibility of all, maybe it meant nothing.

Perhaps the whole "clue" was just a figure of speech, or a sick joke designed to torment Alex and Lena – the *real* Lena – further.

If so, it was sure working.

"Check it out, Lennie," Keesha drawled, "it's your big date."

Alex instantly felt himself sit bolt upright, his cheeks turning red. He trembled as he looked across the quad, to where Dorian was just passing with a couple of his friends, both as handsome and as cool as he was.

He was wearing a tight pair of black jeans, offset by a white shirt with some logo on. A tight jacket hung casually off his shoulders, his hair was swept over in a mop. As he made his way through the quad, plenty of girls (and a couple of boys) turned to watch him pass.

“Oh *Godddd* Lennie,” he heard Stacey sigh, “look at him. You two are gonna make *such* a cute couple.”

“Or maybe he’s just gonna bang you then spread shit about you,” Keesha muttered. “Like with Claire and Kaylee.”

She suddenly shook her head, put her face in her hands.

“Urgh. Sorry, Lennie. I’m such a fucking cynic sometimes.”

“Admitting you got a problem,” Stacey murmured, “is the first step to solving it.”

But Alex barely heard them. He was too busy staring at Dorian, *staring* at the boy his body wanted more than anything else in the world.

I want him inside me... I want to lie in his arms... I want his tongue in my mouth, his hand on my boobs... His dick in my cunt...

It was incredible, this power men had over women. He’d never realized it when he’d been a teenage boy himself, but a guy like Dorian could utterly hypnotize a girl like Lena, turn her into his puppet.

He’d already kicked his “digital detox”. All last night, he and Dorian had been messaging each other, Alex wanting to cry with shame every time he sent a message – hating the way he was making himself write in the style of a teen girl – but unable to do anything but keep on responding to him.

Just before he went to sleep, he’d even given in to Dorian’s request, and sent him a quick picture of his boobs.

It had been stupid as *fuck*, he knew – how did he know Dorian wasn’t now sharing that image with the whole school? – but it was like he’d been unable to say no.

He wanted Dorian to like him, that was the most pathetic part. He wanted this boy who was out of his league to want him as much as he wanted him.

And the worst part was, if Dorian asked again tonight, he’d do it again.

“You guys are gonna have such an *awesome* time on Friday...” Stacey’s voice was dreamy, distant, “he’s got a sweet car and everything...”

“And probably a tiny cock, too.”

“I thought we’d moved on past cynicism?”

“Nahh,” Keesha shook her head, her curled hair a frizzy wave, “decided to embrace it.”

Across the quad, Dorian looked round, locked eyes with Alex. Smiled slightly, then dropped him the briefest wink.

It was all Alex could do to stop himself from crying.

Thursday.

“Terrible news.”

At his new dad’s words, Alex jerked up guiltily in his seat. He’d just been thinking about how he was gonna explode if he didn’t leave right after the meal and masturbate like crazy, and had been momentarily convinced that Lena’s dad had read his mind.

However, the middle-aged man he now shared a house with had just been frowning down at his cell, the unfinished remnants of his dinner before him.

“What’s that, Steve?” Lena’s mom asked as she cleared away the plates from their family meal.

(Alex hadn’t been surprised to learn Lena’s family always ate together in the evenings, but he still wished they didn’t. There were *far* too many opportunities to get told off or slip up and forget something Lena should know).

“This, on the news,” Lena’s dad said, barely looking up as mom picked up his shit.

Typical man, Alex thought sourly, *leaving his wife to do all the work*.

Now it looked like *he* was gonna be a wife someday, he was suddenly starting to take interest in all that feminist crap.

“That massacre. They’re saying it might’ve been terrorism.”

“Well, there’s a big surprise,” Lena’s mom sighed, “if they keep letting them in... coffee, Lena?”

Alex shook his head. He was itching to lock himself away and deal with this insane horniness he’d been feeling since Dorian’s last message, but something made him stay put.

Who knew teenage girls were this goddamn horny?

“Suit yourself, hon.” Lena’s mom turned back toward the kitchen. “Which one was it? The shooting in Kentucky, or the knife thing in... oh, I can’t remember.”

“Neither. The barroom one, last Sunday.”

“See what I mean? If we can’t look after our own borders...”

“Well, they’re not sure yet, but...” Lena’s dad suddenly looked up, frowned at Alex. “Lena? What’s wrong?”

Across the table, Alex was frozen, his eyes wide, a look of shock on his cute features.

“What’s happening Steve? Lena, have you-?”

“I’m fine.” Alex’s soft voice came out as barely a whisper. “I just...”

He swallowed.

“Can I see that?”

“The story? Uh, sure, honey. It’s pretty grim...”

If Lena’s dad said any more, Alex missed it. He grabbed the cell, began frantically scrolling through the article. Words jumped out at him.

...BARROOM MASSACRE IN...

...SHOT DEAD AS THEY RELAXED OVER DRINKS...

...BARMAN PLEADED FOR HIS LIFE...

...SECURITY VIDEO MYSTERIOUSLY WIPED...

Trembling, terrified the story would somehow vanish if he looked away, Alex frantically searched the article. Looking for it. For the name. The place it had happened.

“Lena, you’re starting to worry your mother...”

And there it was. Like a miracle. Just under the headline, beside the little picture of the journalist who’d reported the story.

The name of the city this massacre had happened in. The city where Alex had sat in a bar, so long ago, succumbing to drugs as witnesses were slaughtered around him.

The name of his home city.

The moment he read it, it was like a catch had been released in his mind. Information poured out, swept across gray matter, flooded his neurons with names, dates, places...

Of course. How could I forget...?

He could see it again, clear as day. The bar he’d sat in as that mysterious figure had ordered everyone killed. The mental street map he had of the area, leading to his work. The route he’d have to take if he wanted to go back to his condo, back to... back to...

Back to Her. The woman they’d scrubbed from his mind.

His missing girlfriend.

There was a little soft squeak, like an upset girl. The screen blurred in front of his eyes, swam out of focus. For a moment, Alex wondered what the hell was going.

Then a single tear plopped down onto the cell, and he realized he was crying.

“Lena? Lena, what’s wrong?!”

“Lena? Oh my god, Lennie...!”

“N-Nothing,” he heard himself whimper, “nothing, I just... I just...”

And then he could speak no more.

Sat there, in the body of a strange girl, being hugged by two strangers who loved him without knowing who he really was, Alex cried for the third time that week. Cried tears of misery and joy and horror, of relief that he might soon get out of this awful nightmare.

As the teenage girl cried away, her dad’s phone lay discarded on the table, its screen still showing its secret, the city name that had been Alex’s home for almost as long as he could remember.

Beside it, the picture of the journalist smiled out blankly, unaware of the drama her words had just caused.

*

Later that evening.

“Guess what?”

“What?”

Lying back on his bed, his cell clasped in one dainty hand, Alex smiled faintly to himself.

He’d finished crying long ago, and the last traces of red had vanished from Lena’s eyes and cheeks. Right now, she looked happier, perkier, more alive than she probably ever had before.

At least, so Alex hoped. He hadn’t spent the last hour doing his makeup for the sheer hell of it.

“No, go on.”

On the screen, Dorian smirked. He was lying down in his own bed halfway across town, his hair beautifully mussed, one powerful arm languidly looped behind his head. Alex could just make out a snatch of white bedsheets and the bottom of some poster.

“I give up. Tell me.”

Deep inside, Alex took a breath, steeled himself.

Outwardly, though, he felt himself give a little giggle, followed by a coquettish smile.

“I’m naked.”

The words didn’t even break Dorian’s cool exterior. He raised one eyebrow a fraction of an inch.

“Really?”

God, he’s so cool...

“Yep,” Alex forced himself to giggle again. He glanced past his cell, down at his bare breasts, their nipples all hard, at his slender, pink legs, at his little tuft of pubic hair.

“Totally?”

“Totally.”

Dorian was quiet for a moment, thinking. A sly smile slipped across his handsome face.

“Wanna show me?”

“You bet I do.”

Alex started to move the cell, gently angling the screen so it showed first his bare shoulders, then his chest, before finally revealing to Dorian his...

“One thing.”

He swung the cell back up to face him. Onscreen, Dorian was slightly wide-eyed. He probably wasn’t used to girls his age being so forward.

Too bad, Alex thought to himself, I’m not his age. And I’m definitely not a girl.

At least, not for much longer.

“C’mon, Lena, don’t tease me...”

Alex took a deep breath.

“Here’s the deal,” he made Lena say in a lusty, breathy voice, “I wanna be your cam girl tonight.

I wanna play with my tits and masturbate for you and do *anything* you tell me to.”

“Anything?” Dorian’s cocky grin remained, but for the first time he looked discomforted, like the balance of power had shifted.

Nonetheless, Alex could see that hadn’t stopped him from lowering his free hand from behind his head and probably sticking it down his pants.

Urgh. Boys...

“*Anything.*” Alex thought for a moment. “OK, no ass stuff. But anything else...”

He gently rested the cell against one of his own bare legs, taking care not to knock it over. In the little corner screen below Dorian’s shocked expression, he could see himself, his big bare boobies now visible, a cute little smile on his young features.

He giggled again, a tinkling, naughty little sound.

“This body...” he whispered, slowly caressing his tits, ignoring the weird, warm feeling it created, “is yours. I’ll let you watch me do things you never even dreamed of.”

He pinched his own nipples, softly at first, then harder. *Fuck*, that felt good. He bit his lower lip, let out a soft, female moan.

“What’s the catch?” By the movement of his shoulder, Alex could see Dorian was already masturbating, the image of Lena’s naked body and slutty behavior driving his hormonal teenage mind wild.

Alex smiled to himself.

Good. This was exactly where he needed him.

“No catch,” he sighed, his fingers tweaking at his nipples, making them longer, harder, “just something I need you to do for me tomorrow.”

“Yeah? What?”

Alex lowered his head slightly, as he’d practiced doing in the mirror earlier that evening after he made up his mind. Let his auburn bangs fall across his cute face, peered sexily over the top of his blocky glasses.

I can’t believe I know what it’s like to feel sexy...

“I just need you to drive me somewhere. For our date.”

He hesitated.

“Somewhere far away.”

Then he told him, and Dorian looked confused, but he also looked like he didn’t want to say no now, and lose the show Alex was offering him.

“You know what? Fine.” He said at last. “But, you gotta do something for me in return.”

Return for what?! You’re not getting this little show for free, you creep! Alex thought. But out loud, he giggled and said:

“Whatever you wish, *master.*”

So Dorian told him. And Alex's brain screamed at him *NO! Don't agree to it!*

But another part said he didn't have a choice. He needed Dorian, his car, the cash his rich parents splashed on him.

Besides, it wasn't like he'd still be in this body to accept the possible consequences.

Not if he succeeded in finding her.

So he nodded, and told the slender, cocky, infuriatingly beautiful teenage boy that his wish was his command.

Then Dorian smiled, said *OK, then*, and asked him to start the show. He told Alex to rest the cell on his nightstand, then crouch on all fours with his ass in the air and masturbate for him.

So Alex did, his face pressed into the pink pillow exactly as it had been on his first night, only instead of crying, he was sticking fingers *inside* himself, into the damp, warm hole between his legs, his soft lips hanging open as he quietly moaned and flicked his clit and fingered himself, all for Dorian's pleasure.

When he finally came, his inner thighs drenched and three slender fingers buried deep in his pussy, he realized that being Dorian's bitch had given him the greatest orgasm he'd ever had in his life.

“Here we are.”

The car pulled into off the road, turning gently into the old layby. Through the windscreen, Alex watched as the headlights briefly illuminated a tangle of trees, the shadows of a forest, before switching off and plunging the world into darkness.

In the silence that followed, the two teens sat for a moment, staring straight ahead. Alex was faintly aware that his heart was fluttering, his breathing slightly ragged, his big chest rising and falling with each breath.

I can't believe I'm about to do this...

They were somewhere on the outskirts of town, barely ten miles from the house where Lena's parents were now sat, watching TV, safe in the knowledge that their daughter was at Stacey's house, having a girly night in.

Alex wondered how they would have felt if they'd known what was really happening. If they'd known what the man who'd hijacked their precious daughter's body was about to do. The thought made a prickle of fear run across his skin.

Hijacked, that's the right word...

He shifted uncomfortably in the leather seat, all too aware of the tiny little dress hugging his figure beneath his jacket. All too aware of his bare legs, the way his push-up bra was hoisting his cleavage high into the air.

All too aware that he was wearing no underwear at all.

What would Lena think if she could see her body now?

He felt guilty, like he was about to commit some terrible crime. If the worst came to the worst, he hoped Lena would forgive him.

Because, if Alex succeeded, they could at last go back to being their real selves again.

In the darkness of the car, there was the faint sound of a zipper being slowly undone. A pause. And then a male voice, low and powerful, that seemed to make Alex's girl-body shiver with fear and desire all at once.

“I'm ready.”

Alex swallowed. Slowly nodded, unsure if Dorian could even see him.

“Me too.”

“Good.” Dorian's voice was amused, languid. The voice of someone completely in control. “So, what are we waiting for?”

What indeed...?

“Just this once, OK?” Alex heard himself murmur. “Then we go straight there. And you can never, ever tell anyone about it. Like, *ever*.”

“Sure, just like we agreed.”

There was silence, then Alex felt a strong hand gently caress his cheek. He helplessly leaned in towards it, craving Dorian's masculine touch, his reassurance.

"I'm not an asshole, Lena," the boy whispered. "I dunno what Keesha's told you, but I'm not like that. This is just about you and me, no-one else is ever gonna know."

A note of confidence crept into his voice.

"And you're looking so fucking hot tonight..."

Alex smiled unhappily as the hand drifted down from his cheek, stroked the long hair curled over his bare shoulder, heading down, down, down.

He felt Dorian hesitate for a fraction of a second, his fingertips hovering just above his big cleavage...

And then the boy was caressing Alex's breast, squeezing it, gently pinching at his nipple.

Oh fuck, that feels so good...

"You're beautiful Lennie. You know that?"

Alex smiled his sad smile again. He wanted so desperately to believe him.

"You're just saying that..."

Dorian didn't reply. Instead, Alex felt his long hair get brushed aside, and then Dorian's lips were on his neck, kissing him, brushing against his soft, supple flesh even as the boy's hand continued to massage his breast, making a lazy warmth unfurl through Alex's entire body.

"Dorian..." He heard himself whimper, "Oh God, Dorian..."

He'd told himself he'd let it happen. That he'd just lie there and let the boy do what he wanted, and try to focus on his goal.

But now it was happening... now Dorian's lips were brushing his neck... now his crotch was getting all wet and sticky...

He couldn't just be passive any longer.

Slowly, like a girl in a dream, Alex reached out with one dainty hand. Reached into Dorian's lap. Felt his fingers brush against something long and thick and hard like iron.

We don't need to do this... we don't have to touch his... his...

But it was like Alex was no longer in control of his new body. Like whatever traces remained of Lena had suddenly retaken control, leaving him a puppet at the mercy of some sadistic puppeteer.

Gently, he closed his delicate fist around Dorian's cock. Felt the boy's raw, masculine power, the power he'd never appreciated in men before, but which now seemed so obvious, so beautiful to his female mind.

He turned towards Dorian, his pouty lips dangling breathlessly open. Watched as the shadow of the boy sat up, looked straight into his eyes...

And then they were kissing. Their lips locked together as if their lives depended on it. Kissing as only teenagers can, like their love is the only thing in the entire world.

Inside Lena's body, Alex helplessly moaned, his eyes closed as Dorian's tongue swirled around the inside of his mouth.

He could taste him, taste this boy. The cigarette he'd smoked earlier, a sort of stale yet somehow magical taste. He could feel his lips, pressed against his own.

This was nothing like the quick peck they'd shared on the quad, at the start of this long and crazy week.

This was like Alex had finally learned to see after a life of blindness, and opened his eyes onto a world so beautiful it made him want to weep.

The boy and girl kissed like that for what seemed like forever, Dorian tweaking Alex's nipple as Alex slowly tugged at the boy's cock, loving the feeling of his dick in his hand, loving how helpless he felt.

At last, they pulled apart, both breathless, Alex so dizzy with lust he thought he might faint then and there.

"Dorian... oh fuck, that was..."

"Shh..." There was the ghost of a smile in the night, the boy put one finger gently to Alex's lips. He dumbly fell silent, as docile and obedient as a prince's pretty little maid.

"No more talking." The boy's voice was soft, his commands undeniable. "Just let it happen..."

Alex weakly nodded his pretty little head. There was nothing else he could do. He felt his body shift under him, felt himself climb across until he was straddling Dorian, his hands on the boy's shoulders, Dorian's face level with his breasts.

As Dorian gently tugged his neckline down, began kissing the surface of his breasts, making Alex whimper, he closed his eyes.

Lena... if you're out there somewhere, I'm so sorry...

The tip of Dorian's cock was pressed up against his pussy, rubbing against Alex's moist little lips. Alex could feel the strange *yearning* in his crotch, the deep desire this body had to put things inside it, to let itself be filled.

No condom. Just how Dorian had told him he wanted it. No condom, and Alex wasn't even on the pill.

As Dorian kissed his breasts, making Alex dizzy with desire, the grown man trapped in a teenage girl's body just had time to wonder if this was really worth it...

...and then Dorian shifted his hips slightly, Alex felt the head of his cock *press* against the entrance to his cunt, and he could fight that desperate craving no more.

He sat down. Felt a momentary flash of pain as his hymen broke...

...and then Dorian was inside him, bucking his hips, and Alex suddenly knew what it was like to be fucked as a girl.

He could *feel* Dorian's big, thick cock inside him, a burning, beautiful heat slipping up deep into his womb, making him squeak and whimper and bite down on his lower lip and moan out loud.

He could feel the boy's balls, pressed up against his ass, dropping away as they both bucked their hips, only to press up against him again.

But most of all, he felt pleasure beyond anything he'd ever felt before.

As Dorian roughly fucked him like the naughty schoolgirl he was, Alex tried to stop himself from squealing, tried to force down the girly sounds that would let Dorian know how much he was enjoying himself, but it was impossible.

High-pitched, breathless moans escaped his throat, completely unbidden. He clutched the boy to his body, buried his face between his big breasts, unable to do anything but love the feel of his lips, brushing at the skin of his tits. His tongue, flicking at his nipples.

He wanted nothing more, he realized, than for this experience to never end. To spend the rest of his life, no matter how long that was, perched atop some man, letting some big-dicked stud fuck him and bite at his big tits and forcibly remind him of what a slutty little girl he now was. What a dumb, horny bitch the Scientist had forced him to become.

He'd surrendered himself completely to another man. Turned his female body into something to be abused and violated.

And, God help him, he felt hotter than he ever had in his life.

As the two teenagers fucked in Dorian's expensive car, Alex felt two hands *grab* his ass and start roughly squeezing its flesh, pinching him, as if the boy was trying to hurt him.

But it was like his female body was taking that pain, mixing it with his pleasure, and creating something that was sharper and sweeter than either feeling on its own. As Dorian worked his ass, Alex felt his pretty, painted lips drop open, heard himself gasp the boy's name.

"Oh Dorian! Fuck, *Dorian!*"

At the second *Dorian*, the boy had spanked his ass as hard as he could. A stinging pain flashed through Alex's bum, making him squeal. He could feel Dorian's cock, thrusting faster, faster, stretching the walls of his pussy, making him dizzy.

He's gonna come soon... oh God, not yet! Not when I still haven't...

Instinct took over. He grabbed the boy's mop of hair, pulled his head back, gazed desperately into his piercing blue eyes.

"Call me a slut. Oh fuck... Dorian, please... *oh!... call me a slut!*"

"Slut..." He heard the boy growl in his ear, his cock pounding into him. "Cheap, fucking worthless little *slut*..."

It was all the stimulation his new body needed.

As Dorian spanked his ass again, Alex felt his body shiver, then suddenly he was coming. Coming loudly as the boy called him a slut over and over and over, waves of shame and lust coursing through him, filling him with dark pleasure.

His orgasm washed over his entire body, sent prickles racing over his female skin. He felt the world drop away, time slow down, until he felt like he was suspended in a single moment of pleasure that would never, ever end.

But end it did. As Alex's orgasm slowly ebbed away, he found himself dazedly bouncing on Dorian's dick, his mouth dangling open and his eyes dazed, listening to the teenage boy grunt as he used Alex's body for his own pleasure.

Seconds later, he felt Dorian go stiff. The boy gave a gasp, and then waves and waves of white hot come flooded into Alex's pussy, making him throw his head back and moan louder than ever.

He clutched Dorian to him as he came, their bodies slick with sweat, whimpering helplessly at how wonderful it felt to have a man's sperm flood inside him, knowing what an awful idea this was, but unable to do anything in the moment but love it like he'd never loved anything before.

At long, long last, the feeling stopped. For a moment the two teens sat there, frozen together into a single form, the feeling of Dorian's dick still filling Alex's hole, still making him feel whole.

Then Dorian muttered something, shifted slightly, Alex obediently climbed off him, and they were back sat in their seats again, as if nothing had happened.

Oh fuck... Alex thought, his breathing still ragged, his big titties still exposed to the cool night air, oh fuck oh fuck oh fuck...

He could *feel* Dorian's sperm still sitting in him, starting to cool and get like jelly. It occurred to him he didn't know if he should try and get it out, or leave it inside himself, or *what*.

A terrified thought rose in his mind, awful in its implications.

What if I get pregnant?

The thought was so big he had to push it away, to try and ignore it entirely. No, there was no way he could think about that now. Not when he had a plan.

Lena, if you ever get this body back, please don't hate me...

Beside him, Dorian was slowly zipping back up. He sounded as out of breath as Alex was.

"You OK?"

"Yeah," Alex managed to get out in Lena's soft voice. "I'm good."

"Good."

There was a pause, Dorian shifted in his seat, then suddenly he was kissing Alex again. Tenderly this time, as Alex had always dreamed of being kissed.

"You were amazing," the boy whispered between kisses, "God Lena, you're incredible..."

At his words, Alex felt like crying all over again.

Please don't... he thought to himself as they kissed, please don't make me fall in love with you...

They kissed for what felt like eternity, until Alex was sure he would open his eyes and see the sun had come up again. At last, Dorian pulled away. Started the car again. The headlights came back on, making Alex screw up his eyes.

"Alright, then," the boy said beside him with a wink, "let's get this show on the road."

*

"You're sure this is the right place?"

Dorian peered out the windshield up at the condo with a doubtful look on his handsome face. Sunlight glinted off the glass of the distant windows, casting glowing shadows on the car.

Beside him, Alex nodded. Took a sip from his coffee, trying to ignore the way it scalded his lips.

"This is it," he murmured.

It was morning. After driving all night, they'd finally hit the city *just* before the Saturday traffic started to snarl up the roads. With his addled memories, it'd taken Alex a stupidly long time to remember where the place was, but at long last, they'd found it.

And now here they were.

Home.

Which meant Alex had to figure out exactly what the fuck he was gonna do next.

Dorian sighed, leaned back in the driver's seat. After hours and hours on the interstate, his eyes were red and he looked tired and crabby.

"So... remind me again. Who are these people?"

"Big sister of a friend I had in elementary school," Alex murmured, repeating the lie he'd rehearsed over and over, "and her husband. Haven't seen them in years."

"And why did we drive all this way to see them now?"

"You'll see," Alex said.

If we ever find them... he added, silently.

No sooner had the thought formed in his mind, than there was movement at the condo entrance. A door swung open. Two shadowy figures stepped out into the sunlight.

"Hold up," Dorian muttered, "I see someone."

Beside him, Alex didn't make a sound. Didn't even dare to breathe.

You don't need to tell me that...

There, standing in the sunlight, a carefree smile on her face as she glanced upwards and crinkled her eyes against the sun was...

Her.

She was exactly as Alex remembered her.

She had that same shoulder-length brunette hair he'd run his fingers so lovingly through, so many times before.

Those same perky, C-cup breasts he could remember touching in their most intimate moments.

Those same blue eyes, that same smile, that same face...

She hadn't changed at all.

As Alex breathlessly watched her from inside this strange car, from inside his strange body, she turned and smiled at the man beside her, a look on her face that was so happy, so carefree. The tall guy smiled, the edges of his hazel eyes crinkling as he took the woman's hand in his.

At that moment, with the sun shining on them, they both looked so perfect. So happy. So in love. Alex realized what he had to do.

“There, see ‘em?” He heard Dorian say. “That them?”

At the entrance to the condo, the perfect couple kissed. As the man pulled away, he happened to glance in their direction. Stopped. Frowned.

Alex froze, unable to move. His heart pounding in his generous chest. Suddenly feeling like he couldn’t even breathe.

For a moment, the man’s eyes locked eyes with his. The hazel eyes of the fully-grown, 32-year old man, staring deep into the eyes of the teenage girl who’d driven all this way just to find him.

The eyes that had once belonged to Alex, so many eons ago.

Then the man gave himself a little shake, looked away, back down at his happy wife. Held out his hand again, let her take it. Then they turned as one and walked away, vanishing into the morning, into the city, into their new lives.

“Well?”

Sat the in the car, Alex let out a breath he didn’t know he’d been holding. Slowly shook his head.

“Nu-uh.” He lied. “No. It wasn’t them.”

He looked after the retreating couple for a second, then gave himself a little shake. Turned, gave Dorian an apologetic smile.

“Look, I know we’ve come a long way, and you’re really tired, and you probably want to see this through, but...

How about we go home, huh?”

Dorian just looked at him blankly. Then he sighed, shrugged his broad shoulders.

“Whatever. It’s your trip.”

He started the car, ran a hand over his face and let out a yawn.

“Shit, I’m tired. Hey, how about we crash at a motel out on the interstate? Just for a bit. My parents’ treat.”

He shook himself a little, smiled, then laid one hand on Alex’s knee. Gave it a little squeeze.

“Maybe we could share a room and everything. Act like proper grownups.”

Alex nodded slowly.

“Yeah. Yeah, that would be...”

He searched for the word.

“Perfect.”

Dorian grinned, gunned the engine. As the car turned round, Alex took one last look out the window at the condo, at the city, at his old life.

With a feeling of complete peace, he sat back and let Dorian drive him away.

An hour later, as he was bouncing on Dorian's dick again, letting the teenage boy bite at his tits as he moaned and squealed his name, Alex realized that he was happier now than he'd ever been in his life.

Epilogue

Nine months later, Alex was sat on the sofa of his new home when he heard a knock at the door.

He'd been reading his birthing books for the zillionth time, balancing the base of the book's spine on his heavy, swollen belly as he tried to cram in stuff about breathing techniques and what to expect and so-on.

From what he could tell, giving birth was gonna be just about the most-painful, stressful and crazy-ass thing that would ever happen to him. Even crazier than being turned into a girl. Even crazier than having to tell his new parents that he was pregnant with *Dorian Sweet's* baby.

At the memory, a little smile appeared on Alex's cute teenage features.

Now *that* had been a night to remember.

As the knocking continued, he gave a sigh, dropped his book down, heavily pulled his changed frame to its exhausted feet.

"Gimme a minute!" He yelled in Lena's soft voice, before adding, in a mutter, "I'm not so agile as I used to be."

It had been a scandal in their small town, of course. Nice, middle class girls like Lena weren't supposed to get pregnant when they were barely 18. And, if they did, they sure as hell weren't meant to keep it.

And if, for some Godforsaken reason, they both got pregnant and actually went ahead with the birth, they *certainly* weren't meant to try and raise the child by themselves.

Well, fuck that, Alex thought, *I'm not just some random girl.*

I'm a girl who got to choose the life she'd always wanted.

As he moved slowly through his new house, trying not to upset his unborn baby, he was aware that he'd probably been lucky.

After things had settled down, at home, at school, after Dorian had stopped freaking out like the kid he still was, everyone had come together to make sure things worked out as best they could.

Keesha and Stacey had stood by him all through his pregnancy, making sure, with a rabid determination bordering on the scary, that no other kids fucked with him just for being pregnant.

Dorian's parents had dug deep into their bottomless pockets and bought Alex this little house on the outskirts of town, in a nice, middle class neighborhood with lots of other kids for the baby to play with.

Dorian had promised not to be an absent father, even when he was at college, and had committed to sending child support as soon as he graduated and was earning.

He'd even tried to propose, but Alex had simply laughed him off.

No, Dorian, he'd told the perplexed looking boy, *you were a good lay, and you're gonna make an excellent father, but I'm not ready to deal with you as a husband.*

I want a man who's a little more mature.

Well, he was still looking. But there were a few single daddies in his new neighborhood, strong, mature men responsible enough to look after their own kids. Older than him. Wiser.

No, Alex was sure he was going to find the right man soon enough.

In the meantime, all his attention was taken up with the changes his body was going through.

As he walked towards the front door, Alex gently rested one of his dainty hands over his big, swollen belly. Stroked its surface, a strange little smile on his cute face.

He'd never realized being pregnant could feel so *weird*. Having all this extra weight to carry around, getting used to the fact he could barely turn around without knocking shit over. Feeling his little baby girl kick *inside* him...

The way his breasts had gotten bigger and heavier than ever, started leaking little dribbles of milk as his due date got nearer and nearer. The constant, dull ache in the small of his back. The need to eat weird stuff at ridiculous hours.

It was all shit they never bothered to tell you about as a man. All these little twinges and aches and *especially* the way he'd spent the entire second trimester feeling hornier than he ever had in his life.

(He'd made the most of it, too. For three months, he and Dorian had fucked like rabbits, the sensation of his pregnant body being violated even more of a turn on for Alex than his first sex experience as a girl had been. He'd let the boy fill his pussy time and time again, let Dorian fuck him on all fours, standing up, in the shower, until he was sure he simply couldn't take anymore sperm inside him. And then they'd wound up fucking all over again...)

It had been a crazy nine months, all right.

But, still. He wouldn't change it for anything.

After all, he thought as he opened the front door, *how many men get to discover what it's like to be pregnant?*

He was still smiling at the thought when he caught sight of the figure stood there and felt his insides freeze.

Casually leaning against one post of his porch, a bored, slightly-detached look on her face, was the woman from the car.

"Hello, Lena," she said, her voice cool and professional. "How's the pregnancy going?"

Alex felt his pouty lips drop open.

"Y-you!" He heard himself squeak in Lena's voice.

(Truth be told, he no longer thought of it as *Lena's* voice. It was just his voice now. The same way these big boobies were his, or this cute, teenage face, or the pussy between his legs.)

"Oh, good, you recognized me."

"*Recognized you?!*" Alex felt like laughing hysterically. "How could I forget?"

"Trust me, I forgot *plenty* during my first pregnancy. All non-essential information, jettisoned."

The woman glanced down at his swollen belly, smiled faintly, then looked back up at him.

"I've been sent with an offer," she said, her voice utterly casual. "A proposal, if you like. Our backers are curious as to how you'll respond."

"What offer?" Alex asked, guardedly.

His hand was still on the door handle, ready to slam the door in this woman's face if she tried anything that might endanger his baby or newfound happiness.

The woman shrugged.

"It's quite simple. One goal we always had was to see if our subjects became so enamored with their new lives that they would want to stay, even if given a chance to escape. So, here I am.

Offering you a chance to return to your old body."

Alex hesitated. He knew he should slam the door in this mad bitch's face, slam the door and call the police and get her the hell away from him.

But it was like he was rooted to the spot.

"You really mean it?" He asked. "My old life? Everything as it was before?"

"Goodness, no." The woman actually laughed. "My God, we don't have a *time machine* or anything. You'd still have to deal with all that's happened to Alex over the last nine months...

But in essence, yes. We can take you right now, get our lab boys to work on you, and, by the time your wife gets home from work, you'll be Alex again."

She smiled at his surprised expression.

"Oh, yes, that's right. You don't know. Your old body is happily married now and, from what I can tell, you're not the only one who's pregnant these days..."

Alex dumbly glanced down at his own heavily-pregnant body. It was a lot to take in.

"So, what'll it be, Lena? I need an answer now I'm afraid, and I'm obliged to tell you that this is the last and only chance you'll ever get to go back to being Alex again."

A smile tugged at the corners of her mouth.

"However, I suspect I already know your answer..."

For a second, images rose in Alex's mind. Little visions of how it'd feel to hold a woman in his arms again. How it'd feel to be the big, strong one, instead of the small, weak girl. How it'd feel to be an adult, with adult responsibilities, living in a big city and making money he could spend on anything he wanted.

How it'd feel to be a man again, with a big, swinging dick and no periods or pregnancy to worry about.

The images vanished almost as soon as they appeared. Alex firmly shook his head.

"No way." He said, loudly. "Not in a million fucking years."

The woman nodded.

"Yes, we all agreed you'd say that. Good choice, too, if you don't mind me saying."

She gave him one last, friendly smile.

“Goodbye, Lena. Enjoy your life. I can tell you’re going to be an *excellent* mother.”

And with that, she turned, walked down to a waiting car – the same car Alex had been brought to this small town in, all those eons ago – got inside and was driven away, out of his life forever.

For a long time, Lena stood on the porch of her new house, staring thoughtfully after the car. At long last, she gave herself a little shake and went back inside.

The sun was setting, casting long, golden light into the living room. Lena gently lowered herself onto the sofa again, the stranger at the door already nearly forgotten.

With a perfect smile, the smile of a girl who is about to become a woman, to become a mother, she tenderly stroked her own swollen belly, a feeling of bliss washing over her.

She was Lena now. She would be until the day she died. She would have kids, breastfeed them, watch them grow up.

She’d find a responsible man to fall in love with, properly this time, and let him gently penetrate her as they lay in bed together on Sunday mornings, trying not to wake the kids as they expressed their love in the most intimate way they knew how.

Maybe, one day, she’d even feel ready to suck this man’s dick. It was something she’d been feeling curious about, lately, but not something she felt quite ready for. There was still too much of her male mind left, still too grossed out by the idea of having a cock in its mouth.

Oh well, one day. One day soon, she’d meet a man and fall in love and, not long after, she’d give him a blowjob.

And she’d slobber on his dick. And she’d swallow his sperm. And she’d enjoy it.

She was sure of that.

And one day, she would be an old woman. An old woman who would look at her big family, and look back at her life and think how *lucky* she was that she ever got the chance to become a girl.

And somewhere, at the opposite end of the country, she hoped Alex would be looking at his own wife and family and thinking the exact same thing.

Inside her, her little baby girl kicked. A strange, internal thump, reminding Lena of her daughter’s presence.

“Shh...” she whispered, “it’s OK little baby, it’s OK...”

A thought occurred to her. A bright smile lit up her face, overflowing with bliss.

“...mommy’s here.”

*

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Free extract: Trapped Between Her Legs

“God, you’re so hot...”

Trapped in his dark cave, William whimpered in helpless misery at the words he could hear but not respond to. He could feel Trayvon’s thick fingers, pressed right up against him, gently massaging him through the fabric of Sarah’s panties, teasing his slit.

With a feeling of disgust, William realized his new form was getting wet.

“I’ve wanted you for so long...”

The voice was deep, muffled. Obscured by the thin fabric clinging tight to William’s horrible new body. Yet, somehow still audible to him. Just as he could still see, even now. Just as he could still smell, and taste, and even *think*.

Just as he was still completely aware of what he had become, and what was happening, but could do nothing about it.

Just as Sarah had wished he would be.

“Take my panties off...”

Sarah’s voice. Whispered. Full of lust, low and strangely sexy like older women’s voices tended to be.

For years, William had found that voice hypnotically attractive. Had lain in bed at night, touching himself and thinking of it, and the woman it belonged to.

But now it sounded different. Now, it seemed to come from somewhere above and inside of him, all at once. He could feel the faint vibrations of Sarah’s speech passing through his brand new body, a body that was part of her, as much hers as her throat or her mouth or her lungs...

...or her breasts, her womb, her ass.

For a long moment, there was no more speech from above. Just the wet, distant sounds of kissing.

Trayvon’s fingers rubbed William. Sarah moved her hips, slowly grinding her stepson up against his black best friend’s palm.

Trapped as he was, William felt like crying. Like screaming. There was no way this should be happening to him, *no way!*

Sarah... he formed the thought hopelessly, knowing the magic meant she could still hear him if she wanted to, *please... don’t do this.*

Far above him, the kissing stopped. William had just enough time to wonder if his gorgeous stepmom had heard his thought and relented...

...and then he heard and felt Sarah giggle. Saw the tight, lacy pink fabric encasing him start to move, and realized that his nightmare was far from over.

The sexy panties fell down Sarah’s long legs, landed in a bunch at her feet. William watched them tumble from his prison, wishing he could grab them, but unable to move except to slowly

get wetter and puffier and wider. Unable to perform any human functions now except to become warm and moist and open up his new hole for Sarah's pleasure.

Unable to do anything but act like what he now was, and would be for rest of his long, awful life. The thing Sarah had cruelly turned him into with her last wish, laughing as he screamed.

The wish that had turned 18-year old William into *his stepmom's pussy...*

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Free extract: Turned into Her Maid

“Belinda, I’m warning you bitch, if you don’t get in here right *now*, we’ll...”

In the corridor, Bryce gave a tiny squeal, quickly adjusted the hem of his dress, hoisted his boobs up just as he knew his owners liked, and ran into the living room, his elbows bent and his wrists limp as the magic forced him to run like a girl.

“Madams! I am ‘ere!”

The girls on the sofa grinned up at him, identical evil looks on their gorgeous young faces.

Just that morning, they’d been Bryce’s roomies, the housemates in his co-ed student home. Tanya, Janice, and Nat. He’d thought they were his friends. His own little harem.

And then he’d made his fatal mistake, and they’d become his mistresses.

“Look at this piece of trash,” Tanya sneered, her lip curling on her dark face. “What took you so long, *maid*?”

“I am sorry, madam,” Bryce breathed, hastily giving his old roomie a curtsey, “I was - ‘ow you say? – *stroking* ze floors.”

The three twenty year old girl giggled, their eyes flashing with delight at the stupid French accent they’d forced upon the boy they lived with. Bryce felt his cheeks flush pink. He bowed his head, trying not to cry.

Ever since he’d become an adorable French maid, with a frilly little uniform and an adorable French accent, he’d been forgetting the English words for everything.

“It’s *scrubbing* the floors you dumb bitch,” Janice yawned, running one hand through her chestnut hair, “and, by the way, you’re doing a terrible job.”

She indicated the room around them with one flick of her wrist.

“Look at this. Only a few hours to go until our party, and this place *still* looks like a dump.”

That’s because I haven’t had time to clean here yet! Bryce wanted to scream, but it was pointless.

Since his transformation, the magic would no more let him contradict or answer back his owners than it would let him go back to being a man again.

Instead, he obediently clasped his dainty hands over the front of his apron, trying to ignore his long new nails, painted their slutty shade of red.

“*Pardon*, madam, I will fix zis at once.”

He waited a moment, wondering if that was it, then turned to go.

Party? His bimbo mind whirred, *since when have they been having a-*

“Where do you think *you’re* going, slut?”

Nat’s voice. Bryce instantly stopped moving, his back to the girls.

“Madam?” He whimpered, uncomfortably aware of the giggles behind him, of the way he could

feel three pairs of eyes crawling over his pert new girl-ass.

“Did we dismiss you?” Nat went on in her languid, mocking voice. “No. So get back here now.”

Bryce could feel his long new nails digging into his soft palms. He wanted to scream.

Instead he turned round, clasped his hands over his frilly apron again, fixed Nat with a simpering, bimbo smile that looked cute as hell on his female face.

On their red couch, the older of the three girls lounged like a cat, elegant, unbothered by anything. Her green eyes smiled lazily up at Bryce from beneath her short, dark hair. She was in charge, and everyone knew it.

“Look at you,” Nat whispered, eyeing Bryce’s new busty body with ill-concealed delight, drinking in his enormous boobies, “look at the big, strong man, now stuck as such a pretty little maid.”

As the other two girls giggled, Nat’s eyes flashed.

“What’s your new name again, *maid*?”

Bryce grit his teeth. No! Not that. He wouldn’t say it. It was too humiliating. Too-

“Belinda, madam,” he heard his body answer immediately. “Belinda Babydick.”

At the sound of his new name, the name Nat had wished upon him, Tanya and Janice broke down in laughter, pointing at poor little Bryce, mocking him. Nat’s cruel smile didn’t twitch.

“And *why* is that your name, maid?”

Tears of frustration began to sting at Bryce’s eyes.

“Because I ‘ad a tiny *petite* baby dick, madam,” he replied miserably, “before you turn me into zis maid. Moi penus was like ze little worm.”

Big, salty girl tears were rolling down his soft cheeks, even as the magic forced him to keep a servile little pout on his beautiful face. Waves of humiliation washed over the boy, awful, boiling waves that threatened to drown him.

And the worst part was, there was nothing he could do about it. Nat’s wish had made him utterly obedient, unable to disobey any of his three mistresses.

If they wanted to humiliate Belinda Babydick for their own sadistic amusement, he had no choice but to stand here and take it.

Even Nat was laughing now, unable to keep a straight face at Bryce’s embarrassment.

“And you tried to do naughty things with that tiny little dick of yours, didn’t you, bitch? You were a nasty pig, weren’t you?”

“Oui madam,” Bryce nodded, wishing he was dead. *Anything* but being emasculated and judged like this!

That’s it... I’ve got to get out of here!

Fixing a terrified smile onto his youthful face, Bryce blinked back his tears, his long, dark eyelashes fluttering in the edges of his vision. He gestured the hall behind him.

“Madam, ze cleaning... If it will be ready for ze party, I must...”

His heart fell as Nat gently shook her head.

“You’re going nowhere, Little Miss *Babydick*. Right, girls?”

“*Sure*,” giggled Tanya, “not until you’ve had your punishment, you naughty whore.”

Bryce’s pretty, painted mouth dropped open.

“Punishment? But madams, zere iz nothing zat I...”

“You were late,” sniffed Janice, “when we called you.”

“*And* you just answered back,” said Tanya. “*Bad* maid.”

“So,” chimed in Nat, “we’ve got the perfect punishment.”

All Bryce could do was cringe and keep on smiling. Whatever new, awful punishment his mistresses had in store for him, he’d have to take it. And probably enjoy it.

Nat’s cruel wish would see to that...

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Also by Lisa Change

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About the Author

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

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