



CHANGED! FROM SEXIST TO SEX-OBJECT

[gender transformation revenge]

LISA CHANGE

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“Here’s the truth about women.”

Sam smiled at the twenty male faces before him, hanging on his every word. He raised the microphone to his lips.

“They’ll never admit it. Feminists will hate you for saying it. But...”

He allowed a professional twinkle to enter his eye.

“They *love* being raped.”

An approving murmur ran around the tiny convention hall. Twenty young, well-built guys nodded in unison.

“It’s in their nature,” Sam declared, warming to his theme. “Men are strong and powerful. Women exist only to *obey* them. That’s the way it’s been since the dawn of time, and that’s the way it’ll be a million years from now.”

There were a few cheers, some stamping feet. Sam surveyed his captive audience.

“What these *feminists* forget,” he practically spat the word, “is that you can’t fight *nature*. Women are *programmed* to want dick. It’s in their DNA. They *love* being ordered around. They *love* it when a strong man forces them to do things. They love being stared at, being touched up in public...”

“And they *love* being made to feel like sluts!”

The crowd went ballistic. Twenty men raised their fists and roared their approval.

“*Say it!*” They chanted. “*Say it!*”

That’s my cue. Sam let his eyes drift up to the banner dangling above the hired room. The banner that had followed him across the States on his tour. The banner that had gotten him more attention and more controversy than most could ever dream of. It read: SAM THE MAN SAYS IT LIKE IT IS.

And underneath, in smaller letters: The Truth About Women, What They Want, and How the Feminists Are Destroying America.

Sam raised the microphone again.

“I’ll say it!” He yelled. “This is how it is. Women need to learn their place again. Feminists *need* to be stopped!”

He pointed at the crowd.

“Next time *you* see some slut strutting around with it all hanging out, I want *you* to take charge! Make her *yours*. Corner her and grab her ass. Tweak her tits. Tell her she’s a dumb bitch and she needs to get to your room now!”

More cheers.

“Let’s take America back for *men!*” Sam shouted.

At that moment, a commotion broke out by the hall doors. There was a crash and six female protesters barged into the room, placards in their hands. In the corridor, Sam could see the sole security guard the hotel had laid on desperately trying to stop another five from following them.

“Look out,” Sam sneered at his audience. “Here come the feminists.”

“You’re damn right,” one of them, who Sam took to be the leader, snapped. She pushed to the front. Dark hair fell in waves over her shoulders, coming to rest over a pair of pert breasts. Heavy-framed glasses balanced delicately on her nose.

If she hadn't been in the process of interrupting his speech, Sam would have thought she was hot.

"We're here to ask you to stop this convention," the leader said, folding her arms across her tits. "This is a pro-rape rally and you're endangering thousands of women with your talks."

Oh boy, Sam thought. He was going to have fun taking this silly little bitch apart.

"Suck it up, *slut*," he sneered through the microphone. "This is a free country. And there's absolutely no evidence linking my *men's rallies* to rape."

The men in the audience cheered, glaring at the feminists. The leader scowled at him, her dark eyes flashing.

"I have a *name*," she said. "It's Gemma. And you've given dozens of rallies in the past month telling angry young men it's OK to grope women and rape them. How do you think that makes *us* feel, huh?"

"Now *this*," said Sam, turning innocently to his audience, "is what I'm talking about. This bitch clearly needs some dick. You can tell just by looking at her that she wants a cock to suck. Pity no man's *dumb* enough to give it to her."

To his surprise, Gemma didn't start shouting. Instead, she smiled at him, a calm, powerful smile. Either side of her, the other feminists broke out in gigantic grins.

Disconcerted, Sam tried to press on.

"All of these whores," he shouted, "are just in need of a good fucking. I mean, if *I* was lucky enough to have a big black dick in my mouth, you wouldn't hear *me* complaining!"

A murmur passed around the room. The men in the audience glanced at one another. On the low stage, Sam turned white as a sheet.

I didn't mean to say that... he thought, worriedly.

He nervously glanced at Gemma, now watching him with a predatory grin. Trembling, he raised the microphone again.

"You wouldn't hear me complaining because I *love* dick. In fact, I wish I was sucking a nice fat dick *right now*!"

The hall was silent now. Everyone's eyes were on Sam as he looked at the microphone in horror, then raised a hand to his throat.

What the Hell is going on?! He thought, frantically. *Have those bitches hypnotized me?*

Then, before he could stop himself, he was talking again.

"Hands up if you think I'm a stupid slut!" He shouted, immediately raising his arm. "Come on, get those hands up! I'm a cock-loving whore and *everyone* needs to know it!"

Sam dropped the microphone with a gasp, throwing it away as if it had suddenly turned into a snake. The men were looking uncomfortable now. At the back, one of the feminists began to giggle. Stood before her Gemma curled her lip contemptuously.

"What have you *done* to me?!" Sam gasped.

"I forgot to mention," Gemma sneered cruelly, "We're not *just* feminists. We're also witches."

Her eyes twinkled.

"And you're about to get a taste of your *own* medicine!"

No sooner had she finished talking than Sam realized he was shrinking. Before his eyes, the walls of the convention hall began to slide upward, the floor rising to meet him as his 6ft5 frame shed inches at an alarming rate.

In horror, Sam held up his hands, hoping to beg with Gemma and make her stop. And then he saw it.

His hands were *changing*. Where only seconds ago they'd been big, calloused, manly things, they were now small and soft and dainty. His fingers had narrowed, becoming elegant and slender. Long nails now stretched from the tips. As Sam watched a tiny blot appeared in the middle of one and suddenly expanded, turning them a dark, slutty red.

There was an itching in his scalp and a feeling that someone was *pulling* on his hair. Then waves and waves of long, blonde hair were cascading down his shoulders, coiling into beautiful little ringlets that bounced and twirled. Sam grabbed a strand and held it up in front of his eyes, unable to believe what he was seeing.

"What's happening!" He squeaked, shocked to hear his voice had suddenly leapt up two octaves.

"Isn't it obvious?" Gemma purred. Beside her the giggling feminist had picked up a phone to film Sam on. In the audience the men watched in slack-jawed amazement.

"I'm turning you into the thing you hate most in the entire world."

Sam was hardly listening. The changes were picking up speed, shooting out to every corner of his body, leaving no part of him untouched.

There was a grinding sensation and his shoulders began to draw in, becoming narrow and slender. Simultaneously his hips started to stretch *away*, jutting outwards, becoming big and curved and womanly. The fat trickled away from Sam's sides, his spine snapped forward with a *click*, and suddenly he was the horrified owner of a sexy hourglass figure.

A feeling of pressure grew in Sam's backside. He frantically clasped his hands against his cheeks and felt them leap up and fill out, becoming round and pert and smooth. He turned and gaped at his brand new bum and was startled to see how *good* it looked.

"Better already." Gemma said with an approving nod. "But we're not done yet, not by a *long* shot. Ladies?"

The giggling feminist smiled up at Sam. She was tomboyish with short hair and an evil smile that spread across her face as she held her thumb and forefinger together.

"Help you with those clothes, babe?" She asked sweetly, then she *clicked* her fingers and Sam's suit vanished, leaving him stood naked onstage.

"Urgh," the witch said, shuddering at the sight of his semi-male figure. "That's *disgusting*. Hurry it up, Gemma!"

"My pleasure." Gemma murmured, hungrily watching Sam's mounting helplessness.

There was a sound like a balloon deflating. Sam's biceps, reminders of when he used to hit the gym three times a week, shrank back into his body, leaving him with thin and delicate arms. The dark hairs that dusted his forearms turned downy and soft and invisible. His armpits became smooth.

Sam's legs were stretching now, the muscle falling away as the *pulled* upwards, becoming smooth and slender even as his torso kept shrinking. Sam gaped down at them and was horrified to see his feet were tiny now; two dainty little things with narrow ankles and red-painted toenails.

A burst of pain swept through his jaw and suddenly the bone was softening, losing its hard, masculine edge and making his face round and pretty. In quick succession, Sam felt his lips plump up, his eyes widen and earrings appear in his earlobes. There was a pause, and then

long, dark eyelashes sprouted out and fluttered at the edges of his vision like the fronds of tiny palm trees.

By this time, everyone could see where Sam's transformation was going. Yet it still had a few adjustments left to make to get there. Thirty eyes settled on his chest, the men with a kind of perverted fascination, the women with expressions of glee.

"Please," Sam whispered helplessly in a soft, feminine voice that wasn't his own, "Please, no..."

But there was nothing he could do. Before his eyes his nipples started to jut out from his chest, the tissue round them swelling up like a bee sting. There was a feeling of intense pressure and then two large, beautiful breasts came bursting out, growing bigger and bigger until they dangled from Sam's frame, the nipples long and pink.

Desperately, Sam tried to wrestle them back inside him, but they just kept on growing until they were bigger than his hands. He cupped one and it felt pert and ripe and firm.

Finally, a tremor passed through Sam's tiny dick. He looked down at his 3-inch cock with a low moan, just in time to see it *shoot* up into his body, taking his balls with it. For a second, there was nothing but smoothness between his legs, and then with a loud ripping sound the skin split in two, leaving two plump pussy lips dangling either side of a moist little hole.

"*Perfect*," Sam heard Gemma purr from across the room.

That bitch! He shot her a look of pure hatred.

"What have you done you crazy bitch?!" He shouted. "Turn me back *now!*"

At least, that's what Sam meant to say. Instead it came out as: "Oh *God* I love cock! Someone, stick a dick in my mouth, *right now!*"

In shock, he jammed a dainty hand over his plump new lips.

What's happening to me? He thought, his legs trembling in fright.

"Just *listen* to her," Gemma smiled. "She's everything we could have hoped for."

"Still," she continued, "we can't leave her looking like *that*. Wendy?"

The giggling witch bowed politely and clicked her fingers again. There was a *whoosh* of wind, a rustle of fabric, and suddenly Sam was clothed again.

Only they were like no clothes *he'd* ever worn...

"Here," he dimly heard Gemma say. "Let me magic up a mirror."

Then there was another *click* and Sam was looking at the most-beautiful girl he'd ever laid eyes on.

She was *gorgeous*. Long blond hair tumbled in ringlets over her bare, cream white shoulders. Two trembling pink lips sat at the bottom of a soft baby face, beneath a pair of large, doe-like eyes. She was young. Maybe 18. But that wasn't what caught Sam's eye.

Her body was *incredible*. Two long, smooth legs led upwards to a strapless black cocktail dress that barely came down lower than her pussy. Her body curved in a gentle, hourglass shape. Two large breasts rose and fell with each ragged breath, the neckline of her dress barely concealing the nipples. A pair of black heels with six-inch stilettos encased each foot. Expensive earrings hung from each ear.

She was exactly the sort of girl men go *wild* for.

"What...?" Sam started to say, then stopped. The girl in the mirror had moved her lips in time with him.

This is impossible, he thought frantically. *It has to be a dream!*

But deep down, he knew it wasn't. He could feel the way his heels pinched his dainty new feet. Feel the soft caress of his cocktail dress against his skin. Smell the faint traces of perfume he was suddenly wearing.

Dreams weren't as detailed as that.

"Like her?"

Sam jumped. Gemma was now standing at the foot of the stage, only inches from him. With a feeling of horror he saw they were now exactly the same height.

"Personally, I think it's a *massive* improvement."

Sam didn't know what to say, so he simply shook his pretty little head. To his disgust, the girl in the mirror copied his movements *perfectly*.

He stared at her for a second, then poked out his tongue, watching as she did likewise. Impulsively, he grabbed his gigantic new breasts. In the mirror, the hot girl grabbed hers, watching him with a cheeky look in her eye.

She's so... hot. Thought Sam, expecting to feel a twitch in his pants as the sight of her made his dick as hard as iron.

But nothing came. Not only did he no longer have a dick to get hard, his new, female brain wasn't even *remotely* interested in the blond bombshell stood before him.

"You're everything you've ever thought about women," Gemma was saying. "Every dirty little thought, every perverted little fantasy. That's now *you*."

Sam tore his eyes away from the mirror.

"What do you mean?" He asked in his soft, womanly voice.

Christ! He groaned *I sound like a Valley girl!*

In response, Gemma simply smiled and turned her eyes toward the ceiling. Sam followed her eye line.

And froze.

His banner had changed. Where once it had been a male call to arms, it was now something much, *much* worse. It read: SAMANTHA THE SLUT SUCKS SOME DICKS (LIVE!) "If you'd been a halfway decent man you'd just be a normal girl now," Gemma shrugged. "The spell changes you into your own idea of the opposite sex. Since you think we're all cockhungry sluts that's what *you* turned into."

"I don't love cock!" Sam tried to say, desperately. But the words wouldn't come out. Instead, he felt himself giggle and say in a delicate, sensuous voice: "Mmm, I *do* love cock."

"I know you do." Gemma smiled. "And trust me, you'll be getting *plenty* of it in the future!"

Sam's blood ran cold. He turned toward his tormenter and clasped his hands together.

"Listen, whoever you are. Gemma..." He begged, forcing himself to say what *he* wanted to say and not what the cock-loving, *Samantha* part of his brain wanted. "Turn me back. I'll give you *anything*. You can't *leave* me like this forever!"

"Oh, it's not forever. We'll turn you back *eventually*," Gemma's eyes twinkled. "However, not until you get to the end of your tour. How many more states was it?"

"Fifteen," mumbled Sam.

"*Fifteen!*" Gemma brightly shook her head. "And to think, you'll be sucking dick in *all* of them!"

She laughed at his shocked expression.

“It’s your fault, remember? Who knows? You might even learn to be a *decent* man by the end of it all.”

She giggled.

“Or a decent *woman*, at least. Anyway, must be off. Enjoy your new show!”

“Wait!” Sam shouted in Samantha’s lusty, throaty voice. But he was too late. Gemma clicked her fingers and all the witches, all the protestors vanished, taking their mirror with them.

For a second Sam simply stood there, his head spinning, trying to ignore the cream white cleavage rising and falling in the bottom of his vision. Trying to ignore the blonde hair tumbling past the corners of his eyes, and the way almost *all* his flesh was now on display.

Then somebody coughed.

Slowly, as if moving through treacle, Sam turned. Just below his little stage sat twenty men, watching him with hard and expectant expressions. Their eyes crawled up his new body, taking in Sam’s long, smooth legs and pert little ass. They settled on his tits, straining at the fabric of his new dress.

I’ve got to get out of here, Sam thought.

But Samantha wasn’t having any of it. Without waiting for a command from his brain, Sam’s stunning new body bent over and picked up the microphone. There was a murmur of approval as his boobs nearly spilled out his top.

Shit! He cursed. *I should have knelt down rather than bending forward! I’ll have to remember that.*

He leaned back up and felt himself smile at the expectant crowd. Desperate signals fired from his male brain, ordering him to get off the stage and run back to his hotel room and hide from these aggressive, *hunky* looking men. But Samantha refused to move.

It looked like Sam had no choice but to finish his speech.

He raised the microphone to his plump new lips. The feeling of men’s eyes crawling across his body was disturbingly *good*. Sam felt a distracted warmth in his crotch at the thought of them mounting the stage and tearing his clothes off. Of holding his submissive female body down and forcing him to suck their cocks...

God, the thought of having a fat dick in his mouth was *so* good. He could already feel a moistness between his legs. Perhaps if he was a *good girl*, one of these big, strong men would invite him back to their room afterwards...

No! Don’t think about it! His male brain raged. *You’re a man, remember? Just finish your speech and get outta here!*

Sam took a deep, steadying breath. It was the magic, that damn spell making him think these horrible thoughts! He’d have to be strong, or else he might-

“Who wants me to suck their cock?!” He heard himself shout into the microphone.

Another murmur passed around the hall. Sam clenched his teeth, struggling to keep his mouth shut, to stop himself from saying any more.

Please! He whimpered in his brain. *Oh please God, don’t make me say it!*

It was no use. No sooner had he formed the thought than his body was in charge again. The words flew out his mouth with ease, their soft sounds tripping off his tongue and making his body go numb with horror.

“I’m a little slut who *loves* dicks!” Sam heard himself say, his eyes wide with fear. “I want men to take charge of me. I want them to pinch my ass and grab my tits. I want them to give

me orders and make me suck their cocks. And most of all..."

He felt himself bend forward, giving the men in the audience a *great* view of his brand new titties. He desperately tried to stand up straight, but his body refused to move.

"I want them to *rape* me," he felt himself whisper in a sexy, sultry voice.

One half of his face scrunched up as Sam felt himself drop a cheeky wink.

"So come on, *boys*. Who here is *man* enough to give me *what I want*?"

There was a scraping of chair legs. A tall, strong-looking man clambered to his feet. His arms were large, his chest wide and his face hidden behind a thick beard. His torso was encased in a flannel shirt that was nearly bursting at the seams.

As a man, Sam would've found the guy somewhere between disgusting and threatening. Now, however, he was shocked to feel a fluttering in his stomach and an increase in the warmth between his legs.

That's what a real man should look like, he thought approvingly, unaware he was beginning to *think* like a woman now.

"You want an order?" The man growled, his voice deep. It vibrated in Sam's gut, making a thrill pass through his body.

"Here's an order then, *slut*. On your knees."

"*Finally*," Sam felt himself purr into the microphone as his body obediently sank to its knees. "A man who *knows* how to talk to a woman."

Inside, he was struggling to scream. The guy looked like a lumberjack or a biker. A big, towering mountain of a man, all sweat and testosterone. He was the last thing Sam wanted! The last thing!

I bet he's got a big cock. The thought rose up, unbidden in Sam's brain. He tried to squash it back down, but it was no use.

The spell had taken over his mind completely.

The biker guy stepped out into the aisle. He clambered onto the stage with heavy footsteps.

"It's so nice to see a *real* man here," Sam heard himself whisper in his seductive, newly-female voice.

"Shut up, bitch." The biker guy grunted, playing with his fly. "I like women who *suck* not speak."

He reached into his pants and pulled out something long and hard and thick, causing Sam to moan out loud.

"And it's time for you to *suck*," he whispered.

Sam felt like he was going to be sick. The guy's cock was *enormous*! It was nine inches *at least*. He didn't want it anywhere near him!

I bet I can fit all of that in my mouth, Sam found himself thinking, watching the guy's cock with a hungry smile. God, he was *desperate* to suck a dick.

But he was a man still. A *straight* man! There was no way he could do something so... so *womanly*.

And then the guy opened his mouth again and Sam didn't have a choice.

"What are you waiting for, *bitch*?" The guy demanded. "Suck my dick. *Now*."

And before he could stop himself, Sam felt his body crawl eagerly over to the guy, part its plump new lips and take his whole cock in its mouth.

It was *horrible*. The guy's crotch stank of male sweat, like he hadn't scrubbed down there

in a week. His penis was like some enormous, rubbery thing *forcing* its way to the back of Sam's throat, making him gag. Tears stung at the corners of his eyes. He wanted to vomit.

Then a terrible thing happened. One that eclipsed the horrors of Sam's transformation. One that made him feel sicker and angrier and more pathetic than he ever had in his life.

Sam realized he was *enjoying* himself.

"Mmmm..." He pulled his pretty little head back, stuck out his tongue and swirled it round the rim of the biker's purple head. The guy gave a low groan that sent a thrill sparking through Sam's body.

There was something about pleasuring a guy with his dainty new mouth that made Sam feel so *proud* of himself.

That made him feel like a *good girl*.

The biker groaned again and Sam felt a rough, calloused palm run through his hair. It suddenly gripped tight and then he was being *shoved* forward. With no time to protest, he simply opened his painted lips. The guy's long cock plunged deep inside his throat, filling his mouth.

He could hardly breathe. He took delicate gulps of air through his nostrils, trying not to choke. In the bottom of his vision, he saw the guy's enormous dick sliding in and out of his lips, his crotch thrusting away right in Sam's face.

Right, Sam thought hazily, I'm going to give you the best blowjob you've ever had.

He reached one dainty hand up and slid it inside the guy's jeans. He wrapped his elegant new fingers around his balls and started gently massaging them. At the same time, he started to bob his head back and forth, faster and faster, working the guy's dick deeper and deeper into his throat.

A trickle of moisture ran down the side of Sam's inside thigh. With a start he realized he was dripping wet, his new pussy warm and puffy and wide. He desperately wanted to slip a finger inside his panties and play with his new cunt.

Instead, like an obedient slave, he reached up with his free hand and clutched the shaft of the biker's dick, pumping his wrist even as he sucked like his life depended on it.

The biker was grunting now, thrusting his hips faster and faster against Sam's pretty baby face. With each thrust he let out a low groan of pleasure that made Sam's sensitive new body tingle with desire.

Oh my God, Sam whimpered in his brain, why did no-one ever tell me how good sucking dick was?!

His nipples were hard as bullets, the thrumming in his pussy was reaching fever pitch. He wanted to squeeze his boobs, to play with his clit, but he thought he didn't need to. At this rate, he was going to cum just from having a cock in his mouth.

Almost there... Sam thought, wildly, I'm almost there!

Suddenly the biker stiffened. He let out a loud groan then *yanked* Sam's head back so his penis was lying on his soft new face.

Sam just had time to wonder what was happening and then jets of hot white cum were spurting all over his pretty new lips. Cum splattered on his cheeks, went up his nose, got in his hair. It was hot and salty and sticky and felt *so good!*

"YES!" Sam heard himself shriek in his girly new voice, "make me your cumslut. Make me your CUMSLUT!"

Then it was over. The biker *shoved* Sam away from him in disgust. Crouched on his silly heels, Sam felt himself overbalance and then he was lying on his ass, his dress riding up so everyone in the hall could see his dripping wet pussy.

It was the most-humiliating thing that had ever happened to him. That had ever happened to *anyone*.

Yet Sam found he didn't care. He poked out his tongue and licked the cum off his lips, luxuriating in its musty, salty taste. He could feel it on his cheeks, on his chin, on his breasts. Sticking to his skin, hot and smelly.

And he *loved* it.

Fight it! The male part of his brain sobbed. *It's the magic making you like this. You're still a man, remember?! Fight the urges!*

But Sam intended to do no such thing.

Lying on his back, he turned and smiled seductively at the rest of the men in the crowd. He raised the microphone to his sperm-coated lips.

"Mmmm, delicious!" He heard himself give a girlish giggle. "Who's *next*?"

Slowly, all the men in the hall got to their feet. They walked up to the stage, bulges visible in their pants. There were jocks, preppy guys, older guys and two men who looked like weightlifters.

And Sam wanted to suck off them *all*.

Delicately, he pulled his new, cum-soaked body back onto its knees. He felt himself smile seductively at the line of men now waiting for his female lips to send them to heaven.

"Right," he heard himself whisper in horror, "which of you studs is *first*?"

*

Three hours later, Sam stood naked before the bathroom mirror, his mind whirling.

He'd been *such* a slut downstairs. It was hard to believe that only 180 minutes ago, he'd been a big, strong man. A man who had never even *thought* of sucking another man's cock.

Now, however, he was an utter cumslut. He'd just sucked 20 dicks.

Worse than that, he'd *loved* it.

If there had been another twenty men waiting nearby, Sam would have happily sucked them off too.

This can't be happening, Sam thought helplessly for the millionth time. In the mirror, Samantha simply stared back at him with a bland expression on her beautiful face. Her great big boobies, long, wavy hair and pretty, cum-splattered lips a silent counterpoint to Sam's denial.

I can't be a girl!

But there was no point in denying it. As he staggered back from the convention hall, Sam had been acutely aware of the strong thrumming in his pussy. Of how *horny* he felt covered head-to-toe in delicious, sticky sperm.

Of how desperately he wanted to stick a finger inside his hole and frig his pussy to climax.

Instead, he'd forced himself to climb out of his cum-soaked dress, kick off his heels and climb in the shower. As hot water cascaded over his soft skin, running in little rivulets over his tender nipples, he'd closed his eyes and tried to block his horrible afternoon out.

I'm not a girl! I'm Sam the Man! He'd thought furiously, trying to picture life in his male body again. Trying to imagine his tiny little cock was dangling between his legs.

It had been no use. As soon as he'd closed his eyes, images had invaded his mind. Fantasies of being dragged kicking and screaming into an alleyway by a gang of men. Of having his clothes torn from his dainty body. And of being roughly raped in his beautiful ass by strong black men with enormous cocks.

With a low moan, Sam had tried to swat the thoughts away. But the female part of his brain was enjoying them too much. Without even realizing he was going to do it, Sam had casually slipped a finger into his pussy, leaned back against the shower wall and frigged himself to climax.

He'd come loudly, hideous, female gasps tearing out his throat as he imagined what it would be like to fulfil his new body's most-powerful fantasy.

Oh my God, I hope someone rapes me! He'd found himself thinking, the male part of him almost dying with shame at such an unmanly thought.

Now here he was: post-shower, post-orgasm, standing naked before the mirror and trying to figure out what the hell to do with his bizarre new life.

He had fifteen more states to go. *Fifteen!*

If each convention had the same low-attendance as this one, then he was going to have sucked around *three hundred* dicks by the end of the month!

And he would love it. Each and every last one of them.

Gemma's spell would see to that.

"I need a drink," Sam suddenly declared in his soft, musical voice. In the mirror, Samantha moved her lips in time with him, a sultry, bored look on her beautiful face.

Still completely naked, he crossed his small room to the minibar, trying to ignore the way his big breasts wobbled in the bottom of his vision; a constant reminder that he was now a *she*.

The door wouldn't budge. Some dumb maid had locked the minibar.

Sam gave a strangled sigh. He really, *really* didn't want to go down to the hotel bar looking like *this*.

On the other hand, if he wanted to get drunk tonight – and he felt like he would go mad if he didn't – then he had to leave this room, one way or another.

One drink. Sam thought firmly to himself as he padded across to the closet, *one drink then we come straight back here!*

The Samantha part of his brain stayed silent. Sam wondered suspiciously if it was hoping to bring some *man* back with them.

The closet was a treasure trove of women's clothing. Sam had never *seen* so many dainty little dresses and shoes in one place before. Before he realized what he was doing, he was pulling them off the rack and holding them up to his curvy new body, thinking delighted thoughts about how *gorgeous* he would look in them.

As a man, Sam had dressed himself solely on the basis of what was clean, and whether he needed to be smart or casual.

Now, however, it was like he was overwhelmed with choice.

And his body wanted to try on *every single one*.

Like a woman possessed, he pulled out dresses and posed with them in front of the mirror, pouting his big red lips and admiring the way they went with his female form.

He slipped a pair of red high heeled shoes onto his feet and stood in them naked, luxuriating in his girly body.

Giggling, he yanked a pair of lacy pink panties from a drawer and slid them on over his long, smooth legs. The feeling of the silk brushing against his skin sent a thrill through his body. He leapt up and wiggled his bum with a cheeky smile, entranced by how the panties accentuated his curves. Made him look somehow even sexier than he had naked.

Is this right? He thought to himself uneasily. *I may be in a woman's body, but I'm still a man. Is it OK for me to enjoy putting on girl's clothes?*

But he couldn't stop himself, he was having way too much fun.

Sam picked a pink bra with a white lace trim to go with his panties and slipped it over his shoulders. The feeling of his boobies squashing comfortably together in their cups, giving him a large, soft cleavage, was like magic. He turned and pouted at himself in the mirror. He looked like a Victoria's Secret model.

I'm so fucking HOT, he thought proudly, hands resting casually on his curved hips, *any man would kill to sleep with me!*

The thought gave him a warm feeling as he stepped into a little red strapless dress he'd found. It was flimsy in his hands, barely a strip of fabric. On his body though...

...on his body it was *dynamite*.

The bottom barely came over his thighs, leaving a *ton* of leg on display. His enormous cleavage was likewise visible for all to see. The sides tapered in, accentuating Sam's perfect hourglass figure. Combined with those gorgeous little red shoes, he looked like a supermodel.

Not that they'd have to kill to sleep with me, Sam thought as he winked at his reflection. *I'm such a little cumslut that I'd probably suck off anyone who bought me a drink.*

In the excitement of his new clothes, he didn't even realize he was thinking such unwanted thoughts.

At last, Sam strutted back into the bathroom to apply his face. A cute little pink makeup bag sat by the sink. He plucked a tube of mascara from it and expertly did his eyelashes, like someone who has been wearing makeup all her life.

I don't know what women are fussing about, he thought, *makeup's the easiest thing in the world.*

He plucked a lipstick up, pursed his lips and turned them a slutty red. Then he grabbed a comb and methodically brushed out his hair, before spraying in some styling stuff. *There*. It looked bigger, bouncier and *sexier* than ever now!

Finally, he repainted his long, girly nails. Then he stalked back into the room, enjoying the way his hips naturally rolled as he walked, picked up his gorgeous little handbag and then he was out the door and heading for the bar, feeling more-attractive than he ever had in his life.

No wonder women spend so much time on their clothes and hair! Sam thought as he strutted down the corridor. He felt more like himself after dolling up, more *human* than he ever had as a man.

Glancing at his watch, he realized the whole process had taken him nearly an hour. Yet he'd enjoyed every minute of it.

Maybe, he thought as he confidently made his way through the hotel, *being a woman isn't so bad after all.*

*

Ten minutes later, Sam was sat at the bar, one smooth leg unconsciously crossed over the other, nursing a cocktail.

From the moment he'd walked in the door, he'd been the center of attention. Necks had craned round as men turned to watch him, their jaws hanging open.

Sam had coolly stepped into the lounge, ignoring them. He knew what he looked like; like the sort of woman you'd usually only see at red carpet events and VIP parties. The sort of woman he would've stared at, too, his jaw hanging dumbly open.

Well now *he* was that woman. And it felt *good*.

"What'll it be, miss?" The barman had asked the second Sam sat down. He was tall and broad with dark skin, a shaved head and a dusting of stubble.

"A cosmopolitan," Sam had said, conjuring into his mind the only cocktail from *Sex and the City* he could remember. He didn't think a beer would be a good fit for his new body.

"And maybe later," he'd felt himself say in a lusty whisper, his eyes crawling across the barman's sturdy biceps, "you could fix it for me to have some sex on the beach."

Oh my God, I'm flirting with him! Sam thought with a surge of embarrassment.

The barman hadn't seemed to mind, though. He'd simply fixed Sam's drink and slid it over to him on a napkin.

"This one's on me," he'd said when Sam had reached for his handbag.

"At last, a *gentleman*," Sam had responded. He was starting to enjoy the way his body automatically tried to seduce men without any input from his brain.

"Maybe I can pay you back *later*," he'd purred, sipping delicately at the rim of his glass.

"Count on it." The barman had said with a wink.

As he'd turned away, Sam had found himself marveling at how easy life was when you were a beautiful, seductive woman.

Now, ten minutes later, he was starting to wish he was back in his old body again.

As Sam the man, walking into a bar had gotten him the occasional sidelong glance from some dumb bimbo or other, and not much else. He'd been left more-or-less alone to do his own thing.

Now, though, it was like a spotlight had been thrown on him.

Sat at the bar, his long, smooth legs and generous cleavage on display, Sam had become uncomfortably aware that he was being watched *constantly*. Every man in the place was keeping one eye on him, and most of the women too.

Every time he picked up his glass, he'd hear a mutter from one or other of the groups of businessmen sat around.

Every time he bent over and reached into his handbag, he'd feel a hundred pairs of eyes crawling over his tits.

If he coughed, shifted position or flicked his hair back, immediately people would be looking at him again. It was like his new body was a powerful hypnotic tool no-one could resist.

By the time he'd daintily drank half his cosmopolitan, Sam felt like he'd had enough of being the center of attention. He slipped down from his barstool and leaned across to the barman.

"Could you watch my bag for a moment?" He murmured with a smile.

"Sure thing," the barman grinned, not taking his eyes off Sam's big boobies.

As Sam strutted over to the girl's bathroom, he passed several tables full of men. All of them turned to stare at him as he walked past, openly eyeing up his perfect ass and slender legs

without bothering to hide what they were doing.

“Slut.” Someone muttered, causing Sam’s cheeks to flush red.

Fucking assholes, he thought angrily. Why were men such pigs? Why couldn’t they treat him with respect, just because he was a woman?

There was another girl coming out the ladies when Sam arrived, a normal-looking college girl with dark hair and a pretty face. Sam flashed her a quick smile, searching for a glimpse of that fabled female solidarity. Instead the girl looked back at him with a mixture of envy and contempt.

She thinks I’m an utter tramp. Sam flushed with shame as he walked past her. Jesus Christ! Being a girl was such a pain in the ass!

At long last, he found himself alone in the spacious, brightly-lit bathroom.

Sam had never seen the inside of a girl’s restroom before. It was so much cleaner than the men’s. A row of red cubicles stood a respectful distance back from a great, wall-length mirror, perfect for readjusting makeup or doing hair in.

Sam went and stood before the mirror, leaning on the sink. He looked at himself, at his new body. At his plump breasts, barely squeezed into his tiny red dress. At his long, sexy legs. At his pouting babyface that had been covered in cum only a few hours before.

There’s no doubt about it, he thought, miserably. *If I’d seen you when I was still a man, I would’ve called you a slut, too.*

“Don’t worry,” the deep male voice echoed across the tiled room, making Sam jump and let out a short, girly squeal.

“You look great.”

Furious, Sam span round to give the intruding man a piece of his mind. This was a *girl’s* bathroom! Who did he think he was?

Then he saw who was stood in the doorway and the words died in his throat.

The barman was leaning against the furthest sink, his dark arms crossed over his broad chest, a smile on his handsome face. Behind him, three other black men dressed in kitchen uniforms were waiting with similar, predatory smiles.

To his horror, Sam realized he could see a bunch of keys hanging from the door. They were all locked in together.

God, they’re so handsome. Angrily, Sam tried to squash the unbidden thought.

“I thought it was maybe time you paid me back for that drink,” the barman said, cockily. His self-confident voice and strong frame made Sam’s female heart flutter.

“If you pay my boys here in advance,” he nodded at the big, tall men behind him, “we’ll let you drink for free *all night*.”

In the silence that followed, Sam felt more secret thoughts start rising in his female brain. Thoughts about the four men stood in front of him, about the size of their dicks.

I hope they rape me, he found himself thinking. He shuddered.

“Sorry, I have to get back. I’m meeting someone,” was what Sam meant to say. To his horror, it came out as: “I bet you’ve all got big dicks, haven’t you? Mmm... I *love* big black cocks!”

The barman blinked, then threw back his head and laughed.

“I know you,” he said. “You’re that slut who travels around giving blowjobs, aren’t you? What’s your name again?”

“Samantha,” Sam said in his husky voice, feeling his eyelashes flutter involuntarily. “Samantha the slut. Do you know how I got that name?”

“How?” The barman was grinning like he couldn’t believe his luck.

“By never saying no to *any* man.” Sam felt his eyes hungrily look down at the barman’s crotch. There was an enormous bulge in his pants. He wanted to tear his eyes away, but his body refused.

“Especially a man with a dick as big as yours,” he finished in a sultry whisper.

No. This was too much. The spell was making him act like the world’s biggest slut again. He had to get out of here! He had to get away before something really *bad* happened.

“OK guys, you’ve had your fun. Unlock the door and let me out!”

Again, the words refused to form on Sam’s lips. He fully intended to say those exact words, but it was like they changed in his mouth, becoming much, much worse.

“OK *guys*, let’s have some fun,” he heard himself giggle in horror. “Keep that door locked and I’ll let you rape me *as many times* as you like.”

“You want us to *rape* you?” The barman laughed.

“Yes!” Sam heard his female voice moan. “Yes, *rape* me, *rape me* like the little slut I am!”

Then suddenly his legs snapped backward, throwing him onto the floor. His body was lying down, spreading its legs. He felt himself look up at the men lustily, biting his lower lip.

No, don’t say it! He screamed inside his brain. *Don’t say it!*

But the magic was too strong. Sam heard himself give a soft moan.

“Fuck me,” he heard his body whisper.

The men were on him like a flash.

One grabbed Sam’s two dainty hands roughly in his big strong ones and pinned them above his head.

Two others dropped either side of him. One *yanked* his dress down and snapped his bra open, exposing Sam’s big titties to the world. The other leaned forward and pinched one of his nipples *hard*, causing Sam to cry out.

Oh my God! He thought helplessly, *someone please help me!*

But they were the weak pleas of someone resisting just for show. Deep down, Sam couldn’t help but notice how *good* it felt to be pinned like this by big, strong black men. How much he was looking forward to being abused.

The barman was the last. He dropped down before Sam, rudely shoving his smooth legs open. He reached one thick, calloused hand up into Sam’s crotch and roughly rubbed his thumb over his tender clit.

Immediately fireworks exploded behind Sam’s eyes. He cried out, a loud, female scream of pleasure that sounded like it belonged in a porno.

“You’re *so wet* you little bitch,” the barman whispered, pulling down Sam’s panties. He tore them from his legs and threw them into a corner.

“I’m gonna *enjoy* fucking you,” he grinned.

Then he pulled something long and black and thick out of his pants and the next thing Sam knew he was being raped.

The barman lay across him, his strong frame crushing Sam’s delicate little body, his broad chest squashing up against Sam’s big breasts. Sam felt his big fat cock thrusting into his pussy, sending waves of urgent warmth cascading over his lower body.

Oh God, he was being used. He was being used as a toy for a man's pleasure! He was no longer a human, no longer a living, thinking thing. He existed only for strong men to stick their dicks into.

And he was *loving* it!

As the barman fucked him roughly, Sam tilted his pretty little head back and let out a loud moan of pleasure. He winked at the handsome guy crouched above him and licked his plump red lips.

"Why don't you join in, hot stuff?" He heard himself giggle. "Why don't you stick your big, fat cock right in my slutty mouth?!"

The guy didn't need telling twice. As the barman shoved his dick further and further into Sam's womb, making him writhe and squeal, the guy unzipped his flies. For a split second Sam gazed hungrily at his fat cock, then the guy stuck it deep into Sam's mouth. Obediently closing his eyes, Sam started sucking.

He now had *two* dicks banging into him from either end, and still he wanted more! He tore his hands free from the second guy's grasp and frantically clawed at the crotches of the other two.

Seconds later, he felt two big dicks being put into his hands, sending a thrill of pleasure shooting up his spine. The second guy's big cock still pounding into his mouth, Sam closed his eyes gratefully, and started pumping with his wrists.

Holy fuck! He was being gang-raped and it was *so* good! The movement of the barman's dick, sliding in and out of his pussy, stretching its lips, would have been enough to send him wild alone. Add to that the long, greasy cock tickling the back of his throat and the second guy's hips thrusting against his soft baby face and it was like being in Heaven!

The two dicks in Sam's hands were hard as iron. He felt them spasm between his elegant fingers and started pumping them harder, desperate to bring these strange men to climax. Desperate to feel their hot white spunk splattering over his big boobies.

He heard one of them groan loudly and moaned in the back of his throat. The second guy responded by hammering his dick in further. He grabbed Sam's ears and started face-fucking him, his crotch slamming against Sam's nose with every thrust.

It should have been horrible. Watching pornos as a man, Sam had always gotten a secret thrill from seeing women deep throat, thinking delightedly how much it must be hurting them.

But nothing could be easier than what was happening to him now. He simply let the back of his throat open up and let the man above him do all the work, delighting in the way he used his lips like the little cumslut whore he was.

The barman was grunting now, his balls *whacking* up against the tender skin round Sam's pussy, sending shockwaves of pleasure cascading over him.

"Take it, you bitch!" Sam heard him gasp. "How do you like black dick, huh?!"

I love it, Sam thought helplessly.

Eyes closed, he imagined how he must look from outside. How *fucking hot*, he must be. A beautiful, elegant woman, thrown onto a bathroom floor like a piece of trash, her dress torn and her hair in disarray as four strange men forced her to pleasure them.

Just thinking about it made his nipples go hard as bullets and his pussy start squirting juices out. His entire body was like one gigantic pleasure center, twisting and writhing as these men pushed him towards climax.

Suddenly, one of the dicks in Sam's hands went stiff, then white hot cum was splattering over his tits. Sam kept stroking the guy's dick until he was *sure* it was all out, then he let his dainty hand drop onto his boob and start smearing the cum around.

It felt warm and sticky and *so good*.

The first guy coming seemed to set all the others off too, like it was a cue they were waiting for. First the other dick in Sam's hand went rigid and shot a hot, sticky load over his other tit. Then the guy in his mouth went rigid and pulled out, aiming his dick right at Sam's pretty, painted face.

Sam just had time to smile in utter happiness, then waves of cum were shooting over his cheeks, onto his lips, into his hair. He opened his mouth like a good little slave and caught some on his tongue, savoring its strange, salty taste.

Yum! He thought, like the silly little slut he was, *cum tastes so delicious!*

Finally, the barman went rigid. He *yanked* himself to his knees, pointed his dick and then an endless stream of spunk was cascading over Sam's beautiful dress, ruining it forever, marking him out to anyone who saw him as a cumslut who could never get enough dick.

Then it was over. Sam lay on his back gasping, feeling like he was going mad. His mind was whirling, he felt delirious. It was the worst thing that had ever happened to him, the most-humiliating thing he'd ever experienced. He'd been *raped*.

And he'd loved every single second of it.

Gently, Sam reached down and pulled a glob of cum off his dress, his mind fogged with happiness. He reached down with one elegant finger and rubbed it into his hungry cunt, gasping with pleasure.

Perhaps I'll get pregnant, he thought hazily. *Like the careless little slut I am.*

The thought made him feel warm and happy inside.

"You OK?" The second guy whispered breathlessly in Sam's ear.

"Never better. Oh my God, I *love* cock! I *love* cum! And I *love* being a girl!"

And this time, he'd really meant to say it.

"Good," the guy said, a note of amusement creeping into his voice, "because there's plenty more where that came from."

At that moment there was the click of a key in the lock. Sam blearily looked up in time to see twelve more guys shuffle in, ecstatic grins on their faces. All the hotel's staff that evening. Here to abuse his slutty little body.

"Mmm..." he heard himself giggle with a feeling of abandonment. "Which of you studs wants to *rape* me first?"

*

Outside the bathroom door, Gemma listened with a smile on her lips. She gave a satisfied nod and turned to the other witch, Wendy.

"What do you think?" She murmured. "Do you reckon he knows that I was *never* going to turn him back?"

Wendy grinned back at her, her tomboyish face lighting up.

"I *knew* you weren't going to let that creep get his old body back!" She said, delightedly. "You should have told us."

"I wasn't sure at first," Gemma said, listening to the moans coming from the ladies restroom, "but she turned out to be *such* a slut that it seems a shame to change her back."

“So she’ll stay that way *forever*?” Wendy asked, hopefully.

“Even better,” Gemma grinned, “She’ll get sluttier and sluttier as time goes by. A year from now, she’ll be living in a crack den, letting big strong men spunk all over her pretty face for a bite of food.”

Wendy threw back her head and laughed, a long, happy laugh.

“You’re so *evil*!” She exclaimed. “I love working with you!”

Gemma simply smiled. She liked working with Wendy, too.

Together, they were going to hunt down all the asshole men who profited from women’s misery and make them *pay*.

Back inside the bathroom, Sam lay with his face pressed against the floor as a big, strong Frenchman raped his tiny little asshole.

The witches outside didn’t know it, but right now he was happier than he’d ever been in his life.

He couldn’t *wait* to spend eternity as the perfect cumslut.

The End.

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Changed Into His Own Mistress “Oh yeah... that's it bitch, keep on sucking.”

Sam whimpered at the sound of his wife's new voice, hardly able to believe what was happening.

I'm dreaming, he thought to himself. *I must be. This is impossible.*

But deep down he knew he was wrong. Dreams didn't feel like this, full of little aches and pains and detailed sensations. The way his knees hurt from kneeling on the hard floor. The way his jaw ached from holding his pretty mouth open for so long.

The way his lacy panties rubbed up against his brand new pussy, warm and soft and wet.

“Did you *hear* me, whore?” Alex suddenly demanded. “I want you to *suck*.”

Tears pricking at the corners of his eyes, Sam pulled back and looked pleadingly up at his wife. At the beautiful, timid woman he'd been going out with ever since college all those years ago.

Only she wasn't exactly his *wife* anymore...

“Alex, *please*,” Sam whispered, hating his soft new voice, hating how small and pathetic and *girly* he felt. “Please don't make me do this. I'll – I'll do *anything* you want...”

Sat above his trembling, kneeling form, Alex gave a snort of laughter, a terrible grin on her handsome features.

“You'll do *anything* I want, will you?” She said in her deep voice, a voice that sent little flutters through Sam's belly. “Well, it's a bit late for that, isn't it?”

“Just tell me,” Sam whimpered. “Just tell me what to do to make things right. I swear I'll be good, I swear...”

Gently, Alex reached one large, calloused hand down and stroked his soft cheek. Her familiar blue eyes were alive with mocking laughter.

“I'll tell you what to do, *bitch*,” she whispered, “and you will do it. Do you know why?”

Miserably, Sam nodded.

“You'll do it because *I'm* the man now.” Sparks flashed in Alex's eyes, hot and dangerous. “*I'm* the man, and *you're* the pathetic little girl. What are you?”

“I'm a pathetic little girl,” Sam whispered.

“A pathetic little girl who *what*?”

“Who loves cock.” The tears were rolling down Sam's face, hot and salty. “I'm a pathetic little girl who loves sucking big fat dicks and doing what her master tells her.”

“Good girl,” Alex sneered. “And who is your master?”

“You are,” Sam could hardly believe he was saying it.

“Very good. In that case, I suppose I'd better give you an order, hadn't I?”

Alex straightened up, her rough hand dropping away from Sam's cheek.

“Now then, *whore*, put my dick back in your mouth.”

With a low, feminine moan, Sam opened his pretty, painted lips and wrapped them around the end of Alex's gigantic new cock. Long, blond hair fell across his vision.

“Good. Now *suck*.”

Obediently, Sam started bobbing his head back and forth, back and forth, forcing Alex's

new penis into the back of his throat.

He wanted to cry. He wanted to scream. But all he could do was keep sucking on his master's dick, keep sucking until Alex came and filled his mouth with the sticky taste of cum.

"Oh *yeah*... that's it," Alex grunted. "That's some *good* cock sucking."

A mischievous note entered her voice.

"And when you're finished, I'll even let you *swallow* it."

No! Sam wanted to scream. *No, please!*

But he just kept right on sucking, like the obedient little slut he was.

If Alex wanted him to suck her dick and swallow her come, then the magic would make sure he did so.

And there was nothing he could do about it.

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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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