

A woman with long dark hair, wearing a black bikini top, stands by a body of water. She has several tattoos on her left arm, including a large winged lion and a heart. The background is a blurred view of water and a bridge structure.

LISA CHANGE

Turned Into a Girl Again

(12 more novel-length tales
of gender transformation)

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Author's Introduction

Hey sissies!

It's that time of year again. The dark nights have drawn in. The Christmas trees are up. Magic is in the air... Oh, and it's also time for your favorite TG author to release her annual mega-collection of her best new books. Whoop!

And what a year it's been. In the last 12 months, I've started a new service writing personalized TG stories for individual fans, shifted my writing model towards a contribution-funded one on Patreon, and experimented with all manner of wild and kinky gender transformation stories.

There have been tales of naughty boys forced to become school girls. Tales of cheating men uploaded into the bodies of busty fembots and reprogrammed to pleasure any man they come across. Tales of goddesses turning their enemies into little girls, of vampire hunters trapped as gorgeous bloodsucking lesbians, of school boys forced to become their girlfriend's hot moms... and everything else in between! And now, collected here for the first time, at the unbelievable low cost of \$2.99 (\$30.88 when sold separately!) are the best of them all...

The kinky tales in this collection have been chosen based on overall sales, plus a handful of my personal favorites. They span the period from Winter 2016 to Fall 2017, and explore all manner of themes, ideas, and (of course) expertly described gender swaps.

Some are heartbreaking high school romances. Some are TG sci-fi fantasies. Some are pure erotica, all about the sex and nothing more. They take place in schools, in anonymous small towns, in dazzling future cities, at beach parties, in foreign lands, and in billionaire's mansions.

Some are romantic. Some are dark and twisted. Some are even funny. The one thing they all have in common is that they feature lost and lonely men finally becoming the beautiful girls they always secretly wanted to be.

I hope you enjoy reading these tales as much as I did writing them. If you find they really speak to you, come and join me at [my Patreon page](#). I'm trying to get enough people onboard to allow me to start putting out most of my TG books for free. It is (of course) voluntary, but everyone who pledges even a single dollar will get access to an exclusive new 5k-10k word gender swap story each month. The first one is already out, so be sure to check it out.

Thanks again to all my fans for sticking with me through a crazy 2017. You're the best gang of sissies a humble TG writer like me could ever wish for.

Lisa X

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Turned into the Billionaire's Wife

Prologue

"Jesus, Phil, give it a rest, can't you?"

Phil guiltily jerked on his sun lounger, upsetting the frosted beer sat next to him. He turned an innocent smile on his frowning wife.

"What, baby?"

"Don't give me any of that *baby* crap." Tricia gave him a warning look from beneath her dark bangs. "And stop *staring*. It's getting creepy."

Creepy? Phil thought, incredulously. *Who does she think she is?*

Of course, he didn't say that out loud.

"I'm not *staring*," he explained in a huffy voice, "I'm *looking*. There's a difference."

On the sun lounger beside him, Tricia sighed and crossed her arms over her perky little breasts, her dark hair falling in waves over her bare shoulders.

God she's hot when she's pissed, thought Phil, idly.

With her pale skin, long legs, dark hair and flashing dark eyes, his wife always looked attractive. When she was angry, though...

...well. Let's just say Phil didn't always mind the odd chewing out.

"Looking, staring, whatever," Tricia said. "The point is you're acting like a... a..."

"A what?"

"A total *fangirl*."

She shook her head, her long, dark hair trailing after her.

"I mean, I *know* you liked his book, but this is... well. I mean," she hesitated. "Are you *sure* you're not gay?"

Now it was Phil's turn to scowl.

"Don't be dumb," he snapped, turning away from his wife and hoisting the dog-eared book back up in front of his face. "I just find him interesting is all. Useful. *This*..."

He waved the book at her, the book he'd thumbed through so many times the last year.

"This is *it*," he said. "The key. Y'know, with the shit I've learned just from reading this, I could do *anything*."

"So why don't you then?" This was a classic Tricia answer. "Instead of languishing at junior manager level, why don't you...?"

"I'm not ready yet. One day. Soon. Just you see. So long as I've got the book to help me..."

Tricia leaned back with a sigh and closed her eyes, her soft face turned up to the blazing Middle Eastern sun.

"If I hear one more word about that book," she murmured, "I'm gonna scream, and keep

screaming ‘till they arrest you for being some kinda pervert.”

Phil knew better than to keep on talking. His wife was usually the epitome of rational, but when you got her *really* mad, anything could happen.

Besides, he was happy to sit here in silence. He still had the book after all.

The Book was a battered old hardback Phil had picked up at the airport before their vacation last year. When he’d first handed over his \$20, it had been pristine. Now it was a wreck, testament to how often Phil had thumbed through, searching for advice.

And advice was what the book was good at. Advice was what had made it so popular, outselling *The Art of the Deal* and *How to Make Friends and Influence People* combined.

Advice was what was gonna one day take Phil all the way to the very top.

The promise was right there on the cover.

Turning the book gently in his hands, Phil stared through his mirrored shades at the familiar dust jacket, an odd sort of warmth in his chest.

Hard type splashed above the top, bold, commanding letters that drew the eye and dominated your vision. SECRETS OF THE BOARDROOM they screamed, demanding to be noticed, demanding to be heard.

But that wasn’t what drew Phil’s eye in the airport, sucking him into the book shop, making him hand over his cash, as if hypnotized.

Beneath the loud title, a familiar figure looked out. A tall, handsome black man with a shaved head, stylish stubble, and a piercing gaze that had been known to melt hearts across the world was watching Phil, a secretive smile on his face, like the two of them shared a confidence.

He was maybe 40, but carrying it well. His face was youthful, his biceps big, his shoulder’s broad. His athletic frame was hidden inside an effortlessly-stylish suit that made him look like a Hollywood star.

But this was no mere actor. No handsome waif, living off his looks alone.

This was Ethan Drake. The richest man alive.

And the man who could make you a billionaire.

“How to tame your negative-pragmatist and become a billionaire overnight...” Phil murmured under his breath, reading aloud the subtitle for the trillionth time.

The words still sent shivers up his spine, causing gooseflesh to rise across his sturdy arms, even in this heat. Phil quickly shot his wife a guilty glance, afraid she might somehow notice, but Tricia had her eyes closed now, signaling the conversation about the book was over.

Good, I don’t want her spoiling it for me.

Ever since he’d first picked up Ethan Drake’s slim guide to success, Phil had watched his life transform.

True, he wasn’t a billionaire yet. In fact, he still had his old, mid-level managerial position back in their hometown.

But inside, where it mattered, Phil had already become a winner.

With a soft sigh, Phil raised his eyes and looked up at the plush Dubai resort hotel towering above them, its glass front hurling the blistering sunlight back out over the ocean.

Somewhere up there, in one of the penthouse suites on the upper floors, sat the man of Phil's dreams. Well, not like that. Phil *certainly* wasn't a fag or anything.

But there was no denying that he thought about Mr. Drake a *lot*. About how to be more like him. About the business proposals he'd put to him if they ever had a chance to meet.

About how Ethan would be reluctant at first. But then he'd notice the book, clasped in Phil's hands, and a slow smile would spread over his face.

"I can tell you're a man with taste," he'd murmur in a voice like dark velvet, a sparkle in his deep brown eyes. *"Why don't you come upstairs, just for a moment? My secretary would like to discuss something with you..."*

Phil frowned to himself. No, that wasn't right.

"I'd like to discuss something with you," Ethan would say, firmly. *"You know – Phil, was it? – You know, Phil, I think you and I are going to have some wonderful business opportunities for one another..."*

And with a confident smile, the sort of smile the book had taught him to do *just right*, Phil would step through the door to Ethan Drake's private apartment, and into his new life.

A faraway smile on his face, Phil squinted up at the distant hotel roof. There, underneath the giant DRAKE HOTELS sign, on a vast balcony, he thought he could *just* make out a dark figure, its top off, running on a treadmill.

That's probably him. He's probably there, looking down onto all of us, thinking how insignificant we are... how worthless.

An image flashed through Phil's mind, of Ethan Drake, running in the midday sun, his dark torso slick with sweat, his veins standing out like ripcords, coiled round his biceps.

Perhaps he's looking at me right now. Perhaps he can sense we're kindred spirits. Perhaps he knows what I-

"Phil, for fucks' sakes!"

The sound of Tricia's voice cut through Phil's mind, jerking him awake and nearly making him fall off the sun lounger. He turned a startled smile to his wife.

"Sorry, baby, I was *miles* away."

Tricia glared at him, then looked up at the distant upper apartment of the hotel and angrily shook her head.

"I knew it," she said. "You can't leave it, can you? When you booked the hotel, you swore to me we weren't just coming here to fuel your dumb obsession..."

"I didn't say anything about an obsession!" Phil protested.

Tricia rolled her eyes.

“Trust me, I read between the lines. Anyway, the point is...”

Her brow darkened.

“This vacation was meant to be about *us*, remember? Not you and your *boyfriend*.”

“He’s *not* my boyfriend!” Phil said, unaware just quite how much like a tween girl he sounded, “he’s my mentor. And together we’re gonna...!”

“Do fuck all,” Tricia sighed. “Or maybe do fuck all *except* fuck, judging by the way you stare at him.”

“What’s that supposed to mean?”

“Whaddya think?” Tricia got to her feet, snatching her bag up and swinging it firmly over one shoulder. “I can’t put with this any longer. I’m heading out. There’s meant to be one of those antique markets on the edge of the desert. Proper Bedouin stuff. You coming?”

Her eyes narrowed.

“Or are you just gonna sit here like a lost puppy, no, like some *lost little bitch*, waiting for her husband?”

“Hey...” Phil threw his arms wide open in protest. “That’s not fair. I’m not a...”

“No, of course not.” Tricia shook her head a look of utter exasperation on her beautiful features. “Though maybe we’d both be happier if you were.”

What the hell did she mean by that?

“Anyway, guess I’ll see you later. If you can make time for me in your busy schedule.”

Tricia rolled her eyes up at the hotel, then turned on her heel and went, stalking off beside the pool, her pert bum rolling seductively inside her swimming costume.

Not that Phil noticed. Instead, with a shake of his head, he lay back on the lounge and held up his book.

What’s she talking about? I’m not obsessed. Ethan’s not my boyfriend...

His eyes drifted up to the distant black speck, exercising on the balcony.

Just you wait, that’ll be me up there one day. I’ll be rich, just like Ethan. That’ll show you, won’t it, Tricia?

Many hours later, as he stood on the balcony beneath the DRAKE HOTELS sign, his nipples hard and his pussy damp, trying not to overbalance in his ludicrous high heels, Phil would look back on this moment and wish he’d never let Tricia go to that stupid market alone.

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“Get you anything, sir? Another drink?”

Phil shook his head at the young blond man, aiming for the brusque manner Ethan’s book advised using with service staff, but probably coming off as just kinda rude.

“No thanks. Just the restroom, please.”

“Right this way, sir.”

“Great. Thanks.”

The aircon in the hotel’s expensive, wood-paneled lounge was chilly after the Dubai sun, causing Phil to shiver slightly as he made his way down the corridor toward the bathroom. He’d thrown on a smart-ish shirt before he came in, but was now wishing he’d changed out his knee-length shorts and flip-flops.

What’s Ethan always saying? Dress for Respect. You can’t hit the big time if you dress like some small fry...

The thought was abruptly derailed by a feeling of faintness washing over Phil. He put one hand out to steady himself against the wall and shook his head.

Jesus, what the hell is wrong with me?

After Tricia had left, he’d sat out on his sun lounger for another two hours or so, occasionally reading and sipping beer, but mostly just keeping an eye on the distant penthouse suite.

In that time, he’d watched as the brown-skinned dot finished exercising. Watched as it took a drink, leaning against the glass front of the balcony, its torso strong and faintly glistening in the midday heat.

Watched it and dreamed of being stood beside it, discussing his plans.

For a long time, that had been fine. Then suddenly, just as the two hour mark approached, Phil had begun to feel dizzy.

At first, he’d tried to shake it off, blaming a combination of beer and the heat. But it had kept getting worse. Until, five minutes after it first came on, Phil had been forced to lurch to his feet and stagger off toward the bathroom.

I’m not gonna be sick, he promised himself as he pushed open the varnished oak door into the gents, not after just two beers, that would be ridiculous...

But even as he thought this, the floor gave a sudden lurch, and next thing Phil knew, he was gripping one of the sinks and trying to control his breathing.

Heatstroke... it has to be heatstroke. Fuck, why did I spend so long out there...?

If it was heatstroke, though, it was unlike any Phil had ever experienced.

With a great effort, he pushed himself upright, forcing himself to look in the bathroom mirror. At his pale face and watery eyes.

Jesus, I don’t feel good...

“Well, that’s not really a surprise.”

The soft female voice cut across Phil’s nausea, making him jump. He turned round...

...and *gaped* at the woman standing before him.

She was young, with a handsome face etched with a mysterious smile. Long, straight dark hair fell down past emerald green eyes, stopping at her shoulders. She had olive skin, pneumatic breasts, and legs that were impossibly long.

But none of this was what caused Phil to blink and slowly shake his head and feel like he might be going mad.

It was the woman’s *clothes* that did that.

She was dressed in nothing but a gold bikini, that scooped up her breasts and held them together in an enormous cleavage, and a tiny little belt with white satin curtains that fell across her ass and pussy.

She looked ridiculous. Like a teenage boy’s fantasy of an Arabic enchantress.

And she was standing in the men’s bathroom.

“What?” Gaspd Phil. “Who... who the *hell* are you?”

“I’ll get straight to the point,” the woman said, her green eyes twinkling, “my name’s Ginny. And I am...”

She struck a lavish pose.

“A *genie*.”

There was a long pause, broken only by the sound of Phil’s ragged breathing. He watched the woman through woozy eyes, trying to focus on the madness unfolding before him.

Wait, did she just say...

“Genie.” Ginny repeated, lowering her arms. “Y’know. Like, three wishes. Live in a lamp. Make your dreams come true. *Seriously*.”

She crossed her arms over her vast breasts, frowned at Phil.

“Don’t they teach you bozos *anything* anymore?”

“This...” Phil swallowed, tried again. “This is the *men*’s bathroom.”

“And very nice it is too.” Ginny nodded. “Not that I’ve seen many urinals before, of course, but these look suitably expensive.”

She fixed Phil with a level stare.

“Anyway, enough chit-chat, fun as it was. I suppose you’re wondering why I brought you here.”

Phil gave his head a little shake.

“What...? No. Sorry. *You* didn’t bring me anywhere...”

“Oh no?” Ginny raised one hand, thumb and forefinger clasped together. “Wanna bet?”

Then she clicked her fingers.

Instantly, Phil felt a hideous desire to retch. He span round to face the sink, bent forward...

Click.

...and blinked in surprise as his nausea completely vanished.

"Easy party trick," Ginny drawled behind him. "I could've just gone ahead and done it in front of all those people, but I thought you'd appreciate the privacy."

Her words barely registered in Phil's mind. He was still clutching the sink edge, trying to make sense of what the hell was happening.

How did she do that...? That was like, well it was like...

He raised his head, looked in the mirror, an expression of doubt on his handsome face.

Like magic.

"Hey, come on, now, turn around." Ginny clapped her hands. "I'm over here, remember?"

Phil slowly pulled himself upright, turned to face the strange woman, who smiled at him.

"Good. Now, this bit's important, so I need you to listen carefully..."

"Y-you're..." Phil stuttered. He could hardly believe what he was about to say.

"You're a *genie*."

Ginny nodded, her eyes bright.

"Well *done*, Phil. That's a clever boy. Here, have a gold star."

She winked at him, clicked her fingers, and suddenly Phil felt a faint weight on his chest.

Looking down, he saw to his disbelief that a gold star now dangled above his left nipple, made of metal and obviously meant to mimic a Sheriff's star.

In wonder, Phil lifted it up, feeling its weight in his hands.

CLEVER BOY!!! It read, in big, sarcastic letters.

"That's real gold," he whispered in awe, turning the star in his hands. He sank a nail into the metal and watched as it left a little mark on the surface.

24 carat...

He looked back up at Ginny, an incredulous expression on his face.

"So it's *true*."

Ginny sighed, theatrically clutching her head.

"That's what I've been *saying*. Honestly, if you humans would just learn to *listen* every now and then, you'd save yourselves a whole lot of exposition."

"It's true," Phil repeated, his mind dazed by the speed at which things were moving. "A real genie. Here with me..."

A thought suddenly occurred to him, a thought that made him almost dizzy with possibilities.

"Wait! Does that mean I get three wishes?!"

He laughed out loud and clapped his hands.

“Just *wait* till Tricia hears about this! I’ll show her. I’m gonna wish that Ethan Drake was my...”

He trailed off at the sight of Ginny’s mocking, gleeful expression.

“What?”

“You’re right about the three wishes part,” the genie said, slowly, clearly enjoying herself. “But they’re not for you, I’m afraid. Good God, no... who ever heard of a *genie* granting wishes in a Dubai *toilet*?”

Phil shuffled his feet, suddenly embarrassed.

“Well, you’re here, aren’t you?” He muttered.

“Exactly.” Ginny narrowed her eyes, smiling out at him from under heavy lids. “And I *am* here to grant some wishes. Just not yours, I’m afraid...”

“Whose?”

In response, the genie simply smiled and changed the subject.

“I really do live in a lamp, you know? An old, battered thing. Not ideal, wouldn’t mind something with all the mod-cons. But it does me just fine.”

“So?” Phil had no idea why he was standing here, listening to this madness.

If she’s not here to grant me wishes, then who...?

“The only *trouble*,” Ginny went on, “is that it often seems to wind up in unusual places. An auction. On eBay. Or maybe...”

She smiled.

“At a Bedouin market.”

At the sight of Phil’s expression, she gave a little giggle.

“You see, I rarely announce my presence. But people quite often see my silly old lamp and decide to just... *rub* it. Like in the movies. And when they do that...”

Her eyes flashed with ill-concealed humor.

“They often like to make a *wish*.”

“What sort of wishes?” Phil’s mouth was dry. He didn’t like where this conversation was going.

“Oh, it could be anything, really,” Ginny shrugged. “To get back at a neighbor. To turn their boss into a toad, that one’s always fun. Then again...”

She gave Phil a mischievous look, her smile suddenly predatory.

“It *could* be to get back at an annoying husband.”

The bathroom seemed to grow darker, smaller, like someone was turning down a dimmer. Phil licked his lips and forced up a smile.

“Why are you telling *me* this? I’m not...”

Ginny gave a careless toss of her shoulders.

“Maybe not. But your wife seems to think so.”

Her emerald eyes seemed to bore into Phil, growing until they filled his vision.

“Just ten minutes ago,” the genie whispered, “a young lady called Tricia rubbed my lamp and made some... *interesting* wishes. Wishes to do with a certain husband of hers.”

She giggled.

“Wishes to do with making a few *changes*.”

Phil wrapped his arms around his torso, suddenly feeling very cold, very small, and very afraid.

“Changes? Wait, you mean *Tricia*...”

“Oh, she didn’t know it was a magic lamp,” Ginny smiled, “I think she just wanted to blow off some steam. Nonetheless, *I* take all wishes *very* seriously.”

“Including those made in jest.”

There was something in her voice, something in her face, that made Phil very worried. Like the crazy woman behind him was somehow *powerful*. Like, despite her size and slender build, she could do things to Phil he couldn’t even dream of.

With slow movements, not breaking eye contact, Phil began to edge his way toward the door.

“I-I’ve got to get back,” he whispered. “I just remembered, I left something by the pool...”

“Oh, you’re not going *anywhere*, my dear.” Ginny said in hushed tones.

Then she *clicked* her fingers.

Before Phil’s eyes, the bathroom door shuddered slightly, then it began to warp and twist and shift, changing color, flattening out... until it had merged perfectly with the wall, leaving no exit to the bathroom at all.

Jesus... that can’t have just happened. We must be going crazy, or-or...

But it was hopeless. Phil knew everything that was happening was real.

Just like he knew the genie had something *unpleasant* in store for him.

“What were Tricia’s wishes, again?” Ginny was saying now. “Oh, yes. Something about having a strong husband who paid attention to her. Something about never hearing a certain business man’s name again...”

Before her, Phil trembled, trying not to panic. Trying not to start screaming.

“And *something*,” Ginny’s smile grew wider, becoming shark-like, “about a marriage. How did she phrase it? That’s right.”

Her green eyes seemed to flash, to spark with power. Power over Phil, power over the universe.

“*If my husband loves Ethan Drake so much...*” she whispered, in a perfect imitation of Tricia’s voice, “*then I wish he’d just hurry up and marry him.*”

Ginny giggled, slowly raising her hand, thumb and forefinger extended.

“In that case...” Her voice was barely a whisper, filled with mocking laughter. “Her wish is *my* command!”

And she clicked her fingers.

The silence that followed was broken only by the sound of Phil's heart, jackhammering in his chest. The two of them *stared* at each other, Ginny with a sadistic grin on her handsome face, Phil with a look of terror on his.

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

"OK," he said, firmly, "fun's over. I don't know *who* you are..."

"I told you," the genie said, carelessly, "I'm Ginny. And *you*..."

She gave Phil a triumphant smile.

"Are gonna spend the rest of your life as something *more fitting*."

Phil was shrinking. Around him, the walls slowly raised upwards as his body shed inches, dropping from a manly 6ft1 to 6ft... 5ft11... 5ft10... 5ft9...

He threw up his hands in horror.

"Wait! No... please, you can't!"

And then he saw his hands and felt the last of his sanity shatter.

His hands were *changing*. Where only seconds ago they'd been two big, strong things with big knuckles and little hairs gracing their backs, they were now small and dainty, with long, elegant fingers and tiny palms.

As Phil watched in horror, his nails began to slowly extend, *stretching* out and turning a ridiculous, bubblegum pink.

He gaped at the genie watching him with a cruel sneer on her handsome features.

"I advise you to hold tight," Ginny winked. "You're in for one *hell* of a ride!"

A grinding sensation tore through Phil's body, as unpleasant as it was painless. His shoulders began to *pull* back in towards his neckline, losing their masculine broadness and becoming slender, delicate. At the same time, his hips began to *push* outwards, becoming broader and rounder, making his lower half curve in weird ways.

"Stop!" Phil shouted at his body. "I-I *order* you to stop!"

It was useless.

There was a feeling like someone pulling a belt tight around Phil's midriff and his sides collapsed, leaving him with a waist that was tight enough to almost fit his fingers around. His small beer gut held on a moment longer, then it too fell inwards, gifting Phil a stomach that was flat and soft and smooth.

With a cry, Phil grabbed hold of his sides, trying to pull them back outwards, trying to restore his body to his normal shape. But his fingers merely clasped on soft, springy skin, the sort of young skin Phil hadn't had in *decades*.

"Well, I suppose that's a start," he dimly heard Ginny say. "Then again, you've got a *long* way to go yet!"

A feeling of pressure in his ass made Phil jerk his head over his newly narrow shoulder. There

was a pause, and then his butt expanded, jumping up and filling out, until it was pert and peach-like, its cheeks raised toward the sky.

Holy fuck... look at it! Phil thought in despair. *That's an ass that could appear in music videos!*

He nervously reached out and clasped his new cheeks, and was horrified to feel how *firm* they were. How toned.

How... fuckable.

As he stood there, gaping at his own body, Phil heard a hiss like a thousand balloons deflating. His biceps and forearms gently collapsed, leaving him with a pair of weak, slender, willowy arms. No sooner was that over than his legs began to change too, losing hair and muscle even as they started *stretching* upwards.

"What's *happening* to me?" Phil whimpered, miserably.

Across the restroom, Ginny shrugged.

"You won't have to wait long to find out."

The changes were coming faster now. One by one, Phil's feet and toes snapped back to half their size, becoming tiny little things with lurid pink nails. His Adam's apple shivered, then rolled into his throat and vanished. His spine clicked, and suddenly Phil was standing with his big new ass thrust out and his chest thrust forward.

A tremendous itching passed across his skin, making him squeal. All over his body, his dark, masculine hairs were worming their way back inside his skin, leaving him with a body as smooth as a baby's bottom.

In dazed wonder, Phil pulled open his shirt and felt the new smoothness of his chest. Raised two hands and felt the smoothness of his cheeks, his armpits.

It's like I've just had an all-over body wax, he thought, miserably.

At that moment, he suddenly went blind. Phil let out a piercing scream, then realized he could still see. His dark hair had simply *exploded* out his skull, tumbling over his face and leaving him completely in the dark.

With a feeling of revulsion, he *threw* his long hair back behind his ears, scowled at it. It hung straight down for a moment, either side of his shoulders, trailing down his back. Then the color suddenly ran out of it, and Phil's hair turned a brilliant, shiny blond.

He gaped at it. Grabbed a strand in his fingers and held it up, trembling.

There was no denying it. Phil was now a stunning platinum blond.

"Looking better already!" He heard Ginny call. "But what say we do something about that *awful* face, huh?"

Phil looked up in panic, letting go of his newly-blond locks.

"No! Ginny, not my-!"

He'd meant to say *face*, but it was too late.

The genie *snapped* her fingers, and suddenly Phil felt like a giant had grabbed hold of his face

and was smushing and squashing it to pieces.

It was a *horrible* feeling. Painless, but freaky. As Phil whimpered helplessly, he felt the invisible hands squash his nose down into a cute little button. Felt them plump his lips up. Felt them widen his eyes, raise his cheekbones, and squash his masculine jawline back inside him, leaving him with a soft, round face.

What's happening to me? He thought, numbly, as the ghostly hands set about their terrible work, *what's she doing to my face...?*

Something big and black suddenly fluttered in the corner of Phil's vision, like a gigantic blackbird beating its wings. He gave a tiny yelp and crouched down, only to realize that he'd been startled by his own eyelashes, now suddenly long and dark and seductive.

Then Phil felt it. The pressure in his chest, building and building to an impossible crescendo.

In panic, he tore his shirt open and *stared* down at his torso, at his nipples, slowly growing and becoming long and pink and pointed. He just had time to let out a helpless little squeak, then the pressure hit a peak, and suddenly two big, beautiful breasts came bursting out.

They inflated like two balloons, growing away from Phil's chest. Two big, pink wobbly things that got bigger and bigger and bigger until they dangled from his frame, making his back twinge with the effort of holding them up.

Phil gaped at them in horror. He hadn't had much experience at measuring cup-sizes, but they were at least *twice* as big as Tricia's breasts. Maybe more.

And they were his.

"Oh my God!" He squealed in terror. "I've got *tits!*"

Then he heard a distant *click* and his new breasts inflated again, growing until they dominated the entire bottom of Phil's vision, and he could see them even when looking straight ahead.

"They're Double-E," Ginny called helpfully. "Want me to make them bigger?"

"NO!" Shrieked Phil, grabbing his new breasts and trying to force them back in.

"What's that?" Ginny said, mockingly. "You'd like a pair of Double-Hs? Suit yourself. One giant pair of titties coming *right up!*"

It was like being trapped in a nightmare. As Phil pressed against his breasts in desperation, they began to expand again, until they were almost too big to be real.

They blocked his eyeline to the floor, hung heavily from his frame like two sacks weighing him down. But that wasn't even the worst part.

The worst part was how *tender* they were. How sensitive to his dainty fingertips as he frantically pushed at them.

How perfect they were for being felt up by some strong, handsome stud.

It was now only too obvious where Phil's transformation was headed.

With a little squeal, Phil bent forwards, desperately trying to push his jiggling titties out the way, scrabbling for his crotch.

He yanked open the front of his shorts, just in time to see his penis give one last, goodbye twitch, and suddenly *shoot* up into his body, taking his balls with it.

For a moment, there was nothing between Phil's legs but smooth skin. Then there was a feeling like a zip being undone, and a narrow slit formed with two plump lips dangling either side of it, guarding a moist little hole.

Phil was now the proud owner of a beautiful, tight pussy.

At last, it was over. Phil's body gave one final spasm that made his big boobs start jiggling and then the wish had finished.

"Well?" Ginny's voice drifted lazily across the restroom, "what do you think?"

What do I think?!

Phil looked in numb horror down at his new body. At his big, pert breasts, dangling perkily from his frame, their nipples long and pointed at the sky. At his smooth, slender legs, curvy hips, and tight little waist.

As he looked down, Phil became aware of his long hair, hanging across his vision, its tips tickling the skin of his chest. With a subconsciously girly movement, he reached up two hands and delicately curled the strands of platinum blond hair behind his ears.

Shit, even my ears are tinier...

Where Phil used to have big, slightly-goofy ears, he now had a pair of small, demure ones, as tiny and as cute as everything else about him.

"Come on, darling. Genie hasn't got all day."

Finally, Phil's eyes came to rest on the-the *thing* between his legs. Its soft lips. Its tiny tuft of blond pubic hair. The little hole it jealously guarded.

Hesitantly, Phil extended one long-nailed finger. He reached down, down, down, until his fingertip rested just above his brand new pussy. Then he closed his eyes, and *touched*.

Immediately, a shiver ran up his spine, causing him to gasp quietly. His new pussy was so *sensitive!* Just that one little touch had been enough to bring him out in gooseflesh.

Imagine what it'd be like if you properly touched it, a strange part of him thought, *Or even better, imagine if a man properly touched it...*

Phil mentally shook himself. He didn't want to think about *men* touching his-his...

My pussy, he thought, unhappily. *My. Fucking. Pussy.*

"Oh for God's sakes, get over yourself already."

Phil blinked. His long new eyelashes fluttered in the corner of his vision. Slowly, he raised his head, his long blond hair tumbling down over his shoulders, and looked Ginny in the eye.

"What-?" He began, then instantly clamped two dainty hands over his pouty lips, his eyes going wide with fright.

His voice was *wrong!* Where it should've been deep and masculine, it was now soft and squeaky and *girly*.

But it wasn't the voice of a smart girl or anything like that...

Oh my God... Phil thought in fright, *I sound like a bimbo!*

Nervously, he lowered his hands slightly.

"What the *fuck* did you do to me?"

He'd tried to lower his voice, to make himself sound more male, but it was no good. It was still obviously a girl's voice. Still obviously a bimbo's voice.

No matter how hard he tried, he couldn't get rid of his new accent any more than he could suddenly start levitating.

Across the room, Ginny smiled at him, a powerful, mocking smile. With lazy movements, she nodded at the bank of mirrors behind Phil.

"Why don't you have a look and see for yourself?"

Phil would've given *anything* not to turn round. Would've given *anything* to stand there with his eyes closed and tap his heels and whisper *there's no place like home...* over and over and over.

Instead, he slowly turned toward the mirrors, like a girl moving through treacle. His big, pink breasts wobbled slightly in the bottom of his vision. His hips curved unnaturally with each movement.

Then Phil took a deep breath.

And *looked*.

And looked.

And *screamed*.

The girl in the mirror was awful! The worst thing a guy could hope to see!

She was young, maybe 18, with a soft, innocent face, wide, doe-like blue eyes, and plump, pink lips that looked *designed* for sucking dick. Long, platinum blond hair fell in straight lines past a long, swan-like neck, settling over her bare shoulders.

She had long, heavenly legs. A tight waist. An ass that would drive men wild. Her fingernails and toenails were painted a sparkly pink. Her breasts dangled from her frame, bigger and fuller than they had any right to be on such a skinny woman.

She doesn't look real... No-one could ever look like that outside a porno...

Everything about her screamed *bimbo*. Everything about her screamed *arm candy*.

She was young. She was beautiful.

And she was *him*.

"Well?" Ginny purred in his ear. Phil gave a start. In the shock of seeing his new body, he hadn't noticed the genie approach.

"What do you think?"

Phil weakly shook his head.

No... that girl *couldn't* be him. It was impossible. It was-!

But the girl in the mirror was shaking her head slowly in time with him, a horrified expression on her soft, beautiful features.

With a feeling of madness, Phil raised a one hand. The girl in the mirror did likewise. He stuck out his tongue, trying to conceal his mounting panic when the girl stuck hers right back out at him.

She was him. He was her.

Ginny had turned him into a *girl*.

“I know what you’re thinking, Fifi,” Ginny whispered in his ear, one hand gently tracing a line down Phil’s slender new back. “You’re thinking *Oh, I’m so glad that lovely genie turned me into this stunning girl, but I’m also worried. How long till the spell wears off?*”

Her hand came to rest on Phil’s pert new ass. He felt the genie give it a playful little squeeze.

“Well, I’ve got some good news for you,” Ginny murmured in his ear. “The spell can only be undone by another wish. And since you have *no idea* where my lamp is right now...”

She suppressed a giggle.

“Why, that means you’ll be stuck as lovely Fifi here *for the rest of your life!*”

Phil couldn’t help it.

He screamed again.

II

Phil screamed for what felt like forever. He screamed and kept screaming in his shrill, piercing voice until Ginny rolled her eyes.

“Alright. Enough of that.”

She clicked her fingers. With a *glerk!* Phil’s voice cut off mid-scream. He coughed once, twice, bending forward, his blond bangs tumbling over his eyes.

“Save the shrieks for later. And the moans. We’ve still got *plenty* to do.”

“What do you *mean?*” Phil whimpered in his squeaky girl-voice, appalled at how dumb he sounded.

Christ, I sound like I’ve barely got two brain cells to rub together...

Ginny shrugged, the cold smile still not leaving her thin lips.

“I mean, I *could* just leave you like that. But it wouldn’t be in the spirit of the wish, really. Shame. So.”

Her green eyes sparkled with delight.

“Let’s make sure you’re *dressed* the part!”

And once again she clicked her fingers.

And once again the entire world went *crazy*.

There was a magical tinkling, and what remained of Phil’s old clothes vanished, leaving him stood completely naked before the mirror. He just had time to realize how chilly the restroom was without any clothes on, and then the changes started up all over again.

A faint itching spread across Phil’s crotch. In the mirror, he saw a tiny white thread was shooting back and forth over his pussy at lightning speed, weaving itself into a lacy pair of patterned, see-through panties.

As Phil goggled at it, there was a feeling like two large hands had grabbed hold of his breasts. His boobs *jumped* up and squashed together, coming together under his chin in a huge sea of pale pink cleavage.

For a second, Phil wondered what the *hell* was going on, then two cups formed over his breasts, straps jumped up and hooked over his shoulders and a clasp fastened behind his back, and with a groan he realized he was now wearing a lacy white push-up bra.

Miserably, Phil looked down at his new, female underwear, and saw that his bra was trimmed with lace, and sported a tiny satin bow between its two big cups.

What the hell am I wearing? He thought, miserably. If you’d told him only that morning that he’d soon be dressed in women’s clothes, he’d have punched your lights out!

Then the changes started up again and things went from bad to worse.

With a bump, Phil jerked upwards into the air. He wildly threw his hands out to steady himself, then realized he was suddenly wearing a *killer* pair of heels.

They were black, with spiked stilettos that stuck six inches in the air and made Phil feel like he was about to go tumbling over. Turning round, he saw with a groan of dismay that wearing them made his already-prominent butt stick out even more, as if inviting guys to go wild over it.

A thin band of white liquid appeared around Phil's waist, cool to the touch. It slowly unfolded, spreading up over his belly, across his boobs, until he started to worry that it would just flow over his face and drown him.

What is that? What the hell is she doing to me...?

Then the liquid suddenly stopped flowing, solidified, and turned into a strapless white dress that stopped *just* below Phil's ass and *just* above his bra. It formed tightly to his frame, showing off his curves and leaving almost nothing to the imagination.

Phil groaned. His dress was *ridiculous!* It was so tiny he felt like his boobs would come spilling out the top the moment he bent over. How the hell did girls wear shit like this?

"My, my," Ginny drawled behind him, "you really *are* the fancy little lady now, aren't you, Fifi? So how about some *accessories?*"

There was another distant click and Phil felt a weight around his neck, around his wrists, on his ears.

In wonder, he looked down and saw he was now wearing a diamond necklace, and two bracelets, one of pearls, one made from silver. The edge of the diamond nestled just above his cleavage, gently scratching at the skin of his breasts, as if reminding him it was there.

Like a woman in a dream, Phil reached two hands up and felt the long, stylish, platinum earrings dangling from his ears.

Look at all this jewelry! Who the hell has she turned me into?

He suddenly jerked one of his hands away from his ear with a cry. There was *something* forming between his fingers. Something black and small and studded with gold...

Phil desperately tried to shake it out of his hands, whatever it was. But he couldn't let go. His fingers refused to open.

It was like his latest accessory was as much a part of him as his big boobs or curvy bum or long, flowing hair.

For a moment, Phil couldn't figure out what the thing in his hands was meant to be. Then it finally solidified into a small black bag with a little strap, and Phil realized to his despair that he was now holding a fashionable little handbag.

He wordlessly opened the clasp and peered inside. Tubes of lipstick stared up at him. A tiny mirror. Some blusher. Mascara.

Everything a bimbo might need to ensure she always looked her best.

Finally, there was a distant tinkling, and a feeling of weight on one of Phil's fingers. He looked up from his new handbag and goggled at the diamond-studded ring now sitting on his ring finger.

But wait, does that mean I'm...?

Then it was over. There was one last *burst* of magic that made Phil's hair leap up into perfectly-

styled ringlets that tumbled over one bare shoulder like a waterfall, and then nothing.

Phil looked down at this new body, at the clothes now encasing it. Then he slowly looked back up at the mirror.

Behind him, he heard Ginny give a low whistle.

“Oh *my*... not bad, even if I do say so myself.”

But Phil barely heard her. He was too busy gaping at the woman he’d become.

Whereas his new body had looked dumb and naïve naked, it now looked dumb and *shockingly* expensive.

Phil’s nails had been magically manicured to perfection. His heels were of the sort you only usually saw on catwalks. His jewelry shone with understated expense. His makeup was *expertly* done.

He glanced at his new dress. At its combination of sluttiness and sophistication. Even someone like Phil who knew sweet-FA about women’s clothes could tell he was decked out expensively.

He looked like the sort of gorgeous, confident girl you might see at a Hollywood party, draped over the arm of some producer. The sort of girl for who the terms ‘bimbo’ and ‘eye candy’ were invented.

In short, he looked *spectacular*.

“Don’t worry,” Ginny smiled as Phil stared at himself, “that’s it for the transformations, I promise...”

She suddenly sighed and hugged herself.

“More’s the pity. This sort of stuff is always so much *fun*.”

She gave Phil a cheeky little wink in the mirror.

“So... what do we say? One *satisfied* client?”

Satisfied...? Phil thought as he blinked at his new body, *that’s one way of putting it...*

“I look...” he whimpered in his soft voice.

Ginny raised one eyebrow.

“Yes, dear? The next word out your mouth better be *spectacular* or I’ve got a good mind to turn you into a pig.”

Phil barely heard her.

“I look...” he squeaked, “I look...”

“Come on, darling. You can do it. Concentrate and you’ll get there.”

“I look like a *trophy wife*!” Phil squealed at last.

Now the words were out, he knew it was true. Knew he was the sort of girl who would *never* be independent. The sort of girl who’d *always* be dependent on a- on a...

On a man, Phil thought, miserably.

"I'm a bimbo," he whimpered. "You- you turned me into a *dumb bimbo*!"

In the mirror, Ginny snorted with amusement.

"You better believe I did, buster," she said. "And it's not just your *body* I screwed with, either."

Phil slowly turned to face her, a trickle of ice worming its way up his spine.

"What do you mean?" He whispered, his voice soft and almost-musical.

Ginny tapped the side of her nose and winked at him.

"Ah-ah. Trade secrets. All part of the wish. You'll find out soon enough, though."

She giggled.

"Just try not to do any long division. Or talk to any men."

She frowned at him.

"Hey. Hey, Fifi. Everything OK, girl?"

Phil realized he'd been standing there for a good five seconds, his pretty mouth dangling open, a puzzled look on his beautiful features.

"Um, yeah. Sure. I mean..." he hesitated. "What's long division?"

For a second, Ginny simply *stared* at him. Then a slow smile began to creep over her face.

"You really don't know? Oh dear, maybe I went a bit overboard with the whole bimbo thing..."

"What do you *mean*?" Phil squeaked in fright, clutching his handbag against his chest.

In response, Ginny simply raised an eyebrow.

"You're a businessman, right? Or something like that, whatever," she hastily added, waving her hand as Phil opened his plump little lips to answer. "Quick, tell me what the stock market is."

Phil rolled his eyes. Why was he having to answer such dumb questions at a time like this?

"That's *easy*," he said in his prattling, bimbo voice, "it's... it's..."

It slowly dawned on him. He didn't have a fucking clue.

"Too difficult?" Ginny asked, innocently. "OK, then. Something simpler..."

Her green eyes flashed.

"What's seven times eight?"

It should've been easy. Ever since he was in high school, Phil had been good with numbers. Good enough to land his current job. Good enough to make him think he could probably start a business one day.

Now, though, it was like all that knowledge had been scooped out. Whereas before he would've been able to call up the answer with ease, now it was like trying to summon a voice from a disconnected telephone.

Ginny smirked.

"OK, even easier. What's the capital of Britain?"

She paused.

“The capital of America?”

Another pause.

“Can you even tell me what coast California is on?”

To his horror, Phil could only sadly shake his pretty little head.

“I-I don’t know...” he whimpered.

Ginny shook her head in wonder.

“I really *did* turn you into a bimbo, didn’t I? You don’t know anything, do you?” A lightbulb suddenly seemed to go on over her head. “Hold on... what links Miu Miu, Stuart Wizeman and Walter Steiger?”

Phil heard himself let out a light, high-pitched laugh.

“*Duh*, they all make *amazing* designer shoes.”

“Who is Thierry Mugler?”

“Oh my God. *Seriously*? Just the most underrated perfume maker of *all time*.”

“Balenciaga motorcycle bag, or Bottega Veneta’s Nero Nappy Vulcana?”

Phil frowned, as if deep in thought.

“Well...” he pouted at last, “the motorcycle is cute as *hell*, but, like, *nothing* can beat the Nero...”

The words died in his throat. Slowly, Phil put his slender fingers to his pink lips in horror.

Oh my God, what am I saying...? Where did all that come from?

But he already knew. The magic was screwing with his mind. Ginny hadn’t *just* turned him into a girl.

She’d turned him into a- into a...

“My, my...” the genie whispered, eyeing Phil with evident delight. “Look at fancy little Fifi, the fashion-conscious bimbo with *very expensive* taste.”

Phil looked at her in horror, his big, doe-like eyes wide, his lips trembling.

It was like everything that made him *him* had just been scooped out. Gone was all his knowledge of business, and numbers, and probably sports, too.

In their place were new memories. New, alien, facts that should never take up space inside a *man*’s head.

“You know...” Ginny said, slowly, “I really think you might be my masterpiece, Fifi. A dumb trophy wife who can barely remember she’s really a man.”

A cruel smile lit up the genie’s face.

“Oh my *word*. This is so much more fun than just turning you into a toad!”

She twinkled her eyes at Phil.

"I can't *wait* to tell my mistress what I've accomplished with you, my darling."

"*Accomplished?!*" Phil squealed. "You haven't *accomplished* anything... you-you've *ruined* me!"

A sudden idea struck him.

"I wish I was back to normal!" He squeaked at the genie. "I *wish*..."

But Ginny simply shook her head, a cruel smile on her handsome features.

"Doesn't work like that, my little chick. You need to find my lamp first."

She shrugged.

"Although, if you *do*, I don't see any reason *not* to turn you back. Although it *would* be a shame..."

Phil felt like a drowning girl who has just been thrown a lifesaver.

"OK, whatever!" He gasped. "I'll find it. Just tell me where it-!"

He was too late.

Ginny gave a theatrical yawn, pretended to look at a watch that didn't really exist.

"My, my, is *that* the time. I guess I'll be off. Lots to do, dontchya know?"

She pursed her lips and blew a kiss at Phil. A strong wind began to blow.

"Bye, bye, Fifi. Enjoy your new life."

"Wait!" Phil shrieked, clasping his hands together before his large breasts in a begging pose.

"You still haven't told me...!"

The wind tore his words away, swirling into a vortex round Ginny. The genie gave him one last wink...

...and then she was gone, leaving Phil all alone.

For the longest time, Phil simply stood there, looking at the spot the genie had disappeared from, trying to ignore the curly blond hair tumbling down his back, tickling his shoulder blades.

Trying to ignore the vast cleavage, rising and falling with each breath in the bottom of his vision. Trying to ignore the cool, air-conditioned air caressing his bare legs, making his nipples go hard and pointy inside his lacy push-up bra.

"For fuck's *sakes!*"

With a little scream, Phil suddenly *stamped* his feet, *threw* his handbag down onto the restroom floor.

"Fuck, fuck *FUCK!!!*"

The words came out high-pitched and shrill, grating on Phil's ears. He closed his eyes and tried to control his breathing, suddenly aware that there were tears pricking at the corners of his eyes.

Wait, don't cry! Part of him warned. *You'll ruin your makeup!*

Trapped inside his busty new body, Phil shook his pretty little head and *moaned*.

It wasn't *fair*! He didn't *wanna* be a girl! He didn't want to have to worry about smearing his makeup when he cried. Didn't want to have a handbag he could throw to the floor in anger.

Tricia... the named thudded dully behind his temples, that Goddamn bitch, what the hell was she thinking?!

But Ginny had already told him she wasn't thinking anything very much. She'd just grabbed a random lamp at the market in a moment of childishness and made a wish. She hadn't known Ginny would turn her husband into... well, *this*.

The lamp. If *only* he had the lamp! Then he could wish himself back to being Phil. Back to having a cock and balls instead of a demure little hole! Back to being a...!

"Umm, miss? Excuse me, miss?"

At the sound of the polite male voice, Phil slowly opened his eyes. He turned toward the restroom door. At some point it had evidently reappeared and now stood open.

"*What?*" he squeaked in a voice full of despair.

In the doorway, the young man who'd directed Phil to the bathroom stood there, an awkward look on his youthful face.

Youthful... young... we're probably the same age now. He might even be older...

"I'm sorry, miss," the boy was saying, cheeks flushed slightly pink with embarrassment, "just now, when you asked me to point you to the bathroom, I... I mean..."

Phil stood there, waiting for the slender, blond haired boy to go on.

He's kinda cute, he thought, idly, I wonder how big his cock is?

He suddenly gave himself a little mental shake. He didn't want to be thinking about another man's *dick*.

Did the magic change that, too? Am I... well, do I now find men...?

Phil didn't even want to finish the thought.

"I mean, I'm very sorry, miss," the boy was saying, a bashful smile on his face, "but I directed you to the wrong bathroom."

"What do you mean?"

"This is, uh, this is the *gentlemen's* restroom."

Phil blinked.

"So?"

Then it hit him.

Ah, of course...

He was no longer a man anymore. The gentlemen's restroom was off-limits. Now, if he wanted to pee, he had to go to the *girl's* restroom.

For the first time in his life, Phil found himself wishing that non-gendered bathrooms had taken off in the Middle East.

“I’m sorry, miss, but you can’t be here. The UAE’s a pretty conservative country. I mean, the laws are strict, even if you *are*...”

“Oh, don’t worry about,” Phil gave a despairing sigh. “I’m done here. I... I just needed to *freshen up*.”

Reluctantly, he bent forward to pick up his hateful handbag. It was like the magic *refused* to let him leave it behind.

“Can you point me back to the pool?” He said as he got his long nails round the leather strap, “there’s somebody I need to...”

The words died in Phil’s throat as he realized what he was doing. Slowly, he looked down at his great, big boobs, nearly falling out of his dress. Then, with a feeling of misery, he looked back up.

The boy was frozen by the door, looking in open-mouthed wonder at Phil’s enormous cleavage. His eyes crawled over every inch of Phil’s chest, as if he couldn’t believe his luck.

Bent over like that, Phil suddenly found himself feeling very vulnerable.

As a guy, it didn’t particularly bother him if people saw him with his shirt off. He had a chest and tiny gut, just like most men his age. So what, right?

But as a girl, the feeling was different. Bent over before the boy like that, he suddenly felt like a tropical butterfly, trapped in the case at a zoo while people *stared* at him. Suddenly felt small, and weak, and...

...and *scared*.

Even a kid like that could do whatever he wanted to me, Phil suddenly realized. *We’re all alone here together... he could hold me down and do anything he wanted... Jesus, I’m not sure rape is even illegal here.*

Suddenly the boy didn’t look shy and slender and cute. He looked lecherous. And big.

Bigger and stronger than poor little Phil could ever hope to be.

“Umm... excuse me?” Phil asked. “Hey.”

The boy blinked. He dazedly raised his eyes from Phil’s tits to his face.

“The pool?” Phil desperately tried to keep his voice light. Steady. “Can you tell me where...?”

“Oh. Sure...” the boy mumbled. He vaguely gestured off along the corridor, his eyes still hovering around Phil’s chest area.

Phil gave what he hoped was a natural laugh. It came out sounding slightly shrill.

“Great. Thank you so much.” He straightened up, held up his handbag. “Silly me. I’m *always* dropping it. Such a klutz!”

He was rabbiting on now, talking like a dumb little bimbo and he knew it. But it was like his body was on autopilot, guided by the strange new instincts Tricia had accidentally wished into his newly-female brain.

“In that case, I guess I’ll...”

He shot the boy a brilliant smile, fluttering his eyelashes as he did so. Then he slowly made his way across the bathroom, towards the open door.

It was like a nightmare, walking in his new heels. They were so sharp, so tall, that Phil thought he might slip at any moment and go sprawling.

But he couldn't stop and take them off or anything like that. Not when he was all alone with a man like this. So he just kept on walking, crossing the bathroom like a woman moving through treacle, slipping through the door...

The boy lounged in the doorway as he passed, glancing down at Phil's breasts with a faint smile on his lips. This close, Phil could smell his sweat, acrid and masculine. Almost *feel* the heat, radiating off his body.

To his horror, Phil felt his new body responding. Felt himself inhale delicately, drinking in the boy's pheromones. Felt his nipples begin to harden slightly. Felt his new hole start to gently loosen.

Oh Christ, please don't do this... please don't let him realize what's happening to me...

There was nothing he could do to stop it. It was like his new biology was taking over, responding in terrible ways to a stimulus that had nothing to do with rational thought.

Why couldn't he wear deodorant? Phil thought, crossly, as he squeezed by the boy, who moved only to give him *just* enough space to get past.

"Thanks..." squeaked Phil, flashing the boy the briefest of smiles. Terrified that he'd be able to read in Phil's pretty face the strange longing that was gripping his body.

But the boy just smiled down at him, his eyes not leaving Phil's chest.

God, it's so fucking hot how men look at women... part of Phil's brain was thinking. But underneath, there was another thought lurking, too.

It's OK, you're nearly out. If you screamed from here, someone would hear you.

"No problem, miss," the boy leered. "Hope you have a nice day."

They were so close in the doorway. *So close.* If Phil wanted to, he could've stood up on tiptoes and kissed the boy, invited his tongue into his mouth, drank in his sweat, that powerful *masculine* smell that made his new body go all woozy like this...

Then he was past the boy and walking down the corridor, his pert ass curving beneath his short, figure-hugging dress with every step.

Thank God...

"That's it, ma'am. Just keep walking that way."

Phil knew without turning around that the boy was using the excuse of giving directions to get a good eyeful of his ass as he walked.

Creepy little pervert. Why are men such goddamn assholes?!

"Keep on walking. Yep, just like that."

He wanted to turn around, run back and smash the boy's face in. At the same time, part of him

wanted to be back there, in the doorway, inhaling the boy's sweat, feeling his pheromones work their magic on his newly-female body.

Is this what it's like? Phil thought, his head whirling, *does this happen to all girls? How the hell do they not go mad?*

But he didn't have an answer for that. Instead, he just concentrated on walking, on not slipping up and falling on his stupid heels until he'd reached the door back to the lounge.

He placed a hand on the door handle, turned and shot the boy a dazzling smile.

"Thanks for your help," he said in his soft voice, surprised at how accommodating, how *submissive* his new body seemed.

Back at the restroom door, the boy smirked at him.

"My pleasure," he said. "Anything to help out a woman as beautiful as you."

What the...? That little creep! Like he'd dare talk like that in front of a male guest!

If he'd still been a man, Phil would've gone and hit the little shit right on the nose.

But his new body seemed *insanely* conflict avoidant. Instead, he just let out a light little laugh, feeling himself flutter his eyelashes.

"No, thank *you*," he said. "Catch you, later."

Then he gave the boy a tiny little wave using just his fingers, giggled, and stepped through into the lounge area.

The lounge was bright, empty. A huge, tinted picture window on one wall let the sunlight come flooding through from the pool area. A small group of three men wearing business suits all looked up as Phil stepped in and *stared*.

"Ten o'clock, boys," Phil heard one of them mutter as he passed, "check out the ass on *her*."

But Phil let them stare. He had just one goal right now, one person he needed to find.

His enormous breasts wobbling gently with each step, his cleavage jiggling in the bottom of his vision, Phil stepped up to the picture window and glanced out at the pool. Searching... searching...

Come on... Come on... please be here...

At last he saw her. Lounging on deckchair, as beautiful as when he'd last seen her.

"Hey!" One of the men called from across the room. "Hey, babe. Wanna join us for a drink?"

Assholes...

"No thanks, dickface," Phil called back. "Your *babe*'s got bigger fish to fry."

Then he was out the door and crossing past the pool before he could hear their reply.

It was scorching out here in the midday Dubai heat, but Phil barely noticed. He was too absorbed in getting over there, over to where she sat, reading a book.

As he passed, men turned and eyed him up appreciatively. Teenage boys gaped openly. Women with partners gave him furious looks, while other girls looked at him with a mixture of envy and

disdain.

But Phil noticed none of this. He had only one thing on his mind.

Clack... clack... clack...

The sound of his heels on the terrace tiles made her look up. Made her lower her book and *stare* at him over the top of her shades, her long, dark hair falling like a waterfall past her small and perky breasts, an expression of surprise on her beautiful features.

“Who...?” Tricia asked, gaping at the man who used to be her husband.

Phil stopped right before her. Crossed her arms of his big new bosom and fixed his wife with a hard stare.

“We need to talk,” he said.

III

For a long time the two women stared at each other, Tricia with a look of incredulity on her beautiful features, Phil with an angry glare on his soft, round face.

At last, Tricia gave a hesitant shake of her head.

“Sorry...” she said, “but, I mean... *who* are you?”

“For Gods’ sakes, Tricia!” Phil snapped in his high-pitched voice, “don’t give me any of that crap. It’s *me*. It’s...”

Phil was what he meant to say. But the magic altered the words in his throat.

“It’s *Fifi*.”

Tricia frowned at the curvy young woman stood before her.

“Fifi? I don’t know anyone called...”

“*Not* Fifi,” Phil said hurriedly. “*Phil*. My name is *Phil*.”

Or at least, that’s what he tried to say. Once again, the wish worked its magic on his vocal cords.

“*Fifi*. My name is *Fifi*.”

“Yes.” Said Tricia. “We already established that.”

Phil raised his dainty hands up to his lips in fright.

What the hell is wrong with me...?

The magic had stolen his name. He could see the word *Phil* burning brightly in the center of his brain, but it was like his body *refused* to say it.

He was *Fifi* now. And there was nothing he could do about it.

Tricia fixed him with a hard stare.

“Look, honey,” she said, letting her eyes disdainfully drift down from Phil’s absurd, figure hugging dress to his stupid stiletto heels, “you just came from the bar, right? I think maybe you’ve had a few too many...”

“Goddamnit, Tricia!” Phil squeaked, stamping his foot so hard his heel nearly snapped and sent him sprawling, “I’m not drunk! I’m just... I’m just...”

But the magic would never let him say it. Phil’s slender shoulders slumped. He fixed his wife with a pleading look.

“It’s *me*,” he whispered, hopelessly. “Your husband.”

He half thought Tricia might finally realize what had happened. Might remember her wish and figure out what crazy nightmare she’d unleashed on Phil.

Instead, she shook her head.

“Wait, hold on. What did you say about my...”

“Hey baby.”

The familiar male voice made Phil's insides freeze. He desperately wanted to close his eyes, to pretend this latest twist wasn't happening, that it couldn't be true.

No... I must've dreamed that. I must've...

Then the male figure walked past him to stand next to Tricia and all of Phil's hopes crumbled and turned to ash.

"Who's your friend?" The man who looked identical to Phil asked, turning his mirrored shades casually onto Phil's curvy new form.

"Just some drunk," Tricia muttered, "she was talking about you..."

"Really?" Male Phil frowned at his female counterpart. "Say, have we met before?"

Trapped inside his female form, Phil wondered if he was going mad.

The man stood before him, letting one hand run so casually through Tricia's long hair, was undoubtedly *him*. Somehow, his old male body was up and walking around and talking without Phil being inside it.

Only it wasn't quite Phil. There were tiny differences.

New Phil was slightly-more muscular for one. His body more-toned than Phil could ever remember his old form being. The bulge in his swimming shorts looked bigger, too, as if maybe his penis had gained a couple of inches.

But the biggest difference was the book clasped in his double's hands. Gone was Ethan Drake's bestselling tome.

In its place was some bland and inoffensive airport thriller.

The wish... Phil thought, dully, *of course...*

"What were Tricia's wishes, again?" He had a sudden flashback to Ginny saying. "*Oh, yes. Something about having a strong husband who paid attention to her. Something about never hearing a certain business man's name again...*"

So that was it. Phil had been so wrapped-up in his sudden transformation that he'd forgotten all about Tricia's other two wishes.

And it looked like they were worse than he could possibly have imagined.

"Look," male Phil was saying, "you seem a bit... I dunno. How about I take you back to the bar and we call the concierge, huh?"

He's more chivalrous than I would've been... Phil noted in horror, *oh God... it's like I've been turned into Tricia's dream man.*

Then he remembered that *he* wasn't even a man anymore, but a busty blond who had suddenly found herself all alone in the middle of a Dubai hotel.

He turned pleading eyes on Tricia.

"Please..." he begged in a soft whisper, "you have to believe me. I'm your husband. Earlier today, you made a wish..."

But he could tell it was useless.

“I think she’s drunk,” Tricia said to male-Phil, a trace of pity in her voice, “maybe we should see if we can find her husband?”

“NO!” Phil suddenly screamed. People sat nearby turned to stare at this mad, beautiful girl. Phil plowed on regardless, determined to ignore them.

“This is crazy!” He squeaked. “You’re Tricia, you’re my *wife*. We’re staying in room 223. This morning you went to a Bedouin market...”

He trailed off as Tricia and male-Phil exchanged a pitying look.

“What?”

“Let me handle this,” male-Phil whispered, before turning to Phil and speaking slowly and gently. “We’re not staying in this hotel, we just came by to use the pool. Both of us have been here all morning...”

“Yeah,” Tricia sniffed beside him. “Besides, Bedouin markets aren’t really my scene...”

Phil just stared in open-mouthed amazement at both of them.

Of course, the wishes...

If Ginny had magicked up a new, more gentlemanly Phil, then this imposter and Tricia wouldn’t have had a fight this morning. There’d have been no need for Tricia to make her excuses and go round the market to blow off steam.

Which meant...

“You mean...?” Phil whispered in horror, “that you don’t remember finding a lamp? Or making any wishes...?”

Tricia gave him a blank look.

“What? Like in a Disney movie or something?”

Phil hardly heard her. His mind was too busy swimming with the implications.

“But then that means...”

If Tricia had never been to the market, there was no way she could tell him where the lamp was, or even what it looked like. She couldn’t even tell him where the market was.

Even worse, she’d never even realize what she’d done to him. That she’d turned him into a girl and replaced him with a copy that had a bigger dick and did whatever she wanted.

Which meant *no-one* in his previous life would have any idea that Phil was missing.

The thought was so overwhelming Phil took a step back and gave a tiny squeal.

“But you *have* to remember!” He begged. “Just listen... I know things!”

He gave Tricia a pathetically eager look.

“We... I mean, you and your husband... we met at a party at Anna’s house, remember? We, umm... we used to live in a tiny apartment on 4th. You-you wanted to be a photographer when you were a kid...”

He threw up his dainty hands in despair.

“Christ, please just *remember!*”

The entire pool around them was silent now, vacationers watching with bated breath, eager to see how this played out.

Slowly, Tricia shook her head.

“We met,” she said in a low voice, taking male-Phil’s hand, “when Phil offered me his umbrella outside a subway entrance. We’ve never lived on 4th. *And...*”

Her brow grew dark.

“*Every* teenage girl wants to be a photographer when she grows up.”

The silence that followed was painful. Awkward. Phil could see people out the corner of his eye, nudging one another, whispering about the hot, crazy blond who thought she was a *dude*.

So that was it then... everything had gone. His entire life with Tricia, magicked away in an instant, and replaced with...

What, exactly?

Slowly, Phil looked down at his new body. At its big, stupid breasts. At its horrible curves and slender legs. At its bimbo’s outfit, bimbo’s shoes, bimbo’s hair...

This was him now. No-one on Earth but he knew who was really trapped in here. Whenever anyone looked at him now, whenever he started talking to *anybody*, they would treat him exactly the same.

As some poor, stupid, bimbo *wife*.

Male Phil was looking at him with obvious concern now. He gently held out a hand.

“Maybe we should get you inside, huh? What’s your...?”

Phil angrily batted his hand away.

“Don’t touch me!” He shrieked. “Don’t touch me you... you... *wife-snatcher!*”

Male Phil looked at him with open bewilderment. He put one protective arm around Tricia’s shoulder, shielding her from this mad bitch.

Bitch... Phil thought, bitterly, *that’s right. Even my insults are female now...*

He thought he might cry. Might just burst into tears right here by the poolside, and not stop crying until they carted him away to the madhouse, shot him full of drugs, and...

“Miss Fifi?”

“What?” Phil snapped, still trying to blink back tears. It took him a second to realize he’d responded to his new name like it was the most-natural thing in the world.

“Are you OK, ma’am? Are these two bothering you?”

With a delicate sniff, Phil turned and looked up at the two strong, be-suited men stood directly behind him. To his disgust, he felt his female brain approvingly note the brand of their expensive suits.

“No...” he whispered, gently dabbing at his eyes with the back of one dainty hand. “It’s OK, we

were just... we were just talking is all.”

One of the two men fixed male-Phil and Tricia with a stern look. The other gently handed Phil a tissue.

“Thanks,” he sniffed, feeling pathetically grateful. “Oh God, I’m such a silly girl...”

Girl? Did I really just say that?

“He wants to see you,” the gentle man was saying now. There was something about his kind voice and concerned eyes, mixed with his broad, muscular frame that made Phil suddenly feel slightly giddy.

He flashed the man a warm smile, unaware that he was fluttering his eyelashes.

At least that’s one good thing about being a woman. Men like this want to treat you like their damsel in distress...

Right now, Phil felt like he *needed* to be treated as a helpless damsel.

“Who?” He asked in his squeaky voice. “Sorry, the sun, I’m all...”

“Hold on...” he heard Tricia say behind him. “*Miss Fifi*... wait, does that mean you’re-?”

“Time to go,” the gentle man said, lightly but firmly taking one of Phil’s slender arms in his large, beefy hand.

He’s so strong... marvelled Phil. He could snap me like a twig if he wanted to...

To his surprise, the thought made him feel all nice and warm inside.

Strong and protective, that’s how a man should be...

The gentle man slowly led him away from the pool, towards the hotel, using his arm to steady Phil every time he tottered in his high heels.

As they went, Phil turned and shot one last glance back over his shoulder. Tricia and male-Phil were whispering to each other, watching him go with dumbfounded expression on their faces.

“If you want I’ll call security,” the gentle man said, kindly, as he stepped into the cool of the air-conditioning, “we’ll have those two off the premises in no time.”

“What? No. I mean, don’t worry about it.” Phil’s mind was whirling. Just who was his new husband, anyway?

More to the point, who am I?

They stopped outside a discreet, executive elevator behind the entrance desk, clearly off limits to most people. The gentle man pressed a button. Phil looked up at his powerful shoulders, square jaw, short blond hair and stubble and felt his heart flutter in his enormous chest.

“Sorry,” he said, “I forgot... I mean, what’s your name again?”

“Markus,” the big man smiled down at him. In his new body, Phil barely came up to the guy’s chest.

He’s a giant... Phil thought, dizzily, he’s gotta be 6ft6 at least. A big, gentle giant...

“Well, hi Markus,” he said out loud, letting his eyes trace the outline of the big man’s powerful

body, a body that seemed to exert an almost hypnotic pull on his female form. “It’s a pleasure to meet you.”

“Pleasure’s all mine, miss Fifi,” Markus said, ushering Phil inside the elevator and pressing a button. He had to stoop slightly to fit inside. Someone had inexplicably stuck a little chandelier to the oak-paneled roof.

God he looks so powerful like that... like he’s too big and strong for the entire world...

Phil gently shook his head, trying to dislodge these strange, alien thoughts. The last thing he wanted was to be checking out *guys*.

“So,” he smiled up at the powerful man beside him, “who are we off to see?”

Markus frowned down at him, concern in his blue eyes.

“Who else would it be, Miss Fifi?” he said as the doors softly closed and the elevator began to rise. “We’re off to see your *husband*.”

*

“...tell Johnson he can hold out all he likes, but my offer is *final*.”

The distant male voice echoed through the penthouse suite, dominant, powerful, bouncing off marble, seeming to fill the vast apartment.

Stood in front of the elevator, his handbag clutched against his enormous breasts, Phil barely noticed it.

He was too busy staring in open-mouthed wonder.

The elevator had ascended for what seemed like forever, taking them higher and higher, Phil and Markus crammed in together while Phil desperately tried not to notice the way his female body was responding to the huge, powerful man beside him. When the doors at last opened, Phil thought they must have ascended all the way to heaven.

The apartment sprawling out around him was the very definition of plush. The floors were marble, overlaid with the sort of thick, expensive rugs that cost more than a house. The trimmings were gold. Crystal chandeliers dangled from the ceiling. Old oil paintings hung on the walls, painted by some old master centuries ago.

And, in the middle of it all, relaxing on a red velvet sofa, was... was...

“If he won’t bite,” Ethan Drake shot Phil a small, confident smile as he spoke into his phone, “just tell him our investors are poised for a hostile takeover. He sells now or we’re gonna buy him out and dismantle his baby from the inside.”

He dropped Phil a little wink, making his heart flutter in his generous chest.

He’s so confident... Phil marvelled. *Everything about him just screams power...*

To his amazement, his body responded to the billionaire’s wink by coyly winking back, a flirtatious smile on its pouty red lips.

Wait, do I know him...?

“That’s it.” Ethan was saying, “we’re gonna show this snivelling little bitch who’s boss.”

He hung up and jumped to his feet, his athletic body moving with remarkable grace, its powerful muscles concealed within a sober, bespoke suit.

“Good job, Markus. I hope she wasn’t too much hassle.”

Phil was still too dazed to realize what was happening. Inside, his mind was whirling.

That’s Ethan Drake! In the flesh... Oh God, that’s really him...

“No hassle, sir. Charming as always.”

“Take five,” Ethan was saying, walking towards them both with a cocky smile, “I’ll take things from here.”

He was headed right for Phil, who watched him come with a dazed expression, his plump lips dangling slightly open.

Oh my God... this is really happening! Like in my dream... Ethan Drake, talking to me!

He instinctively stuck out his hand.

“Mr. Drake,” he babbled in his soft voice, “it’s such an *honor*-”

That was as far as he got. Before he could get out another word, Ethan Drake, billionaire CEO, accomplished athlete, Phil’s mentor and the richest man alive, stepped right up to him...

...and kissed him.

For a second, Phil didn’t know what to do. His eyes went wide. He felt like fainting.

This is really happening... I’m really kissing another man. And it’s Ethan fucking Drake!

Part of him wanted to push Ethan back. To shout loudly that he wasn’t *gay*.

But a bigger part of him quickly silenced it. With a feeling of abandonment, Phil tilted his head back, parted his lips, and let the handsome billionaire French kiss him.

Ethan’s tongue swirled around the inside of Phil’s pretty little mouth, possessing him, making him *his*. His stubble scratched at Phil’s soft cheeks, making him whimper slightly. Even with his eyes closed, he could *sense* the strong, black man’s body, towering over his weak and female one. Smaller than Markus, but still so tall, so athletic, so *commanding*...

Trembling, Phil let out a little, female whimper. He’d never been kissed by a man before, and it was *amazing*.

At long, long last, the billionaire disengaged his lips from Phil’s. He leaned back slightly, that cocky look still on his square-jawed face, and smiled down at Phil’s trembling, female form.

“How’s Daddy’s little girl?” He asked, casually hooking one strand of long blond hair back over Phil’s ear.

In response, Phil simply let out a little squeak. His legs felt like water. His vision woozy. In his bra, his nipples were hard.

That was incredible... he thought dimly, how often have I dreamed about doing that...?

“Markus tells me you were by the pool, arguing with someone.”

Phil blinked, his long eyelashes fluttering. He glanced round at Markus, standing stone-faced and

powerful by the elevator door.

What is he? Some kind of bodyguard...?

“A couple. We threw them out, sir,” Markus grunted, hands crossed behind his back. “Gave them some crap about breaking regulations by drinking near the pool.”

“Good work,” Ethan nodded brusquely, “make sure security know not to let them back in.”

He turned his deep, tender brown eyes back on Phil.

“No-one upsets my baby,” he murmured, one hand gently stroking Phil’s soft cheek.

The movement seemed to almost hypnotize Phil. He dreamily looked up at Ethan Drake, unable to believe what was happening. Unable to believe his hero had just called him *baby*.

“You don’t need to...” he mumbled, unable to stop looking helplessly into Ethan’s dark eyes, “I mean, they weren’t...”

“Of course not,” Ethan dropped him a tiny wink, so confident, so cocksure. “Whatever Daddy’s girl says.”

Abruptly, he turned, began walking towards the glass doors leading to the balcony, leaving Phil standing there, dazed, his pretty mouth dangling open.

“We’re taking the boat out later,” Ethan said, his hands casually slung into his pockets, “pick out something nice to wear. Markus, take her to the salon.”

Behind Phil, Markus let out an affirmative grunt. In Ethan’s presence, his manner was less gentle, more business-like.

“I want my little girl looking her best,” Ethan went on, opening the doors to the balcony and looking out at the distant, glittering ocean. “Jesse Franklin will be there, so make sure you’re all dolled-up.”

Phil blinked, slowly shook his pretty little head.

“Wait, sorry... Uh, *dolled up?*”

Stood out on the balcony, Ethan calmly turned back to Phil.

“Exactly.” He gave a thin smile, “show off those legs of yours. Maybe something tight on the bum.”

He pulled out his phone, casually swept the unlock pattern on the screen.

“I want Jesse to be shitting himself with jealousy. Hello? Ethan. Talk to me...”

And with that he sauntered back out onto the balcony, phone clutched against his ear, already lost in another business deal.

Phil stared dumbly after him, feeling deeply confused.

All these years, he’d imagined how it’d feel meeting Ethan Drake. How they’d smile, how they’d exchange ideas. How they’d treat one another with respect.

And now it had really happened, and the billionaire was telling him what to wear, organizing his life, and treating him like a piece of arm candy.

He... he just dismissed me. Like I was an object. Phil thought. Just a dumb thing with big tits that's meant to be stared at...

He knew he should be angry. Or upset. But, deep down, a part of him quite *liked* the way Ethan had just taken control. Quite liked the way his new husband was organizing his life for him.

Behind him, Markus gave a gentle cough.

"Miss Fifi?" He whispered, one large hand taking Phil's slender arm. "This way, please."

Two seconds later, they were in the elevator, dropping down into the bowels of the hotel.

From inside his bimbo form, Phil looked up at Markus. He hesitated.

"Is..." he asked in his soft, squeaky voice, "is he *always* like that?"

Markus shrugged.

"I wouldn't know, miss Fifi. He's your husband."

Phil nodded his pretty little head.

Yes. Yes, I suppose he is...

The two stood in silence for the rest of the journey, Phil occasionally casting glances at the large, powerful man stood next to him, but never quite daring to say anything.

IV

The waves slopped gently against the side of the yacht, each little dip of the sea making the deck bob slightly. All around them stretched out miles and miles of water, reflecting the pink-streaked sunset sky above. If you squinted, you could just about make out Dubai in the distance, its vast buildings hidden by heat haze.

Perched on his little bench, Phil gently crossed one smooth leg over the other, and concentrated on smiling and looking pretty.

The last few hours had been perhaps the weirdest in his life.

After leaving Ethan's penthouse, Phil had gone shopping in the vast mall attached to the hotel, followed everywhere by Markus, who politely carried his bags.

He'd discovered a credit card in Ethan's name in his handbag. He'd held it up to Markus, an uncertain look on his beautiful face.

"Do you think he wants me to... y'know, *use* it?"

Once again, Markus had shrugged.

"You know him better than I do, Miss Fifi. He did say you should wear something nice, though."

Ah yes, something 'nice'.

Despairingly, Phil had looked down at the figure-hugging dress Ginny had magicked him into. He couldn't see what was 'not nice' about what he was already wearing. But Ethan had given him specific instructions...

So, with a feeling of confusion, Phil had set out to buy his new body something to wear that would send any man who saw him wild.

At first he'd been worried that he'd screw up. That it would become obvious that he didn't have the faintest clue about women's clothes, and Markus would somehow realize that he was a man trapped in a girl's body.

He needn't have worried. From the moment they entered the first designer store, Phil had found himself surrounded by a phalanx of fashionable women and well-groomed men whose sole purpose in life seemed to be to make him look *gorgeous*.

They seemed to instinctively know what would look good with Phil's long, wavy blond hair. With his curvy hips, pert ass and big breasts. What would make him feel like a *goddess*.

Initially, Phil had resisted these chattering sales assistants, as they drew him aside into dressing rooms, held flimsy pieces of fabric up to him. The male part of his mind had been faintly disgusted by it all.

But gradually, as time went on, he'd begun to enjoy himself.

At one point, around the 3rd store, he'd stepped out of the dressing room, his body clad in a tiny black cocktail dress, a leather belt fastened stylishly around his tight waist. To his delight, he'd seen Markus's eyes go wide.

“What do you think, Markus?” He’d asked in his soft voice, turning and pouting his lips in the mirror.

Jesus, he remembered thinking, I look so... so...

“You look *perfect*, Miss Fifi,” Markus had said, firmly.

In the mirror, Phil had caught his eye. The big, strong man was watching him with an simple, honest look that made him involuntarily smile.

Yes, that’s the word...

On some level, he’d still been unable to believe that the glamorous woman in the mirror was *him*. Even after he’d had to wrestle the fabric of the dress down over his stupidly big boobs. Even after he’d been forced to spend an hour agonizing over what kind of panties to wear with his new heels.

Even so, Markus’s compliment made him feel all warm and cozy inside.

As he’d handed over Ethan’s credit card, he’d briefly glanced at the bill and nearly fallen over.

\$30,000! Holy fuck... how can one dress possibly cost that much?

Then he’d remembered who his new husband was and mentally shrugged.

\$30,000... he won’t even notice it.

Followed seconds later by the thought:

Christ. I’m getting used to this whole trophy wife thing a bit too easily...

“...issue we’re having with the latest takeover. Nothing that can’t be solved...”

Now, sat here on the boat, Phil looked at the man who’d magically become his sugar daddy and gave a tiny sigh.

Ever since they’d got on Ethan’s yacht, his husband (it still felt weird to think he had a *husband*) had been buried deep in conversation with Jesse Edison, or Jefferson, or whatever his name was.

They sat together on their sun loungers, going over business in low voices. When Phil had first been introduced to Jesse, he’d thought the older man was dashing, with his stylishly gray stubble and twinkling blue eyes.

Now, however, he was beginning to wish the new billionaire wasn’t *quite* so business-obsessed.

“Mind if I join you?”

Phil glanced up and automatically smiled at the sculpted face watching him from under waves of shiny black hair.

“No, not at all. Tiffany, right?”

“Tiffany,” the tall, beautiful woman said, tucking the edge of her dress under her long, slender legs and sitting down beside Phil, “that’s me.”

Jesse’s wife was like a supermodel. She was maybe 19 – probably a year older than Phil’s new body – with long, smooth legs, an elegant frame and two perky little breasts. Sat next to her, Phil felt absurd. Like a beached whale that was all tits and ass.

She so... stylish, he thought, enviously. *Look at her. She doesn't need stupid big boobs to get attention...*

Outwardly, though, he simply kept on smiling prettily.

"I love your dress," he heard himself say, "it's so *elegant*. Oh my God, I totally could *not* pull that off."

Tiffany looked down at herself.

"Oh, this thing? It's just something my assistant grabbed at the last minute." She reached out and gently touched the fabric of Phil's tiny, flimsy dress. "Now *this* is a dress. Wow, you must be so confident to go out in that..."

Dimly, Phil was aware they were both caught up in some weird-ass girl ritual of exchanging compliments that could be veiled insults, all mixed up with some self-deprecation.

Thank fuck that wish gave me an autopilot mode, otherwise I'd have no fucking clue what to say now...

Luckily his body did all the work for him, responding to Tiffany like talking designer dresses was the most-natural thing in the world.

"Oh, it's nothing," Phil heard his body say with a light little laugh. "I keep promising myself I'll get something *really* nice to wear, but I never do..."

He gently reached out and lightly – briefly – touched Tiffany's flowing dark hair.

"Who's your stylist. God, I *have* to get his number..."

The two girls were sat incredibly close now, their bare legs almost touching. Deep inside himself, Phil could see that Tiffany's face was maybe only 6 inches from his, closer than he'd ever been to a woman this beautiful before.

I could almost kiss her. All I'd have to do is lean forward...

But it was like his male-self had been neutered. He *knew* Tiffany was hot as hell. *Knew* that being this close to her should have made his heart go racing and the blood start rushing to his dick.

But his new body only knew these things in an abstract way. It was like being a guy, and seeing a handsome man pass in the street, and knowing he was handsome without ever wanting to do anything about it.

If his experiences kissing Ethan hadn't already confirmed it, Phil now knew without a shadow of a doubt that his female body was 100-percent straight.

"Oh *please*," Tiffany gave another, tinkling laugh, sweeping her hair back. "I just did this at home. But *your* hair..."

She shook her head as if she couldn't believe it.

"Like, *how* did you get it looking like that? It's totally *amazeballs*."

It better be amazeballs...

Phil's hair had taken an entire hour. An hour of lying in a chair at an eye-wateringly expensive

salon, making dumb, bimbo chat with the stylists. Having one girl do his nails at the same time while poor Markus sat squashed up in the corner, looking almost-comically out of place.

About halfway through, Phil had turned and given the big lug an apologetic smile.

“*Sorry it’s taking so long,*” he’d mouthed.

And Markus had just shifted uncomfortably, and muttered ‘not a problem, Miss Fifi,’ in such an unconvincing way that Phil had nearly burst into giggles.

Now, though, sat here with Tiffany, Phil didn’t feel like recounting the whole story.

Nor did he want Jesse’s annoyingly-pretty wife to know just *how* much effort his body had put into today’s look.

“Aw, it’s simple, really,” Phil lied, flashing his supermodel smile at Tiffany, “just a few strokes with a comb and I’m ready to go.”

Tiffany raised one eyebrow a fraction of an inch, a slightly-mocking slant to her smile. Shit, he’d overdone the modesty.

Christ, being a girl is complicated...

“Fifi? Hey, Fifi, baby.”

The sound of his husband’s voice sent a little thrill up Phil’s spine. With one last, dazzling smile at Tiffany, he turned to the two men sat on the deck.

The only two men. Now that I’m a girl...

“Yes, Ethan?” Just hearing the billionaire’s name roll off his tongue was enough to make Phil’s heart beat a little faster.

“Daddy wants a beer,” the handsome black man said, regarding Phil through his dark sunglasses.

For a second, Phil simply sat there, waiting expectantly. Then it slowly began to dawn on him.

“You-you want *me* to get it?”

“Thanks, babe, that’d be perfect,” Ethan smiled, turning back to Jesse. “Now, the issue with Johnson’s bid is...”

And just like that, he was ignoring the two women again, completely engrossed in business.

Phil sat there, unable to believe that was it. That *that* was the extent of their conversation. But Ethan and Jesse just kept right on talking, oblivious of their trophy wives.

“I guess you’d better do what daddy says,” Tiffany said, leaning backwards on the prow with a sigh. “You know how men like their beer.”

Know how men like their beer... Christ, it’s like we’re talking about an alien species or something...

With a feeling of irritation, Phil pulled himself to his feet. The breeze whipped around his cocktail dress, lifting up the edges, briefly exposing his panties to the world.

“Careful,” Tiffany remarked, “it’s windy.”

“Thanks,” muttered Phil. He was grateful just for a chance to get away from his counterpart for a

while. Not only did she look *amazing*, she seemed to needle Phil's new body somehow, in a way his male brain couldn't quite put its finger on.

With slow footsteps, he teetered across the deck in his heels, disappearing down into the cabin. As he lowered his head to pass through the door, he became aware the conversation had stopped for the first time.

Glancing over his shoulder, he saw both men had broken off talking to watch his ass wiggle as he walked.

"That's it, babe, just down there, like Daddy told you."

Phil flushed a furious shade of pink. Part of him wanted to go back and ask Ethan what the *fuck* he was doing, letting Jesse perv over his ass like that.

But then again, that was what a trophy wife was *for*, wasn't it? To be admired. Salivated over.

After all, no-one would keep Fifi around for the *conversation*, would they?

So instead Phil simply smiled at his new husband, turned, and disappeared into the cabin.

The wooden corridor was small, slightly-cramped. Phil vaguely remembered reading somewhere that Ethan Drake didn't like having a crew when out at sea. He wanted to be in absolute control of the environment and the people there.

Of course he doesn't need a crew, Phil thought irritably, *not when he's got a bimbo to do all his fetching and carrying. Why couldn't he have a mega-yacht like all the other billionaires?*

The fridge was low, tucked up in a corner. Phil wrenched the door open and bent over, his pert ass sticking up in the air, scanning the rows of bottles for a familiar label.

If he's just gonna treat me like staff...

He was still bent over like that, his short dress riding up his long, smooth legs, when he realized someone was in the room with him.

"Just watching you work," came the low, male voice, loaded with amusement.

Phil gave a little squeak and jumped upright, spinning round and pressing his sexy little bum up against the fridge.

Huh? He thought, *what's he doing here...?*

Standing at the bottom of the steps leading from the deck was Jesse Franklin. He leaned casually in the doorway, a careless smile on his handsome, middle-aged face. His piercing blue eyes lazily drifted across Phil's body, taking everything in.

"You look like you could use a hand."

"Huh? Oh, no. I'm fine," Phil flashed the older billionaire a smile. "I just couldn't quite decide..."

"Oh?" Jesse raised his eyebrows, a light dancing in his eyes. "Here, let me help you..."

"No, you don't have to..."

Before Phil could finish, Jesse had strode purposefully across the cabin, right up to poor little Phil. He stopped just before him, a leering smile on his face.

“J-Jesse...?” Phil squeaked, looking up at the tall man with a feeling of panic.

“Call me Daddy,” Jesse murmured, gently reaching out and stroking a lock of Phil’s long, blond hair back behind his ear.

The minute the billionaire touched him, Phil’s new body started to respond.

He felt his nipples begin to gently harden in his push-up bra. Felt the tight little hole between his legs start to loosen. Without meaning to do so, he inhaled sharply, breathing in the smell of Jesse’s sweat.

Oh my God, what am I doing...?

“Look at you,” Jesse was murmuring, his blue eyes fixed on Phil’s wide, innocent ones. “You’re such a hot piece of ass...”

He took another step forward. Phil instinctively tried to push back, but there was nowhere for him to go. His back bumped into the refrigerator. He was trapped.

“Jesse... Mr. Franklin... *Daddy*...”

“Shh...” Jesse whispered, gently putting one finger to Phil’s pouty lips. “Enough talk.”

His touch was electric. Just the faint feeling of his skin brushing his lips was enough to make Phil whimper helplessly. He gaped up at the billionaire through woozy eyes, trembling before him.

It’s like I’ve been reprogrammed... like money and power are all it takes to make me... make me...

Jesse gave the poor, cowering girl before him a cocky smile. Then slowly, he reached down, his fingertips dancing over the skin of Phil’s neck, of his clavicle, of his breasts...

“Oh!” Phil gave out a little, feminine gasp as Jesse delicately touched his cleavage. It was like he couldn’t help himself. He knew he should find it horrific, being touched that way by a guy in his fifties, but it was like his new body *refused* to be anything but aroused.

Jesse smirked at Phil’s girly sounds. He reached up his other hand and gently started massaging both of Phil’s big, heavy breasts.

“I’ve met a few girls like you in my lifetime,” he whispered as he gently squeezed and kneaded the flesh, sending shivers through Phil’s body. “You like being told what to do, don’t you? You like a man who takes control...”

Weakly, Phil tried to shake his pretty little head. Tried to call for Ethan. But nothing came out but faint little whimpers.

My husband’s just outside... can’t he hear us? Can’t he make it stop?

With slow, practiced movements, Jesse reached up and unhooked the strap of Phil’s dress from over one shoulder. It fell uselessly against his bare arm, tickling his soft flesh.

“Wait...” he breathed, suddenly scared. “Please, just wait...”

Jesse gave his head a tiny shake. He reached up, pulled the strap down from Phil’s other shoulder. Then he suddenly *grabbed* the top of Phil’s dress and *pulled*.

The flimsy fabric collapsed instantly, falling away from Phil's breasts like a dustsheet tumbling from a statue. With a little squeak, Phil looked down at his exposed cleavage, at his lacy bra, at the dress now bunched around his midriff.

"You know I love Tiffany," Jesse whispered gently, "but sometimes I just *wish* she'd listen to me about getting implants. When I see a girl like you..."

"They're real," Phil squeaked, and immediately felt like the dumbest little bitch ever.

Of all the words he could've said – stop, wait, help! – he wound up talking about his own goddamn breasts.

Jesse raised a friendly eyebrow.

"Real?" He murmured, his hands gently squeezing each of Phil's huge tits through the cups of his bra, the action making Phil want to close his eyes and start moaning and never stop.

This was nothing like getting your chest felt as a guy. This was like all his body's pleasure centers had suddenly been concentrated in his breasts, and only Jesse could access them.

Oh fuck... it feels so good... oh Jesus, help me...

"Show me."

The words cut through Phil's aroused state, making his eyes start open. He looked up at Jesse with dumb incomprehension.

"Wha-?"

"Your tits," Jesse said, "show them to me. *Now*."

Dazedly, Phil looked down at the big, pink things rising and falling in the bottom of his vision. He looked pleadingly up at Jesse.

"Do it. Show Daddy those big, fat titties of yours."

Phil tried to resist. He really did. But it was no good.

The simple fact of being told what to do was like a drug for his bimbo brain. At Jesse's quiet, authoritative voice, he felt a shiver pass across his skin, a warmth start spreading in his crotch. Helplessly, he felt himself reach up...

...and slip his bra straps off his shoulders.

The cool sea air caressed his naked, female flesh, making his nipples go hard as bullets. Jesse tugged the bra down until Phil's breasts dangled free, firm and pert and ripe.

The billionaire looked at the with a cocky smile...

"That's a good girl."

...and then he was touching Phil's titties, squeezing them, kneading them, tweaking the nipples, his face buried in Phil's neck, kissing his flesh, making Phil whimper and moan with a dark desire that threatened to overwhelm him.

As Jesse's lips kissed, nibbled at his neck, his stubble scratching his soft skin, Phil closed his eyes and leaned back. The billionaire was completely in control now, his hands possessing Phil's female body, turning him into nothing but a glorified blow up doll.

Phil swept his long hair back, aware he was moaning out loud, but unable to stop himself. Unable to push Jesse away. Unable to stop this wonderful nightmare from unfolding.

Stop... a part of him weakly pleaded, *he's old enough to be your dad. Please... stop...*

But the thought only made Phil's body feel even warmer. His breasts were gently swelling. He could feel moisture between his legs. His mind was a whirlwind.

"Daddy..." he whimpered in his soft, high-pitched voice, "oh, Daddy..."

In the warm darkness behind his eyes, Phil felt his pert ass rest on top of the fridge. Felt his smooth legs lift up, his thighs parting. Felt Jesse reach under his dress with rough, determined movements.

With a single tug, the billionaire *yanked* Phil's panties down, tearing them, ripping them off his body. He pushed the hem of Phil's dress up, so all that was left was a tiny bit of fabric coiled round his waist.

"No..." Phil tried to beg, "no..."

"Shh..." Jesse whispered in his ear. "Good girl... good little girl..."

He gently pulled Phil's legs apart. Stepped back. Propped up on the side, Phil opened his eyes and watched as the billionaire reached into his pants and pulled out something long and hard and thick.

"Oh my *God*..." he whimpered. "What about Ethan...?"

The handsome, middle-aged man smiled at him.

"Forget about Ethan. He's busy."

Then he wrapped a strong arm round Phil's slender back, pulled him forward and slipped his dick deep inside him.

Phil couldn't help it. The moment he felt Jesse's cock enter his pussy, he moaned out loud, a piercing, female sound that escaped his pouty lips and echoed round the cabin.

Oh Jesus no, we can't be doing this... we can't!

He knew he should scream. Or fight. Push Jesse off him and *run*. He knew he should...

But the pleasure was just too strong. The urge to be a submissive little bimbo too great. Through half-lidded eyes, Phil looked helplessly up at the billionaire crouching over him. He raised one dainty hand, let his long nails drift down Jesse's cheek.

"Fuck me," he whispered.

And then they were fucking. Actually *fucking*. Jesse thrust his hips, driving his long dick deep inside Phil, who bucked and moaned and whimpered, his platinum blond hair lying across his face in streaks, his bud-like lips dangling hopelessly open.

I shouldn't be enjoying this... I'm not gay... I'm a man. A straight man!

Yet Phil couldn't deny it. The moment he'd first laid eyes on Jesse, a big part of him had wondered what this would feel like. And now he knew.

It felt *wonderful*.

He clutched Jesse tight to him, savoring the way the billionaire grunted in his ear, his sour breath hot on Phil's elegant neck. He could feel Jesse's balls slapping against his naked ass, feeling his pussy *stretching* to accommodate the handsome older man's girth.

I've got a dick in me... an actual dick! Phil thought as he gasped and moaned, his body whispering stupid, babyish things in Jesse's ear. *I'm being fucked by a dude!*

He was being fucked like a little bimbo bitch. And, God help him, he was *loving* it.

"Oh Daddy..." he heard himself gasping, over and over again, "oh Daddy... *Daddy!*"

And all the while the older billionaire kept grunting, kept *smacking* his dick deep into Phil, the movement making his big titties jiggle and wobble. Like he was punishing him, like he was showing Phil what a dumb little bimbo bitch he now was.

They fucked roughly in the dark of the cabin, Phil's body writhing, its hips bucking of their own accord, drawing Jesse further in, into Phil's brand new womb. They fucked while Jesse growled in Phil's ear, and grabbed at his ass, holding his strong body right up against Phil's lithe, willowy one, squashing his breasts with his chest.

Then finally Jesse went stiff. He gave two short grunts while Phil moaned in his ear, pleading for *more*, then he sighed, and suddenly Phil felt something hot and sticky flooding his womb.

He clutched his female body hard against Jesse, tears pricking at the corner of his eyes, feeling another man's sperm flood into him.

This was the worst thing that had *ever* happened to him! He'd just been roughly fucked, by an old guy, and now he was letting that guy *spunk* inside him. It was horrible. Humiliating!

Yet the tears that threatened to go spilling out of Phil's eyes and down his soft cheeks weren't tears of shame or humiliation.

They were tears of happiness.

Jesse gave one last thrust of his hips, making Phil groan out loud, then it was over, as quickly as it had begun. He stepped backwards, leaving Phil perched on the edge of the refrigerator, his legs spread wide, and a mournful craving deep in his pussy, like it needed to be filled some more.

"Oh, Daddy," he heard himself whimper, "Daddy, that was *so good...*"

"Jesus, that's a sweet ass you've got," muttered Jesse, as he slipped his cock back inside his pants, "oh fuck, you nearly gave me a heart attack."

They were both panting, their bodies slick with sweat. Phil could still feel Jesse's come inside him, lining the walls of his pussy, a tiny bead of it dribbling out.

Fuck, I gotta remember to take the pill. Can you even get it in Dubai?

"Get yourself cleaned up," the billionaire said. "I'll see you up top."

Then, without another word, he turned and jogged back up the wooden steps, back onto the deck of the yacht.

For a long time, Phil just leaned there, his long blond hair lying across his face in streaks, his heart racing in his generous chest, unable to believe what had just happened.

He'd just been fucked. As a girl. He'd invited a man's dick *inside* him. Willingly. And now he was full of his sperm.

That was incredible, if I could just keep going...

For a second, he nearly slipped a finger inside himself. Anything to get that feeling back, that feeling of overwhelming pleasure.

In the end, though, he simply sat up. His big boobs dangling, Phil hunted round on the floor till he found his bra and slipped it back on. He pulled his dress up, ran his hands through his hair, praying no-one would notice. Then he picked up two beers and went back up top.

Jesse and Ethan were chatting away like nothing had happened, locked deep in their business talk. Tiffany lounged on the bench by the prow, right where Phil had left her. On the horizon, the faint outline of Dubai grew darker as the sun slid toward the horizon, bringing with it the endless possibilities of night.

"Here you are, Daddy," Phil said in his soft, squeaky voice as he handed Ethan a beer.

The strong black man took it without a word, too busy with his conversation to even grunt a thank you. Phil hesitated, then held the other bottle out to Jesse.

"I got you one, too, Mr. Franklin."

"Sure. Thanks," Jesse said brusquely, not even looking at him. "Now, Ethan, about that HK office you were talking about opening..."

For a second, Phil stood there, waiting for one of the two men to acknowledge him. When they didn't, he sighed, turned and went and flopped down next to Tiffany.

"You sure were a long time," Jesse's trophy wife said, nonchalantly.

Phil forced up a smile, aware he still had that dazed, post-sex look on his face, his vision still slightly hazy from the fucking he'd just received.

"Oh, I, uh... I didn't know what to get. Jesse helped me."

"I'll bet he did." Tiffany gave him a smile that didn't reach her eyes. "Still, I think *I* got the better deal."

Phil frowned slightly.

"I don't follow."

Tiffany gave a casual shrug.

"While you and my husband were, uh, *getting beer*, me and Ethan had a little chat."

"So?"

"So, Fifi," Tiffany leaned back, her dark eyes delightedly dancing over Ethan's form, "let's just say Ethan *really* knows how to *chat* to a girl."

She sighed happily.

"In fact, I'd probably say he's better at *chatting* than any other guy I've ever had."

In the silence that followed, a cool gust of wind blew across the deck, making Phil's long, blond

hair trail out around him. He looked at his new husband with dumb, hurt bimbo's eyes. Somewhere, far away on the breeze, he felt like he could almost hear Ginny laughing.

“What do you think?”

In the far corner of the bedroom, Markus looked up from his phone. He frowned.

“Miss Fifi, I can honestly say that you look beautiful no matter what you wear.”

In the mirror, Phil saw Fifi smile, her blue eyes crinkling with pleasure.

“Thanks, Markus,” he said in his soft voice.

A sudden look of mischief spread across his beautiful features.

“Has anyone ever told you you’re a *total* flirt?”

To his disappointment, Markus didn’t even smile. He just shook his large head, a serious expression on his rugged features.

“Not with Mr. Drake’s wife, I’m not.”

Stood before the full-length mirror, Phil gave a tiny sigh.

“Of course,” he murmured. “Not with Mr. Drake’s wife...”

It was now a week since Ginny had clicked her fingers and transformed him from happily-married everyman Phil to unhappily-married bimbo bombshell Fifi. In that short time alone, Phil had already felt his estimation of Ethan Drake drop off a cliff.

He barely ever saw his new husband. Ethan was always busy with work, or client meetings, or examining the hotel.

When the two *did* meet, it was usually so Ethan could tell him to dress up for some social occasion, and make sure to smile at this rich guy or other. And then Phil would have to spend at least two hours getting ready, just to go and stand next to Ethan, smiling away like some dumb piece of arm candy.

Nobody talked to him in his new body. *Nobody*. When they went out, people only wanted to see Ethan. Oh, sure, they’d drop Phil some pleasantries, making sure they got a big eyeful of his breasts while they were at it, but real conversation? Nu-uh.

In their own way, the wives of these men were even worse. Phil had never met such a bunch of vacuous, beautiful, nasty bitches in all his life.

They were idiots, every last one of them. Idiots or else casually cruel, deliberately needling Phil, trying to make him feel bad about his stupid big tits or ridiculous ass.

Stood before the mirror, Phil glanced down at the big pair of Double-Hs Ginny had cruelly given him and felt like crying.

He used to think that large-breasted women had it made. That their lives must be so much easier, because men would do whatever they wanted.

But now he *was* a large-breasted woman, he was discovering just how much it sucked to be stacked like this. The wearying pain in his back. The way his boobs were always just *there*, never letting him forget his humiliating transformation.

Men stared at them, practically drooling into his cleavage. Women looked at them with open disdain, clearly thinking no-one as slender as Phil could get breasts *that* big without surgery (or magic). And everyone, *everyone* seemed to think he was an airheaded idiot.

“Markus?” Phil asked quietly. “Do you think I’m...”

He hesitated.

“Do you think I’m a *bimbo*.”

In the mirror, he saw the big, strong man look at him thoughtfully.

“What do you mean by that, Miss Fifi?”

“You know.” Phil sighed. “A bimbo. Blond. Dumb. Big tits and a fat ass. Dresses...”

He gestured the bubblegum pink dress he’d forced his body into for the party that evening, the one that stopped just below his ass and just above his bra.

“...like *this*.”

Behind him, Markus shrugged his impossibly broad shoulders.

“Sounds like you’ve already made your mind up, Miss.”

In the mirror, Fifi gave a small, sad smile.

“Maybe I have, Markus. Maybe I have.”

After the incident with Jesse on the boat, he’d tried his best to fit into his new life. For a couple of days, he’d convinced himself that shopping and being pampered was fun, and having money to blow while looking like *this* was kinda a dream come true.

He’d even made an effort with Ethan. Their first night in bed together, Phil had crawled up next to him, rested his pretty little head on the billionaire’s strong dark chest and started kissing him, savoring his taste, savoring his strength.

If I’m stuck like this, he remembered thinking, *I’m gonna make sure that my new life is perfect...*

But Ethan had simply lain there, then shrugged him off.

“Daddy’s tired, Fifi. Be a good girl and get some sleep, huh?”

And then he’d rolled over, leaving Phil all alone on his side of their vast bed, confused and hurt and wondering what the hell was wrong with the world.

He knew Ethan slept around with other women. Probably enough to qualify as a sex addict. But he hadn’t realized just how detached it left him from his life at home. To his horror, it had dawned on Phil that he really was just a kind of trophy. A pretty thing for people to admire while Ethan got on with the *real* business of running his many companies.

Doesn’t he find me attractive? He’d thought unhappily. *He’d go mad if another man touched me without his permission... he must know I’m beautiful...*

But if he did, Ethan didn’t show it. During the entire week, they’d had a ‘romantic’ encounter exactly once, when Phil had begged Ethan to let him give him a blowjob and Ethan had eventually sighed and acquiesced.

Crouched before his husband, slobbering miserably all over his big black dick, Phil had finally realized there was only one possible conclusion to his story.

He either found the lamp and wished himself back to normal. Or he went completely mad.

The only trouble was that was easier said than done.

“Did you hear any more about the lamp?” Phil asked, turning to Markus. “Any news?”

Markus shook his head.

“I’ve sent out word, got a lot of antique dealers looking, but it’s not so simple, Miss. There’s about a dozen regular Bedouin markets, with about fifty traders each, and no-one knows what this lamp of yours is supposed to look like...”

He spread his thick, meaty hands wide in a hopeless gesture.

“If you could give us some information, we might be able to track it. But at the moment...”

“I know,” sighed Phil. “I really do. But I just heard about it in passing. Someone said it would make an *amazing* mantelpiece for the penthouse...”

He hadn’t told Markus what the lamp really was, obviously. He’d hoped with the strong man’s contacts and his new husband’s billions, he’d just be able to get it found for him.

But as the days slipped by, it became clearer and clearer that Phil’s old life really was lost forever.

He shook his pretty head and smiled sadly at the gentle giant.

“You’re good to me, Markus, you really are. If you weren’t around, I think I’d just... I dunno. Start screaming and never stop.”

“Don’t say that, Miss Fifi,” Markus said, shifting uncomfortably, “you’ve got everything here. Money, a husband...”

At the word *husband*, Phil gave a bitter little laugh.

“I guess I’m living a girl’s dream life alright.” He looked down at his dress, suddenly filled with revulsion at who he was, what he was wearing, the *stupid* party he was meant to go to this evening.

“Help me out this dress. I think I’m gonna cry.”

Markus’s heavy footsteps thudded across the room as Phil turned away and wiped at his eyes with one dainty little hand. Ever since becoming a girl, he’d found he wanted to cry a *lot* more often. He also seemed happier asking for help, especially from men.

Especially from big, strong, protective men like Markus.

“Here,” Markus whispered, coming to a stop behind Phil and gently touching his shoulder, “don’t cry, Miss Fifi.”

“Please don’t call me that,” Phil sniffed, feeling himself well up, “my name’s not Fifi, it’s...”

Once again, the magic kicked in, snatching his words away.

“It’s *Fifi*. Oh, *fuck*.” He angrily stamped his foot, hating the way even that simple movement

made his big breasts wobble. “That’s it, I just can’t take it anymore...”

He turned and flopped despairingly down on the edge of the bed, big, salty girl-tears starting to trickle down his soft cheeks.

“I’m *miserable*, Markus!” He squealed up at the big man towering over him. “My life... it-it fucking *sucks*!”

He dabbed at his eyes.

“I wish I wasn’t Fifi anymore. I *wish* you could find that *stupid* lamp. I wish...”

And then he was crying so hard he couldn’t get another word out through his tears.

He sobbed and sobbed and sobbed, his pretty face buried in his dainty hands. He sobbed until he thought he could cry no more, cried for his lost life, his shattered dreams.

At last, he felt the bed sink beside him as Markus sat down, his big weight causing the mattress to creak and groan.

“Miss Fifi...” Phil heard the strong, rugged man say uncomfortably, “please, please don’t...”

“Oh shut up.” Phil sniffed. “Shut up and hold me.”

Then he turned and buried his face in the gentle giant’s chest, while Markus wrapped two enormous, protective arms round his tiny frame and gently stroked his long blond hair.

The two of them sat there like that for what felt like forever, Phil feeling his tears run into Markus’s shirt. Feeling the strong man’s raw *power*. His strength...

He’s so protective... so powerful... I wish I had a man like him...

He was aware how strange this should be. Being comforted as a girl. Being treated like a helpless little bimbo who couldn’t stop crying.

But at the same time, it just felt so... *right*. So natural to be comforted like this.

God help him, but having a man to look after him really did make Phil feel so much better.

At long, long last, Phil’s tears dried up. He stayed curled up in Markus’s arms, sniffing to himself. Feeling like a silly little girl.

“Better?” He heard the gentle giant whisper in his ear.

Phil gently nodded his pretty little head. Markus squeezed his shoulders.

“You shouldn’t cry, Miss Fifi. He might not show it, but Mr. Drake loves you...”

“Don’t talk to me about Ethan,” Phil whispered, clutching his body tight against Markus’s impossibly strong frame. “Not now.”

He tilted his head back and looked up into Markus’s rugged face. At its blond stubble. At his blue eyes. At his soft, concerned expression.

“I need to find that lamp,” he whispered. “Or else... or else...”

Oh God, he was going to cry again. With a little whimper, Phil felt tears pricking at his eyes. Felt his beautiful face start to crumple...

“Miss Fifi, please...”

One of Markus's big, strong fingers tucked itself under Phil's chin, raised his face up. He felt the big man stroking his cheek gently, saw the sympathy in his eyes.

He's so big... so caring...

"We're looking for it," Markus was saying. "I promise you. If that's what it take to make you feel better, miss, I won't stop looking till we've found that lamp, and..."

That was as far as he got. Before he knew what he was doing, Phil reached up and kissed him.

It was a gentle, tender kiss. Not like the cocky kiss Ethan had given him. Not like the rough kisses Jesse had left on his neck.

This was a kiss that seemed to make Phil's new body feel all warm. Protected. Safe.

They kissed for maybe half-a-minute, Phil's pouty lips locked against Markus's thin ones, then the gentle giant pulled back and looked down at Phil with sadness in his eyes.

"Miss Fifi... I can't. Please don't make me..."

"Oh, *hush*," said Phil, getting to his feet. "I'm fed up with people telling me what I can and can't do."

His heart was thudding in his big chest, his legs trembling. But suddenly everything seemed very clear. Very simple.

"I'm fed up with being the girl other people want me to be," he said as he clasped the hem of his dress, his tears suddenly all dried up, "Tonight, I'm going to do what *I* want."

Then he pulled his dress off over his head, and stood before Markus dressed in only his underwear.

The effect on the strong man sat before him was almost comical. Markus's eyes went wide. He slowly shook his big head.

"Miss Fifi..." he begged, "you need to get your dress back on *right now*. What about your party? What about-?"

"Fuck my stupid party," Phil said, clearly, unhooking his bra strap. "And don't say another *word* Markus, or I'll call up Ethan and have you fired."

A pulse was pounding in his temples. Suddenly, Phil new *exactly* what he wanted. Exactly what Fifi had been longing for since he'd been turned into her.

He pulled his bra off, dropped it to the floor. Bent forward and pulled down his panties. Markus watched him with something like terror in his eyes, torn between loyalty to his boss, and the simple fact that here was a beautiful woman, *desperate* to fuck him.

"I'm in charge now," Phil whispered in his soft voice, standing defiantly naked before Markus. With a feeling of pleasure, he noted that the big, strong man was already getting a boner.

Look at that... I bet his cock is as big as the rest of him...

"And you're going to do what *I* tell you to, got that?" His eyes narrowed. He hoped that somewhere, Ginny was able to hear him.

Slowly, he stepped forward. With lithe, graceful movements, he slipped into Markus's lap,

straddling him, his naked pussy pressed *hard* against his crotch, his slender legs wrapped round his waist.

The big man looked helplessly down at Phil's breasts, dangling free, their nipples hard. Phil smiled to himself, then he leaned forward. Leaned forward until their lips were almost touching, gently grinding his hips against Markus, making his cock get harder and harder and harder.

"And what I *want*," Phil breathed, his breath tickling Markus's lips, "is to *fuck*."

For a long time, the strong man seemed frozen, hypnotized by Phil's body, by his sexual desire. Phil gently rubbed his pussy up against Markus's dick, watching him with a hungry smile. Refusing to be the demure little bimbo anymore.

At long last, Markus gave a tiny little nod.

"Yes, Miss Fifi," he whispered, helplessly.

Phil smiled. The first real smile since his transformation. He leaned forward and kissed Markus again, letting the strong man's tongue invade his mouth, trying to drink him in, to possess him.

God that feels good...

Then he pulled back, wrapped his slender arms around Markus's thick neck and smiled at him.

"I have an idea..." he purred.

*

The penthouse apartment was vast, dark, empty. Ethan was downstairs somewhere at his party, waiting for Fifi, waiting for his trophy wife.

Well, thought Phil, *he can wait a little longer*.

"Here we are," he said, turning, his hands on his hips, and looking up at Markus. "What do you think?"

The gentle giant simply shook his head in wonder, unable to take his eyes off the girl stood before him. The beautiful girl wearing nothing but her black stiletto heels and the jewelry her billionaire husband had given her.

I look like every man's sex fantasy. There's no way he can resist me...

"Good," Phil said before Markus could respond, enjoying his sudden sense of *power*. "I'm glad you like it. Now here's what's gonna happen..."

His eyes drifted down to the enormous boner poking against the fabric of the strong man's pants. It should've been horrifying. But Phil had been in his new body long enough to completely shake off his revulsion towards cocks, of his fear of seeming *gay*.

He was a straight girl now. And through his straight girl-eyes, Markus's dick looked *fantastic*.

"You're gonna throw me down on that rug," Phil said, his soft voice firm. "And you're gonna fuck me harder than you've ever fucked anyone in your life, got that?"

Weakly, Markus shook his head.

"M-miss Fifi..."

“Shut up.” Phil said. “You’re not in charge. *I* am.”

He smiled up at the big lug before him. At the strong man who could break every bone in his body if he wanted to, but now stood so helplessly before him, so hypnotized by lust.

“And I’m *ordering* you to fuck me.”

Markus didn’t move. He stood frozen to the spot, unable to take his eyes off Phil’s glorious naked body, but clearly scared of what it would mean for his job.

Phil sighed and rolled his eyes, acting far more confident than he felt.

“Fine, if you need some encouragement...”

He turned. With expert grace, he lowered himself down onto the thick expensive rug before the velvet sofa, his body curving like some hot chick in a strip club.

He gently crouched down on his hands and knees, his body curled forward, his big breasts dangling, their nipples brushing against the carpet, his ass poking high up into the air, his pussy on display. His high heels poked out behind him, his diamond necklace hung heavy around his neck.

With a supermodel smile, he turned and looked over his shoulder at the big brute stood behind him. He gently wiggled his ass, inviting him down, letting Markus see his hole, see how *wet* he was.

A bead of moisture ran down the inside of Phil’s thigh, making him tremble. He gave a happy sigh.

“Now. Get on your knees.”

With a quiet moan, Markus lowered himself down onto the rug behind Phil. He reached out two big, trembling hands, ran them tenderly over Phil’s upraised ass.

“Miss Fifi...”

“Don’t speak,” Phil said, his mind spinning at the way Markus towered over him, an urgent craving starting up in his crotch. “Now, unzip your fly and take your cock out.”

He heard the sound of a zipper, opening hesitantly. Then Markus was holding something in his hand. Something *gigantic*. As big and thick as a club.

The giant took his big dick, angled it towards Phil’s pussy, leaned forward...

“No.” Phil said. “Not yet.”

Markus froze behind him. Phil knew he was about to burst, knew the sight of Fifi’s pornstar body was sending him mad.

Good. Let him wait...

Phil closed his eyes. A blissful smile on his beautiful face.

“I’ve always wanted to try this,” he whispered.

Then he leaned backwards, until Markus’s cock was pressed against his ass, and started slowly grinding his hips, running his big butt cheeks up and down the giant’s cock.

The effect was instantaneous. Electric. Behind him, he heard Markus give a hopeless groan. His two big hands clutched Phil's hips, like two gigantic slabs of meat. Phil began grinding harder, his own breath coming out in gasps.

"You like that, huh?" He whispered, "you like my big fat bimbo ass?"

He turned and peered over his shoulder as Markus nodded helplessly, his eyes closed, his mouth open. His big dick sat between Phil's ass cheeks, getting harder as he ground against it. Getting bigger.

"I bet you *love* that fucking ass of mine, don't you?" Phil whispered, a savage smile on his pouty lips. "I bet you can't *wait* to fuck it. Go on. Say it. Say you can't *wait* to fuck my ass."

"I-I can't *wait* to fuck your ass, Miss Fifi," Markus whimpered. Hearing such a strong man, with such a deep, powerful voice, talk like that made Phil's pussy wetter than ever.

He could feel tiny beads of pre-come, dribbling down from the tip of Markus's cock. Sticking to his ass, trickling over his anus. Phil closed his eyes and *moaned*, already feeling hotter than he had in *years*.

It was like, as a girl, he didn't *need* to touch his crotch to get himself off. Any sensation was good enough. Any sensation or any erotic situation was enough to make him dizzy with desire.

"Good..." Phil whispered, grinding harder against Markus's big dick, "coz when I say *three*, you're gonna take that big fat prick of yours and you're gonna *fuck* Miss Fifi. Ready?"

He could tell that hearing his female body say words like *prick* and *fuck* was making Markus harder than ever. He smiled to himself.

"One... two..." He leaned forward, moving his ass away from Markus's dick. Closed his eyes.

For one frozen moment, the two men simply waited, Markus helplessly watching Phil from inside his big, male body, Phil trembling with expectation inside his delicate, female one.

"*Three.*"

One of Markus's big hands grabbed Phil's hip, tight. The other grabbed hold of the big man's cock. In the dark, Phil could *feel* the giant angle his hips, take a deep breath...

...and then he stuck his big dick deep into Phil's pussy.

Markus's girth was *enormous*. His cock *stretched* the walls of Phil's pussy, making him gasp loudly, his pretty little mouth dangling open.

The tip sank further in. Deeper... deeper... until it had penetrated deep inside Phil's womb, making his entire body tingle with electric.

Phil screwed up his face, buried his head in his arms and let out a helpless squeak. His big boobies dangled from his frame, their nipples suddenly so tender that the touch of the rug felt like fire. His whole body was alive. Markus's cock filled him completely, making him want to scream out loud.

And then the giant began thrusting.

He started slowly at first, then got faster and faster, until his balls were *thwacking* against Phil's clit, making him squeal and his eyes go blurry with pleasure.

Each movement made Phil's big titties jiggle, jumping and bouncing. Each thrust made his ass cheeks wobble. Each thrust made him feel like he was going to faint or simply collapse in an incoherent, babbling heap, driven mad by pleasure.

"Oh my God yes!" He heard himself squeak through gritted teeth. "Oh yes! That's it. *Fuck me!*" Markus didn't need telling twice.

With a grunt, he grabbed Phil's hips and *pulled* them backwards, until Phil was in a hopelessly feminine position, his torso squashed against the rug, his big ass and pussy raised high into the air. He closed his eyes and squealed as Markus hammered into him, roughly fucking him like the pathetic little bimbo he was.

Phil knew he was screaming helplessly. Knew he was shrieking meaningless, hysterical words, but he couldn't stop himself.

It was like Markus had a hotline direct to the pleasure centers of Phil's body, and was activating everything at once.

They fucked for what felt like forever, Phil moaning and bucking, Markus thrusting and groaning. Then suddenly, Markus's balls *whacked* against Phil's clit particularly hard, and Phil was coming, his mouth dangling open, his face screwed up as waves and waves of pleasure washed over him, obliterating everything around him.

He came for an eternity, his entire body shivering, his orgasm stretching on into infinity. Then, just as it started to fade Markus gave a loud grunt and went stiff and then waves and waves of hot, sticky come were flooding into Phil's womb.

With a happy sigh, Phil thrust his ass back against Markus's crotch, milking the big man's dick, not wanting a single drop of sperm to go to waste. He closed his eyes and smiled.

I did it... I took control. Today, I was in charge...

He felt like he'd beaten Ginny, beaten Tricia's stupid wish. Beaten the horrible role that had been forced on him.

Finally, I got what I wanted...

At last, Markus had finished. With gentle movements, he pulled out of Phil, his dick so big that the movement made Phil groan out loud all over again.

Then he was free, and Phil collapsed on the carpet, rolled on his back and smiled up at the man who'd just given him the best fuck of his life.

"Thank you, Markus," he whispered, feeling like he was floating on a vast pink cloud. "I needed that..."

The gentle giant smiled down at him, shaking his head in wonder.

"Miss Fifi..."

Phil shook his pretty little head.

"Nu-uh," he giggled. "No *miss*. It's just Fifi from now on."

Markus looked at him doubtfully.

He's so cute, the big old lug...

"OK, mi-uh... Fifi. I've... I've..." He swallowed, "I've wanted to do that for a *very* long time."

Sprawled out on the thick rug before him, dressed only in his expensive heels and husband's jewelry, Phil smiled with sheer happiness.

"You're not the only one," he giggled.

At that moment, he suddenly felt *glad* that Tricia had made her stupid wish.

*

"So... you're saying this lamp *grants wishes*?"

Phil raised his pretty little head off Markus's broad chest, and looked up at his lover. The two of them were lying in Fifi's bed now, cuddled up together.

"It's true," he whispered, quietly. "Whoever rubs it gets three wishes. And the genie can make *anything* happen."

Markus shook his head, incredulously.

"But Miss... sorry, *Fifi*. I *remember* you. You can't have just suddenly *appeared* as Ethan's wife one week ago. I've known you for..."

"It's true," Phil said in his soft voice, "I used to be just a normal person, then someone made a wish and..."

He gave Markus a sad little smile.

"Here I am."

The giant sighed and closed his eyes.

"I'm still having trouble with this," he muttered. "You tell me you're *not* Fifi, you tell me you're not even really a *girl*..."

He let out a laugh.

"It sounds *crazy*."

Phil shrugged his slender shoulders.

"Believe what you want," he said. "You'll see. When I find the lamp, you'll see."

For a long time, Markus said nothing. When he did speak at last, his voice was strained.

"If you *did* find the lamp... Would you... Well. Would you want to...?"

"What?"

"*Stop* being Fifi?"

"I don't know," Phil sighed. "Probably. I mean, don't get me wrong, being here with you now, I'm so, so happy. But..."

He helplessly shook his pretty little head.

"It's just a fantasy, isn't it? I'm really a *man*. I have a life. I can't just throw all that away... not for..." he gestured his body, "*this*."

Markus didn't reply. For a long time, the two lay in silence. Then Markus shifted his big bulk.

"If you'll excuse me, Miss Fifi, I've just gotta check on something."

"Stop with the *miss*," Phil said, giving his arm a weak girl-punch, "it's *Fifi*."

He half-expected Markus to protest. Or pretend Phil's pathetic punch had hurt him. But he just got to his feet, gave Phil a quick little smile.

"Won't be long," he murmured. "You stay here."

Then he was off, vanishing out the doorway, into the depths of the apartment.

Phil watched him go, then rolled onto his back with a sigh.

Poor old Markus... to hear that magic was real, and that your entire life had been altered by somebody else's wish must be *hard*... Too bad Phil couldn't use the lamp to wish this strong man into his old life, but he had a feeling Tricia would object if male-Phil started having an affair with a big, rugged bodyguard...

Phil glanced down at Fifi's body. At his big breasts, pointing up into the air. At his ridiculous waist and tight little pussy.

In a way, he would miss this. There was something about Fifi's body that made him feel kinda comfortable. The way it felt around him. The way it reacted to the smallest stimulation...

"Course," Phil whispered in his soft voice, "I won't miss *these*..."

He gave his tits a little squeeze, shaking his head in wonder. They were *too* big by far. Maybe he could've lived with a C-cup. Even a pair of Double-Ds. But these were just *absurd*...

"Not long now," he murmured to himself. "We'll find the lamp. I know we will."

It was at that moment that Markus's phone buzzed on the bedside table.

Normally, Phil would've just ignored it. But something made him reach out and idly check the screen. Made him see the text and open it, vaguely wondering what Markus's messages sounded like. Made him read it...

....and freeze.

No... no, it's not possible. He wouldn't...

The message was from someone Phil didn't know, but the words made his blood run cold. There, in stark black and white, the text read:

DID YOU GIVE HER THE LAMP YET?

A feeling of panic rising in his large chest, Phil flipped back through the thread, reading in mounting horror the story of how Markus's people had found the lamp that morning, how they had given it to Markus to give to Phil. How Markus had decided to wait until after the party, when Phil was with Ethan...

A faint murmur reached Phil's ears. Someone was talking in the apartment. He jumped up to his feet, a sudden, horrible feeling washing over him.

Without bothering to grab his clothes, he ran out into the penthouse suite, his big boobies bouncing, Markus's phone clasped in his hand. He ran as fast as his little legs would carry him,

terrified of what he'd find, terrified of seeing...

And then he burst through into the living room and felt a horrified moan escape his lips.

Markus was stood in the center of the room, an old, battered brass lamp clasped in his big hands. His expression was serious, his face etched with determination.

But that wasn't what made Phil feel like screaming.

It was the woman he was talking to that did that.

"Why, *hello* Fifi," drawled Ginny, a sadistic smile on her handsome face, "long time no see."

"Markus!" Phil squeaked. "What-?!"

Markus slowly turned, gave Phil a smile.

"It's OK, Fifi," he whispered. "Don't worry. It's for the best."

Phil wildly shook his head, his heart pounding in his chest, unable to believe what he was hearing.

"*What* is? What did you do?" He turned to Ginny. "Tell me!"

"Oh, Markus here just made a few wishes," the genie said, casually. "And I think you'll agree they're *quite interesting*."

Her eyes narrowed.

"Especially as they involve you, my dear."

Phil started to back away, holding up one hand, as if he could stop the magic with his arms alone. He threw Markus a wild look.

"Markus... please..."

"Sorry," Ginny shrugged. "He's already made his wishes. No going back now."

She laughed, raising one hand, thumb and forefinger poised.

"Besides. I think you're going to *like* your new life, Fifi."

Phil couldn't help it. He screamed.

He screamed and turned and *ran*, screaming as Ginny's laughter echoed throughout the entire apartment, trying to outrun his fate, trying to outrun the wish.

He screamed as Ginny clicked her fingers, screamed as the magical wind started up, screamed as everything *changed*...

...and then he screamed no more.

Epilogue

The boat bobbed over the waves, heading for the shore. In the distance, Dubai rose slowly into the air; the greatest, richest city in the Middle East.

Stood on the prow, his hands casually thrust into his suit pockets, Markus watched the city approach and smiled.

Already, he could see his new hotel, shimmering in the desert heat. The vast tower that would top even the Burj Khalifa when it was done. The one crowned with the sign bearing his name and company.

MARKUS STONE HOTELS it read, in giant letters that could be seen across the city.

Perfect, thought the big, strong man, happily. *What else would you expect from the world's richest man?*

There were footsteps behind him, the clack of heels on wood, and then his young wife was stood beside him, clinging to one of his big, strong arms, a perfect smile on her perfect features.

Markus turned and smiled down at the girl of his dreams. The girl who now loved him unconditionally. Who couldn't even *conceive* of being unfaithful to him, or doing anything but being the happiest, most-obedient wife who ever lived.

His wish would see to that.

"Well?" He murmured, "what do you think?"

Fifi smiled up at him.

"It's *beautiful*," she sighed, happily. "Oh Markus, I love Dubai."

She giggled and squeezed his arm.

"Not as much as I love *you*, of course..."

Markus gave a grunt of approval. He casually reached down and squeezed his wife's ass with one big hand.

"I could tell," he whispered in her ear, "especially after last night..."

Fifi smiled up at him. She was hopelessly in love with this big man. With this billionaire who treated her like a princess. Who made her feel loved and warm and special.

Who was fucking *incredible* in the sack.

She sighed and kissed his arm.

"I'm so happy right now," she murmured, "ever since I met you, it's like..."

She hesitated.

"It's like I'm living a dream. Like this is all a fantasy, and really I'm just lying somewhere else imagining it all."

"Yeah?" Markus asked, cautiously. "Hey, in your fantasy, I mean, the other you that's lying somewhere..."

Fifi looked dumbly up at him, waiting for him to go on.

“Do you ever think...” Markus said, slowly, “that they might be a... well. A *he*.”

Fifi looked at him like he was an idiot.

“What? Like I might be a *guy*? Fuck that.” She angrily swatted his arm. “Why would you say that?”

“Just wondering,” Markus lied, rubbing his arm like Fifi’s weak punch had somehow hurt him. “So, you don’t remember being a... being a *man* or anything, do you?”

“You’re acting *weird* today,” his trophy wife pouted. “Why are you calling me a *dude*?”

Markus smiled. A secretive smile as he looked down at his perfect wife.

“I’m just joking,” he said. “What’s say you go get Daddy a beer?”

Fifi rolled her eyes at him, but the smile returned to her beautiful face.

“You’re such a lazy asshole,” she chided.

But nonetheless, she turned and sauntered across the deck, her cute bum wiggling in her panties, her perky C-cup breasts bouncing in her bikini. She didn’t know Markus had seen fit to make a few... changes in her.

Changes for the better, Markus thought to himself.

“Hey!” She shouted across the deck. “HEY! ETHAN!”

There was a pause, then their handsome butler stuck his dark, square-jawed face out from cabin.

“Yes, Miss Fifi?”

“My husband wants a beer,” she called. “Be a doll and go fetch one, would you?”

Markus watched as Ethan struggled. Saw him desperately try to fight his magical programming. The wish hadn’t wiped *his* memory, after all.

Ethan Drake, the obedient butler, could remember *exactly* who he used to be.

It was useless. With a feeling of satisfaction, Markus watched as Ethan’s body gave an obedient little smile and nodded.

“At once, Miss Fifi.”

Then their butler turned and strode off into the depths of the cabin, perfectly obedient, as always, even when it was 40C, like now, and he was sweltering in his stupid butler’s outfit.

If anyone deserves that life, Markus thought to himself, *it’s you, Ethan*.

Outwardly, he smiled as Fifi trotted back over to him, a brilliant smile on her perfect face.

“I was just thinking how beautiful you look,” Markus murmured down at her.

“You’re *such* a flirt,” giggled Fifi. “But you know what? I like it.”

Then she stood up on tiptoes and the two of them kissed, a passionate, tender kiss, as all of their kisses were magically fated to be.

“I love you,” Fifi whispered in her soft little voice. “I love you so, so much.”

Markus smiled.

“I love you too, babe.”

“Isn’t life just *perfect*?”

Markus turned and smiled at distant Dubai. At the hotel with his name on it. At the wonderful future that awaited him as the world’s richest man, with the world’s hottest wife.

“It sure is, baby. It sure is.”

The wind whipped across the deck, blowing Fifi’s long, blond hair around, making Markus’s thin suit jacket flutter in the breeze. Somewhere, over the waves, little Fifi could swear she heard a woman laughing.

The End.

*

Like what you’ve read? Check out my other book of a man swapped into a billionaire’s piece of stunning arm candy [Belonging to the Billionaire](#).

Swapped at School

What the hell is this?

Casey glanced up from the folded, handwritten note and nonchalantly looked round the canteen. The sea of familiar faces ignored her, the jocks too busy chatting up cheerleaders, the serious kids too busy with their homework, and the geeks way too shy to meet a pretty girl's eyes.

No-one was watching her. No-one gave her a sidelong glance, a hidden smile on their face. No group of girls whispered furtively.

It was like she didn't exist.

With a frown, Casey turned back to the note clasped in her hands. The one she'd found, hidden in her bag, put there by some anonymous prankster.

Or maybe my guardian angel... Casey thought. *At least, if this isn't all some big joke...*

She gave herself a little shake.

Hey, you're a big girl, remember? Guardian angels don't exist.

But she couldn't help thinking that, if they did, they'd leave a note *exactly* like the one she was holding now.

Especially after the week I've had...

It had been one of those weeks more suited to some shrill teenage soap opera than real life.

On Monday, her jock boyfriend Chad had dumped her in favor of Veronica, the star cheerleader. By Tuesday, they'd been holding hands as they walked round school, and by Wednesday, they'd been necking in Chad's car.

Now it was Friday, and the muscular, square-jawed football player and his blond, big-boobed girlfriend were acting like they'd just gotten *married* or some shit, and it was driving Casey up the wall.

It didn't matter that she'd stolen Chad in the same way from Gloria Jackson just last year. This was friggin' *traumatic*.

She knew she was pretty. Ever since she'd turned 15, three long years ago, she'd noticed how boys liked to turn to watch her pass in the corridor. Noticed how a small, well-timed smile could make big strong men crumble before her.

She had good legs, decent tits, shoulder-length blond hair and sparkling blue eyes. She was a freakin' *catch*, damnit.

And yet, somehow, she always felt like the elephant man's sister next to supermodel Veronica and her cheerleader friends.

Casey glanced up from the note, across the canteen to where Chad and his dumb jock buddies Channing and Preston were talking and laughing and eyeing up the passing girls.

As she watched, Chad turned and winked at Veronica, stood in costume with her fellow cheerleaders over by the food counter. She gave him a perfect little twinkly wave, then Chad turned away and was straight back to eyeing up some passing redhead's ass.

Casey shuddered to herself.

What the hell did I see in that douchenozzle?

If it had just been Chad and Veronica who'd made her life suck so much this week, she could've handled it. But everything else had got messed up too.

Just glancing round the canteen, she could see at least half-a-dozen people who had made her miserable.

There, at the teacher's table, was Mr. Bachmann, the bald asshole who'd flunked her in chemistry. He was eating with Miss Jones, the leggy art teacher who'd had it in for Casey since day one, and had held her work up for ridicule just that morning.

Over there, in the far corner, looking out broodingly from under his dark locks was wannabee bad boy Stu, her "friend" who'd grabbed her ass at that party on Saturday and tried to kiss her and not taken no for an answer.

And over there, chatting with her new friends was Chantelle, Casey's one-time bestie who'd blown her off after Chad dumped her to hang out with the rich girls.

They were jerks, all of them. If Casey had magic powers, she'd have gladly turned them all into toads.

Which brought her back to the note...

She'd found it in her bag when she sat down. It was clearly torn from some old exercise book, and had been hastily scrawled.

At first, Casey had been tempted to just chuck it away, thinking it was probably just some dumbass insult one of Chantelle's bitch friends had slipped into her bag.

But for some reason, she'd taken it out and discreetly opened it.

And felt a chill run up her spine.

HELLO CASEY, it read, YOU DON'T KNOW ME, BUT I KNOW YOU. I COULD SENSE YOUR PAIN, AND I DECIDED TO HELP.

INSIDE THIS NOTE YOU WILL FIND A RING. IF YOU PUT IT ON YOUR INDEX FINGER, YOU WILL BE ABLE TO MAKE ANYTHING HAPPEN. ANYTHING AT ALL. ALL YOU NEED TO DO IS WISH SOMETHING WOULD HAPPEN AND IT WILL.

THERE WILL BE NO LIMIT TO WHAT YOU CAN DO.

YOUR POWER WILL ONLY LAST UNTIL THE END OF THIS SCHOOL DAY. IF YOU CHOOSE NOT TO PUT THE RING ON NOW, YOU WILL LOSE THIS OPPORTUNITY FOREVER. BUT I MUST WARN YOU, WEARING THE RING IS DANGEROUS. YOU MAY FIND YOURSELF WISHING THAT YOU'D NEVER READ THIS LETTER.

THE CHOICE IS YOURS. I LEAVE IT UP TO YOU.

And then, folded into the bottom of the note was a small, silver ring.

As she read the letter for the second time, Casey felt the skin tingling all over her body. She glanced surreptitiously around, wondering who the hell could've given her such a weird-ass note.

It's gotta be a joke. Some dumb prank Chad or Chantelle dreamed up to humiliate you.

But even as she was thinking it, Casey didn't believe herself.

There was no way Chad or Chantelle had the imagination to write something like this.

Sitting there, Casey began to feel like the canteen was suddenly becoming very dim, like everyone was drifting far, far away. The snatches of conversation that reached her ears seemed to be coming from the depths of some distant cave.

"...like, she's just *such* a loser sometimes..."

"...thinks he's so cool. Oh my *God*, can you believe the way he...?"

"...seriously, bro. Just check out the ass on *her*..."

Slowly, Casey slipped the ring off the table, held it in her palm.

It seemed strangely heavy. More than that, it was warm to the touch, like it'd just been forged in the heart of some furnace.

As Casey watched it, she thought she saw a tiny crackle of blue electric dancing around the rim, like the ring was thrumming with magic.

It's just your imagination. Put that ring on and you'll be the laughingstock of the school...

Yet no-one was looking in her direction, not even the loser guys who usually liked to creep on her tits while she was eating.

She was completely unobserved. All she had to do was slip the ring on under the table and make a wish.

I mean, nothing's gonna happen. Of course. But y'know, just as a way to blow off steam...

For a second, Casey dithered. It was like an invisible presence was whispering in her ear, urgently telling her to just throw the ring away and pretend she'd never got that stupid note.

Am I really gonna do this...?

Abruptly, Casey took the ring and slipped it on over her index finger.

It fitted perfectly. Like it had been made for her. The moment its weight was on her finger, Casey felt a little shiver run through her 18-year old body, like she'd been given a faint, pleasant electric shock.

She quickly glanced up to make sure no-one was laughing at her. The canteen was carrying on as normal.

If anyone was playing a trick on her, they were *awesome* at hiding it.

Her ring finger was tingling, as if just itching to make a wish. With a kind of casualness she didn't really feel, Casey tried to think what she should do.

I mean, it's obviously just a joke. But, still, what'd be a good joke wish, y'know? I mean, maybe I could wish for bigger tits, or nicer legs, or...

At that moment, a voice cut across her private little reveries.

"Ugh. Are they *still* letting trash in here?"

Casey glanced up as Veronica stalked past her, her cute little nose wrinkled into a sneer. Behind her, her cheerleader girlfriends Amy and Heather gave derisive little laughs.

“Did you see the way she was looking at Chad Vero? *Sooo* tragic...”

“It’s fine,” Veronica gave Casey a sweet little smile, “Chad’s not interested. If he wanted someone with a fat ass and big plastic tits he wouldn’t have chucked her.”

She gave a laugh, and then the three cheerleaders were past, heading off with their trays for the jocks’ table, leaving Casey stewing with rage.

That fucking bitch! She thought, furiously. *She’s such a dick. I’d give anything to show her-*

Her mental voice trailed off. A small smile crossed her teenage face.

I think I know what my first wish is gonna be...

Trying not to attract attention, Casey casually slipped her hand under the table, and pointed her index finger at Veronica’s retreating back.

“I wish...” she whispered, desperately hoping no-one would see her lips move and start laughing, “I wish that *bitch* would get exactly what she deserves.”

The moment the words were out her mouth, the ring started to thrum. It grew hot, uncomfortably hot. There was a faint tingle of electric in the air.

Oh my God, is it really...?

Like a girl in a daze, Casey looked up at Veronica, chatting away with Chad while her drones hovered around Preston and Channing.

Come on... come on!

Then, suddenly, the heat in the ring died away. The air stopped thrumming. Veronica carried on talking. Casey felt herself untense, disappointed.

Well, what did you expect, bozo? Wishes don’t really-

And then she saw it. The thing that completely derailed her train of thought. The thing that made the room seem to spin and made Casey feel like she was going to faint.

No way. No freakin’ way...

Across the room, Veronica was *changing*.

Before Casey’s eyes, her boobs were gently swelling up, growing bigger and bigger as she obliviously talked to Chad. At the same time, her butt was growing too, its outline starting to expand under her short, cheerleader skirt.

As Casey watched, her mouth dangling open, Veronica’s boobs went from a B-Cup, to a C, and then up to D, until they were *squashed* into her bra, her flesh straining around the cups.

“...and so Amy was all like, ‘for real?’ And I was like, yeah...”

She suddenly broke off with a frown.

“What the *fuck*...?” She tried to hotch her shoulders, “my bra feels kinda...”

Around her, the boys and the two cheerleaders were staring at her with wide eyes. Across the

room, Casey watched them with an open mouth, unable to believe what she was seeing.

“Veronica...?” she faintly heard Chad ask, his voice worried.

In slow motion, Veronica looked down.

And screamed.

Her boobs were *enormous*. A great big pair of Double-Gs that thrust away from her chest, pointing outwards. Her ass, too, was *stupid* big, so big it lifted the back of her skirt up, exposing her panties to the world.

Look at that, Casey thought with an evil smile, *she looks like she should be in music videos...*

She knew she should feel sorry for Veronica. Knew that she’d have never made a wish like this if she’d known it would work. No way!

But now she *had* made that wish...

...well. She was suddenly feeling kinda *glad* she’d put the ring on.

With a feeling of cruel contentment, Casey settled back to enjoy the show.

Across the room Veronica had clasped her hands to her ass, looking over her shoulder in horror.

“What’s *happening* to me?!” She squealed, a look of helpless terror on her face.

She span to face Amy and Heather.

“*Help me!*”

But the two cheerleaders were frozen in horror, their eyes fixed on Veronica’s chest.

There was a *popping* sound and the strap broke on Veronica’s bra. A tearing noise and her panties ripped. Her breasts were now bigger than any boobs Casey had ever seen, even in those dirty pornos Chad used to insist they watch together. They *had* to be Double-Js by now.

And still they kept growing.

“No! Stop! *Please God*, make it *stop!*”

The whole canteen was now staring as Veronica desperately tried to push her breasts back inside her perfect body.

They watched as she squealed and cried and begged for mercy. Watched as her butt became so big it poked out from under her skirt, exposing her naked ass to the world.

Sat at her table, Casey felt a tingling in her finger, and a faint warmth spreading in her crotch.

She didn’t know if it was the ring, or her sadistic side or *what...* but watching Veronica suffer like this was weirdly *hot*.

“Chad!” Veronica was crying now, tears streaming down her sculpted face. She turned to her new boyfriend miserably, her arms held out.

“Please, baby... help me!”

But Chad didn’t come running. Didn’t play the hero.

Instead he backed away, his hands thrown up, a disgusted look on his handsome face.

“What the *fuck* are you doing, Veronica?” He shouted, angrily. “Stop it. Everyone’s staring!”

Casey had to stifle a giggle at the sight of Veronica’s hurt face.

Oh Chad, she thought, gleefully, *you always were such a fucking asshole...*

She clenched her hand into a fist, feeling the ring, feeling its power.

Just you wait till it’s your turn.

By now, Veronica’s tits were twice the size of beach balls. They loomed so big before her, wobbling and jiggling, that the cheerleader could barely see over them. Her top was stretched *impossibly* tight, the school logo now like some distorted, impressionistic painting.

As Casey watched, she gave one last, helpless whimper and then there was a loud *ripping* noise and Veronica was topless, howling in misery as the entire world watched her naked breasts magically swell up.

Free from the constraints of her top, Veronica’s boobs accelerated their growth. In no time at all, they were the size of an elephant’s head, weighing so heavily on their owner that Veronica was forced to bend forward, resting them on the canteen floor.

With eyes filled with fear and misery, she looked up and happened to glance in Casey’s direction. A look of understanding dawned.

“C-Casey...?” The cheerleader whispered, her voice pleading. “Please...”

Casey shook her head, a demonic smile on her pretty face.

No chance, she silently mouthed.

At last, it was over. Veronica gave one last, inhuman scream, her boobs *doubled* in size, and then finally stopped growing.

They were *gigantic* now, the size of two zorbing balls, so big they completely dwarfed the girl they were attached to. Behind them, the gigantic cheeks of Veronica’s house-sized ass poked out round the edges.

There, Casey thought, viciously, *now who’s got the fat ass and plastic tits, huh, Veronica?*

The silence that followed was broken only by the sound of Veronica’s whimpers. The entire canteen was staring in open-mouthed shock at the surreal, monster tits attached to Veronica.

Each nipple was the size of a person’s head. The skin stretched across both of them. Gigantic veins crisscrossed under the surface.

They were hideous. They were hilarious.

And, Casey thought, *they’re exactly what that bitch deserves.*

She looked at the horrified faces around her with a strange feeling of smug satisfaction. At Mr. Bachmann on his feet, his eyes goggling. At Stu, looking like he was wondering if he was high. At Chantelle, her pretty mouth dangling open.

At the nerds in the corner, looking like they were *seriously* turned on by this.

Good. I’m glad someone other than me is happy...

Across the hall, Chad was on his feet, staring at the mountainous breasts before him. With slow movements, he turned around.

“Casey?” He whispered.

As one, the entire hall turned to face her. Casey tucked her ring hand under the table and assumed an innocent expression.

“What?”

Chad’s brow darkened.

“Don’t *what* me, you... you... you *witch!*” He yelled. “You heard Veronica. She said your name just before she-she turned into *this!*”

Behind her gigantic breasts, Veronica let out an affirmative howl that made Casey want to burst out laughing and hug herself.

Finally... I’ve finally gotten back at her. Oh man, this is seriously amazing!

Outwardly, though, she managed to keep her expression naïve.

“You’re blaming *me?*” She protested. “*Why?* Vero probably got on the wrong side of some genie and wished she had bigger boobs or-”

“Stop *lying!*” Chad snapped, his handsome face distorted with rage. “We all heard her!”

He turned to the canteen as a whole.

“I dunno how she did it, but *this,*” he pointed an accusing finger at Casey, “this *witch* did... did *this* to Veronica!”

“Chad,” Casey pleaded, “you’re talking shit. I mean, how could I even...?”

“Shut up!” Chad’s eyes were alive with fire. “Either you turn Veronica back now, or... or...”

“Or *what?*”

Chad swallowed, his face deadly calm. His large, meaty hands bunched into fists.

“Or I’ll *make* you,” he whispered.

Then suddenly, he was striding across the canteen, straight for Casey. He raised his fists...

Casey sighed. She rolled her eyes.

“I wish Chad wouldn’t take another step,” she said, loudly.

Immediately, the ring on her finger got hot. Immediately, Chad’s feet *froze* to the floor, stopping him so suddenly he nearly fell over.

With wild, helpless eyes, the big jock started tugging at his legs, trying to free them. When they wouldn’t move he glared at Casey with boiling hatred.

Sat in her chair, Casey smiled. She turned to look round at the rest of the canteen.

“I was kinda hoping no-one would figure it out yet,” she said, loud enough for everyone to hear.

“It was gonna be so much fun watching you all freak out.”

Her mind was humming, like someone had filled it with bees. Pinpricks of heat danced across

her skin, radiating out from the ring. Her lips seemed to be moving of their own accord.

Hey, what's going on? That doesn't sound like me...

"But now this *douche*," she indicated Chad, "has blown my cover, I guess I'm gonna have to speed things up."

She pointed her ring at the entire canteen with a lazy gesture.

"I wish no-one would leave this room, or do *anything* without my permission." She said.

There was a tingling of electric in the air. The atmosphere in the hall changed. Students looked at one another, clearly worried. Teachers tried to exert some control over these crazy events.

But it was hopeless. Now Casey had made her wish, they could no more walk out the door than they could start flying. They couldn't even *think* about leaving.

They were all now trapped here until Casey was done with them.

"Good." With a smile, Casey turned back to poor, helpless Chad. "How's Mr. Big Jock enjoying himself?"

"Fuck you, Casey," Chad growled, still gamely pulling at his frozen legs. "You always *were* a crazy bitch."

Casey raised her eyebrows.

"Wow, that's totally *not* the way I would talk to an all-powerful goddess."

A thought crossed her mind, one that made her smile. A demonic, shit-eating smile.

"But I guess you're too immature to think about stuff like that, huh? Well, in that case..." She calmly raised her ring hand and pointed her finger at Chad. "Maybe you don't *deserve* a big, grown-up body like that."

"Casey, I'm warning you..."

"Whatever. Like you even matter anymore." Her face suddenly turned serious. "So, I wish this whiny little bitch would turn into something more *suitable*."

Once again, the ring grew hot. Once again, the air crackled with electricity.

Casey giggled at Chad's helpless, furious male face.

"Oh *man*, I can't wait till you figure out where this is going."

In horrified, obedient silence, the hall watched as Chad sneered back at Casey. Watched as he opened his mouth to respond.

And watched as his eyes grew wide in fright.

"Casey, stop being such a *bitch!*" Was what Chad said. But the voice that came out wasn't anything like Chad's booming, masculine one.

Instead, it was higher-pitched. Softer. Squeakier.

And *younger*.

Casey giggled as Chad clamped a hand to his mouth in fright. He turned to face her, his face deathly pale.

“What have you *done* to me?!” He squealed in a voice like syrup and honey.

Casey shrugged right back at him.

“Guess you’re gonna find out.”

Chad was shrinking. Before everyone’s eyes, the 6ft4 jock shed inches at an incredible rate, becoming smaller, skinnier.

His broad shoulders magically tugged inwards. His biceps deflated with a hiss. His legs muscles contracted and the raw athletic power *drained* from his torso.

Casey watched as Chad panickily held up a pair of tiny, delicate hands and *stared* at them. Stared at them as his feet shrank down, his head grew smaller and his features began to rearrange.

“Casey...” he squealed in his new voice, a voice so whiny and high-pitched it almost hurt to hear, “please... stop this!”

But Casey merely laughed and shook her head.

“Sorry, Mr. Jock Douchebag. You gotta *pay* for shacking up with that big-titted bitch.”

The changes were getting faster now. In quick succession, Chad’s broken nose set itself straight then shrank down to a cute little button. The dark hairs dusting his entire body disappeared, leaving him with soft, smooth skin, and his face became softer, rounder, his eyes wide and innocent.

His clothes too began to shift, turning pink and frilly and shrinking in time with him. As Chad looked down at them in horror, two long, blond pigtails came bursting out the side of his head, dropping down past his newly-slender shoulders.

With a feeling of sheer delight, Casey watched as the coin dropped. As Chad’s eyes grew wide. As he figured out where this was going.

With a look of utter misery, her former boyfriend opened his tiny mouth and let out a loud, piercing scream.

He screamed as his body shrank down to a mere 3ft, shedding fat and muscle all the way.

He screamed as his cheeks turned rosy and freckly, his baby teeth reappeared, one adorable gap in their front, and his voice shot even-higher in pitch.

He screamed as clothes turned into a pink, frilly tutu, stockings unfurled up his legs, and a sparkly princess crown appeared on his adorable little head.

And, finally, he screamed as the last trace of his manhood shot back inside his body, leaving him trapped forever as the opposite gender.

Then the wish was over. The ring grew cool. The electric faded from the air. Casey lowered her hand...

...and smiled at the little cutie pie now stood before her.

“Hey, *princess*,” she said, sweetly, “how’d you like your new body?”

The girl that used to be Chad was simple *adorable*. She was five years old, with big, blue eyes, long blond pigtails, freckled cheeks and a gap between her teeth. She was dressed in a cute

princess costume that made Casey wanna just pick her up and *squeeze* her and smother her in kisses.

She was an angel. A sweetie. A poppet.

And she was Chad.

This is crazy... A voice whispered uneasily in the back of Casey's mind. *We can't have just turned our ex into a little girl...*

But, at the same time, another voice spoke over it. One that sounded like the buzzing of bees. That seemed to drown out Casey's other voice, seemed to come from a very dark place deep inside her:

We just turned Chad into a little girl. That's so awesome!

The little poppet was looking down at herself in mute horror, examining her body. Now, she slowly looked up at Casey...

...and burst into tears.

The canteen was silent as the little girl who used to be Chad wailed and blubbed helplessly, the only other sound the tiny whimpers Veronica was still making behind her monster-sized tits.

With a feeling like a girl in a dream, Casey turned to the rest of the canteen.

"I want y'all to meet my baby sister, Charlotte." She turned back to Chad with a savage smile. "Say *hi*, Charlotte."

The poppet before her wailed, her face screwed up, her eyes streaming with tears. With a cruel feeling of satisfaction, Casey noted that looked more adorable than ever when she was having a tantrum.

"Aww, come on, princess. Don't be shy."

"H-how..." sniffled the little girl who used to be Chad, "how could you *do this to me?!'*"

Casey laughed. She couldn't help it. It was like every dream she'd ever had of getting revenge on Chad had suddenly come true.

"You're kidding, right? Do you have *any idea* how many girls would *kill* to turn their douche bro ex into a little sweetheart like you?"

Chad was crying uncontrollably now, the sort of tears only a spoilt little brat can muster. Snot ran from his nose. A string of dribble dangled off his bottom lip.

"*WHY?!'*" He screamed, stamping his foot.

"Coz you humiliated me, ass-face. Now I'm gonna humiliate *you*."

Casey suddenly pointed her ring finger at the canteen.

"I wish all of you would find what I did to Chad *hilarious*."

There was heat. Electric. A pause...

...and then suddenly the entire canteen was howling with laughter.

Kids pointed at Chad, laughing at his little poppet form. Girls looked at him with a cross between

amusement and broodiness, giggling behind their hands. Boys pulled out smartphones and started filming. Teachers nudged each other and pointed.

Casey watched with smug amusement as the whiny little girl before her looked round the hall, her mouth dangling open, then screamed and started running.

She tottered on her tiny legs over to Preston and Channing, bawling her head off.

“Bro, look at what a pathetic little *bitch* Chad’s turned into!” Preston crowed, grinning at the helpless girl.

“Dude, seriously, we’ve *gotta* get this on YouTube,” Channing declared, whipping out his phone.

Casey smiled as a look of incomprehension crossed Charlotte’s cute little face. She turned helplessly to Amy and Heather, who both took a simultaneous step back, giggling behind their hands.

“Oh my *God*, that’s *sooo* funny! He totally deserved that...”

“Ugh, but look what a little *crybaby* she is,” Heather sneered. “She’s *so tragic*.”

Wherever sweet little Chad turned, people were laughing at him. His old friends. Girls he’d once screwed. Teachers. Kids who’d feared him only twenty minutes ago.

Casey watched with delight as a table of nerds in the corner started chanting “*Chad’s a little gi-irl, Chad’s a little gi-irl!*”

Finally, the poppet gave one last, ear-piercing scream and ran to Veronica, hiding behind her massive breasts from the taunts and laughter and humiliation.

“OK, seriously, you can all shut up now,” Casey said with a flick of her finger.

Once again, the canteen fell deathly silent.

Well, what now...?

Casey glanced around at the sea of anxious faces. At the people she’d enchanted to wait here until she was done with them. They looked back at her with a mixture of weak smiles, shifty eyes, and sheer terror.

Maybe I should just let them go now... We got back at Veronica and Chad, right? That should be enough...

But even as the thought crossed her mind, Casey felt it being drowned out by that strange buzzing again.

Hey, what is that? Is it coming from the ring...?

It was like her head was filling with hornets. Pinpricks of heat danced across her skull, making her feel very far away from the real world. A cruel feeling was welling up in her, a desire to use the ring, and keep using it until the day ended and the magic would work no more.

Inside herself, Casey shuddered.

This isn’t right... it’s going too far now. We can stop there, and... and...

The buzzing increased. The dark feeling welled up. Like a puppet being jerked upright, Casey

felt herself get to her feet. A nasty, evil smile flashed across her features.

"I've been thinking," she heard herself say. "Maybe I should let the rest of you go."

There was a sigh of relief. Casey held up one hand.

"But *then*," she said, as she began to walk across the room, "I decided *screw that*, I wanna have some fun."

She turned a shark-like smile onto a nearby table of junior girls. They shrank back from her like she was some kind of monster.

Maybe I am... I sure don't feel right...

The ring was burning on her finger now, even without a spell being cast. So hot it hurt. Yet there was no way Casey could take it off.

Then the magic would stop and she'd be defenseless.

"You were all assholes to me," she said, loudly, trying to ignore the pain in her finger. "All of you. So."

She took a deep breath.

"I guess it's only fair that you *all* get punished. Right, Stu?"

With a jerk, the wannabee bad boy looked up at her, his dark eyes surprised under his mop of dark hair. Casey stopped right before him and folded her arms.

"What was it you said when you grabbed my ass at that party? When you tried to make me kiss you, which, by the way, was *super* gross."

She raised an eyebrow.

"Hurry up."

Her former friend shifted uncomfortably in his seat. He looked around for support, but everyone refused to catch his eye.

"C'mon, Case..." he muttered at last.

Casey sighed. She held up her ring hand.

"Am I gonna have to *wish* you to say it?"

For a moment, Stu didn't move. Then he slowly lowered his head, avoiding her eyes.

"I called you a slut," he mumbled, shamefacedly.

Casey nodded.

"You're goddamn right you did. What gives you the right to grab *me*, huh, and then call *me* the slut?"

She could feel the anger rising inside her again. That reckless, hot anger that made her sometimes do strange things.

Stu shook his head, weakly.

"Case, I mean, *dude*, we used to be friends, right? So..."

“Friends, huh? Ever grab your guy friends’ asses? Ever try and force *them* to kiss you?”

The buzzing in Casey’s head was like a roar now, drowning out all caution, all pleas for mercy.

“Well, maybe you will now, *asshole*. And maybe *you* can see what it’s like.”

She pointed her finger at Stu, a brutal smile on her teenage face.

“I wish this little perv would turn into a *skanky female stripper*.”

Stu’s eyes went wide. He held up his hands, as if hoping to ward the magic off.

“Case! C’mon, please...”

But it was too late.

The ring burned hot. Hotter than it had ever burned before. Hotter than a thousand suns. The air flickered and crackled and sparked. Somewhere behind her, Casey heard little Charlotte whimper.

“Let’s see how *you* like being treated as a piece of meat.” She snarled.

Before she’d even finished talking, Stu was changing. In the blink of an eye, his cute male face morphed into a cute female one, his shaggy black hair grew until it flowed down his back like a waterfall, and his waist grew tighter and tighter until his torso looked like an hourglass.

With a helpless moan, Stu stared down at his rapidly-changing body, then turned two newly-soft, feminine eyes onto Casey.

“Case...”! he whispered in a voice that was already high-pitched and female, “I’m sorry, OK?”

Casey shook her head.

“You shoulda thought of that *earlier*.”

There was a loud crackle of electricity, and suddenly Stu’s clothes shredded, leaving him sat naked. As he trembled, the magic lifted him up into the air, and dumped him on his feet on the table, so he stood where everyone could see him.

Casey nodded, approvingly.

“Sweet. I want the whole *world* to see this.”

Before the eyes of everyone in the hall, Stu’s hips *pushed* outwards. His ass jumped up and filled out, becoming round and firm and peach-like. His legs lost muscle and elongated, until he had the curvy body of a female porn star.

There was a click and his spine snapped inwards, curving his body so his chest and ass were thrust out. A *hiss* like two balloons inflating, and a large pair of breasts suddenly swelled up, dangling from Stu’s frame, their nipples long and pink and pointed at the sky.

As Stu helplessly tried to wrestle his big tits back into his body, tiny black tendrils began creeping across his skin, coiling just under the surface like smoke.

They flowed out along his arms, down his slender, hairless legs, across his lower back, over his belly. For a moment, they simply hung there, strange, mysterious. Then suddenly they solidified into a collection of trampy, misspelled tattoos.

With cruel satisfaction, Casey noted the worst of them. The trampstamp above Stu's big ass that simply read SLUT. The badly-drawn dragon, curling across his left shoulder blade.

The scrawled writing next to an arrow pointing at his crotch that read HEAVEN THIS WAY.

"Almost done," Casey shouted. "Here we go!"

As if on cue, Stu's dangling cock gave a little twitch. As its owner moaned in horror, it *shot* back inside his body, leaving only smooth skin. There was a pause, then a line appeared between Stu's legs, and Casey's former-friend was suddenly the proud owner of a tight, shaved pussy.

There was a final surge of magic. Dizzily-high silver stiletto heels appeared on the bottom of Stu's feet, almost making him topple over. A rhinestone-studded thong formed over his crotch. Two nipple tassels attached themselves to his heavy, Double-G breasts and dangled there, their ends stroking against his smooth skin.

Then it was over. The ring cooled down. The buzzing grew quieter in Casey's head, and she smiled up at her latest creation.

Gone was Stu, dressed in his leather jacket and acting like a young Christian Slater.

In his place was the trampiest girl Casey had ever set eyes on.

She had a sculpted face, with high cheekbones, plump lips and dark, scared eyes, hidden under a waterfall of black hair.

Her slender neck led down to two heavy breasts, a cheap diamond necklace dangling between them.

She had heavy metal song-lyrics tattooed on her arms. A shaved pussy that was barely hidden by her stupid thong. She had long legs, a big ass, a tight waist, and stretch marks from where she'd obviously been pregnant before.

She was a bimbo. She was cheap. She was a dumb whore who was good for nothing but flashing her big tits at horny men.

She was *perfect*.

As Casey admired her handiwork, the stripper who used to be Stu looked down at her, trembling all over.

"Casey..." She started, then clamped one hand over her painted lips, her long nails a dark, slutty red.

Casey smiled to herself.

I know exactly what he's thinking...

Stu's voice had *changed*. Once it had been low, kinda tough, Yankee through and through. Now it was soft, bubblegum dumb, and tinged with a Southern trailer trash accent.

"Man, you turned out even *better* than I expected!" Casey crowed. "You're like the *perfect* stripper!"

It was true. If you'd seen Stu outside at that moment, you'd have known without even glancing twice that this was a girl who made money by showing off her figure.

“You’ve got the tits for it, the ass for it, the dumb, bimbo *brain* for it...” Casey hugged herself. “Oh my God, this is *so freakin’ cool!*”

Stood on the table above her, Stu looked down at himself in horror. He hesitantly reached up, touched once of his breasts and then drew his hand back, as if afraid it might bite him. He tried to remove his nipple tassels, tried to kick off his heels, but it was useless.

Casey had wished he would look *exactly* like that.

Which meant he’d never be able to take off his tramp gear or put on any extra clothes for as long as he lived.

“I’m not done yet,” Casey said, raising her hand again. “I turned you into a stripper, right? So.”

Her eyes narrowed. Her smile got more vicious than ever.

“I *wish* you’d act like one!”

Before her eyes, Stu opened his mouth to protest. Then the ring grew hot and his face went blank.

With a smile, Casey watched as a titanic battle unfolded inside Stu’s mind, as he tried to fight the magic. Tried not to just become Casey’s puppet. Tried to escape his humiliating fate.

Let him struggle. It’s fun to watch...

Then Stu’s face suddenly cleared. He put one hand on his hips, curling his curvy new body and winked down at Casey.

“You wanna dance, huh?” He said in his trashy new voice. “Well, why didn’t you say?”

And, before the entire hall, Stu’s new body began to dance.

He danced slowly, sensuously, curving his hips, thrusting his big ass out, sinking down until his pussy was *almost* brushing against the table.

He ran his long-nailed fingers through his flowing hair, over his bare breasts. He bit his lower lip and whimpered, moving to an invisible beat.

As the canteen watched, he bent right down to Mr. Bachmann and coiled one slender finger through his tie.

“Wanna show, hot stuff?” Casey heard him murmur.

Then Stu thrust his chest forward, so his big tits were dangling in Mr. Bachmann’s face, and started wiggling his torso, making his nipple tassels spin round and round and round.

This, thought Casey with a little sigh, is perfect.

The way Stu’s slutty new body gyrated... the shocked, yet hopelessly-aroused look on Mr. Bachmann’s face... the way all the boys in the hall were suddenly trying to hide boners...

But best of all was that look. The tiny look Casey alone could make out, deep within the slutty stripper’s eyes.

The look of a straight man, trapped inside a body he cannot control, forced to look on in horror as he dances like a slut and offers his body up to horny men.

Deep in her crotch, Casey felt a drop of moisture trickle out and down her leg. She smiled with pleasure. There was no doubt about it.

All this power was making her horny as *fuck*.

As Stu helplessly wiggled his tits and thrust his ass, his internal screams lost behind his new body's smiling bimbo face, Casey turned to the rest of her captives.

OK, surely she was done now? Surely that was enough? Maybe she should just...

But these thoughts were just token efforts now. The ring burned. Her mind was lost in a crowd of buzzing, gibbering locusts.

She smiled at Veronica's vast breasts, nearly reaching up to the canteen ceiling, and their owner, helplessly trying to move them. She smiled at the syrupy sweet little girl who used to be Chad watching her with a look of naked fear on her adorable little face.

A desire to laugh rose up in her. A desire to laugh and keep on laughing.

Finally, she thought, *my week is starting to improve...*

Outwardly, she put her hands on her hips. Let her eyes give a little twinkle.

"Right," she said, sweetly. "Who's next?"

*

The rest of the afternoon passed in a blur of ecstasy for Casey, and a whirlwind of horror for everyone else.

After turning Stu into a stripper and making him dance like a slut with his tits out, Casey had turned smilingly to Preston and Channing, still frozen in place beside Veronica's planet-sized breasts.

"Time for the two bros to learn their lesson, too," she'd said, unable to suppress a giggle.

"B-but we didn't *do* anything," Preston had whispered, hoarsely.

Casey had shrugged.

"Maybe not. But I kinda always thought you were buttholes anyway. Hanging out together, talking about girls behind their backs, joking about the size of each other's dicks."

She'd pointed her finger at them, a slow smile creeping across her face.

"I always thought you were kinda like a married couple. A couple of married douchebags. So. Let's make it official."

And then she'd made her wish, and the ring had gotten hot, and Channing and Preston had both begged her to stop, but it'd been no use.

As they whimpered, Preston's hair had started to grow. His muscles had vanished. His hips had pushed out, and his face had become soft and baby-like.

His shoulders had narrowed down, his waist tightened, his chest expanded into a pair of perky, C-cup breasts, and his legs elongated.

His cock had vanished, his voice shot up in pitch, and his butt become big and round and peach-

like.

Less than a minute after she'd made her wish, Casey had been laughing at a hot 30-year old blond woman with a warm, motherly face and a deep-seated desire to be a housewife.

"Wow, you look *great* as Penny," she'd laughed, before turning to Channing. "What d'you think?"

And Channing had looked at this foxy older woman in bewilderment.

"Dude..." he'd whispered to Preston, "you're a... you're a..."

"Shut up!" Preston had snapped in a soft, maternal voice, looking angrily down at his perky breasts and child-bearing hips. "I *know* what she's done!"

"You're a fucking *milf*!"

And Preston had blushed bright pink, a shade that made her look cuter than ever.

"She's more than *that*, asshole," Casey had crowed. "She's your *wife*."

In horror, Channing had looked down at the new wedding ring on his fat, male finger, and then at the identical one on Preston's slender, female one. He'd shook his head.

"No... I mean, Casey... she's a-a..."

"Too bad," Casey had said, airily, pointing her finger again. "She's gonna love you, and you're gonna love her till the day you die."

And then she'd whispered something, and suddenly Channing and Preston had been kissing. Full on *French kissing* in front of everyone, tears streaming down their cheeks.

"Oh God, you're so *hot*..." Preston had whimpered in his female voice between kisses. "I-I can't help it..."

"It's the magic, dude," Channing had whispered unhappily, clasping Preston's soft cheeks tenderly in his strong hands, "you gotta fight it!"

But even as he spoke, he'd started kissing Preston's neck, holding him by the waist, pulling his female body close to his male one.

"Fuck! I *love* you, Penny... I love you so, so much..."

"Me too..." the woman who used to be Preston had whimpered, closing her eyes. "I-I want your babies!"

Then she'd let out an unhappy scream.

"No! We have to fight it! We're *dudes*. We're both *dudes*...!"

But it had been too late. With a growl, Channing had ripped Preston's top off over his head. He'd grabbed his breasts, buried his face between them, kissing and nibbling and sucking. Preston had weakly grabbed his new husband's head and started stroking his short hair.

"I love you..." they both whispered, "I love you, I love you, I *love* you..."

And before Casey could think to stop them, they were both naked on the floor, Channing's big dick *pounding* into Preston's new womb while he sobbed and screamed with happiness.

No condom, Casey had noted, idly, *she's definitely gonna get pregnant...*

Then she'd giggled and made another wish under her breath.

With triplets...

Next up had been Heather and Amy.

"Casey..." Heather had warned as she approached, "don't be a dick, bitch. Or I'll-"

"Do what?" Casey had smiled. "All you bitches are gonna do is *whatever I want you to.*"

Then she'd pointed at them and made another wish and laughed at their identical expressions of horror.

"What?!" Amy had squeaked. "Like... *no!* Can't you just turn us into strippers, or kids, or-or..."

And then the skin around her face had started to sag, to grow jowly and flabby. Beside her, Heather's face had puffed up, causing her to moan in fear.

Waves of fat had unrolled across every inch of the two cheerleaders' bodies. Their arms had inflated like balloons, big folds of skin dangling from under their biceps. Their legs had thickened, becoming the size of tree trunks.

Their chins had blended with their necks. Their ankles with their calves. Their breasts had gotten bigger and bigger until they sagged down near their knees. Their tight cheerleader outfits had twitched with magic, then transformed into the sort of loose-fitting dresses you saw obese people wearing down Walmart.

Rolls of fat collected on their backs. Their stomachs had leapt outwards until they hung down near their knees. The two girls had screamed and begged for mercy, but it had been too late.

The ring grew cool, the electric faded, and Casey had been stood smugly before a pair of 500lb girls.

The two former cheerleaders had gaped at each other. They'd looked down at their enormous new bodies, then looked pleadingly up at Casey, their lungs already wheezing.

"Tell me, huh," Casey had smiled, putting her hands on her hips, "who has got the fat ass again?"

"We have!" Fat-Amy had screamed, nodding her head eagerly, her jowls wobbling. "It's not *you* Casey, it was never *you!*"

"Too right, fatso," Casey had sneered. "But don't think I'm gonna turn you back."

Then she'd laughed at their identical expressions of anger, and turned to her next victims.

And so it had gone on and on and on, each new punishment crueler and more-amusing than the last.

With one wish, Casey had turned Mr. Bachmann into an 18-year old bimbo schoolgirl, magically destined to flunk all her exams, and interested only in sucking cock and growing up to be a waitress.

With another wish, she'd turned elegant Miss Jones into a hairy fat man with a scraggly beard and biker tattoos and a long, greasy cock that dangled between his legs. Then she'd made her fall in love with Stu's stripper body, and before anyone could stop them, the two transformed people

had been fucking roughly over one table, Miss Jones driving her big dick into Stu's tight pussy, while the stripper moaned and begged for more, her big titties bouncing with each thrust.

At long last, Casey had come to Chantelle, her former bestie who'd ditched her to go hang out with those rich bitches.

First, she had turned all the rich girls into toads, laughing as their skin turned green and they shrank and their pleas for mercy turned into ribbits and croaks. Then she'd pointed her finger at Chantelle.

By now, the ring was so hot it glowed with an unearthly white light that hurt to look at. Chantelle had thrown up her hands to protect her eyes and squealed something about being sorry.

But whatever it had been was lost on the buzzing in Casey's mind. So she'd simply shrugged and smiled.

"Guess this'll teach you not to be a *bitch*."

And then she'd made a wish and Chantelle's body had started to stiffen. She'd looked at Casey in horror as her skin turned into rubber, as her lips automatically opened wide, and her eyes took on a shocked, dead expression.

Seconds later, Casey had been laughing at the blow-up sex doll that used to be her friend, with its look of utter horror permanently etched across its badly-designed features.

"Take that home with you when you're done," Casey had called gleefully to the hairy biker who had once been Miss Jones. "And make sure you pass it round to all your biker friends!"

For her final trick, Casey had swapped the genders of everyone else in the hall. And, just for fun, she'd swapped their social groups, too.

The gang of male nerds in the corner became a gaggle of hot cheerleaders who were obsessed with boys and clothes.

A group of clever, rich girls were turned into dumbass trailer park boys who liked beer and hookers.

The male Young Republicans were turned into weed-smoking skater chicks, while the hippie girls were given cocks and stubble and suits and parents who made \$500,000 a year.

Lastly, Casey had made all of them fall madly in love with one another, and watched with glee as boys who used to be girls roughly grabbed girls who used to be boys, and dragged them giggling into passionate embraces.

Then the school bell had rung and her time as an omnipotent goddess had been up.

With a feeling of regret, Casey watched as the ring fell from her finger, hit the floor and vanished. The buzzing in her head went with it.

As they left, Casey felt oddly drained, like all of her energy was running out of her. She wanted to scream at the ring to come back, but she knew it was too late.

All around her, gender-swapped couples were making out, making love, or just full-on fucking. In the corner, Veronica moaned from behind her mountainous breasts, tears running down her cheeks. Beside her, five year old Charlotte covered her eyes and screamed with humiliation.

The afternoon had been insane. It had been grotesque...

...and it had been everything Casey had ever dreamed of.

As she surveyed her handiwork, Casey noticed a note lying on the floor. Picking it up, she saw it was scrawled in the same handwriting as the note that had given her the ring.

WELL DONE, CASEY, it read. I'M VERY IMPRESSED WITH YOUR WISHES. THE RING HAS GONE ON NOW TO A NEW OWNER. EVERYONE HERE WILL HAVE THEIR MINDS WIPED AND FORGET THAT THERE WAS EVER A TIME WHEN THEY WEREN'T THE GENDER OR AGE OR BODY SHAPE OR IN THE RELATIONSHIP YOU'VE WISHED THEM INTO.

BY TOMORROW MORNING, THE ONLY ONE WHO WILL REMEMBER ANYTHING OF THIS IS YOU.

At this, Casey had giggled. The idea of Chad forgetting that he'd ever *not* been a 5-year old girl was awesome in the extreme.

BUT REMEMBER, the note went on, I TOLD YOU THAT THE RING WAS DANGEROUS. IT IS. JUST AS YOU HAVE GOT REVENGE ON ALL YOUR ENEMIES, SO MAY SOMEONE ONE DAY GET REVENGE ON YOU.

WATCH OUT CASEY, AND PRAY YOU HAVE NEVER HURT ANYONE AS BADLY AS YOUR VICTIMS HURT YOU. AND IF YOU HAVE, PRAY THAT PERSON NEVER FINDS THE RING.

And that was it. The moment Casey had finished reading, the note turned to ash.

With a strange feeling, Casey looked at the erotic chaos around her. At the transformed boys and girls hopelessly necking. At Preston and Channing, now naked and cuddling, Channing gently squeezing Preston's perky breasts, while Preston's pussy quietly leaked a drop of Channing's come.

At the two enormous fat girls, weeping against each other's shoulders.

Casey realized she felt like a girl waking from a bizarre dream.

Maybe I went too far... she thought, uneasily. *Some of these people had never even spoken to me...*

The thought of one of them getting the ring made a chill run up her spine. If that happened, they could turn her into a toad. Into a *man*. Into a little, snot-nosed boy who'd never even realize he'd once been a pretty girl with an awesome rack.

A shadow seemed to flit across the canteen, making everything seem cold and dim. Casey shuddered.

Cool it, girl... she thought to herself, *the note said their memories would be wiped, remember? Even if they do find the ring, they won't remember what you did to them.*

Casey nodded to herself. Yeah, that was true. In that case, she was probably in the clear.

...so why did she still feel kinda nervous?

At that moment, on the other side of town, Gloria Jackson was reading the handwritten note with a savage little smile on her face. The ring that had just magically appeared in her bag now glinted on her finger, already hot with magical energy.

As she read the note, Gloria started to laugh. A loud, ecstatic laugh that made the other people in the diner turn and give her uneasy looks.

But Gloria didn't care. She had a score to settle.

After all, she still remembered how her handsome, wonderful boyfriend Chad had been torn from her arms by that big-titted bitch Casey.

And now it was *payback time*.

"Oh Casey," Gloria whispered to herself, her eyes wide with delight, "I can't wait to try out my first wish on you."

She giggled and looked at the plastic menu before her. At the picture of the cartoon pig, offering diners a deal on bacon.

"And I think I know *exactly* what I'm gonna turn you into," she crooned, happily.

Then she closed her eyes and made her wish.

Back in the canteen, Casey frowned as the air began to crackle with electricity. She looked at the sparks dancing around her hands. Watched with wide eyes as her fingers began to bunch together, turning into trotters.

There was a *ploink* and a curly pigs' tail *shot* out above her bum. A tingling and her nose expanded into a snout that dominated the bottom of her vision.

In horror, Casey looked down at her transforming body. At the undeniable evidence of what she was about to turn into.

"Please..." she whispered. "No..."

At least, that's what she *meant* to say.

What came out instead was something very different.

"Oink!" Gaspd the pig that used to be Casey. "Oink, oink, *oink!*"

The End

*

Like what you've read? Why not try my full-length tale of a goddess turning her school friends into whatever she wants them to be [School of Swap](#).

Body Swapped into His Sexy Boss

I

Darren's nightmare started the moment his new boss arrived.

Until that day, Darren had loved his job. He was a mid-level executive at a consultancy firm, and spent his time eyeing up the luscious secretaries they hired, and trying to get in his blond junior partner, Karen's, pants. All the girls thought he was creepy, but there was nothing they could do.

"I hear what you're saying," his old boss, Steve, would say whenever anyone complained about Darren's lecherous eye or wandering hands, "but he's a good guy, really. Without him, this company would be nothing."

And the female employees would roll their eyes and threaten to resign, but Steve would simply shrug and smile.

"Sure, I mean, we can take it to Roger if you want." Roger was head of their department, a short, fussy little fat man few people respected. "But an accusation like this takes time to process, y'know. Darren and you would both be suspended without pay until we could sort things out..."

Here he'd give them a meaningful look.

"And living in this city without an income can be *tough*, I hear."

That was the way things went for years, Steve covering for Darren, while Darren kept leering at the girls and acting like it was still the 1950s.

Then one day Mimi came.

Steve had decided to take a sabbatical abroad, and offered to draft one of his buddies in to replace him. He even casually floated Darren's name, but it turned out Roger had had a better offer.

Mimi was only 25, with long, slender legs, flowing dark hair and a figure to die for. She was a rising star in their sector, known for being even brainier than she was beautiful.

Naturally, Darren *hated* her.

Within an hour of taking over from Steve, she'd called Darren in for a special meeting.

"Right, let's get one thing straight," she said curtly, the moment Darren opened the door, "you're a good worker, but I don't play favorites. If I hear a *single* secretary say you grabbed her ass or stared down her top, you're out, OK?"

"I dunno what you're talking about!" Darren had snapped, his face flushing red with anger.

Goddamn bitch! He fumed inside himself, *how dare she get all uppity with me?*

"No bullshit, either," Mimi had retorted, her brown eyes flashing. "Remember who is in charge here and we'll get along just fine. On the other hand..."

The young, beautiful girl had fixed him with a calm, oddly-scary look.

"Cross me and you'll be regretting it faster than you can say *sexual harassment*."

Darren had stormed out that meeting, clenching and unclenching his big fists and muttering

about bitches and sluts who think they're *better* than men. But he didn't dare try grabbing the girls in the elevator again.

There was something about Mimi that faintly frightened him.

From there, their relationship had gone from bad to worse.

It was like Mimi was some... some *witch* or something, always there, always looking over Darren's shoulder, always trying to ruin his enjoyment of women.

First, she made him take down his swimsuit calendar, saying it reduced women to objects.

Then, she cracked down on guys using company phones to send each other lewd messages about the women in the office.

Then, she swapped the location of the office Xmas party from Hooters to some boring, regular, *normal* bar.

Finally, she promoted Karen to an equal level with Darren, and gave her an office of her own, where Darren could no longer quietly creep on her. Karen had never looked so relieved in her life.

It was at this point that Darren decided he needed to do something about Mimi.

These goddamn feminists, he raged to himself, using the dirtiest word he could think of, *always hating on men. Always thinking they're so fucking high and mighty. Dumb sluts, all of them. If only the others could see it...*

He wished he could tear off that horrible calm front Mimi had. Wished he could pull open her skull and expose the whimpering little bitch hiding inside her to the entire world.

Darren thought he knew what women were like. They might act all mature, but really they were just cock-addicted bimbos who needed to be taught a lesson, he told himself.

But how?

And then the email came.

It arrived late at night, to his personal address, from an anonymous server designed to leave no trace.

Darren was sitting in bed at the time, and the light of his iPad reflected in his glasses as he frowned at the email's contents.

HELLO DARREN, it began.

YOU DON'T KNOW ME. BUT I CAN HELP YOU TEACH MIMI A LESSON. IF YOU WANT TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT HER...

As he read on, Darren's eyes went wide. His pulse picked up speed. His cock stirred in his pants.

Individual words and tiny phrases jumped out at him. BODYSWAP... POSSIBLE TO POSSESS ANYONE... 24 HOURS... BECOME ANOTHER PERSON...

TOTAL CONTROL.

Darren shook his head, his mouth dangling open.

It's impossible...

According to the email, all he had to do was say a certain spell before he went to sleep. Then he could *become* anyone on Earth for the next 24 hours, in complete control of their body. In complete control of their mind.

He could make that person do *anything*, then escape their body and leave them to face the consequences.

For the first time since Steven had left, Darren felt a smile spread across his lined, 35-year old face.

"I know *exactly* who we're gonna possess..." he whispered to himself. Then, without stopping to think, he whispered the spell.

By the time he fell asleep, twenty minutes later, Darren had the *biggest* smile on his face.

*

The next morning, Darren woke up with a start. He sat up, pushing his long, dark hair out his eyes and blinked blearily around the room.

Where am I...?

His room was different. Brighter. Messier. A bra had casually been flung over the back of one chair, a pair of heels kicked off beside it.

As Darren sat there, he realized with a mild sensation of surprise that he could see perfectly without his glasses.

What the...? He just had time to wonder.

And then he happened to glance down...

...and nearly screamed.

His bedclothes had *changed*. Where he'd gone to bed wearing only his boxers, he was now dressed in a small, white tank-top, and a pair of lacy pink panties.

But it wasn't the clothes themselves that made Darren feel like fainting.

There, attached to his chest, the fabric of his white tank-top stretched tight across them, was the biggest pair of breasts he'd ever seen.

They were firm and big and ripe, their nipples hard and gently scratching at the cotton of his new top. Below them, his sides seemed to *suck* inwards, giving him a tight waist. His pink panties clung to a pair of curvy hips and a round, peach-like bum, at the top of a pair of slender legs.

With a feeling of shock, Darren jumped out of bed and ran to the full-length mirror. The movement made his big breasts jump and jiggle around and his long, dark hair trail out behind him.

But Darren didn't care. He *had* to see.

"Oh my *God*..." he whimpered in a voice that was suddenly soft and high-pitched, "*how...?*"

From the other side of the mirror, Mimi *stared* back at him, her face a mask of shock. Her long hair was in disarray, her dynamite body hidden only by a flimsy tank top and a pair of lacy pink

panties.

Her brown eyes were wide, her plump lips dangling open. She was beautiful. She was Mimi.

And she was *him*.

So it *did* work...

In wonder, Darren raised one dainty hand, palm out. In the mirror, Mimi did likewise, copying his movements perfectly.

He stuck out his tongue, crossed his eyes, then suddenly he grabbed hold of his big new breasts and *squeezed* them, a lecherous smile on his face. Before him, Mimi did exactly the same, grabbing her own breasts and giving him a grin that looked strangely seductive on her cute, young face.

There was no denying it.

Darren had become his own sexy boss.

Shaking his head in wonder, Darren slowly looked down at his gorgeous new body, then back up to Mimi, still watching him, trapped inside the mirror. A slow smile spread across his pretty new face.

“I’m Miss Feminist-Clever-Bitch for the next twenty four hours, huh?” He whispered in Mimi’s voice, feeling a strange thrill at the way her lips moved in time with his. “In that case...”

A note of steel entered his soft new voice.

“...I think it’s time I *learned my lesson*.”

II

There was a *ping* as the elevator doors swept open. Mimi stepped out, a strange smile on her youthful face, her body wrapped in a heavy winter coat. With deliberate movements, she began stalking across the office, her hips curving as she made her way past the rows of desks.

Inside her mind, Darren laughed silently, unable to believe what an awesome day he was having. That morning had been *perfect*. After his session before the mirror, Darren had wasted no time in getting to work on his plan to humiliate his bitch boss.

First, he'd made Mimi strip naked, the cold air of the room caressing his soft skin and making his new nipples go hard as bullets. Then he'd grabbed her laptop, placed it on the bed and turned on the webcam.

With a feeling like a man in a dream, he'd crawled onto the sheets before it and spread Mimi's slender legs, marveling at the space he now had where his penis used to be. The pussy he could call his own for the next 24 hours.

"Hello, boys," he'd purred into the webcam, watching Mimi copy his movements onscreen with a feeling of savage pleasure. "I'm Mimi and I'm a *slut*."

He'd giggled.

"You heard me. I'm a *slut*," he said in Mimi's voice, reaching one hand up to tweak at his nipples, "I'm a stupid, cock-obsessed *whore*, and I *love* dicks. I love being fucked. I *love* men who grope me in public. I *love* being treated like a dumb bimbo. And I *love* sucking dick..."

The light of the webcam had glowed steadily, broadcasting Darren's show to thousands, maybe millions of men across multiple porn sites. Men who would record Mimi's confession, and upload it again and again and again.

The thought had made Darren's new pussy suddenly feel strangely wet.

"I love dick so much I'm gonna tell you studs where I live," he'd moaned, gently dipping one finger into his crotch, thrilling at the sensation touching his new clit sparked off. "So you'd better hurry up and get over here..."

"I *need* to be fucked."

And then he'd leaned back on Mimi's bed, made her groan out loud, and started playing with her pussy. Made Mimi rub herself to climax as men all over the world watched.

That had just been the start of it.

After making his little show, Darren had sat around in Mimi's body, idly playing with her breasts, pleased that there was nothing Mimi could do now to stop him seeing her naked.

I've dreamed about touching these titties for a very long time...

He'd even taken pictures, dropping his naked, female form into submissive poses and pouting at the camera, and messaging them to his male-self's phone, to enjoy when he finally turned back.

About an hour after he'd finished his cam show, there had been a knock at the door. Darren had

gone to answer it naked, enjoying the way Mimi's breasts bounced as he padded across the apartment, enjoying the steady stream of humiliations he was inflicting on her.

"Hey, who is it?" He'd asked, opening the door without bothering to put on the latch.

The moment he'd caught sight of the two muscular black men, he'd known *exactly* what they were after.

"We, uh, saw your video..." one, the guy with the beard, smiled, looking down at Mimi's naked body. "We thought we might be able to, y'know..."

"Help you out," the other finished with a wink, his smoothly-shaved head reflecting the hallway light above him.

Inside Mimi's slight girl-frame, Darren had smiled up at these two big, strong studs.

"Finally," he'd said. "I was getting *desperate*. Come on in. I can't *wait* for you to fuck me."

As the two black men's eyes had gone wide, Darren had had an uneasy feeling.

Hey, I'm still a straight guy, remember? I don't want a pair of dicks in me...

But he'd firmly squashed the thought.

He wasn't Darren anymore. He was *Mimi*. And there was no way Darren was gonna pass up the chance to have Mimi fucked by two well-hung guys.

Not when he could spend the rest of his working life subtly reminding her about it.

So he'd stepped aside to let them in, then closed the door, stepped forward, and slipped a hand into each of their pants.

"Remember," he'd murmured as he worked their dicks, marveling at how big and long they were, at how *nice* they felt in his palms, "I'm a fucking *slut*. I want you to fuck me in *all* my holes, on one condition, got that?"

The two men had dumbly nodded, their eyes dazed, like they couldn't quite believe their luck. Darren had smiled.

This is so easy... He laughed inside himself, *Oh man, I can't wait until Mimi gets her body back and realizes what I've done with it!*

"I want you to film it," he'd whispered, pumping their cocks harder than ever, "and share the video with *everyone* you know."

He'd dropped a flirty wink.

"Got that? OK then, boys, phones out!"

Two seconds later, Darren had been down on all fours, his big breasts dangling as he whimpered and tried not to gag, one black dick filling his mouth, while another pounded into his tight little asshole.

Now, as he made his way across the office, Darren looked back on his encounter with the two guys and couldn't help but smile.

Sure, it had hurt like hell, getting fucked in the ass. He was walking funny even now. And it had been deeply *weird* to suck on a guy's dick and swallow his sperm like that.

But it had been worth it. After all, that video was now being shared among hundreds, maybe thousands of horny men.

Mimi would never be able to show her face in public again.

He was nearly there now. As he passed between the desks, Darren locked eyes with his target and forced Mimi to summon a breath-taking smile.

Oh dude, this is gonna be so good...

Once the two black men had fucked him and left, Darren had gotten his new body dressed in the sluttiest clothes he could find, then piloted it out into town, noting with curiosity the way men now eyed him up as he passed.

Maybe I should drag one of these guys into an alley? See if he can get me pregnant...

Regretfully, though, he'd had to carry on walking.

Time was slipping away and he still had a *lot* to do with Mimi's body.

His first stop had been a tattoo parlor. As the bell tinkled above the door, Darren had wiggled his hips across the room toward the bearded biker guy behind the counter, a flirty smile on his lips.

"I'd like to get *this* tattooed onto me," he'd said, handing over a slip of paper. "All over my body."

The fat, scary-looking biker guy had taken the piece of paper, read it, and frowned at him.

"You sure, miss...?"

"I'm sure," Darren had said in Mimi's voice, firmly. "And I need it done *now*."

For a second, he'd thought the guy would say no, but then he'd sighed and shrugged his broad shoulders.

"OK, if you really wanna. But it'll cost you. Let's say..."

"Twenty thousand dollars," Darren had cut in. Earlier, he'd checked Mimi's bank online and discovered that was exactly how much she had in savings.

"*And*," Darren had gone on in Mimi's voice, feeling drunk and dazed with the sheer cruelty of what he was doing, "you can fuck me. It *has* to be in my pussy though, and you'd better come."

He'd giggled at the biker's wide-eyed stare.

"Not enough? *Fine*. I'll give you a blowjob first and then you can fuck me later, OK?"

And so it had come about that Darren had spent nearly the entire morning lying in the chair of a tattoo parlor, the taste of spunk on his pretty lips, whimpering softly as he watched Mimi's pale skin become crisscrossed with dark ink, before being roughly fucked by the biker.

And now here he was, ready to show his morning's work off to the world.

"Roger!" He called in Mimi's soft voice as he passed the desks, smiling at the short, tubby man before him. "There you are, you prick!"

His head of department frowned, a black cloud passing across his face.

"*Mimi*?" He growled as Darren approached. "Where the *hell* have you been? It-it's practically

three o'clock. When I hired you..."

"Oh *shut up*," Darren drawled, shaking his head, Mimi's long, dark hair trailing out. "You're such a boring asshole, Roger, you know that? A boring asshole with a tiny dick."

The closest desks were silent now. Darren came to a stop just before his boss, and was delighted to see Roger was shaking with anger.

Two birds with one stone. I've always wanted to tell him that...

"Mimi..." Roger spluttered, "If you value your job, you won't say another..."

"Word?" Darren theatrically yawned. "Whoops, too late."

He fixed Roger with a practiced sneer.

"I'm fed up with working for a fat little prick like you. You're an absolute moron, Roger. A fucking dumbass, jackass, fatass *moron*."

Laughing inside, he turned his stolen body from Roger's purpling face to the room at large. Everyone was silent now, watching Mimi unload at their boss.

"But you know what?" Darren called out, making sure Mimi's voice echoed across the room. "Roger's not the only dickbag here. There's something about me you all should know..."

His heart pounded in his generous chest. Deep inside Mimi's brain, Darren laughed with glee.

Here it comes... any minute now...

He wrapped Mimi's slender fingers round the buckles of his heavy winter coat.

"Something that should have been *obvious* when I came to work here and acted like a *fucking bitch*."

A couple of people had their phones out now. Filming. Perfect. Darren took a deep breath.

"My name," he shouted in his boss's voice, "is Mimi. And I am a *SLUT!*"

At the word *slut*, he suddenly threw his coat open, casting it to the ground. A mumble of horror passed across the room. Behind him, he heard Roger give a helpless wheeze.

A smile on his face, Darren struck a pose, allowing everyone to get a good look. This was it. The moment he'd been waiting for.

It's even better than I imagined... this is gonna ruin her!

Mimi's body was completely naked, her big tits and ass and pussy on display for the entire world to see. But that wasn't the thing that made everyone gasp and yell and reach for their phones.

Tattooed across her perfect skin, over every inch of her young body in thick, black letters, was the word WHORE.

It unfurled along her slender legs, was stamped across her ass. Covered her tits and belly, reached up over her back.

It was a web of tattoos that could never be removed. A hideous branding Mimi would never be able to get rid of.

And now the entire word had seen it.

“It’s true,” Darren made Mimi’s body loudly declare. “I’m a whore. A stupid *fucking* whore who should’ve learned not to stick her bitch nose into other people’s business. And now I’m having to learn my lesson, like the stupid dumb bitch I am.”

He turned round to face Roger, who was *staring* at him with his mouth dangling open, looking for all the world like he was about to have a heart attack.

“I quit, Roger,” Darren made Mimi’s body say. “Don’t send my outstanding wages on. Give them to charity. Whores like me don’t *deserve* to work at anything but sucking dicks.”

He smiled and blew Roger a little kiss, then he turned and stalked naked through the sea of faces, all looking in horror at his tattooed body; at the wreck clever, bright, successful Mimi had somehow become.

Do you see them, Mimi? Darren whispered savagely inside her brain, *do you see the way they’re looking at you. Guess you shoulda learned not to be such a bitch, huh?*

Trying not to laugh, he crossed the office in silence and got into the elevator. The doors closed with a *ping*, cutting Mimi off from her old job forever.

Inside, Darren let out a sigh and leaned back against the wall, a goofy grin on Mimi’s beautiful face.

There. That showed her. That showed them all...

III

Eight hours later, Darren sat alone naked in Mimi's apartment, idly watching lesbian porn on her laptop and waiting for the spell to wear off.

All around him, Mimi's life lay in ruins. When he'd gotten back, Darren had grabbed a baseball bat out the closet and systematically destroyed everything he could get his hands on. Then he'd taken scissors and cut all of Mimi's clothes to shreds.

Finally, he'd squatted over the bed and urinated on it, a molten hatred coursing through his veins, making him dizzy with anger.

He'd destroyed Mimi's body. Destroyed her life. Destroyed her reputation, bankrupted her, gotten her fired, and destroyed her apartment.

Videos of her were all over the web. A hairy biker's baby was probably growing in her belly. Strange men knew her address and would keep coming round. She was covered in mocking tattoos she could never remove.

It was everything Darren had ever secretly wanted to make a woman suffer. Everything he, deep down, had always thought all females deserved.

And when he left her body, Mimi would be stuck with the consequences of his vengeance for the rest of her life.

On the screen before him, two naked girls writhed, making faint moaning noises. In the light of the screen, Darren could see his own big breasts swell up slightly from desire, their nipples long and hard. A bead of moisture dribbled out his crotch.

Maybe I've got enough time to rub one out before I change back...

He was just debating whether to have one last play with Mimi's pussy when the laptop made a *boop-beep-boop* noise. Darren frowned at the message onscreen.

INCOMING CALL.

Who the hell could that be?

For a second, he almost didn't pick up. But then he decided it didn't matter who saw Mimi all naked and horny like this and pressed 'answer'.

"Hey," he began, "who is...?"

In the cold blue light of the screen, the color drained from his beautiful face. Helplessly, Darren shook his pretty little head.

B-but that's not possible...

On the other end of the line, Mimi calmly smiled out at him, her eyes alive with mischief. She was sat in an apartment completely unlike the one Darren was in, fully clothed.

As he stared at the woman he was currently meant to be, Darren felt a little shiver run up his spine.

Wait, how...?

“I guess you’re wondering how I’m talking to you,” Mimi said, her voice clinical, impersonal. “After all, that’s supposedly *my* body you’re abusing there.”

At last, Darren found his voice.

“*Mimi?*” He squeaked in Mimi’s voice. “But *how?* I mean, I’m... aren’t *I* meant to be you?”

Just formulating such a strange sentence made his head hurt. But it was undeniably *true*. This wasn’t *his* body he was in, was it?

So then who...?

“That’s one way of putting it,” Mimi said, clearly amused. “Yet here I am. And I assure you, *this* is my real body.”

She struck a little pose. As he watched her, Darren began to feel strangely ill.

“Didn’t you wonder who sent you that email?” Mimi was saying now, her voice deliberately casual, unconcerned. “After your despicable behavior at work, I was starting to worry that you might snap, try and hurt me or some shit. I may not be able to read minds, but I could tell you were a sick, sick man, Darren.”

“R-read minds?” Darren squeaked.

“I said I *can’t* read minds,” Mimi sighed, theatrically. “Real-life witches can’t do that sort of thing. All we can really do is create illusions. Kinda crappy, really.”

Illusions? Darren wondered, a feeling of worry rising in him. *What does she mean by that?*

“So I thought I’d test you,” Mimi went on. “I’d give you complete control over a woman, and see what you did to her. If you just played with her boobs and rubbed yourself off while looking in the mirror, I’d know you were just a regular creep, nothing to worry about.”

“On the other hand, if you used the opportunity to do all sorts of dark shit... to get *revenge*, then I’d know you were dangerous.”

She paused, looked at him frankly.

“And you, Darren, you did darker stuff than I ever imagined.”

There was a tightness in Darren’s chest, like he suddenly couldn’t breathe. He wanted to scream and throw the laptop away, but it was like his muscles were frozen.

“I was going to fire you after all this,” Mimi went on, “but, luckily, you took care of all that for me.”

“What do you mean?” Darren whispered, suddenly feeling like he really didn’t want to know.

Mimi shrugged.

“Oh, you’ll figure it out. But first, I guess we’d better reverse the spell. It *has* been 24 hours after all.”

She raised one hand, her thumb and forefinger poised together, a smile on her face.

“Time to end the illusion.”

And she snapped her fingers.

There was a flash of light, then suddenly Darren was inside his own body again, sat naked on his bed, clutching his iPad, back inside his apartment. For a second, he blinked in confusion.

Then the dark shadows around him started to solidify into his room, and he felt his stomach drop out.

His apartment was a *wreck*. Some madman had gone charging through it with a baseball bat, destroying everything in sight.

His TV had been smashed to pieces. His clothes were all cut up. There was urine on his bedsheets, and mess everywhere.

“What...?” Darren whimpered in his male voice, “who...?”

Then he looked down, and *screamed*.

His male body was *covered* in crude tattoos. In thick, black lines, the words SEXIST PIG were spelled out, over and over again.

“No!” Darren whimpered, desperately scrubbing at the words, trying to rub them off, “No... please...”

“Figured it out, yet?” Mimi laughed inside the computer, a cold, cruel laugh. “The spell didn’t make you swap bodies, dumbass. That’s *impossible*. It just conjured an illusion. Made you 100 percent convinced you were inside *me*...”

“When really you were just plain old sexist Darren.”

Darren let out a horrified groan. Already, his memories were flooding back. Dark, horrible memories pouring into his brain, memories of terrible, terrible things...

Images flashed through his head. Of himself, sat naked on his bed before his webcam, rubbing his cock and telling all those watching men that he was a little gayboy who *needed* to be fucked.

Of himself, on all fours, hungrily sucking cock while another black man fucked his asshole.

Of himself, in his male body, standing naked in the office, yelling that he was a sexist pig. Of Roger spluttering away.

“Darren... *If you value your job, you won’t say another...*”

In horror, Darren turned to his iPad. To Mimi, watching him with a smug little smile.

“Everything you did today,” his boss said, sweetly, “that was you. Everyone else just saw Darren. It was only you who saw yourself as female. Only you who thought you were a girl.”

Her voice darkened.

“Only you who thought you were humiliating *me*.”

Darren felt like screaming. What had he *done*?! His job, his apartment, his life-savings...

A feeling of black panic rising in him, he helplessly clasped his hands together in a begging pose.

“Please, Mimi,” he whimpered, “please... you can’t leave me like this. Oh God, you can’t make me...”

“I didn’t make you do anything,” Mimi retorted. “Everything around you, all the mess you’ve made, you did to *yourself*.”

But I thought I was doing it to YOU! Darren wanted to scream. But, of course, he couldn’t say that. Couldn’t do anything except keep whimpering and pleading with the witch to help him.

“Mimi, *please*...”

“Too late,” his beautiful boss yawned. “You wanted to completely humiliate a little bitch, right? Well then, congratulations.”

She smiled.

“You succeeded.”

As Darren continued to whimper and beg, Mimi reached out to her laptop screen.

“Right, I’m done for tonight. Gotta be at work tomorrow. We just lost a key member of the team today, and Roger wants him replaced as soon as. Goodnight Darren. Enjoy the mess you’ve made.”

She blew him a kiss, and then the screen went dark, leaving Darren all alone in his ruined apartment.

The darkness that enveloped him suddenly felt very cold. Very hostile. Trembling, Darren looked around at the shadows of his ruined life, unable to believe what had happened. Unable to believe what he’d done to himself.

Unable to believe how utterly *fucked* he was.

Far across the city, Mimi closed her laptop and climbed into bed. She turned the light off and smiled into the comforting blackness all around her.

She couldn’t believe what a *good day* it had been.

The End.

Like what you’ve read? Why not try one of my other twisted tales of a sexist, gender-swapped man getting his just desserts: [She Swapped Him Into a Cheerleader](#).

The Boy Who Became a School Girl

I

“Hey. You OK in there?”

At the sound of Myra’s voice, Noah closed his eyes, pressed his face into his hands. His cheeks were still burning red, little tears pricking at the corners of his eyes.

Leave me alone, he thought, dully. *Please. Just... leave me alone.*

“Noah?” Myra’s voice was soft. Tender. Laced with concern.

“Noah, it’s me. Come on. Please?”

“Go away!” The words exploded out before Noah realized he was going to speak.

They came out angry. Cracked. Upset. The words of a boy who’s just been humiliated. A boy who’s just...

Well, Noah didn’t want to think about that any more than he had to right now.

“Just... just go away!” He yelled, trying not to cry. “Go on. Go!”

For a moment, all was silent on the other side of the flimsy wooden door. Noah could almost *hear* the cogs ticking over in Myra’s brain, as she tried to figure out what she should do. Tried to figure out what a best friend’s role was in this situation.

After all, it wasn’t every day you were forced to watch your bestie get utterly humiliated.

It had been a standard afternoon in Hell, up to that point. The two friends had hooked up on their way into school; the nerdy, dark-haired girl and the slim, effeminate guy, both just trying to survive until college.

As usual, Caden and his jock buddies had whooped at Noah as he passed through the entrance hall, trying to intimidate him. As usual, Myra had leaned over and whispered:

“Don’t look now, but I think we’ve just entered the Douchebag Zone.”

And as usual Noah had hissed at her to *keep it down*, but had been unable to keep the smile off his face.

Even though he was the guy in their strange little pairing, Noah had always been the wimpier of the two. While he preferred to pass the school bullies with his head down, hoping not to be noticed, Myra was happy to insult them to their faces. It made life a little crazy sometimes, but, well...

...if it wasn’t for Myra, Noah thought he might have gone crazy a long time ago.

With his slim, lithe frame, effeminate features and mop of unruly dark hair, Noah was almost perfect bullying material. It didn’t help that he didn’t like sports, mainly hung out with girls, and had a streak of almost heartbreaking shyness running through him.

As Myra sometimes liked to point out, he was a guy born to spend high school getting his ass kicked.

That day, though, things hadn’t been too bad. After arriving, Noah had drifted through a double

history class, followed by a quick trip to the science labs. When the bell had finally rung, he'd grabbed his bag, high-tailed it out the door...

...and run smack bang into Caden and his groupies.

"Hey there, sissy," the tall, muscular jock had sneered, looking down at Noah from inside his powerful, 6ft2 frame. "Where's your little dyke friend?"

"Hey, Caden," Noah had muttered unhappily. They were two sentences in and already he had known their encounter wasn't gonna end well.

Caden was a big, imposing guy, with a broad chest, powerful biceps and shoulders that made Noah feel slightly funny every time he caught sight of them. He was popular with the junior girls, all of whom seemed to giggle whenever he walked past them. He was captain of the lacrosse team, a handsome, popular guy everyone was sure was gonna go on to great things.

He was also a *monumental* douchebag.

"Hey. Hey!" The voice had snapped Noah out of his reveries, made him look up into the big jock's square-jawed face. "I'm talking to you, gayboy."

"Sorry," Noah had mumbled, "I was, uh..."

At this, Caden had given his buddies a mugging, conspiratorial look.

"Fucking hell, gayboy, I thought you were meant to be *smart*. I *said*..."

Then he'd leaned close, so close Noah could almost smell his breath, hot and slightly-sour, a strange smile on his face.

"Do you think I'm a douchebag?"

For a moment, Noah's mind had reeled.

Holy fuck! Did he just read my mind...?

And then he'd remembered Myra's whispered comment by the entrance and everything had slotted into place.

"What?" He'd mumbled, uncomfortably looking down, trying to hide his eyes from Caden's shiteating grin. "Uh, no. I-I dunno what you're talking about, Caden..."

"Sure you do." The jock's deep voice had been soft, almost gentle. Like they were friends and he was inviting Noah to share a confidence.

"Ain't that what you and your dyke friend said? That I'm a douchebag?" He'd leaned closer, so close Noah could have almost leaned forward and kissed him. "Go on, sissy, don't be shy."

A little crowd had gathered by this point, watching them. Junior girls, smiling at Caden and looking at Noah with disgust. Nerdy guys, glad *they* weren't the ones being picked on.

Caden's big, jock buddies. Just waiting for his signal.

Noah had swallowed, lowered his head, given it a little, submissive shake.

"Y-you must have misheard us."

"*Misheard* you?" Caden raised his eyebrows. "Nah... not *that* bitch."

He'd suddenly straightened up, smiling down at Noah's small, 5ft9 frame.

"Know what happens to guys who call me a douchebag?" The muscular douchebag had asked.

"They get hurt. So I guess I'd better hurt *you*."

"Please, Caden..."

"Fucking hell, gayboy, shut up already, will ya?"

He'd sneered at helpless little Noah. Caden was big enough to break every single bone in Noah's body and they both knew it.

"I *oughta* hurt you," he'd said, slowly, "but maybe I don't gotta. Provided you do something for me."

"What?" Noah had asked, trying to sound tough, but simply sounding scared.

In response, Caden had stuck out one sneaker-clad foot, still decorated with mud from the lacrosse pitch.

"Kiss my foot."

A giggle had gone up through the crowd. Noah had felt his mouth drop open.

"Your *foot*... what? No!" He'd furiously shaken his head. "C'mon, Caden, you're being a dou-"

"A what?" Caden had whispered, his voice suddenly deadly.

And Noah had instantly snapped his stupid mouth shut, his palms suddenly damp. What had he almost said?!

"I-I said..." he'd stuttered, miserably, "I said you were being a..."

He'd fully intended to back down. As he always did. To just mumble something and let Caden taunt him until he and his jock buddies had had enough.

But then he'd happened to glance into the crowd, and Myra had been looking right at him.

She'd been a short distance away, standing outside a classroom, a pile of books in her arms, her mouth dangling open. As Noah had watched, her pale face, framed by her dark hair, had screwed up in anger. She'd taken a step towards them, ready to give Caden and his buddies an earful, ready to save Noah...

...and suddenly, Noah had felt a wave of disgust rise up in him. Disgust at himself, for standing there and letting Caden insult him. Disgust at the thought that a *girl* had to save him.

Caden had still been waiting for his reply, a smug look on his handsome features. Slowly, Noah had raised his head and looked right into the jock's electric blue eyes.

"I said you're a douchebag," he'd repeated, flatly. "A fucking asshole *douchebag*."

The effect had been instantaneous. From the corners of his eyes, Noah had been able to see a row of shocked faces, looking expectantly to Caden.

Before him, the big jock had glowered at him.

"I should kick your ass," he'd whispered. "But I've got a *better* idea."

And before Noah had known what was happening, he'd felt two strong hands reach out, grasp

him by the shoulders. Felt them spin him round to face the crowd.

Then felt them *grab* his pants and *yank* them down around his ankles.

For a split second, all had been silence. Then the entire corridor had burst into gales of laughter.

All around him, boys had pointed and laughed at Noah, even as his cheeks burned crimson with shame. Girls had giggled behind their hands, looking at him with eyes that were a dreadful mixture of disgust and pity. Behind him, Noah had heard Caden and one of his jock buddies, the muscular meathead Harvey, slap hands and laugh.

“There,” Caden had growled in his ear, his hot breath tickling Noah’s cheek, “not such a smartass now, are you?”

Then he’d planted a hand in Noah’s back and sent him sprawling on the floor.

“Check out gayboy’s tighty whities!” Noah had heard his bully crow.

And, below that, Myra’s voice. Furious. Shrieking.

“You fucking *assholes!* What the *fuck* have you done to him?!”

There was a clatter, and Noah heard his best friend drop down beside him.

“Noah? Jesus, are... are you OK?”

It had been the last straw. After his humiliation, knowing a-a *girl* was coming to rescue him...

His cheeks pink with shame, Noah had yanked his pants up, pulled himself to his feet. Then, ignoring the peals of laughter and Myra’s desperate questions, he’d taken off down the corridor as fast as his slender legs could carry him.

He hadn’t stopped running until he reached the restroom.

*

“Noah?” Myra’s voice was faint in the darkness of the cubicle. “Look, I know you’re upset...”

Damn right, thought Noah, angrily.

“...but, seriously. You’re acting like a *total* penis.”

There was a pause. Noah unlocked the door and let it swing open to reveal Myra’s pale face.

“Good.” His bestie gave him a little smile. “Mind if I...?”

Noah shook his head.

“Awesomeness.” Myra gently stepped into the tiny cubicle and shut the door behind her.

In this tiny space, they were squeezed close together, almost kissing close. But neither noticed.

They’d never thought of each other in that way before.

“Sorry,” mumbled Noah, deliberately avoiding Myra’s eyes, hoping she wouldn’t see that he’d been crying, “I didn’t mean to...”

“I was *trying* to help.”

“I know.” At last, Noah looked at his friend. “It’s just...”

“That I’m a girl?”

“Yeah. Something like that.”

For a moment, they were silent. The distant sounds of the corridor drifted through the darkness. Cries. Cheers. The hubbub of school life.

Finally, Myra gave a little sigh.

“It’s no big deal, right?” She said, a defensive note in her voice. “Y’know, ten years from now, no-one’s gonna *care* that you...”

She stopped at the sight of his expression.

“OK. Yeah. I guess that doesn’t sound too comforting in the here and now.”

Silence again.

“I guess one good thing came out of all this,” Noah muttered, at last.

“What?”

“I got to call Caden a fucking douchebag.”

A slow smile spread across Myra’s face. She let out a little laugh and squeezed his arm.

“Ohhh, *Noah!* I’m fucking *proud* of you. Man, I wish I coulda seen his face! I bet it was all like...”

She rearranged her features into a dopey, hurt expression.

“*Duhhh, what dat boy say? Me no like.*”

“Not really. It was more like... more like when a farmer sticks his hand up a horses butt.” He made his eyes go comically-wide. “Thought he was gonna whinny.”

The two friends grinned at one another in the darkness, the tension suddenly gone. For a split-second, Noah almost forgot the horrible humiliation he’d just been through.

Then it all came rushing back. He lowered his eyes again, little pinpricks of misery dancing across his skin.

“God, I *hate* this place,” he whispered.

Myra shook her head, her dark hair flicking out around her shoulders like a curtain fluttering in the breeze.

“Nah. You just hate Caden and his asshole friends. Ask yourself: would you be happy here if *Caden* was the guy everyone was picking on.”

“No.” He hesitated. “Maybe. Why?”

“Coz,” Myra smiled at him, her eyes twinkling, “I think I know just how we can make that happen.”

II

The library was quiet, as if it had long ago been wrapped in a dustsheet and tucked away out of sight from the rest of the school. Its shelves creaked with books old and new, slick academic books, and dusty tomes that wouldn't look out of place in Hogwarts.

In the far corner, Noah carefully held the wooden ladder as Myra perched atop of it, pulling out random books and whispering excitedly.

"Remember that scandal when we were in junior high, the one with that Satanic cult?"

"Sure," Noah shrugged. "Why?"

"Turns out the old librarian here was a member or something. They say that just before the FBI grabbed her, she managed to hide her old spell books... *aha!*"

"Great," mumbled Noah as Myra triumphantly pulled a battered old volume off the top shelf. "But I don't get..."

"What this has to do with Caden?" Myra was leafing through the book now, her brown eyes eagerly scanning each page. "Yep, this is the one. Move over."

Noah stood aside as his bestie slipped down the ladder.

"It's like this. What do you think would be the *worst* thing that could happen to someone like Caden?"

"Dunno. Car crash, maybe. Uh, shits himself while playing lacrosse?"

"Think less *normal*," Myra said, not taking her eyes off the open book. "Big, homophobic, alpha male *douchenozzle*... how do you think he'd feel if, say..."

She suddenly looked up at Noah, her eyes alive with mischief.

"He woke up tomorrow as a *girl*?"

The shadows in the library seemed to grow longer, like someone was slowly turning down a dimmer. Noah swallowed.

"Wait. Are you saying...?"

"I'm *saying* I bet something like that would *traumatize* him." Myra's grin tugged wider, becoming almost a demonic leer. "Imagine. Sissy hating Mr. Jock-man wakes up to find he's got boobies and a sweet little puss-puss and a sudden desire to neck with boys."

Noah shook his head.

"Myra..."

"Maybe not just *any* boy, either." Myra giggled. "Maybe he wakes up to find he's head over heels in love with his own *worst enemy*."

"Who's that?"

Then Noah saw the way Myra was looking at him, and his eyes went wide.

"*Urgh!* No! I don't wanna... wanna have *Caden* fall in love with me!"

I can't believe I'm having this conversation...

"Why not?!", Myra giggled. "I mean, it wouldn't be *Caden Caden*, y'know. It'd be some hot-ass girl who just *happens* to have his memories, and can't help but follow you around, thinking about what a smart, sexy guy you are..."

"No! No *fucking* way! That's-that's *too* weird."

Myra sighed.

"OK, OK. Well, maybe one of his jock buddies, then?" His best friend suddenly started to laugh. "Oh *man!* Imagine Caden having sex with *Harvey!*"

She broke down into giggles, urgently jamming her fist against her mouth to try and stifle the laughter.

"Can you *imagine* how that'd fuck with his tiny, dickless brain?"

Noah glanced down at the book. Hesitated.

Surely not... I mean, there's no way...

"Hold up. Are you saying," he swallowed, unable to believe what he was about to ask. "Are you saying this book can really...?"

Myra shrugged.

"Well, according to stuff I read online, totally, yeah. According to what I understand of the laws of physics... probably not, no."

Her eyes glinted.

"*Buuut...* it'd be kinda cathartic to at least *try*, right?"

For a long moment, Noah stared at the book. At its crinkled, yellowed pages. At the strange writing in it. A shiver passed up his spine.

Was that a warning? A warning not to mess with this kinda shit...?

He gave himself a mental shake.

Hey, this stuff isn't real, remember?

At long last, he nodded.

"Yeah. Yeah, I guess it would be."

"Awesome!" Myra jumped up and down, looking like a little kid at Christmas. "Let's do it! One transformed jock, coming right up!"

As she eagerly leafed through the pages, Noah had a sudden sense of worry.

"Don't you wanna... I dunno. Don't you wanna test it first? See if it works?"

"Why? If it doesn't, who gives a shit. But if it *does*..."

She looked up at Noah, her eyes seeming to shine with laughter.

"Think how badly we could fuck up that jock asshole's *entire life!*"

Noah shook his head.

“Myra... wait.”

“What?”

“I don’t...”

Myra was staring at him now. He looked down at his feet.

“I don’t wanna fuck up his life,” he mumbled. “He’s... he’s a *total fucking docuhebag*, but... ruining his life? That seems... that seems a little *douchey*, too, y’know.”

Now it was Myra’s turn to shake her head.

“You’re amazing. *Ah-maze-ing*.”

Noah shuffled in his shoes.

“Thanks.”

“I didn’t mean it as a compliment.”

For a moment, his bestie was silent, her brow furrowed. Noah let her think.

“OK, fine,” she sighed. “We’ll only cast the spell for a week, OK? I mean, it’s not gonna work anyway, but if it does...”

“He’ll spend a week in hell, making out with his big, dumb jock buddies and acting like a *girl*, then on Friday we appear and promise to turn him back if he never picks on you again. Deal?”

“I guess so.”

“Thank you, God! Ready then?” She grinned at him. “One gender-swap spell, coming up!”

And with that, she lifted up the book, opened her mouth...

...and paused.

In his head, Noah silently counted to five.

“What?” He said, at last.

“I was just thinking,” Myra said, slowly, “this is meant to be cathartic for *you*, but I’m the one doing all the fun stuff.”

“I don’t mind. Honestly? I don’t really wanna-”

“Here.”

Myra suddenly threw the book to Noah. He clasped it to his chest, almost dropping it.

“That spell right there, just read it out. Only make sure you say Caden’s name. There, in the middle bit.”

The book was heavy in Noah’s hands. Almost supernaturally so. He could feel a faint tingling in his fingertips, like the book was alive with static electricity.

Or magic.

Hesitantly, he looked up at Myra, suddenly unsure.

“Do we really...?” He whispered. “I mean, do we *have* to...?”

“Noah, *man*,” Myra closed her eyes, as if in pain. “Just *get on with it*.”

For a second, Noah really thought he wouldn’t. Really thought he’d put the book down and tell Myra this shit was too dark for him.

But then he remembered that there was no such thing as magic, and the moment passed.

“OK. But if Caden gets transformed and comes looking for me...”

“He’ll be stuck as a girl. Even *you* could probably take him.”

“Thanks,” Noah muttered.

Then he gave a sigh, hoisted up the book, and began to read.

No sooner had he started chanting the strange words on the page, than the air began to crackle with electricity. A wind whipped up, blowing the pages around him and making his hair dance.

“Holy *shit!*” Myra breathed. “It’s working!”

Noah couldn’t respond. Now he had started speaking, it was like he was locked into the spell. Like he couldn’t stop, even if he wanted to.

Gripping the book tight, he yelled the words. Yelled them as the world trembled around him and electricity danced across his skin.

Oh my God, is it really gonna...?!

Then, suddenly, it was over. The last, strange word left Noah’s mouth. The wind died down. The book slipped from his fingers and tumbled to the floor.

In the silence that followed, Myra looked around, a faint expression of disappointment on her pale features.

“Huh. I guess maybe it didn’t...”

And then she turned to Noah and her eyes went wide. She raised one trembling hand, pointed at him.

“Noah... you’re... you’re-!”

But Noah didn’t need her to finish. Already, he could feel his skin start to twitch and writhe. Feel the magic, traveling over his body.

“Oh no...” he whispered, helplessly, looking down at himself. “Oh *God no!*”

His body was *changing*. Before his eyes, his skin was starting to twist and warp, tucking in here, pushing out there.

In panic, Noah raised his hands up before him. He felt his stomach drop out.

His hands were *different*. Where only moments before they’d been kinda slender and suspiciously dainty, but very much *boy* hands, they were now two small, delicate things, with long fingernails painted a bright, bubblegum pink.

“Oh *shit!*” Squeaked Noah. “Oh *shit!*”

As he watched, his wrists narrowed down, his arms shed muscle, and suddenly all the thin dark hairs that had recently started dusting his forearms were gone, leaving him with two slender,

willowy things.

A feeling of horror rising up in him, Noah looked at Myra.

“The book!” He squeaked. “Quick... the book!”

But Myra was rooted to the spot, her eyes wide, one hand pressed over her mouth. Unable to do anything but look on in horror as her bestie swapped his gender right before her eyes.

There was a creaking sound, like the hull of a wooden boat expanding, and suddenly Noah could feel his hips *pushing* outwards, growing larger until they protruded from either side of his body like two handles.

At the same time, his shoulders – never broad like Caden’s – began *pulling* inwards, losing what little masculine shape they had and becoming narrow and slender.

A magical tremor ran around Noah’s midriff. With a yell, he yanked his shirt up and watched, goggle-eyed, as the skin across his belly rippled and twitched. Suddenly, there was a feeling like someone was *yanking* a belt tight around him and his sides collapsed inwards, leaving him a waist so narrow you could almost fit your hands round it.

“Wha-what’s *happening*?” He yelled, not caring who might hear him.

Myra slowly shook her head.

“I think...” she whispered, “I think you’re...”

“*What?*”

His best friend shrugged, a helpless look in her eyes.

“Turning into a *girl*.”

No sooner were the words out her mouth than a sound like one of those ridiculous wobble boards filled the air. Noah’s ass jumped up and leaped out, gaining fat, becoming round and curved and peach-like.

Whimpering, he glanced over his shoulder at his new bum and almost fainted.

His ass was *enormous*! Like one of those butts you used to see in music videos. He clasped his cheeks between his newly-dainty hands and was mortified to feel how pert they were.

A tingling shot through Noah’s scalp, like someone had wired him up to the mains. A waterfall of hair suddenly exploded out his skull, tumbling past his eyes in waves until it reached down to his shoulder blades.

In fright, Noah grabbed a strand between two fingers, and watched open-mouthed as all the color bleached out and his hair became a brilliant, near-white blond.

Please... Oh please God no...

The changes were coming faster now. In quick succession, Noah felt his lips plump up. Felt his jawline soften and his cheekbones become sharper. Felt his teenage Adam’s apple slip back into his throat and disappear, leaving only a smooth, slender, swan-like neck.

In the bottom of his vision, he saw his nose – always slightly too-big – shrink down, turning into a cute little button. Then his eyes were suddenly overwhelmed by fluttering black wings that

made him cry out and raise up his hands, before he realized they were simply his long, dark new eyelashes.

“For God’s sakes, Myra!” He squealed in a voice that shot up two octaves, “make it stop!”

“I-I don’t think I *can*.” His best friend whispered, her face ashen. “Sorry, Noah, I really am, but...”

She swallowed.

“You’re *female* now.”

Her words made Noah feel like screaming. But then he felt it, something that obliterated everything else and made him whimper and plead in cold horror.

Somewhere, beneath the skin of his chest, a strange pressure was building. Like something was about to come bursting out. With panicked movements, Noah threw up his hands...

...and watched in open-mouthed horror as a pair of beautiful breasts came bursting out.

They swelled up suddenly beneath his shirt, getting bigger and rounder and perter, until they strained at the fabric, pulling it taut across his chest.

With a feeling like a man in a dream, Noah experimentally touched one, squeezing it gently through his shirt, and was surprised at how firm it was. How ripe.

Oh my God... those are bigger than Myra’s! He thought, helplessly.

As someone who had never had a girlfriend, Noah didn’t have much experience with cup sizes. But he knew Myra was a B, so that meant...

That meant he was the proud owner of a pair of C-cup titties, at *least*.

I can’t have tits! That’s impossible...

Then another, darker thought occurred to him.

Oh Jesus. Caden’s gonna make my life Hell...

Noah was still staring at the awful new *things* poking out his chest, rising in the lower part of his vision, when he suddenly felt it. The faint twitch in his crotch. The faint twitch that was all the worse because he knew what it meant.

With a soft moan, he tried to tear open his belt. Tried to grab hold of his cock and stop it from disappearing. But it was useless.

Barely had he moved before his penis had vanished back into his body, dragging his balls with it. There was a faint sound like Velcro being torn open, and suddenly Noah could feel a tiny little hole open up between his legs, flanked by a pair of plump, moist lips.

And then it was over. There was a sudden gust of wind that made Noah throw up his hands and *shriek*, and the spell was finished.

The silence that followed was broken only by the sound of Noah’s breathing; shallow, high-pitched, feminine. Slowly, he looked down at his body and realized with a jolt that his clothes had changed, too.

Whereas only seconds ago, he’d been dressed in a pair of skinny jeans with a loose-fitting button

shirt, his body was now kitted out with a plain white tank top, a stylish dark jacket, and a pair of leggings that clung to his skin and stopped just above his ankles.

His shoes, too, had changed, switching from a pair of white sneakers to a pair of girly pink converse.

“Um...”

With slow movements, Noah looked up from his new body to Myra, watching him with a shell shocked expression. He swallowed gently.

“What... what the *hell* did we do?”

The moment the words were out his mouth, he wished he could snatch them back, keep them locked away and stay silent.

His male voice had vanished. In its place was a voice that was high-pitched, soft and kinda squeaky. The sort of voice you heard floating out from groups of junior girls, or echoing down the corridor by the girl’s locker room.

Myra was still staring at him, like she’d just seen a ghost.

“Um...” She hesitated, seemingly unable to take her eyes off Noah’s new face. “Um, I guess we...”

She gave herself a little shake.

“Huh. I guess the spell worked after all.”

Noah felt his pretty little mouth drop open.

“B-but it was meant to work on *Caden!*” He squeaked, angrily, hating the way his new voice grated on his ears. “Not *me!*”

He glanced back down at his new body. At the vast cleavage on display below his low neckline. At his slender arms and long legs and hourglass-shaped figure.

“*Look at me!*” He squealed, helplessly. “I’m... I’m a *girl!*”

Just saying the words out loud made his head spin, made him want to be sick. He felt like closing his eyes and keeping them shut until he could wake up from this awful nightmare.

But, deep down, Noah knew it wasn’t a nightmare. He could *feel* his brand new breasts, pressing softly against one another in his bra. *Feel* his long, blond hair, tumbling over his shoulders, tickling at his neck.

Feel the tight little hole between his legs, where his penis had once been.

No. Even the worst nightmare wasn’t this detailed.

Myra was still staring at him, in a way that made Noah want to slap her. With a deep mental effort, he forced himself to stay calm.

“*What?*”

“Huh? Oh, nothing...” Myra quickly looked away.

Noah sighed.

“Myra,” he said, trying to keep his soft, girly voice level. “Your best friend just turned into a girl right before your eyes. There’s no *nothing* about this. *What?*”

In response, Myra knelt down and began rummaging in her bag.

“Hold on... it’s in here somewhere. *Aha!*”

She leaped onto her feet, holding out something small and black in one hand, still avoiding looking at Noah.

“It’s just... it’s just kinda *weird* seeing you all... well. You’ll see.”

But Noah was barely listening. With his dainty new hands, he snatched up the little plastic mirror from Myra’s palm, pulled it open. Then, trembling, he raised it up to his new face.

The first thing he noticed was that his eyes had changed color. Where once they’d been a pleasant brown, they were now a deep, sky blue.

But it wasn’t his new eyes that made Noah raise one hand to his lips in horror. Wasn’t his eyes that made him want to scream and keep screaming and never stop.

No... Please, God, no...

The girl in the mirror was *gorgeous*. She looked about 18, the same age as Noah. But where Noah had been nobody’s idea of a supermodel, the girl before him was...

Well. She was *beautiful*.

She had a soft, baby face with pouty pink lips beneath two piercing blue eyes. Long, flowing blond hair tumbled over her shoulders, framing her high cheekbones and china white skin.

Her neck was long and slender, her face that of a future prom queen. She had the body of a cheerleader, with strong, slender legs and a tight waist, offset by her pleasingly-large boobs.

She was stylish, in an unshowy way. The sort of girl who clearly took care of her appearance. The sort of teenage beauty who all the jocks hit on and the nerdy guys hopelessly lusted after.

She was the prettiest girl at their school. The sort of popular, beautiful girl all the other girls want to be, and the guys simply *want*.

And she was *him*.

Noah couldn’t help it.

He screamed.

III

“Jesus, *fuck*, Nora!” Myra put a finger to her lips, urgently shushing him. “Keep it down!”

Noah barely heard her. He was too busy *staring* at the prom queen in the mirror. Too busy staring at the teenage beauty he’d magically become.

That can’t be me... It can’t!

Noah fixed his eyes on the panicked-looking girl in the mirror, desperate to prove this was all some cheap parlor trick. He quickly stuck out his tongue, only to feel his heart sink as the girl stuck hers out in time with him.

He winked at her. Crossed his eyes. Pulled a stupid expression.

But it was no use.

Whatever he did, the girl did also. She was him. He was her.

He was now a beautiful schoolgirl.

“Oh my God...” he whimpered, hating the way the girl in the mirror moved her lips in time with his. “Oh my God...”

“Hey... hey, take it easy,” Myra whispered. “Hey, it’s cool...”

“Cool?! How the... how can it be *cool*?! Jesus, Myra,” Noah moaned in his soft voice, “we really...”

A frown creased his perfect brow. He lowered the mirror. Myra blinked.

“What?”

“What did you just call me?”

“I dunno. When?”

“Just *now*! You said... you Jesus, fuck, *Nora*.”

“Did I?” Now it was Myra’s turn to frown. “Why would I do that?”

“I don’t know...” Noah whimpered, suddenly feeling sad and frightened and utterly helpless.

Myra shook her head.

“Wait. No way...”

“No way *what*?”

“Well, this is gonna sound nuts, but maybe...” Myra shrugged helplessly at him, “Maybe it’s your female name.”

A trickle of ice seemed to run down the length of Noah’s spine.

“My *what*?”

“Look,” Myra said, “the spell was meant to do more than just swap Caden’s body, right? It was meant to make him into Harvey’s girlfriend, make him act like he’d *always* been a girl. Maybe...”

She hesitated.

“Maybe when it rebounded on you, it changed your past, too. Maybe to everyone else...”

She gave him an apologetic look.

“You’ve *always* been Nora.”

The world seemed to sway and tilt around Noah. He looked down at the spell book, lying in a heap at his feet.

“Does that mean...” he swallowed, his voice barely a whisper. “Does that mean... *other* things have changed, too?”

“Like what?”

“You know,” Noah couldn’t even look at his bestie. “Harvey.”

Myra sighed.

“I hate to say this, but I really dunno.” She crouched down, gingerly picked up the book. “I mean, were you focusing on the Harvey part when you cast the spell?”

“How should I know?” Noah snapped, crossing his arms over his new breasts. He could feel them, pushing back against his arms, and it was *weird*.

“I didn’t think it would work. And if it did... why would it work on *me?!?*”

“Who knows?” Murmured Myra. “The good news is...”

Noah let out a harsh bark of a laugh. In his newly-female voice, it sounded strange, bitter.

“Hey, don’t be a dick, huh?” Myra frowned up at him. “I didn’t know this would happen.”

It was your idea! Noah raged in his head.

Outwardly though, he forced himself to bite his tongue. There was no point arguing now.

“I know. I just... *fuck*,” he sighed. “OK. Go on, what’s the good news?”

“The good news *is*, we only set the spell to last a week, remember?” His best friend stood back up, clutching the book to her chest. “Even if we accidentally placed the curse on you, you’ll still turn back by Friday.”

For a second, Noah almost couldn’t understand her words. It was simply incomprehensible, like he was a man on the verge of drowning who’d suddenly been thrown a chocolate lifesaver.

“Wait, you mean... you mean this is *temporary*?”

“Should be. Might be even more-temporary if I can figure out the reverse spell.” She frowned down at the battered old spell book. “Well, maybe...”

Noah was barely listening. A feeling of elation was rising up in him, like he was suddenly flying.

“I’ll change back? I’m not stuck like this?”

“I don’t *think* so,” Myra said, carefully. “I mean, why would you be? If we cast the right spell...”

Relief washed over Noah, making him dizzy. He looked down at his curvy new body and almost felt like crying.

A week. That was do-able. Sure, it would be weird. And *sure*, he'd have to deal with shit like peeing sitting down and having guys come onto him, but one measly little week? He could survive that.

After all, he'd survived *much* worse at school.

He felt a smile tugging at the corners of his pouty new lips. He was suddenly extremely glad he'd convinced Myra not to make the spell permanent.

"OK..." Noah turned his new, supermodel smile onto Myra. It felt weird on his face. Like he instinctively knew even without looking in the mirror that it was the sort of smile guys would *kill* to see directed at them.

"OK, I think I can do this. All I've gotta do is keep my head down, right? Avoid Harvey, and make sure..."

He trailed off. Myra had suddenly gone very pale.

"Myra? Wha...?"

His bestie was looking over his shoulder, looking like she might be sick. With a feeling of dread, Noah started to turn around...

...and then he heard the voice and nearly screamed.

"*There* you are!" The deep, masculine voice boomed out, shaking the library shelves. "I've been looking for you!"

With a feeling of horror, Noah looked down the row of books to see Caden walking toward them, a grin on his square-jawed face. His eyes were alive, his fists swinging at his sides.

And he was headed straight for Noah.

Oh shit... Oh dear Jesus, no...

"Thought you could get away from me, did you? Thought you could get away from *Caden*?"

Panic rose in Noah's big new chest. He turned helplessly to Myra, but she looked just as terrified as he did.

The spell, he knows we were gonna try the spell on him, and now he's here to... oh, fuck!

Caden was nearly on them now, making a beeline right for Noah, his eyes hard, his face determined. For a second, Noah wondered if maybe they should run, but it was already too late.

No... his only chance was to... to *explain* what had happened, and pray to God that Caden wouldn't beat the shit out of him while he was still a girl.

"C-Caden," he whispered, his high-pitched voice suddenly dry, "I..."

And then it was too late. Caden stopped directly in front of him, smiling down at poor little Noah, towering over him.

"Nora, baby, I've been looking for you for *ages*..."

Baby? Noah just had time to think, *what-?*

And then Caden was reaching out, wrapping an arm tenderly around Noah's tight waist. Pulling

Noah's weak, girl-body towards him. Smiling down at him with a cocky look in his eyes.

Just before it happened, Noah realized what was going on. Started to struggle. Opened his mouth to plead.

But it was too late. Caden leaned in. Noah felt his body automatically tilt its pretty head back, open its pouty lips.

And then the two boys were kissing.

They kissed like their lives depended on it, the sort of kiss only teenagers and people in movies give.

Caden's tongue invaded Noah's mouth, swirling between his lips, possessing him, making him his. He clutched Noah's lithe, female form close against his strong, male one, pressing their hips together, running a hand gently through his Noah's long, silky hair.

Oh God... Noah thought, weakly, *oh God...*

To his horror, he could feel his female body responding to Caden's male form. To his raw, masculine *power*. His new boobs were swelling slightly, their nipples hardening. He felt dizzy, his legs weak, like a baby deer on roller skates.

Deep between his legs, Noah could feel a strange *warmth* unfurling as his brand new pussy came alive. As it responded to the feel of Caden's erection, pressing up against his soft stomach.

At long last, Caden pulled back. He smiled down at Noah, his handsome face only inches from his.

"Miss me, babe?" He whispered.

Without realizing he was about to do so, Noah dumbly nodded his pretty little head. Inside, he was in turmoil.

I just kissed a boy. And that boy was Caden! Oh fuck, that's disgusting...

But, already, Noah knew it was even worse than that.

Wrapped up in his former-bully's strong, manly arms, Noah miserably realized the spell hadn't gone *completely* wrong after all. It had still affected Caden.

Only rather than transforming Caden and making *Harvey* his boyfriend, it had accidentally transformed Noah.

Which meant Caden was no longer the bully who made Noah's life misery. No longer the muscular, meat-headed jock who teased and tormented him.

He was now the muscular, meat-headed jock that Noah was going steady with.

Noah was a beautiful, popular, straight teenage girl.

And Caden was his *boyfriend*.

*

The sun's rays glinted off the windscreens in the school parking lot. A warm gust of breeze drifted over the asphalt, teased at Noah's long, blond hair. With an unconsciously girly movement, he reached up and hooked an errant strand daintily behind one ear.

He had no idea where this was going, but he could already tell it wouldn't be anywhere good.

"Jump in, babe," Caden's voice, low and commanding, made him jump. He turned to the big jock stood beside him, his heart hammering in his chest, and forced up what he hoped was a supermodel smile.

"I-it's cool, Caden. I can... I can take the bus..."

"Bull-shit, Nora," Caden laughed, pressing his keys to unlock the car. "You're *always* raggin' me for a ride. Well, here it is. So."

He smiled down at poor little Noah, a confident smile that was at once tender, and powerful, and annoyingly *sexy*.

"Get your hot little ass in there."

My hot little ass?! Noah felt like screaming. What the fuck does he think this is... Mad Men?

But it wasn't like he had a choice.

Reluctantly, like a condemned woman mounting the scaffold, Noah opened the door of Caden's powerful, stylish 4x4 and slipped into the passenger's seat. The leather was hot under his bare skin, the car like an oppressive cage around him.

With a feeling of shame, Noah noted the newly-female part of his brain idly noting how *powerful* the vehicle was. How *right* it was that a guy like Caden should drive something like this.

The door slammed beside him. Through the windscreen, Noah watched as Caden cockily walked round the front, lazily waving a last goodbye to his bros across the parking lot. Despite the heat, he shivered.

Oh God, I hope he doesn't try to kiss me...

Ordinarily, the thought of Caden wanting to *kiss* him would've been so alien that Noah would've burst out laughing. But not today. Oh, no.

Already, this was shaping up to be the weirdest day of Noah's life.

After their passionate kiss in the library, Noah and Caden had stood there, gazing into one another's eyes for what felt like eternity, Caden with a cocky expression on his face, Noah with a dazed, helpless look on his.

Noah had just been wondering whether he should give into his body's subliminal urges to start kissing this big, blond jock again, when a little cough had made them both look up.

"Um..." Myra had said, "not that it's any of my business, but there's a no petting rule in the library, y'know."

Still wrapped in his lover's arms, Noah had turned helplessly back to Caden, just in time to see the jock's brow darken.

"Who asked *you*, dykeface?" He sneered. "Why don't you just-?"

"Why don't I just *what*? Gonna beat up a *girl*, douchebag?"

"Myra! For fuck's *sakes*!" Noah had squeaked, helplessly, pulling himself out of Caden's arms. "Can't you just give it a rest for... for..."

The little warning light had gone on in his mind too late. Slowly, with a feeling of dread, Noah had turned back to his asshole new boyfriend to see Caden giving him a peculiar look.

“Hold on...” the big jock had rumbled. “Nora... are you... *friends* with this-?”

“Damn right we’re friends!” Myra had said before Noah could even begin to explain. “In *fact*, me and Nora are *best buds*.”

Still clutching the spell book, she’d defiantly stepped up beside Noah and clasped one of his free, dainty hands in hers.

“Now... what were you gonna say to me, huh, Caden?”

Helplessly, Noah had looked up at Caden, his pretty new face automatically rearranging itself into an apologetic smile. Inside, his heart had been hammering away in his large new chest.

Oh God... what if he twigs... what if he realizes he just kissed a dude?

The thought had made him shudder. While Caden might not hit a girl, if he found out there was a *guy* inside this female body, and if he found out that guy was *Noah*...

...well. He’d probably try to kill him.

For a moment, Caden had looked from one girl to the other, his brow furrowed. Finally, he’d turned to Noah.

“Nora...?”

Noah had swallowed. Outwardly, he tried to make his supermodel smile brighter.

“*Totally*,” he’d laughed in his soft new voice, hoping it didn’t sound unnatural. “We’ve known each other since, what, 3rd grade?”

“Our moms used to hang out,” he added, by way of explanation.

For a moment, he’d thought Caden would simply hit him. Or yell something. He’d become so accustomed to dealing with the jock as his victim, that it never occurred to him that Caden was capable of doing anything else.

To his surprise, though, Caden had simply shrugged and given him a winning smile that made Noah’s slender legs go wobbly all over again.

“Shit, my bad, babe. I didn’t know you two had *history*.”

He’d nodded to Myra.

“No offense, right? Just banter.”

Noah had felt his pouty lips drop open.

Wait, did Caden just apologize to Myra?!

After all the shit they’d given each other over the years, it seemed impossible to think that such a thing could ever happen.

But, deep down, Noah knew what was happening. He was Caden’s hot-ass girlfriend now.

And you didn’t insult your girlfriend’s friends, no matter how much you hated them.

“C’mon, babe,” Caden had said, taking Noah’s delicate hand in his strong, manly one. “Let’s

split, yeah? Told the guys we'd grab lunch with them."

"What?! Like, *together*? No!" The words had been out Noah's mouth before he could stop himself. "We've gotta-I mean, we were gonna..."

He'd helplessly gestured Myra, the book, willing her to jump in and save him with some perfect excuse.

It had been a vain hope.

"No, it's cool," Myra had said, to Noah's surprise and horror, "we can talk homework later. You guys have fun, yeah?"

If it was possible to kill someone through indignation alone, Noah would've fried his bestie then and there. Instead, he'd leaned over and hissed in her ear.

"Myra?! Seriously, what the fu-?"

"It's cool," Myra had whispered back, her voice oddly light, "*I've gotta try and find the reverse spell. Besides...*"

A note of humor had entered her voice.

"*I've just had an awesome idea.*"

And Noah had blinked at her, wanting to scream in her face *awesome idea?! The only thing I want you to think about is turning me back, right now!*

But by then Myra had already been moving away, letting go of his hand, a mysterious smile on her pale face.

"OK, cool, then," she'd said, brightly, "I'll call later, yeah? We can talk, uh, *homework*."

"Whatever," Caden had said, clasping Noah's hand more firmly, "let's go Nora. Catch ya later, dykefa- err... Myra."

And then the two lovebirds were off, Caden dragging Noah down between the shelves of books, while Noah had looked helplessly over one slender shoulder, his blond hair falling across his vision and helplessly mouthed *call me!*

"You guys really friends?" Caden had muttered as they walked.

"Uh-hu," Noah had nodded, trying to ignore the feeling of Caden's strong fingers, laced through his slender, girly ones. Trying to ignore the faint, masculine smell of Caden's sweat, and the weird little signals it was sending to his brain.

Trying not to think about the kiss they'd just shared, and how weirdly *good* it had felt.

"She kinda... she kinda helps me with my homework," he'd hurriedly added. "Totally gets all the nerdy stuff, y'know?"

And Caden had looked at him doubtfully, but he'd said nothing.

Whether it was due to the magic forcing them to be a couple, or simply due to the fact that Noah was now *stunning* to look at, Caden no longer seemed interested in taunting him and questioning everything he said.

After that, the feeling of tension in Noah's chest had eased slightly. The feeling that he was

gonna get found out and given a beating dissipated.

In its place came one of intense *weirdness*.

In his new body, it was like *everything* had changed. Whereas before he used to walk through the corridors with his head down, skirting crowds and trying not to make eye contact with people, now it was like everyone made way for him.

They'd passed groups of junior guys who turned and checked out Noah's figure as he went by, grinning as they did so.

They'd passed groups of girls who'd never even *looked* at Noah's male form, but now seemed to light up when they saw him, yelling "*Nora!*" and stopping to chat shit with him about hair and clothes and cheerleader practice, subjects poor Noah barely managed to fumble through.

And they'd passed gangs of jocks, guys Caden knew from the sports field, all of whom suddenly seemed interested in making him laugh and telling him how *awesome* he looked.

For someone like Noah, who'd spent his whole life as an outcast, it had felt like becoming a celebrity; like waking up to find he was stuck in Emma Watson or Scarlet Johansson's body.

People were suddenly *pleased* to see him. Girls he'd once thought were out of his league had looked at him with undisguised envy, clearly disgusted with how short, or dumpy, or plain they felt stood next to him. Guys who'd once used him as a punching bag had been falling over themselves to get his attention, to be nice to him.

It's like stepping into another world... Noah had thought, dazedly, as he clung to one of Caden's strong arms, smiling up at some stacked black guy from the football team. *Like I'm Alice, and I've just fallen through the looking glass...*

The feeling of dislocation had only gotten stronger when they finally made it to the lunch hall.

"There they are," Caden had murmured, guiding him toward a gang of lacrosse players loafing in one corner. "Yo, bros!"

For Noah, it had been like walking into the lion's den.

Every single one of the guys before him had made his life hell at one time or another. Some, like Harvey, were a core part of Caden's gang that tormented him day in, day out. Just seeing their faces so close had been enough to nearly trigger the bullied boy's flight response.

But then an incredible thing had happened.

These asshole jocks, these jerks who had spent *years* making Noah's life hell...

...they'd been *glad* to see him.

At one point, Noah had found himself sat on the edge of a bench, one slender leg crossed over the other, holding hands with Caden and laughing and fluttering his eyelashes as Harvey told him a joke.

Jesus, he remembered thinking, if you'd told me just four hours ago that I'd be enjoying Harvey's company, I'd have thought you were crazy...

Then Caden had squeezed his hand, giving him a cocky smile, and it had all been too much. Suddenly, the reality of where he was, what he was doing, *who* he now was, had come crashing

down on Noah, making him feel ill.

This is horrible... he'd realized, looking at the sea of awful faces around him. *I'm still me. All that's changed is my outside appearance, and look... That's enough to make them want to be my friend.*

He'd suddenly closed his eyes, trying to stop the whirling in his brain.

That's all high school is, isn't it? An endless procession of people, judging you by the skin you wear, lifting you up or making you hate yourself, all based on nothing at all...

As he sat there, not sure if he wanted to scream or cry or laugh, he'd felt movement next to him, then Caden had been murmuring right in his ear.

"Hey. Nora. Babe. You cool?"

His breath had been warm on Noah's soft cheeks, his deep voice sending little shivers through his female body. Angrily he'd shaken his head.

And that's Caden... Caden, making me feel all dizzy and horny like some dumb bimbo who's into bullies...

"I'm OK," he'd smiled, before suddenly changing his mind. "Actually, no. I'm not... I'm not feeling good."

He'd raised his head and looked hopelessly into Caden's piercing blue eyes, trying desperately to ignore the way his heart started beating faster.

"Could you... could you take me home?"

A slow grin had spread across Caden's handsome, square-jawed face. His eyes had flicked down to Noah's pert new breasts, a little, subconscious, flicker that had made Noah's magically-charged body feel like swooning.

"Sure thing, babe," he'd whispered, before turning to his bros. "Guys. We gonna split."

A secretive smile.

"Something we've gotta do."

And now here they were, sat in Caden's big, powerful 4x4 together, the engine running, sending powerful little tremors through their photogenic teenage bodies.

"Your mom gonna be home?" Caden asked casually, throwing the 4x4 into reverse and backing out the parking bay.

"I dunno," Noah said, looking out the window, trying to avoid his new boyfriend's eyes.

"Maybe."

Even such a simple question was enough to send his mind reeling. In his new body, he looked *nothing* like his mom. Did that mean he now had a new set of parents to deal with?

Christ, as if there weren't enough changes to adjust to already...

"That sucks," Caden murmured, swinging the car round and throwing it into gear.

At last, Noah looked at his old enemy, frowning out at him from beneath his blond bangs.

“Why?”

“Why’d ya think?” Caden turned and gave him a hungry smile, his blue eyes greedily tracing the curvy outline of Noah’s figure. “I haven’t seen you outta those clothes for like a *week*.”

There was nothing Noah could say. He was stunned into silence.

Oh Christ... oh Christ, he wants to fuck me!

“Ah, we’ll know soon enough,” Caden said with a roguish wink.

Then he turned his attention back to the road, hit the gas, and the young couple were sailing off into the mid-afternoon sun, their bright, outward lives completely at odds with the black hurricane screaming away inside Noah’s beautiful new body.

IV

“How big’s his dick?”

Noah stopped pacing his room. He wrapped his fluffy pink dressing gown tighter around his curvy new body and scowled.

“I *didn’t* see his dick,” he snapped into his cell.

“But you must’ve at least got an *idea*, right?” Myra’s voice was alive with mischief. “I mean, you *did* say you made out...”

Noah gave an internal sigh, turning helplessly to the full-length mirror by his new closet. He grimaced at the beautiful girl looking back at him, at her bare, slender legs poking out the bottom of her dressing gown, at the distinctive outline of her breasts.

I wish I’d never told her that...

“It wasn’t *making out*,” he protested. “It was... it was just a kiss, y’know? A quick, little goodbye kiss...”

“Yeah?” Myra asked. “Tell me. How long did this ‘goodbye kiss’ last?”

Noah closed his eyes. He ran his free hand through his long, blond hair and wished he could just hang up.

“Maybe fifteen minutes,” he said, at last.

A low whistle came down the line, one that may have been impressed or just shocked.

“That’s a *long* time.”

“Yeah,” Noah said, unhappily, “yeah, it was.”

But it sure didn’t feel that way, did it?

It had taken him and Caden no time at all to get back to Noah’s house. To Noah’s astonishment, it had been *his* house; the large suburban home he’d shared with his parents in his male life.

Well, he remembered thinking as they pulled up, *at least that’s something...*

Inside, everything had been exactly as he’d left it that morning. There were still photos of his mom and dad on the wall, still dirty clothes in the laundry, still a half-eaten bowl of cereal out on the counter.

Yet it was also subtly different. It had taken Noah a few minutes to figure out why, as he and Caden picked their way through the front room, calling for his mom, but it had finally hit him.

The framed photos. Where they used to tell the story of a young, awkward, effeminate boy growing up, they now told the story of a confident, popular girl.

There were pictures of Nora, as a kid, heading out to Halloween parties. Pictures of her, aged 13, all dressed for her first day at middle school, fashionable even back then.

Pictures of her before junior prom, wearing an elegant black dress, stood beside a smiling, besuited Caden, one of his arms wrapped round her waist.

The pictures had made Noah feel oddly guilty, like he was prying through someone else's life. It didn't matter that he *was* Nora, that she couldn't exist without him.

The bedroom had been stranger still.

Where it had once been a boy's room – an unnaturally tidy, meticulous boy, sure, but still a *boy* – it now definitely belonged to a girl.

The walls were pink, matching perfectly the pink, girly sheets on the bed. There were little fairy lights and candles littered around the place. Makeup on the dresser. Girl's clothes falling out the closet.

Stood in the middle of it all, Noah had just had enough time to wonder if any of this was really happening, when he'd heard the footsteps behind him, and suddenly Caden's strong arms were wrapped round his waist, and they were kissing, kissing like their lives depended on it, and it had felt so, so wrong, yet so, so *right*...

"And then what happened?"

Stood in his pink room, clad only in his new pink dressing gown, Noah suddenly snapped back to reality. To his horror, he realized he had a faint smile on his face from thinking of Caden.

"Nothing," he said, maybe a touch too forcefully, "we made out and it was *super gross*, and then I kinda... kinda came to my senses and told him I had a headache."

"And he just went?" Myra sounded almost disappointed.

Noah nodded, then realized his bestie couldn't see that.

"Yeah," he said in his soft voice, "just like that."

Well, almost...

He gently bit down on his lower lip. There was no way he was gonna tell Myra what had *really* happened.

That he and Caden had ripped each other's clothes off, unable to stop kissing, barely able to control their passion.

That he'd placed his tiny hand on Caden's muscular torso and nearly fainted, feeling its raw power beneath his fingertips.

That Caden had picked him up like he was made of air, like he was nothing at all, carried him across the room, their lips still locked together, and thrown him onto the bed.

That they'd lain there, pressed up against one another, making out like their lives depended on it, only a pair of flimsy pink panties and a pair of white boxers between Noah's new pussy and the long, hard thing between Caden's legs.

That Noah had got an overwhelming urge to clutch Caden's prick tight in one tiny hand, and been shocked at how big it was, and even more shocked at how *good* touching a guy's dick was as a girl.

Noah shook his pretty new head. Even now, it seemed like there was no way any of that could've happened.

No way he could've bitten his bottom lip and moaned as Caden playfully pinched his nipples, kneading the flesh of his bare breasts. No way he could've begged his bully to spank him.

No way he could've watched in horror as Caden pulled a condom out of his pocket, then closed his eyes and nodded *yes*.

It was only thanks to his mom getting home from work early that Noah hadn't gone even further. Hadn't let Caden fuck him.

Hadn't lost his virginity to the douchebag jock who made his life hell.

No. He couldn't tell Myra any of that.

"What about the spell book," he said, opening his eyes at last. In the mirror, Nora smiled back at him with dreamy eyes, still lost in thoughts about her hunky boyfriend.

Oh God no... I don't want to think of Caden as 'hunky'...

"Well, it's both kinda awful and kinda awesome," Myra's voice had a hint of a smile to it, like she already knew what Noah was too chickenshit to tell her. "The awful part is there's no reverse spell. Sorry. You're a girl till Friday."

"Great," Noah sighed.

He hadn't expected anything else, but to hear it actually said out loud like that still made him want to cry.

"What's the awesome part, then?"

"Well, look at it this way," Myra said. "You're a girl till Friday."

In the mirror, Nora rolled her eyes. Even now, his mind still reeling from his makeout session with Caden, his nerves frayed by the discovery that not only was magic *real*, it was a pain in the ass, Noah still had to admit that his new body was *gorgeous*.

Look at her, he thought, *she's gonna make some guy very happy one day...*

So long as it's not Caden.

"What, like in one of those pervy ebooks?" He asked, dropping back down onto his bed with a *flump*, his long legs sticking up into the air. "That's not really... not really my *scene*, I guess."

His hair sprawled around him like a fan. Even now, lying on his back, Noah could still see the pert shape of his breasts, sticking stubbornly up into the air.

"I mean, I *did* try and look at my boobs in the shower, but it was like I couldn't get turned on by my own body or some-"

"Guh-ross," Myra sang down the phone at him. "That's some real pervy shit, Noah. I thought you were a *good* boy."

"I'm not even that anymore," Noah sighed.

He rolled onto his front, eager to get the weight of his boobs off his chest. But they were just as annoying like this, raising his body up off the mattress and feeling all weird and squashed.

"Go on, then, I'll bite. Explain what's *awesome* about this."

“What, seriously?” Myra laughed. “I mean, this is perfect, isn’t it? You wanted to get revenge on Caden, right?”

“*You* wanted to get revenge. I’m the one who wound up-!”

“...getting turned into a girl. Yeah, sure, yada, yada, yada.”

“Yada, yada, ya-?!” Noah’s eyes went wide. “For fuck’s sakes, Myra. How would *you* feel if you got turned into a *boy*?”

“I’d feel fucking *great*. Maybe not if it was permanent, but for a week? I’ve always wanted to know what getting a blowjob feels like.”

Me too, thought Noah, silently.

“Speaking of which, you should try asking Caden to go down on you. Not that I’d put much stock in his technique, but *seriously*, getting head as a girl is like-”

“What’s this gotta do with revenge?”

“OK, OK, keep your luscious blond locks on.” Myra went silent for a moment. “The spell made you boyfriend and girlfriend, right?”

How could I forget?

“Well, we’ve been so wrapped up in the changes it made to *you*, we forgot that Caden also got wanged by the magic.”

A lightbulb seemed to slowly come on in Noah’s brain. The first form of an idea.

“How so?” He asked, slowly.

“Isn’t it obvious?” Myra laughed. “He’s in *love* with you. Like, really. You’re not just his *girlfriend*, Noah.”

She paused, letting it sink in.

“You’re the girl he wants to spend the *rest of his life with*.”

Lying on his pink new sheets, in his pink new room, surrounded by traces of his new life as a girl, Noah slowly shook his pretty little head.

“No. No way...”

“Think about it,” Myra purred in his ear. “What’s more guaranteed to destroy a homophobe like Caden than finding out the girl of his dreams is actually a *dude*?”

She giggled.

“All you’ve gotta do this week is make him really, *really* fall for you, and then on Friday: *pow*! That creep’s douchey mind is gonna be blown *forever*.”

Wordlessly, Noah shook his head.

“No...” He pleaded at last, “Myra, no... I-I *can’t* be anywhere near Caden right now, understand? Just the sight of him makes me... makes me...”

Wanna rip his shirt off and beg him to fuck me, Noah finished in his brain. But, of course, he didn’t say that bit out loud.

“Who says that’s a bad thing? Roll with it, the spell will make sure you enjoy it. ‘Sides, it sounds like he’s less pushy now we wanged him. If it gets too much you can always ask him to leave again.”

Noah bit his lower lips, hard. He *knew* he shouldn’t have lied to Myra about that.

“Myra, *please*,” he tried one last time, his female voice pleading, submissive, “today... today was *horrible*. I just wanna spend the week at home. I’m gonna call in tomorrow, say I’m sick, then I’m gonna hide in my room and wait till...”

“Noah!” Myra practically yelled down the line. “Or Nora, or whoever you are. Stop being such a *dick*! Caden’s an *asshole*, man. He’s like the Ur-douchebag, the bag from which all other douches originate.”

“Please can we stop talking about-?”

“You owe it to me to screw over that guy,” Myra continued, ignoring his pleas. “You owe it to every kid that shitbag picked on over the last ten years. Every kid he beat on for being gay, every girl he called a dyke. You owe it to *yourself*, Noah.”

When Noah didn’t respond, she let out a long sigh.

“OK, *please* can we get revenge on Caden?” She said. “I’ll beg you, honestly I will. It’s just this- this is gonna be our *only* chance, and he’s such a *dick*... I mean, I act like it doesn’t hurt and all, but every single time he calls me a dyke, it just...”

“Makes you wanna die?” Noah whispered.

“Yeah. That’s about it, yeah.”

For a long time, Noah didn’t say a word. He simply lay there, trying to ignore the faint ache in his new boobs, trying to think what he should do.

On the one hand, after today, he really *didn’t* want to see Caden, lest they wind up having wild, passionate sex that would mentally scar him for life.

On the other... well, Myra was right. How often did a kid like him get to turn the tables on a homophobic bully like Caden?

Myra was waiting for his reply, the only sound down the line her faint breathing. At last, Noah stirred back to life.

“OK. OK, I’ll do it,” he said.

“You really mean that?”

“Yeah. *But*,” he suddenly added, “you’ve gotta look out for me, OK? This magic is *strong*. I mean, I don’t wanna... you know...”

“Get pregnant with Caden’s kids?”

Noah closed his eyes and nodded.

“Pretty much. Yeah.”

“Don’t worry, I’ll look out for you. It’s only till Friday, right? How hard can it be?”

“Thanks.” Noah paused. “Myra?”

“Yeah?”

“Is this weird?”

There was a sigh in his ear.

“My best friend, my *male* best friend, is talking to me from inside the body of a prom queen, a prom queen who’s dating the biggest jackoff in school. I’d say we’re way past weird at this point.”

For the first time that day, Noah smiled. Not the dizzy smile of a girl looking at her boyfriend. Not the panicked smile of a boy trying to convince people he was really a girl. A genuine, amused smile. A smile of friendship.

On Nora’s perfect face, it looked radiant.

“Thanks, Myra.”

“Don’t mention it, girlfriend.”

“Myra?”

“Yeah?”

“Fuck you.”

Myra laughed in his ear.

“Fuck you, too, bitch.”

Then, still laughing, she hung up.

In the silence that followed, Noah rolled over onto his back, trying to ignore the way his boobs wobbled. Trying to ignore the way the cool air of the room caressed his slender legs.

Trying to ignore all the crazy shit that had happened to him today.

A distant streetlight was casting strange shadows on the ceiling, patterns that seemed to flicker and change, taking on first one form and then another, like their shape was constantly shifting.

Looking up at them, Noah gave a tiny sigh.

“I dunno about you,” he murmured to no-one in particular, Nora’s soft voice sounding almost ethereal to his ears, “but I’ve got a bad feeling about this.”

*

And so it began.

Every morning Noah would wake up with a start, for a moment convinced that he was back in his old body, and everything was back to normal.

Then he’d look down and see the long hair trailing over his pillow, feel his new boobs lying softly against each other, feel the faint warmth in his crotch that came when his female body woke up from dreams of Caden, and reality would come crashing down with the force of a meteor.

It would’ve been weird enough if he was just stuck at home as a girl, without the extra ballache of having to go to school.

Every morning, he had to make sure he got up early enough to comb his long, curly blond hair, and apply all the makeup his female face seemed to demand.

Every morning, he had to leave enough time to dig through his closet, furiously hunting for the *right* clothes to wear that day.

Whereas, as a boy, getting dressed had meant throwing on some jeans and a shirt, now it was like a never-ending operation. Time and again, he'd be all dressed and ready to go, only to tear everything off at the last moment and go hunting for an entirely *new* outfit.

It was almost like going out in the 'wrong' clothes would set him up badly for the entire day. Like it was akin to leaving a part of his personality lying around the house.

By the third morning, Noah knew he'd never again criticize a girl for taking too long to get dressed.

Bad as that was, stuff like makeup and clothes were still within the range of things that seemed, if not normal, then understandable to his teenage boy's brain.

It was the other stuff that really freaked him out.

Take peeing. As a guy, you did it stood up. As a girl, not only did you have to sit down, but the entire *sensation* was different. In fact, it was so alien that after one *hugely* uncomfortable class, Noah had collared Myra in the corridor.

"Look, just promise not to laugh at me, OK?" He'd hissed in her ear, "but I've gotta ask you something."

When Myra has raised her eyebrows, he'd flushed a deep shade of red.

"How do you hold a pee in?" He'd whispered, unable to even look in her eyes.

"Cross your legs and *pray*," came the reply.

Showering was another thing that took some getting used to. Noah was so used to his old body that he hadn't even used to notice its contours as he scrubbed it each morning.

Now, though... now, it was like he was being forced to clean a stranger's body.

The sight of his C-cup boobs, dripping suds in the bottom of his vision, was enough to send his mind reeling. Remembering to run a razor over his armpits was nauseating.

But the worst part of all was cleaning his pussy. He simply had no idea what sort of maintenance the hole between his legs required.

The thought of asking Myra made him feel so embarrassed that he didn't even try. Instead, he simply peeled the lips back every morning, quickly running some water over his new line, trying to ignore how weirdly pleasant the feeling of water falling onto his clit was.

Still, it could be worse. You could be a girl on her period...

Then there was the way people acted around him.

From being invisible, Noah had gone to being the star of the school. Nora was the center of attention wherever she went. Every time Noah stepped outside his house, men of all ages would turn to watch him pass, their eyes practically bugging out their heads.

Usually, it was just a bit weird, like the junior boys who whispered in groups when he walked past. But other times...

...well. Other times, guys were just plain *creepy* around him.

On Tuesday, he'd been called out in history class to write something on the board. He'd had to bend down low to do it, uncomfortably aware of the way his body naturally curved as he did so.

He'd finished and turned around and realized with a feeling of faintness that his teacher, Mr. Barter, had been casually checking out his ass while he was bent over.

"Excellent work, Nora," the balding, middle-aged man had smiled, quickly looking away when he realized Noah had caught him, "I'll have to call on you more often."

And Noah had been left to return to his desk, trembling all over – with rage, with fright, he didn't know.

Asshole! He'd thought, *asshole, asshole!*

But even at that early point, he'd known with a sinking feeling that it wasn't just Mr. Barter.

He was trapped in the body of a beautiful, 18-year old girl. The kind of girl men of all ages have detailed sex-fantasies about.

And, what with the cars that honked as they drove by, the catcalls whenever he walked home alone from school, what with the juniors who openly *stared* at his tits in the canteen, Noah was getting a horrible crash course in just what jerks some men can be.

And yet, all this, the day-to-day reality of his gender-swapped life, was just background noise. A distant droning beneath the main rhythm that defined every hour of his waking life, the never-ending series of beats that determined where he would be and what he would be doing.

Caden.

From spending his whole life trying to avoid his bully, Noah had gone to spending every waking moment with him.

Every morning, Caden would pull up in his 4x4, offering Noah a lift to school.

Every lunchtime, they'd eat together, Caden hanging out with Harvey and the gang while Noah chatted mindlessly to the other girlfriends of the lacrosse players, pausing occasionally to raise his head and shoot Caden a brilliant smile.

And, every evening, they'd get in Caden's car and drive out into the wild Californian countryside, the windows rolled down, the warm night air caressing both their bodies.

Far out in the endless blackness surrounding their town, the two former enemies would find a spot to park, somewhere where they could see the Milky Way spread out above them. And then they would talk.

And talk.

And, slowly, Noah would find himself sliding closer to Caden. Sliding closer and closer even as his male brain screamed warnings at him. Sliding closer until their thighs were touching, and they were no longer talking, but kissing, kissing like their lives depended on it.

In that endless blackness, Noah would close his eyes. Would tell himself that this was enough, that it was all their scheme needed, that he wouldn't go any further.

But then he would find himself climbing onto Caden's lap, straddling him, urgently rubbing his warm, moist crotch up against his boyfriend's prick as they kissed, as Caden pulled Noah's top off, undid the clasp of his bra.

It was like Caden's body was a drug to him. Just being *near* his strong arms, broad chest, and powerful shoulders was enough to send little sparks dancing through Noah's female mind.

Just hearing his voice, no matter what he was talking about, was like wrapping himself in a warm blanket.

And the really fucked up thing was, he was actually starting to *like* Caden. Not just in a magical way, but really. Deep down, on some level he hated to admit existed.

Part of him really though Caden *deserved* a girl like Nora.

Every time he'd promise himself he wouldn't go any further than making out. Every time he'd tell himself that this was all just a plan to get revenge, and that of *course* they'd stop kissing soon, because this was Caden and the thought of *kissing Caden* was *gross*...

And then he'd find himself sat there, his arms wrapped around his boyfriend's broad shoulders, his soft lips dangling open, looking straight into Caden's eyes as Caden gently fucked him, bucking his hips and making poor little Noah throw back his pretty head and *moan*.

It's the magic... it has to be the magic...

Lying on the backseat afterwards, his body slick with sweat, his breasts dangling free, curled up in his boyfriend's arms, Noah would smile dreamily into the blackness, enjoying how *safe* he felt. Enjoying the lingering smell of Caden's sweat in his nostrils.

Enjoying how utterly, completely *female* he now was.

You've got to fight it... it's the magic... you don't love Caden. You don't...

"God, Nora..." Caden would sleepily whisper in his ear, making Noah feel all warm and tingly, "God you're so... so..."

"So what?"

"You know. Perfect."

Silence. Infinite. Thrumming with possibilities.

Then:

"Caden?"

"Huh?"

"Do you... y'know."

"What?"

"Love me."

A pause.

“Yeah.”

And:

“Do you?”

“What?”

“Love me, too?”

Another pause.

“Yeah.”

Twenty minutes later, as they were driving home, Caden chatting away about applying to go to college together, about how they could maybe think about marriage after graduation, Noah would look out into the blackness surrounding them, close his eyes, and wish he and Myra had never found that stupid spell book.

“You *can’t* be serious.”

Noah looked at Myra in the reflection of his dresser mirror. Directly in front of him, Nora sat in her dressing gown, a brush clasped in one hand, idly combing her perfect hair.

“It’s no big deal,” he mumbled, Nora’s lips moving in perfect sync with his, “I mean it’s... *natural*, isn’t it?”

In the silver depths of the mirror, he saw Myra close her eyes.

“No, Noah, it’s *not*.” She said. “It’s not even *close* to being natural.”

Deep down, the dormant male-part of Noah’s brain knew she was right. Knew it was just the magic, working its spell, changing everything about him.

He knew it, intellectually. But knowing something is *very* different from feeling it.

It was nearly midnight on Thursday. The day before he was supposed to change back. Only a few hours before, he and Caden had been lying on Noah’s bed, looking into one another’s eyes, and talking like their conversation would never end.

At one point, Noah dimly remembered picking up his cell and glancing at the time.

“*Uh-oh*,” he’d whispered with a pang of regret, showing Caden the screen. “7. *I guess you’d better...*”

Head off to lacrosse practice, is what he’d meant to say, but Caden had just shook his head, dreamily running one strong hand down Noah’s thigh.

“*Nu-uh*,” he’d murmured, not taking his piercing blue eyes off Noah’s, “*not tonight*.”

“*But don’t you have to... I mean, your team...?*”

And Caden had laughed. A low, gentle laugh that had made goosebumps run up Noah’s slender arms.

“*Why would I go hang out with those meatheads*,” he’d said, his fingertips tracing little circles on Noah’s legs, “*when I’ve got the girl of my dreams right here?*”

And Noah had almost laughed at how cheesy he sounded. But at the same time, he’d felt something. A warmth, a strong, impossible warmth spreading out through his body. A warmth that made him want to stick his hands in his armpits and hug himself in giddiness.

It was a warmth he’d never felt before, in his old, unhappy, male life.

The warmth of someone who is utterly in love, and whose partner loves her back.

“Jesus fuck,” Myra moaned, slowly opening her eyes and giving Noah a pleading glance, “this is wrong. This is so wrong.”

“I just said I like him, OK?” Noah snapped at his bestie. “What’s wrong with liking a boy?”

Sometimes she can be such a bitch...

“What’s wrong with it?” Myra asked. “It’s *Caden*. He’s an *asshole*. He’s the biggest asshole in

the world. Like, his douchebaggery can be seen from *space*.”

“He *was* an asshole,” Noah insisted, his soft voice rising in pitch. “But, Myra... you should see him now. He’s *changed*. I don’t know if it’s the magic, or-or...”

“Or the transformative powers of your love?” Myra fell theatrically back on the bed, clasping her head. “Just *listen* to you, Noah! You sound like every abused woman in the world. *I can change him. He’s not so bad really*. Yes, he is! He’s a *fucking douch-*”

“He’s *not!*” The forcefulness of his voice surprised Noah. In the mirror, he saw Nora’s already-wide blue eyes go wider still.

He carried on regardless.

“Look, I *know* Caden’s a jerk, OK? But just *look* at me!”

He span round to face Myra, gestured his dynamite body.

“That spell book *turned me into a girl*. That’s... that’s *impossible*. I’ve got fucking *tits!*”

He angrily grabbed his boobs, jiggling them, making a point. The action no longer felt as alien as it once would’ve. They were just a part of who he was now.

“If that spell can change who I *am*, don’t you think...?” He lowered his voice. “Don’t you think it could make Caden... I dunno...”

“Into less of a douchenozzle?”

“Yeah.” Noah nodded his pretty little head. “I mean... couldn’t it?”

Just yesterday, they’d been eating lunch when Harvey had stuck out his foot to trip some junior kid. The boy had managed to dodge, turned and shouted *asshole!* at Harvey. Caden’s eyes had narrowed, he’d started to stand up...

...when Noah had put one dainty hand on his arm, given his bicep a gentle squeeze. For a moment, Caden had hesitated, then he’d slowly sat back down again.

“*Go on,*” he’d growled at the kid, “*get outta here.*”

“Does that sound like Caden? Y’know, the *old* Caden... What?”

On the bed, Myra was laughing. A harsh, bitter laugh that made Noah want to slap her.

“Oh, Noah... How can you be such a *moron?*”

She pulled herself upright, shook her head in wonder.

“*Look* at yourself. You’re *hot*... shit, you’re fucking *beautiful*. You’re the most-beautiful girl at school, and you’re wondering *why* Caden might act all restrained and sensitive round you?”

A pink flush was creeping up Noah’s cheeks. He angrily turned back to the mirror, began brushing his hair again.

“Guys like that *always* act mature when they’re with a *total hottie!* I bet right now Caden’s out there somewhere, making some poor kid’s life *hell*...”

“He *isn’t*.” Noah snapped. “You don’t know him, Myra. I *know* he’s good, I-I...”

He closed his eyes.

“I fucking *love* him, OK? And you’re being *such* a bitch about it!”

Behind him, he heard Myra give a hollow laugh.

“You really think you love him? Lemme ask you something, *Nora*. When you turn back into my best friend, who, by the way, I kinda *miss*... when you turn back into Noah tomorrow, you think Caden’s still gonna love you?”

Her voice lowered to nearly a whisper.

“Or do you think he’ll go back to pantsing you and making you hate yourself?”

In the darkness behind his eyes, Noah tried to shut her out. Tried to tell himself that Myra was just jealous, that Caden really *had* changed...

And then a thought occurred to him. Like a lightbulb going on. One that made him smile to himself. One that he could *never* tell Myra.

Who said anything about changing back...?

*

“Careful up there, babe.”

High up on the ladder, Noah turned and shot his boyfriend a cheeky smile.

“I promise to be careful,” he said, “if you promise not to look up my skirt.”

Below him Caden smiled, his powerful arms taunt where he clasped the sides of the ladder.

“Promise.”

“Liar,” Noah giggled.

“OK, OK, it’s a lie,” Caden shook his head. “But, y’know, when the view is *this* good...”

They were in the corner of the library, Noah stood up on one wooden ladder, searching through the shelves while Caden supported him down below. It was quiet, except for the tick of a clock, counting off the seconds till Noah changed back.

Not if I can help it...

It was still early, before first classes started. If Noah remembered correctly, he’d been transformed somewhere around lunchtime. That meant they still had hours left to find the book before the spell lifted.

“Any luck up there, babe?”

“It’s gotta be here *somewhere*,” he said, turning back to the shelves, “I mean, it can’t just disappear...”

A unexpected though hit him. Maybe it *could* just vanish. It was a magic book, after all.

He shook his head, his long blond hair flicking out around him like a fan.

Nope, it was no good thinking like that. It *had* to be here.

“Maybe we were further along,” he said in his soft voice. A voice he now thought of as his own, as much a part of him as his memories or sense of humor.

“Move your ass.”

Caden obligingly stood to one side as Noah shimmied down the ladder, all too aware of the way his boobs bounced and his pert ass curved under his dress. All too aware that Caden was slyly checking him out.

All too aware that it was a *great* feeling. One he didn't plan on losing any time soon.

“Let's try over here. Bring the ladder.”

Caden rolled his eyes.

“You're lucky you're such a hot piece of ass.”

“Oh?” Noah turned to him, leaning on the bookshelves with one dainty hand, his eyebrows mockingly raised. “Is that *all* I am?”

Caden snorted.

“Nah. You've got a great rack, too.”

“Mmm... and *you've* got an attitude problem.”

“What can I say? Part of my winning personality.”

Noah couldn't help himself. He let out a giggle, sounding just like a ditzy schoolgirl. Flirting with Caden was so... so *natural*.

He leaned forward, gave his boyfriend a quick kiss.

“C'mon. Help me find this book and maybe I'll show you what *else* I'm good for.”

“Your wish,” Caden said with a cocky grin, “is my command.”

He hoisted the ladder like it weighed nothing at all. Together, the two boys made their way further down the row of shelves, Noah deliberately curving his hips, letting his pert ass wiggle under his skirt, giving Caden a little private show.

Now, where were we when I said that spell...?

Deep down, part of him was worried he was making the wrong choice. Worried that maybe Myra was right. Worried that his feelings for Caden were just a side-effect of the spell. It was *weird* to want to fuck your own bully, wasn't it? Weird, and abusive, and *really* fucked up...

But another part of him, the part he called Nora, disagreed. She could see how Caden had changed in just one week under the spell's enchantment. She could see that, beneath his bro persona and jock lifestyle, there was a decent guy, waiting to get out.

A decent guy, who sometimes felt pressured to be the sort of guy his teammates expected him to be. A decent guy, who confessed that he wanted nothing more than to be a dad one day and have a son to play sports with. A decent guy, who called on his grandma three times a week, to make sure she wasn't lonely.

He just needed the right woman to show him how to be that guy.

“Let's try here.”

Caden gently rested the ladder against the shelves.

“Want me to go up this time? Don’t want you to fall, or hurt yourself, or...”

“You don’t know what you’re looking for. ‘Sides,” Noah dropped him a flirty wink, “I thought you liked the view from down here?”

He leaned forward, gave Caden another kiss, luxuriating in the faint scratch of his stubble, of the *smell* of him, the tang of male sweat that drove his female body wild.

Maybe this is what I always wanted... He thought, as he set off up the ladder. *Every time Caden tried to humiliate me... maybe I always dreamed I could just stand up and kiss him like that, let him do whatever he wanted to me...*

A thought suddenly struck him, one that made him shiver slightly.

Maybe Caden always wanted it too...

“Well?”

“It’s not here,” Noah sighed, casually hooking a strand of long hair behind one ear. “Maybe it was further...”

And then he noticed two things that made his blood run cold.

The first was a gap between the books. An wide, dusty gap where a heavy ancient tome had clearly once stood, where the *spell book* had clearly once stood.

The second was Myra, the spell book clutched to her chest, an expression of grim determination on her pale face.

She stood between the shelves, about 20 feet from them, looking at them with a dark frown.

“Hey,” said Caden, “isn’t that your friend...?”

“She’s not my friend.” There was a tightness in Noah’s chest. “Not right now.”

“I can’t let you do this.” Myra’s voice was quiet, shot through with a note of steel. “It’s... it’s *nuts*.”

“Myra...” Noah warned, slowly starting to climb down the ladder. “Don’t be a bitch. If you do this, I’ll-I’ll never speak to you again...”

He stepped off the ladder. Instinctively, Caden drew him closer, the couple standing firm in the face of the latest threat to their happiness.

“That’s not you saying that.” Myra sadly shook her head. “That’s Nora. Trust me, when you turn back...”

“What the hell’s going on?” Caden asked. “Turn back...?”

“Don’t worry about it,” Noah murmured, gently touching his boyfriend’s arm. “Nothing’s gonna change.”

In a louder voice, he addressed Myra.

“Myra, I know you’re trying to help. But... but *please*. Please don’t do this. Can’t you see I’m...?”

“What? In love?” Myra gave him a sad smile. “You’re *not*, Noah, it’s just the mag-”

“Happy.”

The word was out without Noah realizing he was going to say it. The moment it slipped past his lips, he knew it was true.

For the first time since starting school, Noah was genuinely happy.

Look at that... I really am. Who'd have thought the guy who made me miserable would wind up making me happy?

“Don’t you see?” He begged his best friend. “I know it’s weird, but things are *better* this way. I’m...”

He looked down at his new body in wonder. At its curves. At its prominent breasts. At its dangling blond hair; the way it looked so *cute* in dresses; the whole, wonderful *femaleness* of it...

No. He didn’t ever want to be a man again.

“I’m *beautiful*. I’m popular. I... I never thought I *wanted* to be those things, but now I am...”

He threw up his dainty hands in a hopeless gesture.

“Don’t you *get it*, Myra? I was *miserable* before. I know you liked me, but every day felt like I was dying. And now... Now I have friends. Confidence.”

He turned and gave Caden a sad smile.

“A man I love.”

I love you too, Caden mouthed back. Noah gave him his supermodel smile. He turned back to Myra.

A look of doubt was spreading across his best friend’s features. But she still clutched the spell book tight.

“Noah, listen to me... the magic...”

“It’s not the magic.” Noah said, amazed at the confession he was about to make. “It never was. I mean, yes it turned me into a girl, and yeah, it kinda made me act a bit weird. But...”

He sighed.

“Liking boys? Liking *Caden*? I mean, you must’ve known...”

“I like... I like *boys*, Myra. I always have. I just couldn’t admit it to myself while I was male, just like I couldn’t admit to liking...”

“Whoa!” Caden’s voice suddenly cut through the library. “Nora. Babe. Did you just say...?”

“I did.” Noah turned back to his boyfriend, his heart hammering in his chest.

This is it. The last chance...

“Caden. I... I...”

Behind him, he heard Myra sigh.

“She’s not a *she*, OK? Well, she is now. But she *used* to be a guy.”

There was an unhappy pause.

“My guy. My best friend. The only guy I gave a shit about in the whole wide world. And then we cast that spell, and now you two are a couple, and I’m the only one who remembers him.”

“I’m sorry,” whispered Noah, but he was still looking at Caden. “I’m sorry, Myra, but I’ve gotta do this. I *can’t*—”

To his surprise, he was close to tears. He held one dainty hand up to his pouty lips.

“I can’t go back. I can’t be a boy again. Not without...”

Gently, he reached out. Took one of Caden’s strong, manly hands in his.

“Caden.” He whispered, amazed at what he was saying. “I don’t want to be without you.”

Caden was looking at him with wide eyes, a look of stark terror on his face.

“Hold on... Nora. You’re-you’re a... a *dude*?”

Noah nodded.

“We knew each other. You used...” a tear suddenly spilled out his eye, rolled down one of Noah’s soft cheeks. He tried to smile.

Wow, girls cry so easily...

“You used to bully me,” he said, doing his best to keep his voice level. “I mean, you were *horrible*... but I...”

“I still *wanted* you,” he confessed. “I still-I still dreamed that one day you might...”

He took a deep breath.

“You might want me too.”

Behind him, he heard Myra give a low whistle.

“Noah... Nora... *whoever you are*. That’s all sorts of fucked up, man.”

But Noah wasn’t listening. Gently, he raised one hand to Caden’s cheek. Touched him, as he’d touched him dozens of times before, in the dark intimacy of the car.

“Well?” He whispered in Nora’s voice. “Do you?”

For a long moment, Caden simply *stared* at him. Stared at him like a guy who’s just seen a ghost. Looked like he wanted to run away. Or lash out, lash out and beat the sissy who made him fall in love, hurt the girl who wasn’t a girl. Hurt...

Then, at last, he closed his eyes.

“If this is true...” he said. “Then... then, *shit*. It’s so fucked up. It’s... it’s fucking *weird*.”

Noah waited, trembling before him. Ready to have his heart shattered into a million pieces.

“But...”

Caden opened his eyes, looked straight into Noah’s. Noah was shocked to see they were slightly damp.

“But I guess I can’t help it. I... I fucking *love* you, Nora. You-you make me a better person.

Since I met you, I-I can *tell* I'm less of an asshole."

He struggled for words.

"Even if you *are* a... I mean a... y'know. I can't imagine life without you. And if it's true that I used to treat you like that, before..."

His shoulders sagged, all the fight, all the anger suddenly draining out of him.

"I never wanna hurt you," he whispered. "Even if you're in another body and I can't remember *any* of this crazy shit. I'd... I'd rather *die* than go back to being such a... well, a..."

"What?"

"Such a fucking *douchebag*."

There was a long pause, one that seemed to last eons. One in which it felt like the three of them had been put on hold while the universe tried to decide what to do with them.

Then, at long last, Noah smiled. Not the smile of a supermodel. Not the smile of a transformed man.

The smile of a girl who is in love, and knows her boyfriend loves her back.

"There's just..." he swallowed back his girly tears, started again. "There's just one thing left you gotta do now."

"What?"

"Kiss me." Noah whispered.

And then they were kissing. Kissing like they were afraid they'd never get the chance to kiss again. Kissing like the rest of the world had vanished and only the two of them were left, clinging to each other at the end of everything.

Wrapped up in his new boyfriend's arms, feeling the scratch of his stubble against his soft, female cheeks, Noah felt like he was fainting. Like he might be going mad.

If this is madness, he thought, vaguely, then I wish I'd gone mad long ago...

At long last, a gentle cough made Noah look up. Myra was still watching them, a sad smile on her pale face.

"I'm sorry," Noah said. "I really am. I know he was your friend..."

"Ahh, forget about it," Myra said. "I mean, yeah, he was my friend, my *only* friend..."

She took a deep breath.

"And that's why I've gotta let him go. What's more important, huh? Having somebody to chat shit with, or making sure your best friend is *happy*?"

A smile spread over Noah's perfect face. A radiant, blissful smile. The smile of a girl at peace.

"I won't forget you," he promised. "We'll still be friends. Even if I'm stuck as a-"

"Yeah, yeah, I know," Myra sighed, hefting open the spell book. "Whatever you say, it still won't be the same. It'll be different. But you know what?"

She smiled.

“Sometimes, different is *good*.”

And then she was reading something from the spell book. Chanting in a strange language.

A strong wind picked up, blowing around Noah and Caden. Cocooning them. The air cracked with electricity.

Cradled in Caden’s arms, Noah turned and gave his boyfriend a smile.

“What now?” Caden whispered, looking like he still couldn’t believe what was happening.

“Now?” Noah asked, his voice barely audible above the rushing wind. “Now, we get to spend our lives as we always wanted.”

The wind grew to a roar, there was a flash of white light. Noah turned and gave Myra one last, brilliant smile.

And then there was nothing.

*

The book landed on the library floor with a soft *flump*. Myra looked down at it with a feeling of vague satisfaction.

“There,” she whispered. “All done.”

Somewhere right now, she knew Nora and Caden would be opening their eyes. Opening their eyes to find themselves clutched in one another’s arms, the Caribbean sunlight streaming in through the hotel window. Opening their eyes to find the bed strewn with rose petals, a bottle of champagne chilling on the bedside, and a crumpled bridal dress lying on the floor.

Opening their eyes to find wedding rings on their fingers, and two emails from UCL saying they’d both been accepted to go to college together.

If Noah was gonna discard his old life in favor of a new one, then Myra was determined that it be the happiest one possible.

“Thanks, book. I don’t need you anymore.”

The book just stared blankly up at her from the floor. It was just a repository for spells. It couldn’t know what Myra had just used its powers to do.

But Myra knew. And that was enough.

The short, pale girl smiled at the thought of what Noah’s future held. She’d been sad to see him go of course, *especially* with Caden, but it wasn’t like that jock douchebag would be able to screw things up.

The spell would see to that.

It had been a surprisingly simple one to cast, the happiness spell. The spell that ensured Nora and Caden would *never* split up. The one that would ensure Caden would spend the rest of his life acting like the man Nora *wanted* him to be, not the asshole he once had been.

The spell that would ensure they would get married, go to college together, and then settle down to start a family, and always be happy.

Stood alone in the library, Myra smiled to herself.

She couldn't *wait* to see how happy Nora would be when she first got pregnant. She was gonna make an *awesome* mother.

"And who knows?" She murmured with a rueful smile, "maybe one day you can do something for me, too."

She didn't doubt for a second that even in her new body, Nora was gonna be anything *but* an awesome friend.

Far, far away, in the honeymoon suite of their hotel, Nora opened her eyes and smiled down at her new husband, sleeping peacefully beside her. She still couldn't believe the school had given them time off for *this*. For their *honeymoon*.

"Mrs. Nora Johnson," she whispered, trying out her new name. The words made her tingle with happiness.

This was it. Right here. All she'd ever really wanted.

Any minute now, she'd wake up her new husband. Wake him up and lie in his arms, and make love to him for the first time as husband and wife. Any minute.

But, for now, she was content to watch him sleep.

He looks so handsome like that... Nora thought, a faint smile on her face. *Sleeping beside me. As I always wanted to see him.*

For the first time in her short, 18-year life, Nora realized she was truly happy.

The End

*

*Like what you've read? You'll **love** my other tale of a school boy forced to restart his life as a gorgeous teenage girl: [The School Boy Who Turned into a Girl](#).*

Gender Swap Land

Roy was almost at the town limits when he realized he wasn't going to make it.

He'd woken up early that morning, even earlier than usual, and silently packed his things. He'd ignored his sleeping wife, slumbering away in the darkness, a faraway, contented look on her face. A look that would've made Roy shudder and his blood run cold.

After all, it was only due to his years of suffering that Anna-Marie was so happy now.

His tiny suitcase packed, he'd padded downstairs, being careful to go extra slow as he passed his daughter's room, not wanting to wake her up.

Knowing that all it would take was the tiniest sound and he'd be done for.

Downstairs, their suburban house was still shrouded in gloom, the rising dawn not yet beginning to penetrate through the thick, pink curtains. It was possible to make out a few objects in the darkness. The TV. The ironing board.

The old, dirt-coated boy's bike his daughter used to ride, back when she was still a... still a...

Well, Roy hadn't wanted to think about that right now.

Not when there was a chance Queen Lucy might hear him.

As the sun began to slide up onto the horizon, Roy had taken one last, sad look round the living room that had served them so well for so many years. Ever since he met Anna-Marie, back in high school. Isn't this what they'd always wanted? Hadn't they been *happy*?

Y'know. *Before*.

There'd been a tightness in Roy's chest. Sadness. He'd squashed it down, squashed the sad thoughts back inside himself.

No. It was dangerous to think like that. Very dangerous.

Then he'd quietly opened the front door and stepped out into the pale blue light of early morning.

Their street had been dead, each dark house looking to Roy like a hideous tomb. Nonetheless, he forced up a smile, began whistling softly to himself, trying to ignore the way his heart pounded in his chest. He forced a positive thought up to the surface of his brain.

Boy, it sure is a lovely morning...

As Roy walked, he'd tried not to focus on where he was going. Tried not to think about what he was doing.

Instead, he'd filled his mind with the same old patter he'd been forced to recite, day in, day out, for the last three years.

I thank you, Queen Lucy, for this lovely morning. I thank you, oh wise and powerful ruler, for taking pity on a weak and pathetic man like me. For ignoring my disgusting masculinity and letting me live...

The mantra was Roy's own, but he knew there were others out there like it. Almost everyone in town had their own mantra, *had* to have one, just in case Queen Lucy decided to peer inside their minds and check up on their thoughts.

Well, all the men did, at any rate.

The women could think about whatever the hell they wanted.

It wasn't a long walk, but the sun had already been over the horizon by the time Roy hauled his ass to the town limits, thanking Queen Lucy again and again in his mind.

Deep down, he'd been uneasy about what his movements might give away. Uneasy that, even as he walked and babbled, the dark goddess was watching him with a smile, just waiting for a chance to strike.

But, as he got closer and closer to the edges of town, to the limits of her powers, he'd begun to hope.

At last, he'd reached the outskirts of their small town. There, just 100 yards up the road, had been the marker, signaling freedom. All around it, fields stretched off in every direction, rolling, perfect, beautiful. There hadn't been a single guard on patrol.

Queen Lucy is the greatest, Queen Lucy is the best...

But under that, there'd been another, desperate thought.

Surely I've made it now...

With deliberate, nonchalant movements, Roy had started to walk toward the distant marker...

...and then he'd heard the voice in his ear and realized, with a feeling of sheer terror, that he wasn't going to make it.

"What's this?" The soft voice asked now, shot through with amusement, "*is someone being a naughty boy?*"

The last word came out like it was being spat out, with a feeling of venom. Roy looked helplessly around, but there was nothing to be seen. Just endless fields of corn, waving lazily in the morning sun.

Queen Lucy is the greatest! All hail Queen Lucy!

The thoughts desperately swirled round his mind, like a spell that would protect him. Outwardly, Roy forced up a smile.

"Q-Queen Lucy," he said, in a voice that was meant to sound humble, but came out sounding scared. "I-I've no idea what you're-"

"Whatevs." The voice sighed, right in Roy's ear, buzzing through his brain, making his skin crawl. "*I don't really care if you're actually being bad. I'm still gonna punish you.*"

"Please..." Roy whispered, "no, please..."

His skin was cold, clammy. He thought of his wife, still lying in their warm bed. Dozing and waiting for her servant to come up and serve her breakfast, as he always did.

I'd give anything to be there right now...

"Queen Lucy..." he clutched his hands together. "Please, I-I beg you..."

"Bo-ring," the female voice sang.

A note of mischief entered it.

“Hey, let’s make this more interesting. If you can get past the boundary stone by the time I count to ten, I promise not to transform you.”

Roy blinked. This was unheard of.

“You... you really mean it?”

“One...” the voice replied with a giggle. “Two... three...”

Roy didn’t need telling twice.

As the girl’s voice counted off, he dropped the suitcase, and took off for the boundary stone, desperately trying to cover that final hundred yards.

“Four... five...”

His feet slapped against the tarmac, echoing across the empty fields. The wind plucked at his thinning hair. His heart hammered in his middle-aged chest.

Roy ran for his life.

“Six... seven...”

There it was! Just ahead... it was going to be close, maybe too close. But it was just there!

Roy bent double, pumping his legs. Surely he was fast enough! Surely there was enough-!

“EightNineTen!” The voice suddenly shrieked with glee.

“NO!” The words exploded out of Roy, burning in his chest. “NO!”

But it was too late. As soon as the word *ten* had been uttered, his legs stopped moving, his body come to a stop against its will, unable to move another inch without his goddess’s permission.

Helplessly, Roy looked at the boundary marker, now just five feet from his toes.

“But I was almost-!” He whimpered.

There was a giggle deep inside his ear.

“Who cares?”

The voice hardened.

“Time for you to change, mister.”

“No! Lucy... Queen! You... you can’t...”

But it was already too late.

There was a sound, like a windchime tinkling. A gust of breeze blew off the field, swirling round Roy. The frightened, middle aged man looked down at his hands...

...and screamed out loud.

Roy’s hands were *changing*. Where, only moments ago, he’d had two big, meaty things, their flesh red and raw from constantly scrubbing Marie-Anne’s dishes, he now had two small, dainty ones with soft palms and little fingers.

As Roy looked on in numb horror, he saw his wrists shrink down. Shrink and keep shrinking until you could've taken them in your palms and snapped them like a twig.

"What... what are you *doing* to me?" He squeaked.

The little giggle came in his ear again.

"You'll soon *find out*..." The voice suddenly turned hard. "*I save the best punishments for boys who try to escape.*"

Roy was getting smaller. His body shed inches at an alarming rate, dropping down past 6ft, past 5ft... The fences either side of the road rose in his vision, sweeping away from him into the sky.

"Stop... please stop..."

But in his brain, he just kept right on repeating the same old mantra.

Queen Lucy is the best! I love Queen Lucy! She's so wonderful and-and pure!

The changings were spreading now, affecting every part of Roy's body, making his skin twitch and shiver.

His shoulders dragged inwards with a grinding sound, becoming narrower and narrower until they were almost slender. His arms and legs shed muscle, grew shorter and weaker.

His broad chest collapsed inwards, leaving only a flat, hairless thing, devoid of strength.

And still Roy kept right on shrinking.

He shrank as his jawline collapsed, becoming soft and round and innocent.

He shrank as his eyes widened, his nose became smaller, and all the tiny male hairs all over his body vanished, leaving him bald except for the very top of his head.

He shrank as white-blond hair suddenly *exploded* from his scalp, tumbling over his shoulders before knitting itself into two cute pigtails that fell either side of his soft, fresh face.

"*Good.*" The female voice said. "*You're looking better already.*"

With a whimper, Roy closed his eyes. He could already guess where this was going.

The changes picked up speed. In quick succession, Roy's penis and testicles shot back inside him, leaving smooth skin between his legs. His voice shot up in pitch. His adult teeth all sucked back into his gums, suddenly replaced by weak little milk teeth.

There was a roar of wind and his clothes reshaped themselves, knitting themselves into something pink and frilly and *yucky* that made Roy want to start crying.

Finally, there was a sound like Velcro ripping and something opened up between his legs. Something no man should ever have...

...but, of course, Roy was no longer a man.

Twenty seconds after it had started, the spell was over. There was one last blast of wind that made Roy feel as if his light new body was going to topple over, and then there was no more Roy left at all.

In his place, there now stood an *adorable* little girl.

She was maybe 5 years old, with bright blue eyes, dazzlingly blond hair and cheeks that were rosy and freckled. She had the *cutest* smile; a tiny gap in her front teeth that only made her look even more-adorable.

She was maybe 3ft1 – slightly short for her age. She was wearing a little pink pair of ballerina slippers, and someone had dressed her in an adorable pink tutu that stuck out in frills around her waist. She had perfect pigtails, little white stockings, and a plastic magic wand clasped in one hand.

But there was one slightly-off thing about the poppet. Around her neck, suspended on pink ribbon, was a little sign written in sparkly glitter and decorated with pictures of rainbows and unicorns.

I WAS A BAD LITTLE BOY, it read in joined-up writing, AND TRIED TO ESCAPE. SO NOW I'M A GOOD LITTLE GIRL.

Trapped inside the poppet's body, Roy looked down at himself...

...and *screamed*.

It was a scream that came out high-pitched, at the limits of human hearing. A scream loaded with threatened tears and of the sort only a spoiled little brat could make.

The scream of a five year old girl who *knows* she's in trouble.

"Oh my God, you're *so cute* right now."

Tears in his eyes, Roy looked up at the girl standing above him. The girl who'd just appeared out of nowhere, a dark smile on her face. The 16-year old girl who now *towered* above him.

His goddess. The one who'd just used her powers to turn him into a *little girl*.

"Aww, don't cry," Lucy smirked, looking down at poor little Roy. "Crying's for *babies*, right?"

"*Lucy!*" Roy's new voice came out sounding like syrup and honey, making him feel ill. "Puh-please... I don't *wanna* be a little girl!"

Far above him, Lucy grinned, the sunlight playing through her long brown hair.

"Tough titty," his goddess replied. "You tried to escape. You *dared* to be a man. So. Now you're a lovely little girl.

Her eyes twinkled at him.

"And you'll stay that way forever. I won't change you back or let you grow up. Not after what you did."

Below her, Roy sniffed and tried to blink back tears. He suddenly had a strange urge to throw his arms round Lucy's legs, bury his face in her shirt and bawl his eyes out.

With tremendous willpower, he squashed the feeling back down.

"*Please* Queen Lucy," he whispered, forcing up a smile, "I'm... I'm sorry I was a bad boy. Please. *Please* don't..."

"Take your memories?" Lucy laughed, a harsh, awful sound. "I'm gonna do something *even worse*."

She clicked her fingers, and suddenly Roy was up in the air, clutched to her chest, his arms thrown round her shoulders. He blinked into her face, terrified by this latest display of power.

"I've decided to let you keep your memories," Lucy smiled, her voice laced with glee. "But you won't be able to act on them, Rainbow, oh no."

She paused.

"That's your new name, FYI. *Rainbow*. Rainbow the adorable little princess who dresses in pink and *loves* to play with dollies."

Deep within himself, Roy felt a faint stirring of horror.

Rainbow?! But-!

"But what?" Lucy smiled sweetly, looking at his forehead, reading his mind. "Just coz you're a little girl now, don't start thinking you can have your thoughts to yourself."

A hint of steel entered her voice.

"Or else I'll transform you like I did that douche Simon, got that?"

Roy gulped.

Anything but that.

"Now where was I...? Oh yeah..."

Lucy leaned right close to him. Roy trembled in her arms. He'd never seen his Queen this close before.

"In a minute, I'm gonna click my fingers, and you'll wake up back in your house. Only now, Anne-Marie is gonna be your mommy, and your daughter's gonna be your big sister."

Her grin grew wider.

"And I guess you'll need a *daddy*. Who can it be? Who would it hurt you the *most* to call daddy and say *I love you* to at night..."

She was quiet for a moment, staring at his forehead. Rifling through his brain. Suddenly her face lit up.

"Oh man, *Geoff!* Geoff's gonna be your new daddy!"

"But-!" Roy started to squeal in his petulant new voice.

But he's my brother! He'd wanted to wail. He stopped himself just in time.

He didn't want to end up like Simon, no sir.

"Geoff's gonna be your new daddy," Lucy went on, squeezing him tight in her arms. "And he's gonna screw your wife, and play with you, and make you do your homework, and spank your ass when you answer back. *And...*"

She went on, viciously.

"You're gonna have no choice but to act like a little girl. Your body will do whatever *I* want it to. And inside, you're gonna be looking out and screaming the whole time. A big, smelly man trapped as my little puppet."

She paused for dramatic effect.

“How does that sound, *Rainbow?*”

Held in her arms, Roy wanted to cry. To scream. To hit the witch who’d done this to him. To hit the witch who’d ruined his life, and the lives of every man in this town...

But to do that would be to suffer a fate worse than death.

So, instead, he forced up a smile, tilted his head, and put on the syrupiest, sweetest voice he could.

“Thank you, Miss Lucy,” he squeaked, “you’re the bestest Queen *ever*.”

At the same time, in his mind, the same old mantra rattled round.

Queen Lucy is the best! I love her! I’m so glad she turned me into a little girl!

“Good,” the Queen answered, pinching his cheek. “Man, you’re so adorable!”

Then she clicked her fingers again and Roy vanished. Half a second later, across town, Rainbow woke up in her pink bed, surrounded by plush animal toys and dollies, a terrified smile etched permanently onto her adorable face.

There, thought Lucy, happily, *another one down...*

She turned round to face the town behind her. The little town where she’d grown up. The little town where she’d seen first-hand how awful *boys* were.

The little town, now completely under her control, as it had been ever since she hit puberty.

She could feel them all, out there. Hear their thoughts. The happy, relaxed thoughts of the womenfolk she’d graciously allowed to go untransformed.

The terrified, quaking thoughts of the few remaining men, desperately trying to carry out their duties, desperately trying not to get on their Queen’s bad side.

Desperately trying to be good enough to not be transformed into girls.

Lucy smiled to herself. An evil little smile that would’ve made any man in town start screaming.

The men down there might not know it, but she had no desire to ever let *any* of them leave.

She’d simply keep making up new rules, new restrictions, casting new spells, until there wasn’t a penis left in town.

Another one down... Ninety left to go.

Gently, the teenage Queen turned her face up to the sun, closed her eyes, basking in its glow. Already, without even looking into the future, she knew another guy was gonna slip up today.

Slip up *big*.

“Oh *man*,” she whispered to herself. “I’m gonna *enjoy* this.”

Then she frowned slightly, concentrating.

Half a second later, the road was empty. No sign remained that two girls had stood here only moments ago.

Below, the town slowly came to life, its menfolk already terrified of what the day would bring.

*

Bzzzt! Bzzzt!

The shrill blast of the alarm clock cut through Tyler's nightmares. He pulled himself upright on his tiny camp bed and rubbed his eyes with two dainty hands, smudging his mascara. Already, his private mantra was starting in his head, as automatic as breathing.

Thank you, Queen Lucy, for this awesome day. Thanks for having mercy on me, even if I was a man...

The walls of his tiny room were damp, cold. Tyler pulled his fluffy pink dressing gown tight across his heavy breasts and shivered slightly, wishing he could just crawl back into bed.

But that was impossible. He might as well have wished he could start flying.

It was 5:30am and he had *lots* of cleaning to do.

With a little, high-pitched moan, Tyler pulled himself to his feet. He instinctively grabbed a comb off the bedside table and started running it through his luscious blond locks. With his free hand, he bent down and picked up his maid's uniform, started laying it out on the bed.

It had been one hell of a party, last night.

Stifling a yawn, he slipped out his dressing gown, letting it tumble to the floor. The cool morning air caressed his soft flesh, making goosebumps ripple across his skin and turning his nipples hard and pointy.

With a sort of detachment, Tyler glanced down at his female form, as he always did. Noted the way its hips curved out, its sides fell inwards. Noted its heavy, Double-G cup breasts; breasts that pulled on his back and left him in pain after a hard day's cleaning.

Even after all these years, he still couldn't believe that this pretty young girl, this... this *maid* was really him.

I thank you for my new body Queen Lucy. It's the body I always deserved... he thought mindlessly, as he did every morning.

His arms ached today, as they usually did after a long night carrying trays of drinks to assembled guests, a servile smile affixed to his beautiful face.

Once again, he'd been up till 4am, cleaning up after everyone left, obediently mopping the floors of their large mansion, expected to survive on only an hour and a half's sleep.

After all, as Queen Lucy was fond of saying, *it wouldn't do to have my favorite maid get ideas above her station.*

If only I still had my boy body... Tyler thought helplessly as he pulled his lacy push-up bra over his narrow shoulders, wrestling his large breasts into the cups, *I could do this job easy...*

He stopped himself from thinking any more just in time. You could never tell when Queen Lucy might be listening.

And he really, *really* didn't want to end up like Simon.

Not when he'd already suffered so much.

Even now, after three years under Queen Lucy's control, with all its endless gender-transformations, Tyler was semi-famous across town. He was one of the very first men their goddess had transformed, swapping him in the blink of an eye from a tall, 18-year old muscular jock into a... into a...

Tyler closed his innocent blue eyes, his long eyelashes fluttering. Even now, it hurt him to think about it.

Hurt him to admit that he would spend the rest of his life as Queen Lucy's *French maid*.

He remembered it like it was yesterday. He'd been in the school canteen, in his old, male body, hanging around with the other football players, laughing and showing off his guns.

Kayleigh had been hanging onto one of his big, broad arms, a dazed smile on her beautiful face. Every time he thought about Kayleigh now, it was like a punch to the gut. She'd been beautiful. Like, she coulda been a *supermodel* or some shit.

And she'd been his. The hottest girl in school going steady with one of the hottest guys. They were gonna go college together. Become prom king and queen. Get married and have kids and all that stuff.

And then Tyler had gone and made his *stupid* mistake.

In his cramped room, Tyler finished buttoning up his maid's uniform. He still found the way it clung to his new body faintly creepy, with its low neckline that showed off a *ton* of cleavage, and the way it barely covered his pert ass or his plump little pussy.

But what could he do about it?

With a sigh, Tyler picked up his spotless white apron, started tying it around his waist. He was still thinking about that day again. The day *everything* changed.

He'd just finished telling Kayleigh some dumb joke when he noticed her. Lucy. Lucy Lancaster, the weird girl no-one liked. The weird 13-year old with the mousey hair and plain face, who was all quiet and... and *dumb*.

Of course, as Tyler had soon found out, she was no longer Lucy Lancaster by that point.

She was Queen Lucy. His goddess.

She'd been walking through the canteen, a strange smile on her plain features, giggling to herself.

The sight of her had made Tyler grin, a nasty, shit-eating grin. His younger sister had told him earlier that Lucy had, like a *total gross crush* on him, and he found it hilarious.

What a freak, he still remembered thinking clearly, *why doesn't she just fuck off and die?*

Then he'd noticed Kayleigh was watching her with an expression of distaste, too.

"Ugh." His supermodel girlfriend had said, loudly. "*Look at her. She's sooo tragic. Someone should do something about that creepy little bitch.*"

And Tyler had squeezed her arm, whispered *check this* into her ear. Then he'd turned to Lucy, opened his mouth, and...

And sealed his fate.

At last, Tyler was ready. He peered into the tiny cracked mirror over his bed and quickly checked himself. He couldn't have a single hair out of place, a single crease in his uniform.

In the glass, a beautiful young girl stared back out at him. She had bright, blue eyes, blond hair tied back in a ponytail, a slightly-chubby baby face and pouty pink lips. A maid's uniform that was more lingerie than clothes clung tight to her body, showing off her phenomenal curves.

As always, she looked *perfect*.

I still can't believe that's really me...

It had all happened so quickly. He remembered yelling something and Kayleigh laughing, and all his bros laughing too.

He remembered little Lucy Lancaster turning round, remembered the demonic smile on her face that had made his blood run cold. The little giggle that for some reason had made him want to scream.

"Look at you," she'd whispered, her face lighting up, "how come I never noticed you're such pathetic little bitches?"

Then a cruel note had entered her voice.

"Well, guess what? I'm gonna make it official."

Then she'd frowned slightly, there'd been that tinkling of windchimes, and then Kayleigh had been screaming, begging for mercy. And all his bros had been screaming, too, screaming and pointing at *him*. And Tyler vaguely remembered wondering what the hell was going on, and then he'd looked down, and seen... and seen...

Abruptly, Tyler turned away from the maid in the mirror. Turned away from the girl he had been since that fateful day; magically enchanted to be Queen Lucy's French maid for as long as he lived.

With quick steps he crossed his tiny maid's room, trying to ignore the way his large breasts bounced and jiggled in the bottom of his vision. He slipped into his six-inch stiletto heels, quickly smoothed down his uniform, then picked up his trusty mop.

There was no point in thinking about all that stuff now.

Not when he had so much cleaning to do.

*

"Morning, Miss Tina."

At the sound of the low, male voice, Tyler forced up a dazzling maid's smile. He turned and shot a coquettish little grin over one slender shoulder at Coach Rogers, his overalls already dirty from a difficult morning in the garden.

"Bonjour, Monsiuer Rogers," he heard himself breathe in his lusty French accent, *"'Ow iz moi 'andsome amie today?"*

He hated talking bad English in this stupid accent. *Hated* it. He'd much rather speak French, or

just not speak at all.

But Queen Lucy thought his dumb accent was *cute as hell*, so Tyler guessed he was stuck with it.

“’Ave you been, ‘ow you say? *Getting dirrrty wiz ze plants?*”

He fluttered his long eyelashes, involuntarily feeling his eyes drift over the broad outline of Coach Rogers’ powerful shoulders, appreciatively drink in his large biceps.

It killed him to look at his old football coach this way, with undisguised lust. But Queen Lucy hadn’t just changed his body when she transformed him. She’d swapped his mind, too.

No matter how much he hated to admit it, in his new body, former-homophobe Tyler was now *deeply* attracted to men.

Coach Roger’s chuckled slightly, shooting Tyler a roguish smile that made Tyler’s heart beat faster in his generous chest.

For a guy pushing middle age, his old coach sure was looking good with it.

“Gardening, Miss Tina, we just call it gardening.” He sighed and looked at his calloused hands, all dirty and torn. “Such a nice name for something that’s such a pain in the ass.”

“*Of course, I know zis. Ze gardening,*” Tyler waved one dainty little hand, irritably. He was forever forgetting the English words for things.

The Coach nodded, his eyes drifting down to Tyler’s vast cleavage. The action made Tyler at once feel weak and dizzy with desire, and faintly pissed off.

He knows it’s me trapped in here, and he’s still perving on me! But this first, indignant thought was quickly followed up with by another, involuntary one, *man, it’s so hot the way men like coach look at women...*

“*So, will you be joining ze ozzer servants for ze lunch today, Mr. Rogers?*” He giggled as the gardener looked back up from his breasts, “*I must know ‘ow many to cook for.*”

“I hope so, Miss Tina, I do. I couldn’t stand to go another 24 hours without seeing *your* pretty little tush.”

“*Mister Rogers! You must stop wiz ze flirting!*”

“Just try and make me,” the former coach chuckled. He casually looked around the garden, then lowered his voice to a conspiratorial whisper.

“Y’hear about Roy Thomas?”

“Roy?” Tyler tried to think, his soft, maid’s brow furrowing. Roy had been his neighbor, many moons ago, a slightly-overweight guy with some boring job that Tyler only occasionally talked to.

He’d seemed OK enough, but then Queen Lucy had taken over, and last Tyler heard, Roy had been stuck as his wife’s personal slave, dedicated to serving the woman he lived with, as every man now was. Tyler thought he vaguely remembered hearing something about Roy’s son, Jack, being turned into a girl, but that was *aages* ago.

At last, his shook his pretty little head.

“Non.” A horrible thought struck him. “’Az he been...? Zut alors, did Queen Lucy...?!”

He trailed off at the sight of Coach Rogers’ grim face.

“’Ow?”

“Tryin’ to escape.” The Coach’s voice was steady, but Tyler could detect the strain underneath it. He was feeling it, too.

All it would take was for Queen Lucy to choose that exact moment to read their minds, and they’d both end up like Simon.

“Paul says he’s a little girl now,” Paul was the town’s delivery guy. “Says he’s all dressed up in pink, calling Anne-Marie *mommy* and calling his brother *daddy*.”

Tyler gently closed his eyes.

“Zat iz ‘orrible.”

“Tell me about it.” Coach was leaning close, his lips almost touching Tyler’s ear. Stood this close, the faint smell of his acrid, masculine sweat was driving Tyler’s female body crazy.

Maybe I could slip down to his cabin after lunch... just for ten minutes. Like last time...

Tyler gently licked his pouty lips. The memory, of lying on his back in that cramped wooden cabin, whimpering softly as his coach gently penetrated his tight little pussy, a mixture of shame and lust coursing through him, had been enough to make his mouth go dry.

“The committee decided,” Coach was saying, oblivious to the battle going on in Tyler’s beautiful body, “we’re gonna do it. Tonight. At the dinner. No more waitin’ around.”

Tyler’s pretty little mouth dropped open. He snapped back to reality.

“Tonight? Monsiuer Rogers, you are no ready! What if ‘er majesty...?”

“To hell with Queen Lucy,” Coach growled. “We’ve been putting up with this shit for *three* years.”

His voice started to crack.

“Three years. How many men have we seen turned in that time? How many are left? For Chrissakes, *look* at yourself, Tyler! You used ta be a *man*!”

Tyler nodded, helplessly.

How could I forget? All those other guys like me...

Macho guys who’d become French maids. Alpha males who’d been turned into busty, submissive secretaries. Strong, middle-aged guys forced to restart their lives as schoolgirls. 18-year old boys transformed into busty strippers. Newly-made little girls, like Roy...

And what about the rest of them? The handful of remaining men who were now forced to serve women, as gardeners, slaves, pets? Who were allowed to keep their cocks purely on the condition that they kept their female owners happy?

Coach was right, what sort of a life was that?

“Mon dieu,” Tyler whispered at last, “*I know it iz ‘orrible, I know zis. But, S’il vous plaît, do not*

make me ‘elp you wiz zis.”

I looked miserably down at his busty maid’s body.

“I can no live wiz anoizzer transformation.”

For a long time, Coach watched him in silence. Without looking at his face, Tyler could tell he was disappointed in him. Heck, Tyler was disappointed in *himself*.

Look at me, he thought, bitterly, what have I turned into? A submissive little bitch who lives to clean and likes to fuck her old coach...

But there was no way he could take the risk of Queen Lucy finding out.

“Just promise me you will be careful,” he whispered. *“I no want to lose you.”*

“I promise,” Coach muttered. “Just don’t go thinking about it, y’hear? Keep your mantra up.”

He glanced up at the vast mansion above them, scanning the windows for signs of life.

“I’d better go,” he grunted. “Stuff to do.”

Tyler nodded. He still had all his washing up from Queen Lucy’s party the night before.

“Later.” Coach nodded at his former star quarterback, and then he was off, striding across the grass towards his distant cabin.

For a second, Tyler wanted to run after him. Run after him and fall into his arms and kiss him and beg him not to be so foolish, not when he *loved-*

But there was still just enough of his male brain left to make him feel embarrassed about acting so, so *girly* in front of coach.

So, instead, he gave the man he loved one last, miserable glance, then crossed his arms over his large breasts and tottered off on his heels to the servant’s entrance.

Moments after they’d gone, the shadows shifted slightly. Lucy Lancaster made herself visible again and looked after her retreating maid’s back with a wry little smile on her face.

Y’see? She told herself. What did I tell you? Not even 9am and already we’re havin’ fun!

*

The long, lazy afternoon sun fell in shafts through the tall windows of the mansion, illuminating the marble floor.

Curled up on a long, red velvet sofa, Lucy watched her French maid mop with a faraway smile on her teenage lips.

I can’t believe I used to fancy her...

It seemed incredible to her, now, now that she was the most-powerful woman who had ever lived, that she’d *ever* had the hots for Tyler, of all people.

She could still see him, clear as day, as he used to be before. The short, dark hair. The faint dusting of stubble on his square jaw. The big biceps. The easy smile.

The way she’d always fallen quiet as she passed him in the corridors of their mixed middle and high school. How she’d furiously stare down at her feet, hating her shyness, hating her

hormones, hating the way all the big jocks laughed as she passed...

Well? She thought, idly, *who's laughing now, asshole?*

If she wanted to, Lucy could've stepped back in time to those days. Her power over the universe was infinite. If she wished to, she could go back in time, give herself the powers she had now the moment she was born, and transform *everyone* in her town before they ever had a chance to laugh at her.

She sometimes wondered if that's how she got her powers in the first place. If a future version of her that no longer existed had projected them into her 13-year old self. If she was self-made.

In that case, why not go back and have those powers even *earlier*?

But she resisted. There was something... *wonderful* about knowing her subjects could still remember their old lives. Dipping into their thoughts, leafing through their memories, was one of her favorite hobbies.

She particularly liked reliving the moment when they had suddenly realized who they were dealing with. The moment when they'd realized they were helpless, nothing but ants in the face of her limitless power...

The helplessness she felt in these memories, the despair, made the all-powerful Queen feel *good*.

"Hey, *bitch*." She lightly called to Tina, watching her maid leap to attention, a look of terror on her pretty face. "Missed a spot."

Tina immediately arranged her perfect, frightened features into a smile.

"Pardon, madam Lucy. I do not know 'ow I manage to be zo clumsy."

"Because you're a dumb bitch," Lucy shrugged, smiling at her. "A dumb bimbo bitch with barely two braincells to rub together. What are you?"

She could *feel* the fear in Tina's brain. *Feel* Tyler, still trapped in there, wanting to scream at her. To sob and shout and tell her she was sick, this wasn't fair!

Neither was bullying me at school, Lucy thought, not taking her eyes off Tina's forehead. *You and your bitch girlfriend made me hate myself.*

The thought of Kayleigh made her smile even more. She'd got her revenge on *her*, alright.

"Well?" She said out loud. "I'm waiting, *maid*."

There was a breathless pause, and then Tina dropped into a deep curtsy, bending her leg and pulling up the hem of her dark dress, revealing her white petticoats.

"I am ze dumb little bitch," she whispered, obediently.

"Good. Now, back to work. *Bitch*."

Tina gave another frightened smile, then picked up her mop and ran over to the spot Lucy had just indicated, her big boobs bouncing around as she went. There was nothing there, of course, but she scrubbed away anyway, the fear coming off her like an intoxicating drug.

Watching her maid work, Lucy let her mind slip back through time, until she was stood there again, watching Tyler as he began to change. As the penny suddenly dropped.

She watched once more as his chest expanded, tearing open his shirt.

Watched once more as his handsome face rearranged itself into a pretty girl's features.

Watched once more as his new uniform appeared, his long hair grew and the poor old jock howled in misery as he irreversibly became a *maid*.

This was a good day, Lucy thought to herself, enjoying being in her own past, *I could stay here forever...*

Her 13th birthday. The day she'd woken up after a *horrible* night with the powers of a goddess. The ability to do *anything*...

She idly fast-forwarded the past, rewatched the highlights of that day. The speech she'd given from the town hall, letting her new slaves know who was boss.

The way she'd had the town's menfolk dragged before her in chains, as she sat, laughing, on her solid silver throne, judging and sentencing each man in turn.

How she'd turned them, one by one, into something more fitting. Workers. Slaves. Strippers. Prostitutes. Bimbos. Pregnant women.

Who could ask for a better birthday present?

Finally, she whirled the time stream back to the very moment she'd woken up. How she'd looked at her phone and seen that text from Simon, her 18-year old cousin.

How she'd wanted to *die*. How she'd angrily wished something *terrible* would happen to him. How, no sooner had she formed the thought, than her wish *came true*, and Simon had turned into a... into a...

Shit, enough of the past. We gotta get ready for tonight.

Reluctantly, Lucy projected her mind back into the present, back into her body, still watching Tina scrubbing away.

Her maid was still thinking about her conversation with the gardener earlier. Trying to hide it beneath her whispered mantra about how Queen Lucy was the best, the greatest, blah, blah, *blah*, not that it did any good.

You didn't get to be a goddess without knowing every single little thing rattling around your worshipper's brains.

Tina was scared. She could tell. Not just for herself, but for Coach Rogers. She was trying not to think about the times they'd spent, curled up in one another's arms, making love in that *gross* little cabin. Trying not to think about how much she'd miss those times if tonight's plan went wrong...

To her surprise, Lucy found herself feeling a bit sorry for her.

Hey, she is a she now, right? Gotta cut her some slack...

"Maid?"

At the sound of her mistress's voice, Tina raised her pretty little head.

"Come here."

Obediently, Tina got to her feet. She crossed the room and kneeled down before Queen Lucy, a servile expression on her soft features.

Lucy smiled at her.

“Kiss my feet.”

Immediately, Tina was on all fours, pressing her lips up against Lucy’s toes, whispering over and over in French about what a *wonderful* Queen she was.

“Yeah, yeah, whatever.” Lucy waved a hand. “God, you’re pathetic. Say: I’m pathetic.”

“*I am patheteek,*” whispered Tina as she planted kiss after kiss on her Queen’s feet, “*I am ze patheteek petit bitch.*”

The sheer emasculated humiliation radiating off Tyler’s transformed brain was enough to make Lucy dizzy. For a second, she thought about transforming her maid, then and there, into something *horrifying*...

The feeling passed. She smiled down at the whimpering slave before her.

“I’ve decided to give you the afternoon off, maid. You can go after this.”

She could feel the Tyler part of Tina’s mind reeling. Lucy *never* gave her slaves time off.

“On one condition. You spend it in that gross little cabin with the gardener. I don’t care what you do, just don’t leave ‘till midnight.”

Her eyes narrowed.

“Got that, *bitch*?”

“*Oui, madam,*” Tina whimpered, her lips still pressed to Lucy’s feet, “*oui madam, Je vous remercie... ah! Thonk you, madam...*”

“Don’t mention it,” Lucy giggled. “But don’t be late. I expect to see you at my birthday dinner *pronto.*”

Then she frowned slightly, Tina gave a little squeak, and then the Queen was sitting all alone again.

“Awesomeness.”

With a sigh, Lucy lay back on the sofa, looking out the window. She could *feel* Tina in the cabin, right now, hurriedly whispering to Coach Rogers that the Queen had magicked her there, for what reason, she didn’t know...

She turned her mind away. The conversation was gonna be boring.

Just like this weather...

The Queen frowned again, looking at the clear blue sky. A split-second later, a hurricane was battering their little town, its wind walloping the mansion’s windows, rain pattering on the rooftop.

“*Man*, don’t you just *love* being inside during a storm?” The Goddess said, to no-one in particular.

With vague amusement, she noted that all across town, men were now prostrating themselves on the ground and whispering thanks to their Queen for giving them this *wonderful* storm...

...all except for in a tiny little cabin in her garden, where a man and a maid were locked in a passionate embrace, tearing one another's clothes off.

The man nibbling at the maid's breast, his tongue flicking at her long, pink nipples. The maid, clutching his head, closing her eyes and whimpering with helpless pleasure...

There, Lucy thought, *don't say I never did nothing for you.*

After all, she told herself, even the wickedest witch couldn't be evil *all* the time.

*

"GIVE ME A Q! GIMME A U! GIMME AN E! GIMME AN E!"

It was late. The rain had stopped a couple of hours ago, leaving a sky that looked angry and bruised. In the town square, torches flickered beside the long, wooden table.

"GIMME AN N! GIMME AN L! GIMME A U! GIMME A C!"

Tyler walked nervously along beside the high-backed wooden chairs, obediently poring wine for the town's assembled womenfolk.

He still stank of sweat and female pheromones. A warm, dull ache in his pussy reminded him of the wild evening he'd had with Coach, lying on the gardener's little cot, cooing in French, while the big man rammed his cock into him.

Luckily, none of the assembled women seemed to notice his rosy cheeks, strange gait, or expression of shame.

They were too busy watching the show.

"GIMME A Y! WHADDYA GOT? *QUEEEEEEN LUCY!!!*"

As one, the twelve assembled cheerleaders leaped into the air, kicking their slender legs, waving their pompoms and shrieking their pretty heads off, big smiles plastered to their perfect teenage faces.

Watching them out the corner of his eye, Tyler had to admit they looked *great*. Even though his sexual orientation had been reversed three years ago, he was willing to bet his female body could still get excited by one of those girls.

Or, maybe it *could* have been, if he hadn't known what they really were.

"OK, that's enough, bitches," Queen Lucy's voice was soft, but immediately the square fell silent. "You can shut your mouths now. Just stand there looking pretty, yeah?"

The dozen cheerleaders snapped to attention, silently fixing frozen grins on their faces. Behind their eyes, twelve desperate men hopelessly tried to control their thoughts. Tried not to think a bad word about the Queen who'd clicked her fingers and trapped them as bimbos.

"Perfect." The Queen smiled at her assembled guests.

The whole town was there. The womenfolk serenely sat at table, enjoying their pampered lives, the menfolk either serving food or huddled in chains at the edge of the square, trying not to cry.

As Lucy surveyed her female guests, Tyler passed Coach, who was lying out clean cutlery. Their eyes met, Coach's hand twitched, there was a tiny *plop* and then Tyler was continuing on like nothing had happened, shouting his internal mantra louder and louder to cover up his thoughts.

"As you all know," Queen Lucy said, her voice soft but perfectly audible to everyone in the square, "it's my birthday, today. So, I traditionally like to do something for the worthless pigs who make our lives so easy."

The women nodded, turned round, grinned at the cowering men. Through the gaps between the chairs, Tyler caught a glimpse of Rainbow, sat with her new mommy, looking at the men like she'd never seen males before.

"Even though they're disgusting and *well gross*, I'm gonna let one of these pigs ask me a question. Any question they like."

The Queen turned and smiled at the crowd of men.

"Well?"

Silence. A few men shuffled their feet. Tyler carried on serving, pouring wine for his old Math teacher Miss Bowland, who winked at him and pinched his ass as he did so.

Slut, she mouthed.

Tyler gave her an obedient smile. He was only three places off from Lucy now.

"Come on, assholes," Lucy drawled, a delighted grin on her plain features. "Hurry up."

A hint of steel entered her voice.

"Don't make me transform one of you."

A furtive whisper. Eighty-something pale faces looked at the Queen, pleading. No-one wanted it to be them. No-one wanted to draw attention to themselves.

As he poured the next glass, Tyler silently gave thanks that he was no longer male.

Two places...

"No?" A note of disappointment. "Fine. I guess I'll just have to turn y'all into pig-"

"I have a question, Queen Lucy."

A murmur went up. Eyes turned to Coach Rogers, stood at the opposite end of the table, a defiant look on his lined face.

The only one not to do so was Tyler, who just kept right on pouring.

"It's more a request." Coach's voice was steady. "Remember when you first became our Queen?"

"Ha! What a *dumbass* question!" Queen Lucy's eyes were alive with mischief. "*Course* I remember, dipshit."

"Well, could your highness then tell us again what she... what she..." Coach's voice suddenly wavered, like speaking was causing him pain.

"Tell you what? Hurry up, ugly, 'fore I get bored and turn you into a buttplug."

“What you did to Simon.”

At Coach’s words, the square fell silent. A shocked, horrified silence. Tyler bit his lower lip.

“You sure you wanna hear it again?” Queen Lucy was watching Coach with a demonic leer.

Coach opened his mouth to speak. Nothing came out. He nodded.

“Ok, then...”

The Queen leaned back in her silver chair.

“It was like this, dipshit.” Her voice was low. “I was barely 13. I was, like, *mega*-lonely. More lonely than you can imagine. At school...”

The Queen looked right at Tyler.

“Everyone just bullied me.”

A sea of eyes turned to the pretty maid. Tyler felt his cheeks blush pink. He furiously looked down, avoiding the stares, instead gazing at the vast cleavage Queen Lucy had given him as punishment.

“Buncha assholes, right?” The Queen turned back to Coach. “They made me *hate* myself. Made me wanna kill myself. All except...”

“All except for Simon.”

The people in the square listened in silence, enveloped by the blackness around them. The only sound was the faint sloshing of liquid as Tyler filled yet another cup.

“He was my cousin. And he was so good looking. Like, I thought he was a movie star or some shit. But better, coz he liked me, too. Imagine Chris Pratt taking you to hang out with him at the mall. *That’s* what it was like.”

The Queen shook her head.

“Man, he was *awesome*.”

A pause.

“Until *it* happened.”

“We’d been hanging out all summer, when suddenly he gets this idea that we’re gonna drive out to the lakes, me and him. So *course* I jumped at it. I mean, how cool was that? He had a motorbike and everything. *Total* badboy.”

“So we went out to the lake. And it was a sunny day. And we went swimming. And I felt so happy, so far away from all those assholes at school. Like I’m floating in space and my life is just some planet I’m kinda looking at, all this way below.”

“And at some point, I look up and he’s holding his shorts out the water. And *he* says:”

“*Y’ever tried skinny dipping?*”

Tyler nearly jumped out his pretty maid’s uniform. The voice, *Simon’s voice*, was magically echoing around the square, as if he was really there.

“And I says, nu-uh, don’t be gross. And he says:”

“What’s gross about it?”

“So anyway, we argued. And then...”

The Queen’s voice dropped until it was barely a whisper.

“And *then* he starts telling me he’s gonna leave me here. That I’m no fun. That I’m gonna have to walk back, ‘less I go skinny dipping with him.”

“He keeps on ragging me. So, in the end, I do it. And we swim for a bit. Until Simon decides it’s time to head back to shore.”

The square was frozen by now. A sea of pale, bloodless faces, horrified at where the story was leading. From the corner of his eye, Tyler could see that even Coach looked upset.

“And when we get there, he won’t let me put my clothes back on. Tells me to lie down, sunbathe with him. I say I don’t wanna, but he was stronger than me back then, so...”

The Queen suddenly shook her head. In the dying light she looked less like a goddess, and more like poor, friendless Lucy Lancaster.

“You wanna know the *really* fucked up thing? After that, after all that *stuff* he did to me. I tried to tell people. I told my Dad, my teachers, Simon’s coach...”

Coach bowed his head.

“But everyone just said the same thing. *You’re just imagining it, or, it didn’t happen like that, stop making shit up Lucy.* And I grew worse and worse, till I thought about killing myself.”

She took a deep breath. Tyler was startled to realize his Queen was trembling.

“But I didn’t wanna let him win. Didn’t wanna let all the *men* in this town win.”

“And then, on my birthday, he sends me this text. And it just says:”

“*Lucy,*” Simon’s solemn voice rang out round the square once more, “*you’ve gotta stop making up stories. You’re ruining my life Lucy. I thought you were my friend. But you’re just a bitch. A dumb little shit-stirring bitch who I wish had never been born.*”

A sad smile crept over Lucy’s face.

“He threatened to tell everyone I was making it up. Said he’d ruin me. I got so mad. So, so mad, but there was nothing I could do...”

Her smile suddenly grew hard. Cruel.

“Only, turns out I’d just got my powers. And when I closed my eyes and wished for the most horrible thing I could think of, it happened.”

Confidence was flooding back into the Queen’s voice now, her face becoming terrible to witness. Tyler’s dainty hands shook as he poured some wine into her glass.

There was no way he wanted his Queen to notice him now.

Queen Lucy giggled, not taking her eyes off Coach.

“Served the asshole right, huh? I could read his mind as it happened. Like, suddenly, I could hear him screaming and begging as he started to change. Hear him whimpering like a pussy, and it

was *great*.”

She started to laugh. A loud, terrible laugh. The laugh of a vengeful goddess, watching her enemy finally get his come-uppance.

“I can still hear him now, y’know? Screaming. Screaming and begging me to turn him back. Every minute of every day, for three years. Begging me to return his body. Begging me not to leave him as this. To leave him as a...”

Then, suddenly, the Queen *clicked* her fingers. There was a spark of light and an image of Simon appeared, floating above the table. There were gasps from the crowd. Screams. Tyler glanced once at the plump pink triangle and felt ill, horrified at what had happened, horrified at what Simon had become...

“As a *pussy*,” Queen Lucy screamed, delightedly. “Ain’t that great? He was acting like a total pussy...”

“*So I turned him into one!*”

The image of Simon’s new form rotated, giving everyone a good view of his miserable new existence. Buried between the legs of some girl, unable to talk. Unable to see. Unable to scream. Nothing but a female body part; trapped that way for all eternity...

At the sight of her subjects’ sick faces, Queen Lucy sneered.

“*What?* Y’all didn’t care when he was a pervert, did you? No, you backed him up. You tried to make me think I was mad...”

Her voice was angry now. As her anger grew, a wind began to buffet the table, a harsh, evil, howling black wind that threatened to tear Tyler’s frilly uniform right off him.

“You shitbags *always* took the *man*’s side, didn’t you? Just like you did with Simon. Just like...”

She suddenly looked right at Tyler.

“Just like you’re doing *now*.”

Tyler felt his pouty lips drop open. He weakly shook his pretty, French maid’s head, feeling like he was gonna faint.

“*Non! Madam Lucy, non... I would nezzzer...*”

“Shut the fuck up.”

There was a tinkling of wind chimes, and suddenly Tyler’s words vanished in his throat. In terror, he raised his dainty hands to his face...

...and felt the smooth skin where his mouth had once been.

She’s taken my mouth away! Oh God... she’s taken my mouth...

The Queen turned back to Coach.

“Poisoning the wine? Getting this dumb bitch to slip me arsenic and hoping I’d be too wrapped up in my story to notice? What are you, a fucking *moron*?”

She angrily threw the wine glass at Coach. It skidded down the table, came to a rest just before his trembling hands.

"I'm your *God*. You can't kill God with *poison*."

Suddenly, Coach looked very old, very scared. He worked his mouth, tried to get the words out. When they came, they were trembling. Weak.

"M-miss Lucy... Please, i-it wasn't me... it was your maid! It was Miss-!"

"Stop sniveling," the Queen growled. "It's too late."

She smiled.

"I've got *just* the punishment for you."

"NO!" Shrieked Coach, suddenly throwing up his hands. "Please! You ca-!"

And then Queen Lucy frowned slightly, there was a tinkling of windchimes, and there was no Coach left at all.

*

Two weeks later, Queen Lucy lay idly on her back, flicking through an old book she'd found, while her maid served her coffee.

It was a natty old Sci-Fi paperback she'd discovered while strolling round town one night, walking through walls into people's homes and glancing over their bookshelves. The name on the cover was Jerome Bixby, and the story inside was all about this little town where people had to watch what they thought about, in case something *bad* happened.

Queen Lucy read it with a smile on her face, occasionally letting out a giggle.

This is my sorta town...

There was an impatient tinkling beside her. With a sigh, Lucy dropped the book and looked up at her maid.

"Man, that coffee smells *good*. You're a star, Tina."

Her beautiful French maid nodded at her, her eyes wide and scared. Ever since that fateful night, two weeks ago, she'd been unable to talk.

Nor was she really so beautiful any more. Not in any *conventional* sense, at least.

Oh, I dunno, Queen Lucy thought, idly, looking up at her handiwork, *she's kinda... striking now. I like it.*

She smiled to herself.

And that's what matters.

After all, she couldn't let a traitor go unpunished. Even if she *did* make *great* coffee.

"So, maid," the Queen said, smiling at her subject, "I *gotta* ask. Are you enjoying your new form?"

Tina nodded dumbly. If she'd still had lips on her face, Queen Lucy guessed she woulda been madly smiling, trying not to let her Queen know how unhappy she was. How scared.

Well, she's still got lips up there alright. Only...

Queen Lucy let her eyes drop down to the *thing* dangling beneath Tina's cute little button nose.

The *thing* she'd turned that nasty old Coach into, then magicked onto Tina's face, as a replacement for her missing mouth.

Only maybe not quite what she was expecting.

At the bottom of Tina's face, a vertical slit opened, flanked either side by two plump, moist lips. A dusting of pubic hair graced its top, blond and wiry. Deep within its embrace, a tight little hole lay, just waiting to be penetrated.

Where her French maid had once had a pretty, French maid's mouth, she now had a *pussy*.

A pussy with a man's mind still trapped inside it, screaming to get out.

"You look sweet like that," Queen Lucy crooned, enjoying the waves of humiliation coming off the Tyler part of Tina's brain, off Coach's mind trapped in the pussy. "Really suits you."

Her maid gave her a deep curtsy. But Lucy knew how she *really* felt.

She could hear her begging for mercy, even underneath her stupid mantra.

Well, she can beg all she likes. I ain't changing her back.

Despite her maid's body, Tina was a man. As was Coach.

And Queen Lucy knew better than to *ever* show men any mercy.

"When you're done here you can go back to your quarters," she said, her tone light. "I want you to stare in the mirror for the next eight hours and think about what you've done, understood?"

A silent nod.

"After that, you can grab some toys and stick them in that lovely new hole of yours." She giggled. "I want that asshole Coach to experience what it's like to get *royally screwed*."

Another nod.

"Awesomeness." The Queen leaned back on her couch. "What are you waiting for, *bitch*? Get outta my sight."

Another curtsy. More mental screams of humiliation. Then Tina was gone, running off down the passage, her big boobs jiggling as she went, weeping tears of shame and misery.

With a smile, Queen Lucy lay, staring at the ceiling. She closed her eyes, and let her mind reach out across the town. Caressing the minds of the remaining men. Luxuriating in their *fear*.

"Another one down," she whispered. "Eighty nine still to go."

Another smile. That was eighty nine more days ahead of her, each as fun as her birthday.

With a giggle, Queen Lucy clicked her fingers. Her book appeared back in her hands, open at the right place. She read on, skimming the words but thinking about all the stuff she was gonna do with the rest of her town.

She already knew it was gonna be another *awesome* year.

The End.

*

Like what you've read? You'll love my spooky tale of gothic gender transformation: [Becoming](#)

[Jasmine.](#)

Gender Swapped at the Beach Party

The harsh white sun glinted off the endless, immobile sea. Underfoot, the sand baked and burned, making barefoot kids yelp in Spanish as they stepped out the water. Over the horizon, the dreamy colonial city stretched out, sizzling in the Caribbean sun.

Beneath the shade of a looming palm tree, Leonard leaned back in the deckchair and sighed.

“We sure came to the right place.”

Beside him, his friend Theo turned and looked at him, his mirrored aviators reflecting the sun’s rays.

“Whose idea was this again?”

“If by whose idea was this, you mean whose idea was it to spend spring break in Colombia, then mine,” Theo replied. “Come to think of it, if you mean whose idea was it to come to Cartagena despite his mate bitching that it was too hot out of the mountains, then also mine.”

He turned and glanced with a wrinkled nose out at the kids frolicking in the surf.

“If, on the other hand, you mean whose idea was it come sit on our butts near the sea and waste the afternoon, then, yeah, that was yours.”

“Dude, it’s *not* wasted,” Leonard grinned, closing his eyes. “It’s cool. It’s *relaxing*, right? We haven’t done any of that in aaaages.”

“I was under the impression we were relaxing in Medellin.”

“You call that relaxing? Nu-uh. We were *partying* in Medellin. This. This is relaxing.”

Abruptly he sat up, opened his eyes. Smiled. Two shapely young Colombian beauties were walking past, their dynamite bodies barely hidden away inside their tiny bikinis.

“Sides,” Leonard murmured, “you don’t see girls like *that* up in the mountains.”

Out the corner of his eye, he saw Theo give a little shake of his head. He knew this wasn’t what his buddy had been picturing when they booked their flights.

So what? He thought, idly returning the girls’ smiles, *we’re different people, that’s all. If Theo wants to go off on one of his dumb hikes, he can go.*

“I could be walking to the Lost City now,” Theo muttered, like he’d just read Leonard’s mind. “Instead of guaranteeing my early death from skin cancer.”

He scowled down at his skinny, topless white frame with an expression of distaste. He always burned in the sun. Leonard assumed it was his British genes. All that rain and fog.

“So go,” he returned. “Just leave me to enjoy this beautiful beach, this beautiful sun.”

One of the girls whispered something to her friend. They both giggled. Leonard dropped them a wink.

“These beautiful girls.”

Although he couldn’t see behind Theo’s aviators, Leonard could swear his buddy just rolled his eyes.

“You’re such a *bloody* cliché, Leonard. The dude-bro jock, all over the foreign girls.”

He wiped the sweat off his forehead with the back of one hand.

“Only this particular jock is severely lacking in both the muscles *and* tang department.”

“What are you saying?” Leonard murmured, watching hopelessly as the two girls giggled one last time, then turned and walked away, their pert asses curving in their thongs.

“I’m saying that despite not shutting up about girls since we got here, you’ve singularly failed to pull every Colombian chick we’ve encountered.”

At last, Leonard turned back to his friend.

“Hey, man...”

“You know it’s true.”

There was nothing he could say.

It was true.

The worst part was, girls had been a big calculation in coming here. Only the year before, Leonard’s older brother had flown to Bogota for a wedding and come back looking like a man who’s hit the jackpot three times in a row at Vegas.

“Bro, for real...” his brother had grinned when Leonard had asked how the wedding went, “I’m telling you, those Colombian girls know how to party.”

And when Leonard had dug a little further, his brother had simply shrugged.

“So long as you’re white and not bad looking, it’s like you’re a celebrity. Oh man, I had chicks hanging off me, offering me coke, trying to invite themselves back to my hotel room...”

He’d fumbled for his phone.

“Look.”

And Leonard had looked at the pictures of these curvy, luscious girls with dark eyes, brown skin and flowing hair, crowding around his brother in various dingy clubs. Girls who could have been supermodels, or actresses, or prom queens. All of them inexplicably, *unimaginably*, hot for his average-looking brother.

It was then and there that Leonard had decided to go to Colombia.

He just hadn’t told Theo they were gonna spend less time hiking and sightseeing than his uptight friend expected.

“I don’t know what you’re smoking,” Leonard said at last, breaking the awkward little silence.

“You saw those girls just now.”

Theo turned and peered over the top of his glasses at the retreating girls. With his sallowness, shaggy blond hair and slightly-sunken eyes, Leonard sometimes thought he looked permanently ill.

“Who, *those* girls? If we were still in Austin they wouldn’t look *twice* at-”

“Yeah, well we’re *not* in Austin, OK?” Leonard snapped. “Things are... different out here, I

guess.”

“Trust me, they’d have to be *very* different for that to work.”

At slightly over 6ft, Leonard was far from bad-looking. He was athletic, if not muscular, with a square jaw and close-cropped dark hair. Seen objectively, he was at *least* a 7 out of 10.

Unfortunately, the two girls were so far off the conventional attractiveness scale it was kinda like comparing a pair of angels to a better-than-average-looking warthog.

“You’ve been doing this all week,” Theo pushed his straw sunhat down over the bridge of his nose. “Talking up your chances with every girl we see then getting all whiny when they don’t put out.”

“*Whiny?* I’m not-!”

“Bollocks. It’s all you do. You’re like a whine-o-matic.”

“I don’t even know what that *means*,” Leonard protested.

Theo ignored him.

“You could at least talk to them. Instead of just sitting here, telling me how wrong I am. Get rejected in person instead.”

“You want me to talk to them? Fine.” Leonard was on his feet before he knew what was happening. “Watch me. Watch and learn, limey.”

“Watch you get rejected? Sounds great.” Theo muttered.

But Leonard barely heard him. He was already off, striding across the beach, following the two girls across the burning Caribbean sand.

He walked confidently at first, striding after them like a man with a mission. As soon as he was confident he was out of Theo’s sights, though, he slowed.

What am I doing? I’m gonna look ridiculous...

Deep down, he knew that those two girls were out of his reach. Knew he needed to crank his standards down at notch or two.

I don’t even speak Spanish... what the hell am I gonna say to them...?

For a second, he wavered. Thought about turning back. Thought about just ordering a beer and kicking back on the beach, forgetting his troubles.

But then the image rose in his mind again, of his brother. His brother, surrounded by girls, beaming out at the camera.

No, there was no way he was gonna go back home without having at least *one* Colombian hottie he could brag about making out with.

He started walking faster.

Up ahead, the two cute girls had just reached a roped-off area of beach, outside one of the more-expensive hotels. Loud music pounded from a vast outdoor party.

They stopped and talked to the suited guy holding the rope, who moved aside. Then they turned

and shot one last perfect smile each right at Leonard, nearly making him swoon. And then they were through the cordon, and off into a heaving crowd of lithe, sweating bodies.

Seconds later, Leonard was at the rope, forcing up a polite smile onto his face.

“Hey, buddy, *no habla espanol*, I, uh, I need to...”

The guy looked him up and down, slowly, a faint expression of distaste on his dark features. He towered over Leonard, a hulking black giant, all muscle and raw power, poured into a mafia-style suit.

“No entry.” He said at last, firmly.

Leonard blinked.

“Oh. You speak English, huh? Umm, in that case, I was wondering...” he gestured after the girls, “my buddies are in there, and...”

“No entry.”

“Hey, c’mon, man.” He suddenly had an idea. “Look, buddy, I *really* need to get in there. Just for a minute. Here’s ten... twenty dollars...”

“No entry.”

“OK, fifty dollars...”

“No. Entry.”

The big guy suddenly took a single step forward, nearly making Leonard fall over on his ass. A sneer crossed his vast, dark features.

“You must be *muy hermoso* to come in. *comprender?* You are...”

He shook his head.

“...*no está bien.*”

And then he was gone, returning to the rope to let in two handsome, stacked guys with chiseled features, who turned and smiled smugly at Leonard as they were invited into the party.

It was a long walk back across the beach. Leonard trudged slowly, staring at his feet, feeling more annoyed and humiliated than he had in years.

When he finally reached the deckchairs, he flopped down next to Theo without a word, closing his eyes. There was a long silence.

“Too bad,” he heard his British friend say, at last, “I was kind of hoping you’d prove me wrong.”

A wistful sigh crept into his voice.

“I mean, an evening with those two would be *worth* skipping the Lost City for.”

Leonard gave a small grunt in reply. But he wasn’t really listening to what Theo was saying.

Deep inside his head, his mind was whirling, frantically trying to get a lock on it. To see things from an angle that would help him.

There’s gotta be a way to get in there. There’s gotta be...!

*

That evening, the rain fell thick and heavy on the streets, creating little rivers of water that cascaded over people's bare feet.

Inside their hostel in the colonial part of town, Leonard sat listlessly beneath a ceiling fan and listened to the raindrops drumming on the corrugated roof.

"Maybe it's better we ditched the hike." Theo spoke without even looking up from his book.

He was lying half-in a hammock someone had suspended between two bunks, his legs dangling over the sides.

"We'd be absolutely soaked by now. Still..." he paused. "Suppose I should've seen this coming. They don't call it rainforest for nothing."

Leonard grunted.

Silence. The sound of rain.

"You're not still thinking about those girls, are you?"

Silence. *Pitter patter, pitter patter.*

"You know, I was talking to the guy on reception. He says there's a great little restaurant in the old town, where the waitresses all..."

"I'm gonna get a beer." Leonard stood abruptly, turned to his friend. "Want anything?"

Theo raised his nose out the book, frowned at him.

"All I'm saying is-"

"No? OK then."

Leonard was out the door to their dormitory before Theo could utter another word.

He'd just fished a can of Poker beer out the cooler and was headed back when he heard it. Over on the sofas in the communal area, a small crowd had gathered round a skinny, bearded, hippie-looking guy.

"...telling you, it was something *else*. The girls in there are like... like *goddesses*. I mean you've never seen them so..."

He mimed a pert pair of breasts against his own chest; an ass that was ripe and firm.

"Y'know?"

There was a murmur from the crowd. Without exception, they were all scruffy, scrawny or nerdy-looking guys, and all American.

"What was the music like?" Asked someone. "I heard it was techno and shit like-"

The beardy guy gave a condescending laugh.

"Who gives a *fuck* about the music, man? *Listen* to me. I'm saying..."

He lowered his voice to a conspiratorial whisper. Leonard had to strain to catch it.

"You get in there, and it's like stepping into Caligula's palace. Only *you're* Caligula. In fact, it's

better than that. Trust me...”

He winked at his audience.

“Those girls will put out for *anyone*.”

Leonard could listen no longer.

“Hey. You talking about the party? The one up the beach?”

Half a dozen faces scowled up at him. Leonard wasn’t certain, but he had a feeling all these guys saw him as the sort of hot guy who could’ve just swanned in past that big black bouncer.

Compared to them, sure, maybe. But remember how those two douchebags looked earlier as they passed you...?

The beardy guy gave Leonard an appraising look. For the third time in a single day, Leonard had the feeling he was being judged.

“Sure am,” the guy said at last. “I was up there earlier. Just telling everyone it was-”

“B-but,” Leonard spluttered, “I mean, *how* did you get in? They said it was for... y’know. For...”

“Hot people?”

Leonard’s shoulders slumped.

“That’s about it, yeah.”

The beardy guy looked like he was mulling something over. At last he gave Leonard a small smile.

“You’re on vacation, right? Not travelling.”

Leonard nodded.

“Yeah. So?”

“So, I guess you’ve got a lot of money. Not like us *proper* travelers.”

The others in the group exchanged little smiles, unsure if it was a joke at their expense or Leonard’s.

“If this is gonna turn into some Occupy Wall St. rant...”

“Not at all. I love money.” The beardy guy’s eye gleamed. “Let’s me keep travelling.”

He was silent for a moment.

“You wanna get into the party, huh?”

For a second, Leonard hesitated. He wasn’t used to feeling so awkward around a guy like this.

At last, he nodded.

“OK then,” the beardy guy said, thoughtfully. “What’s that you’ve got there?”

“Oh, this?” Leonard blinked down at the can in his hand. “Just a beer. Thought maybe I’d-”

“Grab me one, yeah? I’ll be out in the garden, under that little wooden awning thing, whatever

the fuck you call it.”

“Gazebo,” someone muttered.

“Sure, whatever. I’ll be there.” The guy smiled up at Leonard. “I think you and I might be able to help each other.”

*

“Are you *insane*?!”

Leonard turned his back on his skinny friend, not wanting to meet his eye.

“It’s *fine*, OK? Trust me.”

“Trust you? *Trust* you?!” Theo’s voice was shrill. “You just spent, what, five hundred dollars on- on a pair of *magic beans*!”

“They’re *not* magic beans.” Leonard said. He really didn’t want to tell Theo they’d been \$500 each.

“What are they then? Coz from where I’m lying, they sure *sound* like magic beans.”

Leonard looked down at the two pink little pills lying in his palm. The pills he’d just spent a thousand dollars on.

“They’re our ticket to the greatest party on Earth.”

Even now, he could still hardly believe what Micah – the bearded guy – had told him. About how he’d picked these pills up from some shaman back in Peru while high. About how he’d woken up the next day, ten thousand dollars poorer and feeling like a fucking *moron*.

About how he’d tried to track the shaman down, demand his money back. About how he’d eventually given up, and taken one of the pills in a hostel, thinking about how he might as well get high off his ill-conceived purchase.

About how he’d felt his body start to shift. Start to *change*. Into...

Well, he could still remember the picture Micah had showed him, while they were both sat in the little gazebo, the rain drumming gently on the roof.

“That’s me,” Micah had laughed, lowering his phone, obviously enjoying the incredulous look in Leonard’s eyes. “Just one blue pill and *poof*!”

“Lemme see that again,” Leonard had snatched the cell back, unable to get his head round what he was hearing.

If this is true... if this true, it’s world changing...

Smiling out from the phone’s blank screen had been the handsomest guy Leonard had ever seen.

He’d been buff beyond belief, with a square jaw, piercing blue eyes, and rugged, manly features of the sort you rarely saw outside of Hollywood.

He’d had enormous biceps, broad shoulders, a six pack, pecs to die for, and a body that radiated raw, animal power.

As Leonard had swiped over to another selfie, he’d been staggered to see the guy had a 10-inch

dick, too. A monster cock that swung between his hairy, muscular legs.

He'd been the absolute pinnacle of manliness. The sort of guy even a straight man like Leonard felt kind of funny seeing. An alpha male beyond all other alpha males.

And he'd been...

"Twenty four hours," Micah had smiled. "A whole day I spent, trapped as that stud. Kinda terrifying at first, but when I finally stepped out my dorm and saw how chicks were treating me..."

He'd leaned back.

"Let's say I was kinda sad to see it wear off."

And Leonard had just shook his head, not wanting to believe him. Not wanting to believe a scrawny, goofy guy like the one in front of him could become a mountain of testosterone and muscle in the blink of an eye.

Not wanting to believe him, but unable to deny the resemblance that had existed in the picture. Like some giant had taken Micah and molded him into this new shape, but been unable to completely flush out all traces of him.

So it's true...

After that, Leonard had almost fallen over himself to give the traveler his money.

"Lemme get this straight," Theo was still rabbiting away, trying to make Leonard feel like a fool. "You paid all that money for a pair of pills off some random guy in a Colombian hostel? What are you, an idiot?"

"Trust me," Leonard repeated. "They're gonna work, and if they don't it's my money, OK? I won't make you pay your half..."

"My half?"

"I got you one, too." At last he turned back to Theo, showed him his hand. "One each. Don't you wanna go to this party?"

"I do..." the skinny English guy was looking like he was about to faint. "But Leonard, five *hundred* bucks? Isn't that, y'know, quite a *lot* of..."

He suddenly frowned.

"What?"

"Nothing. Just..." Theo hesitated. "Didn't you say they were *blue* pills?"

Leonard glanced down at the two pink little dots in his palm.

"He said the shaman gave him a mix. He ran out of the blue ones today, but he thinks the pink ones'll work too. It's just the casing. Says it's the exact same stuff inside."

"And if they don't?"

"Then I'm financially screwed, and you get to laugh at me for the rest of my life, OK?" There was a pause, then a small smile began to creep across Leonard's features. "But if they *do* work..."

He let out a small laugh.

“My friend, we’re gonna have the *best* spring break ever.”

*

Morning. The two friends stood in the men’s showers of the hostel, awkwardly looking at one another.

“I can’t believe I’m about to do this...” muttered Theo.

It was sometime after 10. The two boys had gotten up late, waiting for everyone to filter out their dormitory and take their showers before finally emerging. As Theo had pointed out the night before, if the pills *did* work, there was no way they wanted anyone to see them changing.

“We’ll wind up under scientific observation in some hospital somewhere,” he’d noted. “It’s alright for you, you’re American. They’ll probably send the marines in to get you out. Me? They’ll leave me to get dissected.”

So they’d agreed they’d each slip a pill in one of the shower cubicles the next morning, while everyone else in their hostel was at breakfast. Where nobody could see what was happening.

And now here they were, ready to become the sort of hunks the bouncer would wave into that party with no problems.

“You really think this’ll work?” Theo asked.

Leonard looked doubtfully down at the tiny little pill lying in his palm. He shook his head.

“No, not really.” He admitted. “But I *did* already give Micah that thousand bucks...”

“...and it’s not like he’s gonna have given us poison or anything.” Theo sighed. “OK, let’s do it. Let’s get our disappointment over and done with.”

Leonard nodded.

“Yeah. Let’s.”

Then he handed Theo his pill, the two male friends gave each other a wan smile, stepped into separate shower cubicles and locked the doors.

The cubicle was painted red, its floor slick with water and soap suds. It had one of those doors that don’t *quite* touch the floor, and Leonard prayed no-one would see his pale feet suddenly become all hairy and ultra-manly.

Well, he thought to himself, *here goes...*

He cast one last, doubtful glance down at his body, clad only in a pair of swimming shorts. At its comforting shape, it’s familiarity. At the chest that refused to get bigger, no matter how often he hit the gym. At the arms and legs that were strong, but not muscular. At the little layer of fat already starting to collect over his belly.

Deep down, he simply couldn’t believe that it would ever change. That it would ever be anything but the same old body he’d lived in, year-in, year-out, for the last 22 years.

No matter how much he might like to see a horse cock swinging between his legs.

“Leonard?” Theo’s voice hissed in the other stall.

“Yeah?”

“You taken it yet?”

“Nope.”

“Me either.”

A pause.

“Are you gonna?”

“Yeah. Right now.”

“Yeah. I guess I’d better take mine, too.”

Another pause.

“Right. Cheers, mate.”

“Cheers,” Leonard muttered back. Then he tilted his head back, dropped the pink pill into his throat, and swallowed.

The moment it was down his throat, Leonard realized it was gonna work. He could feel his insides sort of... *twisting* in a way that was deeply alien. Slowly, he looked down at his naked torso, and was astonished to see the skin starting to ripple.

“Leonard!” Theo’s voice made him jerk his head back up. “It’s... it’s *working*! Holy shit, I mean it’s really, *really* working!”

“Didn’t I tell you?” Leonard meant the words to come out sounding confident, but instead they wavered and wobbled. Theo barely seemed to notice.

“Oh Christ... oh Jesus, this feels weird!”

“Just hang in there, buddy,” Leonard called. “A few minutes from now, we’re gonna be the hottest guys in Cartagena!”

Silence. He gazed down at his body, trying to imagine what it would feel like. Trying imagine how it would be to *be* a tall, muscular stud with a gigantic cock and pecs like iron. His skin writhed, his body started to *shift*...

Here we go... 6ft5 and a rippling torso. We’re gonna get so much pussy...!

Then Leonard noticed something. Something that made his mind start whirling and sent the confidence draining out of him.

The shower tap was rising gently in his vision. Set into the wall, it slowly traveled upwards, as if trying to escape out the ceiling. For a second, Leonard looked at it, trying to figure out what the *hell* was happening. Then it suddenly all fell into place and he felt like screaming.

Leonard was *shrinking*. Where he’d stepped into the shower cubicle at a good 6ft, he was now maybe 5”9 at most and *still* shedding inches.

“Leonard...?” Theo’s voice drifted in from the other cubicle, tinged with worry. “Uh, Leonard, are you... is it...?”

“Something’s *wrong*!” Leonard called back. “I-I’m not sure what’s going on. I’m-I’m...!”

Shrinking, is what he'd meant to say. But then he'd happened to glance back down at himself and his voice had dried up in his throat.

His feet were *changing*. Where they'd once been kinda big and clumsy-looking, they were now two small, dainty things at the end of impossibly tiny ankles. As Leonard watched in horror, the tiny, wiry hairs that graced the back of his toes wriggled back into his skin, even as his toenails began to change color, becoming a sparkly pink.

Oh God... what the fuck is happening?

"Theo! Dude, my *feet*-!"

Was all he managed to get out. Then, suddenly, the shaman's magic pill kicked into gear and Leonard's entire body went crazy.

There was a grinding sensation that tore through his torso, unpleasant yet painless. Leonard's shoulders *tugged* inwards, losing their broadness and becoming narrow and slender. Simultaneously, his hips *pushed* outwards, becoming wide and curvy.

"What the *hell*?!" He yelled. But it was useless.

There was a sensation like someone had just stuck him in a corset and yanked the drawstring. In a flash, Leonard's midriff tightened, pulling inwards, until it was so tight you could almost fit your fingers around it. Fat dribbled off his belly, leaving him with a toned, flat stomach.

Leonard felt his ass jump up and fill out, becoming round and pert. In fright, he looked over one newly-narrow shoulder and was disgusted to see his ass now *thrust* out, away from his body, like something out of a music video.

"Leonard?!" Theo's voice was high with panic. "Leonard, what in God's name...?"

"I-I dunno!" Leonard yelled back. "I-I think we're turning into-!"

Then the changes started up all over again and there was no time left to talk.

With astonishing speed, Leonard's legs and arms shed muscle, deflating in size, becoming slender and willowy. At the same time, his legs *stretched* upwards, becoming long and smooth and heavenly.

There was a faint pain in his wrists, and Leonard saw to his dismay that his hands were now two tiny, dainty things with long, slender fingers. As he looked helplessly at them, his nails started to grow, becoming long and pink and sparkly.

A tremendous itching spread across Leonard's body. He gasped out loud. All the wiry little man-hairs that had appeared when he hit puberty were worming their way back inside him, leaving his skin smooth and springy to the touch. Just as he was staring, dumbfounded, at his disappearing hair, there was a feeling like electric passing over his scalp, and then waves and waves of long, dark, luscious locks were tumbling over his bare shoulders like a waterfall.

His nose trembled comically in the bottom of his vision. Leonard crossed his eyes, staring down at it, and was frightened to see it shrink down into a cute little button. Moments later there was a feeling of pressure, and then his lips plumped up, becoming soft and bud-like.

And still the changes kept coming.

In horror, Leonard held his hands to his face as his skin began to shift. His newly-dainty fingers felt his jawline soften and his cheekbones sharpen, leaving him with a soft, round face. He felt his eyelashes grow longer, his eyes widen.

“Leonard, oh, *fuck*, Leonard!” Squeaked a high-pitched voice he could just about recognize as Theo. “What... what’s *happening* to us?!”

Isn’t it obvious? Thought Leonard, unhappily, as he felt his Adam’s apple soften and vanish, and his neck elongate slightly, becoming swan-like.

We’re turning into girls.

No sooner had he thought those words than a pressure began building in his chest. Leonard glanced down and watched in terror as his nipples began to grow longer, becoming pink and pointy, the flesh around them gently swelling. He moaned and threw up his hands...

...only to feel them knocked aside as a pair of big, beautiful breasts came bursting out.

They swelled up in the bottom of his vision, two wobbling, pink things that inflated, pushing away from his chest. They grew until they stuck out in front of him, bigger than even his last girlfriend, Sarah’s, had been.

I’ve got tits! Leonard thought in horror, *actual fucking tits!*

In a daze, he gently cupped his brand new breasts with his dainty hands, and was surprised at how *firm* they felt. How *pert*. How much a *part* of him.

They’ve... they’ve gotta be a C-cup. At least! Maybe even a D...

The thought that he not only had breasts, but had bigger breasts than any girl he’d ever dated, was enough to make Leonard want to scream.

Then he felt it. The last part of his transformation. The part that he’d been dreading ever since he worked out where this was going.

Deep in Leonard’s shorts, his dick gave one last, mournful twitch. Leonard frantically *yanked* his shorts down, trying to grab hold of his little fella...

...and watched with helpless eyes as his cock *shot* back into his body, dragging his balls with it. There was a pause, and then a little slit opened up between his legs; two plump lips dangling either side of a tight little hole.

Oh my God, I’ve got a pussy...

At last, it was over. Leonard’s body gave one last spasm as his internal organs shifted to make way for his new womb, and then the pill’s work was done.

In the silence that followed, Leonard was aware only of his own breath, suddenly coming out in ragged, high-pitched, feminine little gasps. And a faint whimpering from the cubicle beside him, that sounded like... sounded like...

It sounds like a girl trying not to cry.

He closed his eyes, trying to control the sense of panic he felt, rising in his chest.

It couldn’t be true. Men just didn’t spontaneously turn into *girls*. It was ridiculous. The sort of

thing that only happened in cheap, erotic fiction bought on Amazon.

I'm hallucinating. That's it. I took that pill and it's sent me weird. It'll wear off. It'll...

But he already knew he was lying.

He could *feel* the faint weight on his chest from his heavy new breasts. Feel them dangling towards the floor.

He could *feel* the long, dark hair that cascaded over his shoulders in a glorious waterfall, feel it tickling at the bare skin between his shoulder blades.

And, worst of all, he could *feel* the brand new space between his legs, where his dick had once been. *Feel* the tight little hole buried between his legs, waiting for a man to come along and put his cock inside...

Abruptly, Leonard opened his eyes.

He could still hear Theo, whimpering away in the other cubicle, like a girl in shock.

"Th-Theo?" He said, then instantly clamped his dainty hands over his pouty new lips.

That's not my voice!

At some point during his transformation, his old, male voice had vanished, taking its bass and power with it.

In its place was a voice that was soft and high in pitch. The sort of voice you heard from a girl excitedly calling out to her friends at a party.

The voice of a beautiful bimbo.

"Theo?" He murmured again, trying to make his voice deeper, but just making it sound ridiculous, "it's me. Are... are you OK, buddy?"

Silence. Save for that whimpering. Leonard swallowed.

"OK. OK. I'm... I'm gonna come and get you," he whispered in his soft new voice; in his *girl's* voice. "Just stay right there..."

He was about to open the door, when a thought suddenly struck him. An unpleasant thought that made the invisible, downy hairs on the nape of his neck stand on end.

They were girls now. Girls in a *boys'* shower room. And not *just* girls.

They'd both come in here, dressed only in their swimming shorts, expecting to come out with big, muscular male chests they could show off.

Instead, they now had breasts. Big, ripe, dangling boobies, and nothing to cover them up with.

Horrible as it was to admit, Leonard *really* needed a bikini right now.

For a moment, he dithered. There was no way he wanted to chance stepping outside now and having some random guy walk in.

It was strange. As a man, Leonard didn't find anything remotely worrying about taking his top off in public, even when he was kinda out of shape. As a girl, though...

...as a girl, the thought of someone seeing him topless made him feel strangely *threatened*.

“Leonard?”

The girl’s voice made Leonard jump. He looked frantically around for a second, before realizing it must have come from Theo.

“Leonard?” The girl whimpered, her voice soft and sultry, her British accent almost spookily sexy. “What just... I mean, what have we...?”

“It’s OK,” Leonard said in his own soft, sexy voice. “It’s OK, I’m coming. Just let me...”

Then he glanced down and remembered where they were. Remembered that shower cubicle walls don’t touch the ground.

Oh my God, it looks gross down there... he shuddered. *But, between that and opening the door... Guess I’ll do it quickly.*

Ten seconds later, Leonard was in the next cubicle, pulling himself to his feet, daintily picking wet little hairs off his soft new skin.

“Eww, that was, like, *so gross*,” he mumbled, unaware his syntax had changed along with his voice, taking on a Valley Girl style. “Why couldn’t we do this in the girls’? I bet girls are *way* cleaner...”

“Leonard?”

At the sound of her voice, Leonard looked up at the girl whose shower stall he’d just climbed into...

...and felt his mind go numb.

Holy fuck...

The girl standing above him was *gorgeous*.

Where Theo had been skinny, with a mop of blond hair and sallow skin, the girl who’d replaced him was *perfect*.

She was stylishly slender, with a super-tight waist that made Leonard feel faintly jealous, extremely long legs, and cute, perky little breasts that were just right for her frame. Her blond hair fell in shiny ringlets from her crown, tumbling stylishly over one bare shoulder.

She had an adorable, round baby face, with plump, pursed lips, wide, doe-like blue eyes, and an expression that was heartbreakingly innocent. Little freckles dusted her cheeks, making her look cuter than ever.

She was gorgeous. She was the absolute ideal of a thin woman, a 18-year old girl so pure and beautiful that Leonard almost couldn’t stand to look at her.

The only things that slightly spoiled it were Theo’s shorts, still clinging to her waist, now stretched at the hips, but otherwise baggy and too big for her.

“Hey,” whispered Theo, unhappily.

Leonard slowly stood up, his pretty new mouth dangling open. He looked over the girl who used to be Theo, his eyes tracing the outline of her breasts, of her hips, of her ass.

Wordlessly, he looked into his friend’s soft blue eyes.

“*Theo?*” He whispered, barely even noticing how high-pitched his voice was. “Jesus Christ, you’re... you’re...”

He stared back down at Theo’s body, unable to believe what he was seeing.

“You’re *beautiful*.”

The supermodel British girl shot him a wan smile that couldn’t help but look perfect to Leonard’s eyes.

Christ, she’s the sort of girl I used to dream about...

“Thanks,” muttered Theo. “You’re not so bad yourself.”

“I mean it,” Leonard went on, ignoring his friend. “The pill. It’s made you... made you...”

He shook his head in wonder.

“Theo,” he confessed, shocked at what he was about to say, “you’re the hottest girl I’ve ever *seen*.”

Theo glanced down at his new body. Leonard watched as the stunning blond before him hesitantly reached up and gave her boobs a little squeeze.

“Yeah,” she said, “I guess... I mean, your boobs are *much* nicer. Mine are all small, and...”

She suddenly shook her head.

“What am I *doing*?” The girl who used to be Theo wailed, looking back to Leonard, “I’m even *talking* like a girl now!”

“It’s probably the pills,” Leonard said, hurriedly, “I mean, who knows what they can do to our brains if they can do *this* to our...”

He trailed off. Theo was looking at him like he thought he was going mad.

“What?”

“Have...” the girl who used to be Theo swallowed. “Have you looked in a mirror, recently?”

Leonard rolled his eyes.

“You *know* I haven’t. I only just crawled under to check on you. And now you’re...”

“Well, maybe you *should*. In a mirror. Like, right now.”

“Why?”

But the girl before him simply shook her pretty little head, her eyes wide. Uneasily, Leonard turned to the cubicle door.

Oh well, I guess we couldn’t stay in here forever. At least there’s two of us now if someone walks in...

For a second, he hesitated. He really *didn’t* want to be seen like this. But what choice did he have?

Leonard opened the door.

The shower room was as empty as when they arrived, the only sign of life the two topless girls

peering nervously out the open cubicle.

Then Leonard turned to the mirror running the whole length of the opposite wall and felt his heart nearly stop in his generous chest.

The glass was still slightly fogged from all the showers guys had taken earlier. But it was clear enough by now. Clear enough for Leonard to *see*, to see the girl he had become.

No... his brain thought, weakly, *no fucking way...*

There, in the distant mirror, was perhaps the most-beautiful girl Leonard had ever seen.

She was maybe 18, with long, flowing dark hair that fell in lines down either side of her olive-skinned face. Her cheekbones were sharp and high, her eyes dark and inviting, like two black pools you wanted to immerse yourself in forever.

She had plump, red lips. Slender, heavenly legs. A tight waist. Wide, curvy hips and a shapely ass to die for.

Her breasts were spectacular. Two big, plump things that stuck out from her slender frame, pert and true. She had a slightly fuller figure than her blond companion, but not in a bad way. In a way that highlighted her curves, her hourglass shape, her breathtaking beauty.

She looked like a supermodel. Like someone you'd see in an expensive perfume commercial for a Latin fragrance.

She was dark. She was tanned. She was *gorgeous*.

And she was him.

Leonard couldn't help it.

He screamed.

*

"Jesus, Leonard!"

The cute British blond grabbed his bare, slender shoulders, gave him a shake. Leonard looked dumbly into her eyes, feeling like a girl trapped in a nightmare.

"Shut up!" She hissed. "Shut up or someone will-!"

Then the voice came and Leonard watched in horror as the color drained from her perfect face.

"Hey!" The deep, male voice echoed around the shower room, loaded with raw power. "Hey, are you OK in there?"

Shit...

The two girls looked at each other, panic in their eyes. Leonard could tell Theo was thinking exactly the same thing as him.

Oh Jesus Christ, we're... we're nearly naked, and some guy's about to come in...!

There were footsteps.

"Hey. Is someone in there?"

"Quick," the British girl muttered.

She grabbed Leonard's dainty new hand with her own. Their long, slender fingers entwined, clasped together. Just touching such a pretty girl was enough to make Leonard feel like fainting.

"This way."

The girl dragged him across the bathroom, her pert ass bouncing as she walked, making Leonard feel dizzy. He could feel a faint pain in his own chest.

No... not a pain. More like... more like...

Then Leonard hit on the word and nearly moaned out loud.

He was *jiggling*.

The slender blond pushed her way into a cubicle, pulled Leonard in then shut and locked the door. She silently raised a finger to her pouty lips, just as someone stepped into the shower room.

"Hey. Hey! Is everyone OK in here?"

The guy's voice was deep, seeming to vibrate in the pit of Leonard's belly. Without even seeing him, Leonard could tell it belonged to a strong, *powerful* man.

"I heard screaming. Is someone hurt?"

There was something about the voice... something that sent little shivers up Leonard's spine. He tried to imagine the man it might belong to.

He's probably tall. Yeah, with big biceps and broad shoulders and the cutest butt. I bet he's got these piercing blue eyes...

He gave himself a little mental shake. Had he really just called a *guy's* butt cute?

"I'm checking the stalls." The voice called. "If you're hurt don't worry, I'll find you."

There were footsteps, and then the sound of cubicle doors banging open. The girl who used to be Theo closed her eyes and let out the tiniest whimper.

"I'm coming. Stay calm."

Little pinpricks danced across Leonard's smooth, olive skin. He felt his heart hammering in his generous new chest.

The cubicle suddenly seemed very close. Very small. The slender British girl was standing very close to him, her pink lips only inches from his own, their bare breasts almost touching.

With a jolt, Leonard realized this was the closest he'd ever been to someone so beautiful.

Look at her... she's perfect. All worried like that... the girl still had her eyes closed, so Leonard let his own hungrily drink in her soft, delicate features. *She's gorgeous. I could kiss her right now if I wanted to...*

He felt a faint warmth spreading in his crotch. Suddenly, he was very aware of his nipples, aware of how hard and pointy they were becoming.

Jesus Christ, she's Theo, remember? You can't get turned on by Theo!

The bang of another door derailed his train of thought. It was followed by another. Then another.

Getting closer...

“If your hurt, let me know. I’m almost there.”

Another bang, and then Leonard saw two bare feet come to a stop outside their door. He took a deep breath.

“Hey, are you in there?” The door rattled. “What’s going on?”

Leonard closed his eyes, tried to not to whimper.

Please... just go away... please...

But at the same time, there was another thought in his head. A strange, alien thought that rose from the very depths of his newly-female brain.

He sounds so strong...

“OK, I’m coming in. Stand back.”

Leonard’s eyelids flew open. He saw Theo looking right back at him, panic in his innocent blue eyes.

“It’s OK!” Leonard suddenly shouted in his high-pitched voice, “I’m fine, I’m sorry, just-!”

But it was too late.

With a *crash* the locked cubicle door swung open, reeling under the force of a kick. Leonard squealed and shrank back, clutching himself tight against the British girl, their breasts squashing up against one another.

From under his dark bangs, he looked up in a daze at the hulking male shadow stood before them. At the tall, muscular guy now stepping into the cubicle, looking down at their naked, female flesh with a cocky smile.

“Damn,” he laughed, his low, smooth voice seeming to caress Leonard’s new body, “you girls had me worried there. Thought you’d had a bad reaction to the pills.”

Pills? Wha-?

And then Leonard looked up from inside his tiny frame at the guy now towering over him and everything clicked into place.

Oh God... oh please, God, no...

The handsome, square jaw. The stylish stubble. The smoldering gaze. The sculpted torso, all-too visible beneath his tight white t-shirt.

Oh dear Jesus...

The familiar eyes, set into the newly-handsome face. The eyes that had laughingly stared out from those selfies their owner had shown him, sat under that gazebo in the rain what felt like a million years ago.

“Right,” said the hulking stud who used to be Micah, his blue eyes twinkling with amusement. “Guess I’d better grab you chicks a towel. But first...”

He flashed Leonard a grin that made his legs go like water.

“Any questions?”

*

Two hours later, Leonard stood before the full-length mirror in their hotel room, not sure if he was angry, scared or just completely confused.

From the silver depths of the glass, the beautiful woman he'd become looked back at him, a troubled expression on her supermodel features. With a feeling of profound unhappiness, Leonard noted that it only served to make her look sexier than ever.

It had been a weird morning all right.

After the initial shock of seeing Micah had worn off, Leonard had finally found his voice.

"M-Micah?"

The handsome man had flashed him a perfect smile. Inside their new bodies, Leonard had been shocked to note he was at *least* a foot shorter than Micah.

"You recognized me, huh? Too bad. I wanted to see how you girls would react to my new body."

Suddenly, a surge of white hot anger had gone coursing through Leonard. He'd let go of Theo and pointed accusingly at the musclebound stud before him.

"You... you *knew* what those pills would do, didn't you? You deliberately..." He could hardly believe what he was going to say, "You deliberately turned us into *girls!*"

In new voice, the accusation had sounded high-pitched, hysterical. But Micah hadn't even been listening. Instead, he'd simply looked down at Leonard's body with a smirk on his newly-handsome face.

"What?"

Then, beside Leonard, the girl who used to be Theo had let out a little cough.

"Umm... Lennie?" She'd said quietly in her British accent, "babes, your um..."

And then it had clicked in Leonard's brain. Slowly, he'd followed Micah's hungry eyeline down...

...to where his naked breasts now dangled, pert and free.

With a growl, Leonard had clapped his dainty new hands back over his heavy breasts, hating the *feel* of them in his palms, but hating the way Micah was looking at him even more.

It's like I'm just a piece of meat! What an asshole...!

But again, an unwanted, alien thought had risen up beneath his indignation.

God, it's so hot the way alpha males look at women...

"Admit it," he'd snapped, trying to get everyone's attention off his new breasts. "You set us up."

The hunk before him had shrugged, tossed him a casual smile.

"Sure, why not? I didn't know for sure what those pink pills would do, but I had to shift them somehow, and you were so pathetically eager..."

He'd lowered his voice, his piercing eyes flicking over every inch of Leonard's new body, like he was X-raying him.

“Sides, what guy wouldn’t want a couple of babes like you two keeping him company?”

Babes?! Leonard remembered thinking angrily, who the hell does he think he is?!

But, to his horror, his body had reacted differently. Without any input from his brain, his female form had let out a soft giggle, involuntarily returning Micah’s roguish smile.

He’s so handsome... Christ, he could make me do anything...

He’d given his head a little shake.

Now wasn’t the time to start exploring the new, female side of his sexuality.

“Let me get this straight,” Theo’s soft, sultry new voice had cut through Leonard’s confusion, making him turn round. “You’re saying you *tricked* us. That you turned us into *girls*, and you still want...”

The blond girl had shook her head, a look of disbelief on her pretty face.

“You *still* want us to swoon over you and act all pleased when you call us *babes*?”

Micah had frowned down at the willowy British girl.

“Hey, what’s your name?”

“Tara,” the girl had responded. “But I don’t see...”

Suddenly, her eyes had gone wide.

“No, wait. That’s not my name. I’m... I’m...”

But she’d been unable to say it. Helplessly, she’d turned to Leonard.

“God, Lennie, my name. What’s my *name*?”

And Leonard had opened his mouth...

...and slowly closed it again.

Oh, God, I can’t remember...

To his horror, he’d realized that the only name stored in his mind for the panicked girl stood before him, or the skinny guy she’d once been was, was...

Tara.

“I’m sorry,” he’d whispered, shaking his head, his long, dark hair flicking out around his shoulders. “Tara, I’m so sorry....”

Tara had looked at him, her blue eyes wide with fright, her slender fingers raised in shock to her pouty lips. And then Micah had laughed and casually leaned one strong arm against the cubicle wall.

“Here’s the deal, *Tara*,” he’d said, his voice cocky. “You two beauties are stuck as girls now. Unlike the *blue* pills, the *pink* ones don’t wear off.”

He’d winked at them.

“Ever. They just mess with your mind until you can’t remember ever being a dude or *not* being attracted to guys.”

His smile had grown cockier.

“Guys like *me*.”

He’d flexed one bicep experimentally. Immediately, Leonard had felt his mouth go dry. From the corner of his eye, he’d seen a pink flush rise up Tara’s cheeks.

Oh God, this is horrible. I don’t wanna be attracted to guys!

But he’d been unable to stop it. Unable to stop his eyes tracing the outlines of Micah’s new muscles. Unable to stop his nipples from hardening beneath his palms, unable to stop himself from fluttering his long eyelashes at the handsome stud who’d done this to them.

“The only way you can turn back,” Micah had continued, obviously enjoying the effect his new form was having on the two girls, “is by taking one of the yellow pills I’ve got in my bag. Then you’ll go back to being those loser guys I met yesterday.”

Tara had started to speak, her eyes shining with sudden hope. Micah had cut her off with the wave of a hand.

“But, I’m not gonna give them to you. Not unless you do *exactly* what I want you to.”

“What’s that?” Leonard had meant to make his voice come out sounding tough. It had come out as a throaty whisper.

Their tormentor – their *jailer* – had given an amused little grunt, like he was laughing at some private joke.

“You’ll see,” he’d said, his eyes once again drifting over Leonard and Tara’s pert little bodies. “And don’t worry, you’ll get to go to your beach party. You just gotta play by the rules. *My* rules.”

Then he’d abruptly stood upright.

“You babes hang tight, y’hear? I’ll go grab a couple of towels from reception.”

And with that he’d turned and stalked off across the room, his stride confident, his strong arms swinging by his sides. For a moment, Leonard had simply stood there in daze. Then he’d run out the cubicle as fast as his little legs would carry him.

“Wait!” He’d yelled, trying to ignore the way his new body was admiring the muscles in Micah’s retreating back, admiring the broadness of his shoulders. “Where are we going? What are you gonna *do* with us?”

“I used your money to book us somewhere *nicer*,” Micah had called back without breaking stride, “somewhere where we can *enjoy* ourselves without interruption.”

He’d given Leonard one last wink, and then he’d been out the door, leaving the two poor, beautiful girls stood all alone, their minds whirling with worry.

And now here they all were, in some expensive old colonial hotel in the very heart of Cartagena, about to do something Leonard *really* didn’t want to think about.

As he stood there, staring hopelessly at the girl in the mirror, Leonard heard a knock at the old, antique wooden door. There was a pause, then Micah poked his head round the corner.

“Hey, gorgeous,” he gave Leonard his trademark cocky smile. “How’s the new dress?”

On their way to the hotel, Micah had called up and demanded two fancy new dresses be rustled up for his girls. By the time they arrived, two designer dresses had been left, one each, in Leonard and Tara’s rooms.

Picking his up, Leonard had been dismayed at its flimsiness. At the sheer *nothingness* of the piece of black fabric clasped in his hands.

But now he was wearing it...

With a sigh, Leonard glanced downwards. The girl in the mirror was clad in the *cutest* little black cocktail dress.

It clung to her curves, accentuating them, leaving a *lot* of leg and cleavage on display. Its darkness matched her flowing dark hair, her dark eyes. It was expensive. Classy. On her feet, a matching pair of black stiletto heels completed the look of a woman who was stylish and sexy and not afraid to show it.

Leonard *hated* to admit it, but he did look pretty good right now.

“It’s... it’s nice,” he said awkwardly, hating the way the girl in the mirror moved her pouty lips in time with his. “I guess I look...”

“You look *gorgeous*.”

Micah stepped into the room. With lithe, panther-like steps, he crossed the wooden floor until he was stood directly behind Leonard.

Gently, he raised his big, strong hands. Placed them on Leonard’s slender, bare shoulders. The touch was enough to send a shiver down Leonard’s spine.

Stood this close, he could feel the raw, masculine *power* of Micah’s new body. It’s strength. It’s sheer size. In the mirror, he could see his new sugar daddy *towered* over Lennie, his broad shoulders higher than even the very top of her pretty little head.

He was like an ant stood next to this giant. Like a little girl stood beside her daddy, weak and innocent and in need of protecting.

He could break every bone in my body, Leonard realized with a strange sense of detachment, he could throw me on the bed and rape me right now, and I’d be powerless to stop him.

But he won’t. And that’s what’s great about men. They’re strong. But they’re also protective.

“I thought Tara was cute,” Micah’s breath was warm against the nape of Leonard’s elegant neck, his words like an intoxicating drug, “but you, Lennie, you’re something else...”

“Don’t call me that,” whispered Leonard, closing his eyes, trying to ignore the way his body was screaming at him.

“Why not?” Micah gently hooked a long, dark strand of hair behind Leonard’s cute little ear, “it’s your name, isn’t it?”

“It sounds stupid.”

“It sounds cute.”

Micah leaned down. Leonard could feel his lips, brushing against the back of his neck. He tried to hold back a helpless little whimper.

What are we doing? We're acting like characters in a romance novel. But we're both men. Micah's a man, and I'm a man, too...

But stood there, his eyes closed, feeling Micah gently let one large hand drift down his spine, into the small of his back, Leonard certainly didn't *feel* male.

All the things his old, man-body would've never noticed now leaped out at him. The faint smell of Micah's sweat, sweet and masculine. The sheer *closeness* of him. The subliminal play of power, of seduction, of a man turning you into putty in his hands...

Leonard felt his pouty little lips gently part. He breathed out, a soft, feminine sound. Without even opening his eyes, he knew he must look stunning right now.

It's the pill. Oh God, you've gotta fight it...

But it was hopeless. Already, Leonard could feel his female body coming alive. Feel his new breasts gently swelling. Feel a faint warmth in his crotch.

Feel himself ready to swoon into Micah's big, strong arms.

"The party starts in two hours," Micah murmured in his ear, his lips inches from Leonard's flesh.

Wha-? Oh, right. The beach party. I forgot about that...

"We'll be going down there together, the three of us. I want to show off my gorgeous new girls."

At the word *gorgeous*, Micah let his hand drop down, let it rest on Leonard's pert little ass. He gave it a little squeeze and Leonard whimpered out loud.

This is wrong... this is so wrong...

"But first..." A note of humor crept into Micah's voice, causing Leonard to open his eyes. In the mirror, Lennie looked dazedly back from eyes that were misted with lust.

That can't be me... that can't...

"I think..." Micah murmured, smiling softly in the mirror, "we'd better get to know each other a little better, don't you?"

*

Micah's room was even grander than Leonard's.

Huge beams of aged oak crisscrossed the ceiling, where an ancient fan turned lazily, wafting some breeze through the sultry Caribbean air. Antique wooden furniture stood at attention along the centuries-old yellow-painted walls. A vast, wooden bed sprawled out in the middle of the room, as ancient and as venerable as everything in this expensive hotel.

But it wasn't the furniture that drew Leonard's attention and made his heart beat faster. Wasn't the ancient bed that made the breath catch in his throat.

It was what was on it that did that.

Lying across the crisp nylon sheets, her pretty little head propped up against one pillow, a distant, sultry expression on her beautiful face, lay Tara.

Like Leonard, she was dressed in a revealing little, elegant dress that hung over one shoulder and hugged her figure, showing off her subtle curves, leaving plenty of flesh on display.

Like Leonard's, her tiny feet were encased in a pair of stiletto heels, their spikes lazily rucking up the sheets on the bed.

Unlike Leonard, though, her entire ensemble, her whole wardrobe, was shockingly, dazzlingly white.

It was like walking into a room and finding an angel lying on the bed, a distant look in her heavenly eyes. Tara's whole body seemed to glow, her clothes and white-blond hair combining to make her look ethereal, almost transparent.

The only colors were the cold, piercing blue of her eyes, and the faint dash of pink on her freckled cheeks.

"Hey." Leonard stammered. He had no idea what else to say to the supermodel before him.

Calm down, she's your friend, remember? You and Tara have known each other for...

"Hey," Tara whispered back unhappily, derailing Leonard's train of thought.

She inclined her head a fraction of an inch, taking in Leonard's new dress, his whole, wonderfully *female* figure.

"Jesus, Lennie..." the Brit girl whispered at last. "You're *beautiful*."

The thought that someone who looked like Tara did at that moment would ever call *Leonard* beautiful was enough to make his head spin.

But then he remembered how Lennie had looked in the mirror just now, how *he* had looked, and realized there was no point in denying it.

In his new body, he was stunning too.

It's coz we're not used to it... We're just two guys trapped in these girls' bodies, you gotta remember that...

Dressed up in his cocktail dress, though, with his hair expertly styled, his feet squeezed into heels and his breasts squashed together in a lacy push-up bra, Leonard didn't feel even remotely male anymore.

"Look at that," Micah murmured, slipping into the room behind Leonard. "My two beauties. Light and dark."

He smiled to himself.

"Angel and devil."

Tara smiled wanly up from the bed. Stood before her, Leonard realized he couldn't take his eyes off her.

God, she's everything I ever wanted...

A thought struck him.

Christ, to think I've seen her topless...

“Here’s the deal,” Micah murmured, slipping one strong hand around Leonard’s tight little waist. “I’ve screwed dozens of women in this body, women as good-looking as you two.”

Leonard wrinkled his cute little nose.

Way to make a girl feel special...

“But there’s one thing I haven’t managed to talk any *real* girls into doing yet. Something I have a feeling you two sissies won’t mind in the slightest.”

He looked to Tara.

“Mind if I call you that?”

“Whatever,” the supermodel sighed, gently closing her eyes. “I don’t care. Let’s just get this over with so we can get back to our old bodies.”

“All in good time,” Micah said. “Tonight. After the party. So long as you do what I want you to.”

“And what’s that?” Leonard whispered in his soft voice.

In response, Micah reached up. He gently slipped one thin strap off Leonard’s shoulder, leaving his olive skin bare in the late-morning light.

“Nothing you wouldn’t want to do anyway.” His voice was low, but strong. Powerful. Hypnotic.

“I saw the way you two looked at each other just now. Like you’d never seen a woman before. Like the male parts of your brains had just come zinging back to life...”

He gently slid the other strap off Leonard’s shoulders, making the breath catch in his throat.

“Yes?”

“Well then,” Micah purred. “Why not *enjoy* each other’s female bodies?”

On the bed, Tara gave a little whimper. Leonard looked right into her eyes. Hesitantly, he shook his head.

“No... no. I-I can’t... That’s... that’s my friend in there.”

“Some friend,” Micah murmured, hooking one finger under the fabric of Leonard’s dress, “you can’t even remember her male name. Think she can remember yours?”

He gave a small tug, and then Leonard’s dress was tumbling down, falling silently, softly, to collect around his dainty little ankles on the floor. On the bed, Tara looked down at his body with a lustful gasp.

“You see?” Whispered Micah, gently unhooking Leonard’s bra strap. “The feeling’s mutual. Forget about who you *were*. What’s important...”

One finger curled around the clasp.

“Is who you *are*.”

With a deft movement, he unhooked Leonard’s lacy black bra. It fell from his female body, collecting with his dress on the ancient wooden floor.

Leonard looked hopelessly down at his bare breasts, dangling ripe and heavy from his frame, the heat of the Caribbean air caressing them. On the bed, Tara was gently opening her thighs,

subconsciously spreading her long, slender legs apart. With a kind of dizziness, Leonard realized she wasn't wearing any panties.

He turned to Micah.

"I can't..." he whispered, hoping against hope. "It's just too weird. I'm sorry..."

"Don't be sorry."

Micah leaned forward, placed one hand gently in the small of Leonard's back, making him feel tiny, vulnerable. He leaned closer and closer until their lips were almost touching and Leonard thought he might faint.

"Just close your eyes and pretend it's someone else in there. A girl you've picked up at that party, all hot and waiting for you..."

His deep voice hardened.

"Because if you don't, you'll never know what it feels like to be a man again."

His breath tickled Leonard's cheeks, warm and intoxicating. His blue eyes bored into Leonard's dark ones, like he was peering into his soul. Leonard wanted to push him away, push him away and scream that this was *wrong*, but he was strangely powerless to do so.

"Now." Breathed Micah. "Let's get started, shall we?"

And then he leaned forward, and suddenly he and Leonard were kissing.

It was a long, slow kiss that seemed to last eons. Micah's tongue swirled around the inside of Leonard's pretty little mouth, possessing him, making him his. His stylish stubble scratched against Leonard's soft cheeks.

It was the first time Leonard had ever been kissed by a man before. Deep down, the male part of him was screaming. Screaming at him to get out of there. To fight back!

But it was like the communication lines with his body had been cut. His eyes gently closed, Leonard tilted his head back and let Micah kiss him. Let his tongue invade his throat, like he was consuming him, like he was drinking him in.

In the darkness behind his eyes, he felt his new body come to life. Felt a tiny drop of moisture dribble down the inside of one slender leg.

Oh my God, I'm getting wet...

At long last, Micah gently pulled back. Leonard looked at him with eyes that were fogged and dizzy with pleasure.

Jesus Christ, that was incredible...

He desperately wanted to kiss this handsome man again. To kiss him and keep kissing him until they were writhing on the bed together. But Micah was stepping back now, looking at Leonard in the cocky, commanding way an alpha male looks at a submissive woman.

"Get on the bed."

Like a girl in a dream, Leonard obediently slipped one leg over the bed's wooden frame. Gently lowered himself onto the mattress, until he was kneeling on the white sheets, facing Tara, his

breasts dangling free and his heart racing.

He saw Tara bite her bottom lip and spread her legs wider, as if inviting him in, into her womb.

“Good girl,” their master’s voice was like steel, something unyielding that could never be disobeyed. “Now... lie down.”

It was as if Leonard was a puppet, a mere automaton programmed to obey this man’s every command.

His body curving gracefully, he leaned forwards, gently lowered himself down until his pretty head was resting on one of Tara’s perfect thighs. He heard the other girl give a high-pitched little whimper, and then her long fingers were running through his dark hair, clutching Leonard against her stomach, against her crotch.

“Perfect.”

There was the sound of a belt buckle being undone, of a zipper opening. Leonard knew without even looking, without even turning around, that Micah now had his dick clasped in one hand, gently pumping it until it was hard as iron.

This is too weird... I’ve gotta stop this. I’ve gotta tell him no. I’ve gotta...

But even he no longer believed his own excuses. He could feel the moistness in his pussy now, the little hole between his legs getting wider.

Without thinking about it, he started to gently buck his hips, rubbing his crotch back and forth against the bunched-up sheets. It felt surprisingly good.

“That’s right... Now.” The male voice caressed Leonard’s female brain, enslaving him. “Show Tara here what you can do with your tongue.”

What?!

Leonard raised his head, half-expecting to see Tara looking as shocked as he felt. But the British girl was already closing her eyes, spreading her legs wider, pulling the hem of her dress up.

Her pussy was inches from Leonard’s nose. He could see its dampness. See the way its lips had become red and puffy, desperate to be played with. Desperate for *him*.

As a man, Leonard had never been a position where he’d had to eat pussy before. The thought had always faintly repulsed him, and his girlfriends had never pushed him to do it, so why bother, right?

Now that he was here, though, trapped in this body, Tara’s soft cunt only inches from his lips...

Now it didn’t seem like such a bad idea.

“Lennie...” Tara’s British accent sent goosebumps down Leonard’s spine. He let out a little whimper.

“Do it... please do it,” his girlfriend whispered. “Please... oh God, Lennie, I want you to so *bad...*”

Her hips were gently bucking now, as if her clit had taken control of her, as if the pleasure of anticipation was already enough to push her to orgasm. Leonard shut his eyes.

No... this couldn't be right. Tara was a man. *He* was a man. They couldn't both secretly be desperate to try their new pussies out like this, not without the pills warping their minds...

Could they?

"Lennie," Tara was moaning now, soft little girly moans that made Leonard dizzy. "Do it, Lennie. Oh *fuck*, eat my pussy..."

"Do it." Micah's voice was hard, commanding. "Do it, Lennie. You have no choice."

Leonard tried to shake his head. Tried not to listen. But it was too late.

The sound of Tara's moans, the *smell* of her pussy, the steel in Micah's voice were enough to wash the last traces of resistance away.

Slowly, Leonard made his female body crawl forward. He leaned in until his nose was almost brushing against Tara's slit. He breathed in, inhaling her aroma.

Then he placed a tiny, servile kiss on her mound, leaned in and started licking.

Almost immediately, Tara began to whimper softly, little feminine gasps escaping her perfect, pouty lips. Her fingers ran through Leonard's hair, her hips began to buck.

"Oh Lennie... oh Lennie *yes!*"

Between her legs, Leonard closed his eyes, let his instinct guide him. He ran his tongue up his best friend's slit, flicked it across her brand new clit, then sent it swirling down deep into her hole.

Her juices cascaded across his chin, flowed into his mouth. He lapped greedily away, letting her taste invade his mouth, letting it pour down his throat.

He wanted to hate this experience. Wanted to shout and scream inside his horrible new body and curse the guy who did this to him.

But it was no use pretending.

He, Leonard, was eating pussy, like a little bitch.

And he was *loving* it.

As Tara's moans got louder, echoing around their vast, expensive hotel room, the warmth in Leonard's own crotch became stronger, more urgent. He could feel his own pussy dripping wet, his own nipples hard as bullets.

With a little gasp he leaned upwards, ran his tongue in little flicks across Tara's clit, loving the way she gasped and cooed and whimpered. Loving the strange little girl-noises his former friend was making, loving the fact *he* was a girl, engaging in lesbian sex.

Holy fuck this is amazing... how was I ever not into eating pussy?

Deep down, Leonard knew it was the pills, making him into the sort of beautiful, bisexual bimbo Micah wanted him to be. Knew it was something that had been forced on him...

But he found he didn't care. The smell, the taste, the *feel* of Tara's pussy, pressed against his lips, was enough to make him wish this moment would never end.

"Oh, Lennie... oh God, *OH!*"

As Tara babbled away, delirious little phrases tripping out of her perfect mouth, Leonard let one dainty hand drift down the bed. Drift down until it was between his thighs, pressed against the lacy black fabric of the panties he was still wearing.

For a second, he hesitated. If he went any further, he had a feeling there'd be no turning back. Even when he got his old body back, he'd never be able to forget what he did as Lennie.

Am I really gonna do this...?

Then he ran his tongue up Tara's entire slit, making her give a girly shriek, and it was all too much.

With a feeling of abandon, Leonard slipped one dainty hand inside his panties and started playing with his clit.

It was strange at first, feeling nothing but a damp, marshy mound beneath his palm, where a penis should have been. What was he meant to do with this-this *nothingness*. How was he supposed to...?

Then instinct took over, Leonard balled his hand into a little fist, started rubbing it against his crotch and everything was bliss.

Somehow, the simple action of grinding his hand against his new pussy was enough to make his body go all dizzy and wobbly with pleasure.

Leonard gasped out loud. It was all he could do not to just collapse into a quivering heap on the bed, but he still had work to do. So he kept licking away, even as wave after wave of sleepy pleasure washed over him, radiating out from his clit to every point on his body, making him feel goofy with desire.

"Jesus... oh, Lennie... oh God Lennie, you're *so good!*"

Leonard was hardly listening. As Tara's juices cascaded over his chin, he lost himself in the pleasure of masturbating, masturbating as a girl, even as he licked his lover out.

God, this is amazing...

Dimly, he wondered why girls weren't *always* jerking off, if this is how it really felt. Weren't they always saying how they didn't need to masturbate, or didn't like it, or something?

For perhaps the first time in his life, Leonard began to realize the huge chasm between what girls will admit to doing in public, and what they'll *really* do in the privacy of their own homes.

There was a strange craving in his pussy now, like using his hand was good, but not good *enough*. His face still buried between Tara's legs, Leonard wondered if he shouldn't extend one finger – just one – and try slipping it inside himself.

He was just debating this when he heard footsteps, crossing the room. Felt the bed bow and creak under the weight of a strong, male frame. Felt the shadow suddenly looming behind him.

"Keep licking." Micah's voice was like iron, making Leonard whimper. "Don't stop. No matter what happens. Not even for a *second*."

Leonard was helpless to disobey. He sent his tongue swirling deeper into Tara, making her moan. He kept licking even as he felt Micah *yank* his panties down with one, strong hand.

He kept licking, even as he felt Micah clasp his hip, angling Leonard's body so his bare ass poked up into the air.

He kept licking, even as he felt Micah take his ten inch dick, adjust his hips, and send his member plunging deep into Leonard's pussy.

For a split-second, there was nothing but pain. Endless, blinding agony. Leonard was about to cry out, to beg Micah to *stop* when a funny thing happened.

The pain dissipated, ebbing away as Micah slowly pushed further into Leonard's womb. In its place came an intense feeling of pleasure unlike anything Leonard had ever experienced.

It was like all the nerves in his body had come alive with sparkly pink electric. Like he was now nothing but one vast pleasure center, all focused on the walls of his pussy, stretching to accommodate Micah's enormous girth. For a second, Leonard thought he might faint.

Then Micah started pumping.

He moved his hips slowly at first, sending his dick deep into Leonard's womb, gently pulling it out, then sending it driving back in again. With each thrust, he picked up speed, then suddenly he was pounding away, fucking Leonard like the little bitch he was, making him squeal and moan even as he kept lapping away at Tara's cunt.

The three of them fucked like that for what felt like forever, Leonard's big boobs bouncing in time with each thrust of Micah's cock, Tara's juices dribbling over his lips while she moaned and begged and pleaded for more.

It was like a moment of perfect, frozen pleasure. A window outside time where all three men could experience things they'd never dreamed of before.

Then suddenly Micah gave a particularly hard thrust, something switched on in Leonard's brain, and suddenly he was coming, gasping and trembling and trying not to scream as his body shuddered with the overload of pleasure.

Oh God...! Oh God...! Oh God...!

It was like he was going mad. Like his orgasm would never stop. Like his entire body was coming and would keep coming for all eternity.

Leonard's orgasm lasted one second... two seconds... three... four... five... it was just beginning to abate after six seconds when suddenly Tara grabbed the back of his head and *screamed* and the sound made Leonard start coming all over again.

He lay there, paralyzed by ecstasy as Tara ground her pussy against his face, shrieking and whimpering, her juices squirting out onto his lips, covering him.

At the sound of the two supermodel girls coming, Micah gave one last, angry thrust, then suddenly he was pulling out, leaving a gnawing emptiness in Leonard; pulling out and gasping and suddenly his seed was spattering down on Leonard's back, over Tara's tits; all over the two bisexual beauties writhing on the bed.

Micah's come dribbled on Leonard's ass. It shot across his back. It got in his long, flowing hair, even as Tara's juices coated his face.

There was a long pause... and then it was over. The entire room seemed to exhale, and suddenly

the three men were lying in a tangle of limbs on the bed; worn and spent.

In the silence that followed, Leonard lay there, gazing up at the slowly rotating ceiling fan through eyes that were foggy with pleasure, trying to figure out what had just happened.

Then a thought struck him, and suddenly he pulled himself up onto all fours and crawled over to Micah, lying on his back, his cock jutting up into the air, hard as granite.

“Lennie?” Breathed the muscular man, “what are you-?”

And then he spoke no more. Leonard parted his pretty lips, leaned forward and kissed him, a long, lingering kiss that lasted forever. Then he smiled at him, lowered his head, and delicately licked the little beads of sperm off his master’s gigantic dick.

So that’s what sperm tastes like...

His lips tangy with the taste of come, he then turned to Tara, watching him through half-closed eyelids, a faraway smile on her perfect features.

She looked up at Leonard, like she was seeing him for the first time. Then she pulled herself upright, leaned forward and the two girls were kissing.

They kissed like long-lost lovers, their lips pressed together, tongues swirling round each other’s mouths. Leonard delicately spat Micah’s come into his girlfriend’s mouth, enjoying the way Tara tensed at the taste, then melted in his arms, eagerly swallowing the gift he’d given her.

There... now no-one can pretend they didn’t experience every aspect of being a girl...

At length, the two girls pulled apart, gazed dazedly into one another’s eyes. Then Tara reached up and dreamily let her fingers drift down one of Leonard’s cheeks, a blissful look in her eyes.

“So that’s what I taste like,” she murmured.

Leonard couldn’t help it. He laughed. There, knelt on the bed, trapped in the body of a beautiful girl, his pussy sore from the pounding he’d just received and his lips still tangy with the taste of his best friend’s pussy, he laughed and laughed and laughed.

“You know something, Tara?” He said, at last, his giggles finally under control. “You make a *great* girl.”

Tara smiled. A genuine smile. She leaned forward and gave Leonard another kiss; tender this time.

“So do you, my love,” she whispered. “So do you.”

For the first time that day, Leonard suddenly felt strangely glad Micah had given him those pink pills.

*

The music thudded out over the choppy ocean bay, like the heartbeat of some impossible giant. On the hot sand, bodies writhed, sweated, danced. The most-beautiful people in Cartagena – in the whole of South America – at the party to end all parties.

And Leonard was among them.

He danced slowly, sensuously, his hands raised up in the air, letting his new body guide his

movements.

His eyes half-closed, he curved his hips, moving his torso in a seductive rhythm. He gently ran one hand through his flowing dark hair, his lips slightly pursed, completely lost in the movement of the crowd.

Without even looking in a mirror, Leonard knew he looked fucking *hot*.

“Look at you,” Micah’s voice was low in his ear, barely audible over the steady *thud thud* of the sound system. “You even *dance* like a girl now, don’t you?”

He was stood just behind Leonard, his naked torso rippling in the Caribbean sun. Moving in time with Leonard’s new body. Dancing a dance that was part enjoyment, part seduction.

As a guy, Leonard had never really enjoyed dancing. It was just something you did while waiting for some girl to catch your eye so you could stop dancing and start chatting her up.

As a girl, though. As a carefree, beautiful 18-year old *girl*...

...Well. It was like his brain had been rewired to dance. Like he now *lived* to sway his hips seductively like this. Like he now lived to show off his amazing new body.

Like he now only wanted to dance and dance until every hot guy around him had been hypnotized by his bombshell figure.

At that moment, the handsome stud behind him spoke up again, almost like he’d read Leonard’s mind.

“Every single guy here is watching you. You’re...”

A note of amusement crept into Micah’s deep voice.

“*Perfect.*”

“Am I?” Leonard murmured in reply, enjoying his soft, silky voice. “Or am I more-perfect when I do *this*?”

At the word *this*, he arched his back forward, his pert ass sticking out behind him, and began to rub himself in gentle circles against Micah’s crotch. Behind him, the big guy let out a little groan.

“Jesus, Lennie, not now. I’ll...”

“Get a boner?” Leonard giggled, bending his body down even lower. “Then I guess you’ll just have to take me back to the hotel, won’t you?”

He bit his lower lip.

“I’m getting *desperate* for another fuck.”

Micah was silent. But he didn’t push Leonard away. Didn’t tell him to stop.

Instead, he simply stood there as Leonard twerked him, his curvy ass slowly making Micah’s dick go hard as iron.

This is so wrong... I feel like such a slut...

Deep down, Leonard was aware the party was getting a little out of control. That the more he

drank, the more like a bimbo he seemed to want to act.

On the other hand, though...

On the other hand, I'm having such a good time.

He curved his ass up, delighted to feel Micah's cock, firm and big, rubbing against his bare cheeks.

There was something about how... easy it was to turn guys on that Leonard found secretly wonderful. All you had to do was show them a bit of flesh, flutter your eyes a little or shoot them a smile, and they seemed to go crazy for you.

When they'd first got to the party, Leonard had been amazed – and slightly creeped out – by the way guys who were obviously *with* girlfriends kept looking up to watch him pass, kept trying to give him the eye.

After several hours here, though, he was no longer feeling so creeped out.

In fact, he was *loving* it.

He'd simply never been this popular before. This visible. The whole time they'd been here, he hadn't had to buy himself a single drink. Men kept asking him to dance. Hunky guys kept trying to get close to him on the dancefloor.

It was like the entire world was suddenly a playground made of strong, muscular male flesh, and Leonard could have any piece of it he chose.

And yet, there was only one piece he really wanted.

"God, your dick feels so good," Leonard whispered as he grinded against Micah. "Oh God, I can't wait to have it in me again."

The words were strange on his tongue. Exactly the sort of thing he should never have been able to imagine himself saying.

Yet coming out his mouth, coming out in his soft, sultry new voice, they sounded so *right*.

"You won't have to wait long," Micah growled. "If you keep dancing like that, I'm gonna come right here in the middle of this crowd."

Leonard giggled, a high-pitched sound. He closed his eyes, a big, supermodel smile on his perfect features.

"Maybe that wouldn't be too bad an idea."

"Christ, those pills sure work fast, don't they?"

"Mmm," Leonard agreed. He didn't want to let Micah know that he'd always kinda wondered what it would be like to seduce a guy.

He gave his head a gentle shake.

No. *Definitely* no need to go delving into all those hidden aspects of his psyche right now.

"So, you finally got here," Micah was saying now. "The party, like I promised. Tell me, was it worth it?"

Leonard slowly opened his eyes, stopped with the twerking. He pulled himself up into a standing position and looked out at the sea of faces around him.

In one corner by the bar, he could see Tara, surrounded by a sea of guys, sipping on a cocktail. An impossibly-big black man in a suit – Leonard recognized him as the bouncer who had refused him entry the day before – whispered something in her ear. Tara giggled, then shot the guy a look that was filled with lust, gently pursing her lips and seductively sipping through her straw as she did so.

Further away, he saw the two Colombian girls, dancing alone together, shaking their bodies in time with the music, their eyes hidden behind sunglasses. They looked as beautiful as they ever had, but Leonard found his judgement of them was now laced with a trace of smugness.

He was even prettier than they were, and he *knew* it.

At last, he turned and glanced up into the handsome, square-jawed face of Micah, smiling down at him. At the man who'd forced him to become a girl. At the man who'd forced him to do that... that *thing* with Tara.

At the man who'd taken his virginity as a woman, and his dignity as a man, and left him gasping and begging for more.

Slowly, Leonard shook his beautiful head.

"It's... it's good. It's fun, y'know."

He glanced down at his gorgeous new body, clad only in the tiniest of bikinis. At his vast breasts, glistening with sweat from dancing on this baking beach. At the impossibly small strip of yellow fabric, covering his pussy, the front part of a tiny thong, its string nestled between his shapely new butt cheeks.

"But..."

"But what?"

Leonard swallowed. The drink and the heat and the magic were getting to him, making him feel confused.

Leave it... just go back to dancing and forget about it...

He looked up at Micah again, his head bent slightly forward, peering out at him from under his dark bangs. He bit his lower lip slightly, aware he must look devastatingly cute.

"There's... there's plenty of *other stuff* I'd rather be doing."

Micah nodded gently, a thoughtful look in his eyes.

"I know."

He peered over Leonard's shoulder at Tara, still flirting away with the bouncer.

"C'mon. Follow me."

*

The waves crashed against the sand with a deafening roar that made the air seem to swell and shake. The low sunlight glinted off the sea, turning the figures on the beach into shadow.

But Leonard saw none of it.

He was too busy having the fuck of his life.

“Oh God... oh *baby*...”

He lay on his back in the sand, his G-string and bikini top discarded a few feet away. Every time the waves broke, they washed water up under his back, caressing him with the warmth of the Caribbean sea, the salt water mingling with his juices.

“Oh *fuck*! Oh! Oh *yeah*!”

His legs were spread wide, clasped tight around Micah’s torso; strong and sculpted like that of a Greek god. The muscular man lay on top of him, his head propped up, his handsome eyes looking deep into Leonard’s as he slowly fucked him, driving his dick deeper and deeper into his womb in time with the pounding of the surf.

“Oh God... Oh God, *fuck me*! Fuck me harder!”

With each crash of the waves, Micah slowly thrust forward, stretching the walls of Leonard’s pussy, making his mouth drop open in helpless desire.

With each thrust of Micah’s hips, Leonard felt moans and whimpers escaping his perfect lips. Alien sounds he was powerless not to make. Feminine gasps and cries that as much a part of his pleasure as his rock hard nipples or dripping wet pussy.

And with each moan and whimper poor little Leonard made, Micah would whisper his name, over and over again.

“Lennie... oh God, *Lennie*...”

Leonard didn’t know why, but hearing his female name, whispered like that by a strong, masculine man made him want to start crying. Instead, he bit his lip, his face screwed up in helpless pleasure, and watched as his new master used and abused him like the beautiful beach bimbo he was.

“Lennie...”

As the water roared back out away from the tideline, Micah slowly drew his hips backwards. Drew them back, back, back until his cock was almost out of Leonard and a horrible, hungry emptiness lay between his legs, driving him wild.

“Oh... oh Micah, oh *please*...”

Then the water came crashing back in and Micah’s dick was lancing forward again, making Leonard screw up his eyes and moan with pleasure, his high-pitched, female yelps dissolving on the roar of the tide.

Oh my God, this is so good, this is so good...

In his old, boy body, Leonard had always assumed that making love meant showing a girl how powerful you were. How hard and fast you could thrust, how long you could keep going for.

He’d never even *dreamed* that it could be done like this. Slowly, so slowly that it felt between thrusts like time was standing still. So gently that he wanted to dissolve into Micah’s strong arms and weep and beg him to never stop.

But now he was a girl, he was discovering just how incredible slow sex can really be.

“Oh fuck, *Lennie...*”

As a big wave rolled in, Micah plunging his dick deep into Leonard, right up to the hilt. The beautiful, transformed boy could feel his boyfriend’s balls, resting against his asshole. Feel the tip of his magnificent prick, spearing deep into his womb.

At that moment, Leonard didn’t care that he was a straight man trapped in a bisexual woman’s body. Didn’t care that his lover had tricked him into swapping his gender and forced him to become his sex slave.

All he wanted was for Micah to keep fucking him like this until he could forget he’d ever been a boy.

Finally, two big waves rolled in at once, sending warm foam cascading over the hot sand. At that exact same moment, Micah thrust deep, deeper than ever before, until Leonard thought he’d never stop, and the two of them would simply melt into a puddle of pleasure.

Then Micah let out a low groan, and then he was coming. Coming in jets, waves and waves of his white, hot sperm flooding into Leonard’s womb, filling his pussy.

With a happy sigh, Leonard clutched himself against the strong man who was now his lover, and closed his eyes in bliss.

He didn’t want to waste a single drop.

Half an hour later, the two men sat on the beach, looking out as the sun dipped below the horizon, turning the waters a brilliant orange, the party just a distant memory.

It looks like fire, Leonard mused to himself, his brain still dazed with pleasure, *like the entire ocean is burning, and we’re all that’s left.*

“Evening,” Micah murmured beside him. “Time.”

He gave a sigh.

“I guess you’ll be wanting this.”

Leonard glanced down. A small, yellow pill was sat in Micah’s palm. He picked it up, stared at it.

“I had them on me the whole time,” the strong man said, apologetically, “one for Tara, too. I guess you both did what I wanted today. So. Here’s your reward.”

Leonard looked down at the pill, clasped between his elegant fingers. At the pill that would make all his curves and soft parts vanish. At the pill that would cause his pussy to seal up, his womb to disappear, and his beautiful face turn back into that of boring old Leonard.

He let out a tiny sigh.

“I’d better go too,” Micah said, “my pill will wear off soon. Don’t wanna go back to being *that* guy at a party like this.”

Leonard glanced over at him, and was shocked to find his lover was already starting to change, his features shifting slightly in the fading light. His tall frame slowly shedding inches.

“How many more pills do you have?”

“Blue ones?” Micah shrugged. “Not many. Why?”

Leonard ignored his question. There was something he needed to find out. Something *urgent*.

“What will you do when they’re gone?”

“Who knows. Either I go back to Peru and try and find that shaman again. Or...”

He looked wistfully down at his broad, masculine body.

“Goodbye me, I guess.”

“Will you...” Leonard hesitated. “I mean, will you be *happy*? Being stuck as your old self?”

“Not really.” Micah suddenly shot him a self-confident grin. “When I’m back as that guy, what chance do you think I’d have with a babe like you?”

But Leonard didn’t return his smile. Instead, he turned back to the little yellow pill in his hand. A thought was forming in his mind. One that would’ve caused his male self to scream if he’d heard it only 12 short hours ago.

“I have an idea,” he whispered.

*

One year later, Lennie walked through Cartagena airport, her dark eyes hidden behind a pair of stylish shades, her body clad in a flimsy black cocktail dress, a smile on her beautiful features.

It had been exactly twelve months since that fateful day, when everything changed.

Twelve months since she’d thrown that yellow pill in the ocean, causing Micah to cry out.

Twelve months since they’d left Cartagena at high speed, hopping a plane to Lima, all the money withdrawn from Lennie’s old bank account, and their fingers crossed.

Twelve months since they’d finally found that shaman after a desperate search, living in the mountains outside Cuzco, and traded Lennie’s life savings for... for...

Well. For *this*.

“I can’t believe we’re back here already,” Micah murmured in her ear, a perfect grin on his handsome face. A face that was now magically-destined to always look like it belonged on the cover of a romance novel.

“Me either,” Lennie replied, shaking her beautiful head. “It’s like... it’s *almost* like we never left.”

It had been hard at first, adjusting to their new lives. No longer two scrawny, dorky college boys; but a beautiful, elegant girl and her strong, masculine lover. For a while, Lennie even remembered wondering if she’d made a mistake.

But it wasn’t just their looks the pills had permanently altered. Nor was it just the chemistry of their brains.

It was like their entire lives were now magically fated to be lived out like a romance novel. Like, no matter how badly they fell out or how big of an argument they had, they would always end up

in each other's arms again.

Like, no matter how low they got on money, there would always be a sort of invisible author in the sky, watching out for them, ready to write in a scene where Lennie unexpectedly got a modelling contract. Where Micah suddenly inherited money from a long-lost uncle.

The pills had turned them into living characters from a Harlequin novel.

And those novels *always* had happy endings.

"There she is," smiled Lennie, hoisting her leather tote bag, a feeling of pure joy welling up in her chest. "God, she looks... she looks..."

"*Perfect*," Micah agreed.

There, waiting to greet them, was Tara, beaming from ear to ear.

The blond British girl was as stunning as ever. Her skin still pale, her freckled cheeks still rosy, her long hair still seeming to shimmer and glow in the Caribbean sunlight.

But now there was one difference. One that only served to make her prettier, to make her alive with a glow Lennie secretly envied.

Tara was now nine months pregnant.

Beside her, her Colombian husband Javier smiled and waved along with her, a huge grin splitting his dark face. Stood beside Tara, he looked like some sort of statue, a vast monument so big and so powerful it couldn't possibly be of this earth.

"After all this time..." Micah whispered as they made their way towards the happy couple, "I *still* can't believe she married the *bouncer*."

"I can," Lennie whispered back. "For the same reason I married you."

"What's that?"

Lennie smiled to herself. A secretive little smile.

"You're the *perfect* gentleman."

And the magic will always make you so...

Then there was no time left to talk. The two couples were exchanging greetings, the two girls squealing and hugging while the men shook hands and nodded at one another, and then all four of them were stepping outside the airport, out into the blinding Caribbean sun. Out into the magical old colonial city where their lives had changed forever.

The End

*

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Gender Swapped for Her Pleasure

I

The rain fell steadily on the city, collecting on the cobblestones and throwing back the lights in shimmering pools. Inside the red-lit windows the pleasurebots smiled out with glassy eyes, their shapely forms drawing male shadows like flies to feces.

Zayne Swift pulled his collar up and scowled at the lowlifes surrounding him.

What the hell am I doing here? He wondered.

Here was New Amsterdam, the exact replica of the infamous European city constructed after the old one slipped beneath the waves. Those who still remembered the first city said it was perfect down to the last detail, including the faint stink of urine and kebab meat wafting through the red light district.

So long as you could ignore the AI drones zipping to-and-fro above, and the holographic advertisements that shimmered in the rain, you could almost tell yourself that it was still 2017.

Almost.

“Heyyy honey. Lookin’ *good*.”

From the corner of his eye, Zayne clocked the old pleasurebot standing in the doorway, now worn and slowed by years of use. Her long, blonde hair was matted with dirt, her self-cleaning nanos having obviously failed. Her 18-year old baby face, designed when young and innocent was all the rage, now seemed hopelessly antiquated.

“You wanna party with me, huh?”

The machine put her hands to her perfect, curved hips and dropped Zayne a wink. She was wearing nothing but a tiny pink thong, hiding her synthetic pussy from prying eyes. The nipples on her bare breasts stood out hard and pointed, raindrops dangling from their tips.

Her cold weather programming must’ve broke...

“Hey *mister*, don’t you wanna-?”

“Not now.” Zayne’s voice came out gruff, low. The sort of deep, powerful voice that, combined with his thick, dark hair, designer stubble and square jaw, could easily charm any real, flesh-and-blood woman into bed.

“C’mon, baby. I’ve got all the latest upgrades. You want anal? A blowjob?” One eyelid slid down, in perfect imitation of a human wink. “Both at once?”

Zayne stopped walking. He looked the pleasurebot up and down.

You could tell straight away that she was one of the models aimed at guys without much class. Her boobs were enormous, a pair of beachball-sized monsters that hung heavy from her frame; a frame *far* too skinny to support breasts that big on a real woman.

Her legs were long and slender, but ended in an ass that looked like something from one of those retro early 21st century music videos. Her waist was so tight Zayne could’ve almost wrapped the fingers of a single hand round it.

Zayne hated to admit it, but, on some fundamental level wired deep into his male brain, she *did* look pretty hot.

The machine began to smile. A wide, sparkly grin that was specifically designed to make strong men's legs go like water.

"I thought that'd get you, honey," the bot purred in a voice far softer, far silkier than a real woman could possibly manage. "I'm the *latest* model. I can do things, things that'd drive a man like you *wild*."

She turned and shot Zayne a coquettish little smile over one shoulder.

"Wanna see?"

Then she took hold of her pink panties, and slipped them down so they bunched around her ankles.

"There, hot stuff," she giggled, her long eyelashes fluttering. "Whaddya think?"

Zayne's eyes drifted down. He tried to ignore the faint, involuntary stirring in his crotch.

So it's true what they say about Holly's upgrades...

There, between the round, pert ass cheeks of this bot, where a synthetic anus would usually be, sat a small, red-lipped mouth.

It was a perfect replica of a teenage beauty's lips, full and plump and slightly moist. A tongue seductively ran its way over a tiny row of teeth, inviting him in.

As Zayne watched, the bot's secondary mouth gently bit its lower lip, shooting out signals of desire.

"I had it fitted last week," the girl purred, watching Zayne's reaction. "I already made a lot of guys like you *very* happy..."

The bot's voice was light, but Zayne knew that, deep inside her digital brain, she was scrutinizing him with deadly precision. Tracking his heart rate, sensing the flow of blood to his genitals, monitoring his pupils for any signs of dilation.

In short, to see if she was fulfilling her mission, her sole purpose in life.

To make Zayne feel even the most fleeting moment of *pleasure*.

As he always did when faced with a bot, even a simple waitress or checkout bot, Zayne felt vaguely disgusted.

Think you can predict me, Holly? Think you can program your girls to predict my every move? You've got some nerve...

"You're a chimera," he said out loud. "I thought those were only rumors."

Something about his tone of voice made the pleasurebot straighten up. Her panties twitched and automatically jumped back up, covering up her second mouth.

She turned to Zayne.

"I ain't no *chimera*," she said, her voice light. "I'm me. I'm Lucy."

“Bullshit,” Zayne smiled down at the pleasurebot. “You’re a machine. An algorithm. A cheap fantasy programmed to fuck.”

He glanced down at her dynamite figure with feigned disinterest.

“What are you, a model 55-Z? A 56? I remember when you first came out, must’ve been what, twenty years?”

‘Lucy’ frowned up at him. Zayne could practically see the gears turning behind her sky-blue eyes, wondering how to respond to this.

And for once, he thought, that’s not even a metaphor.

“I dunno what you’re talking about, mister. I’m Lucy. I’m a new model. One of a kind. *Guaranteed* best fuck you can get in-”

“Cut the crap. You’re an off the shelf model. An *old* one.” Zayne raised one dark eyebrow. “I’m surprised they haven’t decommissioned you yet. Even with that upgrade, you can’t be bringing in more than, what, fifty, eighty credits a night?”

He smiled to see the confusion flicker in the bot’s eyes. The cheapest models were programmed to never break character, and this was throwing her for six.

Don’t tell me... he crowed inside himself, *don’t tell me Holly’s actually programmed you to believe you’re special?*

“Listen, mister,” ‘Lucy’ was getting agitated now, “if you’re not looking for something...”

“Oh, but I am.” Zayne casually reached inside his jacket pocket. “I’ve been looking for something since the moment we touched down. Evidence. Evidence that someone in New Amsterdam has been breaking ethical law on the creation of chimeras.”

‘Lucy’s’ blue eyes went wide. She started to back away.

“Hey. Hey, it was just a joke. I’ve gotta go now. I’ve gotta...”

She was turning. Any second now, the bot would start running, and Zayne wouldn’t have a hope in hell of catching up with something that never tired and didn’t need to breathe.

“I’ve gotta go. Bye, mister, see you...”

“Emergency protocol override seven slash Bee slash zero zero,” Zayne suddenly snapped.

“Origin Ing-Bot.”

Immediately, the pleasurebot’s legs froze. Her knee joints locked into position. Her feet rooted themselves to the floor.

With a squeal, ‘Lucy’ started pulling frantically at her legs, trying to free them, trying to escape. But it was hopeless.

Override 7/B/00 meant her actions, provided they weren’t criminal, were now entirely under Zayne’s control.

Look at her, Zayne thought idly as he slipped his badge out his jacket pocket, she even struggles like a human. Holly sure likes the realistic touch...

“Zayne Swift, Ing-Bot, pleasurecrimes division,” he said, holding up his badge, enjoying

‘Lucy’s’ human-like squeals of distress. “We received a tip-off about your type operating in this city.”

His thin upper lip curled.

“*Chimeras.*”

“*Please!*” Squealed ‘Lucy’, still pulling at her legs, her bare breasts wobbling in the rain.

She turned a helpless face to Zayne, one streaked with fear.

“You can’t take me to the factory! You-you don’t understand... I’ll *die!* I’m not a *normal* bot. I’m a-!”

“Voice override,” Zayne said. “Silence.”

The bot’s voice immediately cut out. Before him, ‘Lucy’ threw her hands up to her lips, a look of stark terror on her sculpted features.

At the all-too human look of helplessness on the bot’s face, Zayne felt a little prickle of unease cross over his skin.

What gives? She should have gone into command operator mode by now, just standing by, waiting for orders...

He gave himself a mental shake. He *knew* what gave. Holly. Holly, who’d given this pleasurebot an unethical addition to its body. Holly, who’d tampered with this poor bot’s brain so it could feel fear, so it could understand death.

In a sick way, Zayne almost had to admire her. It was a lot harder to decommission a chimera when they were begging you to let them live.

“Bixby,” Zayne murmured, gently touching his ear, hoping his tall, muscular black partner hadn’t chosen that exact moment to go offline. “I’ve found her. I’m going in.”

He turned back to ‘Lucy’ and was fascinated to see the bot was crying, tears streaking down her soft cheeks to mingle with the relentless rain.

At the sight of this very-real looking woman in distress, completely under his control, Zayne felt that faint stirring in his pants again. That stirring that had used to be so much a feature of his life, back before he joined the force. Back when he used to get his kicks off girls like ‘Lucy’. Back before he and Holly...

“Command override,” he said to the bot, interrupting his own train of thought, “take me...”

Zayne hesitated, a wry smile on his face. He couldn’t believe what he was about to say.

He leaned closer to the poor, frightened bot, lowering his voice.

“Take me to your leader.”

II

The corridors of the brothel were lit a deep nauseating red. At every corner, pleasurebots of all shapes and sizes cooed and giggled for customers, fluttering their eyelashes.

Zayne saw none of it. He was too busy focusing on his prize.

“Bixby,” he whispered as he followed ‘Lucy’ up a grand faux-marble staircase, trying to ignore the faint, pleasant soreness in his dick. “I’m inside. Request backup.”

There was no answer. Zayne had a worrying feeling the walls might be shielded.

“Hey, Lucy,” a pleasurebot called in a throaty laugh, “who’s the *stud*?”

Lucy kept walking, her pretty head bowed, her hips curling seductively with every step. Zayne still hadn’t given her permission to talk again, and wasn’t planning to.

“You gonna try out your new lips on him, babe?”

As they passed the pleasurebot, Zayne happened to glance up, and had to quickly stop himself from yelling.

Jesus Christ, Holly’s been busy...

The tall, slender redhead returned his gaze with green eyes that twinkled, her plump red lips pulled into a smile. But that wasn’t what caught Zayne’s eye, any more than her naked breasts or tight waist did.

There, growing from the middle of the bot’s forehead, was the biggest, thickest penises Zayne had ever seen.

It dangled from her face, its tip purple and bulbous, pointing towards the ground. It was maybe 9 inches long, with a thick blue vein running down one side of it.

The chimera giggled and dropped Zayne a wink.

“Like my upgrade, hot stuff? Miss Holly made it for me. Some guys like something to *suck* while they’re fucking, y’know?”

The chimera leaned closer to the frozen Zayne, so close their lips were almost touching.

“If you’re still bored once you’re done with little Lucy, gimme a call, huh? Andrea.” Her emerald eyes sparkled with perfectly-simulated desire. “Trust me. This baby can come like you *wouldn’t believe*.”

“Maybe later,” Zayne muttered, pushing past her, hurrying to catch up with ‘Lucy’.

He could feel the chimera watching him as he went, reading the data from his body and trying to compute whether her upgrade had sufficiently aroused him enough to become a client.

Zayne momentarily closed his eyes, tried to control his breathing. It wouldn’t do for ‘Andrea’ to correctly analyze his arousal, to correctly compute the dark animal desires that were now flooding his brain, making him sick, completely beyond his rational control.

Holly... he dimly thought to himself, Holly, what the hell have you done?

Everywhere he looked, there were pleasurebots with punters. Endlessly customized, endlessly fuckable.

As 'Lucy' led him deeper into Holly's brothel, he passed girls with waists so tight their upper bodies seemed to be held up by nothing more than a piece of string. Girls with boobs so big they couldn't fit through doorways. Girls with asses that stuck out so far they seemed to be hauling a sofa around with them.

There were girls who stood supernaturally tall, at over 8ft. Short girls barely 12 inches tall, riding on punters' shoulders. Girls who had six breasts instead of two. Girls who had handsome male heads on their female bodies.

Zayne passed topless girls with penises instead of nipples. Girls whose mouths had been replaced with pussies. Girls with bunny ears and long, bushy tails. Girls of every color, size, shape and design to cater to any fetish in existence.

It was like the Mos Eisley canteen from that old, *old* movie *Star Wars*, but calibrated to the very darkest aspects of male sexual desires.

To his revulsion, Zayne realized he'd discovered more than just a house of chimeras.

He'd discovered a temple to his gender's most-perverted fantasies.

Look at them... I bet there's not a single normal pleasurebot among them... he thought, uneasily. *When word of this gets out...*

He gave himself a little shake. His superiors could deal with the press later.

For now, he wanted nothing more than to get his hands on Holly.

At long, long last, 'Lucy' came to a stop outside a heavy oak door. Zayne stepped up beside her.

"This it?"

Lucy nodded.

"Great. Open it."

To his surprise, the chimera looked up at him with pleading eyes. She gently shook her beautiful head.

Don't make me, she mouthed.

Zayne rolled his eyes.

"Just get on with it you dumb bitch."

Once again, 'Lucy' appeared to be on the verge of tears. But her programming override was too strong to fight. The beautiful pleasurebot bowed her pretty little head, hesitantly raised one tiny hand...

...and reluctantly knocked.

"Come in."

The sound of that voice, so familiar, yet so alien, sent a shiver down Zayne's spine. Before he had time to prepare himself, the door was swinging open, and a busty French maid pleasurebot was smiling at them, waving them through into a vast office filled with antique furniture, its

walls lined with books, a deep, red carpet on the floor.

And then they were inside, the door closing behind them. Zayne just had time to take in the holograms shimmering in the corner – projections from the security cameras outside – before the figure behind the desk was standing up, rising to meet them.

“Hello, Zayne,” Holly smiled. “So nice of you to drop by.”

The silence that followed seemed to stretch on across eternity, unfolding out to the very edges of the universe.

Zayne found himself studying the woman before him in quiet awe, taking in her flowing black hair, her heavy dark glasses, her perfect, supermodel looks, her pornstar breasts and tight waist.

So it's true... he thought, numbly, *what they say, it's all true...*

Holly really *hadn't* aged a day in 20 years.

For a frozen moment, no-one moved. Then the brunette French maid was suddenly bustling past Zayne and ‘Lucy’, wiggling her cute little ass over to a silver tea set that stood in the corner, and all the tension dissipated.

“*Tea, monsieur?*” The maid-bot asked in an old-fashioned, Parisian accent.

Zayne shook his head. Then, realizing the maid wasn’t watching him, muttered an answer.

“No.”

“Two sugars in mine, Fifi,” Holly said with a touch of humor in her voice, not taking her eyes off Zayne, “and make it quick, yes?”

“*Oui, madam.*”

Over by the tea set, ‘Fifi’ gave her mistress a deep curtsy. She shot Zayne a dazzling smile that immediately, embarrassingly, sent the blood rushing to his dick, and then got to work preparing the drinks.

“I suppose I should offer you a seat,” Holly said, remaining on her feet. “Are you here for pleasure, Officer Swift? Or is it detective, these days?”

“Don’t tell me you don’t know,” Zayne grunted. “We know you’ve been keeping tabs on us, Holly.”

“Have I? How very diligent of me.” Holly shrugged. “Well, if it’s pleasure you’re after *detective*, Fifi here can do things with her asshole that you wouldn’t *believe...*”

Over by the tea set, the maid-bot bent low, her dress riding up to reveal her lacy white panties. She looked over her shoulder and shot Zayne a wink.

“That was always your thing, wasn’t it detective? Anal? Or was it oral? I forget sometimes...”

With an effort, Zayne tore his eyes away from ‘Fifi’s delectable synthetic body.

“Holly,” he started again. “You know why I’m here. Now, you can come quietly, or you can...”

But Holly wasn’t listening. She was walking round her desk, her dark eyes fixed on ‘Lucy’, still stood beside Zayne, her pretty little head bowed.

“Oh dearie me,” she murmured, her youthful face full of concern, “oh my pretty. Lucy, isn’t it? What has that nasty man done to you?”

The pleasurebot kept her eyes fixed firmly on the floor. Fixed them there as Holly came and gently stroked a lock of blonde hair out her grime-streaked face, her eyes tender.

“Override 7/B/00, was it?” She whispered. “You poor, poor thing. Tell me, detective...”

She turned to Zayne, regarding him impassively.

“Did you enjoy having my little Lucy completely under your control?”

Zayne shrugged, trying not to think about the alleyway, about the cold rain beating down on naked, synthetic skin.

“Enjoyment didn’t come into it. I just needed her to bring me to you.”

“And now she has,” Holly smiled. She turned back toward her desk. “So. What can I do for you.”

“Before I used the override,” Zayne nodded at ‘Lucy’. “She showed me her upgrade.”

“Oh?” Holly perched on the edge of her vast oak desk, one slender leg crossed over the other.

“Did you like it?”

“Like it? Jesus *Christ*, Holly, you know the rules. Hell, you drafted them...”

“You helped, too.” Holly accepted a china cup off her maid-bot, began to slowly sip. “Is that why you’re here, to reminisce? *Mmm...* smashing tea, by the way, Fifi dear.”

Beside her, the maid-bot dropped another curtsey, programmed to be perfectly submissive.

“You know why I’m here.” Zayne’s voice was low again. Sexy. To his surprise, he saw ‘Fifi’ give an involuntary shiver before turning a deep, beetroot red.

Has Holly programmed her to flirt with me? To confuse me? Pleasurebots don’t naturally respond to non-clients that way...

“Yes, I suppose I do.” Holly sighed. “Too bad, really. I was hoping we could talk.”

Zayne frowned.

“What do you mean, too bad?”

Holly gave him a mysterious smile. She changed the subject.

“Remember when we first met? The token scientist and the token officer, on that robocrimes ethics panel? I asked you...”

“You asked what the hell we were doing there,” Zayne said. “And I said...”

“*We’re here to make sure no-one ever tampers with nature again,*” Holly said, mimicking Zayne’s deep voice. “Oh I loved how straight-laced and, I dunno, *Christian* you were about the whole thing.”

She took another sip of tea.

“Too bad you were so naïve. Those ethics codes were breached long ago.”

Zayne nodded at the supine ‘Lucy’.

“I saw.”

“Oh, that extra mouth of hers?” Holly gave him a thin smile. “Cute, isn’t it. But that’s not what I was talking about.”

“Well what then?” Zayne gave a helpless gesture at the building around them. “For God’s sakes, Holly, you’ve got a whole *house* full of chimeras here. If *you* don’t think you’ve broken the code, then-”

“Oh, I’ve broken the code, alright,” Holly said airily, putting her tea down. “But I wasn’t the first. No, not by a long shot.”

Her dark eyes narrowed slightly behind her thick, retro glasses.

“Remember why *I* was at that panel, Zayne? Remember what I said?”

Zayne shuffled his feet, uncomfortably.

“Something... something about...” he hesitated. “Alright, fine, you got me. No, I don’t remember.”

“I said,” Holly crooned, her voice soft, menacing, “that I wanted to make sure pleasurebots didn’t ruin the lives of *real* women. That we wouldn’t end up with a world where men regard us as nothing but objects, to be tweaked and reprogrammed for their pleasure.”

It seemed darker in the room now, colder. Like someone was turning down a dimmer. Zayne struggled to focus on what Holly was saying.

“Remember one of the clauses I had inserted into that code?” Holly said. “That the pleasurebots should only be used in areas where prostitution already existed? That they should only ever resemble *real* women, not some busty sex fantasy?”

She nodded at ‘Lucy’.

“I brought her second hand, before I made my upgrade. Tell me. Does *she* look like a real woman to you?”

Zayne shook his head.

“And when was she made? Go on, I know you used to be a master at this.”

Zayne sighed.

“Twenty years ago. Give or take. Holly, I don’t see what this has to do with...”

“Twenty years,” Holly repeated, slowly. “About a year after that ethics code was agreed on. Twelve months later, and the *men* running these places were already creating plastic bimbos, changing what it means to be female. Making a desirable body literally impossible for a human to obtain.”

“Hold on,” Zayne held up his hand. “There are male pleasurebots too. In Sydney, they’ve got a whole street...”

Holly waved her hand irritably.

“One street,” she sneered, “in a planet of ten billion souls. Everywhere else, men have spent two decades programming themselves to see girls as nothing more than sex objects. Literally.”

“Fine. OK.” Zayne shrugged. “It sucks. I agree. But that doesn’t...”

Then something happened that made his blood run cold.

At his words, Holly threw back her head and laughed. A long, cold, merciless laugh.

“Don’t try and pretend *you’re* any different,” she said at last. “I still remember the way you got me barred from that second committee. I thought you just didn’t want to see me again after that night we spent together, but it was more than that, wasn’t it?”

Her eyes narrowed.

“You thought I was going to mess with your *pleasure*, didn’t you? You couldn’t stand the idea of losing your favorite toys. Just like every other *man* there.”

She sighed.

“A committee on the future of female pleasurebots and not a single woman on it. *Quelle surprise.*”

“Holly,” Zayne swallowed uncomfortably, “I don’t know what... I mean, I’ve never even *been* with a-”

“No?” Holly asked. “Then I guess there must be an explanation for *this*, right?”

And she pressed a button on the desk, and the lights went dim, and a hologram appeared, and Zayne felt his heart sink.

It was an old video, taken many, many years ago. A young Zayne, barely twenty and with a confident strut, left the old brutalist building where the second conference was being held. Got into a car. The camera zoomed in as it drove away...

...and caught the young pleasurebot sat next to Zayne smiling in simulated pleasure as he began kissing her neck. The old 55-Z model.

The one who looked just like ‘Lucy’.

Behind the hologram, Holly raised an eyebrow at him.

“You were spying on me.” Zayne said, flatly.

“I was proving my theory. My theory that men like you aren’t exactly impartial when it comes to pleasurebots.”

“Holly. That was a *long* time ago. Yes, it looks sleazy. But I was, what, twenty two? And pleasurebots had only just-”

Holly didn’t reply. Instead, she simply smiled a tiny smile and pressed the button again. The hologram shimmered, turned into another video.

And Zayne realized he was completely fucked.

The image was from one of Holly’s security cameras outside her brothel, showing a narrow, New Amsterdam alleyway. The timestamp at the bottom showed it had been taken only an hour or so ago.

But Zayne didn’t need to read that to know when it originated.

He recognized the moment only too well.

Pressed up against the wall of the alleyway, shimmering over Holly's desk, was 'Lucy'. Her big boobs were dangling, her panties bunched up around her ankles. She looked like she'd been crying, even as her lips formed gentle gasps of pleasure.

And stood behind her, his dick slowly driving into her second mouth, quietly whispering the override command that would make her forget this had ever happened, to delete it from her memory banks, was...

"Zayne." Holly's voice was hard. "Look at you. Just like any of those men on that committee. Unable to stop yourself from using my girls."

In numb horror, Zayne watched the video. Watched himself fuck 'Lucy's' special extra hole. Watched his dick lancing into the lips between her ass cheeks. His mouth was suddenly dry.

You fucking idiot...

"Is this... is this..." he swallowed, tried again. "I get it. You're blackmailing me. Fine."

He raised his hands, palm out.

"I'll tell the chief I couldn't find you. I'll call Bixby off the scent. Just... just *please* don't let that tape..."

"Oh, you're weren't going to report me to the chief anyway," Holly said, lightly. "I just wanted to show you that I *know*. So you understand I'm punishing you for a reason."

Zayne's left hand instinctively lowered towards his hidden holster, with its old-fashioned pistol.

"Punishment?" He asked. "Holly, what are you-?"

"You were going to ask me earlier about my chimeras," Holly said, her face visible through the ghostly hologram, "something about *why* I'd be creating monsters like these girls if I don't like women being treated like sex objects."

Zayne hesitated.

"And?"

Holly smiled at him.

"Aww, you're so cute when you're confused. You're gonna kick yourself when you find out."

She winked.

"It's simple. They're *not* women. They're men. Men whose minds I've trapped in synthetic bodies and programmed to be my personal pleasurebots."

Her voice lowered.

"Men I've been wanting to teach a lesson for a *very* long time."

She waved a hand at 'Lucy'.

"That's Luke, remember him? He was kinda fat. Worked in pleasurebot design. The committee's advisor on *female* body shapes."

"And *this*," she indicated 'Fifi', "is Phillip, the committee's expert on male-female relationships

in the age of pleasurebots.”

She smiled.

“I seem to recall he was later busted for anonymously posting comments on certain websites, saying women were naturally submissive. That God made them to serve man. Well...”

She giggled.

“Now my little bitch maid is finding out what it’s like to be programmed by her goddess to serve *women*.”

The light of the hologram filled Holly’s glasses, turning her eyes a deathly, glowing white. Zayne suddenly felt like he couldn’t breathe.

“And Andrew you met earlier. Poor Andrew. Part of that men’s rights pressure group you had replace me on the committee. The ones that basically worshipped their own cocks.”

She shrugged.

“So when I turned him into Andrea, I let him keep his dick. Only I made sure to put it where *everyone* could see it.”

The room was cold now. Dark. As if Holly’s terrible confession were causing the very world to grow colder.

“It’s the same with all my girls in here,” Holly whispered. “All nineteen of them. All former members of that all-male committee. The ones who decided how women were going to look, the ones who decided to replace us girls with *pleasurebots*.”

“And now they’re trapped as them.”

Zayne weakly shook his head.

“That’s *impossible*...” he croaked.

“Is it?” Holly shrugged. “I guess we’ll find out. Look who just turned up outside.”

She pressed another button. Instantly, the video of Zayne and ‘Lucy’, or Luke or *whoever* the fuck she was vanished, replaced by a live feed showing a narrow doorway. A tall, muscular black man with a shaved head and a square jawline stood in it, pressing a buzzer.

“Bixby!” Zayne’s eyes went wide. “No! Wait... Holly, you *can’t* do this to Bixby!”

Holly giggled.

“Who said anything about doing it to *him*? He wasn’t the last member of the committee. Fifi?”

“*Oui, madam.*”

The French maid turned, something clasped in her tiny hands. Zayne had just enough time to see it was a laser gun when the pleasurebot shot him.

He was so surprised she had to shoot him again before he fell over.

III

“Wake up, detective. It’s time to wake up.”

The soft, singsong voice cut through the darkness engulfing Zayne, a darkness that seemed to spread out to infinity around him.

“That’s it, darling. Time to return to the land of the living...”

Zayne could feel it. A desire to open his eyes. To see who was talking to him. But he ignored it, keeping his eyelids screwed firmly shut.

There was no way he wanted to listen to that female voice right now. Not when his body was feeling so... *weird*.

There was an audible sigh.

“I know you’re awake. Let’s stop playing games, shall we?”

Zayne knew he couldn’t stay like this forever. Knew he’d eventually have to wake up and escape the warm fog surrounding his brain. But he didn’t want to just yet.

Already he could tell something was deeply wrong.

His body felt lighter. Where he was used to feeling like he lived inside a cage of steel and muscle, right now he felt like his bones were hollow and his body made of feathers.

Then there was the cool air, caressing every inch of his skin. Making him shiver slightly. Making his nipples go hard as bullets.

Wherever he was, Zayne was naked.

Oh God, what’s happened to me? What’s happened...?

There was a weight on his chest that hadn’t been there before. A feeling of long hair tickling at his bare shoulders, framing his face.

But worst of all was the feeling between his legs. Or rather, the lack of one. As if something was no longer there. As if something...

“Emergency protocol override seven slash Bee slash zero zero,” the female voice said firmly. “Command: open your eyes.”

Instantly, Zayne’s eyes flew open.

He knew immediately that he was in trouble.

Holly’s supermodel face was only inches from his, a look of satisfaction in her dark eyes. But that wasn’t what *really* freaked Zayne out.

With a start, he realized that his eyes hadn’t needed time to adjust to the bright, red light of the room around them. They’d automatically refocused in less than a microsecond.

Refocused with an efficiency no human eye could ever hope to achieve.

“There,” Holly purred. “Isn’t that better, darling?”

She let one hand gently stroke Zayne’s cheek, her touch tender. The moment she touched him,

Zayne suddenly got a rush of information cascading into his head so fast it nearly knocked him over.

It was like magic. Somehow, he was *acutely* aware of the amount of moisture on Holly's palms. Of her heart rate and skin temperature. Of how dilated her pupils were.

She's feeling aroused, Zayne thought to himself. *At least a little. If only I could get a reading from her crotch...*

He gave himself a sharp, mental shake.

Oh God, what the hell is happening to me?!

Holly gave him a little smirk.

"I guess you're wondering what this big bad girl has done to such a strong, handsome man as you?"

She winked at him.

"Don't worry, gorgeous. All will be revealed shortly."

"H-Holly?" Zayne whimpered, horrified to hear his voice had somehow shot up in pitch. "What happened? Fifi had a gun and..."

"Shhh..." Holly delicately placed one fingertip against Zayne's lips. "Not another word."

"But..."

"Voice override," Holly smiled. "*Silence.*"

Zayne opened his mouth to carry on talking, to ask what the *hell* was happening...

...and closed it again.

The moment Holly had said the word *silence*, it was like he'd been put on mute. To his horror, he realized he was now utterly incapable of making a sound.

"Look at you," Holly whispered, delighted. "You pretty little thing. So... *delicious.*"

She leaned forward and gave him a gentle kiss on the lips. Instantly, Zayne's observant new brain registered an increase in her skin surface temperature.

Responding appropriately. Now all I need to do is...

He cut the alien monologue off with an internal moan. It was replaced by thick, black fear.

At long last, Holly stopped kissing him. She ran the tip of her tongue delicately over his lips, smiled at him.

"I think," she murmured, "that you and I are going to have a *lot* of fun together, detective."

Abruptly, she straightened up, turned, and walked back toward her desk where Fifi stood, a large wooden rectangle clasped in her hands. With a start, Zayne realized that he'd been standing up this entire time, and that Holly was now a good six inches taller than him.

"We'll show him in a moment," Holly whispered to her maid-bot. Zayne was surprised to discover he could hear her clearly even all the way over here.

That's impossible. What's going on...?

“But first...” Holly leaned on the edge of the desk, facing Zayne, her arms folded across her ample breasts. “Command override. Examine your new body.”

My new body? What the-?

But that was all Zayne had time to think.

The moment the words were out Holly’s mouth, his neck moved as if on gears, tilting his head forwards. His hands raised up automatically, ready to explore. His eyes focused on his frame.

And what they saw made Zayne want to start screaming and never stop.

His body had *changed*. Where he’d once had a big, strong, muscular frame, he now had a torso that was weak and willowy, with slender arms and a tight little waist.

But it wasn’t his sudden lack of muscle that sent shockwaves of horror ricocheting through him.

Protruding from his chest was the sweetest pair of tits Zayne had ever laid eyes on.

They were big, two large, pert things that stuck out in front of him, their nipples long and pink and pointy. In fright, Zayne clasped them in his hands and was disgusted to feel how *heavy* they were. How... *ripe*.

Oh Jesus, God no... oh Christ...

They were *huge*! A big pair of Double-H tits, bigger and firmer than anything Zayne had ever seen not attached to a pleasurebot.

He wanted to close his eyes. Wanted to scream.

But it was like his body was no longer under his control. Just as Holly had instructed, Zayne examined his new form.

He gently squeezed his breasts, noting with fright how pert they felt in his palms.

He let his hands drop down, over his tight waist, with its soft, springy skin, to his ass. Instantly, he realized that it was now significantly bigger than it once had been, a pert, peach-like *thing* that wobbled out behind him, cushioning his newly-wide hips.

No! Please!

Zayne turned around, gawped over his newly-narrow shoulders at his bare ass. As he did so, a long strand of blond hair tumbled across his face. The detective delicately hooked it behind one ear, and was shocked to see his fingernails were now long and painted a deep, lustful red.

“That’s right...” he heard Holly whisper. “Get used to that new body, darling.”

Her voice hardened.

“You’ll be seeing a *lot* more of it.”

Zayne was hardly listening.

In shock, he examined his fatter thighs, more fleshy than a man’s could ever be.

In shock, he put his fingertips to his face, felt the plump, pouty lips, the tiny, button nose, the long, fluttering eyelashes.

Finally, with a little whimper, he hesitantly reached one hand down, between his legs. Felt the

soft, moist mound that now hung there. A pair of plump lips guarding a tight little hole.

Oh God... that's my pussy!

There was no denying it now. He was no longer a man.

Somehow, against all the laws of nature, Holly had turned him into a *girl*.

"Not *just* a girl, darling," Holly purred, causing Zayne to jerk his head up in fright.

Holly smiled up at him from a tiny hologram projecting from her wrist.

"It's sending me updates on your every thought," she said, waving the device at him, "so make sure you only think *nice* things about me."

She giggled.

"Or else I'll use that command override to force you to do something *truly* dreadful."

She nodded at her maid.

"Fifi. It's time."

Time for what?! Zayne thought, wildly.

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

With purposeful steps, the French maid wiggled her way over to him on her high heels. She stopped just before Zayne, her eyes flicking dismissively over his new figure, with its big boobs and wide hips. Then she held up the wooden rectangle in her hands...

...revealing an old-fashioned mirror.

Oh no... Zayne whimpered in his head. Oh sweet Jesus, no...

Looking back at him from the silvery depths of the glass was the trashiest bimbo Zayne had ever seen.

She had wide, perplexed blue eyes, plump, pink lips and a cute little button nose. Her face was soft, baby-like, with long, platinum blonde hair tumbling in lines either side of her head.

She looked barely a day over 18. Like a dumb little bimbo about to do her first day's shooting on a porno.

Only she wasn't *just* a girl. Everything about her: the too-perfect features, the way her eyes moved in little jumps rather than smoothly, the flawless complexion, pointed to one, hideous conclusion.

He, Detective Zayne Swift of the Ing-Bot robocrimes division, was now trapped as a *female pleasurebot*.

"Good, you figured it out then," said Holly, looking down at her wrist. "Fifi, be a good girl and put that mirror away."

The maid slowly lowered the mirror, stepped to one side, leaving Zayne looking right at Holly. Right at the woman who'd ruined his life.

That... that bitch! He thought, wildly, *how...?*

"Oh, it's simple," Holly giggled, clearly delighted to be reading his thoughts off her holo-watch.

“That first time Fifi shot you was just a scan to download your brain data. The *second* time was the fatal one.”

She gave him a frank smile.

“Lucy’s off with some of the girls right now, burning your body in the incinerator. All that’s left is your brain data, uploaded into this delightful new form. A copy I decided to keep, just for kicks. To all intents and purposes...”

Her smile grew wider.

“I just killed you.”

She glanced down at her holo-watch, smiled at the urgent lines of text forming there.

“Mmm, what about your family *indeed*. We’ll discuss that later. For now, it’s only fair that I tell you what’s going on.”

“I’ve done to you what I did to *every* man on the damn committee. I’ve trapped you as a pleasurebot. From now on, you’ll be programmed to obey my every command, no matter how filthy.”

A cruel smile.

“You wanted to decide the future of male pleasure. Well, now you *are* it. You exist only to give pleasure. For no other reason. Would you like me to demonstrate, detective?”

Zayne desperately wanted to shake his head. Wanted to scream. But it was no use.

The tiny, invisible gears turned in his neck again. He felt himself nod stiffly.

“Excellent,” Holly purred.

A mischievous light came into her eyes.

“Slap yourself.”

What-? Zayne just had time to think, and then it happened.

There was a sickening *crack*. Spots exploded behind his eyes. The room lurched wildly. In a daze, Zayne *stared* at his right hand.

How did she...?

“Now get on your knees.”

Before Zayne could even *think* about fighting Holly’s command, he was lowering his soft new body on the carpet, obedient as a dog.

He looked up at his new mistress with uncomprehending terror, and was frightening to find his robot mind crunching Holly’s vital signs at terrific speed and coming to one, horrible conclusion.

All this power was making Holly *hot*.

“Perfect,” his new mistress smiled. “And you’re correct. Being in charge of a pathetic little bitch like you is one of the few things I still respond to. Speaking of which.”

Her eyes narrowed.

“Voice command. Reactivate.”

It was like a switch had suddenly been thrown in Zayne's mind.

"Jesus Christ, Holly!" He yelled in his squeaky new voice, "What the *hell* have you done? Just call Lucy now, stop her from destroying my old body and I *promise* I'll-!"

Then something very strange happened.

An alert seemed to go off in the corner of Zayne's new, pleasurebot brain. A string of data that made no sense to him at first, but made him instantly snap his mouth shut, cutting himself off mid-flow.

For a moment, the former detective crouched there in panic, his big boobies dangling, wondering what the *hell* could've muted him now. And then his brain unscrambled the data, and he felt physically sick.

In the blink of an eye, his body had detected Holly's slowing heartrate. Registered that her skin was cooling slightly. Measured and quantified the disinterest forming in her eyes.

In n time at all, Zayne's new, electronically-enhanced brain had realized his pleas were making Holly slightly-less aroused. And so his pleasurebot body had automatically shut down its voice unit.

Anything to stop even the tiniest bit of Holly's pleasure from leaking away.

"You see?" Holly said. "You don't even need me to command you. You're a pleasurebot. All your programming is focused on making you provide your owner or client with the *maximum* amount of pleasure in any given circumstances."

She smiled.

"And, in the absence of any other customers, that means right now your entire life is dedicated to making *me* happy. If it gives me pleasure for you to slap yourself, you'll slap yourself. If it gives me pleasure for you to bark like a dog, you'll bark like a dog."

Her smile grew wider.

"And if it gives me pleasure for you to lick my asshole, you'll be on your knees *begging* me to let you do it before I even finish saying it."

Zayne's mind was spinning. He desperately wanted to believe it wasn't true, that it *couldn't* be true!

But, at the same time, he knew that it was.

The mere *thought* of Holly feeling anything less than completely aroused by his actions was as sickening to his new body as the thought of debasing himself for some evil bitch had been to his old one.

It was like all his priorities had reversed. All his desires.

With a feeling of horror, Zayne realized that he now wanted nothing more from life than to serve Holly's every whim.

Holly looked down at her holo-watch and laughed.

"Of course you do," she giggled. "That's what you're designed for. And you're going to get the

chance, alright.”

An evil look came into her eyes.

“Do you know what would *really* make me feel hot right now, slave?”

“What, mistress?” The words were out before Zayne could stop himself.

The moment he’d said them, his brain happily reported the results of a scan that showed traces of moisture starting to collect in Holly’s panties. The knowledge alone was like an endorphin dump in the detective’s mind, making him feel horribly, blissfully happy.

You have to fight it! Don’t let her control you like this! Fight the pleasure...

But Zayne could no more fight the feelings of happiness he got from serving Holly than he could’ve fought his old body’s enjoyment of football, or its pleasure response to seeing a hot woman.

He was programmed for his owner’s pleasure now. And there was no way he *couldn’t* enjoy it.

He smiled a pretty, bimbo smile up at Holly, awaiting more orders.

“I’d *love* for you to access you memory banks,” Holly whispered, a dark smile on her sculpted features, “and delete *everything* relating to your old family.”

Zayne felt his pretty little mouth drop open.

No! He thought in panic, *you can’t!*

What came out his mouth was something *very* different.

“Right away, mistress,” he heard himself giggle. “*Anything* for my HOT owner.”

Then Zayne felt his eyelashes flutter, and suddenly his life was rushing before his eyes.

He saw images of himself as a child, playing in the shadow of the Earth ring space elevator with his two sisters. There was a fire burning woodsmoke nearby and the air was warm and smelt like autumn.

For a second, it was like he was really there. Then his sisters’ faces disappeared, their files were deleted, and suddenly Zayne was looking at a blank spot inside himself, wondering what the hell he’d just been thinking about.

“Sibling file, deleted,” he heard himself say in a throaty, female whisper. “Deleting parents.”

Wait! He tried to scream, but already it was too late.

Pictures flashed by, images of a man and woman, smiling down at him as a child. Images of a woman, cradling him in her arms as a baby.

Zayne could almost smell her, the sweet, intoxicating smell of her skin. Of her love. He reached out hopelessly...

“Parents deleted,” he heard himself say out loud. “Family files: erased.”

Zayne blinked. He was kneeling naked before Holly, his slender new arms stretched out for something. He gently lowered them, wondering uneasily what he’d just been doing.

Whatever it was, it was making Holly feel extra-horny. Zayne smiled to himself, incapable of

feeling anything but sheer happiness at the thought of Holly's pleasure.

"Excellent." Holly smirked down at him. "Do you remember what we were just talking about, slave?"

Zayne shook his pretty little head.

"No, ma'am."

Holly laughed out loud.

"Oh, this is *too* good. OK, now. Make me even hornier by erasing your name, and replacing it with *Zooey*."

Zooey?! What sort of stupid...

Then Zayne was blinking in confusion as he heard himself say something about a name being erased.

Whose name did she erase? He thought frantically. She can't have...!

And then he felt himself relax. He could still remember his name. It was *Zooey*, like a girl. It always had been.

Thank God, for a second there, I thought she was going to try and delete my memories...

Holly smiled at her holo-watch.

"My darling *Zooey*," she said. "Don't worry, you're doing a *great* job. Mommy's feeling hotter than she has in *weeks*."

At her words, Zayne couldn't help himself. He let out a soft, feminine whimper; the sound of a pathetic little bitch delighting in her mistress's praise.

"I live to make you happy, my mistress," he breathed, nauseated by his female servility.

Oh God, what has she turned me into...? I'm pathetic!

"I know, my sweet. In that case, do one more thing for me, would you?"

Holly gave a tiny giggle.

"I want you to *create* some memories, this time. I want your memory banks to store the life you *should* have had all these years, the memories all you assholes on that committee *deserve*."

Her voice lowered to barely a whisper.

"OK, here goes."

"I want you to remember standing up in the middle of that committee meeting and declaring you were a pathetic, woman-hating piece of shit like the rest of them. Then I want you to remember quitting your job, and telling your boss you had to do it because you were a useless little worm who didn't *deserve* a normal life."

"After that, I want you to remember spending the last twenty years living on the streets, giving strange men blowjobs in exchange for a few measly credits. And I want you to remember hearing my name one day, and realizing that there was something you *had* to do."

"You had to come here and *beg* me to turn you into a pleasurebot. You kissed my feet and cried

and told me what a pathetic little slut you were and always had been, and eventually, like the kind-hearted woman I am, I relented and allowed you to be uploaded in that new body.”

She tilted her head.

“Can you do that for me, Zooey darling?”

Trapped inside the pleasurebot, Zayne screamed. He screamed and screamed and begged and whimpered and mentally promised *anything* if Holly just let him keep his-

“Ohhh, yes, mistress!” He heard his new body giggle. Then: “Memory upload *complete*.”

Inside his own head, Zayne frowned to himself. He thought he’d been screaming for a moment just then, and he couldn’t quite remember why.

We were probably just thinking of the streets again, he thought darkly to himself, trying not to shudder at the memories. *Twenty years, sucking off guys for a living. Christ...*

He swallowed. He’d deserved it though, all of it. What was it he’d told his boss when he’d quit, all those years ago?

I’m a useless little worm who doesn’t deserve a normal life...

“Zooey, babe?”

At the sound of his name, Zayne looked up. Then he saw Holly and broke into a gigantic grin.

Good old Holly. Letting me become one of her pleasurebots...

He glanced down at his new body with a feeling of joy, his new, young eyes tracing the outline of his perky new breasts, of his wide hips. He’d had to beg her for this, of course, but it had been worth it.

I’ve wanted this for so long...

Holly was laughing to herself about something, a laugh that sounded almost... cruel. Worried, Zayne made his new body scan her, and was relieved to detect an increase of warmth in her crotch.

Whatever it is, it’s giving her pleasure. She deserves it, after all she’s done for me...

“I’m glad you think so,” Holly smiled, looking at her holo-watch, her eyes alive with mischief.

“But there are a few more adjustments I want to make to you, Zooey dear.”

A thought seemed to occur to her.

“One sec. How many men did you say you’d been forced to suck off over the years?”

“Twenty two thousand, ma’am,” the words were out Zayne’s painted lips before he could stop himself. To his shame he realized he was proud of his record, that he always had been.

“Twenty one thou-?” Holly shook her head, smiling like a girl who has just been given a pony for her birthday. “So, three a day for twenty years, huh? Tell me. Did you *enjoy* it?”

For the first time he could remember since Holly had graciously given him his new body, Zayne felt a surge of anger.

“*Enjoy it?!*” He snapped, his new voice rising to a shrill pitch, “how could I *enjoy* it Holly?! I’m

a man. A straight-”

“Command override,” Holly declared, loudly. “Change sexual preferences, modern *and* in the memory banks. New favorite activity...”

The edges of her lips tugged upwards.

“Sucking dick. Second favorite activity, being fucked in the asshole. Third favorite, being humiliated and treated like a pathetic little bitch. Submission levels: *one hundred percent*.”

“Attraction to women, nonexistent. Except where her mistress is concerned, who I want her to fall *head over heels in love with*. Now. Attraction to men...”

She paused, striking a mock ‘thinking’ pose.

“Hmmm... how about, attraction to men. *Total*.”

“Holly?” Zayne had time to get out. “What are you...?”

Then a curtain seemed to fall over his mind and he found himself kneeling on the deep rug, his big boobies dangling, a look of adorable confusion on his teenage features.

“Zooey?” Zayne blinked. “Zooey, honey?”

He glanced back at Holly.

“I was just wondering, my darling little slut,” Holly trilled, “if you *enjoyed* sucking all those dicks while you were living on the streets?”

Zayne rolled his eyes.

Of all the dumb questions...

“You *bet* I did!” He giggled, raising one dainty hand to his painted lips. “God, Holly, you should’ve *seen* how much come I could swallow!”

He laughed, a happy, girlish laugh, and hugged his brand new body.

“That’s why I wanted you to make me into one of your pleasurebots!” He breathed, enjoying the weight of his big breasts, pushing back against his slender arms, “so I could keep sucking cock for as long as I live!”

Holly innocently raised an eyebrow.

“Mmm. So I take it you *like* sucking cock, Zooey?”

Zayne nodded happily, his cheeks flushed, his face alive as his robo-body automatically changed his synthetic outer form to reflect the happiness his brain was feeling.

“Holly... mistress, it’s like-it’s like I can’t explain.” He shook his gorgeous new female head in wonder, “having a strange man’s dick in my mouth... it’s the *only* time I feel happy!”

A thought suddenly struck him. He shot Holly a coquettish smile.

“Except for when I’m serving *you*, ma’am.”

Impulsively, he reached up and pinched his new nipples, rubbing them between his fingertips to make them harder. He scanned Holly’s face and was delighted to register her pupils dilating, her mouth turning dry.

Good, she deserves it. God, she's so wonderful...

Part of him wanted to get to his feet, walk over to Holly, wiggling his hips and give her a long, lingering, lesbian kiss. But it was like his body was incapable of standing.

She must have ordered me to kneel here and now I've forgotten like the silly little bitch I am, Zayne thought, happily. *Oh well, whatever Holly wants is what's best...*

"Good..." Holly looked at her readout of Zayne's thoughts, "we're nearly done here. Two more things..."

She shot Zayne a playful look.

"Do you love me, Zooey?"

Zayne nodded without hesitation, a bright smile on his pretty face.

"Excellent. How much do you love me?"

"More than *anything*," Zayne gasped, his female voice coming out lusty, like music to his ears.

I'm so glad I got rid of that horrible old man body of mine...

"You're... you're the *best* person I've ever met, Holly," he continued, his mind dizzy, swimming with feelings of love. "You're kind, you're beautiful, you're *really* sexy..."

Holly giggled, waving one hand at him.

"And... and you're just so much *better* than me," Zayne finished, decisively. "I'm... I'm just a *stupid whore* who can't do anything but suck dick. But you, Holly..."

He gave her a humble look.

"You're a genius."

There was a long silence. Across the room, Holly gently shook her head.

"I really think," she whispered, "that you might be my masterpiece, Zooey."

Zayne couldn't help it. He blushed a deep shade of crimson.

She's so fucking nice... why couldn't I be more like her?

"But there's just one more thing..." Holly's voice was faraway, dreamy. "Tell me. Do you remember Lucy and Andrea?"

Zayne felt his pretty new face crease into a frown.

"Were they... were they the ones with a... y'know." He primly pointed at his own forehead and naked ass.

Holly smiled.

"The mouth for an asshole and the cock on her head? Yes, that was them. I like to give *all* of my girls a special little something."

Her eyes flitted across the room.

"Don't I, Fifi?"

Zayne blinked up at the French maid stood silently beside him. He'd forgotten he was sharing

the room with another pleasurebot.

“*Oui, madam,*” the maid-bot nodded.

“And would you care to show our guest...?”

The pretty young maid nodded. She turned to Zayne, reached down, and raised the hem of her dress up until he could see beneath her petticoats at the two little things tucked away between her legs.

With a start, Zayne realized that Fifi had two pussies.

“What do you think?” Murmured Holly. “Do you... *like* Fifi now?”

Zayne nodded his head uncertainly.

“She’s... she’s *great*,” he said, without enthusiasm.

Deep down, he knew that Fifi *was* great. Everything Holly did was great, so if she’d turned Fifi into a chimera and given her two pussies, that must also be great.

But, at the same time, he didn’t really *like* looking at girls. And seeing *two* pussies...

Zayne shuddered to himself. No. He’d *much* rather be looking at some naked hunk with his dick out than some random girl-bot.

“Not so long ago, Zooey,” Holly said, “a man called Zayne was in here, on that very spot your kneeling on. *He* sure liked Fifi. He had a real thing for pleasurebots, especially French maids.”

She slowly nodded at him.

“What do you think about that?”

For a moment, the name Zayne seemed to ring a faint bell, somewhere deep in his mind. Something about a man... a man who... who...

It was gone. Zayne sighed and shrugged his slender shoulders.

“No offense, mistress Holly,” he said, “but he was an idiot. Fifi’s nice and all, *but*...”

He turned a dazzling smile on his owner, on the love of his life.

“There’s only *one* woman in here worth having a thing for.”

Holly returned his smile.

“You’re right, he *was* an idiot. And he didn’t like my chimeras,” she pouted. “So I’ve decided to make a new one, in his honor. He’ll never realize it, but she’ll exist just to remind him what an *idiot* he was.”

Zayne nodded, happily. It sounded like a great plan to him, alright.

“Zooey, darling,” Holly went on. “I want *you* to be that chimera. Don’t say yes straight away, I don’t want you to act against your own will. *However*...”

Her eyes glinted.

“If you *do* say yes, you’ll make me very happy indeed.”

That settled it. Zayne didn’t need any time to think at all.

A chance to make Holly happy?! He marveled, anything! Anything to make the love of my life happy...

“Anything,” he said out loud in his soft, female voice. “The sooner the better. I want...”

He blinked back tears that were suddenly forming, pumped into his eyes along artificial ducts, designed to give his synthetic body the look of real emotion.

“I want to be one of your girls,” he confessed. “I want to work here. I want to suck as many dicks as I can. I want to be humiliated. I want to *serve* you...”

He bowed his pretty little head, ignoring the large breasts that poked out from his chest, ignoring his irreversibly female new form, ignoring everything but the wise, wonderful, beautiful woman before him.

“I want to exist only as your plaything,” he whispered. “A puppet you control completely. A pleasurebot whore who only exists for you to get even the tiniest bit of pleasure from. And when the day comes that you don’t find me interesting anymore...”

He closed his eyes, a feeling of pure bliss burning deep inside his circuits.

“I want you to decommission me.”

There was a pause. With a smile, Holly turned to Fifi.

“You see, Fifi?” She purred. “Why try and fight your enemies? Much better to make them want whatever *you* want, too.”

Zayne kept his head bowed, an ecstatic smile plastered on his plump lips. He didn’t know what Holly was talking about, and it didn’t matter.

He worshipped her. He would do anything for her. He was programmed to be her toy.

And he couldn’t be happier.

“And what I *want* this pathetic little whore to do,” Holly smiled, turning back to Zayne, “is to transform into something a little more *fitting*.”

She straightened up.

“Command override. Transformation sequence one dash forty two. Head only.”

Zayne looked humbly up at his mistress.

“Thank you,” he whispered.

Holly grinned.

“Don’t mention it.”

Then Zayne’s artificial body began to twitch, began to whirr, responding to Holly’s override. His synthetic flesh started rippling as the command spread out to every part of his body, directing it to change, to change into something more pleasing to Holly’s eyes...

There was a tiny buzzing sound, then Zayne felt two pinpricks of tenderness on the top of his head. They spread outwards, getting bigger. His hair began to move, to twitch. Zane smiled happily...

...as two big, beautiful breasts erupted out the top of his head.

They grew rapidly, swelling up, getting bigger and bigger and bigger, until they weighted on his neck and it was an effort to hold his head upright. They grew and grew, their nipples pink and long and pointed at the sky, until they dwarfed the head they sat on, two gigantic breasts that wobbled and swayed with each movement of Zayne's synthetic head.

At last, they finally stopped growing. Zayne reached up and hesitantly touched the two heavy breasts weighing on his skull.

They were soft to the touch, tender. Their natural pertness keeping them pointed at the sky. Zayne ran his hands up them, plucked at one nipple with his fingertips and was delighted to feel a shiver run through his body.

His mistress had changed him, and it was *wonderful*.

"Look at that," Holly said, "my latest chimera. Tell me, Zooey, how am I feeling, seeing you like that?"

His mind empty of all its anger, all its doubts, Zayne allowed himself to scan Holly. A smile flitted across his lips.

"You are in an advanced stage of arousal, mistress Holly. All it would take would be for some expert pressure, and you could easily achieve orgasm in under two minutes."

"I don't doubt it," Holly giggled. "In that case..."

She slipped herself up onto the desk, so her feet were dangling over the edge. Then, not taking her eyes off Zayne, she gently raised her skirt, spreading her legs as she did so, revealing something dark and hidden and moist.

"Care to crawl over here and help me?" His mistress breathed.

Zayne didn't need telling twice.

With slow, almost languid movements, he dropped down onto all fours. Then, deliberately curving his body in a way his electronic mind calculated would be visually pleasing, he crawled over to Holly, all four of his breasts wobbling as he went.

As he got closer, his computer brain started feeding him urgent streams of data: Holly's dilation. How wet she was. Where her current pleasure centers were. How best to help his wonderful mistress achieve her orgasm.

In no time at all, he'd reached the desk. Crouched between Holly's outstretched legs, Zayne delicately sniffed at her crotch with his cute, button nose, analyzing the reams of data in a microsecond, and coming to a conclusion about what he needed to do.

A humble smile on his face, he looked up at Holly one final time.

"Thank you, mistress," he whispered.

Then he leaned forward, took one last sniff, opened his lips, and then he was licking Holly's cunt.

Zayne lapped at her hole hungrily, unashamedly, letting the juices dribble over his chin, letting the sweet taste of Holly's pussy fill his mouth.

He buried his nose right between her legs, inhaling, drinking, swallowing. Flicked his tongue over her clit, then ran it in a straight line down her slit, before plunging it deep inside her hole.

“Oh... oh God... oh yes...” Holly gasped, “oh you’re such a *good* little pleasurebot...”

The sounds of her pleasure instantly sent sparks of happiness dancing through Zayne. He’d finally found it. After all his years out on the streets, sucking thousands of dicks. The thing he’d always needed to find perfect happiness.

Utter submission, he thought, blissfully. *I’m a pleasurebot now. I exist only to give Holly pleasure. If I’m not making her horny, I have no need to be alive.*

Anything she wants is right. Anything she wants is good. She’s my mistress. My... my...

My goddess.

Then Holly gasped again and all of Zayne’s rational thoughts were washed away on a sea of pleasure.

He now derived pleasure solely from Holly’s pleasure. Never again would he be able to enjoy sex on its own terms. Never again would he be capable of taking in a sunset, or knocking back a drink, or even going to sleep and take any form of enjoyment from it.

Not unless it was giving Holly pleasure, too.

Just like he was now.

A signal fired in Zayne’s electronic mind. A calculation. Holly’s quickest path to pleasure.

Without even hesitating, he began flicking his tongue in and out of her hole, in and out as Holly bucked her hips, squeezed the big new breasts on his head in her hands, moaning wildly.

“I... I think...” she managed to get out between gasps, “I think you’re going to be the *best* little pleasurebot I ever owned.”

Buried between her thighs, Zayne didn’t smile. Didn’t even thank her.

He simply kept right on licking, pushing Holly towards orgasm with pinpoint precision.

He was nothing but her obedient little whore now.

And he couldn’t be happier.

IV

“And you’re sure he never got here?”

Sat on the edge of her desk, Holly adjusted her glasses and smiled down at the strong, handsome black man sat before her.

“Why would I lie? It’s not like it costs me much to bribe you guys. Do you really think...” she suddenly giggled, holding the back of her hand against her lips, “that I’d go to the trouble of killing him?”

Sat in his chair, Bixby smiled. He’d known Holly for a long time now. Something as boring as death definitely wasn’t her style.

“It just seems... odd, is all. It isn’t like Zayne to go dark like this.”

Holly shrugged.

“You saw the video. I just gave him Lucy to screw and he was happy. Went away saying he’d be back sometime next month.”

She shot Bixby a practiced smile.

“I mean, I know it’s *technically* blackmail, but I really don’t mind the odd shakedown by you studs. Gives my girls something to do.”

Bixby thought of the faint, pleasant soreness in his big dick and allowed her a little nod.

The girls had done something for him, alright.

“Speaking of which,” Holly changed the subject, “what did you think of my latest chimera?”

“Zooey?” Bixby had to struggle to stop himself smiling.

Damn, that girl was great...

He’d arrived at the brothel following Zayne’s call and been ushered into a tiny little room by a pleasurebot with a cock growing from her forehead. Then he’d had to wait for *ages*, watching the various bots flit by, taking an endless stream of punters into private rooms.

He’d just been thinking idly about slipping a few credits to the girl with six breasts, when Holly had at last come in, grinning from ear to ear.

“Detective,” she’d purred, “so sorry I’m late. I was just taking care of your dashing partner.”

And when Bixby had asked her what she meant, she’d winked, then used her holo-watch to project that footage of Zayne stood outside, fucking that old 55-Z model in the ass.

You dog... Bixby remembered thinking, *no wonder you were so eager to come hunting round here...*

“He specifically told me to make sure his partner got the best treatment,” Holly had said lightly, “so I’ve arranged for you to have some fun with my latest model.”

Then she’d turned with a smile towards the door, and walking in, a faraway, blissful smile on her perfect features, had been the cutest little pleasurebot Bixby had ever seen...

“Detective?” Bixby blinked, Holly’s voice jogging him back to the present. “How was she?”

“Oh, yeah.” Bixby gave a little laugh. “Zooey’s... Holly, she’s something *special*. The way that girl can suck...”

He gave his cock a squeeze through his pants.

“I thought my prick was gonna *explode*.”

Holly gave him a faint smile.

“And her... additions? On her head? How were they?”

In response, Bixby simply grinned.

Trust Holly to come up with something a guy didn’t even know he wanted...

After their introduction, Bixby had taken the new pleasurebot into one of those side rooms, marveling at the tits growing from her head.

They were two big, pert things that wobbled with every step, jiggling in time with her normal breasts. Bixby had given them a squeeze as the pleasurebot smiled at him, and been amazed at how *good* they felt in his palms.

As the detective sat in the office now, returning Holly’s smile, images of what he and Zooey had done came back to him.

Images of Zooey, his long, black cock buried so deep in her throat artificial tears started leaking down her synthetic cheeks.

Images of Zooey, bent over the desk, moaning loudly as Bixby roughly fucked her asshole, those great titties on her head bouncing in time with every thrust.

Zooey, her face covered with the detective’s come, her eyes closed in pure bliss as Bixby came all over her sweet head tits.

Holly’s latest chimera was a winner, alright.

“Speak of the devil,” Holly suddenly said.

Bixby looked up. It was all he could do to keep his dick from going rock hard in his pants again.

Walking across the room towards them was Zooey. She was dressed in a frilly French maid’s outfit, a silver tea tray clasped before her enormous bosom, a lacy black-and-white bra clasped firmly over her head.

She tottered on high heels that ended in the sharpest stiletto points Bixby had ever seen. Her long, smooth legs were clad in fishnet stockings. The hem of her dress stopped so high up that Bixby could see she wasn’t wearing any panties.

But the thing that really caught his eye, that really made him shake his head in wonder, was how *happy* she looked.

“Mistress,” Zooey breathed, setting down her tray, “I made this specially for you.”

With dainty movements, she poured Holly a tea and handed her the cup, a look of devotion on her synthetic features that even the most-submissive bots couldn’t emulate.

How does she do it? Bixby found himself wondering, *it's... it's almost like Zooey's real, like there's an actual human inside her...*

He shook the thought away. No point dwelling on the impossible.

"Zooey, dear," Holly said as the pleasurebot poured Bixby a tea, "we were just talking about you."

"Yes, ma'am?" The bot said, handing Bixby his cup.

At the sight of the stacked pleasurebot bending forwards, Bixby got a boner all over again.

"Indeed we were," Holly purred. "The detective here was just saying how much he *enjoyed* your company."

To Bixby's surprise, the bot blushed a deep, crimson red, an embarrassed smile on her perfect features.

"I don't know about that, ma'am," Zooey giggled. "I'm just a worthless little slut."

She turned adoring eyes on her mistress.

"Not a clever, wonderful, *beautiful* woman like you."

Bixby watched in dazed fascination as Holly gently inclined her head, taking the compliment.

"No, I suppose you're not. But you *are* a darling when it comes to making tea."

The compliment seemed to have an intoxicating effect on Zooey. Her eyes closed. A blissful smile spread across her features.

Gently, she lowered herself to the floor, onto all fours. Then she bent forward and kissed Holly's feet.

"I'm not worthy," she murmured, "I'm not worthy of having such a wonderful mistress."

"Quite right. Oh, you can stay like that, dear," Holly added when the bot started to sit up, "I want to ask Bixby what he thinks."

But Bixby was incapable of saying anything.

As Zooey had bent forward, her petticoats had flipped up, revealing her perfect synthetic ass and plump, synthetic pussy to the detective.

Jesus Christ, she's incredible. I wonder how much she cost to make...?

"Looks good, doesn't she?" Holly smiled, catching Bixby's eyeline. "In fact, why don't you have a go, right here, right now?"

She looked back down at Zooey.

"Slave," she commanded, "I order you to stay in that position until Bixby here is done with you. For the next hour, his pleasure is *my* pleasure, got that? You will do anything he wants."

She turned back to the detective.

"She's all yours, detective."

Bixby blinked at her.

“Are you sure? I mean, I already had a go. I don’t wanna keep her from work...”

“Don’t worry about it,” Holly smiled. “I need someone to break her in. After all, this little slut’s going to be seeing a *lot* of action soon.”

She looked down at her bot, a cruel smile on her perfect features.

“In that body, Zooey here won’t need to sleep. Won’t need to eat. She’ll be able to spend twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week fucking men, letting them come all over those big head tits of hers and fuck her tight little asshole.”

Her smile grew crueler.

“Just you wait. I’m going to have this one crawling around, licking up stale come from the floors. I’m going to let strange men piss in her mouth. And, when I use the bathroom, I’m not going to be wiping myself with toilet paper anymore.”

Her eyes glinted.

“I’m going to let this one lick my asshole clean and *thank* me for it.”

Her lips still pressed to Holly’s feet, the pleasurebot let out a delighted whimper. Bixby shook his head.

“You always *were* a sadist, weren’t you, Holly?” He marveled. “What on Earth happened to make you...”

He waved his hand.

“Y’know, like *this*?”

Holly simply gave him a mysterious smile.

“Something happened, all right. But it’s all in the past now.”

She absently reached down and petted Zooey’s pretty little head.

“And don’t worry about this one. After all, it’s not like she’s a real person now, is she?”

Bixby shook his head.

“No, I guess she’s not.”

“Of course not.” Holly abruptly got to her feet. “Anyway, can’t dally. Work to do. Enjoy your free fuck, detective, and don’t forget to abuse her a bit.”

She let out a cold laugh.

“The worthless little slut deserves it.”

Then she was out the door, leaving Bixby all alone with the pleasurebot.

With a soft sigh, Bixby lowered himself onto his knees behind the machine, absent-minded unzipping his fly.

Holly was an odd one all right. Only twenty years ago, she’d been a scientist famous for her feminist views. Then that scandal with the committee had happened (Bixby didn’t really know the ins and outs of it), and now she was a madam who seemed to take perverse pleasure in making her pleasurebots suffer.

“I wonder how she squares that circle,” Bixby muttered, squeezing Zooey’s synthetic ass with one hand as he did so. “Still, at least the bribes are better here...”

An image rose up in his mind. Of his partner Zayne, on that security hologram, fucking that old pleasurebot in the alley. He smiled.

Zayne... he chuckled to himself, get you... always acting high and mighty about the pleasurebots, and really you’re as addicted to them as we are...

He wondered idly where his partner was right now. Off somewhere else with that bot, probably, enjoying danger sex in another alleyway across town. He’d turn up, eventually.

“Right,” he said out loud, gripping his thick black dick in his hand, “bend forward. I’m gonna give you the fucking of a lifetime.”

Before him, the pleasurebot giggled. She turned and shot a perfectly-simulated ‘come hither’ over one shoulder at him.

“Your wish,” purred Zooey, “is my command.”

Then she angled her hips perfectly to allow Bixby’s cock access to her artificial womb, dilated her hole so it would be *just* tight enough for the black man’s tastes, and then Bixby leaned forward and the two detectives were fucking.

One room over, Holly watched the display on her security hologram, a demonic smile on her heavenly features.

Her eyes flicked greedily over the image. Of Zayne, now trapped forever as a grotesque chimera, getting fucked roughly by his ex-partner and loving every single minute of it.

“I think...” she whispered to herself, “that these next few years are going to be *very fun indeed*.”

Back in the office, Zayne smiled blissfully as Bixby abused his new body, his mind full of calculations on how to make the black man come faster, harder, longer than he ever had before.

He was a pleasurebot now. He existed only to give others pleasure.

And he couldn’t wait to spend the rest of his life with strange men’s dicks inside him.

The End

*

Like what you’ve read? Check out my other – even hotter! – robot swap story: [Turned into a Fembot](#).

Turned into the Girl of His Dreams

“Joe.”

Joe jerked his head up guiltily from the desk. He casually pushed the big old leather-bound book away, adjusted his thick-rimmed glasses and blinked owlishly at his roomie.

“Yeah?”

Leaning in the doorway, Simon grinned at him, the sort of winning smile that could turn almost any chick’s legs to water.

And some guys, too... thought Joe.

The late-spring light filtered through the curtains, falling on Simon’s strong torso, creating little shadows around his pecs, his six-pack. Ever since Joe had known him, Simon had had a body like that of a Greek God. An Adonis hewn from the purest, whitest marble.

Seeing, once again, the evidence of his roomie’s raw, physical strength was enough to make Joe’s mouth go dry.

“I want you to meet someone.”

“Who?” Joe said, getting to his feet. “Don’t tell me you’ve...”

Found a girlfriend, was what he was going to say, jokingly, of course. Then the door swung open and a willowy figure stepped in, smiling at him from beneath a pair of sky blue eyes and Joe felt the breath catch in his throat.

“This,” Simon said, proudly, “is *Summer*.”

The blonde girl smiled, rolled her eyes.

“Listen to him,” she said. Joe was surprised to hear she had a British accent.

“So formal.” She stuck out her hand. “Summer. But you already knew that part.”

Joe took her dainty hand in his pale, slender fingers and gave it a little, perfunctory shake.

“Hey. I’m Joe.”

For a moment, the two were looking right at one another. From behind his thick glasses, Joe felt his eyes flitting over the girl before him, taking her in. Measuring her up.

Trying to decide if she was the one.

She was maybe 20, slightly younger than him and Simon, with fair blonde hair, soft, round features, and a smile most guys Joe knew wouldn’t have been able to ignore.

Her eyes were a spectral, sparkling blue, like the sort of sky you get on crisp, spring day. Her figure was slim, with perky little breasts and long legs that led up to a fit and toned ass.

Her clothes were the epitome of planned-casual. A pair of jeans encased her legs, a simple white top was pulled down over her torso, leaving *just* enough cleavage on display. A sliver of flat belly poked out, a tiny, seductive glimpse. Two cute leather boots hid her tiny feet.

She was the visual ideal of the girl next door. The sort of casual, happy girl idealized in movies and on TV; pretty, friendly, personable.

But it wasn't her personality Joe was interested in.

It was how useful she could be to his secret plans.

"Well. Nice to meet you, Joe," Summer said, her strong accent making her soft voice sickeningly adorable. "This one goes on about you *all* the bloody time."

"Do *not*," Simon protested, a flirty smile on his handsome features. "We got a strict no-homo policy here."

"Mmm." Summer's eyes twinkled at Joe. "I can see that."

There was something in the way she said it that temporarily shook Joe out of his detachment.

Wait. Did... did Simon say something to her? No way... he can't...

The thought that a *stranger* might know all about him, about what he really was, was enough to make his blood run cold.

"Hey. Uh," Joe mumbled, gently extracting his fingers from Summer's, "great to meet you and all, but I've really gotta... I, um, I got this thing..."

He gestured vaguely at his desk, where the book was still sitting. The one written in ancient runes all those centuries ago. The one no-one in the room but Joe stood a cat in Hell's chance of understanding.

The one that was pretty soon gonna change the lives of everyone in their apartment for the *better*.

Summer tilted her pretty head and peered at the book. The sunlight caught her hair and for a split second she looked almost supernaturally blonde.

"Oohhh, looks exciting. Well. Guess we shouldn't keep your bestie from his studies..."

By the door, Simon was trying to catch Joe's eye, an affronted look on his square-jawed features. Joe avoided his gaze.

"Yeah. Sorry. I know, it's *laaaame*..."

"Don't be." Summer gave him a bright smile. "You Yanks sure work hard."

She turned to Simon.

"That's right, isn't it? Yank, the ones from up north?"

"We call 'em Yankees," Simon, "well, we did back in high school."

He tossed Joe a casual wave.

"See ya later, homo."

"Yeah." Joe muttered. "See you later..."

The door slammed. Like a leaf on the breeze, Simon was gone, dragging Summer along with him, leaving Joe all alone in his cold and empty room.

"...homo," he whispered.

For a moment, Joe simply stood there, listening to the roar deep within him, listening unhappily to the churning and turmoil of that dark, horrible sea locked away inside him.

Then, at last, he went and sat back down at his desk. Turned the page of his book. Picked up his pen.

On the desk, his pet mouse Oliver scurried around inside his cage, ignoring Joe. Ignoring his pain.

“Whaddya think?” Joe whispered to him in a low voice. “Think she’ll do?”

Oliver gave a little squeak. Joe nodded.

“Yeah, that’s what I thought, too.”

Then, bending back over his notebook, he returned to his studies, a cruel little smile already growing across his pale and narrow features.

*

“*Klatuu barada nitku!*”

There was a pause. The mouse looked hopefully up in Joe’s direction and sniffed the air.

“*Klatuu barada nitku!*”

Nothing. Joe grit his teeth.

Come on... come onnnn!

“*Klatuu... Barada... Nit-!* Oh, what’s the point?”

It was late. Outside, the sun had finally slunk its way down below the horizon. Sodium streetlights shone on distant campus paths, throwing strange shadows onto the wall of Joe’s room. Somewhere, from out in the apartment, came the distant squeak of bedsprings.

With an angry grunt, Joe got to his feet. Threw the ancient book down onto his bed.

He’d been at this for *hours* now.

“Get your own damn cheese,” he muttered at the hopeful mouse, stepping past it’s cage to flop down at his desk. He glanced at his shy, pale face in the mirror, the weak little nerd’s face he’d been cursed with ever since birth.

What a night...

After Simon and Summer left, Joe had spent the afternoon working away with a feverish intensity that somehow frightened him, trying to ignore the giggles and low sounds of chatter coming from the rest of the apartment.

Goddamn bitch, he remembered thinking, vaguely, as he scrawled his notes, *can’t she talk a little quieter...?*

Evidently she couldn’t, because there had been sounds of Summer hanging around their flat all day long. It was only after she and Simon had vanished off to the bedroom together that Joe had been able to concentrate.

At first, he’d really thought tonight would be the night. The night he changed his fate. The night he reorganized the world into how it *should* be. How it should always have been.

Then he’d tried to set up that stupid experiment with Oliver and it had all gone to Hell.

“You’re a useless little prick, you realize that, right?” Joe murmured, looking at his reflection.
“A weedy, useless, *stupid*...”

He forced himself to stop talking. He always got like this when he was alone and stressed, and it worried him to think someone might one day overhear him.

That Simon might one day overhear him.

Simon... Joe sighed inside himself. *Like he’d ever notice. After all this time, you’d think he was blind...*

The two boys had met in their first year, when the college randomly assigned them as roomies.

At first, Joe had been intimidated by his big, jock roomie, with his love of sports and constant stream of ‘no homo’ jokes.

Just what I need, he could still remember thinking, *some southern douchebag to torment me.*

But, as time passed and the roomies began to get used to each other, things had started to change. They’d discovered a shared love of Marvel superhero films. A dual interest in baseball. Slowly, the two boys had begun to enjoy one another’s company.

And then, one day, *it* had happened.

The thing that had changed Joe’s life forever.

They were alone, out walking through the woods together. Simon was doing a biology degree and wanted to collect some fungi samples that Joe thought sounded as boring as shit, but Simon assured him were important.

Even now, Joe could remember that afternoon so clearly. It had been fall, and the leaves were tumbling from the trees in a cascade of colors. The air had been hazy with that end-of-summer feel. Misty. Dreamy.

They’d been walking, talking, chatting about shit. Joe had been rabbiting on about an ancient book he’d just found in the library, when suddenly he’d become aware that Simon was walking very close to him.

“Dude,” he remembered laughing, stopping and looking uneasily up at the tall jock, “you’re kinda in my personal space...”

And Simon had smiled down at him with a mischievous look in his eyes, the sunlight playing through his hair.

Slowly, he’d taken one of Joe’s small, feminine hands in one of his big, strong ones. Joe had watched in a daze, not knowing what to do, not knowing what to think, his breath caught in his throat.

Then Simon had leaned down slightly, his blue eyes locked right on Joe’s.

“Maybe I want to be here,” his muscular friend had breathed to him.

And then, suddenly, the two boys had been kissing.

They’d kissed and kissed for what felt like forever, a voice screaming inside Joe to pull away, to ask *dude, what the fuck?!*

But it had been drowned out by the roaring of Joe's blood. He'd put two hands up to Simon's cheeks, held his friend's face close, kissing him, drinking him in, feeling dizzy with desire, with the sudden knowledge that this was all he'd ever wanted...

And then Simon had abruptly pulled away, grinned down at Joe.

"I've always wanted to try that," he'd smiled.

Then he'd dropped a roguish wink, turned and carried on walking into the woods, leaving Joe frozen to the spot, his legs weak with desire, his mind reeling.

Since that day, the two boys had never so much as touched each other, let alone kissed.

And since that day, Joe had had eyes for no-one else in the world but Simon.

With a sigh, Joe studied his reflection again. The pale face. The glasses. The dark hair.

Even if Simon was gay, he'd never be satisfied with someone like me...

In the mirror, his reflection nodded.

Simon was straight. He knew that. The way he'd kissed Joe had just been his idea of... not exactly a *joke*, but maybe a game. A way to give himself some leverage over his roomie.

Simon thrived on surprise. On doing things that seemed completely at odds with his southern jock persona. Hell, he probably really *had* enjoyed that kiss...

But not enough to come back for more. Not so long as Joe was still stuck in his boring, weedy, *male* body.

"You asshole," Joe whispered at his reflection. "You dumb asshole. Why can't you just let it go...?"

Somewhere, out in the apartment, he heard Summer give a faint cry. Just thinking about Simon in bed with her was enough to make Joe feel physically sick.

It was necessary, of course, if he ever wanted his plan to work. The plan he'd dreamed up all those months ago.

But when his experiments were going to shit like this...

Well. Hearing Simon plow some hot British chick was the last thing he needed.

"Fuck this." Joe muttered. "I'm going to bed."

He glanced down at the mouse.

"*Klatuu barada nitku!*" He said, savagely, repeating the spell. The spell that was supposed to sort his life out.

The spell that was supposed to make everything better.

"*Klatuu barada nitku*, to you, too," he muttered, glancing in the direction of Simon's room, where Summer was still gasping away.

Then he turned off the light, climbed into bed without undressing, and instantly fell asleep.

He didn't even notice when, ten minutes later, the ancient spellbook began to tremble on his desk, Oliver began to squeak with fright, and a strange blue light started glowing from his skin.

*

The first thing Joe noticed when he woke up was how bright it was in his room.

His window faced west, the opposite to Simon's, and he never got any sunlight until the afternoon at least.

What the...? He wondered, sitting up and sweeping his long, blonde hair out his eyes with two dainty little hands, *did I sleep through...?*

Then he blinked, rubbing sleep out his eyes with the back of his hand, and noticed three things at once.

The first was that he could see clearly without his glasses on.

The second was that he was no longer in *his* room. All around him, the mess and detritus of Simon's room spread out, a whirlwind of discarded football sweaters, textbooks and general crap. A white, lacy bra dangled over the back of one wooden chair, a tiny tank top scrunched up beside it.

However, it was the third thing that *really* made Joe freeze. That made his pretty little mouth drop open and his mind go whirling off into infinity.

The hand that he'd just used to rub the sleep out of his eyes wasn't *his*.

Where Joe had once had two slender but definitely-masculine hands, he now had two tiny, willowy things with non-existent knuckles and long nails painted a sparkly pink.

As Joe looked at them in numb wonder, he saw the tiny dark hairs on his arms had also vanished, leaving skin as smooth and soft as the day he was born.

No way... no way...

Like a man in a dream, Joe glanced down at the rest of his body...

...and nearly squealed out loud.

His clothes had vanished! Where he'd gone to bed wearing his jeans and t-shirt, Joe was now dressed in nothing but a tiny pair of white satin panties that clung to his thighs and left nothing to the imagination.

But Joe barely noticed his change of clothes. He was too busy staring at his change of *body*.

Dangling from his chest were a small, perky pair of ripe, firm breasts, their nipples pink and long and pointed at the sky.

As Joe gaped at them, he instinctively gave his torso a little shake, and was amazed to see his new boobies bounce around, causing a strange *jiggling* feeling in his chest.

No way...

He clasped his sides and was shocked to see they now seemed to *suck* inwards, like someone had tightened an invisible belt round his midriff.

His hips were wider. His bum and thighs bigger. His legs longer and smoother.

Hesitantly, Joe reached down with one trembling new hand. Placed it between his legs. Felt the soft, plump mound that now existed where his penis should have been.

To his amazement, Joe was now the proud owner of a perfect little pussy.

No fucking way...

Trying to contain his excitement, Joe threw back the sheets and leaped out of bed. He ran across Simon's messy room, trying to ignore the painful way his new breasts bounced up and down with each step. Trying to ignore the way his ass naturally curled.

He came to a stop just before Simon's full-body mirror. Took a deep breath...

...and looked.

And looked.

And *looked*.

Oh fuck. Oh fuck it actually worked!

Staring back at Joe from the silvery depths of the mirror, a look of delighted surprise on her beautiful features, was Summer.

She was naked except for a pair of white satin panties that clung to her bum and barely hid her pussy from prying eyes. Her small breasts dangled free, their nipples hard and pointed.

Her long blonde hair was in disarray, like it needed a quick comb run through it. Last night's makeup still clung to her face, making her look both messy and beautiful.

Her soft, English face was lit up with a stunned smile. Her blue eyes twinkled with laughter.

There was no doubting it.

She was him. He was her.

Overnight, Joe had turned into his roomie's beautiful *girlfriend*.

For a long, long moment, Joe simply stared at Summer, staring back at him from inside the mirror.

Then a thought came to him. Summoning up a cheeky smile, he reached up, grabbed hold of his new breasts and started gently squeezing them, tweaking the nipples with his fingertips.

Immediately, the Summer in the mirror reached up and grabbed hold of her ripe young titties, squashing them beneath her palms, a lustful look suddenly on her beautiful features.

"Morning, bitch," Joe whispered, surprised and faintly pleased to hear his soft new voice automatically coming out with a British accent. "How's miss English bitch feeling today?"

But Summer didn't answer. She just moved her plump, pink lips in time with Joe's words, a pleased expression on her perfect features.

She didn't have to answer. Joe knew she'd be feeling utterly terrified.

If the spell had worked properly, then Summer would right about now be opening her eyes. Staring down at her furry new body. At her long, pink tail.

And Joe was willing to bet she'd soon be squeaking in helpless fright.

"Sorry about that," he whispered in Summer's British accent, playing with her breasts as he did so, enjoying the strange, pleasant feeling emanating from his new chest. "But this is *my* body

now. I know you think you didn't do anything, that you didn't deserve this..."

He swallowed. His soft new voice suddenly took on a faint edge of steel.

"But you should've known. Simon is *mine*. And if I had to steal your body to get him..."

He shrugged.

"Then so be it."

He deliberately arranged his features into a contrite pose. In the mirror, he watched in satisfaction as beautiful, naked Summer gave him a pleading, apologetic look.

I'm sorry, she seemed to be saying. I-I didn't know. Of course Simon's yours, Joe. Of course he is. I'm just a dumb English cunt, too stupid to realize when I'm not wanted.

Oh, you'll be sorry, alright, Joe thought inside her brain, delighted with how his morning was going, delighted with the new body he was now in control of. *When you see what I've got in store for you...*

Then there was the squeak of bedsprings, a deep grunt, and then a voice which derailed his train of thought entirely.

"Summer? Babe?"

In the mirror, Joe watched as Simon sat up naked in bed, his strong torso on display, the morning light playing through his faint dusting of blond chest hair. He felt the hairs on the nape of his new neck rise up.

"Who the hell are you talking to?" His roomie asked.

Here we go...

With one, last, private smile at Summer's reflection, Joe turned away from the mirror. Turned to face his new boyfriend. The one he'd wanted to be with ever since that day in the forest.

Summer. That's my name now. That will always be my name...

"Oh, nobody." Joe said, casually running one hand through his long, blonde hair.

He suddenly struck a little pose, one hip curled upwards, a hand on it, the other dangling free, a hungry smile on his new, female lips.

"Like what you see, hot stuff?" He whispered, gently biting his lower lip.

For a long moment, Simon simply stared at him. Then his handsome roomie suddenly smiled, a big grin breaking across his masculine features.

He patted the bed.

"Get that sexy little ass of yours over here," he growled, his deep, manly voice vibrating through Joe's tender new form. "Now."

With a girlish giggle, Joe skipped forward, deliberately letting his hips sway. Deliberately letting his new breasts bounce around.

He jumped onto the bed, pressed his newly-female form up against Simon's strong, male one, and suddenly the two boys were kissing again, kissing like they had in the forest, all those

months ago.

Finally... Oh God, this is even better than I thought it would be...

Simon's tongue swirled around the inside of Joe's pretty new mouth, possessing him, making him his. His muscular roomie reached up with one strong hand and stroked Joe's soft cheek, causing Summer's body to give an involuntary whimper.

They kissed for what seemed like forever, suspended in a frozen moment of perfect happiness. Then, at long last, Joe pulled back. He looked deep into his best friend's eyes, a happy, lustful smile on his new face, a face that only a few hours ago had belonged to a girl called Summer.

"Now," he murmured in his British accent, gently biting his lower lip, "how about you show a girl how you Yanks keep warm in the mornings."

Then, before he could stop himself, he was slipping one tiny hand under the bedsheets, letting it run down, down, down until there was something clasped in his palm. Something thick and hard and very long.

Ten minutes later, the two male friends were fucking on the bed, Simon on his knees, his hips *thwacking* up against his roomie's upraised ass, while Joe crouched on all fours, a blissful smile on his pretty face, watching in the mirror as his new boyfriend fucked him like the little slut he was.

*

"Are you sure about this?"

Joe rolled his beautiful, sky blue eyes. He turned and smiled up at his boyfriend, deliberately fluttering his eyelashes a little.

"Simon. *Babes*. We've been over this. It's for the best."

High up above him, Simon looked doubtfully down at Joe, squinting slightly from the harsh sun. In their new bodies, Joe had been delighted to discover his bestie was at *least* a foot taller than him.

"C'mon, Summer," he said, uneasily. "It's Joe's pet."

Joe smiled to himself.

At least, that's what everyone thinks...

"I know he is, baby," he said out loud, still thrilled to be using pet names with Simon, even after a whole two weeks as Summer. "But, for real..."

He held up the cage. Gave Simon a frank look.

"Who's gonna take care of him, huh? Us? Darling, I *told* you..."

The corner of Joe's lips twitched. He had to work hard to stop himself from smiling.

"I'm *allergic* to rodents. The doctor in London told me I could, like, get sick and *die*."

He frowned up at his boyfriend.

"*What?*"

“Nothing...” Simon was giving him a funny look. “I mean, didn’t...”

He hesitated.

“Didn’t you say you were from Bristol?”

Whoops...

The last two weeks had been the greatest of Joe’s life. Even with all the crazy shit happening in their apartment. Even with Simon’s obvious worry.

Just being *this* close to Simon was like a dream come true. The way he could just walk up to his handsome roomie and kiss him out the blue was something Joe still couldn’t get tired of. The way they woke up next to each other in the mornings, Simon’s strong arms wrapped around his tiny, slender frame...

The way they fucked at every opportunity, Simon’s big dick lancing into Summer’s tight little pussy, while Joe made her body whimper and moan in pleasure.

It was perfect. More than that, it was *right*.

The only downside was that Joe kept on making these same, *stupid* mistakes.

“Of... of *course* I did,” Joe hastily replied, Summer’s voice rising in pitch as he spoke. “I just meant I had to go to the allergy specialist *in London*. It’s, uh... it’s near Bristol.”

He gave a gentle cough. He had no idea if that was true or not.

I’m gonna have to start reading up English geography on Wikipedia, probably history, too. Shit, why couldn’t Simon fall for a chick from New Hampshire...?

“Anyway,” he hurriedly went on, “we’re not talking about *me*, are we? We’re talking about your roomie, the one who went...”

“Don’t say it,” Simon interrupted. “It’s not...”

“Baby...” Joe said, gently, trying to hide his amusement. “It’s true.”

He spread his arms wide, noting with satisfaction the way Simon’s eyes automatically dropped down to his cleavage as he did so.

“He went completely *bonkers*.”

At least, that’s what everyone thinks...

Back when he’d first decided to cast the spell that swapped him into Summer’s body, Joe had known he couldn’t just do a simple switch. If *his* body was running around claiming to be the *real* Summer, while saying things only Summer could possibly know, then even the biggest dope would soon realize what had happened.

So he’d made sure to do a three-way spell. He would become the new owner of Summer’s body. Summer would be forced into the body of his pet mouse. And Oliver...

Well. That was where the ‘crazy’ part of the last two weeks came in.

“Joe’s up in the mental asylum, right now,” Joe went on in his soft new voice, “eating cheese and chewing at the walls and squeaking like a... well, like a rodent.”

He shook the cage he was holding in one dainty hand.

“Even if he *does* get better, would he really want to come back to a pet *mouse*?”

Simon was silent, his face stubborn. Joe sighed.

“Look, I know Joe was your friend,” he whispered, stepping forward and resting his chin against Simon’s strong chest, “I know some... *stuff* happened between you guys.”

Simon blinked.

“How...?”

“Doesn’t matter,” Joe said, quickly. “Woman’s intuition. The point *is*...”

He looked up into his boyfriend’s eyes, his pretty face arranged into an open, pleading expression.

“He wouldn’t want you to be moping around like this. He’d want you to make a clean break, to enjoy your new life with your *awesome* new girlfriend. He’d want you to be happy.”

Because that’d make him happy, too, he thought, but didn’t say out loud.

Joe tilted his pretty little head back.

“C’mon.” He said. “Kiss.”

For a moment, Simon simply stood there. Then he gently shook his head, leaned down and planted a soft, tender kiss on Joe’s plump lips.

Inside Summer’s body, Joe almost fainted with happiness. Even after fourteen days together, he still thrilled every time Simon kissed him.

I never want this kiss to stop... he thought to himself, *I just want it to keep going on forever and ever and ever...*

And it could. Simon was going to be his boyfriend forever now, he was sure of it.

They just needed to take care of one last thing...

“OK,” Joe said at last, stepping back. “I’m gonna do this. Ready?”

Simon swallowed. Nodded.

“Good.” Joe held up the cage. “Ready, mousey?”

Inside the plastic cage, Oliver clawed frantically at the bars, squeaking away. Even if he hadn’t known who was really tapped in his body, Joe would’ve thought his old pet was screaming.

Poor old Summer, he thought to himself. *It’s not your fault... you just happened to have a good body going spare when I needed it most. And I can’t let you screw up my plans. Not now. Not when me and Simon are almost happy...*

“God, he looks nervous,” Simon muttered behind him.

“He’s just excited to be outside.”

Joe delicately placed the cage down on the leaves, bending over so Simon could get a good view of his pert ass. He opened the door.

“OK, mousey. Off you go.”

It took a few minutes. But, eventually, Joe was able to shake the cage hard enough that Summer fell out, her little mouse body squeaking and clawing at the air.

She landed with a *flump* on some dried leaves, turned and looked up at him, baring her little mousey teeth.

Joe smiled back at her; a cool smile he knew looked dazzling on Summer’s beautiful face.

“Run away, mousey,” he whispered. “Run away now or some great big bird might come swooping down and *eat you up!*”

He saw the mouse hesitate. Saw the tiny gears working in Summer’s new mind. Joe just kept right on smiling. She’d realize it was true.

After all, thousands of mice died horrible deaths in these woods every single damn day.

At last, the mouse gave one final, defiant squeak, and then Summer was running off into the undergrowth to join her new, rodent brethren. Joe watched her go with a cruel little smile.

She’ll get eaten by an owl, maybe. Or a wild cat. Or even if she somehow survives, mice only live like two years, tops. I’ve had Oliver for over a year already.

One year, maximum, then. One year and this body will be mine forever.

There were footsteps. Then Joe felt a strong hand gently touch his pert new ass. He closed his eyes in happiness, straightened up, turned round and kissed his new boyfriend.

“Thanks,” murmured Simon once they’d disengaged, “sorry if I got kinda kooky just then.”

“Hey, don’t worry,” Joe whispered in Summer’s voice, making her body fix Simon with a look of devotion, a look he *knew* his best friend would find irresistible. “He was your friend. It’s natural you’d be worried.”

He waited a moment, then glanced around the clearing like he was seeing it for the first time.

“This is a nice spot.”

“Is it?” Simon looked around, unsure. Joe waited for him to recognize it.

It was the same spot where they’d shared their kiss, all that time ago.

He doesn’t even realize... doesn’t even realize how perfect this is gonna be...

“You know,” Joe breathed at last, “there’s something I’ve *always* wanted to try outdoors...”

“What?”

In response, Joe gave his boyfriend the faintest smile. He took a few steps back, then lowered Summer’s body onto the ground, onto the dry grass and dead leaves.

Gently, he made her reach down. Made her hesitantly raise the hem of her skirt, pulling it up, up, *up*, his new, sky blue eyes fixed on Simon the entire time.

“Get down here,” Joe made Summer’s gorgeous body whisper. “And show me that you love me.”

At the word *love*, he saw Simon hesitate. It was too early, too soon, too close to his roomie

having a mental breakdown...

...but then he closed his mouth. Unzipped his jeans, reached into his pants. A smile flitted across his handsome features.

“OK, Summer. You asked for it...”

Then they were fucking. Fucking so roughly, Joe didn’t know if he was screaming in pleasure or pain. Fucking like two mortal enemies locked in a fight to the death, Simon’s big cock stabbing deep into Joe’s womb over and over and over.

Trapped inside Summer’s body, Joe heard his new, female voice screaming. Felt the walls of his new pussy *clench* tight against Simon’s prick. Felt his hips automatically bucking against his roomie’s, as Simon stared into his eyes, an expression of raw, animal passion on his square-jawed face.

On the far side of the clearing, a little mouse watched them with dark and shiny eyes.

If anyone saw it and didn’t know better, they might almost have said that it was crying.

*

The years passed.

Up in the asylum, Joe plunged further into madness, acting like so much like a rodent that even the brightest doctors didn’t know what to do. Out in the woods, a small mouse struggled and struggled to live, until one day it simply stopped living.

In the town, Summer never stopped doing anything. She just kept loving Simon more and more and more.

Within six weeks, she’d moved into Joe’s old room on campus and transferred onto his old course. Within six months, she and Simon were acting like they’d never been apart, like they’d known each other for years.

By the time nine months had passed, both knew that they were gonna be together forever.

“It’s crazy,” Simon murmured in bed one evening, one strong hand gently caressing Summer’s hair, “I feel like I’ve know you forever, Summer.”

It was late, and the two had just had their most-spectacular fuck yet. Now they lay naked in one another’s arms, their bodies both slick with sweat.

“When I first met you, I thought you were just some cute girl, y’know? Some posh Brit who just wanted a good time for a week or two.”

He shook his head.

“But after that... that *thing* happened with Joe. I mean, *Summer*. It’s like you just opened up completely. You... you’re funny, and smart, and-and *sexy*...”

Her head rested on Simon’s strong chest, Summer smiled to herself.

“I mean, you’re *perfect*.” Simon sounded like he couldn’t believe what he was saying. “I’ve... I’ve never felt this way about a girl before.”

Deep inside Summer’s brain, Joe felt like laughing out loud. Simon may not know it, but he *still*

didn't feel this way about a *real* girl.

Outwardly, though, he simply made Summer's body murmur:

"I've never felt this way about a boy, either."

She sat up slightly, kissed his strong torso.

"You're *incredible*, Simon. You're the boy I always dreamed of."

"This... this is gonna sound *crazy*," Simon said, "but don't laugh at me, OK? But I was thinking... I was thinking..."

He swallowed. Summer felt the tiny movement in his chest.

"Why don't we get married? I mean, after college. I know it sounds *bonkers*, but..."

Summer sat up in bed, her naked breasts dangling. She smiled down at her boyfriend, at his hopeful face. At the man she would love unconditionally until the day she died.

"It doesn't sound crazy at all. In fact..." she giggled, "why don't we get married *now*?"

She laughed at Simon's shocked expression, then leaned down, took his handsome face in her hands and kissed him on his nose.

"I mean it." She whispered. "I wanna be Mrs. Simon Bradley."

"Summer Bradley?" Simon pretended to roll the name round his tongue. "I dunno... whaddya think?"

Summer giggled again.

"I think it sounds *perfect*," she purred.

She flashed him a cheeky smile.

"Now, how about we *celebrate* our new engagement?"

And Simon shook his head in amazement, smiling like a giddy schoolboy. And then he was climbing onto Summer, roughly pinning her to the bed, and fucking her with sharp, almost violent movements, just how he knew she liked it.

So boyfriend and girlfriend got married and became man and wife.

It was an odd ceremony. There were dozens of British people there that Summer had never seen in her life, but had to pretend to know intimately. Deep in her head, Joe struggled to keep up with all their names, terrified he'd screw up and his secret would get out.

So many aunts... who knew the British had such stupid big families like this...

The worst part was when the strange man Joe assumed was Summer's dad had to walk him down the aisle. Stood together behind the heavy wooden door, waiting for the music to start playing, Joe had to pretend to be overcome with emotion, just so he wouldn't have to talk to Summer's dad and give the game away.

But it worked. The wedding came off without a hitch. And *everyone* agreed the bride looked radiant in her flowing white dress.

The world turned. Time kept moving.

Simon and Summer graduated and moved to the city. They rented a loft, he got a job in some laboratory, and she decided she wanted to be an actress. They got a new social group, Summer found some girls to hang out with, and they got on with their lives.

To Summer's amazement, being a girl was easier than she'd anticipated. Casual girl-chat seemed to come naturally to her, and she was surprised to realize that girls talked about sex and masturbation in private just as much as boys did.

It was like getting a private window into a whole new world, one she'd never even suspected of existing.

Summer's career grew. She appeared in a few plays in a walk-on part, and even had an affair with an actor who would go on to be famous. Her girlfriends were shocked she would cheat on Simon, but Summer begged them not to tell.

She didn't want to lose her husband. Not when she'd made so many sacrifices to be with him.

After five years of trying to make the city work, the couple moved out to the suburbs; older and wiser and wearier. They bought a decent-sized house, Summer got pregnant, and soon they were starting a whole new family.

For the tiny part of Summer's mind that still called itself Joe, the experience of being pregnant was the *weirdest* thing ever. There were cravings, and leaky boobs, and stretch marks, and all sorts of shit no-one ever thinks to mention when you're still a man.

But there were wonderful, beautiful moments, too.

Like the day Joe found himself, sat on the bed of their new home, his swollen belly resting on his tired legs, feeling his baby kick inside him and marveling at how perfect his life was.

He had a piece of *Simon* growing inside him. A whole new life he would soon give birth to. A living piece of proof that his dashing roomie now loved him unconditionally.

Sat there, peering over his swollen breasts at the dome of Summer's belly, thinking these thoughts, Joe was amazed to find himself in tears. It took him a good five seconds to realize he wasn't upset.

They were tears of happiness.

Then the first kid arrived, and Summer was taken away to scream her head off in a delivery room, her body wracked with a pain her male-self had never thought possible. Then, when she was handed her baby daughter, the pain was replaced by a love that, to her shock, was even stronger than the pain had been.

So their household grew. Summer got pregnant two more times, and soon they were a big, busy family.

As the years slipped by and her kids got older, Summer found it harder and harder to remember a time before she was this beautiful British woman. By the time she was thirty, she wasn't sure if the dreams she sometimes had of being a man were echoes of a previous life, or just a sign that she was going crazy.

Then, one day, when Summer had just turned thirty-five, it all fell apart.

Summer was at home one day, nursing their youngest daughter, when the phone rang. She picked

it up, already asking Simon to pick some milk up on the way home, when the female voice started speaking and chilled her to her core.

“It’s not Simon,” the youthful girl said. “I’m sorry, I’m so sorry, but I *had* to tell you...”

When the call had finished, Summer just sat there, staring into space, her baby clasped loosely in her hands.

Words flashed through her head, phrases from the call:

Three years now...

...met in the lab together...

...think I’m pregnant...

...sorry. But I love him, the defiance of this last phrase so strong that it physically hurt her to hear it.

It was amazing how quickly everything could change. How a house could switch from being a home to a prison, in the blink of an eye. How you could go from being a wife, to a... a...

A dumb bitch. Summer thought to herself, angrily. *How could I be so stupid, how could I not notice...?*

For the next hour, she sat there, ignoring her baby’s plaintive cries. Just listening to the dark sea, broiling and roaring inside of her. Wishing she was dead.

Then, abruptly, she got to her feet. Placed the baby on the floor and went down into the basement, wearing nothing but her dressing gown.

If Simon wants to destroy this marriage, she thought, savagely, *then I’ll give him exactly what he wants.*

For the first time in years, the part of her brain she called Joe was waking up. Piloting her over to the stack of cardboard boxes, making her dig through them. Making her throw piles of paper and remnants of their lives together across the floor, until she found...

The spell, Joe thought, thickly, clasping the sheets of paper with Summer’s slender fingers, *how could I forget...?*

He looked down at his old notes with a feeling of vicious triumph. At the notes he’d finished making that fateful night, when he finally became the girl he’d lived as for the last fifteen years.

The night he decoded both the body-swap spell, and how to reverse it.

You’re gonna wreck my marriage, huh, Simon? He thought, viciously. *Then fuck you. Wait till you wake up in the body of a pig!*

He was just about to say the spell, when suddenly a thought occurred to him. A thought that made him stop and smile, the old, dazzling Summer smile.

Summer and Simon’s marriage might be over...

But that didn’t mean Joe and Simon would have to be apart for even a single minute.

The gears turned in Joe’s brain. He looked down at Summer’s body. At the slight sag already starting to appear in her boobs. At the stretch marks she could now never get rid of.

At all the signs of age, starting to accumulate on her once-beautiful form.

She did sound young, he thought to himself, *the girl on the phone... young, and probably beautiful...*

He could do it, if he wanted to. There was nothing to stop him. Nothing to stop him from saying the spell and jumping out of Summer's body and into the body of Simon's new mistress.

Oh, it'd be complicated at first. And he'd kinda miss Summer's body, it had served him well.

But if Simon was done with Summer, well...

...then Joe was done with her, too.

At these thoughts, Joe felt himself smile. A natural, happy smile.

Simon could try to run all he liked. He could find himself any woman, any *man*, even. But, at the end of the day, when he came home from work each evening, it would be *Joe* who he was cuddling up to. Joe who was making his dinner and asking how his day was.

Joe who was making him *happy*.

OK, he thought to himself, *let's do it. But we can't just dump this new bitch, whoever she is, in Summer's body, that would be awkward. No, we'll have to add in an animal again...*

He giggled to himself.

A dung beetle. That's what he'd use this time. Or a cockroach.

If that *cunt* was gonna try and get her claws into Simon, then she didn't deserve to be anything but the foulest thing he could think of.

I wonder if I could trap her as a maggot... Would that work?

Of course, that would mean a maggot possessing Summer's old body. When Joe thought about how his and Simon's kids would react to that, he couldn't help but feel a little sad.

But he also knew that he was going to keep Simon, whatever the cost. That was just how it was.

OK then. One new body for me, and one bitch trapped as an insect, coming right up!

Feeling suddenly happy, like a woman in a rut who was about to move abroad and change her life, Joe picked up the spell. He started reading, reading in his British voice for one final time.

A strange blue light glowed. Enveloped everything. Joe set his jaw into a hideous grin.

There. Time for a change...

He closed his eyes, waiting to open them again, in some new, young, beautiful form. In a body with tits that were still pert, a pussy that hadn't been damaged by squeezing out three kids.

In a body that Simon could still love.

But it didn't quite work out like that. Even as the spell started to work, Joe could already tell something was wrong. As Summer's body faded around him, nothing seemed to come to take its place.

Nothing but a cold, empty darkness that seemed to go on forever.

With a scream, Joe tried to stop the spell, but it was too late.

Summer's body vanished.

And Joe was left floating in a hideous abyss of nothingness.

*

Jesus Christ, thought Dr. Melcher, rubbing the bridge of his nose, *what a day*.

It was late evening, the sodium lights casting weird shadows into his office in the new-build asylum. Around him lay floors and floors of the most damaged, haunted and dangerous people in the state.

...and then there was his *newest* patient.

Christ, he was *something else*.

Dr. Melcher sighed, picked up the report, started flicking through it again.

Even now, he could scarcely believe it. If he hadn't seen it with his own eyes, he'd think the whole thing was just the *dumbest* crock of shit.

It is a crock of shit, the doctor thought, irritably, *fifteen years ago a college kid goes crazy, starts acting like a rodent. Then today, he suddenly stops with the act, starts talking and acting human again, only now he says he's not a he...*

The words of the report danced before his eyes, mocking him with their madness, their seeming-stupidity.

He says he's a girl. Some British woman named Summer. That fifteen years ago his boyfriend's creepy roomie stole his body and turned him into a mouse. That he was eaten by a cat in the forest, and he's been dead ever since, and now he's just suddenly come back to life...

A memory rose up, unwanted, in the doctor's mind. Of one of the orderlies hesitantly saying that he remembered reading about something like this in a bonus class he'd taken at college. About a spell book that let you swap your enemies into new bodies, but had a hideous curse placed upon it. A curse that meant you could *never* use it again. Because if you tried to use it more than once...

...then you'd find yourself trapped inside whatever dreadful body you'd forced on your enemy the first time round, for all eternity.

And if that body had died in the meantime, well...

Dr. Melcher let out a harsh bark of a laugh, the laugh of a man who is fed up with all the dumbass nonsense the world insists on throwing at him.

It's a goddamn crock of shit, all right.

He threw the report down on his desk, shaking his head. This patient was gonna take *forever* to solve.

Far away, at that exact moment, other doctors like him were examining an equally-baffling case. Of a British woman in some suburban home who'd snapped after finding out her husband cheated on her, and was now scuttling round and acting like a rodent.

Meanwhile, in the corner of a lonely stretch of forest, a gust of wind blew an old, stray mouse

bone across a clearing. Up above, the moon shone down on the long-dead creature with cold indifference.

The End.

*

Like what you've read? You'll love my other tale of gender transformation and straight best friend seduction: [Turned into His Best Friend's Bride](#).

The Gender Swap Games

“Time’s up. *Choose.*”

The man looked around the arena in uncomprehending fear, as if desperately searching for an ally. Female faces leered at him from the old, wooden seats. Thousands of women, watching his suffering with undisguised glee.

“Hurry up, little man.” The voice of the High Priestess was laced with humor, like she was struggling not to laugh. “Either make a pick or...”

She let the word hang in the air for a moment.

“Let *us* decide your new form for you.”

Beneath the glare of the TV camera lights, a look of terror flickered across the man’s face. He helplessly shook his head.

“N-no... please. I’ll-I’ll do it, I just need more...”

“Time is for us.” The Priestess’s voice was sharp. “For *women*. Creatures like you... *men-*”

She spat the word out.

“-have no such luxury.”

High up in the gallery, the tall, dark-haired woman smiled down at the cowering man before her. She folded her arms across her bare breasts, her sculpted, supermodel face alive with pleasure.

“You have ten seconds, worm. Now. *Choose.*”

Silence. The women in their seats leaned forward, craning their necks for a better look. Cameras focused, broadcasting the spectacle to billions of women across the globe. At home, mommies and girls and wives sat, glued to their seats.

No one ever missed the finale of the Games.

Trembling, the man looked down at the ornate wooden table before him. At the six boxes, neatly lined up. The six boxes that would decide his fate.

High above, a vast digital clock silently counted down his last few seconds. A bead of sweat formed on his forehead, rolled down his handsome face. Earlier in the program they’d broadcast footage of him before It happened: a square-jawed and carefree hunk in a business suit, eyeing up secretaries in his office.

Now, naked and scared, his sculpted torso oiled for the cameras, he looked less like a man in control, and more like what he really was.

A pathetic little slave.

4... Flashed the clock. 3...

The audience held its breath. The arena was silent. In each woman’s face you could see the same tension, the same question, being asked over and over again.

Is he gonna do it? Is he...?

They rarely did. Rarely chose the box that, when opened, would allow them to keep being male.

The odds were simply against them. Five boxes that would automatically turn them into one of five types of female, and only one that would allow them to keep their cocks and escape this cruel madness.

But you never knew...

2... The clock counted off. 1...

In the gallery, the High Priestess picked up her silver staff. Sneered.

"Looks like we'll have to choose your new shape after all-"

"WAIT!"

The man's hand shot out. Landed on a simple, wooden box *just* as the clock hit 0. The assembled women gave a collective sigh of relief.

It was never as fun when the Priestess chose for them.

"I... I choose *this* one!" The man shouted, his face a mixture of defiance and terror.

Twenty TV cameras panned back to the Priestess. She smiled. She knew this would make *great* television.

"Very well," she said. "Box five it is. Now. Let's see what you *could* have become."

There was a sting of music in the studio. High above the arena, the female commentators sat in their box, breathlessly whispering into their microphones in a dozen different languages, explaining to all those watching at home what was going on.

"If you had picked box one," the Priestess intoned, clearly enjoying herself, "you would have become..."

The man's eyes were wide, his hands shaking. You could tell what he was thinking, even without the digital screen relaying his thoughts.

Please don't say male, please don't say male...!

The Priestess gave a practiced pause. Her eyes alive with amusement.

"...a bimbo secretary!"

The audience gave a collective gasp. The man let out a breath. The lid of box one flipped up. For a second, the image of a blonde secretary with vast tits, a tight waist and pouty lips hung there, her eyes twinkling behind her fashionable, heavy-framed glasses.

"One down," the Priestess said. "A step closer to keeping your male form? Or a step closer to becoming something *really* awful?"

Below her, the man swallowed. He'd knocked out a box, true. But 'secretary' was one of the nicer things you could be turned into.

He didn't want to think about what might be waiting in the box beneath his hands.

"Next... box two."

The Priestess paused again. After a decade presenting the weekly Games, she had a natural flair for suspense.

“If you had picked that box, you would have become...”

The audience leaned forward again. The man closed his eyes.

“...a little girl!”

Another burst of music. Another sigh of relief. The lid of box two flipped up and a ghostly image appeared of a 5-year old poppet with freckled cheeks, a gap between her front teeth and two blonde pigtails dangling above a sparkly pink princess costume.

In front of the audience, she giggled silently and waved at the man who’d nearly become her.

“Another bullet dodged,” the High Priestess murmured. “Maybe this worm will make it all the way through?”

A look of sadistic delight crossed her statuesque features.

“I doubt it, though. *Now*,” she suddenly snapped, “box *three*...”

And so on it went, each box opening in turn, each one accompanied by a gasp from the audience, and a whimper of relief from the trapped man.

He whimpered as box three opened to reveal a dead-eyed stripper with enormous boobs, raven hair and a surgically-enhanced body covered with tattoos.

He whimpered as box four opened and an image flashed up of a piece of bimbo arm candy, her curvy body hidden inside a revealing, expensive dress, her pretty head resting against the strong arm of a male billionaire.

Finally, he whimpered as the cameras focused on box six, and the world waited to see his fate.

“Box six...” by now the Priestess was openly laughing. “Just imagine, *worm*. If we open this and see another girl, you will have beaten the odds and kept your body. Not only that, but you will be sent to Paradise. *But...*”

Her eyes flashed.

“...if the image of a *man* comes out, then your luck will be up.”

Another pause.

“How are you feeling, slave?”

The digital output of the man’s mind was going wild. Women in the arena giggled as he tried to force himself not to think unkind thoughts about the Priestess.

Only last month a man who got to this stage had made the mistake of responding to this very question with a snapped *how do you think I’m feeling?* So the Priestess, to the delight of the women watching at home, had turned him into a bright pink rubber dildo.

The man swallowed. Forced up a hideous, cracked smile.

“I’m excited, oh Goddess. Excited to see what... see what I *become*.”

“Good,” the Priestess smiled. “In that case...”

She raised her arms, holding her staff up in the air.

“If you had opened box six, you would have become...”

A pause, a silence that seemed to last forever. The audience were frozen. Not even the TV crew dared breathe.

The Priestess looked down at the pathetic creature before her. Suppressed a giggle.

“...you would have become... *a man!*”

The audience shrieked with laughter. The man’s eyes grew wide. The digital readout of his thoughts went wild.

NONONONONONOHGODPLEASENO!

The lid of box six opened. An image appeared of the man, no different than he was now. The hologram gave him a sad smile and a little shrug.

“Which *means...*” the High Priestess’s grin tugged wider than ever, “that box five contains...”

“NO!” The man suddenly screamed. “No, *please!* Goddess, I beg you. *Please-!*”

“... *a French maid!*”

The audience went wild, screaming, laughing, applauding. The man let out a hopeless cry. The lid of box five opened and an image appeared of a breathless, 18-year old French girl with a soft baby face, a vast cleavage almost falling out a tight little black maid’s outfit, and a pink feather duster clasped in one tiny hand.

Before the man’s shell shocked eyes, she silently blew him a kiss, giggling as she did so.

“You made your choice.” The High Priestess’s voice was suddenly hard, unforgiving. “By the power vested in me by the women of Earth, I find you *guilty* of being a man.”

The audience all cheered at once. The TV cameras zoomed in. The man looked like he was about to faint.

“Now be a good little bitch, and *accept your punishment!*”

And suddenly she pointed her staff right at the naked man, whispered something. The man threw up his hands-

“*No!*”

-but it was too late.

Before the watching eyes of millions of women, the man’s body began to shift and twist. As he screamed and begged, his entire form started to rearrange itself, like putty being molded by invisible hands.

His shoulders tugged inwards, losing their masculine broadness, even as his hips pushed out.

His arms and legs shed muscle, becoming weak and willowy.

His waist tightened, like someone had *yanked* an invisible belt tight around it.

His ass jumped up and filled out. His pecs wobbled then began to inflate into breasts. His dick hiked back up into his body, replaced by a pair of plump and moist little lips.

The man looked down at his body and *howled*. Tears rolled down his cheeks. He gave the Priestess one last, pleading glance.

“You deserve this,” the Priestess whispered. “*Every* man deserves this.”

Then the man began to scream, a raw, animal scream that rose in pitch until it became a girly shriek.

He shrieked as his face transformed from a square-jawed man’s face into a soft and girly one.

He shrieked as long blonde locks erupted from his head, tumbling past his narrow, cream shoulders.

And he shrieked as he shrank ten inches, as his skin became smooth and hairless and springy, and as a maid’s uniform began to form across his curvy new body.

Half a minute after it had started, it was over. The Priestess lowered her staff with a smile. The audience craned their necks to look...

...at the cute little French maid standing where a man had once been.

She was young, maybe 18 at most, with wide blue eyes, pouty pink lips, round cheeks and platinum blonde hair that fell in straight lines either side of her pretty little face.

Her breasts and ass were large, her waist tight, her legs long. Her black uniform was tiny, trimmed with white lace, barely able to cover her cute little bum.

Pristine white stockings laced their way up her slender legs. A dainty little maid’s cap perched on her head. Frilly garters hung from her dainty wrists, a black choker wrapped around her throat. A pink feather duster dangled from one tiny hand.

She was beautiful. She was tacky. She was a bimbo. The sort of woman men used to fantasize about, when they were still allowed to think such thoughts.

And she was *him*.

In horror, the French maid who used to be a man looked down at her new body. At its curves, its soft bits, its ridiculous little uniform that was more lingerie than clothes.

Then, suddenly, she began to cry.

Before the cameras, big fat tears rolled down her soft cheeks, pattering onto her new uniform. As the audience watched, the pretty young French girl placed her face in her dainty hands.

“Now, now,” purred the Priestess, “you knew this would happen. We couldn’t leave you as a disgusting *man* now, could we?”

The French maid raised her eyes to the Priestess, her cheeks flushed red.

“*Zis iz not fair!*” She wailed, in an adorable French accent. “*Please! You can no force me to be ze Fronch maid!*”

The Priestess smiled calmly at her.

“We can do whatever we want. You may be a girl now, but you have a *man*’s brain.”

Her eyes narrowed.

“And men *deserve* punishment.”

The audience cheered loudly at that. As their whooping overwhelmed the studio, the French

maid lowered her pretty little head.

Like every man on planet Earth, she knew all too well that what the Priestess was saying was true.

“From now on,” the Priestess continued, “your name is Fifi. You are the maid of a cruel countess living in a castle in rural France. You will spend the rest of your life scrubbing that old castle from top to bottom and serving your new mistress’s every whim.”

“You will cook for her. Clean for her. Dress her. Worship the ground she walks on. You will speak only when spoken to. You will have no time to yourself, no choice but to debase yourself sexually for her pleasure, no option but to spend the rest of your life as her worthless little maid.”

She tilted her head.

“How does that sound, *Fifi*?”

For a moment, those watching wondered if Fifi would say something. If she’d snap at the Priestess and have to be punished.

Her little hands balled into angry fists. Her shoulders tensed. She opened her pretty little mouth...

...and then the fight drained out of her. With an unhappy smile, she looked up at the Priestess.

“*Zat sounds merveilleux, madam.*”

“Good,” the Priestess smiled, raised her staff. “Off you go, then.”

There was a flash of light, a little squeak, and then Fifi had vanished. Half a world away, in France, a sadistic countess smiled as her pretty new maid appeared, her cheeks flushed red and a *desperate* urge to serve already overwhelming her curvy body.

“We’ll be checking back on Fifi’s progress next episode,” the Priestess smiled to the women in the audience, “along with a special segment on what happened to the man we turned into a pair of panties five years ago.”

Some cheers from the audience. Applause. A camera zoomed in on the Priestess’s face. She looked into it, raised one sculpted eyebrow.

“Don’t forget to join us next week, girls, for another round of the Games. And to all you pathetic little men watching...”

She laughed. A cold, horrible laugh.

“Serve your mistresses well. Or *you* could find yourselves trapped here next time!”

The applause rose into a roar. The Priestess gave one, last, tiny bow...

...and that was it for the 46th episode of the 20th season of the never-ending Games.

*

“Wow, wasn’t that a showstopper? What about you, Carol, were you as glued to your seat as I was?”

“You bet, Aimee! Y’know, for one second there, I really thought that little worm was gonna make it...”

In front of her vast TV, Hailey tilted back her head and yawned lazily. She was lying sprawled across the leather sofa, as she always did, dressed only in a fluffy white dressing gown.

“Well, that was fun,” she murmured, plucking another grape out the silver bowl beside her. “I’m bored now. Turn the TV off.”

Sat at her feet, her husband Frank looked up at her with an expression of barely-controlled anger. He held a little nail varnish brush in one hand, the other carefully holding one of Hailey’s feet.

“For God’s sakes, Hailey, can’t it wait until I-”

Hailey narrowed her eyes.

“Did you just question a direct order, *bitch*?”

She smiled as Frank swallowed. As he grit his teeth and shook his head.

“No, mistress Hailey,” he muttered, “I would never dream of...”

“No? Then turn. The. TV. *Off*.”

A savage grin split Hailey’s pretty, middle-aged face.

“*NOW*, slave! Or I’ll submit your name to the Gamesmasters!”

That was all she needed to say.

With a hideous, fake smile plastered to his handsome face, Frank pulled himself to his feet. He crossed the room, his 13-inch cock swinging between his naked, hairy legs and turned the television off, deliberately bending low so Hailey could get a good look at his toned and naked ass.

“Finally.” Hailey sighed. “God, you’re useless. If it weren’t for that *dynamite* body of yours, I’d have got rid of you long ago.”

“Yes, mistress.” Frank replied, stiffly. “Thank you, mistress.”

Inside, he tried to fight his urge to laugh bitterly.

It wasn’t like this body was *his*, anyway.

Not so long ago, Frank had been an normal guy with what he thought was a normal wife, living and getting along in the suburbs of their town. He had a boring job, a slowly-developing paunch, and a secretary he sometimes fucked in a motel off the interstate. He’d thought that was it. That that was life.

And then the Sisterhood had come to Earth, and everything had changed.

“Stand up, slave. Turn around and let me get a good look at you.”

Frank grimaced. He always hated this part.

“Yes, mistress.”

Moments later, he was facing Hailey, watching in faint disgust as her eyes crawled over his oiled and naked form. A form she’d used her new powers to give him, twenty long years ago.

He could still remember it now. The way Hailey had smiled and clapped her hands while he screamed and begged.

The strange sensation of his body *changing*, turning from a normal man's body into a cage of muscle and steel that looked like something off the cover of a romance novel.

The way his pecs had hardened, his cock extended. The way his arms and legs had suddenly become thick and muscular. The new face Hailey had wished onto him, sitting beneath a dreamy mop of dark and curly hair.

Since that day, Frank had been his wife's naked, muscleman slave. Cooking for her, cleaning for her, kissing her feet...

...fucking her whenever she felt horny, a combination of disgust and horror mingling in his chest as he realized just how much his wife liked this horrible new body of his.

"Reminiscing about the past again?"

Hailey's words jerked Frank back to his senses. He blinked at her.

"What do you-?"

"The readout," Hailey irritably waved a hand at the digital screen beside their TV, "I can see *everything* you're thinking, remember?"

One of the first things the Sisterhood had done – after giving every woman on Earth complete control over the planet's men – was to hook every non-transformed man up to a device that constantly monitored their thoughts. For twenty years, Frank had watched, mortified, as Hailey was given access to every single, idle thing that crossed his mind...

And punished him, accordingly.

Shit, I forgot about the screen...

Frank quickly forced himself to think bland, boring thoughts. Stuff about flowers. Birds. Dumb shit like that.

"Oh, give it a rest," Hailey said. "I know you're not *really* thinking about flowers, worm."

Nonetheless, she turned from the screen, letting her green eyes drift greedily back over Frank's body. Settling on the stupidly-oversized cock she'd wished onto him.

Frank shuffled uncomfortably. Although he'd never dare think such a thought out loud – let alone *say* it – the way Hailey looked at him these days made him feel like a piece of meat.

"Well, darling, did you enjoy watching the Games?"

Frank forced up another smile.

"Of course, honey," he hoped his words sounded more sincere to Hailey's ears than they did to his. "You know I love the Games."

Hailey giggled.

"I *am* glad," she purred, not taking her eyes off Frank's dick, "because I've been thinking for a while now, it can't be comfortable for you, walking round the house like that. Don't you get cold sometimes, dear?"

Frank hesitated, his brain whirring. He gave his wife (*mistress*, his brain reminded him) a doubtful look. Where was she going with this?

More to the point, did she *really* want him to answer truthfully?

Hailey was smiling up at his square-jawed face, her eyes innocent. At last, Frank nodded.

“Well, now you mention it, I guess I *do* get kinda chilly...”

“My poor darling!” Hailey raised one hand to her red lips in faux-shock. “Why didn’t you say something? Well, no matter...”

Another giggle. A familiar feeling of dread began to gnaw at Frank’s stomach.

“...watching the Games just now gave me an *excellent* idea. I’ve had you naked for so long, it was starting to get tiresome. So, why not kill two birds with one stone?”

“Hailey? What are you...?”

“You want to keep warm, and *I’d* like a husband in uniform,” Hailey continued, that deliberately-naïve smile still on her lips. “So, what are we waiting for? Let’s get my darling husband dressed up!”

At the word *up*, Hailey clapped her hands. Frank’s eyes went wide. He let out a moan...

...and watched in horror as his new uniform appeared over his naked body.

A cool black liquid magically appeared around his hips, flowed down his beefy thighs, across his horse-sized cock. As Hailey watched in amusement, it solidified into a tight pair of shorts that *clung* to Frank’s groin, leaving almost nothing to the imagination.

There was a flash of white, and then a little apron unrolled down the front, over the bulge of Frank’s dick. It pulled tight around his crotch, then tiny little buttons appeared in its surface, barely holding the fabric together.

“Ease of access,” murmured Hailey, “just in case I need to get it out quickly. But we’re not done yet, my darling...”

There was a faint sound, like the fluttering of wings. A starched white collar flew into the room and fastened itself around Frank’s neck, clapping on so tight he let out a gasp.

As he reached up to try and tear the collar from his throat, his hands wobbled, and suddenly his wrists were sporting two white cuffs with black buttons. Frank gaped at them, as if astonished to find them there.

“H-Hailey!” Frank stammered, “what the *hell* is this? *Please!* You can’t-!”

“Oh *do* shut up.” His wife yawned. “You’re not allowed to talk anymore.”

At her words, a switch flipped in Frank’s brain. His voice cut off with a *glerk*. Ever since It happened, he – like every man on Earth – had been incapable of disobeying an order from a woman.

Now, he could only watch in silent terror as Hailey’s latest wish came true.

There was a noise like rubber stretching. A back bowtie *pulled* itself into existence, fastened to the collar around Frank’s neck. He grasped it in shock, his eyes dazed. There was an itching feeling, and two white silk gloves knitted themselves around his hands, perfect for holding trays.

It was only too obvious where this was going now.

Hailey was making Frank into her *sexy butler*.

There was a gust of wind. Frank's hair automatically swept itself back and up into a clean, obedient cut. A hand towel appeared from nowhere, folded itself over one muscular forearm.

And then the magic was over.

In the silence that followed, Frank could see Hailey admiring her handiwork, her eyes shining with laughter.

Oh God, what now...?

Looking down, he grimaced at his new uniform, at the clothes he would be forced to wear, day-in, day-out, until Hailey changed her mind.

Experimentally, he touched his black bowtie. Tried to rip it off and hurl it on the floor, but he knew from experience it would be useless. His fingers refused to even close on it.

He was a man, after all. And that meant he was completely powerless in this female-dominated world.

"Seeing that maid on TV made me decide I wanted a butler," Hailey said, her voice light. "From now on, you'll cook and clean and serve me wearing that uniform. No more nudity."

She giggled.

"Except in the bedroom, of course."

Frank lowered his hands. Gave his mistress a jerky, obedient nod. It wasn't his place to question Hailey's decisions.

"Excellent."

There was a brief pause, and then Hailey slowly unfurled her legs, got to her feet. She walked over to her husband. Placed one hand on his chest. With a start, Frank realized she was feeling his muscles, enjoying the raw *power* of his magically-altered body.

But it was more than that. She was feeling his fear, too. His fear of what she could do to him.

Of what *any* woman could do to him.

Gently, Hailey leaned forward, until their lips were almost touching. Looked up into Frank's eyes, a demonic little smile on her lips.

"You look so perfect like that..." she whispered, her lips parted. "So very, very... *perfect*."

At the word *perfect*, she let her hand drop down. Grabbed Frank's humungous dick through his skimpy little shorts and *squeezed*.

"No more backchat, OK? No more bad thoughts," she murmured. "You be a good little butler, and I *promise* I won't send you on the Games."

Frank swallowed. Nodded. There was no use fighting now. There never was.

"Wonderful." Hailey seemed to think for a moment, then leaned in. "Now, *slave*. How about showing your mistress what a *good little butler* you are?"

And before Frank could even think of disobeying, she was whispering in his ear, and the magic

was kicking in, forcing him to sweep his wife to her feet and carry her silently through to the bedroom.

Ten minutes later, he lay on top of Hailey, mechanically fucking her like some clockwork robot, pounding his dick into her pussy while Hailey gasped and grinned evilly into his helpless features, while she used him like the unthinking sex toy he now was.

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Five hours later, Frank stood at the sink in his stupid butler's uniform, staring out into the darkness of their backyard while his body automatically washed the dishes.

It had been another evening of hell.

After turning him into her butler, Hailey had used her powers to make Frank fuck her for precisely two hours, forbidding him to come, even as she fired off orgasm after orgasm.

The moment she was done, she'd sent Frank to run her a bath, then had him give her a candlelit massage, purring away as Frank's body – without any input from his brain – expertly worked the tension out of her back, her thighs, her feet.

Finally, once he'd prepared her bed, she'd given him strict instructions to go back downstairs and continue cleaning once she was asleep. Then she'd jumped onto the big double bed they'd once shared, twenty long years ago, and forced Frank to gently eat her pussy for two hours until she fell asleep.

In all that time, she hadn't given him permission to talk. Frank was still stuck on 'mute', and would be until she remembered to give him his voice back.

Right now, he wouldn't be able to make a sound, even if the kitchen was on fire and he was about to burn to death.

With an internal growl, Frank dropped the metal pot he was cleaning onto the rack. Glanced up at the clock.

Midnight. He would have to wake up in six hours to start getting Hailey's breakfast ready. And he *still* hadn't ironed her clothes.

This is a goddamn joke... he thought, bitterly. Twenty years... twenty years that bitch's slave...

Now she was asleep, Hailey wouldn't be monitoring his thoughts. An automatic alarm would wake her if he thought about anything *really* bad, like killing her, but some PG swearing was OK, thank God.

Jesus, I need a break... I'll do the clothes later...

With heavy limbs, Frank dragged himself away from the sink, into the living room. Since his transformation into Hailey's muscleman, he'd been blessed with a physical stamina he'd never dreamed was possible.

Mentally, though, he was still same old, lazy Frank. And, right now, lazy Frank was freakin' *tired*.

He dropped onto the sofa, trying to ignore the way his stupid new uniform hugged his cock. Trying to stay as quiet as possible as he turned the TV back on.

Just fifteen minutes, then we'll get back to work...

"...welcome back to Men Getting What They Deserve! Today, we're looking at all the ways you girls have punished those pathetic little creeps in your life..."

Frank sighed to himself.

Not this dumbass show again...

It was that stupid compilation show they played, again and again. The one where women sent in short home videos they'd taken of their male slaves, showing what they'd done to them.

Onscreen, two oiled and naked men were being walked on chains by some young blonde girl. They were on all fours like dogs, barking and sniffing each other's asses.

"...Candie from California used to always want a pair of mangy mutts to call her own. When she got her powers, she made her boyfriend and his brother live out her dream! But they've got nothing on Wendy..."

On and on it went. As Frank watched, images flashed up. Men dressed in tutus being forced to dance down the street, singing *I'm a little sissy!* Straight dudes forced to make out. Men being used as footstools, as toilets, as coatracks...

Ever since It had happened – ever since the Sisterhood had landed – women's power over men had been effectively limitless. The only thing the laughing women posting these videos *couldn't* do was turn their male slaves into girls or objects.

That was a power only the sisterhood had.

Enough already...

With a feeling of disgust, Frank flipped the channel. But it was hopeless. For twenty years, now, every single channel on Earth had been dedicated to videos of men being humiliated.

There must be something...

At last, the screen switched, and suddenly Frank was watching old reruns of the Games. Gently, he lowered the remote.

He hated to admit it, being a man and all, but there was something kinda... *interesting* about watching the Games.

You could tell this episode was old from the grain of the video. In low-resolution, he watched as some oiled young stud opened his boxes one by one, hoping against hope to beat the odds.

There was something... *familiar* about him. His mop of blond hair. His blue, hopeful eyes. Frank felt like he'd seen him somewhere before.

Probably Hailey made me watch it. Is he the one who gets turned into a fat girl...? Or maybe he's the one who tried to escape and got turned into a pig...

He watched with morbid interest as the stud survived two boxes being opened... three... four...

And then, suddenly, it clicked.

Of course! How could he have been so dumb?!

It was Victory Night on the channel, the night where they played the survivors' episodes on an

endless loop. He was watching the last one who made it.

The last boy who had made it out the Games with his cock still intact.

“You’re now down to the last two boxes...” The High Priestess was saying onscreen. *“Choose well and you’ll be sent to paradise, still in that delectable man-body of yours. But choose badly...”*

And you’ll become what you deserve, Frank thought.

“...and you’ll become what you deserve,” The Priestess finished.

There was a shot of the all-female audience, looking on with bated breath. Then a close-up of the boy, a strange, confident smile on his face.

“I guess that’s the chance I’ve gotta take,” he said.

A strange feeling prickled over Frank’s skin.

“Very well, then.” The Priestess declared. *“Let’s see what’s inside the other box...!”*

The ending played out, as it always did in these rerun shows. For the bazillionth time, the box opened, showing the sexy nurse the boy *could* have become. For the bazillionth time, the camera showed the audience going wild, the Priestess glaring. For the bazillionth time, it showed the final box opening, and the boy’s manhood being saved.

Frank watched it all, but he didn’t see it. Instead, something was ticking over in his brain. An urgent, gnawing thought.

How did he know? You could see, before the boxes were opened, he already knew which was the right one...

As the TV showed the boy being led away to paradise, Frank’s eyes went slightly wide.

No... that can’t be right...

He had to get back to work. Knew he had to. Hailey would punish him horribly if her clothes weren’t ironed by the morning.

But instead he just sat there, watching these old reruns of the Games. Watching as Victory Night screened all nine episodes where the men had won over the last twenty years.

By the time his alarm went off at 6am, Frank’s plan was already fully formed.

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“What the fuck is this?”

Frank stiffened, the mop held tight in his hands. He swallowed, turned, smiled at Hailey.

What? He mouthed.

Hailey narrowed her eyes.

“Don’t play dumb, husband. You know perfectly well *what*.”

Hey, it’s your fault I can’t talk, Frank thought to himself, but it was pointless. Hailey was too busy looking at the printout in her hands to register his thoughts flashing across the screen.

It had been another morning of pain and misery. Without a wink of sleep, Frank had been forced

to cook his wife a big ol' breakfast, then wake her up and eat her pussy for two hours until his jaw was sore and his neck ached . Then he'd dressed Hailey and been ordered to go mop the house in his stupid butler's uniform.

It had been all Frank could do to stop himself from collapsing from exhaustion. But the thought of Hailey finding it had kept him going.

And now here she was.

"I found it by the screen this morning," Hailey growled. "Remember what it says?"

"Oh, for God's sakes, *fine*," she snapped when he began miming his innocence, "you may speak again."

It was like an invisible hand had loosened around Frank's throat.

"Hailey, I dunno *what* you've got there..."

"No?" His wife held up the printout. "It's your *thoughts*, dummy. The machine records them."

Frank nodded. Not only recorded; printed out any ones that might require punishment.

"Know what it recorded last night?"

Hailey's eyes were on fire. She thrust the sheet of paper at him.

"There. Remember thinking *that*, slave?"

Frank's eyes focused on the paper. At the damning words, looming in his vision, a 6:30am timestamp in the corner. The words that had crossed his mind, only a few hours ago.

JESUS CHRIST, they read, WHEN IS THAT DUMB CUNT GONNA WAKE UP?

"Dumb *cunt*?" Hailey's voice was quiet, deadly. "Did you *really* think you could get away with thinking that, husband? Did you really think you could escape punishment?"

She shook her head gently, in wonder. Raised her hands.

"Maybe that butler uniform has gone to your pathetic head. Perhaps I should dress you like a *maid*, after all..."

Hailey was just about to clap and use her powers when Frank frowned and looked up at her.

"But, Hailey," he said. "Baby. I don't see what the problem is..."

He took a deep breath. It was now or never.

"You *are* a dumb cunt."

The silence that followed was agonizing. Like the entire universe was holding its breath.

Hailey lowered her arms, *stared* at her husband.

"What did you just say...?" She whispered.

Frank's stomach was doing backflips. Any moment now, Hailey could clap her hands and make him act like a dog, or eat her shit, or any of a million nasty things...

But there was no turning back now. Not when everything was going to plan.

"I *said*," Frank drew out the word, deliberately irritating. "That you are a dumb. *Cunt*. You're a

shit-for-brains, Hailey, you always were. And not even those stupid powers can change the fact that you will always be a dumb cu-”

“SHUT UP!”

Hailey’s scream filled the living room. Frank’s jaw immediately *snapped* shut, almost biting his tongue off. He stood stock still, staring at his wife with wild eyes.

Oh fuck, I hope I didn’t overdo it...

Hailey’s face was black, angrier than he’d ever seen her. She looked like she wanted to tear his soul out his body, cast him away into the pits of Hell.

Be calm... be calm...

“You pathetic piece of *shit*,” Hailey said, her voice dangerously low.

She slowly crossed her arms over her ample breasts.

“I could call up the Sisterhood and have you turned into a-a *butt plug* for that. Do you have *any* idea how many laws you just broke?”

A faint gurgling sound was all that would come from Frank’s magically-sealed throat. He knew all right.

Hailey stared at her husband in wonder.

“What’s gotten into you?” She said, slowly. “All this time, you’ve been acting like the perfect little slave, and then suddenly...”

Understanding dawned in her eyes. Her anger slipped away, replaced by a vicious little smile.

“Could it be, *husband*...” she leaned casually against the wall, crossing her arms, “that you’ve decided you *want* to go on the Games?”

Oh fuck...

Frank put all his willpower into summoning and innocent grin onto his square-jawed features. Hailey laughed.

“So, you think you can beat the odds,” she purred, “you think you can escape me and get to Paradise. Well? Why don’t we *find out*.”

With slow, almost languid movements, she got out her phone. Dialed someone.

“Hi, yes, I’m trying to contact the Entertainment Department. Great, yeah, put me through, please.”

Frank watched as she tapped out the beat of the holding music with one toe, her green eyes fixed on his, a deadly smile on her beautiful face.

“Heya. Yes, my name is Hailey, I live in sector B. No, I don’t wanna send in a video. No, something more than that...”

She dropped a wink that almost made Frank feel like screaming.

“Have you got a contestant lined up for next week’s Games? Coz I think I’ve got the *perfect* man right here...”

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“Laaaaay-deeees and *other* ladies... *welcome* to the Gender-Swap Games!”

Lights flashed. The crowd went wild. The pretty young PA smiled at Frank, a clipboard clutched to her chest.

“OK, you ready?”

Frank nodded.

“Yeah, I guess so.”

He peered past the curtain at the distant wooden arena, surrounded by cameras and a giant, steel lighting rig. He was surprised to see it looked smaller in real life. More-obviously fake.

“Shall I...?”

“Nu-uh.” The girl held one hand up to her ear. “My director’s saying to wait. We’re gonna do the Priestess’s entrance a couple times. Try some stuff out.”

“She does it more than once? I always thought this stuff was live.”

The girl shrugged.

“That’s TV.” She suddenly frowned, touching her ear. “OK, shut up now, worm. I gotta listen to this.”

The way she casually tossed out *worm* should’ve made Frank’s gut all tighten up with anger. But he was too dazed to really pay attention.

I had no idea this was so slick...

When the car had come to pick him up from Hailey’s that morning, he’d been braced for a horrible experience, like being led off to your execution.

What he *hadn’t* been prepared for was the non-stop insanity that went into making a TV show.

From the moment he arrived, Frank had been treated like a minor celebrity. The PA had taken him to a dressing room, where muscular young men had obediently done his makeup and oiled up his body and changed him out of the French maid’s outfit Hailey had wished him into after making her call.

“Is this... y’know, necessary?” He’d muttered as one of the male studs expertly plucked his pubic hair.

The PA had nodded.

“Our market research tells us that only about 65% of our viewers are watching to see contestants get transformed. The rest simply want some eye candy. Ever wonder why we don’t feature ugly guys?”

Here she’d looked down at Frank’s sculpted torso with the air of a businesswoman considering a purchase.

“Nice bod, by the way. Natural, or did someone use their powers on you?”

“My wife.” Frank had winced as a male hand plucked a hair from his groin. “I never knew she

was into such big...”

Embarrassed, he’d simply gestured his impossibly-large cock.

“Well, she’s got good taste,” the PA had nodded. “That thing is gonna make *excellent* TV.”

Then before Frank could reply, he’d been whisked away on a whirlwind tour of the studio.

“These are your fellow contestants,” the PA had said, gesturing a group of five handsome men as they passed.

Frank had turned and looked in amazement at the naked guys lining the wall. At the stacked black guy with a shaved head and bulging biceps. At the two slender Asian dudes who looked like brothers, frowning at their feet. The blond white guy who looked like a surfer, the hipster guy with the red beard and dark glasses.

Some of them had looked up and given Frank a curt nod. A wan smile. The two Asians had just sat there, staring at their feet, lost inside their own little hopes and fears.

“Other contestants? There’s only one guy on each show.”

“We film several episodes back to back, means us staff get a break around Christmas and summer. That’s how shows like this have always been done, even before the Sisterhood arrived.”

At that moment, they’d passed an open door with a star stuck to the front. Frank had idly turned his head...

...and felt his breath catch in his throat as he caught the High Priestess’s eye.

“You’re...” He’d whispered in horror, his blood running cold. “You’re...”

“Julie,” the PA had said, knocking gently on the door. “So sorry to interrupt, this is one of today’s contestants.”

Julie...?

The High Priestess – or Julie, or *whoever* the fuck she was – had raised an eyebrow at Frank, a smile on her lips. It had taken all of Frank’s concentration not to stare openly at her naked breasts.

“Nice to meet you,” she’d murmured. “I hope you’re looking forward to your new body.”

Frank had just stood there, dumbly, his mind caught in a hopeless tailspin.

She’s the High Priestess, and she’s just sitting in a dressing room... what the hell is going on?

For the first time in his life, either before or after the Sisterhood arrived, Frank was getting a taste of what happens when showbiz crashes up against reality.

“I hope you’re not going to be this quiet on set. It’s always *such* a bother when we have to transform someone before we even begin.”

As if by magic, Frank’s voice had reappeared.

“H-high priestess...” he’d stammered, “it’s, uh, it’s an honor to...”

“I don’t doubt it,” the naked woman had drawled, before giving the PA a slightly-bored look.

“Can we wrap this up? I’ve got so much preparation to do...”

“Sure thing, Julie. Come on, worm.”

And the PA had grabbed Frank’s hand and *yanked* him away. The last thing he’d seen of her, the High Priestess had been leaning into her dressing room mirror, checking her makeup. Her reflection had smiled at him.

“Good luck getting to Paradise,” she’d called after him. “It’d be a crying *shame* to lose a cock like yours.”

As he’d been led away, Frank found himself asking for the umpteenth time whether this was really happening or not.

And now here he was, waiting in the wings while the director finished shooting the episode’s opening from multiple angles.

“Hey,” he mumbled to the PA. “I need to ask. Paradise. Is it... I mean, where...?”

“Nobody knows,” the PA said, checking something against her clipboard. “Only Julie- sorry, the High Priestess has any idea what happens to the winners.”

There was a cheer in the studio. She smiled at Frank, gave his oiled and naked body one last glance up and down.

“Perfect. OK, slave. You’re on!”

Then she was pushing him out, giving his toned ass a friendly slap as he passed, and then Frank was walking into the arena, his big cock swinging between his legs, into a cheering, baying crowd of women, wondering if this was really a good idea.

Too late to back out now...

Spotlights shone in his face. Female faces craned to get a better view of him. Someone wolf whistled.

Frank raised his hand to shield his eyes. Looked up at the High Priestess, smiling from her viewing platform, then glanced down at the table full of boxes...

...and felt his blood freeze.

Wait! No, that’s not right. They can’t-!

Stood by the table, their faces set and grim, were the five other men he’d met earlier, backstage. All of them watching him with eyes that were cold and unfriendly.

But she said they were on different shows...

He was about to turn back to the pretty PA and shout that they’d made a mistake when the High Priestess’s voice rang out, silencing the studio.

“Welcome, you pathetic dogs, to this *special edition* of the Gender Swap Games. We’ll be doing things a little differently today...”

As Frank turned and looked helplessly up at her, the Priestess gave the assembled men below her a terrible smile.

“The last of you to arrive will be choosing the boxes for each of our six men. That means the only way to win...”

A camera swooped above Frank's head, right up to the Priestess. She looked directly into it.

"...is to force your fellow men to become female!"

Cheers erupted around the arena. Women were applauding, stamping their feet. Frank looked at his fellow men in horror.

No... wait, I can't do this!

Five pairs of eyes looked back at him with fear, hatred, hope. Five men he'd have to personally transform if he wanted to make it out as a male.

They've never done this before... did Hailey-?!

And then there was no time left to think. The High Priestess raised her arms. Twenty cameras swung in her direction. The studio lights swept down.

"Let this year's 47th Gender-Swap Games begin!"

*

"...always dreamed of becoming a champion boxer."

The audience sat in silence in the darkness, watching as the big screen played out the life stories of the assembled men, their faces lit only by its soft electric glow.

In the arena, Frank obediently watched with them. But, inside, his mind was racing.

I can't do this...

For the past half-hour, the screen had detailed the histories of the men around him. The men whose lives and dicks now lay in his hands.

He'd been forced to watch footage of the blond surfer-dude, Jamie, as he emigrated from Australia to the US. As he worked tirelessly at his studies, hoping to land a residents' visa so he could stay with his girlfriend.

He'd watched as footage was played of the two Asians, Mike and Lee – who, it turned out, *were* brothers – as they practiced at the local swimming pool every day as teenagers, determined to make it onto the Olympic diving team.

And he'd watched as the life story of the hipster guy, Milo, unfolded. A story of thwarted artistic dreams and endless jobs in coffee shops as he kept waiting for *someone* to discover his filmmaking talent.

Now, footage of Caleb, the muscular black man, was playing, detailing his struggle to become a champion boxer. The pain. The disappointments. The fortitude.

Frank watched in silence, a queasy feeling in his stomach.

They were people. Actual, *real* people, who'd had hopes and dreams, like he had. Who'd suffered as slaves under the Sisterhood and were now being sent on the Games as punishment for something.

And, God help him, he was going to have to decide *all* their fates.

The film about Caleb ended with him falling under his younger sister's power and being forced to become her slave. The audience applauded politely, then a film flashed up, showing a plain-

looking man on his way to work.

Who the hell is that? Wondered Frank. *Are they gonna bring another guy in...?*

With a lurch, he realized that he was watching footage of his old, pre-transformation self.

He'd gotten so used to seeing Hailey's dream muscleman in the mirror that he'd somehow forgotten what he used to look like.

At long last, the film ended with Hailey using her powers to transform Frank. The audience clapped, the lights came back on, and then the cameras were gliding in on them again as the Priestess smiled.

"Mmm... what a lovely little show. Wasn't it delightful seeing all those nasty men get their comeuppance, girls?"

The audience whooped and cheered.

"I know, right? Well, here's the good news... you get to see them punished all over again!"

To more cheers, the Priestess turned and smiled down at Frank.

"Well, worm. It's up to you. Choose. One box for each man. Remember, if you get one with an image of a *man* inside, you will keep your cock and be sent to Paradise. But *remember...*"

Her eyes flashed.

"You can only get there by sacrificing your fellow men. Your happiness will mean their eternal misery."

She *slammed* the tip of her staff against the ground, making the entire arena jump.

"Now *choose*, worm! Or I'll turn you into a tampon!"

Frank swallowed, his mouth suddenly dry. As the audience cheered, he turned to the boxes, to his fellow men, watching him with sullen eyes.

I guess I don't have a choice...

In silence, he stepped over to the ornate wooden boxes. All six stared blankly up at him, like the eyes of some dead creature. Trembling, Frank reached out one hand, laid it on top of Box One. Felt the cool, hard feel of mahogany under his fingertips.

"Well?" The Priestess demanded. "Don't keep us waiting, dog."

"J-just a sec." Frank stammered. "I just wanna..."

He let his hands drift over the lid. The audience leaned forward as one. Wondering, wondering if this would be the one with his salvation in it...

Abruptly, Frank stepped back.

"Box One," he said, clearly, "I assign to... *Milo*."

The studio lights swung upwards. A dramatic sting of music sliced through the studio. On his pedestal across the arena, Milo's shoulders stiffened. A hand nervously tugged his beard.

Frank avoided his eye.

"Good work, slave." The Priestess said. "But we still have five more boxes to go. Chop, chop!"

Frank gave a jerky nod. Stepped up to the next box. Felt it's hard, wooden lid, as if trying to sense what might be inside it.

For a moment all was silent, as the audience waited. Finally, Frank looked up.

"Box Two..." he said. "Box Two I assign to..."

Suddenly, his eyes went wide. His voice trailed off.

On their pedestals, the five men glanced uneasily at each other. In the audience, a woman coughed.

"Speak, toad!" The Priestess shouted. "If you hesitate again, I'll-!"

"I'll come back to this one!" Frank said, hastily. "Sorry, I just want to..."

With abrupt movements, he left Box Two, walked across to Box Three. Briefly laid his hand on it.

"This box," he declared, his voice suddenly confident, "I assign to... *Mike!*"

And so on and on it went. Box by box, Frank made his way up the line, briefly touching each one and then confidently shouting a name.

Box Four was sent to Jamie, who scowled out at Frank from beneath his blond surfer's locks.

Box Five was given to Lee, who exhaled with something like relief, turned and gave his brother a wan smile.

That only left Caleb for Box Six. Frank quickly said his name, not even bothering to touch the box's wooden surface, then turned and walked back down the line, at last positioning himself next to Box Two.

"*This* box," he said. "Is for me."

And that was it. The audience let out an *oooh*. The Priestess smiled down at the pathetic man before her, her eyes alive with amusement.

"Are you sure that's the box you want? We will give you one last chance to change it. Just think how you'll feel if we open Box One and an image of a man is waiting inside!"

"I'm sure." Frank said, firmly.

I hope, he added silently to himself.

The Priestess glanced at the digital readout of their thoughts. Smiled to herself.

"In that case, then..." she raised her staff high. "Let's see what was in Box One. Worm!"

She pointed her staff dramatically at red-bearded Milo.

"Come accept your fate!"

On his pedestal, the naked Milo hesitated. He crossed his arms over his muscular chest. Turned to the audience.

"P-please..." he stammered. Frank was surprised to hear his voice was naturally high-pitched.

"I didn't mean to call my mistress a bitch... I promise, I just got so upset when she said-"

As he talked, the Priestess theatrically rolled her eyes. A demonic grin split her face.

“When I say *now*, slave, I mean *NOW!*”

There was a flash of light, followed by a high-pitched scream. The audience gasped, as Frank’s eyes went wide with fright.

Dear Jesus, is there anything she can’t do...?

The sand on the arena floor had magically bunched together into two gigantic hands. They’d grabbed Milo by the shoulders, hoisted him up and *hurled* him to the table. He’d landed face-first in the dirt, cracking his glasses.

“Get on with it,” the Priestess snapped, “or next time I’ll make them tear your balls off.”

An APPLAUSE sign lit up. The audience dutifully clapped. Milo struggled to his feet, his torso dirty, his lip bloodied. With an unhappy moan, he stepped forward, clasped Box One, closed his eyes...

“By opening Box One,” the Priestess intoned, “you have sealed your fate to become...”

...and opened it.

“...a pregnant bimbo!”

Milo’s eyes flew open. He gave a weak little shriek. Before his eyes, an image of a heavily-pregnant young woman appeared, one hand clasped over her swollen belly.

She turned and gave Milo a little wink, her cheeks red and rosy from her pregnancy.

“No...” whimpered the hipster, “this isn’t fair...”

He suddenly span round, pointed at Frank.

“It was *him!* He chose the box! He should be the one to-!”

“I’m afraid that’s not how it works,” the Priestess said. “You already knew that. Now. Be a good little bitch...”

She raised her staff.

“And accept your punishment!”

There was a flash of light. Milo let out a wail. He looked hopelessly down at himself...

...as his body started to *change*.

The wiry male hairs covering his chest and legs were worming their way back inside him, leaving him with skin as smooth as the day he was born. At the same time, his skeleton was shrinking, making him smaller, slighter.

The man known as Milo looked up helplessly at the Priestess.

“Please...” he whimpered.

The Priestess flashed him a savage smile.

“Please *what?* Save your pathetic man-body? There’s no chance of *that* happening. So...”

She lowered her staff, folded her arms over her bare breasts.

“I suggest you sit back and *enjoy the ride!*”

Before Frank’s eyes, Milo’s body was shifting and twisting, like he was a clay figure in the hands of some invisible giant.

There was a twitch and his shoulders tugged inwards, even as his hips *pushed* outwards, becoming wide and ideal for child-bearing.

A ripple passed over his naked form, and his masculine muscles shrank down and down, until his arms were weak and willowy and his legs long and slender.

Breast tissue formed around his pecs, started to inflate. His ass jumped upwards and filled out. His thick, male hands shrank until they were small and dainty.

And still the changes kept coming.

In silence, the studio watched as Milo’s breasts got bigger and bigger, until they were dangling from his frame, their nipples sore and leaking watery milk. The man held his new tits in his hands, feeling their weight, a look of revulsion on his still-male face.

“You’ll need to pump those puppies every single day,” the Priestess smiled, “to stop them getting too sore with milk. But that’s not even the best part.”

She laughed.

“On with the show!”

No sooner had she spoken than Milo’s dick – big, but not stupidly, comically big like Frank’s – rolled up inside his belly, dragging his balls with it. For a second, there was nothing but smooth skin between his legs. Then there was a noise like Velcro ripping and a pussy appeared, its lips plump and already moist.

“That’s the tightest pussy this planet has ever seen,” purred the Priestess. “Forcing a baby out through there is going to *hurt* like Hell.”

Her eyes twinkled.

“And trust me. You’ll be having a *natural* birth, without any painkillers.”

If Milo was listening, he didn’t give any sign of it. His hands were thrown up to his face, panickily trying to stop the skin from churning. To stop his nose from shrinking down to a cute little button, his lips from plumping up, his cheeks becoming round and rosy, and his eyes wider and more-innocent.

Stood nearby, Frank watched the changes with a feeling of pity and disgust.

This is horrible. I should look away...

So why can’t I?

He kept telling himself to close his eyes, even as the face of a pretty, plump young girl emerged where Milo’s used to be. As his red hair suddenly exploded out his head, falling down his bare back in a long and shimmering waterfall.

Then, finally, it happened. The moment they’d all been waiting for.

The girl who used to be Milo let out a gasp and grabbed her stomach. A look of nausea flickered

across her youthful features.

“Oh *God!*” She exclaimed in a soft, girly voice. “I’m gonna be *sick...!*”

And then her belly was expanding, growing like an inflating balloon until it dangled from her frame, huge and heavy and filled with the baby of an unknown man.

Stretch marks appeared on her skin. Her bellybutton popped out, protruding like a nub from her skin. And still her belly kept growing as she squealed and begged it to stop.

At the last moment, the pregnant girl turned to Frank, a look of hatred burning in her eyes so brightly it made him take a step back.

“*You did this!*” She screamed. “This is *your* fault! You turned me into a-a... *aaaahhhhh!*”

She squealed as her belly reached full size. As her hair magically swept back in a ponytail and a wedding ring appeared on her finger. As a flowing, almost see-through dress wrapped around her body, and comfortable pumps appeared on her feet.

And then it was over. The Priestess lowered the staff. The audience craned forward...

...and *stared* at the heavily-pregnant girl stood before them.

She was young, maybe 18, with a cute little face and rosy cheeks, fat and full from her pregnancy. A stylish pair of pink glasses balanced on her tiny button nose, making her eyes look wide and permanently surprised. Her heavy breasts poked out, ripe and sore with milk.

But it was her *belly* that everyone was staring at.

It dangled from her frame, an impossible size, poking out further than anyone would’ve thought possible. Its skin was stretched taut as a drumskin. Instinctively, the girl who had been Milo clasped its underside with one hand, the other resting on the top, looking at the evidence of her pregnancy with horrified wonder.

“*Excellent,*” the Priestess declared. “From now on, you are *Millie*, a pregnant young housewife living in some godforsaken cabin, many miles from civilization.”

“You have a strong, sexist husband whom you will work for, cooking and cleaning and acting like the perfect little wifey. You will bear him ten children in all and carry his babies in your womb from now until the day you die. You will have natural births for all of them, and rest assured that it will *hurt.*”

“You will give birth only to boys. And when they grow up, you will cook for them and serve them just as you did your husband. That will be your life now, until the day you die.”

She tilted her head.

“How does that sound... Millie?”

The redhead girl was still staring in shock at her pregnant belly. At the Priestess’s words, she slowly looked up. Shook her pretty, chubby little head.

“That sounds...” she whispered in a soft, feminine voice, “that sounds...”

Suddenly, her expression cleared.

“That sounds *horrible!*” The girl called Millie screamed. “You can’t do this! It’s sick, it’s

wrong..."

The Priestess smiled coldly at her.

"We can do whatever we want. We're the Sisterhood, remember? And you're just a sniveling little *man*."

She pointed her staff right at her.

"Time to go, *Millie*. As punishment for talking back, you will now have to carry *twenty* children for your new husband. Goodbye, and enjoy your new life as a *mommy*."

"WAIT!" Millie shrieked, clutching her tender belly tighter in her tiny hands.

But it was too late. There was a flash of light, a tiny scream, and then Milo's pedestal was empty.

With a little smirk, the Priestess turned back to the remaining men. High up on the screen, live footage was playing of the silly little pregnant housewife opening her eyes to find herself stood at the sink in a tiny cabin, scrubbing the dishes while her lazy, scruffy husband read a magazine and picked his nose.

Frank watched the footage with fascinated horror, aware that *he* was the one who had condemned Milo to this horrible life. That *he* was the villain here.

Yet, at the same time, another thought was running round the back of his mind.

I'm glad that wasn't me... I'm glad that wasn't me...

"Indeed, it wasn't." The Priestess smiled, reading his thoughts off the digital screen. "But there are much worse things to become than a pregnant housewife..."

Her eyes flickered over to the four remaining pedestals.

"Much worse things to force your fellow men to be, too..."

She let her words hang in the air for a moment. Four pairs of male eyes swiveled towards Frank, alive with hatred, with hope, with fear. He bowed his head, refused to meet their gaze.

It's not your fault, they made you do this... it's not your fault...

"Five men left," murmured the Priestess, "five more boxes. Only *one* of which contains a ticket to Paradise."

She turned to the camera. Raised her arms.

"So. Let's find out who gets it!"

*

When he looked back on it later, Frank felt that night might have been the most-horrible night of his life.

One by one, his fellow men were forced to come forward and open their boxes.

One by one, they were forced to accept their fates.

After Millie had been wished away to a life of servitude and child-bearing, the next one up was Mike, one of the two Asian brothers.

Unlike Milo, he calmly climbed down from his pedestal and walked across to Box Three, his

face set and determined.

As he was about to open it, he turned to Frank and gave him a defiant look.

“I don’t care what’s in here,” he said, quietly. “You could have chosen me to get turned into a toad, and I’d accept it. *But...*”

His calm voice suddenly wavered.

“If there’s anything in Lee’s box, *anything* in my little bro’s box that’s gonna turn him into some fucked-up shit...”

“I will find you.” he whispered. “Even in Paradise. And I’ll make you *pay*.”

Then he opened his box, not taking his eyes off Frank, even as the audience burst into laughter and an image rose up of a white farm girl with big boobs, braided blonde hair, dumb-but-pretty features and stupid old-fashioned farm clothes.

“*You’ll become a hick farm girl!*” The Priestess crowed.

The audience laughed. Then she was pointing her staff, the cameras were zooming in, and the magic was starting all over again.

Before Frank’s eyes, athletic Asian man Mike lost his toned and lithe body. Became kinda chubby, with a big ass and enormous boobs. Had his dark hair turn blonde and grow longer and longer before knitting itself into plaits.

Had his naked body encased inside a checked shirt knotted up at the front that barely covered his new tits, and a *tiny* pair of denim shorts. Had a pair of cute leather boots form on his feet. A rancher-style hat appear on his head.

Throughout the entire change, he kept his eyes fixed on Frank’s, his hard expression never changing, even as his face disappeared and was replaced with the visage of a dumb, horny farm girl.

“My, my, don’t you look *fantastic*?” The Priestess laughed. “How are you feeling *now*, Maybelline? Or, should I say, *Bella*?”

“*Feelin’ purty good, miss*,” the pretty girl who used to be Mike drawled in a comically-exaggerated Southern accent, her new voice light and perky.

Yet she still kept right on looking at Frank with that same cold warning in her eyes.

“Good girl. From now on, you’ll be the dumbest bimbo on *any* farm in the world. You’ll do all the housework while the men are out working, then helplessly flirt with them when they come back.”

“You’ll go to country dances with beefy farm boys, get felt up behind cowsheds, and have so much sex in haystacks you’ll *constantly* be picking dirt out your various holes. You’ll be the bicycle of your little hick community, the one *all* the men get to ride.”

“Understood, *Bella*?”

Bella nodded.

“*Yes, ma’am*,” she whispered.

“Good. Off you go then.”

There was another flash of light, and then Bella was gone. Overhead, the screen showed her waking up in a haystack in hick country somewhere, rolling over and instantly climbing on the cock of the naked, heavysset boy lying next to her, a look of helpless humiliation in her sky blue eyes.

Yet Frank missed all of this. He was still staring at the place where Mike had been standing only seconds ago.

To his disquiet, he found that when he blinked an afterimage of Bella remained in his eyes, imprinted there by the bright flash. Still giving him that same, awful warning look.

Next up came Jamie, the Australian surfer boy.

“No fucking way!” He yelled. “You bitches can’t do this to me! You... *hey! Get offa me!*”

The two giant hands formed from the sand again, dragged him over to the box while he cursed and yelled and promised to kill all the women in the audience and at home.

For their part, the audience laughed at this pointless bravado.

No man had laid a finger on a woman for at least fifteen years. They all knew what would happen to them if they did.

“And *you*, you asshole!” Jamie spat at Frank as the giant hands forced him to his knees. “Who the *fuck* do you think you are? You’re a *fuckin’* traitor!”

Frank looked away, trying to ignore the feeling of sickness washing over him.

He was a traitor, all right. He’d knowingly condemned each of these men to a hideous transformation to save his own skin.

But what else was he supposed to do?”

“You were assigned Box Four,” the Priestess called out, obviously enjoying Jamie’s struggle.

“Which means you are destined to become...”

“I said get *off!* Damnit, all you bitches are gonna pay...!”

“...a *bride!*”

Once again, the audience cheered. Once again, the lid rose up, revealing a slender blonde woman with flawless skin, high cheekbones and ornate hair that flowed over her bare shoulders in tumbling waves. Her body was lost inside a billowing white wedding dress that looked like something from a Disney cartoon.

“NO! You cunts! You fucking *goddamn* cu... Arrrrgh!”

As he screamed, Jamie’s voice shot up in pitch. His stubbly, surfer’s features vanished, replaced by those of a beautiful girl in her early 20s, with sharp cheekbones, a cute, turned-up nose, soft skin, dark eyebrows and pink, plump lips. His body became slender, his arms willowy. White fabric started to weave itself around him.

“Nonononononononono! Oh God, make it *stop!*”

His chest inflated. His torso curved. His waist pulled tight. His legs telescoped upwards even as

he shrank down, until he owned a body that could've belonged to a model.

Flowers appeared in one dainty hand. A bridal dress wove itself around him, its delicately-patterned top almost see-through, its bottom big and frilly. Long hair exploded from atop his head, expertly arranged itself into a glorious, expensive-looking style.

And then there was no more Jamie. In his place, a beautiful, willowy young bride knelt in her dress, struggling and swearing in a voice that was light and pleasant and slightly stuck-up.

"You bitches! You stupid *bitches!*"

"That's no way for a girl to talk on her wedding day," the Priestess smirked, causing the audience to laugh. "Not when you're about to become the wife of a big, strong man."

The bride started screaming again, but the Priestess carried right on, ignoring her cries.

"Your name is now *Jennifer*. For the rest of eternity, you will be stuck in a time loop. Every morning, you will wake up to find it's your wedding day. Every day you will have to walk down the aisle in your lovely dress and repeat your vows to a hunky black stud."

The corner of her lips twitched.

"And every *evening*, you will retreat to a fancy hotel, where your new husband will use his big cock to deflower your virgin body in *all* its holes. Wash and repeat until the end of time."

The bride was in tears now, sobbing into her dainty little hands. Her bare shoulders shook. Her mascara ran.

"You... you *monsters...*" she whimpered between sobs. "H-how could you...?"

"Easy," the Priestess declared. "Because we can. Now, off you go, *bitch*. And don't forget to say *I do!*"

Then that flash of light came again, thousands of eyes swung up to look at the screen, and there Jennifer was, stood at the altar, looking in unbridled horror at the enormous, black hunk who was going to spend the rest of eternity fucking her virgin pussy.

"Three down," the Priestess murmured into camera. "Three to go."

She looked into the arena and dropped Frank a little wink that made him want to be sick. He clenched his hands into fists and closed his eyes, trying to stop himself from screaming.

Like it or not, his plan was going *perfectly*.

"OK..." said the Priestess. "Who's next? I guess we have..."

That was as far as she got.

Suddenly, a deep, masculine roar filled the arena. The women in the audience gasped. Frank nearly jumped out of his skin.

What the-?

And then he saw it.

On the pedestal nearest to the exit, big, strong Caleb had finally snapped. With a howl of despair, he'd leaped onto the ground and was now sprinting, sprinting for all he was worth.

As Frank watched, the PA stepped in his path. Started yelling.

“Worm! I *order* you to stop!”

But her voice was drowned out beneath the boxer’s roar. Caleb had his hands *pressed* over his ears, his eyes closed.

There was no way he could possibly hear the PA’s orders.

“Stop!” The PA yelled again. “I mean it! I... I...”

Frank saw her pretty face turn pale. Saw her realize, too late, that *nothing* was going to stop Caleb.

No! He saw her mouth. *Please don’t-!*

Then the boxer was barreling into her, knocking her aside with a sickening *crack*. The PA’s body hit the floor, limp as a rag doll, bounced to one side, her eyes dead, open. Someone in the audience screamed.

“I’m getting outta here!” The black giant roared as he ran. “You can’t make me do this! You can’t make me-!”

For a moment, Frank really thought he was going to make it. Really thought Caleb was going to make history on the Games that day.

Then reality reasserted itself and the helplessness of their situation came crashing back down.

Up on her high podium, the Priestess casually raised her staff, pointed it at the retreating giant’s back.

“Bad boy,” she whispered.

There was a flash of light. Caleb’s feet stopped dead. He gave a scream of rage, turned round to glare wildly at the Priestess...

...and then his features were freezing, turning shiny and plastic. His eyes lost their definition, became 2-dimensional, shiny things that were permanently frozen open.

His body lost its shape, its muscles suddenly mere outlines drawn across it. The shiny new surface of Caleb’s dark skin sagged slightly, like there was no longer anything but air holding it together.

His fingers stuck together, became drawings. His feet turned on their sides, flat and cartoony. He just had time to open his mouth...

“...no...”

And then it was already over. In disgust, Frank looked at the object now standing comically-upright at the edge of the studio. The shiny, plastic reimagining of a man, a big, rubber cock sticking out in front of it, bobbing up and down, ready for its owner to use.

Against all the laws of nature, the Priestess had turned Caleb into a male blow-up doll.

“Pity,” the Priestess murmured, lowering her staff. “I *had* been looking forward to seeing what he would become.”

She shrugged her bare shoulders, her dark hair bouncing off her pale skin.

“Still, sometimes you don’t have a choice. Ladies and ladies, I give you... *our newest sex toy!*”

The eyes of the audience swiveled as one to look at Caleb. At his plastic skin. His features, permanently frozen in shock. At the rubber dildo protruding from his groin. There was a pause.

And then everyone started laughing.

The women in the audience laughed and laughed, pointing at Caleb and clutching their sides. They laughed so long and so loud, Frank thought they were gonna damage his ears.

He looked at the *thing* Caleb had become, and was horrified to see a tiny tear running out of one of its plastic eyes.

Oh God... he’s not... she-she wouldn’t...

“He’s still conscious in there,” the Priestess shouted over the laughter, reading Frank’s thoughts off the display. “He always will be. Until that new body of his disintegrates, he’ll see and feel *everything* that happens to him.”

As the audience continued to laugh, she spread her arms wide.

“Hear this, men of the world. *This* is the fate that awaits if you try to escape! In a moment, this rubber man will be sent to an all-girls’ boarding school, where breathless 18-year old beauties will use him as a masturbation aid whenever they get bored and horny.”

“And he’ll have no choice but to let them! Whatever they want to do to him, he’ll have to let them. He’ll have buxom young bitches riding his big, rubber cock from dawn till dusk.”

Her smile became a demonic leer.

“But he’ll never, *ever* be able to come or feel any pleasure from it whatsoever. This is his punishment, and it is *everything* he deserves.”

The crowd cheered again. Frank looked away from the blow-up doll, feeling sick.

There’s nothing I can do for him now...

Then there was another flash of light, and the vast screen lit up, showing five teenage girls giggling as they pulled Caleb out from under a dormitory bed and started playing with his rubber penis.

At last, the Priestess raised her arms. The crowd fell silent.

“A fitting punishment, I’m sure you’ll agree. But better than what was in his box? Let’s find out.”

She looked down at Frank.

“Open Box Six, worm. Show us what fate that fool *should* have suffered.”

Frank blinked up at her.

“Wh-what?”

“The box, you pathetic fool.” The Priestess nodded at it. “Open it.”

B-but, Frank thought, *won’t I... I mean, won’t it...?*

He didn’t need to even say the words out loud.

All over the arena, female eyes turned excitedly to watch as the contents of Frank's mind unspooled across the readout. His fear. His terror.

WON'T THAT MEAN I TURN INTO WHATEVER'S IN THERE?

The Priestess smirked at his thoughts.

"Usually, yes. But we'll make an exception."

Her eyes glinted with mocking laughter.

"Trust me."

But I don't trust you...

Outwardly, Frank simply stood frozen, unwilling to move. Unwilling to risk opening the box and suddenly becoming a... a-a *little girl* or something.

The Priestess rolled her eyes. Raised her staff.

"Or do I need to turn you into a *female* blow-up doll?"

What could he do?

With a soft moan, Frank turned towards the box at the end of the row. A vast, wooden 6 looked impassively back at him.

"Now, slave."

Feeling like a man moving through treacle, Frank slowly stepped forwards. Gripped the lid of Box Six.

The wood seemed to thrum in his hands, as if the universe was already laughing at him, laughing at his hubris in thinking he could beat the Game. Frank closed his eyes. Grit his teeth.

Then *tore* the lid off with a yell.

It clattered to the floor. A murmur ran through the audience. Frank kept his eyes closed, unwilling to open them. Unwilling to see what he was about to become.

"Look, you pathetic worm!"

Frank tried to fight, tried to stay in the soft, comforting darkness. But his rebellion had crumbled within half a second. With an anguished howl he opened his eyes...

"Look at what Caleb could have become!"

...and then he was staring at her. At the image of an ebony-skinned teenager, clad in a bright yellow cheerleader's uniform, a pair of pompoms clutched before her perky little breasts.

As Frank watched, she looked him up and down, then wrinkled her nose and skipped away, her tiny skirt *barely* covering her ass as she did so.

"Too bad," the Priestess said. "I guess that box wasn't for you, after all."

Stood before it, Frank could barely take onboard what was happening.

No... he thought, numbly, *no, I guess not...*

His hands were trembling, his mouth dry. He felt like a man who has been thrown out of a plane

at 20,000ft, only to land safely in a pillow factory.

“In that case, let us continue. Box Five?”

The Priestess gave the remaining boy a dreadful grin.

“Lee, was it? Would you step over to the table, dear, and accept your punishment?”

The wait was heartbreaking. Where others had screamed or begged or tried to run or even, like Mike, walked over with calm detachment, Lee acted like a kid in a horrible, confusing dream.

He smiled uncertainly at the audience around him, took a couple of steps, then seemed to have second thoughts and simply stood there, a dazed, unhappy look on his handsome features.

As the crowd bayed and stamped their feet, Frank watched the boy approach. As Lee slowly got closer, he felt his heart kick in his chest.

Where all the other men had been north of twenty five, Lee looked like he barely scratched 18.

He’s just a kid... Frank thought in shock, *he’s just a boy...*

Then a darker, more-disturbing thought crossed his mind.

Oh Jesus, what have I condemned him to?

At last, Lee reached the table, a nervous smile on his face. He looked at Frank, as if wondering what he was doing there, and shook his head.

“Are you the presenter?” He mumbled. “I-I’m not sure I’m meant to be here...”

The Priestess was making her announcement now, her voice booming out over the crowd. Frank leaned in toward Lee.

“You’re... you’re just a *kid*,” he whispered, feeling sick. “Why did they bring you here?”

“I dunno...” Lee looked around unhappily at the crowd. “I think it might’ve been something I did.”

“What?”

Lee gave a sad smile.

“I forgot to boil my mistress’s egg. Just stupid. She...”

He shrugged.

“She said I didn’t deserve to be male anymore. Called up the Games. Asked them to ensure I became her French maid.”

The noise of the audience and the Priestess became very dim. Frank watched as the young boy’s face screwed up slightly, as he swallowed back his fear. He looked down at the box sat before him, at the box he’d specially selected, then at the box with the large wooden ‘5’ sat before Lee.

With a feeling of sudden calm, he realized what he had to do.

“Lee.” The Priestess was saying. “You were assigned Box Five. So. Open it and show all of us what you’re destined to beco-”

“*WAIT!*”

Silence fell across the studio. Thousands of women gasped collectively. The Priestess slowly turned her head and glared down at Frank.

“Did you *dare* just interrupt your goddess, *slave*?”

She raised her staff.

“I’ve got a good mind to turn you into a...”

“*Please*.” Frank said, his voice wobbling. “Please just *listen* to me. I want... I want to change...”

A sneer coiled the Priestess’s lip.

“*Change*? Oh, you’ll change alright, worm. As soon as we get onto your box, you can...”

“I don’t mean that.” Frank’s shoulders slumped. He took a breath.

Now or never...

“This box...” he gestured Box Two, “is the *safe* one. I... I deliberately kept it back for me.”

He hung his head.

“I was gonna let everyone else get transformed, then cash my ticket to Paradise.”

The Priestess shook her head incredulously.

“You *deliberately* kept it back? How could you *possibly* know which...?”

“It was easy,” Frank said, his head still bowed. “You can tell just by touching. That’s what I saw on Victory Night. Everyone who has ever won the Games... they *touched* the boxes first. I guess we all thought they were doing it for luck. But really...”

“They get warm, OK? The ones with the male option in get warm. All the others are cold to the touch, don’t ask me why. I didn’t even know what I’d be looking for, but then I touched this box, and it was the only one that felt warm.”

Suddenly, he raised his head, stared defiantly at the Priestess.

“But you must already know that, huh? So you *know* I’m telling the truth.”

The Priestess glared back at him.

“So what if you are? What could possibly be the point of you telling us all this now?”

“Coz...” Frank grit his teeth. “Coz...”

He turned, gave Lee an unhappy look.

“Coz I want to swap with this boy. He... he doesn’t deserve to suffer, like I do. He’s just a kid.”

He closed his eyes.

“He deserves to go to Paradise.”

There was a whisper of shock in the studio. Cameras zoomed in on Frank’s unhappy, square-jawed face. All over the world, millions of women would be frantically comparing notes, trying to see if something like this had ever happened before.

A cruel smile crept over the Priestess’s features.

“You really mean that? You really think you’re willing to spend the rest of your life as ditzy little bimbo, sucking on dicks and getting fucked, all so this *stranger* can go free?”

Frank nodded.

“Yeah, I know what’s in his box, too.” He said. “And I guess I can live with it. It’s basically my life anyway. Besides...”

He forced up a grin.

“Hailey will be happy.”

There was a long pause. Frank could tell the Priestess was both considering his request, and milking the drama for all it was worth.

At last, she spoke.

“Well, well... not often we get a display of bravery like that on here. Funny. It seems almost a shame now to have you turned into a girl.”

She considered.

“But why not? OK, worms. You may change boxes *once*. After that, you must open them and accept what’s coming to you.”

“Yeah,” grunted Frank. “I know.”

With a feeling of sickness, of despair, he turned, walked over to Box Five. Put his hands on its cool surface, feeling its power. Feeling the woman inside he would soon become.

Feeling the pretty French maid he’d be forced to spend the rest of his life as.

Across the box, Lee looked at him in wonder.

“Hey... no. I can’t...”

“Just hurry up.” Frank said. “Before she changes her mind.”

There was a sickening moment when he thought Lee wasn’t going to leave. That they’d open the box and both get turned into maids, and Frank’s grand gesture would’ve been for nothing.

Then, at long last, Lee gave Frank a sad smile of gratitude. Walked over to Box Two. Placed his hands on its warm surface.

“Good.” Said the Priestess. “In that case, Box Five. You may accept your punishment.”

“Yes, ma’am,” muttered Frank.

He clasped the lid, looking down at his strong hands, with their dark hair and large knuckles. The hands that would soon be replaced by a pair of dainty little things clutching a feather duster.

For some reason, he felt strangely sad looking at them. True, they weren’t *his* hands, strictly speaking – Hailey had changed them when she changed everything else – but they were at least male. A reminder of what he was. Of what the world was like before all this crazy *shit* started.

“Move along now. We’re waiting.”

Frank nodded, unwilling to speak. He gripped the lid tight, his muscular arms trembling.

Here we go, then. This is it...

Out the corner of his eye, he saw Lee give him that smile again. Saw the teenage boy mouth the word *thanks*.

“Don’t mention it,” Frank muttered.

Then he grabbed the lid and *pulled*.

There was a collective gasp from the audience. A flash of light. And then Frank was looking down at the little, translucent figure rising from his box with a feeling like he was about to faint.

“No!” He heard himself gasp, as if from very far away. “No... you can’t! Not *that*!”

“Tough titty,” he heard the Priestess declare. “You wanted to switch. And now you must deal with the consequences.”

“But...” stuttered Frank. “B-but...!”

The figure in front of him wasn’t a pretty little French maid, as he’d feared. Oh, no.

It was something a thousand times worse. The last thing he wanted to see in the box. An image that made him want to scream and keep screaming until he fainted.

“Man Frank,” the Priestess’s voice boomed out. “By choosing Box Five, you have condemned yourself to spend the rest of your life...”

A note of humor entered her voice.

“...as a man!”

There was a roar from the audience. In cold shock, Frank stared down at the figure before him. Of himself, as a man, wiping his brow with relief.

No... that can’t be right! The box was cold. I was so sure...!

“Which means...” the Priestess raised her staff, pointed it at Lee, “that inside *your* box, maggot...”

“...is another *French maid*!”

There was a flash of light from her staff. The lid of Box Two *burst* off, and then Lee was staring in fright at a busty young French maid with big tits and a tight waist and a flimsy uniform that *barely* covered her naked pussy.

She giggled silently, winked at him and blew a kiss, but Lee was too busy glaring at Frank to notice.

“You... you tricked me! You *asshole*, YOU TRICKED ME!”

“Trick or not,” the Priestess’s words were dripping with malice, “we must abide by the swap. Lee! Prepare to spend the rest of your life as *Lina*!”

The Asian boy threw up his hands before his face, as if hoping to block the magic.

“WAIT!” He screamed.

But it was too late.

The Priestess smiled cruelly. There was a flash of light. A cheer from the audience.

And then Lee was no more.

*

“Worm? Are you in there, worm?”

The knock on the dressing room door cut through Frank’s gloomy reveries. He jerked his head up and looked in the mirror. At the handsome, *male* face he was cursed to wear for the rest of his life.

What do they want now? He thought, thickly. *Haven’t they had enough already...?*

“Open up, worm! There’s somebody to see you!”

The end of the show had been like a non-stop nightmare for Frank.

After the last box was opened and the magic was finished, he’d found himself standing next to a gorgeous young French maid, watching in horror as she screamed in misery, big, salty tears running down her cheeks.

Please... he’d tried to say, *please, I didn’t mean to, it was them, all them...*

But the maid had batted his hands away with her feather duster, shrieking at him in French while her oversized boobs wobbled in their cups and the audience howled with laughter.

“What a wonderful ending we’ve had tonight,” the Priestess had laughed into camera, “but we’re running out of time now. So. Let’s wrap things up.”

And Frank had been forced to stand there and listen as the Priestess told Lina about her new life. That she was now the personal maid of a family living in a vast mansion. That she would scrub and clean everything and act as a wet nurse to their children, letting babies suckle at her breasts until her nipples were sore and tender, 24/7.

As Lina listened, she’d wept big, girly tears that pattered down on her cleavage, on her uniform. The audience had laughed again at that, enjoying her humiliation.

And then the Priestess had finished talking. She’d raised the staff again, there’d been another flash of light, and then it had been just Frank, all alone in the arena.

In misery, he’d watched as the screen lit up, showing Lina opening her eyes in a bright pink nursery, cursing under her breath in French, then undoing her top, getting one large breast out, and picking up a baby girl from a crib to breastfeed her.

The footage had made Frank sick. The whole time, Lina had been crying. Crying for the male life she’d unaccountably lost.

And it’s all because of me... he remembered thinking, hollowly.

Then the Priestess had made one final, closing speech, the cameras had zoomed in on his face again – the face of only the 10th man in history to escape to Paradise – and then the lights had dimmed, a new PA had taken him by the arm and, before Frank knew it, he’d been ushered backstage and the Games were over.

Now here he was again, sat in a spare dressing room, wondering what the hell had happened tonight.

“Worm.” The new PA’s voice was firm. “I order you to...”

“It’s OK!” Frank yelled, suddenly feeling extremely tired. “Bring them in.”

There was a frantic whispering outside the door, like someone was being shooed away. Then the handle turned, the door opened...

...and Julie strode in, a big smile on her perfect features.

“My, my, look at you,” she said, her eyes twinkling, “the lucky man on his way to *Paradise*.”

She’d changed out of her Priestess costume, into a simple pair of jeans and a white tank top. Her hair was mussed up and her makeup removed.

She looked distressingly normal, like a mildly-attractive 30-ish young woman you might meet while shopping in the local store or something.

“How are you feeling?” Julie asked, leaning against the dresser and crossing her arms over her large breasts. “Not many men have ever made it this far, you know?”

“I know,” Frank muttered.

For a long time, the two sat in a kind of worn-out silence. A lack of words that was neither companionable, nor charged with antagonism. It just *was*, like the dresser just *was*, or the studio just *was*, or the fact that women ruled the world just *was*.

At length, Frank stirred to life. He slowly looked up at Julie.

“Hailey told you, right? The warm box... that was meant to be a trap.”

Julie nodded. Away from the cameras, her sneers and cruel grins were gone, replaced with a casual, friendly smile.

“Indeed. The hot box thing was something we started a little while back, just to see if word would leak and we could get more men on the show. But no-one ever seemed to figure it out.”

“Until tonight.”

Frank nodded.

“Guess I kinda ruined that for you, huh?”

“Oh, yes. We couldn’t possibly leave that little clue in there again. But, hey, it made *great* TV. They’ll never forget you, you know?”

“Or Lee.”

“No,” Julie sighed. “I suppose they won’t forget poor little Lina, either.”

She frowned slightly.

“Not that it’ll bother her. Humans are supremely adaptable. Give it a year and she’ll be happy as a maid. The children will love her, she’ll have a purpose in life, a nice warm bed and a roof over her head...”

“That’s more than many get, isn’t it?”

Frank blinked at her. He had a strange feeling he was missing something important.

“But then why do you call it punishment? Why all the nastiness? *Why*,” he suddenly shouted, “all this goddamn *nonsense*?!”

Julie shrugged.

“It’s theatre. All TV is. All fantasy, too.”

She gave him a knowing grin.

“Look, all TV is drama, right? We want to see somebody getting turned into a French maid and laugh at them and so-on. But we don’t stop to think what it must *really* be like, becoming a maid.”

Frank shook his head.

“Horrible, probably. No. Humiliating. Awful...”

“You’re just looking at the drama again. No, if you were to *really* become a French maid, sure, you’d spend a few months feeling *super* weird. But, eventually, you’d start to feel like this was your body. You’d get used to seeing a beautiful girl when you looked in the mirror. You’d start to feel almost at home in your job.”

“Who knows? Maybe you’d even get a boyfriend. Get pregnant. Maybe, one day, many years from now, you’d find yourself looking at your life and thinking how glad you were that things turned out this way.”

Frank swallowed. His throat felt strangely dry again.

“That sounds crazy.”

“Perhaps you’re right,” Julie shrugged. “I doubt it, though.”

“Why are you telling me this?”

For a moment, Julie didn’t answer. Instead, the High Priestess just looked around the shabby dressing room.

“Because that was a nice thing you did for Lee back there.” She said at last. “It would’ve ruined the show for me to say so in front of the cameras, but that really was a decent thing you did. So. I thought maybe you’d want to know he could be happy in his new life. If he just lets himself be.”

There was another pause.

“I somehow doubt the others...” Frank began.

He broke off when Julie laughed.

“Oh, sure they will. Millie is going to work *very* hard, but she’s also going to get to raise a big family who will love her unconditionally. Bella’s going to fall in love with some beefy farmhand and get married and realize that she doesn’t want to go back to being a man, even if she gets the chance.”

“Jennifer is going to experience the happiest day of her life, over and over and over. And, every evening, she’s going to get to climb into bed with a man who loves her like crazy and wants her to be happy, and will never stop loving her.”

She paused.

“Who wouldn’t want that?”

Frank shook his head. He had the weirdest feeling now, like he was standing on the edge of

something, something *big*, but couldn't quite see its whole shape yet.

"And Caleb?"

For a moment, the evil little smile returned to Julie's face.

"That's a harder one, I grant you. Or, at least it *would* be if we'd gone ahead with it."

She tittered at his expression.

"That was just pantomime. Something we throw to our she-wolves in the audience to keep them happy. Everybody knows it's not real. Kinda like reality TV."

"But I *saw* him, I saw him turn into that... that *thing*!"

"Indeed you did. But it only lasted till the program ended. Think of it this way," she gave him a frank look. "When you close a book, do you need to know the characters are still out there somewhere, living their lives without you?"

Frank shook his head.

"There you go, then. Why should TV be any different? Stuff you see on TV is just as fake as a bunch of lines on a page. Close the book, end the show, and it's all over."

Julie laughed at his confused expression.

"Which brings me to Paradise."

She slipped off the dressing table, started pacing the room.

"Weird idea, isn't it? Paradise. If you can get used to the hell of being trapped as a French maid, then surely you'd get used to the heaven of being, oh, I dunno... a wealthy, powerful man being waited on hand and foot by those very same maids."

Frank shook his head, despairingly.

"What's the *point* of all this?" He said. "What are you *saying*? That Paradise doesn't exist? Is that the big twist?"

He glared at her.

"Am I gonna become a French maid, too, now?"

Julie laughed, a not-unpleasant sound.

"All I'm saying is that nothing can last forever. Nothing. Not TV. Not fantasies. And *not* stories."

"Paradise is just another word for fantasy. And fantasies are just stories. And stories need to end, sometime or another. Else we'd go mad, wouldn't we?"

She came to a stop, folded her arms and looked down at Frank.

"And you've reached the end of your submissive little story."

A wave of prickles unfurled across Frank's skin.

"I don't know what you mean."

Julie laughed.

“Oh, come on. Women ruling the world? A gameshow where men get turned into girls by *magic*? A Priestess with her tits out shouting crazy shit at a baying audience. Don’t you *see*?”

“You’re *in* the fantasy. There’s no freakin’ way this shit could be real. It’s all just a dream. It’s all just...”

Her smile grew wider.

“Your *Paradise*.”

The room seemed to grow cold and dim round Frank. He shook his head. He felt like he was going mad.

Julie crouched down, lowering herself onto his level.

“When we first created Paradise, out in reality, we were very careful. We didn’t want to *hurt* men. That’s no way to empower women. We just wanted to put them away for a while, while we changed a few things. Things that would stop them being so... *dominating*.”

Her eyes glinted.

“And the best way to do that was to give them what they secretly wanted all along.”

“To be dominated and abused by powerful women.”

Gently, Frank shook his head.

It wasn’t possible. It couldn’t be true! The idea that he... that he might have *enjoyed* all the shit that had happened to him was crazy!

“You’re *nuts*,” he whispered. “This... this is *mad*! You can’t be telling me this isn’t real. It happened. I saw it, twenty years of it! I...!”

But Julie was already speaking over him.

“We carefully calculated the exact length of time a story could last... that *Paradise* could last, until the person trapped inside began to go mad. At that point, there’s a grand finale, and each man can either leave and start his new life, or we reset the program and they get to live it all over again. All twenty years of it.”

“And you, Frank, you’ve reached your personal grand finale. It’s time for your story to end.”

The suddenly she winked at him. Blew him a kiss. And then there was a sudden, roaring rush of wind. The world grew dim around the edges. Frank tried to scream.

“You haven’t told me!” He yelled. “What... what...?”

What happens when the story ends?! He wanted to say. But it was too late.

The wind gave one last, gigantic roar, and then Frank was falling. Falling through blackness.

And then there was nothing left at all.

*

“Francine? *Francine*?”

The sound of the familiar female voice cut through the blackness of Frankie’s mind. She gave a little groan.

“France...” the voice trailed off. There was a sigh.

“Goddamnit, Frankie, you’re not in *there* again, are you?”

There was the sound of a door being opened, then suddenly light was flooding in, burning Frankie’s eyes. She feebly held up two dainty hands, trying to ward it off.

“*There* you are.” Her girlfriend Hailey rolled her eyes. “I shoulda known you were fucking around in here.”

“Hailey... sorry,” Frankie mumbled, trying to clear her head, “I-I can’t...”

“Scrambled your brain again, huh? You gotta give this shit a *rest*...”

She sighed, held out her arm.

“C’mon, lemme give you a hand.”

Five minutes later, the two girls were sat on a marble bench across the mall, watching the other women come staggering confusedly out the VR parlor, a pair of Frappuccino’s clutched in their teenage hands.

As they watched the girls go by, Frankie tried to shake the strange feeling inside her head. The feeling like she was still in the game; that none of this could be real.

“Soooo...” Hailey said after a loud slurp, “which one were you on this time?”

“Usual.” Frankie replied, embarrassed, not wanting to look at her girlfriend.

“The one with those... whaddya call them again?”

“Men.” Frankie said.

“Yeah, whatever.” Hailey had another reflective slurp. “I don’t get *why* you’d wanna play a game with those things in it. They’re so *super gross* on so many levels.”

Frankie just shrugged. She wasn’t exactly sure, either.

“I just... kinda *like* it.” She said. “Everything we learn about in history, how they used to be our slaves, how the Sisterhood changed them... I just wanna *see* it.”

“You wanna have some *male slave*?” Hailey shuddered. “No. *Thanks*.”

Frankie just shrugged her slender shoulders. She’d never told Hailey about how she always liked to play as male in the game.

Nor had she told her about how she’d set the VR set to turn her real-life girlfriend into her virtual dominatrix wife.

There was some shit that was just *too* weird, even for friends.

“Julie’s gonna meet us after, if you wanna come? Said something about catching a movie. Don’t think there’s any *men* in it, though.”

The name briefly made Frankie jump.

Shit. *Julie*. Hailey’s ex, the hot one she’d programed the VR to make into the Priestess when she played the game.

It was all she could do to keep herself from blushing.

“It’s creepy, the way you still hang out with her,” she said, hurriedly. “You’re meant to be *my* girlfriend now.”

“Sure,” Hailey nodded. “But we’re still friends, aren’t we? ‘Sides...”

She glanced sideways at Frankie, her expression suddenly mischievous.

“Her rack’s got *nothing* on yours.”

Frankie looked down at her big boobs, as if seeing them for the first time. She frowned for a moment.

Hold on... this isn’t right. Aren’t I meant to be a... I mean, wasn’t I a...

A man?

Hailey was waiting for an answer. Frankie stared down at her 18-year old girl body, a horrible feeling washing over her. A feeling that maybe this was wrong. That maybe reality was back *there*, back inside...

Suddenly, she shook her head.

You’re being dumb. The VR scrambled your head a bit is all. You’ve always been a girl.

What was it the Julie character had said again, at the end of the last game?

Fantasies need to end, sometime or another...

She looked up from her body, smiled and shook her head, her long, blonde hair trailing out.

“You’re such a *perv*. Why do I go out with you?”

Hailey grinned at her, the end of her straw still clasped between her teeth.

“Coz I’m the only one who’ll play along with your stupid man fantasies and boss you around.”

Impulsively, she slipped a hand around Frankie’s waist. Pulled her close.

“Hey! Give it a...”

And then the two girls were kissing. Long, sweet, tender kisses that made the entire universe seem to stand still, and made Frankie think maybe she’d died and gone to heaven.

At long last, they disengaged. Hailey smiled down at her weird girlfriend.

“I’m just jerking you. If you wanna pretend to be a... a *whatever*, I don’t give a shit. I just want you to be happy.”

Her eyes twinkled.

“So. What’s say we tell Julie *sorry but no way*, run back to mine and play out one of these fantasies of yours, huh?”

She leaned close, so close her breath was warm and ticklish against Frankie’s ear.

“The one where I’m some crazy dominatrix, and you’re my obedient little *man* slave.”

Frankie stiffened.

“How did you...?”

Hailey leaned back and winked at her.

“Found the code on your tablet, dipshit. *Man*, I can’t believe you wrote me into your pervo fantasy.”

She laughed at Frankie’s thunderstruck expression.

“On the other hand, I *am* kinda flattered...”

In dazed amazement, Frankie smiled at her. At her beautiful girlfriend she’d been with for as long as she could remember.

What was I thinking? I’m not some man. I’m me. Frankie. The Game is the fantasy...

...and out here is the real world.

Gently, she reached out. Took Hailey’s hand. Squeezed it tight in her own.

“Hay. Let’s go home, huh?”

Hailey dramatically rolled her eyes.

“Gurl, I thought you’d *never* ask.”

And then the two girls were leaving together. Walking out into the bright world they inhabited, a world that hadn’t seen a *real* man, or any gender but female, for twenty long years.

A world where everyone would now *always* be equal.

High above them, the sign over the mall winked and blinked, held in place by two drones, hovering unnoticed high above the VR plaza far below.

WELCOME, it said, in bold, simple letters, TO PARADISE.

The End.

*

Like what you’ve read? Check out my story of an enslaved man forced to become a maid and do his mistress’s humiliating bidding: [Turned into His Sister’s Maid](#).

My New Life as a School Girl

Chapter One

The gunmetal gray clock ticked off the minutes in the waiting room. I sat below it, strong hands clasped between my knees, wondering for the millionth time how I'd managed to get into this mess.

It wasn't supposed to be this way.

I was a good kid, the kind parents hope their little boy is gonna grow up to be. Sporty, but clean cut. Good at math and all that, but not a hopeless nerd. Friends with a good crowd, occasional dates with the pretty girls, sometimes drinks but not too often. An all-rounder.

I know other moms used to get jealous.

"Eliot," I'd sometimes hear them say, "he's such a good kid. I don't know how you do it, Sharon. My Dwight's a nightmare..."

And my mom would just get all coy, and act like it was no big deal, but you could tell. You could tell she was proud of me.

Heck, I was proud of me. I'd see other boys my age, struggling to survive high school, and I'd be quietly pleased that none of this shit was touching me. I had a good life, good friends, a good future.

Until It happened.

Tick, tock... tick, tock...

The minutes slipped away. I stared at the white tiled floor, trying not to look around the waiting room. I didn't wanna see all those other faces around me, just like mine. Pale. Gaunt. Terrified of the punishment that was awaiting them.

Terrified of no longer being male.

I didn't want to admit it, but I was terrified too.

The worst part was how unfair it all was. I'd had the bad luck to do It just as the new laws came in. They were a pilot scheme in our area, not yet ready to be rolled out across the rest of the country.

You probably remember all the arguments on the internet. I hadn't paid much attention to them, coz our house fell *just* outside the catchment area. What I hadn't realized was our school had voluntarily signed up to it.

Voluntary. That's the part that gets me, even now. If our board had been less crazy, maybe I'd still be me. But no. They had to go ahead and sign up for it. Even when It happened, even when my parents pleaded with them, hell even when *Jasmine* pleaded with them, they still sent me to the clinic.

And now here I was, in some anonymous government building on the other side of town, preparing for the last phase of my punishment, the one the doctors had been preparing me for all week.

Preparing to be turned into a *girl*.

The thought made me feel dizzy. The waiting room slid out of focus, like I was in a dream and about to wake up. I clung to that feeling, but I knew it was hopeless.

This couldn't be real. And yet it was.

Because of what I'd done to Jasmine, the government was gonna forcibly change my gender.

Tick, tock... tick, tock...

The clock counted off my last few minutes as male. I wanted to scream, but I was already screamed out. Instead, I just clutched my hands tighter and stared at my feet.

Deep inside, I was trying to hold onto the memory of what it felt like to be me. To remember forever how it felt to have these big, calloused hands. How it felt to have these hard muscles, and this teenage stubble scratching at my cheeks.

How it felt to have this thing between my legs, this thing that made me a man.

Tick, tock...

As I sat there, I heard quiet footsteps. A door open. I could sense the other boys around me, looking up, but I didn't move. It was like I could just tell it was for me.

"Mr. Eliot?" The female voice asked. "It's time."

I could've ran then. Started shouting. Pleaded with them. Anything.

But I was meant to be a *good kid*. Even now, 18 and disgraced, I still felt like that was what I was. So I got to my feet, smiled politely to the dark-haired nurse and let her lead me through to the Transformation Room.

Forty minutes later, when I stepped back outside, I would no longer be Eliot. No longer be a big, strong boy.

I'd be beautiful, female *Ellie*.

*

"Did it...?"

"What?"

"You know. Hurt?"

I gently shook my head, not wanting to meet my mom's eye. I dug my long, pink nails into my soft new palms and tried not to register how *different* I felt. How *wrong*.

Beside me, I could sense my mom groping for the words. We were in the parking lot, outside the gray government clinic. I was dressed in my new clothes, the ones my mom had picked up at the mall and insisted I bring with me to my transformation.

I'd had a hell of an argument with her about that. There'd been nothing I could do to stop myself becoming female, but I'd wanted to look and act like as little of a girl as possible.

In my mind, I was gonna come out that clinic with my hair cut short, wearing guy clothes and walking and acting like as much of a guy as my new body would let me. In my more hopeful

moments, I'd pictured myself looking in the mirror and seeing a kinda... *ugly* girl staring back at me. Not, y'know, like *ugly*, ugly. But boyish. Flat-chested. Sorta dyke-y looking. The kind of girl who, especially at my age, can pass for male.

Some hope that was.

As my mom tried to think of what to say, I forced myself to look straight ahead, out the window at the rows of cars.

I didn't want to see the long, blonde hair falling in straight lines either side of my soft and pretty face.

Didn't want to see my long, slender legs, poking out the bottom of the little skirt mom had bought me.

And, most of all, I didn't wanna see my brand new tits, poking straight out in front of me.

They'd been the first thing I noticed when the dark-haired nurse revived me. Even before that weird emptiness between my legs, or the way my whole body felt *lighter*, like my bones were hollow.

After thirty minutes in the tank, floating in the pitch black in that strange fluid, feeling half-asleep as that weird tingling washed over my body, I'd been done. The moment the fluid had drained and the door had opened, I'd instinctively looked down at my chest, hoping to see two small little nubs, or maybe a perky pair of A-cups at worst.

Instead, the exact opposite had happened.

Attached to my chest had been the biggest – and I mean the *biggest* – pair of boobs I'd ever seen.

They were *huge*. A big pair of pink, fleshy things that dangled from my frame, their nipples pink and pointy. In horror, I'd raised two newly-dainty hands and grasped them, disgusted to feel how... well. *Pert* they were.

I'd find out later that they were a DD-cup. Easily the biggest pair of tits I'd ever had the chance to touch, bigger even than Anna-Marie's, and those puppies had been huge.

And now here I suddenly was, touching the best-stacked girl I'd ever met.

Only she was *me*.

Naturally, I'd shouted at the nurse. Asked her *what the fuck?!* Begged her to put me back in the tank and reduce me down to something like a normal size, but she'd just shaken her head, all polite and professional.

"I'm sorry, Miss Ellie, but we don't choose your new body. Federal guidelines make clear that tampering with the transformation process would violate ethics clauses."

She'd given the tiniest smile at this point, like she was hoping to be encouraging, but it came off almost mocking.

"The machine turns you into the girl you *would've* been if you'd never been male. If you're worried about your new body, I suggest you take it up with your genetic code."

You can imagine how *that* made me feel. Talk about bad, dumb luck. My mom is kinda slender with I guess what you'd call a small chest, and I'd have given anything to take after her.

Instead, it looked like I'd picked up my Aunt Helen's chest, somehow. Only even bigger.

And the worst part was, that wasn't even the worst part.

"Ellie..." My mom started, tenderly.

"Don't call me that!" I yelped, hating the high-pitch of my new voice, hating how squeaky it sounded now I was upset. "I'm still *Eliot*!"

The act of turning to face her set off a dozen tiny cues, forcibly reminding me of just how *wrong* that statement was. The way my long hair flicked in the corner of my vision. The way my seatbelt suddenly pulled painfully tight across my new boobs. The way I found myself on my mom's level, instead of looking down at her like I was used to.

They were tiny things. Things you'd ignore if they were happening in your body, just as you probably ignore how it feels to run a hand over your chin, or the way your hair moves in the wind.

But, when you're not used to all that shit, lemme tell you that you notice it like *hell*.

"It's bad enough that you dragged me here to get turned into... into *this*! You can't let me keep my *name* too?"

To my ears, I sounded like what I now was. A spoiled, stropky teenage girl. It must've sounded that way to my mom, too, coz she had to fight to keep a smile down.

"I'm sorry, Ellie, it's just... well, you remember what we talked about." She tenderly touched one of my newly-slender arms. "The legal stuff. Your dad and me could get a fine if we don't accept your new identity."

"Accept?!" I gestured my hideous new body. "Mom... *look at me!* I've... I've got *tits*. I'm your *daughter* now."

I looked miserably down at myself. At my new curves. At my slender new frame. At my white tank top, tiny skirt and cute leather boots.

"Why the hell would you wanna *accept* this?"

"Ellie." My mom's voice was steady, "I know it's hard. Trust me, I had those same hormones whizzing round my head when I was your age. But there's nothing we can do, OK. You... you *hurt* Jasmine."

Her fingers gently squeezed my arm.

"Can't we just be *glad* you're still able to live at home with us. Even if it's as Ellie."

I bit my lower lip. Gave a jerky nod. For some reason, I suddenly felt like crying.

"Good girl." My mom turned, started the car. "Now let's get back. I need to show you what we've done with your room."

I nodded again, forcing my girl body to hold back its tears.

"Mom...?"

"Yes, Ellie?"

"What were you gonna say?" I swallowed. "Y'know, before I jumped down your throat."

“Hmm?” My mom put the car into reverse, looked over her shoulder. “Nothing much.”

“Mom...”

“Oh, it’s just that I thought...” She gave a sigh, smiled at me. “I just wanted to say you look cute, is all.”

In silence, I glanced in the rearview mirror. At the blonde girl looking back at me with her soft cheeks, round face, tiny button nose and pouty, pink lips. At the baby-faced *girl* I was now stuck as.

As we drove away from the clinic, out towards the interstate, I realized the worst part was that she was right. I’d been fairly good-looking as a boy, but I was something else as a chick.

As horrible as it was to admit, I was probably gonna be the cutest girl at school.

*

My “homecoming” – if you could call it that – was all sorts of fucked up. My dad greeted me with a hug which only served to make me realize that I was now a good six inches smaller than I’d previously been. And, instead of talking to me about the game that was on last night, that I’d missed in the clinic, he complimented me on my hair.

“Dad, it’s not even *my* hair,” I groaned.

He gave an absent sort of shrug.

“Maybe not, darling, but it still looks *swell* on you.”

After that, it was a long march upstairs, making awkward small talk in my high-pitched voice while I nervously waited to see what else had changed.

It was a condition of the treatment that my home life be altered to fit my new body. That meant no more pictures of me as a boy. No more boy clothes. And a bedroom altered to fit a teenage girl.

As we climbed the stairs, I had horrible visions. Of a room that was filled with explosions of pink and decorated with princess pictures, like I’d been changed into an 8-year old girl, rather than an 18-year old.

So it came almost as a relief when I stepped in the door and saw... a normal teenage girl’s bedroom.

Don’t get me wrong, it was still *horrible*. But at least it was tasteful. One wall had been painted a kinda bubblegum pink, but the others were cream. There were some fairy lights strung around, and a brand new vanity chest with makeup on the top. There was a full-length mirror next to a closet practically overflowing with girl clothes and shoes.

In short, it was as normal as such a totally non-normal thing could be.

“What do you think, honey?” My dad casually asked.

Slowly, I stepped into the room. Looked around it, my brain registering all the missing bits of male stuff. All the traces of my past that had been taken away and burned.

My parents were waiting, smiling but so obviously anxious. I could’ve told them I hated it.

Yelled at them to bring my boy-stuff back. God knows I felt like it.

But I'm a good kid, remember? And it seemed my girl-personality was no different.

"It's... it's OK," I mumbled. "No, seriously. It's better than I expected."

I stopped by the vanity chest, picked up a tube of pink lipstick. It looked weirdly big in my slender new fingers, the same color as my long new nails.

I'm gonna have to wear this stuff... I remember thinking.

I turned back to my folks.

"I mean, I guess I can live with..."

And then I saw them. The packs and packs of them, neatly stacked one side of the bed, where you couldn't quite see them from the door.

The three dozen bras, ranging in size from AA to GG.

"I, uh... didn't know what size you'd be," my mom said, trying to keep her smile going, "so I thought I'd best get a selection."

She hesitated, then smiled again.

"Same with your dresses."

It was just too much.

Suddenly, it hit me all over again that I was a *girl*. That I was *Ellie*. That I was supposed to wear dresses and bras and giggle when boys talked to me and bleed out my snatch every month and one day grow a baby in my womb.

I sank down onto the bed, those stupid tears making my vision go all blurry again.

"Ellie?" I heard my dad say, "Hon, are you...?"

"Please," I remember whispering, "please, just... leave me alone."

There was an awkward pause, then I heard my mom whisper something to my dad, and then the door gently shut, and I was all alone in Ellie's room.

I don't wanna go into what happened next too much, but I remember crying for what felt like forever, curled up in a ball on my bed, hating the way my long hair kept getting in the way.

Hating the way my brand new tits rested gently against one another, as if trying to remind me of their existence.

Hating the fact that the sobs escaping from my pouty lips were the soft, plaintive cries of a girl.

When I'd finally cried myself out, I sat up and looked at myself in the mirror. My skin was all blotchy and red and some mascara the machine had added to my wide blue eyes had run, making me look both emo and stupid.

Shit, I need to remember about makeup... I remember thinking, as I wiped my eyes with the back of one hand.

And so the evening went, me trying to deal with my stupid new body while my parents tried to pretend there was nothing messed up about this at all.

Some highlights.

I took a shower, letting the hot water cascade down my narrow back, closing my eyes and trying to pretend I was still a boy. Only it didn't work, coz I had to keep thinking about things like did I need to wash my snatch, and was it OK to get water up there?

I'm gonna have to look this up on the internet, I grimly thought, but couldn't think what the hell I'd type into Google to find out.

Later, mom showed me how to dry and style girl-hair, which turned out to be way more complicated than boy-hair.

I sat before the mirror, watching as she demonstrated with the hair-straighteners she'd bought me, and realized with a sinking feeling that I was now living out the experiences I would've had at like age 13 if I'd really been born a girl.

Then I realized I was gonna need some help when my first period started, and the thought of asking my mom about how to stick a tampon up my new hole made me wanna throw up.

Anyone but her, I thought with a shudder, *I'd rather ask Jasmine first!*

At one point, mom lowered the straighteners and smiled at me in the mirror.

"There," she whispered, touching my bare shoulders, "isn't that better?"

And I'd looked at the made-up girl sat in the mirror, with her perfect, straight hair, and been forced to admit that mom was right.

If I'd still been me, I'd have wanted to get in Ellie's pants no matter what it took.

Finally, when I was sure my parents were safely downstairs, watching some dumb shit on Netflix, I quietly locked myself away in my room and tried to masturbate.

Yeah, I know. But c'mon, like you wouldn't.

I mean, this was the one thought that had kept me going since I first stepped out that tank and saw my stupid new boobs. That at least I was gonna get to play with those babies, and no-one could stop me.

Throughout the whole horror of my first evening as a girl, I kept promising myself that I was gonna end the day by stripping off, touching those titties, and having the sort of jerk that most guys can only *dream* about.

Only, it didn't quite work out.

I tried. I really did. I tiptoed in front of the mirror, smiled at my reflection and saw gorgeous Ellie smiling back at me. I slowly pulled my tank top off, like this was a private strip show and I was paying to see Ellie get undressed, then undid my bra, letting it tumble to the floor.

In the mirror, I stared at my new breasts as they dangled free, willing myself to get turned on, trying to think of them as some hot girl's tits that I was allowed to touch.

I reached up and clasped them. Gave them a squeeze. Gently pinched their nipples, like Anna-Marie had told me girls liked. Jiggled a bit for myself in the mirror, watching them bounce up and down. Forced a sexy smile onto Ellie's face and made her giggle.

In short, I tried to make my new reflection act like the hottest, sluttiest stripper on Earth.

But, no matter what I did, my brain just flat-out refused to get aroused.

Just try to imagine my frustration. I had a hot-ass girl I could do whatever I wanted with. I still had my boy brain. One look at my new body topless should've been enough to get my new pussy all wet and dripping.

Except the tank must've messed with my mind, too. No matter how much I wiggled my torso, no matter how often I made Ellie rub her hands seductively across her tits, I didn't get even slightly aroused. I could no more get wet from looking at Ellie than I could've got a boner off my old boy body.

By now, I was getting desperate. It was like I *needed* to come, to break my new body in. I gave up on the mirror, crawled onto the bed, grabbed my brand new, pink-cased cell, shoved my hands inside my panties and desperately tried to get off.

Bad move.

I flicked through pictures of naked girls, through swimsuit slideshows, stuff I'd jerked off to thousands of times before. I rubbed my fingers crudely over my new pussy, trying not to think about how weird it all was.

And nothing happened. I'd find myself looking at a picture of the *hottest* chick and not feeling much of anything.

Eventually, the horrible truth dawned on me.

Ellie was the girl I would've been if I'd been born female. In my real life, I was a straight guy.

And that meant that, in my new body, I was a *straight girl*.

Finding out my sexuality had been switched should've been the freakiest thing ever. But by now I had such a strong craving inside me that I'd have jerked off over a horse if I had to.

With a little frustrated growl, I grabbed one my pillows, shoved it between my legs and rolled on my front, my movements guided by instinct.

I flipped over to a gay porn site and, before my male brain could get a hold of my new body, clicked play and started watching two guys fucking.

It was the first time I'd ever watched gay porn. The first time I'd ever tried to make myself look at a man in a sexual way.

The guys onscreen were these big, beefy dudes with huge biceps and these crazy tattoos. I watched one fuck the other's asshole, gently moving my hips, grinding my new cunt up against the pillow, trying to ignore the waves of shame washing over me.

The movement seemed right, but the video was somehow wrong. It took me five gross minutes of watching those guys screw to realize I was still thinking about this like a dude. I'd just automatically gone to a gay porn site when I realized my new body was interested in men.

But I guess not so many girls are turned on by gay porn. I know I wasn't. So, still grinding with my hips, I flipped back to a mainstream site.

I was getting crazy by now, both my body and my mind awake and desperate to get off. I clicked

the first video I came to, with this guy with a hairy chest bending some blonde over a desk, and started watching.

Immediately, I could tell I'd made the right choice.

There was something about the... *helplessness* of the girl that my body instantly responded to. Like, I could've watched this video as a dude, and the sight of the chick moaning and her big tits bouncing could've made me come.

As a girl, though, it was different. I was still watching the same show, but my mind was processing it in a whole new way.

Reluctantly, I realized I was imagining *myself* lying across that desk, helplessly whimpering as some big stud violated me and used me for his pleasure.

That image was all it took.

As the couple on the screen fucked faster, I started frantically rubbing myself against the pillow. I'd once talking to Anna-Marie about female wanking, and been surprised when she said she just used a pillow. I'd always thought girls did it by lying on their backs and slipping fingers inside themselves, just like in pornos.

But now I was a girl, that just seemed like too much hassle.

I was hot. I was horny. And I wanted to come as soon as possible.

For five whole minutes I lay there, grinding away, my eyes slightly fogged, watching that poor bitch get used and imagining I was the one being raped. My nipples got hard until they scratched against the sheets. I felt my boobs swell up. This strange stickiness seeped through my panties.

Little moans started to escape my lips. Tiny little gasps that I was powerless to hold back. As my cunt got wetter and wetter I started to gasp louder, not sure if this was just what girls did, or if I was just subconsciously copying what I'd seen in pornos.

Then, suddenly, it happened.

The guy in the video gave the girl's ass a ringing *slap*, I imagined *I* was the one getting spanked for being a naughty girl, and then suddenly I was coming.

For the first time as a girl, I opened my mouth and let out a high-pitched gasp. I closed my eyes and bit my lower lip, and felt that strange warmth suddenly radiate out from my pussy, making my whole lower body go all tingly.

I came for what felt like forever, my face buried in the sheets, feeling this strange emptiness rush through me, making me feel wonderfully faint.

I watched the world slip out of focus and then come back, leaving me at last lying helplessly in a tangle of sheets, a pillow jammed between my legs, and my panties *stinking* of snatch.

I must've laid like that for a good minute, wordlessly staring at the ceiling, unable to believe how intense girl orgasms were. And that was just from wanking. Who knew what it'd be like to *fuck* a du-?

Then reality came crashing back down, and I saw myself as I really was. A straight dude, forced into the body of some stupid-hot chick, touching himself over guys and getting all wet and

sloppy at the thought of being spanked and having dicks inside him.

A horrible feeling of shame rose up, a piercing guilt like a million red hot needles lanced into my soul.

What the hell had *happened* to me?

I'd just jerked off, while imaging a *man* was *raping* me. To my disgust, I realized my nipples were still kinda hard. There was a warm dampness between my legs.

I quickly tore my panties off and chucked them in the little wicker trashcan beside my bed, as if worried the smell of cunt would infect the entire room and everyone would know what I'd been doing. Then, not wanting to look down at my hateful new body, I angrily pulled on a pair of flowery pajamas my mom had left out and crawled into my new bed.

I lay there in the gloom, waves of shame and misery washing over me, threatening to sweep me away into a whirlpool of darkness.

What's happening to me...? I remember thinking. *Oh God, what have they done to me...?*

Outside a wind blew through the trees, casting these strange, twisting shadows on the ceiling. Shapes that formed and twisted into something else, like little shapeshifting goblins, looking down and mocking me.

Somewhere downstairs, I heard the TV crackle with audience laughter. My dad laughed at something. My mum's voice came up, low and distorted.

It was like so many evenings I'd spent at home, when I was tired after gym or exam cramming and needed to hit the hay. Lying here, in my warm bed, listening to my parents, listening to the life of the house, thinking vague thoughts about school.

So similar, yet so completely alien.

With a faint, soft sigh, I rolled over on my side. Curled up into a ball. Clutched my knees against my heavy breasts.

I couldn't be a girl. This all had to be some crazy dream. Any minute now, I'd wake up and I'd be Eliot again. Strong, good-looking Eliot with his biceps and his cock and his winning smile. Handsome, friendly Eliot who all the girls loved.

Even Jasmine... I thought, dazedly, to myself. But the thought faded before I could chase it any further.

Thirty seconds later, I guess I was asleep. I don't remember much about that night, except that I kept dreaming I was in a nightmare, but that when I woke up it'd all be OK.

When I was finally woken by my alarm eight hours later, I was heartbroken to discover I was still a girl.

Chapter Two

“Hey guys.”

Three pairs of eyes turned to look at me. Three male faces creased into smiles.

“Hey there...” Dwight pushed himself off the fence, crossed his large black forearms. “What’s your name?”

“Dude. It’s *me*. Remember?”

“Met before, huh? Nah, I don’t believe it. I’d *definitely* remember a girl as cute as you.”

I gave a tiny sigh. Dwight was pulling the moves, even as his eyes slowly drifted over my body, lingering on my tits. I needed to stop this before it got any weirder.

I pointed up at my face.

“Dude, don’t be a creep. It’s me. Your *friend*. Eliot.”

“Eliot...?”

Dwight looked into my eyes. For a moment, I saw something terrifying in there. The hungry, cocky look of a guy, faced with a hot-ass girl.

Then suddenly his eyes cleared. His mouth dropped open. Around me, I heard the other guys give low whistles.

“Oh *fuck*. Eliot!”

A hot flush of shame was creeping up my neck again, making my cheeks go rosy. I felt both angry at Dwight for acting like a total dude bro, but also – weirdly – angry at *myself* for letting him look at me like that.

I desperately tried to force my blushes back down, to act like it was no big thing.

“Yeah, I’m back. I got out the clinic yesterday. It was no big deal.”

The moment I’d said those words in my stupid high voice, I felt like a dumbass. No big deal? The last time these guys had seen me, I was a sporty guy. Now I was a top-heavy girl with a pert ass and long legs.

Of *course* it was a big deal.

The guys were all silent, confused looks on their faces. I hurriedly tried to force some conversation before we had time to think about just how *fucked up* this was.

“So. What’s up?” I asked, swinging my bag off my shoulder and dropping down onto the wooden table top, my legs dangling. At the last second, I remembered I was wearing a skirt, and hastily pulled its hem down.

The last thing I wanted was to have my bros getting an eyeful of my panties.

“I feel like I’ve been away *forever*, you know. There’s no internet in that place and they took my cell away... I’ve missed *everything*.”

Silence. Long. Uncomfortable. I flashed Dwight what I hoped was a pally smile.

“Dwight. Dude. What happened with that whole Charley thing? Last I remember, you said you’d fingered her at Steve’s party...”

The harsh bro-talk I did with Dwight sounded odd coming out of my polite, good boy mouth at the best of times. Coming out in my silly girl voice...

...it sounded *ridiculous*.

I could tell all the others thought so, too. Joe was looking at his feet, letting his mop of dark hair drop across his eyes. Tyrone was playing on his cell, as if unaware of all the conversation flowing around him.

But what could I do? I *had* to keep this up. Had to keep acting normal. Else...

...else I’d have to think about the fact that Eliot was dead, and I was now trapped as his female double.

“...you ever get to home base with her? She was fucking *hot*...”

“Ellie.”

The sound of my female name coming out Dwight’s mouth made me stop my constant stream of chatter. I gently shook my head.

“Dude, I’m not Ellie. I’m-”

“Yeah, I know.”

Dwight was avoiding my eye. He wasn’t even looking at my female body, which was like the least-Dwight thing *ever*.

“Guys?” I looked round at Joe and Tyrone. “Hey, guys. I know it’s weird, OK? I mean, do you think I *wanna* be a-?”

That was as far as I got.

Dwight suddenly pulled himself up straight. He nodded at Joe and Tyrone, who also picked themselves up.

“Dwight...?”

“Sorry, Ellie,” my former friend muttered. “They told us. Rules.”

“*What* rules?” I jumped off the table, my heart suddenly fluttering in my chest, trying desperately to ignore the way the action made my big tits bounce around. “Guys, please...”

“Sorry, Ellie.” Dwight gave my chest an almost wistful glance. “Gotta go. Maybe we can talk when you’re acting normal, yeah?”

“*Normal*?! Dwight, you can’t...”

But it was all too late.

With a wave of one thick, black hand, Dwight turned and made his way across the yard toward the school. Tyrone followed him without even looking at me. Joe lingered behind for a moment.

“Joe?” I whimpered in my trembling girl-voice. “Bro, you have to tell me what’s...”

“You gotta hang with the girls now,” he said, still looking at his feet. “They said, if we treat you

like a guy then it might not work and we'll have wasted all the money they spent on you."

I felt like I was about to throw up.

"Joe. It's *me* in here! Eliot. You remember..."

"Course I remember." Then, suddenly, Joe was looking at me from under his mop of hair with those dark, intense eyes of his and I felt strange little chill run through my body.

"Jesus, Eliot," he muttered, looking at me in wonder. "You look... I mean, dude, you're..."

"I know," I said, bitterly. "I'm hot. You don't need to say it."

Joe's eyebrows raised a fraction of an inch.

"I was gonna say, you're just like your aunt. Only, y'know, prettier."

What was I meant to say to *that*? I'd never had a guy call me pretty before, especially not a guy I knew, and I wasn't at all sure I liked it.

I forced out a laugh.

"Dude, you're making me feel weird..."

"Sorry. But you gotta admit you-"

"Joe!"

Across the yard, Dwight raised one powerful arm. Joe gave him a quick wave.

"He's right, I gotta go. Don't wanna get sent down the clinic too."

I blinked.

"Wait... they're threatening to send *other* people to the-?"

"I gotta go Eliot. Ellie. Whoever you are." He gave me one last, anxious smile. "It was good to see you again, dude. Maybe another time."

Then he was off, trotting after Dwight and Tyrone, leaving me all alone in the yard, feeling like the biggest loser at school.

For like the longest moment, I just kinda stood there, wishing none of this was happening. Wishing my life would start making sense again.

At last, I turned and looked at the tables filled with girls. With the gender I was now *supposed* to make friends with.

If you're a guy you probably don't know this, so lemme tell you now that teenage girls – when *you* are a girl – are just about the biggest bitches you'll ever come across.

As I slowly walked towards those benches, I felt like a bazillion eyes crawling over me. Judging me. Taking in my big tits. My clothes. My makeup. The way I'd done my hair.

I could already tell that they were picking out faults, cataloguing all the little bits of girl-stuff that I'd somehow got wrong that morning. In no time at all, I was starting to wish I'd gotten up earlier.

But how was I supposed to know that getting ready as a girl is 100 times more stressful than getting ready as a dude?

After waking up and showering – trying to ignore my new body the whole time – I’d gone to the closet and discovered to my horror that I had no clue what to wear.

I mean, I’d *never* cross-dressed as a dude. Not even for a dare or at a party or anything like that. And even if I had... how the hell would knowing what looked kinda OK on my guy body help me know what to put on my girl body?

I found myself pulling out pairs of stockings, holding up stupid skirts and staring at tank tops, trying to figure out if they were *meant* to leave some stomach on display, or if I was just too big for them.

It didn’t help that all my new shit had been bought by my mom. All of it either looked *way* too young for me, like something a 14-year old might wear to the mall, or totally mom-sy. Dresses with flowers. Big, floppy brimmed hats. The kinda stuff that looked cool if you were born in like 1975.

Listen to me... I remember thinking as I dug through those clothes, *I’m even thinking like a chick now...*

It took me so long to settle on a simple white tank top and a denim skirt that I barely left any time to do my makeup.

I’d almost considered going without, but something made me hesitate. A weird sort of primal fear inside me, a horror at the thought of people seeing my plain face and judging me.

It was stupid. I *knew* Ellie was hot, even without makeup. And yet...

So I rushed over to the vanity chest and started digging through those stupid little bottles.

Man, there were *so many* of them! I wound up throwing on some concealer I wasn’t sure matched my skin tone, tying my hair back into a plain ponytail, and quickly adding some lip gloss.

It was the bare-bones minimum I could get away with, but it had to do. And the worst part was that it *worked*. Even dressed down, wearing almost no makeup, I could tell the girl watching me in the mirror was *gorgeous*.

But that was me, thinking about it with my guy brain.

The girls at these tables were examining me like they would another girl. And that meant my less-than-perfect makeup job was no way gonna fly.

“...look at her. God, she’s totally caked that foundation on...”

“...like, seriously think she can get away with those boots? She’s so tragic...”

“...did they *need* to give her tits like that? It’s like she’s *begging* the guys to notice her...”

I moved between the tables, hoping to see a friendly face, trying to ignore the whispered comments, the negative looks.

As a sporty guy, I wasn’t used to people talking shit behind my back. And, when they did, I liked to confront them. Not violent, or nothing. Just look them level in the eye, show them I wasn’t scared, that I could defend myself if I needed to.

Faced with all these whispers and comments, though, I was lost. What was I meant to do? I

couldn't pick a fight with a *girl*, that wasn't right! Even if I did, who's to say they couldn't hurt me as much as I could hurt them? I'd lost my natural advantages of height and strength along with my dick.

The only thing worse, I thought, than being a dude who fights girls, would be being a dude who fights girls and loses.

So I just kept on walking, trying to make like I couldn't hear them. Besides, with all my testosterone gone, I felt less like making a scene and confronting people than I normally would have.

It was like my girl body was *desperate* to avoid conflict at all costs.

I was thinking these thoughts, keeping my head down in a private universe of misery, when I finally heard her.

"Ellie. Yo, Ellie! Come sit with us!"

I was so pathetically grateful to hear those words that it took me a moment to realize who was saying them. Then the redhead girl waving her hand in the air swam into focus and I felt dizzy all over again.

"C'mon, girl!" Anna-Marie called. "Get your butt over here!"

For a moment, I hesitated. Anna-Marie wasn't just some random girl. She was a girl who I'd made out with at parties, who I'd been going steady with for most of last year. She was a girl whose tits I'd touched, whose wet pussy had been ground against my strong hand. The thought of her seeing me as a *girl* was enough to make me feel like crying.

But I needed to make friends. It wasn't like I could just spend all year running away from my transformation, could I?

So I went over. Lowered myself onto the free bit of bench. Gave the assembled female faces an uneasy smile.

"Everyone, this is Ellie."

I weakly waved, trying to keep smiling.

"Uh, hey. Me and Anna-Marie used to-"

Go out was what I was gonna say, but something stopped me. All this talk of rules. The worry that I could get in trouble or get someone else in trouble by talking about my old life.

"We're friends is all," I finished, lamely. "Y'know, from before."

Out the corner of my eye, I saw a girl I vaguely knew as Cho rolling her eyes at a brunette I'd never met before. I felt that hot, embarrassed flush rising again.

Anna-Marie was looking me up and down, as if appraising my new body. I was so used to her looking at me with a kind of... lust, I guess, that this new, clinical look made me all uncomfortable again.

"Damn, Ellie, you sure got lucky." Her eyes took in my new breasts. "What are those, Double D?"

“Yeah,” I nervously laughed, looking at my stupid boobs. “Even bigger than yours.”

A kind of wave of dumbstruck expressions rolled round the table. I saw Cho’s mouth theatrically drop open.

“Uh, gee, thanks.” Anna-Marie shot the rest of the table a small smile. “Glad to know you’re still thinking about my rack.”

Oh, fuck. I’d gone and screwed up again.

“Sorry, I’m just... whatever,” I hurried on, “I’m still trying to get used to it.”

A thought occurred to me.

“Hey, Anna-Marie, can you maybe help me...?”

“Sure, Ellie. Why not? What’s a pretty gal like you need to know?”

Anna-Marie’s voice was friendly, but it was also... well, wrong. With a sinking feeling, I realized she was acting different around me, now, just like Dwight and the others.

But where the guys were sneaking glances at my rack and trying not to flirt with me, Anna-Marie was now talking to me like just any other girl. I was no longer a guy she fancied, a guy she had a history with.

I was just a blonde bimbo with no friends. A girl she might compete with, or undermine, or even become besties with. But not someone she was gonna look up to, or flirt with, or go out of her way to help.

And you wanna know the *really* worst part? I was looking at *her* different, too. Against my will, I could feel my female brain taking in her chest and vibrant hair and sharp cheekbones and getting jealous at how well-put together she was.

How much better than me she looked.

“You know what... don’t worry,” I said at last. “Maybe some other time.”

I quickly turned to one of the other girls, desperate to get some normalcy going.

“Hey, I *love* your dress. Where’d you get it?”

“Oh, this?” The girl – I thought maybe her name was Dixie – looked down at her dress. “I’ve had this *aaages*. Got it at the Gap in like, tenth grade or something.”

“Well, it looks *awesome* on you.” I gave a light little laugh. “I’d *never* be able to pull off something like that, but you’ve got just the figure for it.”

With each word, I was desperately trying to keep the girl-talk going, to not slip up and embarrass myself again. I knew chicks liked to compliment each other and do themselves down, but beyond that I was groping in the dark.

If I’m gonna do this... I thought to myself, as Dixie smiled and told me I looked just so *cute* in that skirt, *I’m gonna do it properly*. *No more feeling like a weirdo, at least, until I...*

And then I saw her.

She was crossing the school yard, a tablet in her hands, reading something as she went. Her dark hair fell like a waterfall down her back, coming to rest against a simple blue dress.

She was tall, with long legs and olive skin. Each step she took seemed to radiate confidence. She was perfect. She was beautiful. She was...

"Jasmine!"

Dixie blinked, a kind of *WTF* expression on her pretty features. But I was too busy to care.

"Sorry, I just saw someone..." I hastily explained, grabbing my shit and getting to my feet, "I, uh, I gotta go!"

I was running across the yard before either Anna-Marie or Dixie could say a word. Running on my weak girl-legs, trying to ignore the way my ponytail bobbed behind me. Trying to ignore the pain in my chest as my tits bounced and jiggled.

"Jasmine! Jasmine!"

She looked up. I saw doubt flicker across her face, an attempt to place the girl running towards her.

And then her dark eyes went wide, and I realized she'd figured it out.

"Jasmine..." I stopped just before her, gasping for breath. My girl-body was no way *near* as athletic as my boy body had been. With each sharp intake of air, my stupid-big chest rose and fell in the bottom of my vision, but I was past caring.

"Eliot...?" Jasmine whispered, looking like she couldn't believe her eyes.

I smiled unhappily into her perfect face, with its dark, seductive eyes, sculpted cheekbones and tiny little button nose. The face I'd once lusted so helplessly after.

"Jaz... Oh man, am I glad I saw you."

She was still looking at me all dazed, like. Gently, she raised one hand. Hesitated. Then she was touching my cheek, looking deep into my eyes.

"Oh, Christ, El, what have they *done* to you?"

We were stood close at that moment. Almost kissing close. Only now it was all different. At 5ft10, Jaz was a good three inches taller than me. I felt a pang in my heart.

"I-I know," I said. "It's crazy... It's like..."

"It's like I've died," I confessed, my voice suddenly rising in pitch. I was annoyed to realize I was edging towards tears again. "They took my body, and killed me, and stuck me as this... this..."

"This *girl!*" I finished with a wail.

For a moment, I could tell Jasmine was as upset as I was. She gently bit her lower lip.

"I'm sorry, El. Oh fuck, I didn't... I didn't *ask* for this."

"Jaz, I know. But please, you gotta help me. I'm sorry for what I did, I'm sorry I..."

But even as I was saying the words, I could see the change coming over Jasmine. The way she took a little step back. The way her eyes got a little harder, a little more shut-off.

Now her initial shock was over, she was remembering just what I'd done to her.

“Jaz...”

“El. No. Just... stop it.” She held up a hand. “Please, just...”

“Please...”

“Don’t talk anymore, OK, Ellie?” Jasmine suddenly snapped.

She took a deep breath.

“Look, I’m with you, OK? It sucks what they’ve done to you. But, I mean...”

“What?”

She gave me a defiant look.

“You did kinda *deserve* it.”

I felt like I’d just been slapped. Throughout everything that had happened, even at the darkest points in the investigation, I’d been able to count on Jasmine to beg the governors to go easy on me.

I threw my arms wide. Pleading. Panicking. I don’t know.

“But, at the hearing, you said...”

“I know what I said.” Jasmine said. “And I stand by it. It is fucked up what they’ve done to you.”

She hesitated.

“But, know what? What you did to *me* was fucked up, too.”

She looked my new figure up and down, a small smile climbing onto her supermodel features.

“And I guess this is the perfect punishment, isn’t it? After all you did to me... and look. Now *you’re* the one with the big boobies and the soft little puss-puss and the *cutest* little butt.”

I didn’t say anything. There was nothing I could say.

Jasmine shook her head. The smile faded.

“I’m sorry, El, I really am, but don’t come crying to me, OK? You did this to *yourself*, remember?”

“Jaz, *please*. Can’t you just talk to them...?”

But she was already walking away, turning her back on me. Turning her back on the helpless girl before her.

“I don’t think so, El. I mean, maybe it’s for the best this way. Maybe we’ll all be happier.”

“*Happier?! Jaz*, honestly, I’m begging you...”

She was already halfway up the path, heading towards school. She didn’t even turn as she called back to me.

“Later, *Ellie*. Have fun being the new girl!”

And then she was gone.

I stood there for a long time, looking helplessly after her. At the girl whose life I’d ruined, but I

still wanted to save me.

She was right. I *did* deserve this. After what happened that night.

There was no way I deserved to be a man anymore.

With a heavy feeling, I turned back to Anna-Marie and her crowd, trying to stifle my tears, trying not to let the feelings of hopelessness suffocate me.

Oh. Great.

They were gone. All of them. Anna-Marie, Dixie, even Cho. The table where they'd been sitting was empty.

So that was it, then. Jasmine wasn't gonna help. My guy buddies were refusing to speak with me. And now even the girls I knew had decided I wasn't worth the effort.

And I still had to deal with my first day at school as a chick.

For the second time in twenty four hours, I suddenly found myself in tears again.

*

The rest of the week passed in an unpleasant, sucky blur.

I had to attend all my old classes as normal, only now I was the center of attention in the worst way possible.

I mean, it would have been bad enough, going back to school as a girl, even if I'd just been cursed by a witch or something and nobody knew who I really was.

But, of course, *everyone* knew me.

They knew me from the shit that happened with Jasmine. They knew me from the news reports on the government's controversial clinic.

So when a dynamite girl named Ellie turned up in Eliot's old classes, pretty much the whole world knew it was me trapped in there.

I can't even begin to describe how horrible it was.

There were guys who I'd once played sports with, who were suddenly winking and nudging each other as I passed, checking out my butt and boobs.

There were girls I used to flirt with, who were suddenly giggling whenever they saw me, almost like they were delighted by my forced gender-swap.

There were younger kids who used to be wary of me, but who could now walk past me and whisper "*nice tits*" and laugh and there was nothing I could do about it.

Like I say, it sucked.

There was shit with the teachers, too. My history lessons, with Mr. Barter, were like a living Hell.

I'd always heard the girls say he was a bit of a creep, but I'd never paid much mind. He'd just struck me – male me – as a loser.

But now I was trapped in the body of a hot-ass girl, I began to realize what they meant.

Man, his eyes were on me *all the fucking time*. I'd be reading my history textbook and look up to see him glancing hastily away from the outline of my boobs. Whenever he asked a question, he'd always use the sea of hands as an excuse to scan the class and let his eyes come to rest on my pretty new face.

In my Wednesday class, I dropped my pen and had to bend over to pick it up. While I was scrabbling for it, I got this strange sense that someone was watching me. I turned and saw Mr. Barter glancing at my ass with a little smile on his lips.

By the time the bell rang for the end of his classes, I was glad to get outta there.

Not that the rest of the school offered any respite.

I was stood at my locker one afternoon when Anna-Marie's jock-ex Doug – the guy she'd been seeing before she got with me – came swaggering over to talk.

At first, I thought he was just saying hi. Doug and me were never friends, but we'd never got mad over the Anna-Marie thing. We both played soccer, so it was easier to just get along. So, when he came over, I talked to him.

It was only as we were talking that I realized what was going on. The way he was looking at me. The way he kept trying to make me laugh with these dumb jokes my new body couldn't help but giggle at.

Doug was *flirting* with me.

The moment it all clicked, I wanted to be sick. Doug knew it was me in here. There was no way he couldn't.

Yet, he was still trying to pick me up. To tap this pert ass of mine. To make me fall for him like so many girls did.

Maybe he just thought I was hot. Or maybe it gave him some weird, alpha male kick to think that the guy who stole his girlfriend was now a silly little girl who found him irresistible.

Coz the worst part was, he was kinda irresistible.

I'd never noticed it before, but he had these great shoulders, really broad, really muscular, that just made him look so... so *manly*.

His forearms, too, were like a magnet for my eyes. I kept being drawn back to them, studying their shape, their obvious *power*.

As a guy, I'd noticed shit like shoulders and forearms approximately zero times. As a girl, though, the sight of Doug, all strong and manly like that, made my mouth go dry.

I found myself absent-mindedly playing with my hair, giggling at his jokes, biting my lower lip and feeling all warm and fuzzy as we talked.

At one point, Doug had suddenly leaned forward until his lips were almost brushing my ear. I could feel his warm breath on my cheek, on my neck. A strange thrill ran through me that I was powerless to stop.

"I got an idea," he'd murmured, his low voice making the downy hairs rise on the back of my neck. "How about you give me your number and I call you later, after school."

He winked at me.

“We can talk.”

The moment he said that, I got a sudden, powerful image in my head, like a vision.

It was dark. I was in my new bedroom, naked except for a pair of white ankle socks and a lacy pair of panties that had been yanked to one side so my wet cunt was exposed. I was on my back, whimpering, while Doug roughly hammered his big cock deep into me, each thrust making my big tits bounce and jiggle.

“*You like my cock, huh?*” Doug was whispering in my daydream. “*Little Eliot loves dick like a bitch, does he?*”

And then he *thrust* his dick deep into my womb, making me squeal. And I wrapped my slender arms around his powerful shoulders, and I moaned and nodded and whimpered helplessly that I *loved* his dick, that I loved being fucked just like a slut.

“C’mon, Ellie,” Doug was whispering in my ear. “Just a little number. How about it?”

Dazed from my vision, my pussy suddenly feeling all sticky again, I nearly said yes. Nearly resigned myself to letting Doug win me over. To let him seduce me.

To maybe even become his girlfriend.

God, imagine how fucked up that’d be. Me being Doug’s *girlfriend*.

Luckily, I got back control at the last moment. I shot him a smile, involuntarily laying one dainty hand on his big, strong arm.

“Maybe another time,” I managed to get out. Then I was shutting my locker and walking away as quickly as possible, trying to ignore the feeling of Doug’s eyes on my ass, trying to ignore the overwhelming urge to masturbate rising up inside me.

Trying to pretend everything was still normal.

Bad as that was, though, it had nothing on my Friday nightmare.

Gym class.

At first, I’d been kinda relieved when I realized it was on my schedule. After getting a chick-boner over *Doug*, I was wanted to be away from men for a while, so training and working out with the other girls seemed ideal.

Even if those other girls were *total* bitches. Since my girl-talk failure on Monday, both Dixie and Anna-Marie were ignoring me, and Cho was going out of her way to whisper comments behind my back, and give me these evil stares in the hall.

Whatever, I naively thought. I was just gonna concentrate on enjoying the *shit* outta that gym class.

The best part was, I was expected to use the girls’ locker room. It was part of my rehabilitation program. I was gonna get changed surrounded by the hottest chicks in my year. I was gonna *shower* with them.

How many guys have dreamed of doing that? Of becoming a girl for a day and getting to watch

all the cheerleaders get their tits out and parade around all naked?

I was determined to enjoy this. Determined to let my male brain have its fun after a week in Hell.

Well, you can probably guess what happened.

At least, the first part.

There I was, surrounded by chicks in their panties. Chicks wearing nothing but a towel. Girls who were hot and sweating from exertion as they pulled their clothes off. Girls who were naked and showering, the hot water cascading over their breasts and down their curvy figures.

I was allowed to be there. No-one was stopping me. If I wanted, I could've stood and openly stared at them as they trotted off to the shower, pert butts curving with each dainty step.

And guess what?

I wasn't even the *slightest* bit interested. Nope. Any more than I used to be when I was showering with the guys.

Even when I *forced* myself to sneak glances at Cho's perky little tits, or to watch Anna-Marie as she showered, soap suds running down her soft, toned belly to her pubic thatch, I felt nothing but clinical detachment.

It was the perfect punishment, in its way. Eliot, the pervo, the jock guy who chased after women, suddenly surrounded by naked, hot-ass chicks and unable to do anything about it.

Unable to even *want* to do anything about it.

It was cruel beyond belief.

Not that the real girls knew what was going on in my head.

As far as they knew, I was still horny old Eliot, only with the outward appearance of a girl.

Which I guess may go some way towards explaining what happened next.

"Hey!" I blinked at the sound of Cho's voice. "Are you looking at my tits?"

We were stood across from each other in the showers, separated only by a haze of steam. The moment Cho opened her bitch mouth, a dozen other girls turned to watch the drama, their eyes alive with excitement.

I shook my head, my wet hair trailing out in rat tails around me.

"What? No way! That's gross."

"You were staring. You were *totally* staring at me."

She was right, of course. I'd been watching the water run over her nipples out the corner of my eye, trying desperately to feel *something* in that horrible space between my legs. But I wasn't gonna admit that.

Since I wasn't getting turned on, it didn't feel *fair* to get caught for peeking.

"I *wasn't*!" I protested. I looked helplessly around at the female faces looking at me, at the naked girls trying to decide whose side to take.

"I-I'm just showering, Cho."

“Yeah, right.” A sneer crossed Cho’s pretty face. “Stop trying to act like a girl, Eliot. Just coz you’ve got that shiny new bimbo body doesn’t mean you’re one of us.”

Some of the other girls were murmuring in agreement. I felt my skin flush red with shame.

“Cho... I didn’t... why would I...?”

I looked helplessly to Anna-Marie, but she was standing with Cho, a look on her face I’d never seen directed at me before. One she reserved for girls who were younger than her, or uglier than her, or just losers.

You’re a piece of trash, it seemed to say, and I want the whole world to know that.

As I stood there in helpless silence, Cho suddenly took a step forwards. With slow, movements, she crossed the showers until she was stood right in front of me.

With a little jolt of shock, I realized that she was taller than me now. Probably stronger, too.

“Just look at you,” she whispered, her upper-lip still creased. “Mr. Jock man Eliot, still trying to act like a guy. Still trying to check us out in the showers.”

She put her hands on her hips.

“Is this what you wanted to see, huh? You wanted to look at my tits, asshole?”

Suddenly she reached out and *grabbed* hold of my new boobs.

I let out a scream, tried to push back, but she dug her fingernails into the soft flesh around my breasts, gripping me tight.

“You think coz you’ve got bimbo tits you can do what you like, huh? Well, guess what, pervert? We’re *not* your toys.”

She moved her hands, deliberately making my big boobs jiggle. I crossed my arms over my chest and stepped back against the wall, mortified at what was happening to me. I wanted to run, but there was a circle of girls around me now, all looking at me with hostile eyes.

Cho smiled sweetly at my obvious fear. Shook her head.

“God, to think I used to have the hots for you.” Her eyes drifted over my new body again, taking it in, analyzing my naked form. “Now look at you. You’re a little bitch, aren’t you, Eliot? A little bitch who thinks she can get away with anything just coz she’s got a puss-puss now.”

She shot a hand out, grabbed my cunt. I squealed, tried to shrink away. The other girls laughed.

“What? Isn’t this what *you* like to do?” Cho asked, *pressing* her thumb against my clit so hard it hurt. “Isn’t this what you did to Jasmine?”

One of her fingers pushed against my slit, jabbing at my hole. A sharp pain filled my crotch, so sudden it nearly took my breath away.

“*Please...*” I whimpered, not caring how pathetic I was acting, not caring how much of a little bitch I was being. “It hurts...”

Cho smiled.

“Good.”

She dug her finger in further, further, making me gasp with pain. Violating my little hole, penetrating me against my will, making me wanna be sick...

Then suddenly she was letting go of my snatch, stepping back. I cringed up against the wall, one arm wrapped across my tits, one hand protecting my sensitive little mound. The pain in my pussy lingered, shot through with an awful streak of shame.

It felt a thousand times worse than I could ever have imagined.

“Stay outta my way from now on, got that?” Cho whispered, her eyes deadly. “Or I’ll slap you so hard I’ll break that stupid little nose of yours.”

I gave a pathetically submissive nod.

“Good.” She surveyed me, calmly drinking in my humiliation. “You’re a bitch now, Eliot. A whimpering little *bitch*. And we’re gonna make your life *hell*.”

She laughed, turned to the other girls.

“C’mon, bitches, let’s leave this dumb little cunt to have her cry.”

Then she was gone. Some of the other girls went with her. Others gave me one last look, of contempt, of pity, of curiosity, and turned back to their showers.

Only Anna-Marie stayed behind, watching me with a weird kind of smile.

“Anna-Marie,” I whimpered in my soft new voice, still cringing from Cho’s brazen assault. “Don’t...”

“Jesus, Ellie,” she whispered. “What happened to you?”

She shook her head.

“I never believed it, you know. What they say you did to Jasmine. But seeing you just now... you didn’t even *try* to argue...”

Her voice hardened.

“Don’t talk to me no more, OK? You’re not Eliot. Eliot’s dead to me. And you? You’re just some *loser dyke* who looks like him.”

And then she was gone, too.

I stood there in the showers, all alone, feeling the hot water cascade down my back. Feeling it dribble in little droplets over my breasts, to dangle from my nipples.

Felt the pain in my snatch. The dull throb of violation. The pangs of sick humiliation threatening to drown me.

I stood there for what felt like forever. A poor, lonely, abused girl. Then, slowly, I turned the shower off, padded back into the locker room and started to get dressed.

And so ended the absolute worst week of my life.

Chapter Three

“You’re not going out dressed like *that!*”

“Da-ad!” I gave him a look of horror. “What the hell is *wrong* with you?”

“Wrong with *me?*” I’d never seen my dad looked so outraged before. “You’re dressed like a... a...”

“A *what*, dad?”

“A *slut*,” he said, at last.

It was Saturday night, the end of my first week as a girl, and I was about to go out and meet someone special.

It hadn’t been my idea, obvs. I’d been planning to just hide away inside the house, hide away and never come out so long as I was still female.

But then that text arrived. Late on Friday night. The slightly drunken one, telling me what I needed to do.

And now here I was, about to head out and do something that could change my life forever.

If only my dad would stop ragging me about the clothes I was wearing.

“Dad, for fuck’s sakes, it’s no big deal...”

I looked down at myself. At the tiny, tight, dark top clinging to my boobs, leaving my belly and a whole lotta cleavage on display. At the cut-off denim shorts that hugged my midriff, making my bum look even curvier than it naturally did.

At the dark fishnet stockings encasing my long, slender legs. At the dark, heeled leather boots. At my red nails and pierced naval.

I had to admit it. I *did* look like a slut.

But I couldn’t get changed, not now. Looking normal wasn’t part of the plan.

“You never made a fuss over my clothes when I was a guy,” I said, accusingly. “This is so unfair!”

“We didn’t *have* to worry about what your brother was wearing,” my dad said, firmly – that was what he always called my old-self now, my ‘brother’, like anyone believed it – “because he was a *he*. Boys can wear what they like.”

He spread his arms.

“Girls like you... you could... well, you know.”

“Dad...”

“For God’s sake, Ellie, you could get *raped!*”

That I was even having this conversation made me feel all sorts of sick inside. This wasn’t *normal!*

“It happens.” My dad was saying. “Now you’re a girl... remember what happened to Ja-?”

He caught himself just in time.

The silence that followed was one of the most-awkward I'd ever had with my folks. At long last, I nodded.

"What happened to Jasmine?" I asked in my soft, high-pitched, *female* voice. "Yeah, I remember. I'll be careful."

There was the sound of a car horn outside.

"That's my ride." I picked up my handbag, turned away, "later, dad."

"Ellie... Listen, don't be like-"

If he said anything more, I lost it behind the slamming of the front door.

It was dark outside, a cool, clear night. I made my way down the path, my slender arms clutched across my torso for warmth, hating my stupid clothes, hating my stupid female body, hating everything that had happened to me this past week.

Maybe I should've just gone to jail... I thought. *Could it be any worse than this?*

I shook the thought away. Jail could last years. My private little Hell might be over any day now.

The figure in the car smiled cockily as I approached, opened the door. I slid into the passenger's seat, feeling the cool leather through my fishnet stockings. I automatically crossed one slender leg over the other, turned to my driver.

"I didn't think you were gonna call," the male shadow smiled. "You seemed... I dunno."

"Kinda freaked out?"

"Sure, why not."

"I changed my mind," I said, looking quickly away from his dark eyes, from eyes my new body was irresistibly drawn to.

"I'm glad."

We sat there like that for a moment, in darkness, just shadows beside one another.

Then, at long last, I felt him start the car. The engine hummed. The vibrations shot through my body, making everything seem horribly real.

"Where to?" My date asked.

"Anywhere," I whispered.

*

I know what you're thinking. Trust me, I hadn't expected to be in that car either. But then I'd got that message from Jasmine, the one that made everything just so horribly simple.

HERE'S THE DEAL, it had read, I WANNA HELP YOU, BUT YOU REALLY HURT ME. SO I NEED TO MAKE SURE YOU'VE LEARNED YOUR LESSON BEFORE I BEG THEM TO TURN YOU BACK.

I was lying in my room at the time, trying to sleep. I'd just rubbed myself off against the pillow again, and, to my horror, had been unable to stop images of men flashing through my mind. Of

big, strong studs who tied me up and took turns raping me and spanking my ass like the dirty slut I was.

ANYTHING, I wrote back, I'M SO SORRY, JAZ. ANYTHING YOU WANT.

GOOD, came the reply.

Then a long pause, with only the little symbol saying 'the other person is writing'. I stared at the glowing screen, waiting impatiently.

But when the message came, I'd felt like screaming.

I WANT YOU TO HAVE SEX WITH A MAN. ANY MAN. LET HIM USE YOU AND FUCK YOU LIKE A LITTLE BITCH. LET HIM HURT YOU.

Another pause. More blank, glowing screen.

AND THEN WE'LL TALK.

I'd stared at that screen for what felt like forever, an involuntary little whimper escaping my throat.

I didn't want to have sex with a *dude*. No matter what my female brain was making me fantasize about, the thought of actually having a-a *dick* inside me was enough to make me barf.

The thought of being some guy's compliant little bitch and letting him fuck me and touch my titties and leave his sticky wet spunk inside my womb was utterly humiliating. It was awful!

And that was why I clearly deserved it.

OK, I wrote back with trembling fingers, BUT YOU GOTTA PROMISE.

PROMISE, came the reply.

I nodded. Then I opened my cell's contact list. Flipped through the names. I paused over JOE, images rising up in my mind.

Images of myself, looking into those dark eyes of his as he touched me down *there*. Images of his lips closing over one of my nipples, of clutching his head to my chest as he worked my tits, making me moan with pleasure.

It'd be weird with Joe. Weird as fuck. But there was something... *comforting* about him. He was a nice guy. The whole time we'd been friends, he'd never messed around a single girl.

You could trust him. Plus, since our awkward talk on Monday, I'd come to realize just *how* cute he was.

It'd be good with Joe. It would be gentle. Nice...

But I didn't deserve *nice*. I hadn't deserved nice for some time now.

So instead, I scrolled back up. Stopped at a familiar name. Pressed call, held the cell to my ear, praying they'd pick up.

"Anna-Marie, it's me. Don't hang up," I said as quickly as I could. "I need a favor."

I bit my lower lip. Closed my eyes.

"I need you to give me Doug's number."

*

The moon was bright in the night sky, so bright it burned a pale halo onto the crashing waves. Sat in Doug's car, way up on the bluff, I could almost imagine I was flying.

"It's great up here, isn't it?" Doug murmured beside me.

A pause. I sensed his shadow turning to look at me.

"You look amazing like that."

His words made my heart sink. They were exactly the sort of crap I'd pull on some bimbo if I was only looking for a one-off fumble.

At the same time, though, part of me – the female part, or maybe just the gullible part – wanted to believe them. Wanted to think this new body of mine looked great.

I shuffled uneasily.

"You're just saying that."

"No way." He reached up with one thick finger, gently curled a loose strand of hair behind my ear. "I thought so the moment I first saw you. That you were the most-amazing girl I ever laid eyes on."

"Doug. Dude. You do know..." I swallowed. "You do know it's *me* in here, right? I mean, I'm not a-"

"You sure look like a girl to me." A note of humor entered Doug's deep voice. "'Sides, we're a true-blue state. I'm just as forward-minded as the next guy about this sorta thing."

His fingertips were teasing at the nape of my neck, even as his words teased my soul. I forced myself to relax. I still couldn't figure out if this was some twisted shit Doug was into, or if he just didn't care what a hot girl was like on the inside so long as she would put out for him.

"Can I ask you something." Doug's voice hesitated, grew softer. "What's it like? Do you get to...?"

"It's my body. I can do whatever I like."

I stopped myself. I was trying to build a mood, here. No need to get too matter-of-fact.

"I mean, sure, it's... *interesting*, I guess." I looked down again at my alien body, at the female form I'd never get used to so long as I lived. "I get to soap myself in the shower. Get to touch my... well, my *pussy*."

Just saying the word out loud made me feel like I was going mad.

"Have girl orgasms. They're fun. Better than boy orgasms."

A slight movement. Doug had moved closer. Almost without me realizing it, he had an arm around my shoulders, holding me.

Making me *his*.

"What about that rack of yours?" He whispered. "Sorry, I mean *breasts*. I guess you must've had some fun with those, huh?"

“Kinda.” I squeezed my arms together, hiking my cleavage up, squashing my boobs together in their bra. “I mean, it’s not like... it’s not like touching a girl’s. I mean, as a guy. They’re... *nice* to touch, I guess, but...”

“But what?”

“But I’d much rather have a guy touching them.”

For a moment, Doug was startled into silence. Then I felt his hand slip down, slip past my shoulder, across my sternum. Felt his strong, calloused fingers hesitate above my cleavage.

I breathed in, closed my eyes. This was it.

“Go on,” I whispered.

I could sense Doug smile beside me. His fingers delicately tiptoed across my skin sending little pinpricks of pleasure through me, hesitated above my neckline...

...and then his hand was squeezing my breast, fingertips gently kneading the flesh, his thumb and forefinger playing with the nipple. Exciting me. Arousing me.

Almost immediately, a strange warmth seemed to flood across my skin, a feeling of pleasure rising up in me. I threw my head back and groaned, the sound coming out soft and feminine.

I wasn’t sure what it was, but having Doug touch my tits was like *magic*. At his masculine touch, something had activated inside of me. A nerve center that was now letting waves and waves of pleasure unfurl across me.

This was nothing like the time Cho had grabbed my tits. Nothing like when I rubbed my own boobs in the shower, trying to clean them as quickly as possible.

This was like I’d discovered a new way of masturbating, all concentrated inside my chest.

“Like that?” Doug whispered in my ear, his sour breath hot against the nape of my neck. I tried to mumble something, but then he pinched my nipple again, and it just came out as a kind of happy whimper.

As Doug worked his magic, I began to gently spread my legs. I could that marshy dampness in my slit again, that seductive warmth slowly building. Instinctively, I squeezed my thighs together and was rewarded with another wave of sleepy pleasure.

“Oh Doug...” I heard myself whisper in my female voice. “Oh Jesus, Doug...”

Tenderly, Doug kept working my breast, tweaking my nipple until both of them were hard as bullets, the free one scratching at my top, making me feel wild and crazy and sexy.

How was it possible to feel this *good* from having your chest touched? As Doug tweaked and pinched and teased, I let my pink, pouty lips drop open, let a gasp escape from deep inside me.

“Oh yes baby, oh that’s it...”

A fog of pleasure seemed to be swirling around my mind, drowning out the male part of me that was watching what was happening in horror. The darkness of the car felt softer now, comforting, like it was slowly draining all my inhibitions.

Like it was making Eliot fade away, and leaving only beautiful, ridiculous, *horny* Ellie in his

place.

I glanced down at the outline of Doug's leg. Faintly, in the darkness, I could see something long and thick and hard jutting down the inside leg of his pants.

Without even thinking about it, I reached out with one dainty hand and grasped the outline of his cock through his jeans. Doug gave a little grunt.

"Here," I murmured. "Let me give you a hand, baby."

And then I was moving my wrist, stroking my palm slowly against the tip of Doug's dick, making his cock swell up harder than ever, and we were both being swept out to sea on a tsunami of pleasure.

I felt movement, something brushed against the side of my face. I automatically leaned my head away, and then Doug was kissing my bare neck, his lips brushing against my female flesh, kissing me with expert precision, making me go dizzy with desire.

What are we doing? I heard a voice inside me plead, *this is Doug. He's an asshole! We can't be making out with him, we can't!*

But the voice was faint, barely able to make its case above the hum of pleasure emitting from every part of my body. From my breasts, from my neck, from my tender little pussy.

The shape of Doug's cock was now incredibly distinct against my palm. I had a sudden, strange desire to hold it in my hand, to feel its *strength* clutched between my fingers.

It wasn't fair, Doug working me like this when all I was doing was gently stroking his prick. I mean, I knew touching a cock would be *gross*, but I should at least...

And then I was undoing Doug's belt with one hand, unbuttoning his fly, reaching into his pants and grasping what I found there. Pulling it out into the moonlight, gripping it and working it with my wrist, enjoying the sensation of it in my mind. Enjoying its raw *power*.

"Ah, fuck. Ellie..."

Doug's free hand brushed my cheek, his touch soft but firm, incapable of being obeyed. I obediently turned, and suddenly found myself looking into the dark pools of his eyes, only inches from my own.

"Doug, baby...?" I just had time to whisper.

And then Doug leaned forward, I tilted my head back, parted my pouty lips...

...and we were kissing. Two boys locked in a passionate embrace, our lips pressed together, Doug in his strong man-body, and me in my weak little girl-body.

We kissed for what felt like forever. I could *feel* Doug's tongue in my mouth, swirling round inside me, dominating me, making me his property.

His teenage stubble scratched against my cheeks, making me feel all giddy and feminine. His strong hand held my head in place, forcing me to keep kissing him, whether I wanted to or not. Forcing me to respond to his desires with soft whimpers and parted lips.

It was crazy. It was like the weirdest dream. I was kissing another boy. *French kissing* him. And that boy was my old girlfriend's ex. It was *Doug*.

The thought should've made me push back. Should've made me stop this whole charade and call Jasmine up and tell her the deal was off, this was *too* sick.

But instead, it made me feel even hotter. It was like something had been released in my mind. Like, now this taboo had been broken, I was powerless to escape its grasp.

Instead I kissed Doug back, clutching his dick tight in my hand, feeling the juices starting to flow in my virgin pussy and thinking about how *right* this all felt.

We kissed for what felt like forever, my tits gently swelling, my new hole loosening. At long, long last I pulled back. I put a hand to Doug's chest, felt his incredible strength, his *power* coursing through my veins.

"Doug..." I whispered, breathless with pleasure.

"Yeah?"

"This..." I swallowed. "This is wrong, isn't it? I mean, we can't just..."

"We can." Doug's voice was firm, commanding. "We can do *whatever we want*."

Then he let go of my breast. I felt a hand on the back of my head, pushing me down. For a second, I wondered what was happening...

...and then I realized and almost felt like screaming.

No! I wanted to shriek. *No, I can't do that! That's wrong, it's unnatural!*

But it was like my body refused to speak. Instead, I let Doug gently lower my head until it was level with his stomach. Pulled his shirt up with one free hand and started helplessly kissing his strong abs, his hips, his groin.

I kissed all the way down to the top of his pubic thatch. And then I slowly, lazily, parted my lips. Kissed the tip of the big, hard thing in front of my. Let it run over my soft pink lips.

And then I opened my lips, leaned forward, and took Doug's cock deep in my mouth.

It was the strangest sensation *ever*. Doug was so big his cock forced my jaw open, like some alien invader. His skin felt like rubber, like something that should never go inside your mouth.

The strange, funky taste of dick flooded my mouth, making me think I was gonna retch. I nearly gagged.

The feeling subsided. I gently tugged a long strand of blonde hair back, hooked it over one ear. With slow movements, I began to bob my head back and forth. And then I was giving Doug a blowjob.

I don't know if what I felt is the same for all girls, or if it was just something about my specific transformation, about how submissive my girl-body is. Maybe some chicks reading this will disagree.

All I can say is, at that moment, having Doug's dick in mouth was the greatest feeling in the history of the world.

There was something about the darkness, about the smell. About the way I was eye-level with Doug's crotch, watching helplessly as his fat prick slid in and out of my mouth, in and out. The

way he clutched my hair with one hand. The way he started giving these faint groans.

It all combined to make me wetter than I'd ever been since becoming a girl.

As I bobbed my head, I slipped my spare hand into my tiny shorts. Balled it into a fist. I could *feel* the juices of my cunt, seeping through my lacy black panties. I pushed my fist up against my clit, until it was *just* where I liked the edge of the pillow to be when masturbating.

Then I slowly began to buck my hips, almost like I was just lying in bed at an awkward angle and trying to rub one out. At first, the small space in the car meant it didn't really work. But as I kept on sucking and Doug kept grunting, I suddenly found my clit coming to life again in a way that made me want to moan and gasp and scream and never, ever stop.

"Ellie... Oh, fuck... oh, Jesus..."

The sound of Doug's voice made me more determined than ever to give him pleasure. I bobbed my head forward, and this time made sure it went as far as it would go.

Before my eyes, Doug's cock slipped deeper and deeper inside my mouth, until my lips were finally pressed against his pubic thatch, his balls touching my chin.

With a start I realized I was deep throating. Somehow, I was better at sucking dick than any chick I'd ever known.

For some reason, the thought made me feel all warm inside. I kept Doug's prick deep in my mouth for as long as I could, before slowly pulling back until it slipped out from between my lips, sticking up hard and strong in the darkness of the car. I flicked my tongue across the tip, feeling hotter than I ever had in my life.

I was just about to try deep throating again – why not, huh? – when suddenly I heard something that made my blood freeze.

"Ellie... oh man, oh I'm gonna come..."

Instantly, I stopped working Doug's dick. I pulled myself upright.

"No way," I hissed at him. "You're not gonna fucking nut, asshole. Not yet."

Even in the darkness of the car I could see the whites of his shocked eyes.

"Ellie, what are you...?"

"You're not gonna come," I said firmly in my soft and girly voice, "until you've given me a *proper fucking*."

For a moment, Doug seemed dazed. Then a slow smile spread across his handsome, square-jawed face. He grabbed me and kissed me roughly, pulling me against his chest, even as his free hand clawed at my shorts, tearing them from my tiny body.

We fell backwards until we were lying over the seats, my head resting up against the doorframe. Doug pulled my shorts off and sat up, panting, looking down at me.

"Ellie wants to be fucked by a big strong man?" He grunted in the darkness. "Then try *this*."

And before I could make sense of what was happening, Doug was clasp something hard and thick in his hands, pulling my legs apart, raising my ass up so my dripping wet cunt was angled

towards him.

With one hand, he roughly pulled my soaked panties to one side so they bunched up against my inner thigh. Then he leaned forward, angled his hips...

...and then his big cock was plunging inside me. Penetrating me. Violating me. Entering my womb.

As I felt the walls of my pussy stretch to accommodate his enormous girth I closed my eyes, grit my teeth and let out a squeak.

Jasmine... I whimpered to myself. *I'm sorry. Now I know how it feels...*

And then Doug started thrusting and I thought no more.

With harsh, rhythmic movements, Doug pounded his big dick into me, each thrust making my big fat titties wobble and bounce and making me gasp and scream with shameful pleasure.

It was like the sounds were being torn out of my soul. I couldn't have kept quiet even if I wanted to. All I could do was lie there helplessly as my ex-girlfriend's lover fucked me like a little bitch, squealing and crying and whimpering over and over again that I was sorry, I was so *sorry!*

"You like my cock, huh?" Doug whispered as he thrust deep into my womb. "You like being fucked with a *big, fat dick?!*"

"I love your cock!" The words were out my mouth before I could stop them, high-pitched, breathless. "Oh God, Doug, I *love your fucking cock!*"

It was just like my daydream. I was the slut, and Doug was using me like the whore I was. Only now it was *real*. Only now I *really* had another man's dick inside me. Only now I *really* was screaming and pleading him to call me a slut, to *hurt* me, to do anything to make me feel these never ending waves of pleasure.

Then, finally, it happened.

With a growl, Doug *shoved* a free hand under my ass. Grabbed my cheeks, pinching them so hard it hurt. I felt the nub of a finger press against my asshole, and suddenly something was building in me. Something unstoppable, something that would completely destroy me.

Doug gave another thrust and then I was coming. With a scream I sat up, bit into his bare shoulder, and then my entire body was shuddering from head to toe as a tidal wave of concentrated pleasure washed over me, obliterated me.

This was nothing like guy coming, it wasn't even like masturbating as a girl.

It was like my entire world had been consumed in pink fire, leaving nothing behind but Doug's thrusting dick, the pressure on my asshole and the tingling fire deep inside my new cunt.

I dunno how long I lay there like that. I came once, twice, maybe three times, my face all screwed up, babbling girl *nonsense* into Doug's ear, unable to help myself.

Then, at long last, the feeling began to ebb. My orgasm drifted away and I returned to Earth, almost startled to feel Doug was still thrusting away, my body still responding.

As a guy, I was used to coming and being overcome with sleepiness. But as a girl I could just carry right on fucking if wanted to.

In the end I didn't last much longer.

A few thrusts later, Doug gave a loud grunt, then his entire body went stiff. For a moment there was nothing, and then I felt waves and waves of hot, sticky come flooding into me, soaking my womb.

Dazedly, I clutched myself tighter to his strong, masculine body, whispering affectionate words as his sperm flooded inside me, not a single drop going to waste.

Then Doug slowly pulled out, leaving a faint craving between my legs, and it was suddenly all over.

The world was silent except for Doug's low pants and my last little gasps. Gently I pulled myself upright and was surprised to discover the passenger's seat was soaking wet.

I hadn't realized it while we were screwing, but my new body was apparently a squirter.

Slowly, I pulled my shorts back on. I could still feel Doug's spunk inside me, now cooler and clammier, kinda sticky. I wasn't really sure what to do about it. Me and Anna-Marie had always used condoms, so I didn't know if I was meant to leave it in there or try and get it out or what.

We're gonna have to go to the Planned Parenthood clinic tomorrow, a little voice whispered in my head, *unless you wanna spend the next nine months carrying a little Doug around inside you.*

To my disgust, a large part of me didn't find this concept totally unappealing.

In the driver's seat, Doug was zipping himself back up, pulling his shirt back on. He shot me a devilish grin.

"You liked that, huh?" He gave a snort of laughter. "Man, I remember when you used to steal chicks from me. And now here you are."

Another laugh.

"Sucking my fat cock."

I didn't know what to say. As the last waves of my orgasm rolled away, as my last traces of arousal vanished, my horniness was being replaced by a much, *much* worse feeling.

What had I *done*?

"Want me to drive you home? Or are you still not done being my little bitch?"

Familiar pinpricks of shame were crawling over my skin, making me dizzy. The heavy feel of Doug's sperm inside me was suddenly making me nauseous.

I'd just had sex. With *Doug*. With the biggest alpha male douchebag at school. Worse, I'd enjoyed. *More* than enjoyed it.

Getting roughly fucked like that had been, horribly, the best sex of my life.

Why didn't I go with Joe?! I found myself thinking. *Jesus, why Doug?*

But I already knew.

I'd assaulted Jasmine at that party. In a moment of macho stupidity, I'd drunkenly grabbed her pussy, tried to force her to kiss me. And, when she'd pulled back and yelled, I'd called her a slut.

I wasn't a good kid, no matter what they said. No matter what I thought.

I was a bad person. I was an attacker. An asshole. A sexist douche. A guy who deserved to be punished.

And now, thanks to Doug, I'd learned to suffer for my sins.

The humiliation creeping over me was suffocating. I was in horror at myself, at my body, at the sick and shameful pleasure I'd gotten from our screw.

As Doug backed the car onto the road and turned back towards town, I closed my eyes, wishing the ground would swallow me up. Wishing I'd never gone to that stupid party.

Wishing I was still a good guy.

"If you get another craving for dick," Doug suddenly said, his voice alive with amusement, "gimme a call, yeah?"

I could feel him smiling at me, even in the darkness behind my closed eyes.

"That bimbo body of yours is *fuckin' hot*."

Epilogue

And that's my story.

Well, not all of it, obviously. Plenty of shit happened after that, some of it major, some of it just little, day-to-day stuff. Tiny heartbreaks. That sorta thing.

But all the properly important stuff?

Yeah, that's over now.

So, what's left? Well, Jasmine was true to her word. After it got out around school that I'd let Doug fuck me in his car – like a *total* slut – she started speaking out. She told the local paper what the government had done to me was wrong, that you couldn't tamper with nature that way, that I'd suffered enough.

She wrote letters to the board of governors, made calls to our Representatives. Way more than she had to.

She was one of the good ones, all right. A good person for *real*. There was no way I deserved all that help.

Not after what I did to her.

While all that was going on, my school life carried on as normal. Well, as normal as it *could* be when I was trapped as a girl and hated by half my classmates.

Cho never missed an opportunity to intimidate me or make me feel like a dumb bimbo bitch. When she heard about Doug, Anna-Marie hated me even more. And those two were friends with, like, half the girls at school. I became an outcast, kinda. A super-pretty girl who nonetheless had to keep her head down wherever she went, just in case someone kicked her ass.

As for Doug... well, you probably won't believe this, but I wound up seeing him again. We met three more times for sex, and each time it was wild and awful and...

...and just really, really *great*.

I guess that's what sex is all about, really, isn't it? Chasing after the thing that makes you feel ashamed. Working through your fear and anxiety and feelings of shame inside a little fantasy.

And for me, that meant becoming Doug's bitch. At least, for a while. Each time he left me, I'd feel so fucking ashamed. Like I was the biggest slut in the world. Like I was a dumb bitch that deserved everything that happened to her.

But then, when I was lying all alone in bed, on the cusp of sleep, I'd think back to the way he held me down, or taunted me, or spanked my ass and made me squeal, and I'd feel so horny I'd have to shove the pillow between my legs and grind myself to climax all over again.

In the end, though, I couldn't face it anymore. What I did was awful, but there's only so many times you can punish yourself. Jasmine thought I'd done enough, so who was I to argue?

So, I stopped meeting up with Doug for sex. And, instead, I did something totally unexpected.

I found myself a boyfriend.

You probably remember him from chapter two. Joe, my dreamboat of a friend, with his floppy fringe and dark eyes and nervous way of talking. We got together not long after I broke with Doug, about three months after I became a girl.

Don't worry, he knows about me writing this. He's cool with it, even with all the detailed sex descriptions. He knows I've got a story to tell, and that I need to explain something.

Coz now, after a year as a girl – after a year of periods and getting leered at in class and putting up with asshole guys and estrogen – I've come to realize something.

I'm kinda *glad* they forced this new body on me.

Don't get me wrong. I *loved* being a dude. If my lawsuit succeeds on the 9th Circuit, I'll happily go back to being Eliot again. I've talked about it with Joe. We both think we could be a gay couple if that happens. It'd be *gross* at first, but I've done weirder stuff this last year. And, besides, we're in love.

But I've also seen another side to life, a side most guys normally don't get to see. And it's changed me, y'know? Looking back now, I can't even understand why I grabbed Jasmine like that. It's like an alien action.

All I know is, if I ever become a guy again, I'll be way less of a douche around women.

That's all in the future, though. For now, I'm still beautiful, bimbo Ellie with her big tits and unenviable reputation. Still teenage Ellie, settling into her role as woman in this bizarre little world.

And who knows? Maybe I'll lose the case and be forced to stay this way. Maybe I'll be Ellie now until the day I die.

In some ways, I kinda hope that's what happens. The longer I stay as a girl, the more I wanna have a normal girl-life. Marriage. Babies. All that shit I never thought twice about as a man.

So yeah, that's my twisted little story. And you know the weirdest part?

I wouldn't change it for the world.

The End

*

Like what you've read? Download a copy of my other tale of unexpected high school gender swap [How I Became a School Girl](#) now!

Unfinished Story: Becoming the Billionaire's New Girl

(Lisa's note: this tale was the mooted first part of a trilogy I never got around to finishing. I may yet return to it one day – I love the characters and world in this one – but, until I do, please don't expect any endings or conclusion while reading this.)

One: The Mission

The rumble of the engines filled the near-empty belly of the plane, drowning out all but the loudest voices. Far below, the Andes stretched out into black infinity, pale ghosts rising in the dark South American night.

Stood by the portholed window, Terrance Wolfe looked down on the silent continent below, trying not to overbalance on his new high heels.

There it is, he thought, grimly.

Wind whipped around his legs, making his little black cocktail dress flutter and threaten to rise up, exposing his dark, lacy panties and pert female ass to the world.

He was dimly aware that his new body was cold, far, far colder than his male form would have been in this situation. He instinctively wrapped his slender new arms across his chest, and then almost jumped as they unexpectedly bumped against his brand new breasts. A grim smile flitted briefly across his supermodel features.

Shit. Need to remember I've got a new shape now.

The thought almost made him chuckle. It was more than a new shape he had.

It was a new identity, a new history, a new *everything*. Right now, Terrance Wolf was in storage – put on ice until the boys back at the lab could revive him. For the next few weeks, there was only Teri; Teri, who had her own fingerprints and DNA and dental records and passport. Teri, who his bosses could plausibly deny was connected to them in any way should she fail to carry out her mission.

Teri, who could vanish without a trace if things went south, and no-one back home would ever miss.

At the thought, Terrance shuddered slightly, a barely imperceptible movement that anyone who was watching this gorgeous woman closely would have assumed was due to the cold.

For the first time, it had really hit home to him what would happen if he *didn't* come back. If he was found out and killed.

He would be buried in Teri's body. As a *girl*. And no-one would ever know it was really him in here.

"Mr. Wolfe?"

The voice was military, shouted so as to be heard over the roar of the engines. In the din of the plane's movement, Terrance hadn't heard anyone approach.

"Sir? Sir, it's nearly time."

Terrance gave one last glance at the faint reflection in the window. The ghostly image of an

elegant woman in her early twenties, with flowing black, curled hair and dark eyes you could lose yourself forever in.

Just like the Jaguar likes them...

He tore himself away, looked up at the bulky marine stood next to him, his head shaved and his face like granite. Even with his mind full of his mission, he was all too aware of how small he felt next to this man mountain. How suddenly *feminine*.

If the marine noticed it, too, he was professional enough not to let it show.

"We're approaching the city, sir. We need to get you ready."

Terrance nodded, his long, dark hair blowing around his face, forcing him to raise one dainty hand and try and comb it back over one of his tiny new ears. It was harder than he imagined it would be.

"Thank you, soldier." He found his words odd, coming out in a soft, sultry, exotic and very *female* voice; a voice the lab boys assured him was just *perfect*. "I'll be with you shortly."

"Very good, sir. But please, sir, not more than another thirty seconds. We still need to get you suited."

Terrance nodded.

"Understood. Wait for me over there."

"Yessir."

As the giant marine turned to go, Terrance felt his eyes flicker involuntarily over his broad shoulders, taking in his large biceps, noting approvingly his raw *power*.

He gave himself a little shake. They'd assured him this sort of thing was perfectly normal, a sign the chemical changes of his body were also affecting his brain. They'd wear off when he turned back.

He hoped.

"Soldier?"

"Sir?" The marine turned back round.

Terrance's mouth was dry. He delicately wetted his pouty new lips with the tip of his tongue, being careful not to smudge his perfect lipstick.

"From this moment on," Terrance said, loudly and slowly, "we are officially on-mission. From now on..."

He briefly closed his eyes.

"From now on, please consider me to be Miss Wilde."

There was a barely perceptible pause. The marine nodded.

"Yes ma'am." He checked his watch. "Twenty seconds, ma'am."

He went.

Terrance turned back to the window, aware that a tiny bit of his old life had just been chipped

away, to be kept sealed up like a precious mineral and only returned when his mission was complete.

Ma'am... that's me now. As far as anyone knows, I'm ma'am. Miss. Her...

In the glass before him, Teri Wilde, the elegant supermodel with a taste for billionaire playboys his bosses had conjured from thin air, looked back at him with her dark, hypnotic eyes. Through them, Terrance could just make out the tops of the Andes and, over the horizon, the distant glow of the approaching city.

Somewhere, out there, the Jaguar was waiting. Stalking through the shadows of the Latin night like a predator, entwining innocent men in his diabolical schemes, entwining innocent girls in his arms.

The American jaguar. The seductive, billionaire creature that had slipped over the border on the Agency's watch. Who Terrance was now tasked with bringing back.

Just you wait, Mr. Jaguar... Terrance thought, darkly. You don't know it yet, but there's a new cat in town.

And she's got you in her sights.

As he smiled at the thought, a cry of "*ma'am!*" echoed through the military plane's metal belly. That was it. Time to go.

With brisk movements, Terrance turned away from the window, walked up the plane towards the waiting marine, his heels echoing metallic gunshots off the floor.

As he walked, he could feel Terrance slip away, retreating to the back of his mind. Feel Teri coming forwards, feel himself getting into character, convincing himself that these long, slender legs, this tight waist, this perky breasts and rolling hips were his and always had been.

He stepped up to the big marine, smiled coquettishly up at him with his head slightly lowered, peering up at the big lug from under his dark bangs.

"OK, handsome," he heard himself say, "how about we do this?"

The marine's expression didn't change, didn't even flicker.

"Yes, ma'am," was all he said.

*

It was three weeks earlier that Terrance Wolfe's superiors had called him into a meeting and told him they were going to turn him into a girl.

The meeting hadn't started like that, of course. No undercover assignments ever did.

Instead, Terrance had sat down before the three men in the airless office room in their unremarkable building, and listened as they began their verbal dance.

"Mr. Wolfe," began the bald one in the middle, "we've heard a lot about you."

Terrance smiled to himself, reflexively smoothed a crease out of his suit. This was how it always was when you were seconded to a new department, it was just part of the game.

"All good things, I hope?" He asked, slipping seamlessly into his part. It was not unlike the small

talk that happens at the start of a date.

Difference is, a good date usually ends with a bang, while a successful spy mission...

“Good doesn’t even begin to cover it.” The one on the right, the very military-looking one, piped up. He tapped a file – presumably meant to be Terrance’s, though you could never be sure – with his knuckles. “You’re a good man, Wolfe, and a goddamn good soldier. Colombia. Venezuela. Guatemala. That shit you managed to pull off in Mexico.”

Terrance gave his best impression of a good natured shrug.

“Whatever my country requires, sir, I’m always willing.”

At his words, the third man – the oddly hipster-looking guy with the heavy glasses and beard – gave a snort of laughter. The other two either didn’t notice or pretended not to.

“You don’t have to overdo the patriotism here, Wolfe,” the bald one replied. “Love of country is a wonderful thing, but we’re not in the business of just recruiting brainwashed drones. There’s the infantry for that.”

Terrance’s eye flicked briefly over to Mr. Military, interested to see if he would take offense. The older man just looked impassively back at him.

The bald guy leaned back, seemed to be thinking about something.

“That was some excellent work you did in Mexico. It took courage, guts... and, if you’ll pardon me, more than a little bit of foolishness.”

“Not to mention luck,” growled Mr. Military.

The bald one nodded.

“We could probably go on. Creativity. A dash of rebellion in the face of orders. All things the average infantryman is encouraged not to possess. For better *and* for worse.”

Terrance shifted in his seat, unsure if this was a disguised dressing down.

“What can I say?” He said, at last. “Only that sometimes, what looks like luck is really just a result with the calculations hidden.”

“And what looks like calculation,” Mr. Military snorted, “is sometimes just a crazy-ass gamble that God has the good grace to let work.”

There was silence for a moment. The two men stared at him, while Mr. Hipster lounged on his chair, seemingly fixated on a pen he was playing with.

At long last, the bald man picked up a file, began leafing through it.

“What do you know about the 2014 New Mexico debacle, Wolfe?”

Terrance had to think for a moment.

“The border incident? I remember. We let the Jaguar walk across, something about using an inside man as bait. There was an intelligence leak, we tried to close the net...”

“And the Jaguar slipped through.” The bald man tapped his file thoughtfully, looked over to Mr. Military, who gave the tiniest nod. “Mr. Wolfe, do you happen to know who our inside man was on that job?”

“Only by reputation. Antonio something.”

“Ever see him in person?”

“No, but I saw the highlights of his first seminar at the Fort.”

“What was he like?”

“Physically? Average height, maybe a little stockier than most. Darker complexion, could have passed as Latin or southern European. Maybe even north African. At the time of the video, he was sporting a goatee-”

“If you saw him again, would you recognize him?”

“Yes. Probably. Sorry, sir, but what does this have to do with...” a thought suddenly struck Terrance. “Wait. Don’t tell me he’s still al-?”

“Mr. Martinez is as dead as they come,” the bald man continued, smoothly. “Unfortunately. However, we *do* have a photo of him, taken only a few hours before his execution.”

He slipped a piece of photographic paper out the folder, slid it across the desk.

“Tell us what you think.”

Silence fell again as Terrance looked down at the photo. For just a second, an unreadable expression flickered across his handsome, all-American features before vanishing again. He looked up.

“Is this a joke?”

“No joke, Mr. Wolfe,” the bald man smiled faintly. “That is Mr. Martinez, as he looked when we buried him.”

“As he looked when our lab boys were finished with him,” Mr. Military rumbled.

Wordlessly, Terrance looked down at the photo before him. The office seemed to suddenly go very dim. He wanted to laugh out loud, but he knew there was no joke to laugh at.

“But...” he said at last, “but she’s a *child*.”

From the depths of the photo, a young Mexican girl stared defiantly out.

She was maybe 7, with dark hair pulled back into a ponytail, big, dark eyes, and a skinny frame hidden inside a battered looking dress. Her feet were bare, a Barbie clasped in one tiny hand.

She looked for all the world like a child of the slums. Like a girl born on the outskirts of Mexico City, enjoying her last years of innocence before the big, bad world caught up with her.

Across the table, Mr. Military began to smile for the first time. Beside him, the bald man nodded.

“That she is, Mr. Wolfe. And not just *any* child. She looks *exactly* like the illegitimate daughter the Jaguar sired with his maid in Guadalajara. Her fingerprints are the same, her DNA is the same. There’s just one, important difference...”

“Her brain,” cut in Mr. Military. “Instead of some sweet little child in there, there’s a goddamn killer. One of us. You see, Wolfe? Get near this sweet girl and she’ll cut your fucking head off.”

Feeling like a man in a dream, Terrance looked at each of the smiling men before him, his mind

swimming.

“*How?*” He whispered at last.

The bald man waved his hand.

“Doesn’t concern you, Wolfe. What *does* concern you is that we *can*. We can take any man we like...”

He tapped the photo again.

“...and turn him into a sweet little girl.” Another smile. “The perfect assassin.”

Terrance swallowed. He felt dizzy, but his training stopped him from showing it.

“You,” he began, staring at the photo in mild disgust, “you want me to become a...?”

“A little girl? No. The Jaguar is wise to that trick. For you, Mr. Wolfe, we had something *else* in mind.”

As if on cue, Mr. Hipster finally looked up, made eye-contact with Terrance, his blue eyes almost twinkling.

“Terrance – can I call you that? – Terrance, my lab’s kinda been doing some experimenting. Nothing too crazy, but the Farm lets us get away with some *weird* stuff.”

“Like what?” Terrance’s mouth was dry. He couldn’t believe he was having this conversation.

Mr. Hipster gave a little smirk.

“Let’s just say... let me phrase it like this. Terrance, have you ever wondered what it would be like to be a beautiful woman for a day?”

He carried on without waiting for a reply.

“‘Cause, if you haven’t, maybe it’s time you *started*.”

*

The plane was just a distant speck, far overhead. A tiny pinprick of light, blending into the stars around it.

In the midst of the dark clearing, Terrance stood and watched it go, his swollen chest rising and falling in the bottom of his vision with each breath he took.

The dark fabric of his wingsuit clung to his skin, impossibly light, like a second layer of skin, accentuating his feminine curves. The thin gauze of its wings hung loose and crumpled at his sides.

His curled and blow dried hair was hidden away inside his heavy helmet, the visor now pulled up after his hair-raising descent through the misty skies above the city, to land on this dark and tiny patch of land on the outskirts, not far from the party. On his slender, female back, a tiny pack contained his high heels, purse, passport, makeup...

...and a tiny but very deadly pistol.

The distant sounds of laughter and music drifted on the breeze. Terrance closed his eyes and inhaled the sweet night air, turning towards the mansion as he did so.

There it was. The place he'd come all this way for, traveling thousands of miles through the cold and bitter night. The place he'd lost his gender to get to, the place he'd given up his identity to get inside.

The place where he would either catch the Jaguar's playboy eye, or where he would die and be buried in his female body, its curved hips and slight, 5ft8 frame his for all eternity.

With a quiet exhale, Terrance opened his wide, innocent brown eyes again. He reached up, unhooked the chinstrap and took off his helmet, shaking out his waterfall of hair.

In a few moments, he'd remove the wingsuit and hide both it and his backpack somewhere where there was no chance of the Jaguar's men stumbling across it. Then, dressed only in his elegant cocktail dress and holding his clutch bag, he would enter the party, a mysterious smile on his supermodel face as he blended in with the great and good of this foul, drug addled city.

He was trained and ready to do whatever it took to get to the Jaguar. Whatever his new, female body and the situation demanded of him, he would do.

With slow movements, Terrance looked down one last time at the body he'd been forced to inhabit these past three weeks; the body he was still getting used to. Looked at its curves, the way it kinked in at the waist and rose in two fleshy lumps at the chest. Looked at its slender legs and wide hips, and its pert, round ass, straining at the fabric of the wingsuit.

Mr. Hipster had been right, he grimly noted, there was no way any straight man on Earth could resist *this* body.

Especially not when it came equipped with a mind trained to know about everything the Jaguar held dear.

The plane had vanished. Above, the night sky was empty, its stars looking like lost and lonely houses on the outskirts of some big city, seen from above. With a deep breath to steady himself, Terrance turned to face his target.

"Let's do this," he whispered, his soft, feminine voice barely audible over the wind blowing through the trees.

And, without a backward glance, the beautiful woman set off for the Jaguar's party.

Two: The Transformation

The hot water cascaded down Terrance's naked back, making his bare skin tingle. Steam lazily curled round his body, turning the glass shower door an opaque milky white.

Terrance noticed exactly none of this. He was too busy *staring* at his brand new breasts.

They were pert and firm, with pointy dark nipples that stuck out, little drips of water running over them. Without measuring them, Terrance guessed they were probably a C-cup. Not too big, and not too small, just how he liked them on women.

The only problem was they *weren't* on a woman...

As the water drummed down and swirled around his small new feet, Terrance hesitantly reached up with both his hands. He held them uncertainly before his chest for a second, then closed his eyes and clasped them shut around his new breasts.

Almost instantly, he let go again, his body jerking back and his eyes flying open like he'd been shocked.

Fuck. That was weird...

More than that. It had felt *wrong*. The way his nipples brushed against the palms of his dainty new hands. The way his fingers squeezed his boobies, feeling their firmness, their suppleness.

The way the feeling of having his big new chest felt made a faint feeling of... of *warmth* start spreading through him. Like it was comforting. Like it was natural.

No, Terrance hadn't enjoyed that one bit at all.

With a little shudder, he reached out, turned the hot water off. The handle felt too big in his hands, like it had grown while he'd been out at work. He forced himself to ignore it and, grabbing a towel off the rail, stepped out the shower, into his bathroom.

The tiled floor was cool under his feet. Long, wet rat tails of hair fell down his narrow back, already turning cold against his soft, golden skin. With every step, he could feel his wide hips naturally curling. Feel his new breasts, jiggling softly, reminding him he wasn't wearing his bra.

He padded over to the mirror, toweling off his flowing hair like it was the most-natural thing in the world, all too aware of how subtly *different* everything looked. How it seemed like everything had magically raised itself up an extra six inches into the air.

He gave a little internal sigh. He'd never realized it as a 6ft2 man, but six inches in height made one *hell* of a difference.

Yet his new, smaller height was the *least* of his worries.

Terrance stopped before the mirror, the mirror he'd looked into hundreds of times before as a man. It, too, was higher up than he remembered it, its surface fogged by steam from his shower.

For a second, he hesitated. Then he suddenly set his soft new jaw.

"We're gonna be stuck like this for a while," he felt his lips move, but the voice that came out was completely alien. A soft, smoky, seductive voice that was higher in pitch than his had ever

been before. “So. We might as well get used to it.”

And with that, he reached out and wiped the mirror clear with the palm of one hand.

Before it all fogged up again, he had time to see who was on the other side, and it made him dizzy.

From the silvery depths, Teri Wilde looked defiantly out at him, her pouty lips pressed together, her dark eyes unnaturally hard.

She was gorgeous, maybe 22 at most, with high cheekbones, a tiny, button nose, and an elegant, swan-like neck that lead down to a pair of breasts firmer and riper than anything Terrance had seen since his college days.

She was naked, her long hair soaking wet and swept defiantly back behind her ears. Her stomach was flat and toned, her waist so tight you could see a little kink in her sides. Her hips were wide, and her ass stuck out – *slightly* too big for her body, but in a way that made her look voluptuous and sexy, like she could be in music videos.

Her skin was a faint, golden brown, like her parents had been mixed Latin and Caucasian. Her legs were long, slender. Between her thighs, a demure little tuft of wiry hair curled above a long slit with pink lips.

Even without makeup, she was gorgeous. She was beautiful. She was everything a red blooded man could ever want in a woman.

And she was *him*.

As the mirror slowly steamed back up, making Teri’s features go blurry, Terrance watched her, his lips dry and his heart fluttering in his heavy new chest. Twelve hours after his transformation, little more than two days after his first meeting with the soldier, the bureaucrat and the scientist, he still couldn’t shake the feeling that this couldn’t be happening, that it had to be an elaborate trick involving holograms.

But he knew better than that. He could *feel* his new, female body around him. Feel the way his nipples were hardening in the cold. Feel the strange way he now stood, one leg relaxed more than the other, naturally making his body kink in the middle.

Feel the absence between his legs, where until recently he’d had a big, long cock dangling that used to delight the girls he sometimes saw.

He was Teri now. Would be until his mission was over. Until he climbed on that plane in three weeks’ time and set off for South America under the cover of darkness.

“Three weeks without sex,” he said out loud in his soft, seductive new voice, watching as the blurry image of Teri in the steamed-up mirror mouthed the words in time with him. “Three weeks of pissing sitting down, shaving our armpits, wearing panties and getting checked out by every macho guy working at the Farm.”

He exhaled, blowing his cheeks out. The air came out in a low whistle.

“It’s gonna be hell, isn’t it?”

From what he could see of Teri’s fading eyes in the mirror, it looked like she agreed with him.

*

“HA!”

“C’mon, Teri, you can do better than that!”

“My... name...” the words came out in pants, as he struggled to fill his puny new body’s lunge with oxygen, “isn’t... *Teri*.”

“Want me to use your male name? Stop hitting like a girl.”

“HA!”

“Harder, you pussy. *Harder!*”

“HA!”

It was one week after Terrance’s transformation, and five days into his intensive operation training program. In all that time, he’d barely slept a wink, barely stayed at his apartment.

On some level, he was glad all this work was keeping him from thinking too hard about the fact he was now a woman; he was so tired at nights that he barely even noticed he was peeing sat down.

On the other hand, he was more exhausted than he’d ever been while not on a mission before.

The Agency had put him through crash courses in the Jaguar’s history. Tests to make sure his Spanish was still at native-speaker level (he’d passed these with flying colors, but they took up so much goddamn time). Routine drills to make sure he could still shoot straight, still identify hostiles in the heat of combat, still make snap decisions.

All this would’ve kept him busy enough. But there was also the physical side.

The moment he’d stepped into that tank surrounded by Mr. Hipster’s scientist friends – the warm liquid inside lulling him into a trance while also slowly reprogramming his DNA and shifting his skin – he’d lost his powerful, male body, the one he’d been building up at the gym for *years*.

In its place, he’d been given a female body so willowy, so weak, that moving around in it at first had made him feel like his bones were hollow.

So now here he was. In the Farm’s gym, his killer new body hidden away inside a woman’s boxing gear, trying his goddamn best to knock the stacked black man before him flat on the matt.

“Harder, Teri. *Hit me!*”

Terrance hopelessly swung his fist. The muscular trainer easily batted it away. It was too much for Terrance.

He stepped back, dropping down, placed his hands on his knees, gasping in lungfuls of air. His long hair dangled past his face, appearing in his vision like a long curtain, trailing towards the floor. With each deep breath he could see his stupid boobs swelling and contracting.

“Enough...” he gasped. “Please...”

Clifton lowered his hands. Stood, his arms crossed over his broad chest, a faint smirk on his lips. His gray t-shirt was barely damp, while Terrance felt like he was sweating buckets.

“What’s the matter, hot stuff? Too hard for you?”

Terrance glared up at the tall black man. He knew his trainer was trying to antagonize him, to make him angry enough to start sparring again, that he'd never talk to a *real* female agent like that.

He also knew that he didn't care, and Clifton's patronizing attitude was making him sick.

"Look, this isn't *my* body, OK?" He snapped, standing upright. His trainer smiled. "You think *you'd* be able to knock out a ripped dude stuck like this?"

He hated the way his voice sounded when he complained. Whiny, high pitched, a little squeaky. Hysterical. Silly. All those mean little words you reserved for when *women* were upset, while men got to be understandable things, like angry, frustrated, worked up.

"Who cares?" His trainer snapped back, that amused smile still on his face. "I'm not the one who might need to take out some drug dealer's goons. Whether you're a woman or a man, all the same to me."

"Yeah?" Terrance held up his hands. "Why'd you make me wear the *pink* gloves then?"

"Coz you're a *girl* right now, Teri. Not a woman. You hit like a girl. You move like a girl. And you sure as hell *whine* like a girl."

Terrance glowered up into Clifton's face as his smile grew wider. To his annoyance, he was faintly aware that his transformed mind found the big black man weirdly attractive.

If you're into macho assholes, I guess. Now stop thinking about this shit, it's just a side-effect of the change...

He turned his hands rounds, clenched his fists, holding them up towards his trainer. The hot/annoying black guy smiled, the lights of the gym faintly shining off his shaved head.

"That's better." He raised his hands. "Now, stop being a girl and hit me like a *woman!*"

Barely had he finished talking than Terrance's body bunched up, than he pulled his arm back, and felt himself *spring* forward, all the power, all the frustration bound up inside his tiny new fist.

"HA!"

"Haha, that's better! Maybe we'll make a woman outta you yet, girly. Now. *Again!*"

"HA!"

"Again!"

"HA!"

*

The training continued.

Each night, Terrance would sit in his apartment, one smooth, slender leg unconsciously crossed over the other as he ate pizza and pored over the files the Agency had on the Jaguar.

There were the usual reports. The notes and memos linking him to drug smuggling rings, to violence and mayhem on the American continent. There were breathless reports of his staggering wealth. Testimonies that the Jaguar was both tough and fair.

That he never forgot a debt. That he spent the bulk of his ill-gotten money building schools and hospitals in the poorer barrios, where he was considered a modern folk hero.

Eyewitness accounts telling how you should never cross him, but that he made it a point of honor to never hurt women and children.

Good. Terrance thought idly, tossing his hair back and glancing down at his soft, curvy new body. *Suppose that's a bonus for me...*

And then he remembered the face of Antonio Martinez, and the sweet, innocent face of the 7-year old girl the Agency had grafted onto him, and he remembered the horribly casual words of the bald man again:

"Mr. Martinez is as dead as they come..."

After that, he didn't feel like eating anymore.

There were photos, too. Grainy images of the Jaguar, taken on telephoto lenses. Satellite images of suspected hideouts; gray smears against the desert. In all these, Terrance found only one clear image.

It was a couple of years old, now. A photo taken Stateside, back before the Jaguar crossed the border and killed Antonio.

It showed a tall, older man with peppery hair and dark stubble, climbing out a sportscar by a mansion somewhere.

His shoulders were broad, his chest like a barrel. A collared shirt hung open and loose around his shoulders, fluttering in an invisible wind, revealing a tight white tee beneath it that clung to the man's muscles, his pecs and abs defined and visible through its taut fabric.

His movements were visibly slow, almost languid. One big hand was raised to his sunglasses, showing forearms that were thick and dusted with dark hair. A faint bulge in the man's chinos momentarily caught Terrance's eye, drew it to his crotch. He felt himself blush slightly and looked away.

"There you are," he whispered in Teri's voice, looking down at his prey's handsome, lined face. "My Jaguar."

Even as a frozen image, the man in the photo radiated power. Not the gaudy power of most drug dealers. A coiled, physical power. The sort of raw, animal strength and magnetism that only the best leading men could portray on film. A sort of danger. A sort of... sexiness.

Everything in his body, his movements, indicated that this was a man who could easily hold you down and kill you, or just as easily pin you to a bed and make love to you, slipping his large cock in and out of you as you writhed and gasped and moaned, completely at his mercy...

...and anyone watching would barely be able to tell the difference.

For a long time, Terrance stared at the photo, as if hypnotized. Ignoring his pizza as it turned cold beside him. Ignoring the *buzz* of his cell as yet another of his girlfriends winged him an irritable WhatsApp asking where he'd *been* these last weeks. Ignoring his cat as it came and wound its way around his legs, unsure who this strange woman was in its apartment and not really caring.

Ignoring everything in favor of that powerful, dangerous man. The man he'd spend the next few weeks thinking about every single waking minute.

At long last, he became aware of a strange feeling stirring in his body. A sort of tension. A kind of faraway warmth...

...and then he felt the bead of moisture on the inside of his leg and realized what had happened.

"Oh *fuck*."

He quickly slipped the photo back into the folder, suddenly all too aware of the dampness in his crotch, and the way his nipples were all pointy and scratching against the fabric of the cotton girl's top he was wearing; one of a haul of women's clothes he'd hastily bought on his first night as female and billed to the Agency.

By his feet, the cat looked up, curious to see what was happening.

"What? It's *nothing*," he insisted in his female voice, frowning down at the creature. "It's just this new body, OK? I haven't... got a handle on it just yet, all right?"

The cat yawned disdainfully, got up and slinked away across the kitchen.

"Don't give me *that*," Terrance murmured after it in his soft accent, "like I haven't seen you out there, chasing after those toms."

The cat ignored him, as it always did these days. As it always had when he was male, come to think of it. Terrance impulsively stuck his tongue out at it, suddenly feeling every bit the 22-year old girl he appeared to be, instead of the 35-year old man he really was.

"Anyway," he turned back to the file, hesitated, then pushed it aside and picked up the latest newspapers from his target country, far below Mexico, "it doesn't mean anything. Just this stupid body."

He concentrated furiously on reading the Spanish words, moving his lips as he read the reports, deliberately trying to mimic the local accent as he did so.

That night, as he lay in bed, Terrance had odd dreams. About a big, black man shouting at him to work harder. About running in the darkness of a vast and lonely desert, somewhere in the south.

About how he stopped running and fell into the arms of a broad shouldered man with peppery hair. A man who held him down on a bed while he whimpered, then climbed on top of him and started kissing Terrance's slender neck, his clavicle, his chest, letting his lips drift over his hard and tender nipples...

He woke up with a gasp to find his crotch soaked and the first gray light of dawn starting to filter through into his bedroom. Without even thinking about what he was doing, he rolled onto his front, bunched one hand into a fist and slipped it down between his legs. Then he frantically bucked his hips, guided by instinct, until his girl-body came with a sudden force that made him bite down on his pillow to stop himself from crying out, and left his entire body shivering from head to toe.

That morning at breakfast, the cat wandered over, sat down beside him and glanced up at Terrance's confused, ashamed face with a smug little look that seemed to say *I told you so*.

It took a long time to make a man into a convincing woman, even a man who had been given the body of a girl by the Agency's scientists. There were correct ways of acting you needed to learn. Of speaking. Of holding yourself.

For Terrance, it was like a revelation. He'd never realized before just how many tiny little differences existed between the sexes. Little things in the way others treated him, and in the ways he was expected to treat other people.

Every lunch, when he got away from his training long enough to eat, he now found himself automatically sitting at tables with other women on.

When he *did* find himself in a social situation with a man, he was shocked and a little angry to discover he was suddenly expected to listen while the other guy pontificated, explaining things to Terrance like he'd been transformed into a total bimbo rather than a woman who just happened to be young and beautiful.

Worse was the way guys now glanced at him as he walked around the Farm, coy little smiles to check out his legs or try to catch his eye. Even the female agents seemed to assume someone as gorgeous and as made up as Terrance was had to be a secretary, rather than an active duty agent.

At times like this, Terrance would angrily wish he could get out of this stupid body, even as he smiled winningly back at the guys, or even just put on a suit and cover some of his new curves up.

But it was part of his training that he learn how to dress elegantly, maneuver his new body in killer heels, become a pro at putting on makeup and passing among strangers as a girl.

So here he was, walking through the Farm like a girl on her way to a cocktail party, and having to deal with all the weird and resentful looks this caused.

After the first couple of days of this, he'd wondered aloud why the hell they couldn't have just hired, y'know, an *actual woman* for this job?

He'd been with Liz, the only woman in their department of six; the only six people in the entire Agency to know he was really a man. She'd taken him down the shooting range to let him get a feel of using heavy guns in his weak new body, and smiled at his question.

"You give us chicks too much credit," she'd said, loading up a rifle for him. "Not all of us are experts at walking in heels like that and looking like a supermodel."

She'd handed him the gun.

"Sure," Terrance had replied, faintly annoyed to be interrupted in his moan. "But there must be *some* women working here who are into this dressing up. I mean, it must be taking longer to get me pulling this shit off, right?"

"Maybe," Liz had shrugged, "but are they all native level Spanish with a perfect grasp of regional variations and slang?"

"Huh? Well, I guess some of them must be..."

"And do those Spanish-perfect beauty queens have an intimate knowledge of the geography and political situations south of the border, born from sixteen years pulling off clandestine operations in the region?"

“Maybe some? I don’t know...”

“And, of that tiny handful who meet these ridiculous criteria, how many have a long history of assassinations and taking down cartel leaders without anyone ever suspecting?”

“What’s your point?”

“My point is,” Liz had shrugged, “you were perfect for the job. The only thing they needed to change was your gender. And it’s far quicker for you to pick up basic cross-dressing than it is for me to learn perfect Caracas slum slang and the names and identities of every major drug operator in SA.”

At this point she’d smiled.

“You should be pleased, Teri. You’re a valuable asset. And how many of us get to spend three weeks as the opposite gender, huh? I mean, I’d *kill* to find out what’s happening inside the head of all those assholes I’ve dated.”

And, with that, she’d stepped back.

“Now, soldier.” She’d said in an amused voice, “show me what a bimbo like you can do with her weapon.”

With pleasure, Terrance had thought, sourly. Then he’d spun round and fired and kept on firing until the human-shaped paper target was torn to shreds and flapping in two.

And around all this, Terrance kept on sparring, kept on reading, kept on learning to act like a beautiful, elegant woman.

More days passed. He went to photoshoots the Agency had organized, that would be used to create a modeling backstory on the internet for him, and had to stand in stupid, sexy poses that made him feel faintly silly, all while being perved over by the photographer’s assistants.

He held a Skype conference with an asset in Miami, who’d officially constructed his new identity; falsifying government records to create the backstory of a wealthy girl born in Florida to a Cuban mom and American dad, who’d moved south of the border aged 16 to pursue her dream of becoming a singer.

And, even as he progressed further and further and slipped deeper into his role, he still found himself, most nights, quietly studying the photos and files on the Jaguar, and wondering how such a careful, ethical and, well, *gentlemanly* smuggler could wind up becoming such a villain.

By the time his three weeks were up, he was ready to be Teri.

*

On his last night in America, Terrance was cooking some pasta and listening to the sounds of the rain outside when he heard a firm knock at the door.

“Who is it?” He yelled, trying not to let his sauce boil over, while simultaneously trying not to trip over the cat.

There was no answer. He frowned to himself.

“Wasn’t expecting anyone...” he muttered in Teri’s voice. He glanced down at himself in irritation. He was wearing nothing but a pair of flimsy pink panties and a that white cotton top.

As usual, he'd taken his bra off the moment he'd walked in the door, willing to put up with the weirdness of his chest jiggling to spare himself the weirdness of feeling like a dude wearing a bra.

The knocking came again. Harder this time, more urgent. Probably one of the neighbors, angry the cat had left a dead bird on their balcony or something.

With a sigh, Terrance took the pan off the heat, shooed the cat away, went over to the mirror and straightened his hair, already rehearsing how he'd tell whoever it was that *too bad, Terrance is out this evening, I'm just holding fort for him. You want me to take a message?*

Moments later, he was at the door, undoing the lock even as he automatically checked his gun was in easy reach, and stood up on tiptoes to reach the now much-higher peephole.

"Just a moment..." he called, softly.

And then he saw who was out there and froze.

What...? Seriously...?

He lowered his petit new body off its tiptoes, looked blankly at the door. For a moment, he wondered what to do, what he should say, if he should just pretend there was no-one home...

...and then something suddenly seemed to give in his brain. An old, unnecessary defense crumbled away and, with a little internal shrug and a little outward smile, Terrance took the chain off the latch, opened the door, and then stepped back, leaning against the wall with his hands loosely clasped behind his back, his bare legs crossed and a faintly-knowing smile on his beautiful new face.

"Well, well," he heard himself purr, "isn't *this* a surprise?"

In the corridor, Clifton smiled down at him, his giant frame almost blocking the doorway.

He was dressed in a simple shirt with a dark jacket, dripping wet from the rain outside. A bottle of wine was grasped in one large hand. His face, so often creased into a cruel little smirk at the sight of Terrance in his new body was now slightly self-conscious.

"I thought maybe you could use one last pep talk," the muscular black guy said, his eyes drifting down over Terrance's naked legs.

"In the mood for some exercise, huh?" Terrance threw back carelessly, all too aware of the smile on his own face. "Who says I want you round here?"

Clifton shrugged.

"Maybe you do, maybe you don't. Just say the word and I'll go. Saw a nice bar on the street corner, sure there's a lonely girl or two in there."

"Think they'd be interested in a mean old hardass like you?"

Clifton didn't reply. His sly look said it all.

Deep inside his brain, Terrance was aware how wrong this was. How he should be chasing Clifton away instead of flirting with him like this, then going back to his research.

But he was aware of something else, too. A feeling, rising up in him, one that had been waiting

ever since he stepped out of that tank in Teri's dynamite body. A sort of warm anticipation that was folding itself around his female flesh, making his crotch feel tingly and his nipples go all hard.

C'mon... how many dudes get a chance to experience this...?

Clifton glanced down at the two points protruding from Terrance's tits. The two, unmistakable nubs of his nipples, straining against the white cotton fabric.

"I think..." he murmured, "that someone wants to invite me inside."

Terrance slowly nodded.

"I think you're right," he whispered.

He slowly moved to one side as the enormous black man stepped inside, ducking slightly so his 6ft6 frame didn't bump against the top of the door. The sight of him did strange things to Terrance's female body.

In the gym at the Farm, Clifton looked big, like a wall of muscle and power that couldn't be contained. In this corridor, though, he looked like a giant. He *towered* over Terrance, nearly a full foot bigger than him. The sheer size of this brute, his evident *strength* was enough to make Terrance's pouty lips go dry.

"Dinner's almost ready," he said with easy nonchalance, pushing himself off the wall as he did so, "come in when you're out those wet clothes. Oh, and don't forget the wine."

He could feel Clifton's dark eyes, lingering on his ass as he walked. Feel the black man's desire, like it was a living thing, stretching out, caressing his female body, making him shiver slightly. He deliberately curved his hips a little, giving his personal trainer a good show.

He could already tell this was gonna be one *hell* of a night.

*

The rain drummed softly on the windows. In the darkness of the apartment, Terrance threw back his head and *moaned*.

"You like that, huh?" Clifton's voice was low, harsh in his ear, but deeply intoxicating. "You like having my dick in you?"

Sat across his personal trainer, Terrance weakly nodded his pretty little head. His long hair lay between his shoulder blades, tickled at his bare back. His nipples were so hard they hurt.

His legs were spread, his thighs either side of the muscular black man's waist as they sat together on the sofa, Terrance straddling his big, thick cock as they slowly moved together to an invisible rhythm.

He was tipsy, he knew that. Knew the wine had made him looser, made him respond to Clifton's first kisses by kissing him back, by letting the black man send his tongue swirling around the insides of Terrance's mouth. Made him unbutton his trainer's shirt and start kissing his rock solid chest, one small had placed flat against his abs, letting the strong man's raw power flow through him like electricity.

He told himself it was the alcohol that had made him jump up and wrap his legs round Clifton's

waist and kiss him and keep wildly kissing him as the black man swept the countertop clean with one hand and placed Terrance on it, his fingertips kneading his pert ass, squeezing it, making Terrance dizzy with desire.

He remembered pulling his top off over his head, the movement mussing up his long hair, and letting his breasts dangle, ripe and free. He remembered the way Clifton had kissed them, his lips brushing against their tender flesh like the wings of a butterfly as he kissed them all over, before sucking on Terrance's nipples and making him moan out loud.

He remembered the way he'd clutched the black man's head against his chest, closed his eyes and drank in the aroma of his sweat, a faintly acrid smell that sent signals firing through his female body, making his pussy all wet and sloppy and his mind feel wrapped in pink fog.

He remembered all this, and tried to tell himself it was only the alcohol.

But he knew both of them knew differently.

Beneath him, the strong giant bucked his hips, sending his long prick lancing further up inside him. Terrance bit down on his lower lip and let out a tiny squeak, part of him horrified to feel something – *anything!* – inside him like that, but most of him just lost on the waves and waves of pleasure rolling over his body.

He raised himself up, moving against Clifton's movements. He raised his body up until his lover's thick, dark penis was almost outside him...

...and then he lowered himself down again as Clifton thrust upwards, inviting his trainer inside him, inviting him into his *womb*.

Oh Christ, I have a womb now... what if he gets me pregnant?

The walls of his new pussy stretched with each movement of their hips, sending little sparks of pleasure flashing into his female brain. He could feel Clifton's balls – two fat, heavy things that had for some reason fascinated him – pushing up against his anus. Clifton's hands grasped him by his ass, holding him in place, keeping him there, taking his willpower away from him.

His clit throbbed. His pussy flowed with juices. With each thrust, Terrance could feel his perky breasts bouncing on his chest, reminding him of his change, reminding him of what he had become.

He closed his eyes, unable to stop the high-pitched gasps and whimpers escaping from his throat.

I'm a girl now... a horny little girl who likes having dicks inside her, who loves having big, black men fuck her...

As if on cue, Clifton suddenly started thrusting faster, his hips bucking furiously as he let out animal like grunts, each pounding enough to make Terrance's pretty little mouth open wide in a big 'O' and to make him wail and whimper and want to scream.

"Harder..." he dimly heard himself begging, "oh *fuck*, baby, *harder!*"

And then, before he knew it, he was coming.

It came out of nowhere. One minute, he was riding Clifton's dick, enjoying the waves of sleepy pleasure washing over him, the next his eyes were screwed up, his pretty, painted lips were dangling open and he was letting out cries of *Oh! Oh! Oh!*

His orgasm was like a slap to the face. It sent him reeling, made him dizzy. The world turned blurry around him. He felt his long hair plastered across his face as a shiver ran across his skin.

Then he was smiling dazedly down at Clifton as the black man kept on pumping away, still filling Terrance's pussy and making him whimper even as his orgasm receded.

"You came already?"

Terrance nodded, his vision still slightly blurry.

"Yeah. Oh *fuck*..."

He closed his eyes as Clifton bucked hard against him. The black man grinned, grabbed his hips, hauled him off his frame like Terrance was made of feathers, and dumped him down on the sofa.

"In that case, maybe it's time we tried something new..."

Moments later, Terrance was on all fours, screaming in pleasure as Clifton fucked him from behind, the black man's gigantic dick pounding into him, each thrust making his dangling boobies jiggle and making him feel like he was going mad from pleasure.

The next morning, Terrance got dressed at dawn and left without a word, leaving the strong man who'd taken his female virginity sleeping naked in his bed.

Two hours later, he was on a plane to South America, trying desperately to listen to his briefing, even as he felt the dull, happy ache in his cunt and his mind kept flitting back to the incredible fucking he'd received the night before.

Three: The Party

Laughter filled the air. Music thudded out into the sweet, equatorial night. Elegant dresses flashed past; glimpses of sharp suits; smiling, perfect faces; sparkling conversation, all conducted in the upper-class Spanish of this former colony.

Terrance moved among these people unnoticed, his stylish leather clutch bag clasped in one hand and a cocktail in the other, smiling back at the other women with his dazzling, supermodel smile, fluttering his eyelashes at the rich, powerful men who eyed him with smirks on their wrinkled faces.

It had been the easiest thing in the world, getting into the Jaguar's party.

After stowing his wingsuit and bag, he'd walked for about ten minutes through the endless grounds of the vast, white mansion, keeping to the shadows, making sure no guards saw him.

Then, when he was absolutely sure it was safe, he'd slipped on his killer heels, swept one last hand through his long hair, and stepped out of the shadows by the pool and into the crowd, instantly blending in with the beautiful people the Jaguar had invited.

And now here he was. Carefully weaving his way through the crowd of guests, occasionally stopping to indulge a hopeful man who took his arm, charming the old prick with his Spanish *bon mots* before excusing himself and moving on.

"Another glass, ma'am?" asked a young waiter in Spanish.

"Gracias," Terrance took the proffered glass in one dainty hand, his long, red nails vibrant against the bubbling liquid inside. *"You're from Bogota?"*

He smiled as the boy blinked at him.

"The accent. They say you can always tell a Rolo, no matter how long he's been away from home."

The boy smiled nervously, his cheeks coloring slightly. He was maybe 18, not much younger than Terrance's new body, but clearly still shy around women.

Especially when they were as drop dead gorgeous as Terrance now was.

"I-I grew up there, ma'am. But I left with my mother a very long time ago."

"Do you look after her?" Terrance felt himself playfully arch a sculpted eyebrow. *"Some women think that's a very attractive trait in a boy."*

He let his words hang in the air, before adding in a soft whisper.

"I happen to agree."

Deep inside his mind, the male part of Terrance's brain was aware of how weird this all felt. He was intentionally flirting with this boy, leading him on with his sweet, smoky words, deliberately holding himself in such a way that would signal sexual interest.

It helped that the boy was attractive, in an innocent sort-of way. But it was still strange. On the few previous occasions he'd had to flirt with women while undercover, he'd been able to brush it

aside, focus on his genuine feelings of desire to paper over his motives.

Flirting with a boy, *as a woman*, though, was a whole different ballgame.

If the boy was aware of the strange thoughts swirling around this gorgeous woman's mind, he didn't show it.

"Th-thank you, ma'am," he stammered, looking a little like a rabbit caught in headlights, *"umm, are you... I mean, what is your-?"*

"My name?" Terrance let his body give the boy a ghost of a smile.

He's cute when he's nervous, he thought, idly.

"Teri. The man of the house invited me last week, but I don't know any of these people." He made a show of pouting slightly and looking round the poolside area, trying to summon the demeanor of a spoiled rich girl who can't find anyone to talk to. *"They're so boring, do you think?"*

The boy hesitated. Terrance let out a perfectly-timed, tinkly little laugh. He placed his glass on the boy's tray, then placed a hand gently on his arm.

"Listen, you don't have to pretend around me. My grandmother was from Bogota, too, and what are we Rolos known for if not speaking our minds?" A pause. *"Tell me, what's your name?"*

"Andersen," the boy managed to get out. The moment Terrance had laid one gentle hand against him, he'd look like he might explode.

"That's such a strong name. Can you tell me, Andersen..." Terrance stepped slightly forward, got on tiptoes, his lips almost brushing the boy's earlobe.

This close, he could feel the waiter's body heat. Feel him trembling slightly, unsure how he should deal with a woman this beautiful being this close to him; trying to figure out if she was really flirting, or if she was just another drunk rich girl, amusing herself and scandalizing her parents by faking an interest in a poorer boy.

Poor bastard, Terrance thought, vaguely. *Let's at least give him something to remember from this...*

He deliberately leaned slightly forward, until he felt the boy's arm bump up gently against one of his breasts. The boy went stiff as a board.

"Can you tell me where our host is?" He whispered in his sultry voice, his breath warm against the boy's face. *"He's keeping himself hidden, but I know the staff at these parties always know."*

Andersen was silent, as still as a statue. He didn't move, didn't seem to breathe. But neither did he take his arm away from where it rested against Terrance's firm breast.

"Please?" Terrance's voice was barely audible above his breath. He let his free hand gently start tiptoeing its way up the boy's spine, his fingertips slightly caressing him through his starched uniform. *"I'd like a chance to at least say goodbye to him."*

He thought it wasn't going to work. Already, he could hear a few of the guests around them, whispering about that tipsy girl trying to get in the waiter's pants. He was afraid Andersen would hear it too, and become too paralyzed with fear to even talk.

Instead, the waiter at last gave himself an almost imperceptible shake. He pulled back slightly, the pressure from his arm falling away from Terrance's breast as the boy looked into his face.

"This way, Senorita," he murmured at last.

Terrance rewarded him with a dazzling smile.

*

The west wing of the mansion was in darkness, sealed off from the rest of the party. Terrance climbed the steps behind Andersen, carefully putting his high heeled feet down in the gloom, making sure to keep rolling his hips and curving his pert little bum like a natural female.

Up here, facing the dark mountains above the city, the sounds of the party were very faint, very dim. The music sounded like it was coming from another world.

At last, they stopped before a large oak door at the end of a long corridor.

"Wait here," Andersen said, avoiding Terrance's eye. He vanished into the gloom without a backward glance.

Terrance waited, aware his heart was fluttering in his swollen chest. He clutched his clutch bag, trying not to think too hard about the tiny pistol hidden in there.

Trying not to think too hard about his awful, deadly mission.

At long last, a buzzer hidden in the darkness crackled into life, almost making him jump.

"Enter," a high-pitched, female voice said in a thick Guadalajara accent.

Shit, he's not alone... Terrance just had time to think, followed by, *what was wrong with that woman's voice...?*

And then the door buzzed open, and he had no choice but to step inside.

The moment he entered the room, he knew he'd made a fatal mistake.

The room was lined with heavy wooden panels, clearly obscuring sophisticated soundproofing techniques. Chandeliers hung from the ceiling, their refracted light throwing strange shadows on the deep red carpet, and casting barely-perceptible colors onto the heavy oak desk at the far end.

But none of this was what caught Terrance's eye and made him feel suddenly ill. None of this was what caused a suffocating sense of helplessness to rise in him.

Stood on the other side of the desk, the Jaguar was watching him with a genial smile, a glass of wine held loosely in one hand, the other casually slung in his pocket. Beside him, sat on the desk, a small, pre-teen Mexican girl with dark skin and wide eyes held a gun that was far too big for her tiny hands, a demonic grin on her childish face.

As the door automatically swung closed behind Terrance, cutting off his escape, the Jaguar took a sip of his drink, his eyes alive and mischievous.

"What can I say?" He said in faintly-accented English, his baritone voice loaded with amusement. "You were right, my dear. There was an Agent at my party."

"You're damn fucking right," the 10-year old girl growled, her head lowered as she stared at Terrance from underneath her dark bangs. "What do you want me to do with her?"

“*Hey, what is this?*” Terrance piped up in Spanish, desperately trying to act the part of a confused, scared partygoer, without much hope it would work. “*I was just looking for the restroom...*”

“Of course you were, my dear,” the Jaguar said gently, “just like there definitely *isn’t* a small pistol in that oh-so-fashionable bag of yours, no?”

When Terrance didn’t reply, he gave a shrug, took another sip of wine and then gestured the girl with his glass.

“There is no use playing games at this stage. Mr. Martinez here is an Agent himself. Or, should I say, an *ex-Agent*?”

That faint smile crossed his lips again, without touching his electric blue eyes; eyes unsuited to such a dark complexion, but all the more hypnotic for that reason.

Eyes that were now struggling to hide an eternity of pain.

“As, for that matter, am I.”

“*What?!*” The word was out before Terrance realized he’d switched back to English. He looked wildly from the handsome billionaire before him – from the Jaguar, the killer he’d been stalking – to the deadly young girl sat beside him.

“Mr. Martinez, but he’s...” He looked helplessly at the girl.

“Mr. Martinez is no more dead than you or I,” the Jaguar said. He put his glass on the table, affectionately reached out and ruffled the slender child’s long, dark hair. The girl’s deadly expression didn’t change.

“He’s simply decided to take up a new role in my employ, even if it means being stuck in this sweet little body of his.”

The Jaguar suddenly frowned.

“Forgive me. I have made a mistake, blame my lack of English practice these last three years.” He gave Terrance a playful look. “Just now, when I said Mr. Martinez was no more dead than you or I? It seems I included one too many personal pronouns. As you can see, I am very much alive. But you, my dear?”

The room seemed to sway slightly. In horror, Terrance glanced from the billionaire’s soft, open face to the closed face of the girl, of the *ex-Agent* turned Jaguar assassin.

He delicately wet his lips with his tongue.

“Wait...” he just had time to say in his sultry female voice.

And then there was a flash of light. A heavy noise that seemed to wallop against his eardrums. He saw the gun kick back in the girl’s tiny hands, its recoil almost enough to send her arms back over her head.

I’ve just been shot... Terrance had time to think.

And then there was another flash, another *bang*, and then there was nothing left at all.

The End

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Like what you've read? Why not try my tale of a man forced to hide as a little girl: [The Groom Who Became a Flower Girl](#).

How I was Turned into a Pregnant Girl

Day One: Conception

I still remember when I first heard about The Procedure.

They were discussing it on some talk show or other, one of the ones I used to stick on in the background while I was cooking for me and Jo. Jimmy Kimmel or James Corden. I wasn't really listening – too busy trying to make sure the onions caramelized instead of burning – but I remember someone laughing and saying *what man would want to go through that?*

'That', of course, was The Procedure. The new initiative brought in by the government to combat (their words) "sexism in society."

I'd heard it being tossed around on talk radio, or alluded to in conversations, but I'd never bothered to find out what it actually was.

See, I'm a work-from-home guy. A househusband, if you like. While Jo is out at her high-powered corporate job, I stay at home and keep things shipshape. My guy friends, Frank and Hal, laugh at me, but it's really not so bad. I kinda *like* being the wife.

At least, I did.

Back when it was still a metaphor.

The downside is that I don't get those watercooler moments to find out what's going on in the world. So when Jimmy or James (or was it John Oliver?) started riffing, I kept a half-ear open, letting it sink in while I stirred the sauce.

And that was how I found out about it. About the new clinics that were opening across the country. The ones that could take a man and turn him into a girl. And not just any girl.

A *pregnant* girl.

As the studio audience laughed or cheered or whistled, a scientist tried to explain why this was gonna help us all. She talked a good game, but her points about equality or whatever were lost beneath the steady barrage of Jimmy/James/John's jokes. At last, I mentally switched off, letting the words become background noise.

The host is right, I thought, *what sort of man would want to go through that?*

Little did I realize that the answer would be 'me'.

*

I know what you're thinking.

You're thinking this is one of those stories where a powerful woman – my wife – forces a weak male to become something he doesn't want to be. You're thinking Jo got fed up with me and used The Procedure to turn me into a girl.

All the ingredients are there. The high-powered, beautiful wife (yeah, I have to say that, but trust me. If you saw Jo, with her flowing dark hair, slender legs and mischievous eyes, you'd find her beautiful, too). The stay-at-home husband.

But it wasn't like that at all.

Don't get me wrong. I wasn't a sissy. I didn't *want* to wind up like this. I didn't *want* to have boobies and this round baby face and this long blonde hair that's always getting in the way.

But sometimes, we do crazy things in pursuit of our dreams.

And, ever since I was a kid, *my* dream had always been to have children.

You probably know a guy like me. Some men just fixate on being a dad. Of being able to toss a ball around in the yard with a little version of them. Of going to recitals and school nights and all the crazy, maddening shit that goes with it.

Well, that was me. From as far back as I can remember, I wanted to have kids more than anything else in the world.

I'd been upfront with Jo about this. And she'd agreed. She wanted kids, too. One day.

It was that *one day* part that was the real problem.

By the time we hit 35, we were having arguments like you wouldn't believe. Corporate law is one *hell* of a competitive job. And Jo just straight-up swore she couldn't take the time off.

"You don't *have* to!" I said one evening, exasperated, "I'll stay at home and do all the yucky diaper stuff. Seriously, I'll even put it in writing. You can draw up a contract and shove it in my face every time he wakes up screaming in the night."

It was late. We'd had some wine with dinner and, as usual, it made us both a little edgy.

"I'll still have to take *some* time off," Jo sighed. "She's gonna need feeding and *I'm* gonna be the one hauling around two easy-access udders."

She hoisted up her breasts for emphasis.

"Sides, have you got *any idea* how fucking difficult work is gonna be while I'm hauling around all that extra weight? Those pregnant women who run marathons and all that shit get in the news for a reason. It's. Fucking. *Hard*."

"Take a sabbatical, then," I remember pleading, "just six months. They can't possibly penalize you for..."

"They can do whatever they like," Jo said. "I'm a lawyer, remember? Legally, they can screw expectant mothers if they want to. And that bastard Harper has been looking to undermine me for *years*."

She sighed, then turned one of those sweet smiles of hers on me, the ones she gives me when she knows she's being difficult.

"Ten years, OK? I won't put it off forever, I promise. But you... we just need to wait."

"Till what?"

"Till I'm more secure. Till that prick Harper has been hit by a bus." She waved one hand. "Till it's *cool*."

"Couldn't we at least talk about adoption...?"

"I told you, Evan, I'm just not comfortable having another couple's kid in our house. Even if they do need help."

At the look on my face, she smiled again, then got slowly to her feet. She came across the room, wrapped her arms round my waist and looked up at me with those dark eyes of hers.

“We’ll get there. I’m not just being a bitch for the sake of it. But give me *time*, yeah?”

She gently bit her lower lip.

“In the meantime, how about I take you upstairs and thank you *properly* for that awesome dinner?”

I couldn’t help it. I smiled back.

“It was pretty awesome, wasn’t it?”

Jo arched an eyebrow.

“Don’t get cocky,” but she was still smiling, “or I might change my mind.”

So we went upstairs and fucked, and Jo looked spectacular, like she always did. And she took the lead, like she always did.

But I couldn’t stop thinking about our conversation. About what I’d heard on that talk show.

Later, lying in the darkness of our room, I came to a decision. With a feeling like a man about to willingly step off a cliff, I gently raised my head.

“Honey,” I whispered. “You awake?”

“What?” Jo’s voice was crabby with lack of sleep.

“It’s just...” I swallowed. “I think there is a way we could have kids now. Like, this year.”

I hesitated, unsure if I should even say it.

“And *you* wouldn’t even have to get pregnant...”

*

So that’s how it happened. That’s how I came to be floating in darkness of the tank in the clinic, feeling tiny little pinpricks tingling across my skin as my body changed around me.

Despite what you may have heard, there wasn’t any pain. No drugging, nothing. Just soft blackness that I stared into – eternal, infinite – while I waited. Waited to be reborn. Waited to see what I had become.

Jo was waiting for me in the lobby. The night before, we’d fucked furiously, knowing it was our last chance for 9 whole months. The last chance I’d get to penetrate Jo with my dick, the last chance she’d get to run her hands across my flat, hairy chest while she whimpered.

Afterwards, we’d laid in the darkness of our room, Jo’s hands exploring my male body for the last time, me trying not to think what it’d be like when it was gone.

It seemed impossible. The idea that these muscular, hairy legs would change into two smooth, slender things. That my balls and fat dick would vanish. That my broad shoulders, my beard, my masculine *face* would all disappear.

I remember wondering if I’d still need glasses. If I’d still have the mole on my inside thigh, the one only I and Jo had ever seen. The government doctors said you simply became a female you,

but I wasn't sure if I believed them.

When we'd had our last kiss at the clinic, it had been like I was going off to war. The idea that we'd not see my face again for 9 whole months was *crazy*.

But, like a soldier being called up, I had to go. There was something much bigger than me at stake here. My family's future.

Or, more precisely, my future family's future.

As I was lying in the dark, thinking these thoughts, there was a sudden *beep*. A low light came on. Liquid began to drain from the tank.

"Mr. Cooper?" The nurse's voice was muffled. "You're almost done now. We'll have you out as soon as we can get a mirror sorted."

Why a mirror? I nearly said out loud, but something held me back. A fear of hearing my voice. A fear of hearing how it had *changed*.

But it was like the nurse had read my mind. I heard a sort of smile come into her voice, a hint of amusement that made it all seem so much more real.

"It's time to meet the new you," she said.

*

The girl's expression was stunned. Maybe even scared. She looked intently at me with wide, innocent blue eyes that peered out from beneath blonde bangs. Her face was round, babyish, her cheeks soft, her lips plump, her nose a cute little button.

"Well?"

She was young, maybe a decade younger than I was. Early-to-mid-twenties. Her hair was shoulder length, vibrantly blonde. But my eyes were too busy tracing the rest of her figure to linger on her face for long.

The girl was completely, utterly naked.

"Mr. Cooper?"

My heart fluttering in my chest, I looked down at her young body, with its taut, springy flesh and youthful glow. At her narrow shoulders and slender arms. At her tight waist. At her wide hips and heavy, natural breasts, perfect for child bearing.

"Sir, we really need you to..."

"What?" I said at last, not taking my eyes off the girl before me. The girl who kept her eyes fixed on me. The young, naked and weirdly sexy girl who moved her lips in time with mine.

The nurse held out a clipboard.

"We need you to sign this, sir."

She suddenly hesitated.

"Well. I guess I should say... we need you to sign this *ma'am*."

A little whimper escaped my throat, soft and high-pitched. For a moment, the girl's expression

flickered with something like horror.

It's too soon, I thought, not yet, I'm not ready...

But, at the same time the nurse was right.

Gently, I raised up one small, dainty hand, placed it flat against the glass. Watched as the young blonde girl did likewise, touching my soft palm with her cold, mirror one.

There was no doubt about it. I was her. She was my reflection.

This innocent, naked young girl stood before me was *me*.

"Let me take a look at that." Jo stood up from her seat, took the clipboard from the nurse. With a start, I realized that in my new body I was at least six inches smaller than her.

"We're not going to sign *anything* without looking over the small print first."

"It's nothing," the nurse said, "just legal stuff. Officially changing his – I mean, *her* gender."

The conversation seemed to be coming from far away. Despite the evidence before my eyes, I couldn't believe that those female pronouns were referring to me.

"They – the government, officially change her name too, stuff like that."

"What?!" I suddenly yelled. "My name? Into *what*?!"

The voice that came out was high-pitched, almost squeaky. It was young, too, younger and dumber than either of the two 30-something women in the room with me. I automatically grabbed a hand round my throat. In the corner of my vision, I saw the nurse give Jo a small smile.

My voice... Oh, God, what's happened to my voice...?

Jo was still in corporate lawyer mode, flipping through the sheaf of pages she'd been handed. Like maybe thinking about law could save her from thinking about the utterly insane fact that her 35-year old husband was now a 22-year old *girl*.

"It automatically changes back, right? After the pregnancy. You'll put her back to the same age and everything."

Suddenly Jo frowned at my naked new form. It was the sort of examining look a prosecutor gives a stranger in court, and I found myself feeling weirdly guilty.

"Why is she so young? Everyone's going to start calling me a cradle snatcher."

The nurse gave a reassuring smile.

"It's just biology. Babies are healthier coming from younger mothers, so we reduce our clients' ages a bit to help with the pregnancy. And she has the right to change back afterward, once breastfeeding's done."

Once breastfeeding is done? I gave a little whimper and looked down at my curvy young girl-body. *How long does that take?*

I suddenly began to wish I'd read up more on the practicalities of having kids.

Am I gonna be in this body nine months, a year? Two years? Oh God, they can't expect me to

breastfeed a two year old, can they?

“Speaking of pregnancy...” at last the nurse turned to me, a smile on her face. “We just heard back from the lab. Your sperm sample mixed well with Mrs. Cooper’s implanted egg. So, I guess all I need to say is...”

She beamed at me, a warm look, like I was magic or something.

“Congratulations, *Eve*.” She breathed, using my new name. “You’re going to be a *mother*.”

I wordlessly looked down at my soft girl-belly. My long blonde hair fell past my eyes. Unconsciously, I hooked a strand over one tiny ear, then laid my palm flat against my stomach.

“I-I’m *pregnant*?” I whispered in my soft, alien voice.

In the corner of my eye, I saw the nurse nod.

“Yep. First time. Sometimes it takes a week or two for your new body accept it, but yours took the fertilized egg right away.”

She gently shook her head.

“It’s almost like you were *destined* to get pregnant, y’know?”

At her words, I suddenly felt something welling up in me. A rush of emotion that was overpowering, that reared up in me, bigger and stronger than anything I’d ever felt while a man.

“I-I think I’m gonna...” I just had time to squeak out. And then it was too late.

Completely naked, trapped in a girl’s body, with my wife and some stranger watching, I placed my soft face in my dainty hands, and began to cry.

First Trimester

I was still half-asleep when the first wave of nausea hit.

It rose up suddenly, like it was appearing out of nowhere. One moment, I was lying in bed, trying desperately to ignore the long blonde hair trailing across my face, the feel of my heavy breasts resting against one another, trying to pretend I was still a *man*; the next, I was on my feet, racing for the bathroom like my pert new ass was on fire.

“OhmiGod, I’m gonna-!”

I got there just in time. I reached the bathroom, the nausea hit a crescendo, then I was leaning over the toilet, quietly gagging in that dainty way of mine, my eyes screwed shut, wishing I was dead.

As I knelt there in the gloom of morning, I heard a creak of bedsprings. Footsteps. Then strong, gentle hands, pulling my hair back, keeping it from dangling too close to my pouty red lips.

“Shhh... It’s OK, sweetie, it’s OK,” Jo whispered in my ear, her voice still wrapped in sleep. “I’m here for you, Eve.”

The sound of my wife, holding my hair and telling me everything was gonna be alright just served to make me feel even more miserable.

“Don’t *call* me that,” I squeaked out between little gags.

“What, sweetie?”

I shook my head, unable to talk as another wave of nausea rose up.

“Eve?”

I nodded. Jo sighed.

“Come on, baby, we’ve been over this.” She plucked a piece of paper off the toilet roll and handed it to me. “Legally, you’re a girl now. And the agreement states everyone in your life has to treat you like one.”

“Including me.”

The sickness had passed. I spat into the bowl one last time, then leaned back on my haunches.

I felt weak, and shivery and pale, like I’d caught some mild flu. The tiled floor was cold beneath my skin; I was dressed only in a tight white tank top that barely stretched across my big boobs and a pair of lacy panties, and the chill cut clear through me.

“Don’t I know it,” I muttered, dabbing at my lips with the tissue.

The last few weeks since returning from the clinic had been some of the strangest of my life.

Naïve as I was, I’d expected them to just put me in the body of a pregnant woman. I’d been mentally prepared (or so I told myself) for stretch marks, for a swollen belly, for leaky tits, for feeling like I was carrying a bowling ball around in my stomach.

What I hadn’t been prepared for was them putting me in the body of a woman who wasn’t *visibly* pregnant. That day in the tank had been the day I first conceived.

That meant I'd spent the last 11 weeks looking to the rest of the world like the sort of pretty young blonde guys go nuts over.

You can probably imagine how that went.

In less than three months, it had been forcibly imprinted on me just what total jerks men can sometimes be.

Like, I'd sometimes pass a man in the street, then get this weird, prickly feeling on the nape of my neck, and turn round to see him watching me walk with a lecherous grin on his face.

Or I might be at the store and joking with the teenage boy working the till, only to realize with a sudden pink flush of embarrassment, that he was *flirting* with me.

And the weirdest thing would be that, for him, it wasn't even *weird*. In my new body, I was 22. For the 18-year old kid trying to make me laugh, that meant I was easily within his sights.

Even when I saw Frank and Hal, the guy pals I told you about earlier, it was somehow wrong. The guys always used to rag me about being Jo's wife, but now I literally *was* her wife they didn't even mention it. They just kinda took turns trying to make me laugh and talking to me in this weird-ass, almost paternalistic way. Like I was incapable of knowing half the shit they did.

Like I was a dumb blonde who needed things explained to her all the time.

At first, I'd call them out on it, and they'd give a sort of embarrassed laugh. But, as time wore on, they stopped laughing.

By about the 3rd week, I'd stopped pointing out their mansplaining.

By the end of the first month, it was like we'd all slipped into these strange new roles.

Frank and Hal would talk down at me, and I'd politely listen to them, like I was this young girl in awe of these two handsome older men.

Little did I know it'd soon get even worse.

Last time we all met up at Frank's BBQ, on about my 7th week as a girl, it was like I'd never even been male. Frank was half-cut, and spent the whole time making creepy dad-like jokes with me, like some sleazy guys do when they meet a girl 15 years younger than them. Hal was even worse. We barely spoke, but every time his wife Annie turned away, I'd see him sneaking glances at my boobs, this faint sort of smirk on his features.

At one point, after I went to the house to grab a cold Coke, bitching all the time that I wasn't allowed a beer, I felt a presence behind me, and then suddenly Hal was wrapping his arm around my waist and trying to kiss the nape of my neck.

"Hal! What the *fuck?!*"

I pulled away, span to face him, my big new boobs rising in the bottom of my vision with every frightened breath I took.

"Why did you...?"

"C'mon, Evan." He had this slightly-vacant look on his face, the look of a guy four sheets to the wind. "We both know we want it."

“Hal...”

I tried to keep my voice firm, but honestly? I was fucking *scared*. In my new body, I was almost a foot smaller than Hal. He was stronger than me. Bigger. Faster.

And, worst of all, I knew that I couldn't overexert myself. Not in my condition.

Not unless I wanted to lose my beautiful unborn baby.

“Hal, I'm going to go back out and forget this ever happened. And I think it's probably best if you also...”

But it was no use. My “friend” was gone. Drunk.

“Don't be a dick, Evan,” he complained. “If *I* was the one who'd been turned into a hot-ass girl...”

“You'd what?”

“I'd... y'know.” He suddenly gave me a shy, embarrassed grin. “Let you touch them.”

Then before I could even process what he was saying, Hal darted his hands out and gave my boobs a gentle squeeze.

“Oh *dude*... they're so fucking *big*.” Hal giggled nervously, I was too shocked to even move. “Just like your aunt Jemma's...”

It was *awful*. We stood there, frozen like that, for an endless moment; me with a look of terror on my pretty new face, as Hal grabbed and squeezed at these-these *things* protruding from my chest. Looking back now, I wonder why I didn't scream. Why I didn't hit him or try and push him off. But I think the truth is that my girl-body was still so... so *new* that I didn't feel like I could treat it like *my* property.

Every time I showered, I felt embarrassed, like I was rubbing my soapy hands over a stranger's naked body and might be discovered at any moment. And I guess that's what I was thinking when Hal touched me. That these big boobs weren't mine. That I had no right to tell him to stop.

That, as a beautiful young girl, it wasn't my *place* to talk back to older, horny guys.

“Christ, Evan,” Hal whispered, gently kissing my neck as I stood there in silent misery. “You're so fucking *hot*...”

And then, the worst part of all.

“I always used to *wish* you'd been born a girl...”

At that point Annie came looking for us, Hal quickly let go of my tits and made a big noise about looking for a beer, and I ran back out into the yard, as far away from Hal as I could possibly get.

After that... well. I just kinda stopped seeing them. Cut off my supposed “friends” and took to hanging around the house, sometimes with Jo, more often on my own.

By the time we got to the end of my first trimester, I was feeling angrier and lonelier than I could ever remember feeling before.

“This sucks,” I groaned now, pulling my weak girl-body to its feet. I went over to the sink, grabbed my new pink toothbrush, started scrubbing the taste of vomit away.

Jo plonked down on the bathtub beside me, her blue dressing gown wrapped tight.

“It’s just morning sickness, babe.” At some point, she’d started using feminine pet names for me. “Most women get it, when they’re...”

“It’s *not* just mornings though, is it?” I snapped, my high-pitched, youthful voice sounding almost like that of a stropky teenager. “I spend half the fucking day with my face in the toilet.”

Without turning my pretty little head, I could see Jo give me a helpless little shrug.

“That’s what pregnancy is, Evie. You puke, you feel fat, your boobs hurt, and then you have to pop a kid out your puss.”

She leaned back.

“It’s not *meant* to be fun.”

I gave a hollow laugh.

“How would you know?” I turned to my wife. “You don’t have a clue. *I’m* the one who’s pregnant, here, remember?”

“By your own choice.”

“That’s not the point.” I pouted. Ever since getting a gigantic estrogen injection from my new body, I’d found myself getting crabbiier than I ever had as a man.

Is it the pregnancy? I remember wondering the first time I nearly bit Jo’s head off over something trivial, *or being a woman, or just what it’s like being me being a woman?*

“So what is the point?”

“The point is my wife should be... I dunno!” I crossed my arms over my big boobs, the ones that had made Hal act like such a sleazy jerk. “Giving me more *support*.”

Jo smiled slyly. Sat down, she was still at eye level with me, even though I was standing up. We’d measured my new body out of interest not long after The Procedure, and I’d been shocked to discover I’d gone from 6ft1 to slightly under 5ft3.

“I’m not the *only* wife here, am I?” She said. “Last time I checked, *you* were a wife too.”

I pulled a face at her.

“Don’t call me that!”

“Why not? That’s what you are. *Wifey*.”

She giggled suddenly.

“You’re doing your bitch face again,” she laughed, her eyes alive with mischief.

I glanced in the mirror. Eve looked back at me, her soft, pretty face all screwed up, her bottom lip slightly stuck out, her innocent eyes all clouded and stropky.

Bitch-face was exactly the right name for it.

“*You* try being pregnant,” I muttered, looking back at my feet. “Then maybe *you’d* be acting like a bitch, too.”

“I’m sure I would.” Jo giggled.

She reached out, hooked one finger under my chin, made me look up at her. Our faces were only inches apart.

“But I’m glad I’m not. Know why?”

“Why?”

Jo lowered her eyelids, looked at my lips, a dreamy smile on her perfect features.

“Coz then I wouldn’t get to kiss that beautiful bitch face of yours.”

Then she leaned forward, I felt my pretty little head automatically tilt back, and then we were kissing.

It was a soft kiss, slow and sensual. My wife’s tongue swirled around the inside of my mouth, tickling the insides of my cheeks. She ran one hand gently through my hair, slipped another round my narrow waist, pulling me closer to her.

One of the big surprises of my transformation had been discovering that Jo had a secret lesbian side. We’d talked before about how we’d still kiss and cuddle and have sex and stuff after The Procedure, but I’d assumed Jo had agreed to it out of a sense of duty; because she’d known it would be *me* in there.

But there’d been no sense of going through the motions at all. Jo had happily taken the male-role in our encounters, initiating kisses, wrapping me in her arms, pulling me closer. It was almost like she saw my pretty new body as a... a *bonus*.

Much as I hated to admit it, she was right.

I really *was* the wife now.

We kissed for what felt like forever, until Jo finally pulled back, a smile on her lips. She rested her forehead against mine, so our two noses were touching.

“Feeling better, Miss Bitch-face?” She whispered.

I gently nodded.

Already, all the tiny, weird signs of feminine arousal were spreading across my female body, making me feel both horny and uncomfortable, like I was experiencing things no man should ever feel.

I could feel my long, pink nipples hardening, their tips poking out and scratching at the cotton of my white top. Feel the faint dampness in my panties as my new crotch got wet. Feel the warmth as my breasts ever-so gently swelled, my whole body coming alive with sensation.

Jo glanced down at my nipples, at my obvious arousal. A naughty smile flit across her perfect features.

“Good little wife, good little Evie...” She slowly let her hands slip up my pert young body. “I think maybe my darling bitchy wife deserves a treat, something to take her mind off her poor sickly belly...”

Then, suddenly, her fingertips were closing gently round my nipples and I felt myself going dizzy with pleasure.

After a first week where I'd felt uncomfortable even getting undressed around Jo, we'd finally started to have sex again, so by now I was used to the insane pleasure my new body could get from having its boobs touched. Even so, it still came as a shock.

There was just something about the way Jo gently tweaked them, the way she was rubbing the ball of her thumb across their tips, that made me want to faint right into her arms.

"Is that good?" Jo breathed, watching my hardening nipples with a gleam in her eyes. "Is my darling *pregnant* wife enjoying herself?"

In response, I simply leaned my pretty head back and groaned out loud.

Waves of sleepy pleasure were rolling off my chest, making me feel woozy, my nausea now just a distant memory. At the same time, my brain was spinning with the strangeness of it all.

I was getting felt up, by my wife, as *her* wife.

And it was *fantastic*.

"You've got my baby growing in you," Jo leaned in close, whispering in my ear, her voice alive with humor. "Your belly's going to get all big and heavy with my daughter, and your boobies are going to get all big and *full of milk*."

She suddenly gave one of my nipples a hard little *pinch* that made me cry out.

"Hey, quit it!" I moaned, pulling back slightly. "That hurt!"

Jo smiled at me innocently.

"What. This?"

Then she pinched both my nipples, sending little bolts of pain shooting through my chest. I started to pull back with a squeal, but before I could fully react, Jo's grip had loosened and she was playing gently with them again.

The warmth returned. Even as my pussy began to drip, I gave Jo a reproachful look.

"What? You think little Ellie's gonna care about hurting mommy when she's hungry?" She giggled again and started tweaking one of my nipples harder. "Suck, suck, *suck*. That's what she's gonna do, isn't it? She's going to come out your sweet little hole, and then *you're* going to breastfeed her with these gorgeous titties of yours."

I felt like I was going into a trance. I'd only been a girl for slightly-under 3 months, but already Jo knew how to work my female body like a pro.

With a shudder that could've been worry or could've been barely-concealed pleasure, I wondered what she'd be like by the time our baby was born.

"We're not..." A little gasp cut me off for a second. I swallowed, my throat suddenly dry. "I mean, we're *not* having a girl."

My soft voice grew firmer.

"He's gonna be a little boy, *my* little boy, and we're gonna call him *Evan Jr.*"

Jo gave a tinkling little laugh.

"Aww. Mommy wants a little boy to play with, does she?"

“Yeah.” Jo was working my tits harder now, and my breathing was ragged, like our jokey little argument was adding to my arousal. “He... he’s gonna play baseball, and... oh God... I’ll teach him to catch, and we’ll... oh *fuck, Jo...* We’ll...”

Then Jo was talking, and my words dried up altogether.

“You want him to take after daddy, huh?” She gave me an evil little grin. “Even though daddy’s gonna have to watch his baby boy doing *this*?”

In one fluid movement, she *yanked* up my white top so my heavy boobs dangled free and loose, leaned forward and, ignoring my weak little girl-cries, took one of my nipples in her mouth, biting, sucking, letting her tongue flick over the very tip.

It was unbearable. I couldn’t help it. I cried out, whimpering loudly so the sound bounced off the tiles and echoed round the bathroom.

I reached up and took Jo’s head in my two dainty hands, stroking her hair, holding her against my bosom. Closed my eyes, threw my head back and *gasp*ed.

It was wonderful. Impossible. My wife – my *wife!* – was sucking on my tits, deliberately nibbling around my areola, teasing me, tormenting me, like I was breastfeeding her.

With her free hand, Jo had reached down and started squeezing the mound between my legs, *squashing* my lacy panties up against my clit. I whimpered, squealed, helpless against this onslaught of pleasure.

Jo gently pulled back from my nipple, started kissing my bare breasts, fondling them with her free hand, her dark hair leaving trails across my cream white flesh.

“Jo...” I whimpered in my girl-voice, “oh God, Jo...”

“Our daughter’s going to suck on these sweet titties of yours,” I heard her breathe between kisses, “and you’re going to hold her and feel the milk flow out of you, and get all mushy with mommy love.”

She giggled, the sound muffled by my flesh, every inch of which was screaming out with desire.

“But first, let’s see where she’s going to *come* from.”

“*Jo!*”

But it was too late. Her fingertips still playfully tweaking at one of my nipples, Jo started kissing down, beneath my breasts, across my stomach, down my navel.

She lowered herself until she was kneeling on the cold tiled floor, then she squeezed my pussy and pulled me gently closer.

I looked down at her with woozy eyes, my ripe breasts hanging in the way, almost obscuring my wife from view. On the floor, Jo winked up at me.

“Now, be a good little mommy, and *enjoy your treat.*”

Then she pulled my panties down, leaned forward, and buried her face deep in my dripping wet cunt.

The sensation hit me like a slap to the face. I gave a little squeak and leaned back, worried for a

second that I was going to go tumbling over. As I wobbled on my feet, I felt Jo's tongue flick over my slit, teasing at my clit, making me gasp out loud.

Each little lick felt like being at the absolute climax of the greatest blowjob ever as a man. Each tiny flick of Jo's tongue over my clit felt like I was on the brink of orgasm.

"Oh Jesus, Evie..." Jo whispered, leaning back for a moment, squeezing my mound with one hand. "Oh, you taste so good..."

I whimpered again, the helpless little whimper of a young girl embarrassed by what is happening to her, but also powerless to stop it.

"And those *noises* you make..." Jo's tongue delicately danced over my clit, making me squeak and shiver, "God, they make me so wet..."

A firm edge entered her voice.

"Be louder, darling. Please, don't hold back. I want to hear you squeal like a *good girl*..."

Then she was leaning forward again, parting her lips, and I was drifting back toward heaven.

Jo's tongue lapped at my moist little pussy with expert precision, running up my slit, flicking back and forth over my plump lips, teasing at my clit. I gasped and whimpered and involuntarily bucked my hips, wanting to please Jo, wanting to be loud for her.

"Oh... oh *Jo*..." I heard myself gasp, my voice squeaky and feminine, "oh *baby!*"

My new cunt was soaking by now, my entire body wrapped up in soft pink clouds of pleasure. I leaned back against the sink, terrified my legs would simply give way and I'd collapse, swept away on a wave of bliss. My nipples were hard as bullets, pointing out from my heavy chest, as if displaying to the world how obviously aroused I'd become.

How obviously I, Evan Cooper, the big strong man, was enjoying having his pussy eaten.

I groaned and gasped loudly, high-pitched girl-sounds escaping my throat, drifting through the house. Each squeak, each moan, heightened my arousal, made me feel like I was falling into a trance.

Made me feel like I was disappearing into a soft, pink cloud from which I never, ever wanted to escape.

I was just thinking these thoughts, when I suddenly felt Jo's fingertips, pressing firmly against my thighs.

"Honey...?" I just had time to whisper.

"Sit down." It wasn't a request. "Now."

I obediently dropped down onto the edge of the bathtub, marveling at how submissive I was in my new body. How easily my physical transformation was letting both me and Jo express our hidden obedient and commanding sides.

"Spread your legs."

I immediately spread my legs wide, kicking off my panties. I looked breathlessly down at Jo, who smiled from between my smooth, slender legs, her lips shiny and sticky with my girl juices.

“You look so fucking hot right now,” she murmured, leaning forward and kissing the inside of my thighs. “My beautiful wife, my *pregnant* wife...”

And then she lapped at my slit one last time, before sending her tongue darting right into my tight little hole.

It was like an explosion. Like all thoughts had been swept from my mind, leaving me incapable of doing anything but clutching the edge of the bathtub and screaming my pretty little head off.

Jo’s tongue darted inside me, flicking in and out, teasing at my hole. I could feel her *inside* me, lapping away, swallowing my juices, exploring my pussy, my birth canal, the entrance to my *womb*...

My orgasm hit me with the force of a tidal wave. One moment, I was pleading with Jo, the next I was gasping out loud, squealing nonsense as fireworks exploded beneath my skin. My vision went blurry, and I fell into an endless pit of nothingness.

I don’t know how long I stayed frozen like that, lost on an endless sea of pleasure, juices flowing from my cunt, splashing across Jo’s lips, trailing down her chin. I was aware of nothing but the pink fire in my clit, and a feeling of bliss stronger than anything I had ever felt as a man.

At long, long last, my orgasm peaked. I came floating gently back down to earth to find my wife still mischievously lapping away at my pussy, making little shivers pass through me.

“Jo...” I managed to get out in a breathless whisper, “Oh, *baby*...”

“Feeling better now, Evie?” Jo leaned back, delicately wiping my juices from her lips. She gave me an evil little look.

“Or should I say... *mommy*?”

I giggled, fluttered my long eyelashes at my beautiful, dominant wife. The hard edge of the bath was cold beneath my naked backside, but I didn’t care.

At that moment, I didn’t want to be anywhere else in the world.

“Have I told you how much I love it when you call me that?”

“Good. You’ll be hearing a lot more of it. *Mommy*.”

Jo gently kissed one of my knees. It tickled.

“Mom, mom, mommy, mommy, mom...” She murmured, her dark eyes twinkling up at me.

I couldn’t help myself. I leaned forward, took my wife’s face in my hands, and kissed her, longer and harder than I’d ever kissed anyone before. I felt the acrid taste of my own pussy sting at my lips, but I didn’t care.

It was like I *needed* Jo to know how much I loved her. How perfect she was.

How impossibly *happy* I was to be carrying her baby.

“I’ve got a plan,” I whispered at last. I gently bit my lower lip, summoning a hungry look into my eyes.

“How about you take me back into the bedroom, we get that dildo out, and I work you for as long as you like.”

I giggled, luxuriating in the easy way I was flirting, flirting as a girl.

“I *mean* it. You’ve earned it.”

Jo shook her head in amazement.

“I hope this doesn’t sound bad, Evie. But sometimes…”

She paused.

“What?”

She grinned at me.

“Sometimes I almost *prefer* you as a girl.”

For a second, I didn’t know what to say. I mean, I’d always *suspected* Jo enjoyed my girl-body even more than she let on, but to say she preferred it…

I mean, that wasn’t what I wanted to hear.

Was it?

I shook the thought away, leaving that dark worry for another time. Smiled at my tall, wonderful, *dominant* wife.

“You’d better enjoy it while you can, then. Only 6 months left till I turn back, remember? Tick, tock.”

“In that case…” Jo got to her feet, stood over me, smiling down with a powerful smile. “Get that hot little ass of yours into the bedroom *now*, mommy.”

A glint came into her eye.

“I’m going to spank you until you’re so wet you’ll be *begging* me to lick you out again.”

A thrill passed through my girl-body, both shameful and exhilarating. I eagerly got to my feet.

“Yes ma’am, right away, ma’am.”

Twenty minutes later, my wife and I lay on our big double bed together, helpless wails spilling from between our lips as I worked the dildo deeper into Jo and she played with my pussy, our breasts bouncing up and down in time as we gasped and moaned and cried out with joy.

*

That evening, we lay curled up on sofa watching Netflix. Two happy girls, coiled in one another’s arms.

I had my fluffy pink dressing gown pulled tight around me, except for a little gap halfway up, over my belly. As we watched the chick flick together (ever since my transformation, I’d found myself oddly interested in weepy rom-coms and girl films), Jo let one hand gently trace little circles over my stomach, like she was protecting our baby.

The combined sensations of lying in my wife’s arms, of having my pregnant belly stroked, of feeling lost in Jo’s love was enough to make me feel warm and tingly all over. I watched the film without really watching it, a big, goofy smile on my face that I just couldn’t shift.

At last, when it had got to a dull bit, I opened my pretty little mouth.

“Jo?”

Jo sat up slightly, her blue dressing gown falling open a little.

“What’s up, mommy?”

“I just wanted to say...” I closed my eyes. “I can’t *wait* to have your baby.”

There was silence. Jo didn’t say anything. She didn’t need to. I could feel her hand, pressing softly against my stomach, against the womb where our baby was now growing, the baby I’d sacrificed my male friends, my male life, even my male *body* for.

At long last, I felt my wife stirring. Two lips brushed against the top of my head, delicate, sensual.

“Evie,” I heard her whisper. “You’re gonna be one *hell* of a mom.”

I nodded, then frowned slightly.

“You mean...” I hesitated, not wanting to spoil this moment, “you mean *dad*, right? When I turn back.”

“Sure thing, sweetie.” Jo replied quickly, kissing the top of my head. “I just meant while you’re still breastfeeding and all that.”

There was something about her manner that made me feel kinda... uneasy. Like my wife was keeping something from me. But I didn’t want to push it. So, instead, I just lay back and let her keep stroking my belly, thinking about how *good* it’d be to finally have children.

I didn’t know it at the time, but that was probably my last chance. My last chance to say something. To get Jo to admit to her plan.

If I’d known then what I know now, there’s a chance that I might not have lost my male body forever.

Second Trimester

“Hey, lemme get that for you.”

“Uh, gee, thanks.”

I smiled bashfully at the muscular young boy as he held the door open for me, his biceps taut and straining against his gym top.

“You didn’t need to do that.”

“No worries,” he gave me a sunny, confident smile, “I couldn’t leave you doing all that by yourself.”

His blue eyes dropped meaningfully to my belly.

“I’m happy to help, OK?”

It was my 27th week of pregnancy, over six months since I’d waved goodbye to Evan, stepped into a machine, and come out as beautiful Evie. In the weeks since, my body had undergone a series of changes even stranger, in their own way, than my initial transformation from man to woman.

Gone was the soft, toned belly I’d been gifted when I first became Eve. In its place was a bump – not a huge one, but a definite, visible bump. Nor was it just *visible*.

Trapped inside Eve’s pregnant body, I felt like I was carrying a football around inside me. My new belly felt like some pink, fleshy mountain sticking out of me; one that weighed on my back when I tried to lie flat, and made my back curve in weird ways when I was standing up.

When I walked now, I sometimes automatically found myself putting one hand over my midriff, like my body was trying to protect my unborn baby, or maybe just trying to give my back some much-needed support. When I looked down in the shower, the soap suds trickling gently down my navel, I felt like I was changing in some terrifying, irrecoverable way.

And it wasn’t just my womb that was getting bigger.

Over the past few weeks, I’d gone up a cup size with my bra. Eve had already had a fairly-impressive C-cup rack, but now they were *massive*.

Trying on new bras with Jo, I’d been shocked to realize I was now a DD cup, easily bigger than any woman I’d ever known. As I jiggled my big new breasts into a new (and, by the way, *insanely* expensive) bra, I’d found myself wishing the clinic had given me a flat, almost boy-like chest.

“It’s not just you,” Jo had said, reading their ‘what to expect’ pamphlet off her phone, “they say here they deliberately make sure every patient gets the best possible body for having children.”

“I guess that means big hips, big butts, and...” Her eyes trailed over my swollen chest, “even bigger boobs.”

I’d glared unhappily down at my breasts, thinking that I wouldn’t miss them even slightly after I changed back.

“But Double-D?” I’d whined. “Guys are gonna be creeping over me like *crazy*.”

At that, Jo had made a little snort of laughter.

“What?”

“Don’t take this the wrong way,” my wife had smiled, “but I don’t think guys are gonna give you much trouble for the next few months, even with boobs like that.”

Her eyes twinkled.

“Not while you’ve got that big ol’ belly and *lovely* pregnancy glow.”

Because, of course, the changes hadn’t just stopped with my tits and bump.

In the past few weeks, my pretty girl-face had started to *glow*. Like, almost physically. Looking in the mirror to do my makeup each morning, I’d see Evie looking back with a kind of... *shine* about her. As my cheeks got rounder, as my face got slightly-chubbier, I was starting to almost radiate health.

It was weird. Even when I was feeling like hell, or like I was just *done* carrying this kid around inside me, I’d have that strange glow. None of the pregnancy books I read could seem to agree on what caused it. It just kind of *was*, just like my giant tits, aching back and strange cravings just *were*.

And the oddest part was, I was *glad* of it. It made me look almost prettier than ever, but not in a sexy, hot girl kind of a way.

It made me look like a *mommy*.

Unfortunately, the changes hadn’t stopped at the purely physical.

“Well, thanks again,” I smiled bashfully up at the boy holding the door for me, feeling my eyes unconsciously flit across his broad shoulders, take in his strong arms. “I owe ya.”

“Come off it,” the kid smiled, a handsome, roguish smile that made my legs feel funny. “I’m just doing my good citizen thing.”

He glanced down at my shopping bag, the one containing the brand new dresses I’d just bought for when I was all giant and ready to pop.

“Want me to carry those for you? I mean, if you’re not going too far...”

“Thanks,” I gave him a smile, all too aware of the way his powerful body *towered* over me. “But I’m meeting my wi—”

Suddenly I shook my head, my blonde ponytail bobbing behind me.

“I’m meeting a *friend*. She’ll help me with my bags.”

“No husband around to help?” He frowned slightly. “Sorry, that sounded way old fashioned. I mean, there’s no...?”

“Nah, no father,” I said, quickly. “He went 6 months ago. But it’s cool. I can manage these.”

“Well, if you’re sure...”

The kid was looking at me again, with this questioning, open face that made tiny little pinpricks

of heat rush over my body. I knew how I must look to him: like a pretty, soon-to-be mommy who needed a hand getting through the big, heavy glass doors in this mall. He was a nice kid, just trying to help.

But I couldn't help it. I wanted him to look at me differently. Not as a mommy.

As a *woman*.

"Listen, what's your name?" I asked abruptly in my soft voice.

"Trey," he smiled back at me. "I work over at the gym."

He nodded in the direction of the mall's distant gym, sunlight filtering through his golden hair as he did so, making him look like some angel from a distant corner of heaven.

"Yours?"

"I'm Eve," I gently bit my lower lip. "Hey, I'm thinking about taking some classes. Exercise, yoga maybe. Y'know, something to help with..."

I gestured my swollen belly, poking over the top of my jeans.

Trey laughed.

"Trust me, you don't need it. You're looking *great* already."

He nodded at my bags one last time.

"Sure you don't want...?"

"Nah, it's cool." I hoisted the bag up, "I've just seen my, uh, friend."

Across the food court, Jo was waving at me, trying to indicate through a complex series of hand movements that she'd saved a table, but couldn't come out to meet me else she'd lose it.

I waved back, smiled up at big, strong Trey.

"Thanks, Trey. Maybe see you at gym sometime?"

"You bet." Trey smiled. To my surprise, he dropped me a wink, and then he was sauntering off through the mall, his shoulders back, his strong arms swinging gently at his sides, as cool and cocky and *manly* as you please.

I watched him for a minute, ashamed at the way my eyes greedily traced the outline of his toned and muscular figure. And then I was off, too, heading over to Jo.

"Sorry I'm late," I sighed, gently lowering myself into a plastic chair, one hand clasped protectively over my womb, "picking dresses was a total *nightmare*. There was this one black one for like sixty dollars, and..."

"No problem." Jo looked over my shoulder, at Trey's retreating back. "Who's your knight in shining armor?"

I made a face at her: *hahaha*.

"He works at the gym. Terrance or something," I said, casually picking up the laminated menu, "he's sweet, though. Got the door for me."

"He's young," Jo murmured. "He can't be more than, what, nineteen?"

“Little bit older. I guess he’s probably my age. Ish.”

“Mid-thirties? Honey, there’s no way...”

“I meant 22.”

Jo leaned back.

“Oh, right. Your *mommy* age.”

I sighed. It was sometimes such a drag the way Jo insisted on getting all technical about this stuff.

“My age.” I said. “Nowadays.”

I flipped over the menu.

“I think he may have even been a bit older than me. 23, maybe?”

“I’m surprised you can tell.” Jo glanced around the food court at all the teenagers. “They all look the same to me.”

She sighed.

“Anyone under 30. They all look like little kids.”

I glanced up at her.

“Even me?”

“You’re different,” she replied. “You’re...”

“Pregnant?”

“I was gonna say *not really that age*, but yeah, sure.” She scanned her own plastic menu. “I think I’m gonna go for the ice cream sundae.”

A pause. Followed by a mischievous smile.

“What about you, babe? Any weird cravings for chalk ice cream or goose liver trifle or...?”

I put my menu down.

“Just a green tea. I’m not really hungry.”

Jo frowned at me.

“You sure, Evie? You’re eating for two now.”

“I’m sure,” I said, summoning a sunny smile, even as I felt my mind wandering away from the table, across the mall. “I’ll eat later.”

Jo watched me for a long time, like she was trying to figure something out, something that had been bugging her. Then she finally shrugged and flagged down a waitress.

“One green tea and one of those delightful-looking sundaes, please. Oh, and bring an extra spoon for my wife, in case she changes her mind.”

The waitress said something back, but I wasn’t paying attention. Instead, I sat there, my hands clasped over my swollen belly, looking across the mall at the distant doorway to the gym, a sad look of longing etched across my youthful, glowing features.

*

That night, I stayed up after Jo went to bed.

We watched Netflix together, as usual, and then Jo started kissing me and telling me I should come to bed. But, rather than going with her, I made up some excuse about pregnancy cramps and how I'd probably feel better if I stayed up till they faded.

I sat downstairs on our sofa, bathed in the soft glow of the TV, listening out as Jo brushed her teeth and flushed the toilet and so on.

Then, at last, when her feet had padded over to the bedroom and the light had gone off in the hallway, I turned the TV down. With gentle fingers, I slipped my dressing gown open, so the cool air in the house caressed my swollen belly. Then I slipped one hand between my legs, closed my eyes and began to quietly masturbate.

I know what you're thinking, I used to think it too. Until the moment I became one, I'd had no idea that pregnant women masturbated.

In my defense, I guess I just sort of saw them as asexual. Or, even worse, like there was something inherently *wrong* with the idea of combining sexual pleasure with a body about to create new life.

But the last few months had changed my opinion entirely.

As the second trimester progressed, as my new body changed, as my belly visibly swelled up, my breasts got larger, my vulva became weirdly prominent and my face started to glow, I discovered something unexpected.

Pregnant women are horny *all* the fucking time.

I mean, I don't know how it is for others, but for me... it was like I was constantly craving sexual release and almost nothing could satisfy me. Even when Jo had *just* finished licking me out, I still felt hungry for more.

There was only one exception. One time when my cravings faded enough for me to concentrate again.

And it was only when I was all alone like this that I could make it happen.

I opened my eyes again, my soft cheeks already flushed pink, my vision slightly blurry. Beneath my palm, I could feel my juices starting to soak through my panties. I gave one last listen for Jo. Then, when there was nothing, I got to my feet, crept over to the TV and fished out the box hidden behind it; the one I'd picked up at the mall two months ago and kept hidden away ever since.

The one I'd been playing with more and more these past few weeks.

"There you are..." I whispered out loud, barely aware of the small smile on my face.

Lying in the box was the biggest dildo I'd been able to find. It was bright pink, with a bulbous end and a narrow middle, and two little battery-powered rubber ears that flicked at your clit as you used it.

When I first started getting my intense sexual cravings, I'd tried to ignore how... *female* they

were. Tried to just concentrate on masturbating and letting Jo lick me out and be satisfied with that.

But it had been like my new body was sending these deep-seating signals to me. Terrible, shameful signals, letting me know it wouldn't be content with just clit-play.

It wanted things deep *inside* it.

And so, one day, I'd started listening. Started waiting up till Jo had gone to bed and then putting dick-shaped things inside my tight little hole.

At first it had been weird, but as time went on and my cravings grew stronger, it had become almost natural. I was a girl, with a nice little hole between her legs.

And that meant my female body was *desperate* to be penetrated.

I gently took the dildo out its box, feeling its weight in my hands. Feeling the familiar-yet-alien shape of it. It was about nine inches long, easily longer than my male mind could imagine fitting inside myself, no matter how horny my girl-body was feeling.

We'll see about that... I thought.

The part of me that was still male was always quietly horrified by what I did alone at night. But the rest of me didn't care what it thought.

With quiet, careful footsteps I padded back over to the sofa, my pink toy clasped in my hands. My pussy was still wet, my nipples still hard; my female body still primed and ready for pleasure.

I lay on my back, my swollen belly poking up into the air like a flesh-colored hill, rising above a flat landscape. With deft movements, I slipped down and kicked off my panties, then gently spread my legs as wide as they would go.

My vulva was engorged. Sensitive to the touch. As my fluffy pink dressing brushed against its flesh, I shivered. I closed my eyes again, the dildo wavering in one tiny hand.

For a moment, I was a mass of worry. The same worried thoughts that always circled my brain when I prepared to penetrate myself.

Worry that this was something no man should ever experience. Worry that I'd start gasping and wake Jo. Worry that I'd somehow damage my unborn baby, even though I'd read up online all about how penetration during pregnancy doesn't hurt your kid.

Then an image rose up in my mind. Of a handsome guy with blond hair, a winning smile and broad shoulders, holding a door open for me. Of blue eyes and a deep voice, and a calm, caring manner. Of bulging biceps and...

..and that was it. With a feeling like a girl surrendering to forces beyond her control, I lowered my brand new toy, bit my lower lip, and let the dildo slip deep inside my cunt.

From the moment it entered me, I could feel the walls of my pussy *stretching* to accommodate it. Feel a concentrated throb of pleasure around the lips of my moist little hole, a warm, dizzying feeling that threatened to sweep me away.

Only a few months before, masturbating had meant clasping my cock in one hand and jerking

my wrist back and forth. The feeling was so unlike what I was experiencing now as to be almost incomparable.

Well, except for one thing: the overwhelming pleasure I was now feeling wash over me.

A little squeak escaped my throat. I bit down harder on my pouty lower lip, trying to stop myself from waking Jo, terrified she'd hear my helpless gasps and figure out what was going on.

All was silence upstairs. With soft movements, I let the dildo sink further into me, into my *womb*. It went in with surprising ease, sliding in until the two rubber ears rested against the nub of my clit.

Praying to a God I didn't believe in that I wouldn't be too loud this time, I turned the vibrate function on. A faint buzzing filled the room, like an electric toothbrush. At the same moment, a jolt of pleasure traveled up my body, making me inhale sharply.

My swollen boobs were tender, alive with a feeling that was somewhere between pleasure and pain. With my free hand I gently touched one, squeezing its flesh, thinking about the milk now brewing in there, the milk I would one day feed to my darling baby.

And then, with a feeling of abandonment, I let go of reality and let my secret, shameful thoughts wash me away.

*

I'm in the gym, getting changed before a workout session. My belly is bigger than ever; a huge thing that projects in front of me, just waiting to pop. My breasts are fat and full of milk, their nipples ready to feed at a moment's notice.

As I pull my top off over my head, I feel movement behind me. A kind of masculine presence. And then, suddenly, *he* is there.

You're in the wrong locker room, he says, his deep voice firm. *This is the men's.*

I'm sorry! I reply, crossing my arms over my naked breasts in embarrassment. *I... I must've got confused. You see...*

I swallow daintily.

I used to be a man. Until I got turned into a pregnant girl.

I look nervously into his sky blue eyes, searching for understanding, terrified I'll just see anger or, worse, mocking laughter.

But, to my relief, he smiles. A roguish smile that takes my breath away.

Mistakes happen, I guess...

I laugh nervously.

I guess they do. I bend over to pick up my discarded top. *I'm so sorry, I guess I'd better get to the ladies'...*

There's no hurry. Without moving, he's suddenly stood much closer to me.

No, not just closer. He's towering over me. Looking down on my soft and naked female body with a strength of desire I've never seen on anyone's face before.

You know... he breathes, I've always liked pregnant women. I've always wanted to...

To what? I look nervously up from where I crouch before him on the floor, uncomfortably aware of his raw *power*, of how helpless and vulnerable I am right now.

He smiles, only this time it's different. Cockier. *Hungry*.

To fuck someone like you.

The pause that comes next is enough to make me dizzy. I know I should protest, cry out, try to push past him. I should tell him about my wife, about how I may be a girl, but I'm not into men...

But it's like I'm in a trance, unable to say any of these things. Unable to do anything but kneel before my new master, as naked and obedient as a slave from ancient times.

So here's the deal. You're going to let me fuck you, and then I promise not to tell everyone you came into the men's locker room.

Deal?

I should say no. I should resist. But I'm powerless to do so. I gently nod my pretty little head.

Good girl, he whispers. *Good mommy*.

His voice hardens.

Now. Take what's coming to you.

And then suddenly the scene shifts, and I'm lying on my back, my legs spread wide as he towers naked over me. Only now he's on top of me, too, kissing my neck, sucking at my tits, his big dick *pounding* into my pussy as he bites my nipples and drinks my milk and fucks me like the whore I am.

I'll make you pregnant again, he growls in my ear, *I'll fill you with come and make you my pregnant little slave. You'll give birth and raise my children and spend your whole life carrying my babies around.*

No! I squeak. *Please, no!*

But it's all an act. His words are like a fire in my veins, making me hotter, making me wetter, making me *so glad* I was turned into a girl.

You don't have a choice, he laughs, even as he keeps fucking me, keeps violating my tender hole. *You're just a girl. And I'm a big strong man.*

Now, he suddenly snarls, *say my name! Say it!*

I have no choice. Tears streaming down my soft cheeks, I buck my hips in time with each thrust of his magnificent cock, whimpering his name over and over and over again, inviting him – *begging* him – to fertilize my womb for all eternity.

Oh Trey... Oh TREY!

*

"Trey!"

I came with a sudden, high-pitched gasp, the fantasy in my head freezing then shattering into a zillion pieces, obliterated by my orgasm.

As the vibrator buzzed away, I writhed on the sofa, my pretty face screwed up, my mouth dangling open, trying to stop myself from screaming. Trying to stop myself from waking Jo.

I came for what felt like forever. Then, finally, the feeling ebbed. I turned off the vibrator. Slipped the dildo out my dripping wet cunt. Yanked my panties up like a little girl caught doing something naughty and ran across the room to hide my little toy back away in its box.

As I was doing so, the shame of my fantasy came rushing back to me. The dark, kinky thoughts I'd let guide me to climax. The thoughts I could never let anyone know I'd had for as long as I lived.

The thoughts of being violated by another man.

It's just the pregnancy, I remember thinking to myself dazedly, you've got a girl body and its girl-hormones are going wild, making you think like some screwed-up, horny chick all the time... You'll be fine when you've given birth and gotten back into your male body.

But the words were far from comforting. As I turned off the light and gently made my way up the stairs, towards where Jo was sleeping, I couldn't help but replay what Trey had said to me in my fantasy. About carrying his babies. About *always* being pregnant.

As I gently slipped into bed beside my wife, I felt a little lurch inside of me. A weird little internal *thump* as my baby kicked the inside of my womb, as if he was trying to tell me something.

As if he was agreeing with my subconscious that Trey's offer sounded *wonderful*.

"It's just a dream," I whispered to the two of us, absent-mindedly stroking my swollen belly as I did so, "just as fantasy. It's not real. None of it is real..."

My baby didn't respond. I felt like he was trying to send out a signal to me, to ask an important question.

Then why don't you make it real?

*

A couple of mornings later, I bought a gym pass online and started attending their classes for expecting mothers.

The very first day I went, Trey opened the door for me with a smile, and told me how *awesome* it was to see me.

Third Trimester

“Christ, you look incredible.”

I turned to face the hotel room mirror, looked at my naked body. I gently shook my head.

“I look like a whale.”

I waddled over to the bed, gently eased myself onto the edge. I had to clasp both hands across my heavy belly as I did so, easing myself down. The nub of my belly button brushed against my palm from where it had popped outwards a couple of weeks ago.

“A big, fat, pregnant whale,” I continued, brushing my long blonde hair back behind one ear, trying to ignore how *heavy* I felt. “I can’t *wait* to pop him outta there.”

There was movement behind me, then lips brushing gently at my back, between my shoulder blades.

“Maybe so, but right now you look so beautiful.”

“I don’t feel it.” I was in a complaining mood again. The last few weeks had been full of moments like this, moments when I just couldn’t stand the thought of being pregnant for another second.

“I’ve got stretch marks, my back hurts *all* the fucking time, I’m getting fat and my boobs...”

I jiggled my chest to make a point, then wished I hadn’t. Those babies were sorer than ever.

“...won’t stop leaking. There’s *nothing* sexy about leaky tits.”

A note of humor entered Trey’s deep voice.

“I wouldn’t say *that*...”

There was movement on the hotel bed, my naked lover shifted around me, his big cock dangling, and then he was leaning in, taking one of my nipples between his teeth...

...and gently sucking my milk, drinking from my tits. Feeding on me as he knew I liked him to.

“Trey... c’mon, not now...”

But I didn’t make any effort to push him back. The moment Trey had started feasting, I’d felt those weird parts of my female mind activate again, endorphins whizzing through my brain, making me feel all warm and soft and... and...

...and *in love*.

“Oh, Christ,” my muscular lover whispered as he stopped sucking for a moment, “Evie, you taste so good...”

I closed my eyes, clasped his head in my hands. Gently ran my fingers through his short, golden hair. Each little nip of his teeth sent sparks through me, made me want to moan.

“I love it when you do this...” I whispered.

Ever since Trey and I had started our affair, my life had become a succession of moments like this. Locked away in hotel rooms, touching my lover’s gorgeous dick, moaning softly as he

penetrated me or sucked on my milk-heavy tits.

And each time, the initial rush of guilt would dissolve into a blur of practicalities. Which positions could my big, heavy body handle? How much milk could I afford to have Trey drink?

And then, those issues would slip away, too. And all that would be left would be this soft, wonderful pleasure.

Looking back now, I think this was my body's way of telling me I was ready to be a mother. That it couldn't *wait* to have my baby – my *baby* – in its arms, suckling at my breasts.

But, at the time, I wasn't thinking such things. Wasn't trying to think about the deeper thoughts or analyze the strangeness of my situation at all.

I just knew that when I was having these moments alone with Trey, I felt like the happiest girl in the world.

At long last, Trey leaned back with a gasp. I smiled at him through hazy, sleepy eyes, my body subconsciously making me stroke his cheeks, hold him in my arms. We fell back on the bed together, until we were somewhere between hugging and clinging to one another like two lost souls, cast adrift on an ocean of bliss.

"Did you see the way the desk girl looked at me?" I giggled, rubbing my tender belly. "Like she was thinking, *gurl, you should be in a hospital*, you know?"

Trey nodded.

"She probably thought I was a terrible husband, bringing my pregnant wife out for a fuck when she should be at home."

A pause.

"Do you think she thought it was mine?"

"The baby?" I looked down at my vast stomach, past my heavily-swollen breasts. "Sure. I mean, she must've. That a problem?"

"Not at all. It's just..."

Trey hesitated. In the dim light of the room, I could only see the outline of his head, resting against my breast. I waited for him to go on.

"I was just sorta thinking..." he said, slowly. "That maybe that wouldn't be so bad."

He gently touched my belly, the belly in which mine and Jo's child was now growing.

"With someone like you, Eve... I'd be happy to have a new family."

A feeling rose up in me. A swirling mixture of guilt and happiness and terror.

"Don't say that..." I whispered. "Please. This is just a... a thing. It can't last forever."

There was silence. Trey sighed.

"No, I guess not."

But he didn't move his hand, and I didn't make him.

Instead, we lay there, girl and boy, man and woman, each thinking our own sad, unhappy

thoughts about how fucked-up this all was.

*

“Where the *hell* have you been?”

“Great to see you, too,” I muttered, closing the door and leaning against the counter. Nine months pregnant, I could barely walk across a room without feeling like I was running out of breath.

“Help me sit down, would you?”

Jo gave an exasperated sigh. But she came over, gently looped one arm round my waist, took my dainty hand in hers, and carefully led me over to the sofa.

“You know how worried I was about you?” She snapped as we walked. “So worried I nearly started driving around town, looking for a helpless woman giving birth on the sidewalk. For fucks’ sakes Evie, you could’ve called.”

“I know,” I muttered, keeping my eyes down, not wanting to look into my wife’s furious face, inches from my own. “I just lost track of time.”

“My ass you did. Here.”

With expert care, Jo lowered me down onto the sofa. Just feeling the tremendous weight of my swollen belly ease off was like stepping into paradise. I leaned back, automatically laced my hands over my bump.

“I just got chatting to some of the other moms, Jo. Breathing techniques and stuff. I gotta *learn* this shit, OK?”

“So chat *and* text, huh? You’re a woman now, we’re meant to be good at multitasking.”

“And *you’re* meant to be good at empathy,” I snapped. “I shouldn’t be driving myself at nine months.”

I didn’t add: *but I’m glad you’re not, coz then me and Trey really would be screwed.*

“It’s *work*, babe. I can’t start taking time out mid-week yet. Maybe when the baby’s here I can skip the odd afternoon...”

I gave a hollow laugh.

“Wow, a *whole afternoon*? I’m a lucky girl.”

For a moment, we simply glared daggers at each other. Wife and wife, caught up in the middle of another stupid argument.

Then Jo gave a small sigh. She lowered herself down onto the sofa beside me, gently shook her head.

“Can we just *try* to have one evening when we don’t fight, huh? I know I’m tired and your hormones are giving you hell, but can’t we be friends. For a few hours?”

What’s the point? I felt like saying, *we’ll just end up arguing again.*

But I kept my mouth shut. I was drained enough already, without a stupid fight. I gave a jerky little nod of my head.

“Great...” Jo flopped back, let out a long exhale. She rolled her head to one side, gave me a small smile. Reached out, gently stroked my cheek.

“I’ve missed you, darling. For the last three months, it’s been like we’re, I dunno... drifting, maybe?”

“Has it?” I didn’t turn to face my wife. “I didn’t really notice.”

“No?”

Jo paused, watching me. Then suddenly she was pulling herself up, crawling across the sofa, and then she was placing tender little kisses on my cheeks, on my nose, my forehead.

“You *do* look cute when you’re mad,” she whispered. “Especially now, when you’re all big and sexy like that...”

“Thanks,” I muttered.

“I mean it,” Jo kissed around my earlobe, her breath warm and damp against my skin. “You’re gorgeous, Evie. You really are. I can’t believe it’s been so long since we last fucked...”

She kissed me again, on the lips this time. I let her, parting my lips gently, letting my eyes briefly close.

Jo pulled back, smiled, looked deep into my eyes.

“How about it, *mommy*?” She whispered. “We go upstairs right now and I’ll use this tongue of mine to show you what a *good girl* you’ve been for putting up with me...”

“Maybe another night,” I leaned back, avoided her gaze. “I’m tired after yoga, and I’m feeling all fat and bloated.”

I paused.

“Another time.”

For a moment, Jo remained where she was, as if unable to comprehend my answer. Then she leaned back across to her side of the sofa, fixed me with a frown.

“What’s gotten into you? We haven’t fucked for two months, every time I want so much as a cuddle, you come out with some shit about feeling fat or tired or...”

“I *do* feel fat and tired,” I snapped. “*You* try being pregnant. Maybe you won’t feel like sex much, either.”

I couldn’t add the real reason. The fact that I no longer *liked* kissing Jo. The fact that the idea of having sex with another woman now faintly repulsed me.

The fact that I now furiously wished I had a *husband* instead of a wife. A big, strong man who would look after me and care for me and my baby and make an excellent father.

Someone like Trey.

Jo was giving me her lawyerly look now, her dark eyes narrowed, like she was trying to read my mind.

“There’s something going on, Evie, I can tell. You don’t wanna tell me? *Fine*.”

She got to her feet, crossed her arms and glared down at me.

“But I’m gonna find out what’s causing this. And, trust me, I’m gonna make sure whatever it is doesn’t get even the faintest chance to screw up our family.”

Then she was off, stalking upstairs, not even looking back to say goodnight.

After the bedroom door slammed, I sat there for a while, an incredible mixture of guilt and anger flowing through me. I bunched my dainty hands into little fists, my long nails digging into my palms until they hurt.

Whose fault is this? I wanted to scream. *Who made me become a woman? Who didn’t want to carry our babies herself?*

Who did this to us, huh?

For a moment, I thought about getting the dildo out again, and angrily masturbating all this blackness away. But my pussy was kinda sore after seeing Trey earlier and, besides, I really was feeling tired.

Search all you want, Jo, I thought, bitterly, switching on the TV, you aren’t gonna figure out what fucked up this marriage.

If only I’d known then how wrong I’d turn out to be.

*

The next week was sheer hell.

I was now fast approaching my due date, and my body was having an *awful* time of it.

Whenever I moved, I felt like I was lugging around an impossible weight with me, one that made me sluggish and heavy and slow. I was getting so big that just stopping myself from bumping into stuff was becoming a full time job.

The rest of my body, too was going weird. My boobs were almost constantly dribbling a little liquid out, meaning I was stuffing tissue paper in my big new bra to try and absorb the damp.

My back was aching. My legs were constantly tired. I needed to pee about every five minutes.

Even my clothes were weird. By this stage, I’d given up any hope of fitting into normal clothes and moved onto these stupid, flowing dresses.

Every time I put them on, I felt like I was dressing in spiders’ webs and air. The edges fluttered around me in the breeze, making my legs all cold, and I kept having to make sure they didn’t blow upwards in a gust when I was outside. Combined with my big belly and new sexual orientation it made me feel so unlike a man that it was hard to believe I’d ever been male.

But all this was just background noise to my biggest problem of all.

What the hell was I gonna do with Trey and Jo?

Ever since our argument, Jo had been watching me like a hawk. Whenever we were chatting, she’d go into lawyer mode, trying to catch me out. When I was at the gym, attending my ‘yoga for expectant mothers’ class, she might suddenly turn up, all smiles and laughter, but with eyes that were shrewd and calculating.

By Thursday, I was starting to feel like an animal being hunted.

"I don't know how much longer I can take this," I whispered to Trey one afternoon, in a corner of the gym. "She's relentless."

"She's a lawyer," my muscular lover shrugged. "That's kinda her thing."

He was playing around with one of the treadmills, pretending to be adjusting it for my benefit. In his tight gym top, he was almost heart-stoppingly handsome.

"And she's right, we *are* up to something."

I made a face at him, sticking out my tongue. Without even looking in the big picture mirrors, I instinctively knew I looked annoyingly cute.

"What are you, taking her side?"

"Course not. I'm *desperate* to see you. Being stuck doing this is like hell."

He pressed a switch, stepped back.

"There."

"Tell me about it," I said, "God, I miss you so much."

"So, let's meet then."

A customer walked past, Trey raised his voice.

"OK, ma'am, that should be set to gentle stroll now, not too taxing."

He lowered it again.

"Text me when you can get free, OK?" A gentleness came into his eyes. "I *need* to be with you."

Then Trey's supervisor was shouting something, and I was stood alone again, my body on fire with lust, feeling like a caged animal.

I intended to meet Trey that very evening, but Jo surprised me by coming home early and offering to drive me. So we just wound up staying in. Then on Friday she announced she was taking the morning off to spend some time with me.

By the time Friday afternoon rolled round, I just didn't care anymore.

I waited till Jo had left for work, then immediately grabbed my phone and sent a hurried text to Trey.

PLEASE, it read, LET'S JUST MEET NOW. ANYWHERE. SOON AS POSSIBLE.

Despite my urgency, I had to wait *ages* till he replied. I knew it was unfair, expecting him to drop everything at work, but I was on edge by the time I finally heard back.

THE HOTEL. Was all his text said. 6.

"Fucking *finally*," I muttered, picking my keys up. "I thought I was gonna pop before you replied."

But, despite my outward frustration, deep down I was happy. I was going to be with my man again, back where I felt comfortable. Away from demanding, watchful Jo.

At least, that's what I thought.

*

It was dark by the time I reached the hotel, the winter sun long since faded from the sky. The elevator was out of order, so I had to climb the stairs, worrying the whole time that I was overexerting myself and gonna hurt my baby.

Eventually, though, I reached the second floor, out of breath and sweaty. I leaned for a moment against the wall, drinking in gulps of air, hating my heavy belly, hating just how *pregnant* I felt. Then, finally, I went and rapped gently against the door.

"Come in."

At the sound of Trey's deep voice, I pushed the door open. The room was dark, so all I could make out was his faint, masculine outline on the bed.

"Trey?" I whispered. "Baby, are you...?"

"Shh. Close the door. Don't turn on the light."

I did as I was told, padding over to stand uneasily before the edge of the bed.

"Sorry I'm late," I wasn't sure why I was whispering. "I kept thinking Jo was following me or something. I guess I'm getting paranoid."

There was laughter in the darkness, low and deep.

"You don't need to worry about Jo following you, mommy."

I blinked. Trey never called me *mommy*.

But then he was unfurling his masculine frame, his strong shadow standing up, drifting round the bed toward me, and my thoughts were replaced by tingly anticipation.

"In fact," Trey whispered as he stepped up to me, "you never have to worry about Jo following you around again."

All I wanted was to fall into this strong boy's arms, to start kissing him and let him suck the sweet milk from my tits while I gasped with pleasure.

But something about his words made me hesitate. I glanced shyly up at his powerful frame, confusion threatening to overwhelm me.

"What do you mean by that?" A wave of worry suddenly washed over me.

Oh God, did he do something to Jo...?

"Trey... is there something you're not...?"

"You'll never have to worry about Jo following you again..." my male lover said, gently wrapping one arm round my waist, leaning down towards me. "Because..."

Then suddenly his face was close enough for me to see in all this gloom. Close enough for me to see the piercing gaze, the intelligence, the mocking smile plastered there.

"Because *I'm already here!*"

A cry escaped my lips. I tried to back away, to wrestle out of the strong arms holding me, but I

was powerless to escape.

“What do you *mean*? You can’t... *where’s Jo?!*”

Before me, my lover let out a laugh.

“It’s *me*, Evie,” he breathed, his eyes shining. “Don’t you *get it*? It’s *me* in here.”

His grin grew wider.

“Jo.”

It felt like the whole world was rushing away from me. I desperately tried to cling onto something, something that felt like sanity.

“Trey...? What... I mean, how...?”

Suddenly, I let out a shriek.

“It doesn’t make *sense!*”

Trey, or Jo, or *whoever* he was, let out a harsh laugh. He pulled himself up to his full height, smiling down at me with a crazy twinkle in his eye.

“Too bad. It’s really me.” His voice was alive with amusement. “I realized your new body was changing you, making you into a good little straight girl, so I bribed the clinic to use their machine on *me* and make me into a man.”

“But *why?!*” My mind was whirling. “Why not just wait till I turned back?”

“Because you never *were* going to turn back, Evie,” Jo whispered from inside Trey’s hunky body.

She gave a nervous chuckle.

“Remember that nurse? She told me how they keep all their male patients’ bodies on file, so they can change them back at a later date. She was just making chat, but I stored that piece of info, and then, about five months ago, I realized something, Evie.”

She glanced shyly at me.

“I didn’t *want* you to change back.”

I gently shook my pretty little head, wanting to look away from those shining eyes, but unable to make my body obey me.

“You mean...?”

“I paid them to delete your file,” Trey’s voice carried Jo’s words to me. “They were gonna tell you it was an accident and then offer you compensation – you’d be freaked out, but I *knew* you were getting used to being Evie. I knew that, deep down, you’d be secretly pleased. That we’d be able to go on living as a lesbian couple.”

Her eyes suddenly narrowed.

“Only then you met...” she gestured her new body with faint disgust, “*this* guy.”

“Damnit, Evie, you should have said something.” Jo shook her newly-male head. “The nurse warned me you might start thinking like a straight girl, they could’ve done something. But you

kept it a secret and the moment passed and I was screwed. Our *family* was screwed. I'd got rid of your male body, and now I was gonna be stuck with a wife who hated the thought of being a lesbian."

"And then I had an idea."

Her cocky smile returned.

"Why not just ditch *my* body, and become the thing *you* wanted me to be? All I'd have to do was get Trey's body into the clinic's systems and it'd be easy. I could step into the tank and come out as..."

"...well, as this."

In dazed horror, I looked down at Trey's hyper-masculine body. At the six pack and bulging biceps and swinging cock that had given me so much pleasure. At the body that no longer housed Trey, but instead housed...

"Jo?"

"Yeah, mommy?" Jo whispered in her deep new voice.

"The... the clinic. How...?" I swallowed, my mouth suddenly felt horribly dry. "How did you manage to get Trey into the system?"

My voice suddenly rose in pitch, becoming hysterical.

"How did they have a copy of him? What did you do?"

In response, the smile vanished from Jo's newly-male face. She gave me hard, sober look.

"I did what I *had* to do, Evie." She said. "He was ruining our marriage. He'd taken my wife. So." She shrugged.

"I had him *punished*."

"P-punished?"

Trey's stolen head nodded.

"It took all my savings. But ninety K was enough to sway the nurse. So, I invited your lover to the clinic to talk. And we put him in the machine."

"And we turned him into something... *more fitting*."

I closed my eyes, unable to believe what I was hearing. The darkness of the room swirled around me, threatening to engulf me in its madness. I didn't want to ask the next bit. I didn't want to find out.

But I didn't have a choice.

"What..." I whispered, desperately trying to keep my voice steady. "What did you turn him into?"

"A girl, of course." Jo's male voice was alive with amusement. "The clinic can only swap genders, not turn people into-into *animals* or anything."

"But, they *can* set the age. And I decided to set it far enough back to teach that bastard a *real*

lesson.”

Suddenly, Jo stepped back from me, turned Trey’s head toward the bathroom door.

“Sugar?” She yelled in her newly-deep voice. “You can come out now. There’s someone I’d like you to meet.”

Like a woman moving through treacle, I turned to the distant door. Watched in horror as the handle started to turn.

Watched as it swung open, light streamed into the room, and then a figure stepped in. A figure with pigtails growing out of either side of her head. A tiny figure dressed in a little pink tutu. A tiny figure with a teddy bear clutched to her side and a look of terrified misery on her adorable young features.

“Tara,” Jo’s voice sparked with savage laughter, “I want you to meet mommy. Mommy, I want you to meet your *eldest daughter*.”

The adorable little poppet in the bathroom doorway looked up at me with big, blue eyes that were shiny with tears. She was barely five years old, with freckled cheeks, a big gap between her front teeth, and a soft little face that the female part of me just wanted to shower with kisses.

Instead, I *stared* at her, unconsciously raising my dainty hands to my pouty lips. I shook my head, unable to believe it, unable to say the word, the word that would make it all seem so horribly real.

“Trey?” I whispered, finally.

The poppet slowly nodded her head.

And that was it.

As we stood there in our horrible little tableaux, like a monstrous new Adam’s family, I felt a strange little *popping* inside myself. Then, suddenly, I became aware of a wetness between my legs, a dampness around my crotch that had nothing to do with arousal.

Oh God no! I mentally begged. *Oh please not now!*

“Evie?” Jo’s masculine voice rumbled deep beside me. “What’s wrong, babe? Are you...?”

“Mommy?” The poppet before me looked up with concern in her big, blue eyes. “Mommy, what’s *happening*?”

“Everyone be calm,” I whispered. “Just be calm and listen to me *very carefully*. I think...”

I took a deep breath.

“I think my water’s just broken.”

Epilogue: The New Mommy

“Ouch!”

I winced, looked down at the top of Ellie’s tiny head, with its downy golden hair. I squeezed her a little tighter.

“Careful, OK? Mommy’s all sore.”

But my beautiful baby girl wasn’t listening. She just continued to suckle at my breast, drawing my milk into her tiny body. Greedy. Helpless.

And oh-so unbelievably perfect.

As Ellie kept feeding, I allowed myself a little smile. Already, those post-pregnancy hormones were flooding my brain again, making me feel so warm and fuzzy having my little darling in my arms.

“Alright then, go ahead. I guess you deserve it.”

It was six months since that awful night. Six months since the madness in that hotel, followed by the madness in that hospital. All that pain. All that screaming.

All that blood.

Before I went in to have Ellie, I’d never realized just how much women were expected to put up with while giving birth. Contractions don’t feel just like some ordinary thing your body does.

They feel like this big, out of control nightmare that’s pressing down on you, like you’re a leaky dam and an endless flood is about to come bursting out.

There was other stuff, too. The way I had to lie there with my legs spread wide open. The way all these strangers were suddenly not just allowed but *expected* to stare at my hooch. The way someone slipped a finger up my anus at one difficult point, for reasons I’m still not totally clear on.

And *man*, did it ever hurt. I mean, *really* hurt. As I lay in that hospital room, screaming in my high-pitched voice, my body streaked with sweat, I couldn’t believe just how much pain my body was capable of feeling.

But, at the same time, it’s not the pain I see when I look back on that night. And not just because someone stuck a freakin’ great morphine drip in my arm.

It’s the warmth of holding my baby in my arms for the first time. Of clutching little Ellie – so tiny and wrinkled and impossible – to my chest and being unable to stop myself from crying.

It’s Jo leaning down beside me in her new body, her eyes also shining and whispering *we did it*. And then *Oh God, Evie, I’m so proud of you...*

It’s kissing my new husband and realizing that I don’t care that he did all those awful things. That I don’t care what body I’m trapped in.

It’s realizing that I just love Jo, that I’ve *always* loved her, and I’ll keep loving her no matter what body either of us is wearing.

Yeah. There's nothing quite like having a baby to make you realize some important home truths. Speaking of which...

"Mommy. Mommy, look at me!"

I looked up at Tara with a smile on my face as she came running into the room in her new costume, the one Jo had got her that made her look like Princess Elsa from *Frozen*.

"Shh, honey," I whispered in my soft voice, "don't disturb your sister. But go ahead. *Quietly*."

Tara nodded, an adorable look of concentration on her freckled face. She thrust one leg forward, put her arms out into a pose...

...and then she was dancing and singing, just like she'd seen on the TV.

I watched as she plowed through *Let it Go* with the blind, beautiful enthusiasm only a child can muster. When she was done, I gave a tiny cheer, since I had my hands way too full to clap.

"That was beautiful, sugar," I beamed. "You're such a *clever* little girl."

My daughter smiled back at me with a look of devotion that gladdened my heart. It seemed weird now to think I'd ever *not* had this adorable bundle of energy running around in my life.

At that moment, I finally decided we'd made the right decision. It had hurt like hell at the time, and Tara had screamed her head off. But if we hadn't done it, she'd be miserable now.

Yep, bribing the clinic one final time to erase Trey's memory and make him think he'd *always* been a 5-year old girl had been the right move in the end.

Now he was happier than he'd *ever* been.

Just as I was thinking this, there were footsteps, and then a man's deep voice, flowing into the room.

"There you are," Jo smiled as she walked in, sweeping Tara up into her big strong arms. She turned and fixed one gorgeous, masculine smile on me.

"My three beautiful girls."

I smiled back at her. In her arms, Tara's eyes lit up.

"Am I the beautifullest, daddy?" She squealed.

"You sure are, darling," Jo said, kissing the top of her head. "You and mommy both."

"And Ellie," I said, "don't forget Ellie."

Tara rolled her eyes.

"But *mo-om*, she's too *tiny*."

Jo laughed at her.

"But she's still gorgeous, Tara. Just like you."

Then she was holding Tara up in her big, strong arms and nuzzling her belly, and Tara was laughing her little head off.

"Shh!" I whispered. "Ellie, remember?"

Jo shot me a bashful smile. She lowered Tara to the ground, then crouched down in front of her. "You go off and play now, OK, darling? I'll be along in a minute, I've just gotta talk to mommy." "Whatever," Tara sighed. It was her favorite new word.

Then she was running out the door again, belting out the lyrics from *Frozen* as she vanished into the depths of the house.

When we were sure she was gone, Jo sat down on the floor, spread her legs.

"Ah... that's better. You know, I never used to get manspreading as a girl, but now I'm stuck like this I feel like it's..."

"I'm still kinda pissed at you, y'know?" I interrupted. "For the record."

Jo shrugged.

"Look, you were cheating on me, I got mad..." She opened her arms wide. "Baby, what would you have done?"

"Whatever I did, it wouldn't have involved turning a grown man into a little girl and stealing his old body." I said. "But, yes. I guess I *do* understand."

A giggle suddenly rose up in me.

"Besides, I kinda like you in that body..."

Jo looked down at herself, a handsome smile on her square-jawed face.

"Yeah, I mean, I do too. It's... *fun*, being a guy, isn't it? All this muscle, all this testosterone..."

"A beautiful wife," I reminded her, jokingly.

My new husband waved a hand at me.

"Sure, I guess," she smiled.

There was a pause. The room was silent apart from Ellie's faint little feeding noises.

"Do you..." I said at last, "do you think we did the right thing?"

"The *right* thing?" Jo raised her eyebrows. "No, I don't. I think we should've just waited till I was ready to get pregnant. Look at us: I'm working in a gym for peanuts, we've got two kids to take care of, and you're still stuck as a girl."

I waited for her to go on. I knew she wouldn't just leave it like that.

"But, if your question is *Do you think we can make this dumb mess work?*" Jo continued in her deep voice, "then I guess the answer is... well. *Yes.*"

She smiled at me again.

"I mean, I think we've got a pretty awesome family, haven't we?"

"*Mommy.*"

I couldn't help it. Whenever she called me mommy, I just started grinning.

"I guess we do. I've got my little girls," I smiled down at Ellie, "and my big, strong husband. That feels like a win to me."

“Me too,” Jo whispered. “Me too.”

There was nothing more to say. We sat there in silence for a moment, enjoying our new family, soaking up the strangeness of our bizarre new lives.

Then, abruptly, Jo got to her feet.

“Guess I’d better go check on Tara,” she said, “don’t want her going through your makeup bag again.”

And with that, she was crossing the room, back out into our family home, back out into life.

She reached the door and stopped. Turned. Gave me a winning, roguish smile.

“Oh, and for the record, I’m glad you’re still Evie. I wouldn’t want to spend my life with anyone else.”

And then she was gone.

For a long time, I just sat there, nursing baby Ellie, smiling to myself, thinking about how queer and wonderful the world was.

Only a year or so earlier, I’d been a stay at home dad in his mid-thirties, arguing endlessly with his wife about whether or not to have kids.

Now, here I was. A beautiful, 23-year old *mommy*, with two wonderful daughters to her name, and a husband whose dick I just couldn’t get enough of.

Deep down, I already knew which life I preferred.

Ellie stirred in my arms, began to whine.

“Shh...” I whispered in your ear. “Shh... it’s OK, baby, it’s OK...”

A thought suddenly struck me. A smile spread across my pretty face, radiant and pure. I hugged my baby tighter.

“*Mommy’s* here.”

The End

*

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Surely this is all a dream. There's no way a man could *really* be trapped as a schoolgirl. There's no way he could *really* be forced to wear an adorable little uniform and do what the older girls tell him to. There's no way any of this is really happening...

...right?

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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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