



LISA CHANGE

Trapped as a Beautiful Girl

(the ultimate gender change
collection - 10 novel length
TG tales for 2018)

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Introduction

Heya sissies, girlies, and wannabee-girls!

So, here we are again. The end of another year. 365 more days under the belt, 12 more months passed, and a host of brand new Lisa Change TG gender swap tales up on Amazon for everyone to enjoy!

And *what* a year it's been. Over the last year, you've joined me on kinky journeys into the minds of teenage boys who unexpectedly find themselves trapped as beautiful girls, watched with me as controlling men found themselves transformed into slutty, utterly obedient French maids, and listened as I regaled you with stories of unhappy adult males who found a new lease of life as carefree school girls. All together now: it's been one *helluva* year!

Of course, it's been more than just tales of transformation. More of you loyal sissies have joined me on [Patreon](#), and some of you have even taken full advantage of my awesome new service [offering personalized stories](#) to commission me to write ebooks featuring all of your sparkly transgender dreams coming true.

As always, the best part of all this year has been interacting with you wonderful fans and learning what makes you tick. I'm a lucky, lucky girl to have you gorgeous sissies reading my work, and I couldn't do any of this without you.

So... this is kind of my way of saying thanks. It's a limited edition bundle of some of my favorite stories from 2018, and I'm selling it for a limited time only at a *fraction* of the \$30 list price! It's dedicated to all my readers who bought a copy of one of my books this year – you're the reason why I get up in the mornings, and the reason why I'm proud to be the TG writer/sometime mistress you've made me.

Lisa Change

(December 31, 2018, at my writing desk, a mug of herbal tea in front of me, watching the snow fall outside)

They Turned Me into My Girlfriend's Mom

I

“Annabel!”

At the sound of her mom's voice, I felt my girlfriend tense against me. Freeze up. With a cocky look, I pulled slightly back and raised one finger to her lips.

Quiet, I mouthed, a grin on my handsome teenage face; the very *male* face I still had back then. *Pretend you can't hear*.

Pressed up against my chest, I saw doubt flicker across Annabel's shyly beautiful features. Nonetheless, she stayed silent, just as I'd known she would.

There was no way I wanted anyone to interrupt us now.

“Annabel! Where you guys at?”

I gently began to squeeze with the palm of my hand, the hand I still had down Annabel's pants. Even as her mom kept calling, I slowly worked away at my girlfriend's pussy, feeling the dampness of her crotch. Annabel's hand was frozen around my cock, as if she was scared the slightest sound would alert her mom and get us found out.

I mentally shook my head.

Dumb bitch, I thought, vaguely.

Outwardly, though, I simply leaned towards her, placed my lips right against her ear.

“Keep doing it,” I whispered. “C'mon, it'll be fun.”

It was one of those hot, lazy July days you get in New England. School was out, and I'd cycled over to Annabel's that morning, nominally to get her to go swimming in the lake with me, but mainly to see if I could get in her pants.

At least, that's what I told the top layer of my brain, the part that made conscious decisions. Deep down, in one of the lower layers, I was hoping for something else entirely.

For *someone* else.

“Annie! Come on, girl, I gotta talk to you!”

I'd been seeing Annabel on and off for about three months by this point. I still remember what I used to think of her back then. Stuff about how...

bangable she could be, if only she lightened up. Shameful stuff like that, stuff I'd never *dream* of thinking about now I've been turned into-

Well. Let's not get ahead of the story, huh?

Like, don't get me wrong. Annabel wasn't the hottest girl in school. Not by a long shot. She wasn't even the hottest girl I'd gone out with.

But she wasn't bad-looking. She had this wavy blonde hair – which always helps – and a babyish face that actually looked pretty cute, when she remembered to put her makeup on.

She had a pretty sweet rack, too. C cup, judging against the other girls I'd gone with; a nice pair of tits that usually strained at those thin pink cardigans she liked to wear, even in summer. I'd told the guys that it was those puppies that were the sole reason for me spending half the year chasing after her, and I wasn't totally lying.

But I wasn't totally telling the truth, either.

There was another reason I was wasting so much time on Annabel, wasting time on this quiet, kinda boring chick when I could've been banging a cheerleader who liked to party.

And it had less to do with Annabel herself than where she lived.

And who she lived with.

“Hey... what the hell?” The words came out under my breath. I tried to look surprised, offended, even. “You can't just...”

Annabel had let go of my dick. Now the poor guy was standing stupidly to attention, pointing right up into the air on his own, like he was trying to spot a friend over a crowd or something. I slowly, but firmly, took one of Annabel's slender arms in my big, jock fist.

“Aiden...”

“Shhh... it's cool. No-one's gonna find us here.”

'Here' was the back of the wooden boatshed, right down at the bottom of Annabel's family's endless lawn, where it led right onto the lake.

Oh yeah, did I forget to mention? Annabel's folks were *stinking* rich.

I gently pulled my girlfriend towards me. She looked up at me, those blue eyes of hers all doubtful and her pouty lips set. She was 18, just like me, but

the way she acted, and her tiny, 5ft2 frame, always made me feel like she was younger.

“You don’t know that...” she muttered, but she also didn’t try to pull away.

Good. I wasn’t gonna *force* her to stay here – I’m not a total meathead – but there was also no way I wanted her to leave without finishing me off.

“Sure I do.” I slipped my hand out her pants, looped it round her waist. Let the other run through her long, golden hair. “It’s, what, a three minute walk from the house down here?”

“So?”

Her voice was slightly sulky – real, spoiled rich girl vibes – but she let me hold her, her innocent eyes even drifting down to my upright cock.

“So... I’m nearly done here,” my voice was barely a murmur. “Like, thirty seconds. I mean, we’re having fun, right?”

Annabel hesitated. Then she nodded, her expression as overly-serious as always.

“I am, but...”

“C’mon, just do it...” I leaned in, my lips almost touching her ear, while I simultaneously took her unprotesting hand and placed it against my cock, “just do it, OK? Don’t be boring Annie. Be fun Annabel.”

I guess you could kinda call this coercion, or being pushy, or whatever SJWs are calling it these days. Call it what you want, it worked. Annabel was still for a moment, then her fingers closed round my boner.

“Quickly,” she whispered, starting to pump her wrist, “seriously, be *quick*.”

“Sure.” I had a thought. “Hey... can I touch your boob?”

Annabel gave a tiny sigh. But she leaned forward and I quickly slipped a hand down her top. Felt the hard wire of her bra press against the back of my hand. Felt the heavy weight of her pert, ripe breast in my palm, the nipple no longer hard with arousal but soft with worry.

Whatever, I thought, gently squeezing the skin of her tits. I’d got what I wanted.

I leaned my head back, closed my eyes, a faint grin on my face.

And I began to imagine who I was *really* interested in.

Natalie...

I'd first heard of Annabel's mom when I was, like, 14. I barely knew Annabel at that stage, but there were always rumors going round the school. Rumors about this gorgeous milf who dropped her daughter off every day. Of this mom who was as hot as the girls you saw on Instagram.

Ah, fuck, Natalie...

I still remember my first glimpse of her. Unlike Annabel, who was pretty and well-stacked but timid, Natalie was everything a teenage boy could ever dream of.

Where her daughter was short, Natalie was tall, with long legs that ended in a perfect butt; maybe 6ft in those killer heeled boots she sometimes wore.

Where Annabel was blonde, her mom had this flowing dark hair that fell down her back and always perfectly framed her supermodel face, the same color as the blocky, sexy as hell glasses that perched on the tip of her nose.

Where my girlfriend dressed and acted in this slightly-frigid, buttoned-up way, like she was trying to hide all the good parts of her body, Natalie seemed to know *exactly* how guys liked to see her, and dressed up to it.

The first time I saw her, she was wearing these tight, black jeans that clung to her legs and made her ass look big and round and... and *perfect*. She wore a tight, white top above that only *just* covered her belly, and left a ton of cleavage on display.

A black leather jacket hung casually off her shoulders, the collar pulled up, making her look stylish. The heels on her dark boots were at least six inches, and still she walked with a grace no girl at school could have hoped to pull off.

When I saw her like that, looking every bit like some supermodel from back in her family's home country of Russia, I knew I was never gonna look at any girl my age again. The way she stood so confidently, that mysterious little smile on her ruby lips. Her dark eyes, her prominent chest, even bigger than her daughter's would grow to be...

Bro, what else can I say? I was in love.

"Hurry," Annabel's whispered voice cut through my reveries, annoying me, "she's coming. Aiden, please hu-"

“Shut up!” I hissed at her, “you’re making me lose it!”

Annabel fell silent, even as her wrist started tugging harder. Trying to make me come before her mom could get here. Unaware her boyfriend wasn’t thinking of the girl he was stood with, but of the gorgeous woman who was coming down the path, calling her daughter’s name.

The woman I’d thought of almost every single day for the past four years.

Come on, dude, concentrate...

I tried to imagine Natalie again, dressed as she’d been that day I’d first seen her. 37-year old Natalie, who’d had Annabel with an older man when she was just 19, and was now so much younger and fitter than any of the moms I knew.

Natalie, who sometimes rode a motorcycle. Who kinda embarrassed Annabel by not acting like a real grownup. Who all the guys I knew thought was so cool and so hot they’d give anything to trade lives with her husband for a day.

Well, I’d settled for the next best thing.

As Annabel pumped away, I imagined I was standing in the living room of her big house, the room with the glass wall that looked down onto the lake and the woods around it.

I imagined Natalie was leaning against that glass, one leg crossed over the other, a mischievous look on her older face, the tiny lines already showing round her eyes only adding to her allure.

“What are you waiting for?” I made my fantasy Natalie whisper, *“isn’t it time you got over here and showed me what a man you are...?”*

Then in my daydream I was stood in front of her. Slipping that leather jacket over her shoulders, letting it fall to the wood paneled floor.

Wrapping my beefy arms around her tight waist, pulling her closer, until our lips were touching, and she let out a low gasp.

Tearing her top off her perfect body. Clawing at her bra strap as she breathlessly kissed my naked shoulders, her hair mussed up as I pulled her up, up into a desperate embrace, her legs wrapping around my waist as I *shoved* one finger into her ass crack and was rewarded with a whimper.

And then we were naked together, on the sofa. Natalie facing out the window

on all fours, her big tits dangling and swaying as I pounded my cock into her from behind, listening in dazed pleasure as my girlfriend's mom moaned and gasped for my dick.

"Oh God, Aiden... oh fuck me... fuck me. Oh God, FUCK ME!"

"Aiden!"

"Fuck-!"

At the sound of her mom's voice, calling my name, nearly on top of us, Annabel had let go of my dick with a squeak. At the exact same moment I came, the image in my head of Natalie freezing for a second before shattering into a billion pieces and fading into the sunlight.

I doubled over, grunting and holding my dick as I squirted come out onto the grass, trying desperately to finish before we were caught.

"Aiden...?" Natalie, amusement in her voice, "you haven't got my daughter doing anything...?"

"Right here, mom!"

Annabel hadn't even waited for me to finish. She was round the corner, on an intercept course, brightly meeting her mom before she could see this 18-year old boy leaning against the boat shed, his spunk cooling on the grass.

I breathed in, trying to squash the last tremors of my orgasm down. Hurriedly stuffed my dick back in my pants as I half-listened to mother and daughter talking. I was seriously glad I'd worn my jeans today, so much better for hiding a hard on in.

"Annie?" A laugh, "Oh, God, Aiden's dragged you behind the shed has he? I'm not interrupting...?"

"Mo-om! Don't be gross... we're just looking at the lake."

I rolled my eyes. What a dumb fucking thing to say. It was all trees and grass and uncleared vegetation back here, you could barely *see* the lake. There was only one reason to be back here.

And it involved the dull warm feeling still throbbing in my cock.

"Look at my little girl, with her *boy-friend*." Natalie's voice was teasing. She knew what we'd been up to. "What? Don't give me that look, Annie. I think you're both *cute*..."

I scowled at that. I didn't want the woman of my dreams thinking I was something as boring as *cute*.

"Mom, I swear to God, are you trying to ruin my...?"

Laughter.

"OK, I'm sorry, OK? You gotta let us older chicks have some fun. Come here..."

There was a faint rustle. When Annabel spoke again, her voice was faintly muffled. I guessed the two of them were hugging.

"What do you want?"

"To embarrass you a bit? Aww, *kotyonok*, come on..." my ears pricked up at the foreign word. Even though I knew Natalie had been born in the States, I still found it hot as hell when she used Russian. "I made some lunch for you two. Even put a cold beer out for your man. What say you?"

"Thanks, mom." Annabel's voice was a monotone.

That's it, I thought. I quickly checked my fading boner wasn't too obvious, then stepped out from behind the boat shed.

"Hey, Mrs. Greenleaf."

At my voice, the two women glanced over at me, gently stepped out of their hug. They were stood just at the front of the shed, where the sunlight poked out from behind the trees, making them both almost glow. Annabel gave me a tiny frown I pretended not to notice. Natalie gave me an amused smile.

"Hey, Aiden, great to see you. Looking after my little girl?"

"Mom, please..."

"Always," I smiled back, ignoring my girlfriend, "how's things with you guys?"

The other guy I meant was Annabel's dad, Harlan, a handsome older guy who had this sort of strong/distinguished thing going on, even though he was almost fifty. I always secretly dreamed that Natalie would leave him one day when he got too old and come seeking out a younger man.

Who am I kidding? I dreamed she'd come seek out *me*.

"Pretty good," Natalie put her hands on her curvy hips, turned back to the house with a tiny sigh. "Harlan's working on some new paper, something the

museum sent him. Very important for him, super boring for me.”

She turned back.

“I was just asking Annabel if you two felt like joining me for lunch. Help an old woman pass the time.”

You're not old, I so desperately wanted to say, but I was incapable of speaking.

It was a hot day, and Natalie was wearing only a loose-fitting, flowing white top and a pair of old cut-off denim shorts she must've bought when they were still in fashion. The moment she'd turned round I'd gotten a view of her butt looking so tight and pert that it was all I could do to stop my boner from coming racing back.

You know that phrase, mutton dressed as lamb? Bitchy girls my age use it to describe an older woman who dresses young. Well, Natalie didn't just dress young. She *owned* those clothes. Made them sexy as hell.

Compared to her, the girls at school looked like babies playing dress-up.

Like lambs to the slaughter.

Annabel's mom was still smiling at me, waiting for my response. So I nodded, smiling awkwardly.

“Uhh... sure,” I managed at last, my voice weak, “that'd-that'd be awesome.”

Annabel was watching me closely, like she was almost aware of what was going through my mind. I didn't dare look at her. Natalie, though, simply gave me a cheery smile, her eyes twinkling behind her heavy glasses.

“Great! I'll go tell Harlan, just in case. Five minutes, huh?”

And then the woman of my dreams was off, walking away barefoot across the lawn to the cool, distant house, her butt wiggling seductively with every single step she took.

I wanted to gaze after her, greedily trace the outline of her ass with my eyes. Instead, I forced myself to smile at the chick who was supposed to be my girlfriend.

“Thanks, babe,” I whispered, stepping forward and taking her in my arms, “that was so awesome.”

She let me kiss her, but she still looked a little troubled. Inside, I wondered if

she was worth all this effort, and then I figured I could survive this... this *frigidity* all summer if it meant seeing Natalie most days.

Besides, like I said, Annabel *did* have one of the best racks at school. It wasn't like I'd saddled myself with a troll or anything.

I could keep this up a little longer.

"Hey... hey. I'm sorry we nearly got caught, OK? But you gotta admit..." I kissed Annabel once more, then leaned back, summoned up a devilish grin, "that *was* a lot of fun, huh?"

For a moment, I had a weird feeling that she was gonna say something. Something maybe she didn't want to say. Something maybe I didn't wanna hear.

Then her expression changed. It was like watching someone forcibly shake off a dark cloud. She forced up a tiny smile.

"Yeah..." she said at last. "Yeah, I guess it was."

I cheekily let one hand slip down her back, squeezed her ass. She didn't try to stop me.

"You're so Goddamn cute, you know?" I murmured, kissing her again, "I'm serious, you're like the hottest girl I've ever gone out with..."

To my surprise, she pulled away. Slipped out of my arms. Just about all the other girls I'd used that line on had *loved* that shit.

"Annie?"

"I'm cool." She shot me a quick smile. "I'm just... I guess we should go find mom, huh?"

I shrugged, deliberately letting my disappointment show.

"Sure. Why not?"

But she was already taking off across the grass, following in her mom's footsteps. For a second I hesitated, then I ran up beside her and took her hand in mine. Gave it a squeeze. Trying not to think *too* hard about Natalie. Trying not to pretend the girl walking beside me was really the woman I lusted after.

It was only later, when I was trapped in my curvy new body, my manhood gone, a heavy pair of gorgeous tits growing from my chest and a trembling pussy hidden away inside my lacy new panties, that I began to wish I was

back there again, holding hands with Annabel like nothing had ever happened.

II

“Abbasid or Umayyad?”

“*What?*”

“Come on,” the older man winked roguishly at me, his broad shoulders almost touching mine. “You’re training to be a history buff, right? So.”

He nodded again at the object in front of me.

“Abbasid or Umayyad?”

It was an hour or so later. We – me, my secret love, and the girl I was *supposed* to be in love with – had just been finishing lunch when Harlan finally walked in and said he wanted to show me something.

At those words, I’d groaned inside. Ever since I’d started seeing Annabel, I’d gone out of my way to act the dream boyfriend around her dad. I’d even pretended to be thinking about doing history at college, just to get on his good side.

The dumbest part? I needn’t have bothered. I’d acted so friendly coz I was kinda nervous he’d somehow find out about my feelings for Natalie, and coz he was muscular enough and tall enough for that thought to scare the shit outta me.

But really? Harlan was always too busy with his damn antiques and papers to have noticed even if I’d porked his wife right in front of him.

The only thing he *did* notice were people with an interest in history, like him. And, right now, that apparently meant me.

“Uhh, sure. Gimme a second...” I looked away from Harlan’s handsome face, with its knowing blue eyes and dark stubble flecked with gray, and down at the-the *thing* before me. “Hmmm... let’s see...”

The thing I’d been dragged away from Natalie to come see was some stupid old lamp the museum claimed to have found out in Desertstan or wherever and had sent to Harlan.

It was bronze, I could see that, and clearly old. Someone had buffed it up a little, but its surface was all faded and dark. Its spout was bent and twisted. Its handle snapped. It looked like a prop from *Aladdin* that had seen better days.

I decided to trust to luck.

“Umm... Umayyad.”

Harlan laughed – a deep, throaty sound – and clapped me on the back, hard enough to almost knock the wind outta me. For a fifty year old dad, he was in *ridiculously* good shape.

“Ahhh, Aiden! We’re gonna have to keep your training wheels on a little longer, aren’t we?”

Inside I swore at myself. Damn it. Now I was gonna be stuck in this study even longer.

“It’s from the Abbasid dynasty, of course,” Harlan gently lifted the antique up to our eye level, his short-ish peppery hair and strong arms half-reflected in its dull surface. “Smuggled out of Iraq, but thankfully saved from the black market by a Kurdish dealer. Look, you can tell from the detail here, see?”

He gave me the sort of knowing, masculine smile that would’ve made most girls my age feel dizzy, but just made me wish I was back chatting with its owner’s hot wife.

“Know what else it does?” He asked.

I shook my head.

“It grants wishes.” When he saw my expression he gave that handsome grin again. “So they say. Some old story about it having the power to make five things come true, but... well, I tried it, and...”

He broke off for a moment with a shrug and a laugh. I stole a quick dance through the open doorway to where Natalie and Annabel were still chatting and felt a pang of longing.

“... you think, Aiden?”

I suddenly realized Harlan had been talking for like five seconds while I’d been staring openly at his wife. I quickly shook myself back to reality.

“Oh, my bad. What?”

Harlan glanced sidelong into the airy dining room, grinned and looked back to me.

“Annabel will be OK spending ten seconds without you. Go on.” He held the lamp up to me, eagerly. “Try it.”

“Try what?”

“What else?” Harlan’s eyes were alive with amusement. “Make a wish. It’s your turn.”

I forced up a smile.

“Haha. Great, I get it.” I waited for him to say something, then forced myself to continue when he didn’t. “Umm... should, I mean, should I really be touching...?”

“Perk of the job,” Harlan said. “Go on, try it. Don’t worry about the wish, just thought I’d give you a chance to hold a real ancient treasure. Get some practice in before you go professional.”

What else could I do? I took the stupid lamp off him – nearly crapping my pants with fear that I was gonna drop it and have to pay a bazillion dollars – and held it in my hands.

The lamp was heavier than it looked, a lot heavier. Sat in my hands, it even seemed to thrum slightly, like it had a battery inside and was trembling with energy.

I don’t know how to describe it. It almost felt...

Well. It almost felt like it was *alive*.

“There. She’s really something, huh?”

I nodded, for once unable to find any words. I couldn’t even look at Harlan. It was like I was unable to take my eyes off the old piece of junk sat in my hands, almost like I’d been mesmerized by it.

“There’s an inscription on the side,” Harlan’s voice was little more than a murmur now, hushed with reverence. “I can’t read it all, but it says something like...

“To the holder, all he ever dreamed of – they probably didn’t expect any women to ever get their hands on it – all he ever dreamed of, and four times more. But be warned, all dreams come at a price. To learn this lesson, all one must say are two simple words...

I wish.”

I suddenly felt the lamp give a little tremble in my hands. I almost cried out but managed to stop myself.

Dumbass, you're imagining things. There's no such thing as magic lamps...
Yet I no longer felt so sure.

"Well?" Harlan's low voice caressed my ear; I hadn't realized the older man was standing so close, so close I could almost feel the warmth of his breath. "Gonna try it?"

I tried to laugh, but it came out flat, weak. Unconvincing.

"Do..." I swallowed and started again. "Do I have to say it out loud?"

Harlan shook his head.

"Doubt it. The inscription doesn't specify, so..."

My whole body was tingling now, tingling just from holding the lamp. Part of me desperately wanted to put it down, but it was almost like I couldn't let go of it.

Almost like I *had* to make a wish to break the spell.

Alright, fine. A little voice inside me snapped, its bravado barely hiding its nervousness. *If we have to, let's just do it already.*

I nodded. Closed my eyes. Suddenly I wanted nothing more than to give this damn, stupid antique back to Harlan and get back out into the bright sunlight of the dining room.

Tentatively, feeling slightly stupid, I let one of my hands rub the side of the lamp. The thrumming didn't get worse, but nor did it stop.

"I wish..." I muttered, hoping against hell Natalie wouldn't hear me, "I wish..."

For what?

Then it hit me, with sudden clarity.

I wish... I thought firmly to myself, that Natalie Greenleaf belonged to me. That I could control her every move, her every thought. That she was mine, and I could do whatever I liked with her.

For a split second, I felt dizzy. The moment the thought finished in my head, the world seemed to lurch. The lamp suddenly seemed to get very hot...

Oh, fuck! Is it-?!

And then it instantly died away. I opened my eyes. I was still standing in the

darkened study with Harlan. The lamp was still in my hands, suddenly lighter and less-interesting than it had seemed before.

Out in the dining room, I could still see Natalie, chatting away to my girlfriend like nothing had happened.

“Interesting, huh?” Harlan plucked the lamp out my trembling hands. “Your very first antique.”

“Uh, yeah, that was...” I shook my head, suddenly feeling like a fog had settled over my brain. “That was... *fun*. Yeah.”

“Seeing your first piece of *real* history always is.” Harlan was carefully lowering the lamp back into its museum box, all lined with sawdust. “I might let the girls have a go later, if they fancy it.”

He turned and gave me a tiny wink over one broad shoulder, his handsome face amused.

“Go on, get back to your girlfriend. Her dad won’t keep you any longer.”

Thanks, I meant to say, but nothing came out. Instead, I turned and walked silently back into the dining room, to where Natalie and Annabel were cleaning up from lunch.

“Harlan done boring you?” Natalie asked without looking up.

“History isn’t boring, honey!” Harlan’s yelled voice drifted into the room, made Natalie smile.

“Yeah. No. I mean, nah, it wasn’t boring,” I said, trying not to look down Natalie’s top as she bent forward to wipe the long oak table. “I had fun.”

For a moment, I thought I could feel that tingling again. Felt weirdly like, if I concentrated, I could make Natalie suddenly stand up straight – terror in her eyes as she lost all control of her own body – walk round the table, throw her arms round my neck and stick her tongue down my throat; like she was just my toy and nothing else.

Like I could force her to get on all fours on the sofa, and helplessly moan with pleasure as I slipped my cock inside her, just like in my fantasy.

Just like my wish had come true.

The tingling passed as soon as it had come. I shook my weird thoughts off, reached out to grab the cloth Natalie was wiping with.

“Hey. Lemme help you with that...”

“Ah, don’t worry about it.” Natalie smiled impishly up at me, looked over at her daughter. “You two go enjoy your summer. Leave us oldies to do the cleaning.”

“Speak for yourself,” Harlan yelled from the study, “some of us are still young at heart!”

Natalie rolled her eyes for mine and Annabel’s benefit.

Go, she mouthed.

But I want to stay here with you, is what I should’ve mouthed back.

But, of course, I didn’t. Instead I just smiled, then turned to Annabel and said some bullshit about checking out the woods, all the time wishing I was seeing her mom smiling back at me and nodding, that flirtatious smile she sometimes gave Harlan on her lips, and now directed only at me.

If I’d known back then that I’d soon be seeing beautiful, sexy Natalie all the damn time, every single time I passed a mirror or looked out a reflecting window, I would’ve cried with laughter.

III

The morning it happened, I knew something was wrong from the moment I opened my eyes.

I'd gone to bed early the night before, feeling kinda... *weird*. Around 9pm, I'd just suddenly got all tired and dizzy and faintly nauseous, like something was off with my entire body.

My mom said it was probably from spending all day out in the sun with Annabel – I'd dropped her back home only an hour before then cycled back to my place – and I should go lie down.

So I had. Not knowing it would be the final time I went to sleep in my childhood bedroom, I'd collapsed on the sheets and almost instantly fallen asleep.

If I'd known what was gonna happen next, I'd have probably at least given my dick a quick tug. Enjoyed having the little fella one last time.

But, hey. We all have regrets, right? And, honestly? I wasn't thinking about any of this when I opened my eyes the next morning.

I was too busy wondering why the fuck I couldn't see.

The room around me was fuzzy, unfocused, like I was seeing it through a pair of binoculars adjusted for someone with wildly different vision. But that wasn't all that was weird.

Where I'd gone to bed in a medium-sized room with sport trophies on the walls, posters of famous athletes, and the endless detritus of teenage boy life, I was now somewhere very, very different.

Even with my whacked out vision, I could see that this room was bigger. Airier. The distant walls painted white, fuzzy, dark wooden beams crisscrossing the ceilings.

Shit, did I stay round Annabel's last night...?

The moment I had the thought, I knew it was wrong. There was no way Annabel's room was as big as this.

I blinked, trying to get my vision back, furiously blinked away, trying to fight the rising tide of panic. But my eyesight refused to return, refused to snap back to my normal 20:20.

What the fuck...?

I sat up, tried furiously rubbing my eyes. My long, dark hair fell across my delicate hands. I swept it back with a feeling of irritation...

And then I noticed several things at once, and my sleepiness was replaced by an ice cold feeling of horror.

No. I thought weakly, *no... I can't...*

The room I was in was so big because I wasn't in Annabel's room, I was in her parents'. The sheets were warm and wrapped around me, mussed from a long night's sleep.

And the room? The room was blurry because I wasn't wearing my glasses.

Trembling, I held out my hands in front of me. Looked at their dainty wrists and tiny palms, their elegant fingers ending in long, painted nails, in need of a retouch now.

Took in my arms, suddenly hairless and devoid of muscle. *Yanked* the sheets aside and saw my naked, blurry legs, hairless and smooth and slender and- and *sexy*.

No, please...

With a lurch, I realized I could feel my body around me. *Feel* how different it suddenly seemed. How much lighter, like I had hollow bones. How much *heavier* around the chest.

I could *feel* the long hair falling down my back, tickling my shoulder blades.

Feel the delicate fabric of my new, lacy panties, clinging to my butt and hips.

But worst of all was what I *couldn't* feel. There, between my legs, where my mental map of my body assured me I should have a nice, fat cock, I now felt...

...nothing.

A faint whimper escaped my throat. It came out sounding soft, way softer than I was used to, higher in pitch. I stayed looking straight ahead, my brain fizzing with terror, not daring to look down, not daring to see what had happened to me.

What I had become.

Ohpleaseohpleaseohpleaseohplease....

Still looking straight ahead, I jerkily reached out to the oak bedside table.

Scrabbled around helplessly with one hand, trying not to scream, not to cry out with frustration.

At last, my small new hand closed on something plastic and blocky and cool in the bedroom's air.

I picked up my glasses. With slow, steadying breaths, put them on. I felt their plastic settle heavily on the bridge of my nose. Watched as the room suddenly snapped into focus, like a fog had been lifted.

I was right. Natalie and Harlan's room. A tiny sob escaped my throat.

Which meant I now was...

I looked down.

And nearly screamed.

The old t-shirt I'd gone to bed wearing the night before was *gone*. In its place was a tiny, tight white vest top that clung to my curves and matched my white panties.

But it wasn't the top itself that sent me into freakout mode, that nearly gave me a meltdown.

There, dangling from my frame, were the biggest tits I'd ever seen.

They were *huge!* Two heavy breasts that thrust outwards from my chest, *straining* against the tight, white fabric of my new top.

They were slightly sagged, their youthful firmness gone, but still big and alluring and with enough lift to drive the guys wild.

Their nipples were dark and pointed, their tips scratching at the cotton fabric in a way that made me shiver slightly.

Instinctively, I reached up and grabbed them. Felt their flesh press back against my fingertips, soft and supple. For a moment I hesitated, then I suddenly lifted them up and dropped them, and let out a tiny wail as I felt a horrible *jiggling* in my chest.

This wasn't a hallucination. This was no sick joke. I had tits now. Tits, and a tight waist, and wide, female hips, and long, flowing hair, and a-a...

The world seemed to swim around me. I looked down at my crotch, at the tiny slip of underwear now only *just* obscuring what lay there, having to angle my head so it fell within the frame provided by my new hipster glasses.

I reached out. My hands – *whoever's* hands these were – were shaking. They hovered for a moment, uncertain. And then I reached down...

...and immediately jerked back like I'd been stung.

Oh Jesus, no... my horrified brain babbled, *no it can't be...*

There, where I should have had a dick, a big, proud thing that marked me out as a big, strong man, the palm of my new hand had felt nothing but smoothness. Nothing but flatness.

Nothing but the demure lips of my brand new *pussy*.

With dazed movements, feeling like I was in a crazy, fucked up dream, I swung my slender new legs out of the bed. Felt the morning cold of the wooden floor beneath my feet. Stood up, started hesitantly crossing the room towards where I knew the mirror was, the big, full-length mirror I'd glimpsed Natalie trying on jackets in.

With each step, I felt my new hips automatically curving, my new butt wiggling in a seductive, feminine way. Felt my heavy breasts, wobbling slightly, making me wish I was wearing a bra.

I crossed to the expensive, modern closet with its familiar wood finishing. The light from the vast picture window looking toward the lake flooded in, only slightly diffused by the thin white curtains.

I stopped on the soft, white rug just before the mirror. Looked down, my dark hair tumbling past my eyes, its tips tickling at my cleavage, looked down at my toes, their nails painted red, nervously playing with the thick fibers of the rug.

Knowing already what I was going to see, but not wanting to see it.

We have to, an unhappy voice whispered in my brain, *we need to know. We need to know how bad this really is.*

I already know! I wanted to yell. But the voice was right. There was still a tiny – a *tiny* – chance that things weren't quite as insane as I thought they were. And the only way to know was to-

I looked.

And what I saw made me want to start crying.

There, reflected back from inside the mirror, a scared, miserable look on her beautiful, 37-year old face...

Was Natalie.

She was dressed only in a tight white tank top that barely contained her breasts and left a sliver of stomach on display, and a pair of white, lacy panties with delicate little frills around their edges.

Her dark hair was mussed from a long night's sleep, lazily swept back so it tumbled down between her shoulders.

Her heavy, hipster glasses sat awkwardly on the bridge of her nose, magnifying her eyes ever so slightly, making them look bigger and cuter than ever.

Traces of last night's makeup were still visible around her eyes, her lips. She looked tired but beautiful. Disheveled but sexy.

She looked as she had always looked in my dreams of waking up beside her, gorgeous and homely all at once.

And she was *me*.

"No..." I heard myself whimper in my soft new voice, Natalie's lips moving in time with mine, "no, please..."

I slowly raised one hand, palm out, up to head level. Watched in horror and misery as Natalie raised her hand in perfect sync with me.

I gently shook my head. Ran my hands over my prominent new hips, my kinked-in sides, over my swollen boobs. Grabbed hold of my long new hair and *screamed*.

Everything I did, the Natalie in the mirror did in perfect time with me. There was no doubting it.

My wish, the wish I made to have complete control over Natalie, had come true. Her body, her mind, her *life* were now mine, in a terrifyingly literal sense.

I was now the 37-year old beauty of my dreams.

I was *my girlfriend's mom*.

IV

“Natalie? Nat, are you OK up there?”

The split second I heard the voice I slammed both hands over my pretty new mouth, held the scream inside. In the mirror, Natalie looked at me with wild eyes, her tiny fists gagging her.

Oh shit...

I became very still. Hardly even dared breathe.

Not now, I can't deal with this now...

For a moment, there was nothing. Then, from within the bowels of the house, I heard a distant door open. Footsteps.

And then that strong, male voice again, closer now, echoing up to me from somewhere downstairs.

“Nat! What’s happening, honey?”

In the mirror, I saw Natalie weakly shake her head as I shook mine, pleading in her beautiful dark eyes.

Don't come upstairs... oh, please, Harlan, don't come upstairs...

It was a useless wish, of course. I mean, what else would my new husband – the husband my stupid wish had forced on me – do?

He'd just heard his wife screaming. He'd be a pretty shitty husband to ignore it.

Oh Christ, Harlan's my husband now...

I stopped the thought right there. I couldn't deal with that knowledge just now.

“Nat?” Concern in his voice, concern that made me feel oddly warm and comforted inside, “Nat, are you OK? Hey!”

Footsteps. Sudden, hurried. Coming up the stairs. I could see Harlan now, see him picking up speed as he went, his handsome face suddenly creased with worry as he rushed to see if his younger wife was OK, if the love of his life was hurt.

I wanted to cry out, to scream at him not to come. But that would only make things worse. When he realized who was in his bedroom, when he found out about the stupid wish I'd made, the stupid wish that had taken me and turned

me into his...

“It’s fine!” I suddenly yelled, freaked out by the new pitch of my voice, by the new way it vibrated in my throat. “I’m fine! I just... I just *saw something* is all.”

The footsteps stopped. Seemed to hesitate. In the mirror, I watched Natalie staring back at me, her beautiful face lined with worry.

“Saw something...?” Harlan’s voice was very close now, scary close. “Saw *what?*”

“Nothing,” I called back. “A spider, that’s all.”

The moment I said it, I realized how stupid I’d been.

“Since when are you scared of spiders?” Amusement. “Must’ve been *some* spider.”

“Yeah...” I started, then quickly decided to change tack, “I mean, no. Nu-uh, it wasn’t. It just got on the pillow, startled me.”

There was something mesmerizing about hearing Natalie’s voice come out my lips. About knowing any move I made she would make in the mirror also.

“Yeah?” Harlan sounded unconvinced.

A pause. I held my breath.

“Hey, are you OK, honey?” The footsteps started again, slower. “You sound a little...”

“I’m *fine!*” I quickly yelled. “Don’t bother coming up!”

At the thought of encountering Annabel’s strong, masculine dad while trapped in this body, my brain started fizzing with fear.

Annabel... holy fuck, Annabel is my daughter now!

I pushed that thought away, too.

“I-I’ll be down in half an hour, OK?” I shouted, “just... just leave me to get freshened up.”

Freshened up. It was a phrase I’d heard women use in movies as code for like a bazillion things. But I couldn’t for the life of me figure out if it was something Natalie might say or not.

Harlan seemed to wonder this, too, because there was silence from outside.

Hesitation.

“Seriously, it’s cool. I’ll be right down.”

I closed my eyes. Knew that this was it. Knew that if Harlan decided to come in and see his wife now then there was no way I was gonna be able to stop him.

What if he tries to kiss me...? Oh God, what if he tries to touch my boobs...?

The thought should have been revolting. Instead, it made my new body give an involuntary smile. I wiped it off my face with a mixture of nausea and horror.

I *really* didn’t wanna go down that road right now.

We stood there for what felt like forever, man and wife, only a few meters apart, hidden from each other by a single ajar door. Then I faintly heard Harlan give a little sigh.

“Jesus, babe, you can’t have me racing up and downstairs all day at my age.”

I fake-laughed in what I hoped was a vaguely convincing way.

“Sorry Ha-” *wait, would Natalie call Harlan by his name?* “-Hot stuff. See you downstairs.”

I felt like kicking myself again.

Out in the corridor, Harlan laughed.

“Hot stuff? Now I know you’re trying to get rid of me.”

But at the same time, I could hear him walking away again, walking downstairs, back to his study.

With each step I felt myself untense a little. My body relax. I glanced down and realized I’d automatically wrapped my slender new arms around my chest, hugging my big boobs for comfort.

“I left coffee in the pot,” Harlan called back up, “get that gorgeous ass of yours in gear if you don’t want me to drink it all.”

I felt like throwing up. The idea that *my girlfriend’s dad* now thought I had a gorgeous ass – worse, a gorgeous ass he’d probably touched hundreds of times before – was almost too weird to handle.

At last, there was the distant slam of a door, and the danger was over.

For a long time, I simply stood there, relief washing over my brain, staring at the woman in the mirror, staring at Natalie, who I'd wanted for so long, staring right back at me.

Fuck. Now what are we gonna do...?

I was trapped as my girlfriend's mom. I'd made a stupid wish, and now I was paying for it.

I looked down at Natalie's big boobs in the mirror, barely noticing how my reflection was now gently biting her lower lip, thinking.

The wish...

This was fucked up – *seriously* fucked up – but at least I knew what had got me here. What had caused me, my soul, my essence or whatever, to leave my regular, 18-year old boy body and settle in Natalie's curvy, female form.

Harlan's stupid lamp. The lamp that claimed to grant five wishes.

The lamp that had specifically told me it would fuck with my desires, just like it had.

I gently tapped my new teeth with the tip of my tongue, as if beating out the rhythm of my thoughts.

Tap... tap...

Harlan had said he'd made a wish too (whatever it was, I couldn't see any evidence for it). He'd also said he was going to offer Natalie – the *real* Natalie – and Annabel a wish each, too (although maybe he'd forgot, who knew?)

That meant the lamp had used a maximum of four wishes yesterday. Meaning there was still one left.

One I could use to get back to my old body.

Tap... tap...

The cold air of the bedroom caressed my skin, making all the invisible downy hairs stand up along my arms. I shivered slightly and hugged myself, surprised at how sensitive to the cold Natalie was.

I had an escape route. A way to quickly end this madness.

All I had to do was get hold of that damn lamp.

Tap... tap...

Harlan was probably in his study right now. That meant I would have to wait. Unless I wanted him to comment on my ass or maybe even try to kiss me.

But maybe if I hung out up here... until he went out or stopped for lunch or something. I could go in there and grab the lamp. Run, if I had to.

And I could wish myself back to normal without ever having to see him.

In the meantime...

Tap... tap...

Well, in the meantime, I was trapped in the body of the woman I'd lusted after my entire teenage life. Trapped with her legs, her breasts, her supermodel face and tender pussy.

And it wasn't weird for a girl – even if she was just a temporary girl – to touch her own boobs, was it?

Tap...

I felt a thought bubbling up in my newly-female brain. One I was ashamed of, one that felt kinda wrong...

But when was I gonna get an opportunity like *this* again?

Tap.

A smile was starting to creep over Natalie's face in the mirror. Reflecting the dizzying, delicious and very bad thought I'd just had. The bad thought that just seemed too alluring for my teenage boy brain to resist.

"So, I'm Natalie until I get my hands on the lamp again, huh?" I whispered, thrilling at the way Natalie whispered in time with me.

Gently, I squeezed my thighs together, like I'd read about women doing in those kinky books my mom secretly liked to read. Natalie's body responded by sending a little thrill of pleasure through me.

"In that case..." my smile was a dazed grin now, like I couldn't believe my luck. "In that case..."

I hesitated. Then I lowered my head. Peered seductively at myself over the top of my new glasses.

"Maybe this is my chance to *have some fun.*"

*

The hot water cascaded down onto my new body, almost scalding. Tiny, warm droplets ran down the curve of my breasts, dangled gently from one nipple before dripping to the floor.

This is wrong...

I leaned back against the slate-tiled wall of the shower, my long hair – Natalie’s long hair – lying in wet streaks over my naked shoulders, hooked behind my delicate ears. My glasses were lying over by the white porcelain sink and the whole world now had a dreamy, out of focus look.

This is so wrong...

My wet hips bucked gently. Between my thighs, my hand was balled into a fist, pressed up against my new pussy. With each movement, I felt the faintest waves of pleasure rolling out over me, caressing Natalie’s body.

We should stop...

...shouldn’t we?

I reached up with my free hand, gently caressed my own breasts. The feeling in my chest was weird and... I guess beautiful, all at once. I tweaked my nipple gently, surprised at the little jolt of pleasure that shot through my female form.

Fuck, so that’s what it’s like to have your tits felt...

The warmth in my crotch. The vague, dreamy feeling washing through my mind. The drumbeat of the water, the steam, having Natalie’s breasts, clasped in my hands...

My lips dropped open slightly. I heard a little moan escape my throat, beautiful and shameful, all at once.

This. This was what I’d wanted for so, so long now...

My hips bucked gently against my fist, my wet pussy grinding against my knuckles. Slightly rough. Weirdly pleasurable.

One of the first things I’d noticed when I made Natalie pull down her panties and inspect her – *my* – pussy was that she had a timid little tuft of dark hair on her crotch; wasn’t clean shaved, like I’d always imagined.

But, hey, it didn’t seem to be obscuring my pleasure. If anything, knowing such an intimate thing about my girlfriend’s mom only made my arousal so much greater.

Oh God, Natalie...

I closed my eyes as the dreamy, sleepy waves of pleasure washed over me. Began picturing the fantasy I'd projected inside my mind so many times before.

The fantasy of the woman whose body I now knew as intimately as she did herself.

I was standing in the living room, facing that big picture window. Natalie was stood against it, as she always was, a seductive look in her dark eyes. Only now she was dressed as I'd seen her in the mirror that morning, her long legs on display, her pussy – with its demure tuft of hair – hidden only by the flimsiest pair of panties, her big tits straining inside her cotton white top.

“There you are, hot stuff,” she whispered, winking at me. “I’ve been waiting for you all my life...”

Then suddenly we were kissing. I was pushing her roughly back against the glass window as she moaned, spreading her legs, leaning towards me, inviting me into her, desperate for me to-

I opened my eyes, suddenly aware that my arousal was fading rather than heightening. I frowned down at Natalie's naked, wet body.

“Come on...” I muttered.

I tried again, closing my eyes.

I was holding Natalie now, her panties torn off by my strong hands, her legs now wrapped around my waist as I kissed her neck, her chest, her tits. She was rubbing her cunt against my dick, getting wetter and wetter-

“Argh!”

My eyes flew open. I glared down at my new body, almost as if it was betraying me. Clenched my thighs tighter around my fist.

“Come on you stupid bitch...” I hissed.

My eyes slammed shut again. I furiously conjured an image of Natalie on all fours, moaning and squealing as I fucked her from behind-

GROSS!

And then I was suddenly leaning back against the shower wall, my eyes open, my mouth dangling wide with shock, as an awful, awful realization dawned

on me.

Of course. The fucking lamp...

Each of those fantasies, fantasies that had made me thick and hard without fail as a man, had done nothing for me in my new body.

I could no longer get turned on by thinking about Natalie. Could no longer feel attracted to my girlfriend's mom.

I was Natalie now. And that meant I could no more be attracted to her than my boy body could have the hots for itself.

As the hot water drummed down onto me, I desperately looked down at Natalie's naked form; at her wet and soapy boobs, her tight, curved waist, her pussy.

Nothing. Nothing at all, beyond the disorientation I was still getting from seeing a completely new body attached to me. That vague arousal I'd felt earlier was just the same as I'd have got in my male form if I idly started playing with my dick. Mechanical and nothing more.

If I wanted to steal a little orgasm from Natalie's body, I was damn well gonna have to do it while thinking about someone else.

The pointless cruelty of it all almost made me laugh. A bitter little chuckle escaped my pouty lips.

Here I was, completely in control of the woman of my dreams, able to make her do anything, able to look at her naked whenever I wanted to and touch her tits and play with her cunt...

...and I was unable to enjoy it any more than I would've enjoyed masturbating in front of a mirror in my boy body.

Natalie's pussy – my pussy – was still slightly damp, my crotch still filled with a kind of *tension*. I closed my eyes again, frantically searching for an image to jerk off to, suddenly desperate not to let my one – and probably only – chance of experiencing a female orgasm go to waste.

Annabel. *There.*

Annabel naked. Tied to a bed. Helpless and beautiful, moaning for me to fuck her tight little-

“*Urgh!*” My eyes flew open again. I felt physically sick.

Of course. The last thing Natalie, the real Natalie, would want to think about would be screwing her own daughter.

I hadn't just inherited Natalie's natural disinterest in her own body. I'd inherited her mind, too. Her mind and sexuality.

Which meant suddenly all of my hottest fantasies were now strictly off limits.

I was starting to get desperate now. It would feel shameful enough when I wished myself back, knowing I'd acted like a creep and used Natalie's body for my own pleasure.

But to feel all that shame without at least getting the benefit of an orgasm? No fucking way.

I clenched my jaw. Screwed my eyes shut. Tried to lose myself in the drumming of the water, in the scalding heat on my skin.

Images appeared. Girls I knew at school. Chicks from movies. Supermodels. Each one crumbled and fell apart as my body rejected it, not even remotely interested.

Come ON!

I was starting to get sore now, a dull ache joining the faint waves of pleasure radiating out from my clit. I *had* to finish, though!

Then, just as I thought the cruelty of my wish would drive me mad, it happened.

I'd dredged up something from the depths of my brain. An image from a porno I'd quietly watched at night on my phone about a week ago. A tiny redhead chick with big boobs getting banged by a big, beefy blond dude with designer stubble and a hairy chest.

Only it was slightly different, now. When I'd watched it as a boy, I'd concentrated on the chick, imagining I was the one banging her.

Now I was replaying it in my head, I was imagining *I* was the one being banged. That it was *my* boobs that were jiggling in time with each thrust. That it was *my* pussy being violated by this muscular stud.

That I was the girl, and I was getting treated just how a horny straight girl liked to be treated.

A faint little gasp escaped my lips. That sleepy pleasure began to build between my legs again.

Wait, whoa, hold on. We can't jerk over a man. We're straight, remember?

But it was like I couldn't hear myself. The more I bucked against my own fist, the clearer the image became, the more my body's feelings of pleasure became harder to resist.

The beefcake guy was towering over me. I was standing on tiptoes and giving him a kiss, his stubble scratching at my face. Then he was hoisting me roughly into the air, my slender legs wrapped round his hips as I grinded my wet cunt against him, desperate to be fucked.

My fist was sticky with dampness. I could feel my brand new hole loosening, a strange feeling that also made me feel gorgeously dizzy. I spread my legs slightly, began to moan softly, losing myself in my new fantasy.

The images got faster. Dirtier.

I was Natalie now. Pinned to the bed by this beefcake. One of his strong hands closed around my wrists, naked and helpless, at his mercy.

I was writhing, begging him no, pleading with him not to do it. But he just grinned, took his big dick in one hand, and angled it towards my dripping wet hole. Smiled wolfishly, enjoying my cries. Leaned forward so his lips were almost touching my ear, and said-

"Enjoying yourself?"

An involuntary scream escaped my lips. My eyes flew open. I instinctively threw one arm over my new tits, placed a covering hand over my pussy. My brain whirled with terror.

Oh no... please God, no!

Standing at the door to the shower, his handsome face and laconic smile slightly fuzzy in my blurred vision, was Harlan.

He was naked except for a pair of tight, gray boxer shorts that clung to his crotch, the bulge of his dick very visible. Dark hairs coiled over his muscular chest, shockingly defined for a man of fifty. His intense blue eyes were gently tracing the shape of my nude body, an amused light dancing in them.

"Thought I'd pop up and see if you'd recovered from your spider encounter." That mysterious smile again. *"Guess you have."*

"H-Harlan...?" My voice was little more than a squeak, higher and more-scared than I'd ever heard Natalie before. *"What are you... you have to get*

out of here!”

But even as my male mind was screaming at him to go, I could feel my female body starting to respond. Feel my eyes, hopelessly tracing the broadness of his shoulders. Settling on the thickness of his forearms. Greedily drinking in the bulge of his dick.

Hidden away behind my arm, I felt my nipples begin to harden, becoming pointy. Felt my pussy getting puffy and wide, ready to invite my husband in. I swallowed, my throat suddenly dry.

“Harlan...” the voice was more like Natalie’s usual voice now, “please, I’m... I’m not in the mood...”

Harlan laughed, nodded at the hand covering my crotch.

“Yeah, you definitely didn’t look in the mood just now.”

“Harlan, I’m serious...”

And then something happened that made my voice dry up in my throat. Made me unable to do anything but let out a tiny little squeak, even as I felt a dizzy rush of desire wash over me.

With a mischievous smile, Harlan reached up, clasped his boxer shorts, and gently pulled them down over his powerful, hairy legs. He kicked them off then stood up straight, his thick cock now erect and pointing up at the sky.

“Mind if I join you?”

Like a girl in a dream, I gently shook my head, desperately wanting to scream *no!* but suddenly unable to make a sound.

Desperately wanting to open my eyes and escape this shameful fantasy, but all too aware I was already in reality.

Oh God, please don’t let this happen...

With slow movements, Harlan stepped into the shower. Closed the door behind him. His dick was fully erect, its tip pressed up against his belly, longer and thicker than any cock I’d ever seen before. He took a gentle step towards me, took me in his arms.

I wanted to tell him to stop. At that point, I’d have wasted the lamp’s remaining wish just to make him go away.

But I didn’t have the lamp with me. And so I simply trembled in his arms,

suddenly smaller than I was used to being before Harlan, suddenly weaker. I trembled as he gently moved our bodies together, pressed his strong torso against my soft and feminine form. I could feel the raw power in his big arms, clasped around my waist. Feel the tip of his dick, prodding the flesh of my stomach.

I rested my hands against his chest, let my fingers coil through the dark hair there, feeling the shape of his muscles, playing with his chest hair. I tilted my head back, looked up at his smiling blue eyes, framed by his peppery hair, looked at that lined face that was somehow even more handsome for being older.

“Harlan...” I managed to get out.

He firmly shook his head. Raised one finger to my pouty lips, softly pressed it against my flesh. No talking. I weakly shook my head too. Opened my pretty little mouth to speak.

And then it was too late.

Harlan leaned forward. For a split second I could feel his breath, hot and masculine, against my lips. I instinctively tilted my head back...

...and then we were kissing.

We kissed for what felt like forever, husband and wife, pressed against one another as the hot water of the shower drummed down on our flesh, kissing as though our lives depended on it.

My eyes were closed. Harlan’s tongue swirled around the inside of my mouth, possessing me, making me *his*. I whimpered in his arms and kissed him back, inviting him in, wanting him to utterly control me, even as I wanted nothing more than to push him away and end this madness.

What are we doing?! The part of my mind that was still Aiden wailed. *He’s Annabel’s dad!*

It was wrong. So wrong, and I knew it. Yet it also felt so right. Harlan was Annabel’s dad? Well, I was Annabel’s mom now. I was his wife.

And at that moment I needed a strong husband to seduce me more than anything in the world.

At long, long last, Harlan pulled back. We stopped kissing. I looked up at him with eyes that were blurred – from pleasure, from worry, from the steam,

from losing my glasses, I couldn't tell.

All I could tell was that looking into that handsome face, with its stylish beard and little wrinkles around the eyes, was making my new body dizzy with desire.

Harlan reached up with one broad, calloused hand. Gently stroked my soft cheeks with his fingers. Then he suddenly *pushed* me back against the wall, and then he was kissing me all over, his face buried in the crook of my neck, kissing my shoulders, my chest, my breasts while I clutched his head against me and moaned out loud.

The water cascaded over our two bodies. As he kissed me, Harlan's hair became wet, plastered against his skull. I ran my hands through it, obsessed with the thought of touching him, of him touching *me*.

I could feel his beard, scratching softly against my chest as he kissed my tits, his tongue flicking over my nipples, making me shudder. With one strong hand he frantically worked at my crotch, rubbing my slit, making my new clit tingle and making me dizzy.

The older man kissed my neck. Squeezed my cunt in his palm. *Pressed* me against the bathroom wall with the sheer strength of his body, making me feel weak and helpless.

I ran my hands down from his head down over his shoulders, letting my palms explore his powerful torso. Clutched him to me like a drowning woman holding a lifesaver. Gaspd for breath that seemed to be escaping my body as fast as I could draw it in.

For the briefest moment, Harlan raised his head, looked at me, a smile on his face that I knew was reflected in my own.

Please... I felt myself mouth, weakly.

Then we were kissing again. Kissing like two horny teenagers, unable to be apart for even the briefest moment.

No, not like teenagers. With all the passion of teenagers, but the technique and experience of grownups. Of a man and wife who had lived together for twenty years and knew *exactly* what they wanted.

It was incredible. It was like Natalie's body was guiding me, making me experience more pleasure from another human than I'd ever had as even a relatively experienced teen.

Even as my brain kept screaming that this was wrong, I let Harlan kiss me as I'd always wanted to be kissed, gently bucking my hips, rubbing my pussy up against his cock in a way I instinctively knew would make us both feel as horny as hell.

Harlan pulled me against him. Wrapped his strong hands under my thighs and *pulled* me up into the air. I gasped between kisses, but didn't let my lips leave his face, wrapping my legs around his muscular, dad-torso even as I helplessly nibbled on his tongue.

"Harlan..." I heard myself breathe in my seductive, female voice, "Oh God, *Harlan...*"

"Shh." My lover said firmly. "Not another word."

Then he shifted his position under me, angled his hips, I just had time to wonder what new avenue of pleasure was about to open, and then he slipped his big dick deep inside me.

Harlan's cock slid in until its tip was buried in my womb. It went in easily, the looseness of my new snatch suddenly reminding me that Natalie had had kids, that *Annabel* had once come crawling out of this very hole.

Then Harlan was thrusting and I thought about nothing at all.

With one strong arm he held me, his wife, in the air, my back pressed against the wall of the shower, droplets of warm rain splashing down onto my naked breasts as he fucked me, gently at first, then faster and faster until I was helplessly moaning out loud, unable to stop myself from making those noises even if I wanted to.

As a guy, I'd always assumed girls were so noisy during sex as a way of stroking my ego, of letting me know when I was doing the right thing.

As a girl – as a *woman* – I realized just how off I'd been. Those noises were just part of what sex was, part of being female, as natural as my pussy getting wet or my nipples getting hard. Holding them in would've been like lying to myself.

So I didn't even try. With a feeling of dark abandonment, I threw my head back and squealed as Harlan fucked me. Squealed as I felt his big dick go lancing deep inside me, again and again. Squealed as each thrust made my big titties bounce and jiggle.

Squealed and clasped Harlan's wonderful, powerful shoulders in my arms.

Looked helplessly into his eyes and listened to the deep, masculine grunts he was making with a feeling of utter bliss.

We came together, our pleasure peaking in a single, breathless moment. One moment, I was simply moaning with desire, the next something impossibly big, impossibly powerful was rushing up, swamping over my body.

I had just enough time to scream, and then it washed over me, completely obliterating me, leaving me hanging in endless space, my entire body alive with pleasure and weightless, like I was floating high above the Earth.

At the same time, I heard Harlan give a deep, almost animal growl and felt him go stiff inside me. There was a pause, and then waves and waves of something hot and sticky were squirting inside me, squirting into my brand new womb.

I instinctively clutched Harlan tight against me, drawing his dick deeper in, not wanting to waste a single drop of his sperm. I felt my pussy *clench* around his cock and wished he would remain inside me forever.

Finally, though, it was over. My orgasm ebbed away, leaving me breathless, dizzy, a dazed smile on my beautiful face as I returned to Earth.

I leaned forward and kissed Harlan again, one last time, savoring the taste of him, not wanting to let go. As we kissed, he gently lowered me. I regretfully put my legs out, slipped off his dick, stood on the shower floor.

I could feel his sperm, sitting inside me, sticky and damp but slightly cooler now, lining my womb. It was both kinda gross and utterly wonderful.

I'll still be able to feel that a quarter of an hour from now... I thought, vaguely, *part of him will still be inside me...*

I wasn't sure why, but the thought made me faintly dizzy.

Harlan leaned against the wall with one strong arm. He looked as dazed as I felt. With his free hand, he reached out and flicked off the shower. Suddenly it was silent in the bathroom, the only sound our ragged breathing and the faint *drip, drip* of the last drops of water.

"Jesus..." my girlfriend's dad muttered, "that was..."

"That was *incredible*," I breathed.

It wasn't even the magic making me say that. In all the times I'd had sex with girls over the last two years, nothing had come even remotely close to

making me feel like Harlan just had.

Weird as it was to think, my greatest sexual experience was now with another man. An *older* man.

Annabel's dad.

Impulsively, I stood up on tiptoes, took his face in my dainty hands and kissed him again. A long, lingering kiss I never wanted to end.

"That's for being an incredible husband," I heard myself say, as if from very far away.

I reached down and gently clasped his still-erect cock. Having it in my hand felt so strangely, wonderfully *right*.

"And for having an *incredible* cock."

The words sounded so natural in Natalie's voice. So seductively normal. With a rush of dizziness, I realized I could now do and say so many things that had been forbidden to me before.

If I wanted to, I suddenly thought, *I could get down on my knees right now and kiss this man's dick and put it in my mouth and suck on it and taste his sperm, and no-one would care. There wouldn't be anything wrong with it.*

But, at the same time, a different part of me was slowly starting to wake back up. Starting to wake back up and freak out about what had just happened.

I'd just had sex with a man. Worse, that man had been Annabel's *dad*. I'd made a stupid wish and possessed her mom, and now I was forcing her mom's body to do things with her dad that I shouldn't even be thinking about.

Even if I went downstairs now and grabbed the lamp. Even if I wished myself back to my old body, I would never be able to forget this, never be able to pretend to myself it didn't happen.

Whenever I saw Harlan from now on, I would be thinking of this moment, right now, when he fucked me in the shower and left his sperm inside me and made me feel like the sexiest woman alive.

If these thoughts were causing worry to show on my face, Harlan didn't seem to notice. He leaned forward and kissed my forehead, then laughed and shook his head.

"That was the best workout I've had all year. I guess my wish came true."

I blinked, suddenly aware I was stood naked with Annabel's dad, but trying not to let the weirdness show.

"Huh? What do you mean."

"What? Oh. Nothing." Harlan suddenly turned away, stepped out the shower. "Forget about it."

"Wait!"

I stepped out the door after him, grabbed his arm. I tried to spin him round then realized I was nowhere *near* strong enough to do so. He picked up a towel, draped it over his shoulders, back still to me.

"What did you mean, your wish?" I asked, trying not to let the fear I was suddenly feeling show in my voice. "What wish?"

"I was just being dumb," Harlan said, stepping over to the mirror, "don't let it bother you."

With his back to me, I could see his naked ass now, as firm and taut as the rest of him, even if it was finally starting to succumb to the sag of middle age. It was all I could do to drag my eyes away and look at his reflection in the mirror.

Shit, I can barely make out his expression, why didn't I put my stupid glasses on?

"Please, Harlan," I made myself say in a steady voice, "uh, *baby*. I'm not gonna go weird, I just..."

I took a deep breath. My breasts rose gently in the bottom of my vision.

"I just *need* to know, OK?"

Harlan sighed. Looked down at his toothbrush, not meeting my eye.

"I'm sorry OK, I was just being dumb. I just... look, remember when I showed you the lamp?"

"Sure." It was only later that I realized Harlan must've shown Natalie the lamp after I left, and we were each thinking about two different times.

"Well, I kinda made a wish with it. Yesterday. Just as a joke."

"What wish? Harlan...?"

Annabel's dad sighed again. At last, he turned to face me.

“I wished... I just wished that we’d have more sex, like when we first moved in together.” He was watching me closely, as if expecting me to get mad.

“That’s all. It was a stupid little joke, and I didn’t wanna ruin the morning – ruin *this* – by telling you.”

I barely noticed his apology. The bathroom suddenly seemed much wider than I remembered, much darker, like everything was coming through from very, very far away.

I remembered the strange decision I’d made to amuse myself with Natalie’s body – wrong and weird even for a teenage boy. Remembered the sudden desire I’d had in the shower to keep masturbating, even if it meant picturing a guy, a desire that had so naturally turned into unbelievably hot sex with Harlan.

The way the objections of my male mind had just been brushed aside. Almost like my new body was fated to be fucked by Harlan, no matter what I wanted. Fated as if by magic.

“That’s... that’s, uh, interesting,” I heard Natalie saying somewhere, her voice sounding like it was being beamed in from another universe. “Hey, can I ask you something?”

Harlan was watching me, like he could tell something was wrong. I fought back against the weird feeling of unreality washing over me, desperately tried to stay calm.

“Can I make a wish today? Just as a joke. But soon. Like, right now.”

A look of confusion passed across Harlan’s features. I suddenly felt desperate.

“I thought you already made a wish. Last night, you said you...”

“Then I need another one. Please. It’ll be fun. But I need to do it *right now*.”

I could hear hysteria edging into my voice, felt like I was about to go mad. Then Harlan frowned some more and I wanted to scream.

“Jesus, Nat, maybe try listening when I talk about work, huh?” At my expression, his awkwardly jokey voice became tired, serious. “OK, sorry. But... you really don’t remember. What I told you last night?”

“What,” I said through gritted teeth, “did you tell me?”

He shrugged, suddenly looking apologetic.

“The lamp. It’s gone. Off to Doctor Pitman in Delaware. The UPS guy picked it up first thing this morning. She’s gonna scan the carvings, then send it on to the museum for...”

But I was no longer listening. I was trying not to scream.

The lamp was gone. For the next couple of days – at the very least – it’d be out of my reach, hundreds of miles away.

Which meant I couldn’t make another wish. Couldn’t escape the two wishes that had already been made.

I was stuck as my girlfriend’s mom, as Natalie. As Harlan’s *wife*.

And the magic meant I wasn’t going to be able to keep my hands off my gorgeous new husband no matter how hard I tried.

“Mom!”

At the sound of my daughter’s voice I froze. Harlan froze behind me, his big dick still buried deep in my pussy, one strong arm leaning against the wooden wall of the boat shed. Neither of us dared breathe.

“Mom... Mom, I gotta talk to you!”

I closed my eyes. Felt the tiniest whimper escape my throat. Behind me, Harlan hesitantly stroked my naked ass, unable to pull out of me even if he wanted to.

“Shh...” I heard my husband whisper. *“Be very still...”*

I swallowed delicately. I didn’t need telling twice.

I could still feel that insane buzz in my brain, those magical orders, telling me to thrust my hips backwards, to draw Harlan further inside me, to not stop fucking until we both came loudly, for the third time that day.

The orders that I’d found out could only be disobeyed for so long.

“Mom...” A sigh, then footsteps, crossing the distant decking, heading for the lawn, *“OK, I’ma come find you.”*

I’d have given anything to get off Harlan’s dick at that point. To dismount, quickly yank Natalie’s tight denim cutoffs up, stuff my dangling tits back inside my top and try and look presentable.

But I could no more stop mid-screw than I could escape back to my own body.

Our wishes had seen to that.

It was about 40 hours since I’d gone to bed feeling sick, and woken up to discover I was now magically trapped in Natalie’s body. In that short space of time, I’d gone from thinking I was merely unlucky to thinking I was cursed.

Harlan’s wish was forcing the two of us to screw like rabbits, unable to stop, even when we wanted to.

After our fuck in the shower, we’d wound up having a blistering row about the lamp, one all the more confusing for me coz Harlan kept bringing up stuff Natalie had obviously done before, but which I had no clue about

whatsoever. It had gotten even more confusing when my new body had burst into tears and gone and flung itself down on the bed, its naked skin still slightly damp, its tear-stained face buried in my tiny hands.

As I'd lain there, I'd felt a presence behind me. Felt the bed creak. Then Harlan had been kissing my back, kissing my bare shoulders, kissing my slender neck and telling me how sorry he was, over and over again.

And I'd eventually kissed him back. And then I'd raised my hips, and we'd been fucking in Natalie and Harlan's bed, my face pressed weakly into the pillows as my girlfriend's powerful dad fucked me from behind, his dick drilling deeper and deeper into me as I moaned and sighed and clutched the sheets and wished this moment would never end.

Afterwards, we'd joked about makeup sex, and I'd run my fingers through his chest hair while he promised to call Dr. Pitman and get the lamp sent back...

("I'll think of an excuse", he'd said as he let me gently kiss his pecs, kiss his taut stomach, kiss the gorgeously defined shape of his groin...)

...and I'd smiled and giggled and told him:

"You better, or we'll be back to only fucking once a week."

(I had no idea if Harlan and Natalie fucked once a week, or once a month, or only once a year.)

And we'd treated it like a joke, and even got dressed. It was only a half hour later that we'd realized it was no joke, when I'd found myself on all fours on the cream living room sofa, wailing helplessly as Harlan fucked me with vicious thrusts, smacking my naked ass while also yelling that he was sorry, but he couldn't stop.

That was when we realized just how bad things really were.

Harlan's wish had come true. Come true as the lamp had specified it would, in a way that would turn his desire into a nightmare.

And now the two of us were now incapable of going more than an hour without fucking each other's brains out.

"Baby..." I whispered in Natalie's soft voice, "what if she catches us...?"

The wooden wall was rough against my palms where I was leaning against it, scratching at my soft skin. I'd have given anything to be able to let go of it, to

disobey the magic.

“I’m trying to stop,” Harlan grunted, I could feel the vibration from his voice inside me. “The goddamn wish...”

My first full day as Natalie, we’d wound up having sex – or something like it – twelve whole times.

We’d fucked in the kitchen, my lithe body pressed up against the counter, my boobs dangling from my frame, bouncing gently up and down while Harlan took me from behind.

We’d sat in Harlan’s study, him in his leather writing chair, looking dazedly up at me while I sat on his lap, moving my body up and down with helpless wails.

We’d even fucked in Annabel’s room – I’m ashamed to say – my new husband’s bearded face buried deep between my thighs, feasting on my pussy while I sucked on his long cock, horrified by the fact there was a *guy’s dick* in my mouth, but unable to do anything but enjoy it more than I’d ever enjoyed anything.

It had been a marathon of sex. A nonstop, magically enforced screwing that left us exhausted, but somehow never stopped being pleasurable, never made us too sore to go on, never felt like anything less than amazing.

I’d just been so grateful that Annabel had been out the house the whole day, and hadn’t come back.

Forcing my girlfriend to watch as her mom and dad screwed like a couple of sex addicts would’ve been too sick even for me.

At times during that long, endless orgy, I’d felt like I’d died and gone to Heaven. Like when Harlan and I both woke up at 3am and, in the pitch black, rolled toward each other and started kissing, started fondling, started biting and pinching.

When Harlan had put his strong hands on my shoulders in the dark, pinned me to the bed, and then fucked me so slowly, so gently, so *perfectly*, that I thought I was going to cry with happiness. At those moments, I’d almost thanked God Harlan and I had made our wishes.

Other times, like now, I’d have given anything to have turned back time and reversed these last two days.

Even if it meant giving up my own soul or something.

“Mom? Mom, are you down here?”

Annabel’s voice was close now, way too close. I closed my eyes, stifled a cry of frustration.

Harlan’s dick was still in me. Hard as iron. The magic was already fogging my brain, making me gently buck my hips; making him squeeze my naked ass and knead its flesh. Any second now. Any second, we were gonna start fucking again, and we wouldn’t be able to stop till we came.

No matter who caught us.

Why did she have to come back now?

I turned my head to look back at Harlan, my dark hair falling across my face as I did so. I could see him stood behind me, a helpless expression on his handsome face even as he clasped my naked ass.

It was a ridiculously strange thing to see, but I couldn’t think about that right now.

“Are you close?” I whispered, mentally trying to figure out long it’d take Annabel to reach us.

“Sort of,” Harlan grunted.

He started thrusting again, his hips gently slapping up against my ass and making my mouth hang open in soundless pleasure, even as he kept talking.

“But I don’t know if I can make it in time...”

“Why... *ah, God...* why not?”

My new husband looked embarrassed. Even in the depths of my worry, I had time to realize I found the expression strangely cute.

“It’s not...” a sigh. “It’s not tight enough. I’m sorry, Nat, but...”

“Mom! Dad?”

Annabel’s voice was closer now. Maybe 90 seconds away from discovering her parents like this. I closed my eyes.

“OK, I’ve got an idea. Just this once, understand? There’s no way I want this to become a regular thing, but we’re outta options.”

“What? Nat, what are you...?”

I took a deep breath, unable to believe what I was about to say.

“Fuck my ass.”

There was silence from behind me.

“I’m serious.” Inside I was railing at the damn lamp, but outside I kept calm. “It’s the only way we’ll finish. Fuck my ass *now*, Harlan. Do it!”

I could sense Harlan’s hesitation. For one wild second, I thought maybe he’d say no and we could leave that one taboo unbroken.

There was no way I wanted to learn what it felt like to receive anal, even if I was in the body of a woman at the time.

Then I heard Harlan give a sigh.

“OK. If you’re sure...”

I grit my teeth. Nodded.

“I’m sure.” This was gonna *hurt*.

“Yeah.”

A brief hesitation.

“Nat, I’m...”

“Just *do it!*” I hissed. “Fuck. My. Ass. *Now!*”

Nothing for a moment, then I felt Harlan pull his hips back. An emptiness inside me made my magically-charged brain want to wail and scream. Then there was something resting against the nub of my anus. Something impossibly hard, impossibly big.

I just had time to thank a God I didn’t believe in that we’d brought lube down with us, and then Harlan was pushing, I was biting down on my lower lip and whimpering, and then suddenly I was doing anal, my last virgin hole being filled by a man, my last taboo broken.

It was painful, humiliating. Degrading. Necessary.

As Harlan fucked Natalie’s pert and gorgeous ass, I kept my eyes screwed close and shouted at myself again for being such a stupid, horny dick.

Isn’t this what you wanted, jerk-off? To make Natalie do shit like this, to give her no choice but to use her body for pleasure?

Well, guess what, dipshit? Your wish came true. And now you’re gonna have

to deal with it.

Harlan was picking up speed, his big cock like an invader inside me, hurting me, making me feel like shit. It was like a parody of the sex we'd just been having. My big tits were still bouncing, I was still moaning, but now only Harlan was getting any pleasure, only Harlan was...

"You've got such a *fucking great ass*," I heard my girlfriend's dad growl behind me. "Oh fuck, Nat, I'm gonna..."

Then suddenly he went stiff, I pulled forward – not wanting to get any sperm inside my asshole – and leaned against the wall of the shed as Harlan's white hot spunk splattered down onto my naked ass. I quickly stuck my hand down between my legs, started rubbing.

"Call me a slut," I gasped. "Quick, before...!"

Harlan roughly grabbed my ass, leaned over me, until the bristles of his beard were almost scratching at my ear.

"*Slut!*" He snarled. "*Stupid, worthless, fucking whore...*"

That was all it took.

I came with a quick shudder that made my legs go weak, biting down on my tongue so I wouldn't cry out. It was a small one, a quick clit-gasam instead of the deep, full-body orgasms I'd got used to having with Harlan, but it was enough to satisfy the spell.

I wiped Harlan's spunk off my butt, yanked my cut-off denim shorts up, trying not to think about how much my ass hurt, trying not to think too hard about how I'd needed to be humiliated to get off just now.

"Natalie..." Harlan was still standing with his dick out, it would've looked funny in other circumstances, "babe. Sorry. You know I hate calling you a—"

"I know, I know." I waved towards the garden, towards Annabel. "Just *go!* I'll come in two minutes..."

He nodded, doubt on his handsome, lined face. But he quickly wrestled his big dick back inside his jeans – squashing it down so the bulge wouldn't show too much – and slipped out from behind the shed, onto the lawn.

"Hey, there's my girl!" I heard him say. "Where've you been all my life?"

I leaned back against the shed, buttoning my stupid-tight shorts with difficulty, trying to ignore how fucked up my life now was.

Was that Natalie asking to be called a slut, or was it me?

I could no longer tell. The wish had so totally made Natalie's desires my own that I wasn't sure if I was now shaping them, or if they were shaping me.

All I knew was that I couldn't *wait* to get back to my own body.

With a tiny sigh, I bent down and scooped my loose, tiny white top off the floor, tucking my long hair behind my ears as I did so. I could feel my bare breasts dangling, pulling on my chest, forcibly reminding me of my impossible transformation. I could vaguely hear Harlan and Annabel talking.

This is so fucked up...

It was during our first afternoon together that Harlan and I had realized our free will had vanished, been snatched away by the lamp.

It had been a slow-dawning realization, rather than a sudden flash, but it had been no less horrible for that. As awesome as the sex we were having was, discovering we couldn't stop even if we wanted to had been a sobering experience.

By the time we were sat naked in the living room, streaming hardcore fuck films on the family's massive TV while I played with Harlan's dick and he fingered my slit, we'd both come clean and agreed we needed to get the lamp back.

Well. I say we came clean. I mean Harlan came clean and, when he asked what I'd wished for, I pretended to be Natalie and just made up some shit about wishing my life was more exciting.

Which meant there was still at least one more wish out there. The wish the *real* Natalie had made, wherever she was.

I just hoped she wasn't still inside this body, trapped and unable to do anything but watch as her daughter's boyfriend screwed up her life for her.

"...mom back there with you?" Annabel's voice. Amused.

Shit. She probably knows exactly what we've been doing...

"Let's ask her, shall we? Mom!" Harlan called, his voice playful, no sign left of the worry and stress we'd both just experienced, "hey, mommy, your daughter's deigned to drop by for a visit."

"Dad, you are actually the funniest man alive."

I pulled my loose top down, wondering for the zillionth time why I hadn't but a bra on, quickly yanked my hair back into a ponytail and stepped out from behind the shed to join them.

Harlan and Annabel were standing together in a patch of dappled sunlight that left Harlan half in shadow but made my girlfriend seem to glow. They both looked up as I came round the corner, smiled.

"Hey, mom," Annabel's smile was more mischievous than I'd ever seen it, "looking at the lake?"

Hearing my girlfriend call me *mom* was almost enough to make me start laughing. Or crying. Or just go mad.

Instead, I forced up a smile.

"Hey, uh, *kotyonok*," I said, briefly struggling to remember Natalie's pet name for her daughter, "how, um, how's it going?"

The moment I'd said it, I knew it sounded weird. Moms don't awkwardly ask their daughters questions like that.

"Whoops. I mean, where have you been, young lady?" I asked, putting my hands on my curvy new hips, hoping to get off the back foot in this conversation.

Annabel rolled her eyes.

"Mo-om. I've been gone for like one night."

"Come on, Nat." Harlan frowned at me. "We don't want our daughter hanging round here all day, do we?"

His voice was loaded with meaning, probably relating to the stuff the lamp's magic was forcing us to do.

You keep the conversation going, then! I wanted to yell at him. *I've got no idea how to be a mom, OK? Shit, I'm only eighteen myself!*

But I was already only too aware that I'd be in Harlan's arms again within the hour. So instead I forced myself to smile and act like I imagined Natalie would.

"Hey, I'm only joking Annie," I said, holding out my hands. "Here. Give mom a hug."

If my words sounded unlike Natalie, Annabel didn't seem to notice. She

exchanged a quick smile with Harlan, then seemed to shrug and came forward into my embrace.

“There,” I said loudly over her shoulder, “that’s better, right?”

Inside though, I was a mess.

I’d hugged Annabel before, of course, both as a friend, and as a boyfriend, but this was completely, totally, *horribly* different.

For one thing, the way she held me was just... wrong. As friends you sorta hug loosely. As boyfriend and girlfriend, you kinda press your bodies together.

But this was like neither of those things. It was both gentle and strong, intimate yet still slightly distant.

My body, too, was giving me a whole different experience, one that made me want to start crying, and wish for the zillionth time that Harlan had never showed me his stupid lamp.

I could feel Annabel’s breasts, resting gently against me. But I could also feel *my* breasts, squashed against her skin by our closeness. We were so close I could smell her, too, and that little sniff was enough to send these weird, uncomfortable feelings of warmth and-and *protectiveness* washing over me.

Part of me suddenly never wanted to let her go. To hold her tight and protect her from the world and from scumbag creeps like me who only liked her because of her tits.

It was this almost overwhelming rush of... *love*, I guess, unlike anything I’d ever experienced before. The sort of rush you probably get used to as a parent, but as a teenager suddenly trapped in the body of a mom, is strong enough to almost make you start crying.

At the same time, the male side of my brain couldn’t stop thinking about how I’d once kissed these lips, how I’d once touched these boobs and slipped my hand inside this girl’s pants.

Like I say, it was a *super* confusing hug.

At long, long last Annabel gave a little giggle and pulled back, breaking out the hug. As she did so, I felt a faint wash of sadness in a corner of my brain.

“Mom... are you trying to suffocate me?” My girlfriend – my *daughter* – suddenly blinked at me. “Whoa, mom, are you...?”

I blinked back the tears that had formed, unwanted in my eyes.

“Nah... I mean, no. It’s cool. Uh, it’s OK.” I smiled again, a smile I hoped didn’t show my sadness. “Just allergies. I Think maybe the pollen...”

I stepped back, away from my new daughter, horrified by the strange emotions wracking my mom-body.

I had no idea... I had no idea someone like Natalie could feel stuff like this...

With a horrible jolt I suddenly saw that I’d spent all this time looking at Natalie as nothing but an object, a beautiful robot I’d wished I could control. It was only now, when I was her, that I was learning she was a real human being.

“Anyway. How’s your day been, kiddo?” I asked, forcing a fake brightness into Natalie’s voice. “Out with your man?”

The man who should be me, I thought, bitterly.

I realized I had no idea what had happened to my old body after I changed into Natalie. If it was just lying back at my parents’ house, an empty vessel, waiting for me to return, or if it was running on automatic, talking and acting like me, but without a soul inside it.

For all I knew, Natalie could be trapped inside it, as perplexed by her new dick and big biceps as I had been by my new tits and pussy.

“Aiden?” There was a sudden, slightly-shifty look in Annabel’s eyes. “Yeah. He’s, umm, changed a bit recently. A lot, actually. Um. Good changes, though.”

Harlan was looking puzzled, I felt a little trickle of ice run down my spine.

“What do you mean, changed?”

In response, Annabel gave me a quick, embarrassed smile then turned back to the distant house.

“Hey. *Aid!*” She yelled. “Mom wants to talk to you!”

For a moment, nothing. Then movement in the house, on the decking. A shadow, walking out onto the lawn, coming towards us, a bashful smile on its face.

As I watched the figure approach, I felt my knees go like water. The sunlight suddenly seemed too bright.

At least, a dazed voice whispered inside me, we know what Annabel wished for...

The boy walking down the path towards us was on the short side, with a sweep of black hair that fell in a half-fringe across his cute, youthful face. His arms and legs were thin, almost willowy, his body slight, hidden inside a flowing black t-shirt.

He looked feminine. Androgynous. His jeans were tight. He wore a pair of heeled boots. He looked like he could have been a girlish boy, or even a tomboy girl. He had a nose ring in one nostril. Eyes that were shy and innocent.

He looked nothing like me. Nothing like my old body at all. The only similarities left were in the shape of the eyes and nose, but they were less like me and more just like my family. Probably closer to my mom than my dad.

The boy crossed the lawn, an awkward smile on his face as he saw us. I felt myself awkwardly smiling back. As he approached, Annabel turned back to us.

“Dad, remember how you...” she hesitated. “You know the lamp you-?”

“Yeah. It really works.” Harlan sounded dazed. “We know.”

Annabel blinked.

“Wow. So what did you two...?”

“Nothing much.” Harlan shot me a meaningful look. “Just to spend more time together.”

I was barely even listening.

“Annabel.” I whispered, urgently. “Annie. What did you *do*? To Aiden. *Tell me!*”

My girlfriend shuffled awkwardly.

“Mom, I know this is gonna sound weird...”

“Just *tell me!*”

She sighed. Gave me and Harlan a goofy, bashful grin.

“I wished...”

At that moment, the boy approaching us gave a wave and called out, and I felt my stomach drop out.

“Hey Mr. Greenleaf, Mrs. Greenleaf. How’s tricks?”

The voice was soft. High pitched. Almost musical. At the same time, I noticed the feminine curve to his gait. The way his hips were a *little* too big. The tiny bumps of his breasts, only half-hidden by his flowing shirt.

The soft, female shape of his face no amount of boyish clothes could ever hope to hide.

“We’d had a weird day,” Annabel was saying, “he’d been a bit of... a jerk, I guess. I was kinda mad, so I wished he knew what it was like to be a girl like me, all shy and nerdy.”

She took a deep breath.

“And now he does. Mom. Dad. Meet Adrianna...

...my *girlfriend*.”

The androgynous girl who looked faintly like me stopped beside Annabel, awkwardly took her hand, smiled at me and Harlan.

“Hey,” she said, “so, I know this is weird...”

But I was barely listening. Barely listening as the tomboy girl who’d taken my place talked about how she and Annabel had used to be friends, but had decided yesterday they actually wanted to be lovers. Barely listening as she talked us through this whole new backstory the wish had given her.

I was too busy staring at the body that used to be mine, and trying not to burst into tears.

It was like the lamp was mocking me, was letting me know that, even if I managed to undo *my* wish, I’d still be trapped as a girl.

Only now I wouldn’t remember having *ever* been a boy.

As Harlan made polite noises to his daughter’s coming out, I simply stared down at my feet. At my big breasts, poking out in front of me, where I was helpless to ignore them. At the female body it seemed I was destined to never be rid of.

When Adrianna finally turned to me, she was shocked to see that I was crying.

*

That evening, I lay on Natalie’s bed, my legs spread wide, staring at the

ceiling as Harlan slowly fucked me missionary-style, the weight of his body squashing me against the sheets in a way I couldn't help but find hot as hell, even when I tried to be disgusted by it.

My fingers ran over his broad shoulders, played with the manly hair growing all over his body. But inside I was lost, too busy thinking to be in the moment.

Finally, as Harlan started kissing me, I took his face gently in my hands and looked right at him.

“Harlan. We've gotta find that lamp.”

Harlan was still thrusting, unable to stop making love to me. I had to bite down to stop myself from moaning out loud. I *definitely* didn't want my daughter and her new girlfriend overhearing us.

“I know.” Harlan nodded, paused. “Don't get me wrong, I liked Aiden, but if Annabel's wish is making her happy...”

I shook my head.

“No. We're not leaving me stuck like that.” I realized what I'd said. “I mean, *us* stuck like this and *him* stuck like that. We're going to get that lamp. Tomorrow.”

“Yeah. You're right.” A pause. “God, I love you.”

I grimaced as Harlan started kissing my neck, wishing I could stop this madness. But a second later my will had crumbled, my resistance to the magic was over, and I was clutching Harlan to me and whispering over and over that I loved him too.

Just before we went to bed, I let my handsome husband try anal again. I'm not sure why, I just suddenly felt like it.

This time, I even managed to come.

VI

“She’s not here.”

“She’ll be here. I called ahead.”

“Then why doesn’t she answer the fucking door?”

I crossed my arms over my breasts and let out a sigh of frustration that threatened to turn into a sob. All around us, the sparse fields of the Delaware countryside stretched away, edged by woodland. In the far distance, a vague haze that might have been Wilmington rose up.

It had been one hell of a drive.

We’d set off at dawn, quietly making breakfast and slipping out the house before Annabel or her girlfriend had a chance to wake up.

As Harlan piloted the car away from the lake and towards the interstate, I’d silently looked out the window at the dark outlines of trees and houses, trying not to think too much but unable to stop myself.

Not only had I lost my body, my gender, and my sexuality, but now my old life had gone, too. *Poof*, erased by a careless wish, leaving just some stranger in its place.

I found myself wondering if my parents had been changed by Annabel’s wish, too. If they now thought they’d always had a tomboy daughter; if they remembered only Adrianna. If all those photos on the walls now just showed a smiling girl.

My first little league... that time we all went camping in the woods and dad sat in poison ivy... my first day at school...

Did all those memories just exist in my head now, like some weird dream I’d had that no-one else wanted to hear about? Did my friends, my ex-girlfriends, all just have this invisible hole in their lives where I used to be?

If we couldn’t find the lamp, would anyone even be aware that a boy called Aiden used to exist?

I’d been thinking these unhappy thoughts, when Harlan had suddenly swung off the road, pulled over in a darkened layby.

“What’s up?” I’d murmured. “We’ve got *hours* yet.”

“I know.” Harlan had agreed, unbuckling his seatbelt and turning his

powerful frame towards me. “But we’re about to hit the interstate, so let’s get this outta the way.”

It had taken a moment for the penny to drop.

“Oh. Right. Sure...”

I’d sighed, unbuckled my own seatbelt, started unbuttoning my top.

“Want to come on my tits this time?”

And so we’d had our first orgasms of the day on the backseat, me squashing my big boobs together and bouncing them up and down on Harlan’s cock until he came and covered them in spunk. Then I’d licked them clean and masturbated, finally firing off another quick clit-gasm just as the sun started to break over the horizon.

And so our day had gone. The two of us, driving for an hour, before quickly pulling over and screwing when the magic finally meant we could drive no more.

Each time, I’d been terrified that we’d get caught. Terrified that we’d end our days in a police cell, fucking helplessly through the bars like a pair of exhibitionists.

But we’d somehow got lucky. And now here we were, in Delaware, standing on the porch of Dr. Pitman’s old country house, desperately waiting for someone to answer the damn door.

I stamped one heeled boot on the wooden porch impatiently. Without meaning to, I’d dressed exactly as Natalie had when I’d first seen her, all those years ago. I pulled my leather jacket tighter around me, turned back to Harlan.

“She’s not *here*, Harlan. Let’s just force the door and...”

And at that exact moment, the door swung open. A short, professional-looking blonde woman in her mid-40s opened the door, gave us both a quick glance.

“Doctor Pitman?” Harlan gave his most-charming smile. “Doctor Greenleaf. We spoke on the phone last night.”

“Nice to meet you, Doctor Greenleaf. Please, call me Amy.”

The blonde woman turned to me, her icy blue eyes flitting over my face, as if looking for something. I shuffled under her gaze, surprised to see it coming

from such an elegant, sculpted face. For a museum professor, she was unexpectedly attractive.

Don't go falling for another milf... my brain muttered to me. *We still haven't cleared up the mess from last time...*

"This is my wife," Harlan was saying, "Natalie. She..."

Then something happened that made my already screwed up day even more screwed up.

"No." Amy said, interrupting. She glanced back at Harlan, "I'm sorry, doctor, but she's not."

"Not what?"

"Your wife."

There was a frozen moment. I felt like I could barely breathe, like my chest was tightening. Harlan gave an uncomfortable laugh.

"What do you mean? Nat and I have been together since..."

"You have," Amy agreed. "But this *isn't* Natalie."

She turned back to me.

"Are you, miss?"

More silence. Long, agonizing. I wanted to deny it, to tell this woman she was crazy, that *of course* I was Natalie...

But what would be the point? I *wasn't* Natalie. And if I wanted to get back to my own body, perhaps it was time to stop lying.

I was still frozen, trying to ignore the way Harlan was staring at me, his mouth slowly dropping open as I didn't answer. At long, long last, Amy broke the silence with a sigh. She leaned against the wooden doorway.

"I think," she said slowly, "that perhaps you'd better both come inside."

*

The living room was silent except the ticking of an old grandfather clock. Old papers were piled haphazardly on tables, chairs, stools. When we'd first come in, Amy had made a little show of sweeping some aside and saying that she should really get a maid.

Now, she'd gone upstairs to get something, and it was just me and Harlan,

sitting in separate chairs, awkwardly trying to avoid each other's eye.

After a few minutes of this, my husband gave a low sigh.

"Who are you?"

I ignored him, my hands clasped in my lap, my head bowed. Upstairs, I could hear the distant sound of voices, of Amy talking to someone.

"I need to know." Harlan's voice was gentle, but there was an edge to it.

"Please. Are you just some fake-Nat the lamp created for my wish, or...?"

I gave my head a jerky shake.

"No." I whispered in Natalie's voice. "No, don't think it's your fault, Harlan. It's nothing to do with you."

"Right. OK." Another pause. "Then are you-?"

That was as far as he got.

The door opened, Amy came in, left the door slightly ajar. I could faintly see a figure out there. I sat up straighter in my chair.

"I've got the lamp upstairs," Amy was saying. "But first, I guess you're wondering how I knew this wasn't your wife."

She was talking to Harlan, almost as if I didn't exist. I wanted to shout at her, but I couldn't really blame her.

I was an imposter, and everyone here now knew it.

Harlan hadn't taken his eyes off me.

"The thought did cross my mind."

"I'm not surprised." Amy leaned back against the wall. "As I'm assuming you've all gathered by now, the lamp really does grant wishes. But it also screws up those wishes quite badly. I'm guessing you've...?"

"Our daughter found herself turned into a lesbian. Among other things."

Harlan muttered. "Yes, we've experienced it ourselves."

"Well. Quite."

Amy seemed to think for a moment.

"See, here's the deal. I got another visitor yesterday. She'd come one hell of a long way after waking up in a strange bed. She said she remembered her husband was going to send the lamp here, but she needed it as quickly as

possible, because no-one would believe she was really her.”

Harlan was sat up straight, staring at Amy.

“Natalie? Where is she? What’s happened to-?”

Amy held up a hand.

“In good time. I just need to... *prepare* you, I guess.”

At that word, Harlan’s face went gray.

“What did she wish for?” His voice was hoarse.

“It took her a while to convince me she was who she said she was,” Amy was saying, “but when she did, it all kind of made sense. She said she’d been spending time with a friend of your daughter’s recently, a boy called-”

“Aiden,” Harlan interrupted. “He’s, uh, he’s not exactly a *boy* anymore...”

I kept my pouty lips pressed shut.

“No? God...” Amy shuddered slightly. “Anyway, Natalie told me she’d made a wish after talking with him. One that came from a romantic, wonderful place, but an unfortunate wish nonetheless...”

“What wish?” Harlan got to his feet. “Did the lamp-?”

Amy gave him a frank look.

“She wished she was young again, Doctor Greenleaf. She wished she was a girl again, like she used to be. And. Well. See for yourselves.”

She turned to the door.

“Natalie? It’s OK, honey, you can come in now.”

As one, the three of us turned to the ajar door. Watched in silent horror as it swung open. Watched as the girl behind it hesitantly stepped into the living room, a miserable expression on her adorable face.

No... my mind whispered feebly, *no, she can’t...*

“Doctor Greenleaf.” Amy murmured. “Say hello to your wife.”

Stood in the doorway was the cutest kid any of us had ever seen.

She was about 8 years old, with long dark hair hanging loose either side of her impish face. Her dark eyes were big, innocent, shiny with tears.

She was slight, her kid-body clothed in a stylish jacket and jeans combo that

spoke of extremely fashion-conscious parents. She held herself with a sort of confidence that seemed completely alien in such a young girl.

She looked like she'd grow up to be a beauty. Like she could have posed for kids' fashion shoots.

But most of all, she looked just like Natalie.

Looked just like *me*.

As the adorable young girl looked round the room, I saw Harlan out the corner of my eye, his handsome face as white as a sheet.

“*Natalie...?*” He whispered.

There was a pause, and then the little girl nodded. She looked like she might burst into tears.

Still stood at the door, Amy looked over at Harlan.

“Better sit down, Doctor Greenleaf,” she said, quietly, “this is where things get *really* hard.”

*

And so we talked.

I can't remember how long for, all I know is it must have been a while, as Harlan and I kept having to excuse ourselves to go and have sex.

The first time, we screwed in angry silence, Harlan fucking me from behind in Amy's spare room while I kept my eyes focused on the wall and tried to pretend this madness wasn't happening.

The second time, after I'd finally been forced to confess my identity, Harlan kept shouting at me. Even as he lay on top of me, powering his big dick into my slit, making me gasp and moan, he kept yelling that I was a sick freak and he'd never let me near his daughter again.

By the time we slipped away for the fifth time, my husband seemed completely defeated. He simply stood there wearily as I unhappily sucked his dick, muttering that he wished we'd never found that stupid lamp.

Bad as our liaisons were, what was happening in the living room was even worse.

I'll spare you the details. I'll spare you from reading about all the times Harlan shouted, about all the times my new body suddenly burst into tears,

making me feel like a silly little girl.

I'll spare you from the screaming tantrum Natalie threw when she realized who was in her body, a tantrum that seemed to embarrass her as much as it did the rest of us.

No thanks, I don't want to relive all that again. Instead, I'll just give you the highlights of what Doctor Pitman said, her soft, serious tone never changing no matter what dreadful news she was giving us.

She'd been studying the lamp ever since it arrived, a few hours before Natalie. Backed up with some reading, she'd come to one, horrible conclusion.

Any wish made with the lamp could never, ever be undone.

I still remember hearing her say those words. The way I saw Harlan's face crumple. The way I felt like I was about to faint.

The way I looked down at the curvy, 37-year old body attached to me, and realized that there would never be a time again when I was not a girl. Never be a time when I wasn't *Natalie*.

That was the first time I burst into tears.

All this meant, Amy quietly assured us, that Annabel was doomed to be gay for the rest of her life. That Aiden would remain only a memory shared by those who had used the lamp, while Adrianna took his place in real life. It meant Harlan and I were doomed to fuck each other's brains out, endlessly, from now until the day we died.

The one possible ray of hope was that at least Natalie would slowly get to grow up again. Amy didn't think her wish would force her to remain a child. Another 29 years, and she'd probably look exactly like she had before we found the lamp.

By which time, I would be an old woman in her mid-sixties, and Harlan...

Well, if he was lucky, Harlan would be approaching his mid-eighties. If he was unlucky...

I mean, you do the math.

"So what are we meant to *do*?" I remember wailing at one point. In Nat's voice the sound came out high-pitched, almost squeaky. It struck me that this was now *my* voice, and would be until the day I died.

Harlan had been cradling Natalie on his lap, holding the young girl against him while she sniffled. Now they were both glaring at me, as if all this was somehow my fault.

“Well,” Amy said, “we can’t use the last wish to undo the other four wishes, I’m sorry to say.”

At this point, she took a deep breath.

“But there *might* be a way we can make this a lot more bearable for all of you.”

And then she told us her plan.

It was a simple one, hopefully so simple that even the lamp couldn’t screw it up.

Instead of wishing us back to our real bodies, we’d just wish that we thought we’d always been like this. That we’d forget our past lives, and this thing with the lamp, and each think and act like the person we were *supposed* to be.

“So you, Aiden,” Amy said, “you’d think you were always Natalie. You’d have her memories, her body, you’d always act like her. In a sense...

...you would *be* her.

“And Harlan, you’d forget it’s really Aiden in there. You’d be convinced she was really Natalie, just like your daughter would be convinced she was always gay and always had a thing for her best friend Adrianna.

It would be fake, sure. But you wouldn’t *know* it was fake, any of you. Nor would anyone else. And maybe that’s about as close as we can hope to get.”

“What about Natalie?” Harlan asked. “I mean the *real* Natalie. Not him, or her, or whatever it is.”

He’d glared at me in disgust. It had been all I could do to stop myself from crying again.

Amy had looked uncomfortable.

“It’s not ideal, I know, but I was thinking...

“What if she was your *second* daughter? What if we gave you new memories, Aiden, of getting pregnant a second time? You’d both be convinced you were her parents, she’d think she was your little girl, and you could raise her back to adulthood.

I know it's a bit weird, but it's likely the best we can do."

And so we'd argued about that. And Natalie had wailed and screamed that she didn't *want* to think she was just a little girl, and Harlan had yelled that the idea of spending the rest of his life in love with me was-was *sick!* And I'd just cried to myself and asked hopelessly why I couldn't just be a boy again.

But, in the end, we'd all agreed it was the only way.

And so – finally – Amy had gone and got the lamp, and it had just been the three of us, sat alone in the living room.

At last, Harlan had turned to me.

"I'm going to do my very best to hate you, Aiden," he said, quietly. "I'm going to try to make damn sure I remember to hate you and treat you like crap, even if I can't remember *why* I'm doing it. I'm gonna try my hardest to make you miserable, you little shit. Know why?

Because you *deserve* it."

And I'd just nodded. Of course he hated me. I'd stolen his wife's body. I'd let him have sex with me without ever telling him who I really was. I'd mentally betrayed his daughter and tried to use a wish to turn his wife into my sex slave puppet.

Of *course* he hated me.

Then Amy had been back down with the lamp. And we'd fallen silent. And she'd told us to close our eyes. And then she'd rubbed it and read out the wish she'd carefully written down, the wish that – we hoped – even the lamp wouldn't be able to screw up.

And then we'd gone to bed, one by one. Me and Harlan in the spare room where we could screw without disturbing the others, Amy and Natalie sharing Amy's bed.

And, at long last, we'd all fallen asleep.

And, when we woke up, everything had changed.

Epilogue

And that's my story.

The day after Amy used up the lamp's last wish, I woke up back in Natalie's bed beside Harlan. And he woke up and smiled to see me and told me how much he loved me, and we screwed gently, looking into each other's eyes, and I realized we were really in love.

Then we showered together, I gave him a quick blowjob and swallowed, and then we went downstairs together to make breakfast for our two kids.

Our two kids, Annabel and Natalia, our gorgeous 8-year old who is named after her old mom, the little bundle of energy I can't ever imagine not having in my life again.

Over breakfast, Annabel came out as gay, and told us she was in a relationship with Adrianna, her best friend.

And Harlan and I had made supportive noises and told her we still loved her. But later, when we were alone again, we winked and laughed and joked about how we'd seen this coming for *years*.

Since that day, we've never looked back.

Now, eighteen months later, this is our lives. We're a family now.

I've got used to being a mom, to having a brilliant husband – whose dick I just *can't* get enough of – and of dealing with two daughters of different ages.

I've got used to the arguments with Annabel. The arguments that sometimes get so personal I almost want to cry, unable to believe that I can love someone this much and be so exasperated by them at the same time.

She's finally thinking about heading off to college, after deferring for a year to spend more time with Adrianna, volunteering at that local LGBT charity. When I think about her leaving, I get so sad I almost feel hopeless, until Harlan takes me in his strong, hairy arms, cuddles me and kisses my neck and tells me that it'll all be OK, we'll see our girl again.

I've got used, too, to life with Natalia, with an excitable ten year old who *loves* fashion and makeup and dressing up. We go shopping together in town all the time, two girls out on a spending spree, and I can't *wait* until she's old enough for me to start taking her out for girly spa days together.

That's another thing I've got used to, too. Being female. Having these breasts

and this odd body shape and this little hole between my legs.

It's actually... kinda fun. I don't just mean the sex. I mean, having a husband to hold me, instead of being the one doing the holding. Being able to dress in these awesome clothes and not be afraid of anyone calling me a sissy.

Sometimes, when I'm alone and Harlan's gone over to the museum for the day, I simply stand in front of the mirror, admiring my feminine form.

It just feels so... *right*, being a girl. Being a mommy. I can't even remember why I wanted to go back to being a boy, now.

Things have improved between me and Harlan, too. After going to a counsellor, we managed to learn some techniques to control our insane horniness, enough to live a normal life, at least.

Don't get me wrong. If we're at home alone together, it's almost guaranteed we'll spend the entire day fucking. But on work days or when the kids are around, we've managed to limit ourselves to three good screws a day.

I know, I know, it's still a lot. But at least it's survivable now.

Besides, holding out for as long as we can just seems to make the sex we do have seem hotter than ever.

And so that's my life. Me, Natalie Greenleaf, 38-year old proud mom and housewife who, if I do say so myself, is looking *great* for her age. I'm secure. Comfortable. Even happy.

Or, at least, I think I am.

Because now we get to the last bit, to the final twist of the knife.

You've probably been wondering, haven't you, about how I was able to write all this if, as I say, my memory was wiped.

Well, that's just it. When Amy made her wish, she wished that we would all act like nothing had ever happened, and like we were all in our proper bodies and like we were in love with each other.

That's the key word, there. *Act*. Not that we were *convinced* nothing had happened. That we merely acted that way.

And acting is all we do now.

Every day, I sit inside this body of mine, unable to stop myself as I act as Natalie would have, as I think the thoughts she would have, and feel the

emotions she would have.

Sometimes, the act is so convincing that even I'm taken in by it. But other times...

Other times, I'm all-too aware that I'm trapped in here. The real me. The boy-me. Trapped and unable to look away as this gorgeous body walks around on autopilot, forcing me to play the part of Natalie to perfection.

I think they're all the same, the rest of them.

Sometimes, when I'm stroking Harlan's bearded cheeks, looking deep into his eyes, and telling him I love him, I think I see something. A tiny flash, in the corners of his eyes. Of an overwhelming hatred that even he's not consciously aware of. The hatred of a man forced to keep loving and keep screwing a wife he knows isn't real.

Sometimes, when I'm working in the kitchen and Natalia has come home from school, I catch her looking wistfully at my body, as if wishing she could swap places with me. But when I ask her about it, her expression just goes blank, and she starts acting like a real 10-year old girl again.

Even Annabel. Sometimes, when I see my darling daughter kissing her girlfriend, I think I see a flicker of something. The shock of a straight girl, doomed to forever act like a lesbian, wondering if perhaps she should have made that wish.

But these moments are rare and, more often, I spend my days wondering if it's only me who remembers. If it's only me who is both Natalie and Aiden at the same time, forever trapped between the two.

Now I've managed to write all this down, I'll probably delete it, like I do all my stories. Turns out Natalie was a secret writer all along, but she never shows her work to anyone – not even Harlan – and that means I won't be able to, either.

If I'm lucky, I might be able to make the Natalie part of my brain publish this on Amazon under a fake name. Then maybe someone will read it and realize that I'm trapped in here. That I'm stuck living this wonderful, awful, fantastic, horrifying life as a girl, as my ex-girlfriend's *mom*.

But even if someone reads it, they won't be able to do anything.

I'm stuck like this now, forever. I'm stuck as Natalie – acting, talking, and *thinking* – like her, until the day I die.

And you wanna know the worst part, the last twist that almost makes me wanna scream with laughter? Well, here it is.

I've never been happier in all of my life.

The End

*Like what you've read? Check out my TG classic [**She Changed Him into a Bridesmaid!**](#)*

Turned into the Vampire's Bride

I

The night was cold. The moon hung over the trees, a dull, fat, bloated yellow. Strange noises whispered on the wind; demonic voices, muttering unspeakable things. It was the sort of night that could chill even the most unimaginative soul to the core...

Jason Harker smirked at the thought. He knew better.

The heavy sports satchel thudded dully against his back as he walked up the lonely road, still shining with the rain that had fallen hours ago. His booted feet tapped out a purposeful rhythm, like the ticking of a clock: *thud... thud...*

No. Better still.

Like the beating of a heart.

The thought made Jason's face lapse into a moody frown. No matter who was watching this wiry, athletic young man, with his mop of dark hair and deep brown eyes, they would know he meant business.

Only we're not interested in 'who' is watching, are we? A little voice murmured inside Jason's head. Nah, we're more interested in 'what'...

After all, *what* was the very reason he was here, on this darkened country road so far from the city, from the chaos and noise and endless horrors of The War. *What* was the reason he'd spent the last decade of his life fighting his unseen battles in the dead of night, the thing that was driving him on.

What was the reason the inhabitants of Bram Mansion were soon gonna be very sorry they'd ever been reborn.

Unless, that was, they decided to cooperate...

Thud... thud...

Up ahead, the trees gave way. One by one they slipped into shadows, until the roadside was bare and you could only see dead, withered scrubland surrounding it.

The mansion of the Count himself.

Jason stopped on the very edge of the unkempt lawn. Slowly surveyed the house, a tiny spark of wry amusement in his tired eyes.

You gotta hand it to vampires, he said to himself, they certainly know what

they want in a place...

The mansion was like something ripped from a gothic horror story.

A great timber frame rose from the earth, towering four stories into the air, its every joint seeming to creak and groan and hover on the verge of collapse. A gabled roof spiked upwards over dark, eye-like windows that seemed to somehow watch him.

Around the upper floors, southern-style balconies dangled with moss, all worn and sagging. The French windows were shuttered against the outside world, cracked and moody with broken edges. On one side, a wooden tower scratched at the clouds, the sort of place you could torture someone without their screams ever being heard.

It was decayed. Spooky. Designed to invoke shivers.

And, to a hunter like Jason, it was as thrilling familiar as the contours of a breathless woman's body.

He could already picture the layout in his head. The sweeping staircase in the grand entrance hall. The dusty chandeliers that hadn't been lit in decades.

The coffins all lined up in the basement, waiting for their occupants to return from a night of feasting.

Speaking of which...

With deliberately casual movements, Jason unhooked his satchel from his shoulder, reached one hand inside. As he did so, he started walking up the overgrown path towards the dilapidated porch, his footsteps now muffled against the earth.

For a second, he wondered if he'd done this right. If this time he'd been a little *too* brazen and the monsters inside had figured out he was no ordinary human.

And then it happened.

At the top of the path, a pool of shadows began to swirl. Streams of black smoke knitted themselves together, forming around a pair of luminescent green eyes.

Long, dark hair coiled out of nowhere. An elegant black dress formed. China white skin emerged from the darkness, turned into long, slender legs, delicate arms and a beautiful face with high cheek bones and a shark-like smile. A

hungry tongue ran over a pair of bright red lips.

“Why, hello there,” crooned the female vampire, a seductive smile on her face.

She took one step towards Jason, who quietly noted her six inch stiletto heels. Her tight waist. Her small, perfect breasts.

His fingers closed around the hard tube in his bag.

“You must be...” The woman’s green eyes narrowed. “*Lunch.*”

She threw her head back, her dark haired shimmered. There was a flash of white, pointed teeth, an animal-like snarl...

...and then Jason was dropping the bag, raising his hand, pressing the button and suddenly the woman was throwing up her arms, *screaming* as the violet light hit her, as her flesh started to scorch and burn.

“UV torch.” Jason’s voice was deep, steady. “Thirty seconds of this baby and you’ll be nothing but dust and bone.”

The woman shrieked, tried to back away. Smoke rose from her flesh, her pale skin bubbling and turning red and nasty and-

With a deft flick of his wrist, Jason switched the flashlight off.

The purple beam faded. The vampire’s screams stopped. She lowered one burned arm and looked at him with burning hatred.

Jason kept his thumb hovering over the ‘on’ switch. Now came the hard part.

“You know why I’m here.”

At his words, the vampire let out a hiss.

“You want to kill us, like all the others...”

In all the years of this twilight war, Jason had never gotten used to hearing such savage words from the lips of elegant, beautiful women. Even as the battles grew bloodier and the bodies piled up, he still couldn’t shake the nagging feeling that these were still real men and women he was fighting. Humans who could still be saved.

For a moment, Jason almost felt a stab of pity for this poor, burned creature. Her family ripped apart by The War, her soul torn out, her lifeless body forced to serve the Count.

Almost.

The vampire was laughing now, a dark laugh that didn't reach her watchful, feral eyes.

“You still don't get it, do you, Mr. hunter? We're everywhere. There are more of us than a *pathetic* mortal like you could ever dream of. We're in your governments, your businesses, your homes. Even as we die by the thousands, we're building our base. By the time you humans realize what's happening, it'll be too-!”

Jason pressed the on switch.

“I didn't walk all this way for a goddamn lecture,” he grunted, his words lost beneath the vampire's agonizing screams, “not even from a cutie like you.”

He turned the flashlight off.

“So cut the infodump and listen to *me* for a change.”

The girl looked at him with an expression of pure loathing, her lips twisted into a snarl, her blackened arms pulled tight across her chest.

It should have been ugly, but Jason felt something stirring in his pants. A reaction to the helplessness of this gorgeous monster, a reaction to his sudden power over her.

He flicked a switch, and she died. He lowered his arm, she lived (well, as much as the undead *could* live). It was power, the same power he'd discovered on the urban battlefields of Detroit or Atlanta, dark and intoxicating.

The power of the vampire.

“I'm here to speak to the big guy. That's all. Take me to the Count, and I'll let you be. I won't even burn the nest. You can keep on hiding out here, where you think The War won't reach you.”

“And if I don't?”

Jason raised the flashlight.

“Then it's open season,” he said, flatly. “And I'll make sure your precious Count burns as slow as possible.”

He could see her, watching him. See the thoughts ticking over in her predator's mind. The fear of what he'd do to her if she disobeyed. The fear of what the *Count* might do to her if she didn't.

At last, the woman straightened up. Gave Jason a condescending sneer.

“Why not. It’s not as if a pathetic worm like *you* could hurt him.”

“Who said anything about hurting? I’m just here to talk.”

“Whatever.” The girl let out a tinkling laugh. “You hunters are all the same. You want to bag the big guy...”

A crafty look came into her eyes. She gave Jason a slow, sensuous smile.

“And you want to *fuck* his wives.”

Her fangs were gone, her skin healed. Suddenly, Jason was looking at human; a stunning, *gorgeous* human who was slowly walking toward him, her hips curving, biting her lower lip as she looked up at him, her green eyes seeming to draw him in.

Dazedly, Jason felt the flashlight slip from his fingers, heard it hit the floor with a distant *thud*. He raised his arms, like a man in a dream, slipped them around the girl’s waist, pulled her closer to him.

He felt her pert breasts bump against his strong chest. Felt her hips move against his. Their faces were only inches apart now. Kissing close.

The girl giggled.

“See what I mean?” She purred, her soft voice almost hypnotic. “You men are all the same...”

She gently ran one hand down Jason’s cheek, her long, red nails teasing at his skin. Her red lips parted, she tilted her head back, ready to receive his tongue, ready to become *his*.

“So predictable,” she whispered, “and so *delicious*...”

On the word *delicious*, her expression changed. Fangs appeared. She *threw* her back, lunged at Jason’s neck...

...and suddenly her eyes went wide as she realized she was falling, falling through space.

The vampire hit the dirt, her legs raising up at the impact. In one fluid movement, Jason *pulled* one leg up, tore the spiked heel from her foot, and dropped down on top of her, using his body weight to *drive* the stiletto into her chest. The vampire shrieked as her heart was pierced...

...and then stopped. A confused look came into her eyes. She glanced down

at the shoe sticking out her chest, Jason's masculine form lying on top of her, and the hole in her flesh that was *just* to the left of her heart.

"Seriously," Jason growled, "just take me to the big guy, OK?"

II

The inside of the mansion was exactly as he'd predicted.

Great staircases swept away, watched over by glass chandeliers. Red drapes hung over windows, keeping daylight a forbidden secret. Wood paneled corridors led away to distant crypts, filled with dusty, silk-lined coffins.

And then there were the women.

They lounged in pairs on marble banisters, or else lay draped alone over velvet chaise longue, watching Jason pass with bared teeth and little hisses.

Each was dressed immaculately, in dark designer dresses and killer heels. Each had hair that shimmered, legs that were long and slender, tight waists and perfect breasts. Each was maddeningly beautiful, the sort of beauty you used to see in fashion catalogues, before The War chased humans from their cities.

The Count's wives.

Not many people knew the truth of vampires. Even now when their existence was barely a secret, they thought they lived in gangs or packs, mindless, animal-like predators.

But ten years of fighting and killing these monsters had shown Jason the truth: that every male vampire created a nest of his own, where female vampires served his every whim.

It seemed the only way the Count was different was in the size of his nest.

There were maybe fifteen women in total. Redheads. Blondes. Brunettes. All slender. All unimaginably attractive.

Walking among them, Jason could feel the male side of his brain yearning for their flesh, to pull them into an embrace, to make them *his*.

At the same time, he could read on their faces, too, their desire for him. A powerful, sexual desire that had been turned into hunger. A desire to seduce and destroy this intruder, and celebrate on the remains of his blood-soaked carcass.

He gripped his flashlight tighter.

"This way," his guide nonchalantly tossed over her shoulder.

They passed a pair of vampires on a red sofa, a 20-something platinum

blonde Jason thought looked vaguely familiar, and an 18-year old girl with large breasts and raven hair styled like a girl from the Jazz Age.

They were both naked except for a tiny pair of silk panties that matched the color of their hair, their nipples pointed and on display as they hungrily kissed one another, biting at each other's lips hard enough to draw blood.

As Jason passed, the raven girl glanced up at him, the older blonde trembling in her arms. She smiled a slow, savage smile at Jason, pinching one of the blonde's nipples hard enough to draw blood.

"The Count likes us to break in the new girls," his guide said without looking back. "Some who arrive here have these strange notions that they exist for anything *but* his pleasure."

A tear rolled down the blonde's porcelain cheek, she looked like she wanted to be anywhere but on that sofa with her teacher.

That was a human just a few weeks ago, Jason thought, and here she is, still trying to cling onto her humanity...

He gave himself a little shake. It wouldn't last. It never did.

By the time the next hunter found her, she'd be writhing on that sofa seductively, delighting in the whimpers of the new girl *she* was teasing and tormenting.

At last, his guide stopped before a heavy wooden door.

"Here we are," she leaned up against the wall, giving Jason that hungry, sexual look again. "Go through there and the Count is yours."

When Jason merely nodded, she let her eyes drift slowly down to his flashlight.

"You think you can kill him? He's been around a *long* time, you know."

"You really think I can't?"

The vampire shrugged her slender shoulders, a dreamy smile on her lips.

"I can't think anything he doesn't want me to. After he turns us, we're forced to give ourselves to him, body, mind, and soul."

She let out a soft sigh, it came out sounding like the sigh of a woman on the brink of orgasm.

"He can make me feel, think, say and do anything he wants me to, and I'm

powerless to stop it. He could make me seduce, kill and feast on my own son and all I'd feel would be gratitude towards him."

She let one hand trail dreamily down the door's wooden front, as if the thought was one she enjoyed lingering on.

"That's the trouble with being a female vampire, we exist only to serve. If I'd become a *male* vampire, the Count would have my soul, but my body and mind would be mine. I could start my own nest."

Her eyes gleamed.

"Be the slaver, not the *slave*." She leaned her head back with a teasing moan, exposing her long neck. "But you already know all this, right? Haven't you killed enough of us to know by now?"

Male vampire...? Jason was thinking, a frown on his handsome, boyish features, *how could she become a male vampire...?*

He shook the thought away. There was no time to worry about that now. He focused on something else the vampire had said.

"You have a son?"

"I *did*," the vampire smiled. "Until my master made me seduce him, kill him and feast on his blood. It was the first year of The War. From the way he smiled, I think he thought I'd decided to switch sides..."

A pause.

"His last words to me were *please Mom, I love you*. Before he finally died, my master forced me to make love to him. His cock was still inside me when his life finally drained away."

Another pause.

"Go on in. He's waiting."

The heavy oak door swung open on a long, wood paneled dining hall.

Candles burned in metal brackets on the walls. A great fire roared in a stone hearth against one wall, casting evil, flickering shadows on the vast table.

But none of this was what caught Jason's eye and made him grip his weapon tighter.

Sat at the head of the table, all the way across the room, was the Count.

He was slightly older than Jason, maybe in his late thirties, with a square jaw,

dark, smoldering eyes, and lips that were pressed into a thin, amused smile. Dark stubble dusted his cheeks. His black hair was short and slightly mussed, giving him a stylishly disheveled look. His shoulders were broad, his forearms strong, his red, collared shirt slightly open at the top to reveal a dark dusting of hairs across his chest.

He looked like a movie star. A strong, handsome stud of a man. The only giveaway was the tiny white nub of two fangs, pressed gently against his lower lip.

“Welcome,” the Count said, giving the table a lazy gesture, “please. Won’t you have a seat?”

To Jason’s surprise, he spoke with a faint accent. Not the cultured, aristocratic tones of a man from eastern Europe, but a softer, Spanish-influenced one. Like you could hear the beat of feet against dancefloors and the cries of Andalusian peasants in his slow, seductive voice.

“You’ll have to excuse me. I was just waiting for my dinner.” The Count gestured the empty plate and wine glass before him with a charming smile.

“Your girls having trouble picking up prey tonight?”

“Not at all. I *was* waiting for dinner,” the Count’s dark eyes twinkled. “And now it has arrived.”

Jason smiled to himself, slipped into the seat opposite the Count. With a table this long, he’d have time to grab his chair and break a leg off into a weapon before the vampire was even halfway toward him.

“Didn’t your little Vixen tell you? I came prepared.”

As if to emphasize, he held up his flashlight.

The handsome vampire gave it a disinterested smile.

“Ah, yes, ultraviolet light. The bane of my people. Do you know?” He suddenly spread his hands wide, “just how hard it is getting maintenance men to drive out here in the middle of the night? Last time the pipes broke in the east wing it took us a *month* to get a plumber!”

“Want me to feel sorry for you?” Jason sneered.

The Count shrugged.

“Feel sorry for *him*. He tried to overcharge me. But I taught him some

manners. Before he died, I even managed to get a promise of discounts on future work.”

Something cracked in the fire, sending a plume of sparks up. Shadows jumped and twisted across the two men’s unsmiling faces.

Time to move things up a gear...

“Know why I’m here?” Jason asked, deliberately keeping his voice hard.

The Count gave the slightest incline of his head.

“You asked my Katherine the same thing, before you burned her, yes? I believe her answer to be substantively correct. You are here to kill me. Even though I have chosen to stay apart from this ludicrous little war of ours.”

He leaned back.

“Of course, my job is to ensure I kill *you* first.”

He tapped one finger against his empty wine glass.

“Then maybe at last I can get my dinner, no?”

Jason smiled to himself. He couldn’t wait to see the old bastard’s face.

“I’ve got enough holy water and UV on me to tear this nest apart,” he said, slowly. “Sure, I might not be able to kill all of you before one of your girls got her fangs into me...”

He looked the Count dead in the eye.

“But I’d make it a *priority* to make sure you burned first.”

He paused, letting his threat sink in. The Count didn’t smile, didn’t blink. Just sat there, watching Jason with his cold and watchful eyes.

“Of course, there *is* a way we can end this without either of us dying.”

He nodded at the empty wineglass.

“One where you *still* get your dinner.”

The Count remained silent, his handsome face genial, but his eyes shrewd with questions, calculations.

At last, he nodded.

“What would you, Mr. Harker – may I call you that? – what would you *propose*?”

“Easy. Just give me what I want.”

The Count’s laughter seemed real this time.

“Let me guess. One of my wives used to be someone in your life, and you’ve searched high and low to release her from my-”

“I couldn’t give a shit about those bitches.” The words were out before Jason could stop himself.

It’s time, all right...

“I mean, I don’t want one of your girls released from her spell. Nu-uh.”

Jason shook his head, making sure not to take his eyes off the Count.

“I want my *own* girls. I want fifteen hot young sluts who will do whatever *I* want them to. I want to be master of my own little nest, controlling these little bitches’ lives. *I* want...”

He took a deep breath.

“...to be a *vampire*.”

The silence was eternal, infinite. In the dark of the room, Jason watched the Count watching him with eyes that were narrowed, trying to figure out what this latest twist meant, where it left them.

Finally, the handsome Spanish man stirred again.

“Why?”

“Isn’t it obvious?” Jason spread his arms. “It’s like that little Vix-... *Katherine* said. You’ve got vampires in government, businesses, all that crap. No matter how many us hunters kill, your numbers are growing all the time. You’ve *already won*.”

He set his face.

“Know what I’ve realized after ten years fighting you monsters? We were never going to win. *Never*. Know why? Because none of us *care* enough. We don’t want to triumph. We don’t want to create a vampire-free utopia for humanity...

“We just want to live. To be left alone. And stacked up against your side...”

“What good is that?”

The Count narrowed his eyes.

“The War has worn you out. Understandable, no? But Mr. Harker, perhaps you can explain...”

He shifted forwards in his chair.

“Why *I* should care? You meet my kind every day, do you not? Why walk all this way out here, why bother my humble nest when you could simply-?”

Jason gave a hollow laugh.

“Think they’d turn me, after all the vampires I’ve killed? They’d slice me up in front of a cheering crowd. Or if they *did* turn me, they’d make me fight in their stupid army. That’s not what I’m after...”

“I just wanna be left alone. I don’t want to save the world, for humans *or* vampires. And if I’ve got some dumb bitches I can lord over while I’m alone, so much the better.”

For the first time, the Count gave a genuine smile.

“It’s a seductive concept, no? Complete control over a group of women, unquestioning loyalty, able to make them do *anything* you want them to.”

Jason nodded firmly.

“You bet. I got tired of dealing with human women *years* ago. All that crap about boundaries and consent, like they’ve forgotten we’re being hunted to extinction...”

A shrug.

“I just can’t be *bothered* with saving them anymore, you know?”

“So you’ve embraced the darker side of your personality, the sadist. The one who wants to keep women as slaves. Good, that’s what being a vampire is all about. If we were kind and selfless, we’d be angels.”

The Count picked up his empty glass, began turning it between his fingers.

“So you want to be a vampire. Which means I must turn you. One question. How do you know I will not take this opportunity to kill you instead?”

Jason smirked.

“Coz you care about this war as little as I do. Coz killing me might drag you into it, force you to get involved. And you’re having *way* too much fun being neutral.”

The Count gave a slow smile.

“Very good, Mr. Harker, but a little wide of the mark, if you don’t mind my saying? No, the correct answer is that if I wanted to kill you...”

“I could have done so already.”

The speed with which Jason found himself face to face with the vampire was enough to make his entire body tense up. In less than a quarter of a second, the Count had gone from sitting opposite him all the way over there to standing beside him, his lips inches from Jason’s neck.

Jesus Christ this guy is fast!

The Count smiled.

“Do not be afraid, Mr. Harker. As you have said, it is in my interests to let you live. Albeit no longer technically alive.”

Jason swallowed. His heart was still pounding from the Count’s speed.

“You know how this works, yes? You drink some of my blood, and then I take you to the brink of death. Quite an experience, as I recall it.”

As he spoke, the vampire slipped a dagger out his shirt pocket. He ran the blade along his thick wrist, then held it over the empty wine glass.

Jason watched in numb fascination as the red liquid collected, pooling thickly at the bottom. The Count handed him the glass.

“Drink up. You will pass out, and when you come round, you will be a vampire.” He gave a significant pause. “And your soul will be mine.”

“Yeah?” Jason held up the glass, “well, I wasn’t using it for much anyways.”

He drank the liquid down in one gulp, trying to ignore its sweet, metallic taste. The Count smiled, let one strong hand run gently through Jason’s thick black hair.

“Good. Now, I must take you to the brink of death.”

He leaned down, until Jason could feel his hot breath against his neck. He trembled, waiting for the pain, waiting for the prick as the handsome Count sank his teeth into his flesh.

“Of course,” the words were quiet, casual, yet loaded with amusement. “Your body and mind will be mine, too.”

Jason frowned. He was feeling sleepy, the vampire blood setting to work on him

“Wait... whaddya mean?”

“I assure you it’s straightforward enough,” the vampire crooned as he gently stroked Jason’s cheek, caressing him tenderly, “male vampires lose their souls, but keep their independence, yes. But female vampires, as you saw...”

His words took on a dark edge.

“...become nothing but my *helpless slaves*.”

“But...” Jason was falling into a soft cloud of darkness, he struggled to stay awake, “but I *am* male... how can I...?”

“You are indeed male. And you would likely stay that way, had you not drank the blood of a *female vampire*.”

The dagger appeared in the haze of Jason’s vision. A strong thumb pushed a hidden catch, and blood began to flow from its end, dribbling down the sides.

“I keep it filled with Katherine’s blood at all times. After all, she is the only *true* female here. The rest? Oh, but that would be a spoiler, would it not?”

The vampire leaned closer, closer, until his lips were brushing against Jason’s ear, the handsome man’s deep, seductive voice seeming to fill his soul.

“Let’s just say... you will soon find out for yourself.”

And then there was a sharp pain and the muscular Count was biting Jason, biting down on his neck, sucking, nibbling on his skin, making him *his*.

Strong arms wrapped themselves around Jason’s male frame, held him *tight* against the Count’s body. Even in his drugged daze, he could feel the vampire’s muscles through his shirt, feel his raw, masculine *power*.

No... he wanted to whimper, *dear God, please no...*

But it was too late.

As the vampire drank from his artery, Jason’s arms went limp. His head lolled to one side. He felt himself falling, falling into the vampire’s embrace, falling into his arms...

And then there was nothing but blackness.

III

The first thing Jason noticed was the light.

It was soft and red, seeming to caress him, to surround him. For a moment, he simply lay there, suspended in space, letting the red wash over him.

And then his memories came crashing back down and he immediately sat bolt upright.

He was in a bedroom somewhere, sat in the middle of a large, four poster bed. High above his head, the red velvet canopy dipped invitingly, the light from the chandelier above it giving the material a ghostly glow.

A large, antique wardrobe sat in one corner, almost as if it was sulking. A makeup desk with a large ornate mirror stood beside it. There was a soft, inviting-looking white rug on the floor, a high-backed wooden chair stood beside it, its back to him.

“Where the hell *am* I?” Jason whispered.

Immediately, he wished he hadn’t.

The voice that came out his mouth was *wrong*. Where Jason was used to have a voice that was masculine and deep, the words now came out his mouth all soft and high-pitched.

Wait, that’s not right...

He cleared his throat, tried again.

“Hello? Hello? Hey, what’s happened to my voice?!”

Laughter seemed to come from the darkest corners of the room, faint and mocking, like the shadows were sniggering at him. In fright, Jason raised one dainty hand and held it to his elegant, swan-like neck.

“Christ! What the fuck is-?”

His words trailed off. Jason frowned.

Dainty hand... swan-like neck? What the hell? It’s almost like I’m describing a gir-

And then something clicked in his memories, and suddenly Jason was scrabbling on the bed, gaping down at his new body and *screaming*.

His strong, dependable man body – the body that had helped him fight and kill hundreds of vampires over the last decade – was *gone*. In its place...

In its place was something out of a *nightmare*.

The body below Jason's neck was no longer *his*. Where it had once had a strong, manly chest, it now had a pair of breasts that stuck out in front of him, big and ripe and pert.

Where it had once gone in a V-shape, tapering down from his broad shoulders to his muscular groin, it now looked like an hourglass, with a wide pair of hips and the *tightest* little waist.

His legs too had changed. A pair of long, slender hairless legs poked out the bottom of the elegant green cocktail dress he was suddenly wearing. He *grabbed* wildly at its hem and tried to pull it down, only to shrink in fright at his dainty new hands, with their pianist's fingers and long nails painted a deep, luscious red.

Jason couldn't help himself. He screamed again.

"Oh my *God!*"

The voice came out ear-splittingly high, like a squeaky-voiced girl in the throes of terror, but Jason was too busy taking in his appalling new body to even notice it.

He wildly grabbed at the locks of shiny chestnut hair that tumbled in waves from his crown, held them up before his face with a hapless wail.

He stuck his hands between his legs, felt the horrifying *emptiness* there, the soft and plump little mound that had magically replaced his fat penis.

He threw his hands to his face, felt his plump new lips, his tiny, button nose, his soft, hairless cheeks and high cheekbones, the earrings dangling from his ears.

Then, slowly, he let his fingertips gently touch the edges of his incisors. Two razor-sharp teeth poked out, making little dimples in his skin.

There was no more denying it. He was now a girl.

A *vampire* girl.

A soft wail escaped Jason's new lips. He buried his face in his hands, trying to ignore the way his curly, reddish hair tumbled past his shoulders, its ends tickling against his bare arms.

It would be bad enough being transformed into a girl, but a *vampire girl*?!

Sure, he'd told the Count that he wanted to be a vampire (to his horror, Jason felt a little thrill run through his new body at the thought of that hunky Spanish stud), but not like *this!*

Male vampires were immortals with the power to make their slaves do anything. Female vampires...

Well, female vampires *were* the slaves.

That bastard! Jason thought, bitterly, *how could he do this to me?!*

No sooner had he had the thought than a new, strange thought rose up in his brain, eclipsing it.

He's not a bastard, it whispered in a soft, feminine voice, *he's wonderful and you live to serve him. Now, why don't you stop being such a silly little girl, hmm?*

Jason blinked. Gently shook his pretty little head.

"Stop being such a silly little girl," he scolded himself in his new, female voice, "it's not the Count's fault you're stuck like this. He's wonderful, remember?"

For some reason, he felt like there was something... *wrong* with what he was saying. Like the words somehow weren't *his*.

Of course they are. I thought them, didn't I? He whispered uneasily in his head. *And the Count is wonderful. Of course he is. Why else would I devote my life to serving him?*

There still seemed something off with the thought, but he couldn't quite put his finger on why. For a moment, he thought he heard another distant laugh, but it was probably just the wind outside.

Besides, he had more *important* stuff to worry about right now.

Trying to control his panicked breathing, Jason hotched his new body over to the edge of the bed. It was easier to move than his male one, almost infinitely lighter.

If I'm not careful, I'll send myself flying every time I try to get up...

He gently lowered his legs over the side of the mattress, rested his tiny feet against the floor. For a moment they wouldn't go properly flat and he wondered what was wrong, and then he realized it was because he was wearing a pair of silver heels with 6 inch spiked stilettos.

Great. I'm female and fashionable...

With a feeling of misery, Jason pulled himself to his feet. For a split second, he thought he was gonna fall over on his ridiculous new heels, but he managed to find his balance.

Then, with a feeling like a man trapped in a nightmare, he tried to examine his new body.

He was tall for a girl. From his current height, the floor didn't look any further away than it did when he was a man, with his 6ft1 man-body. Of course, he was in heels now, but even so, he would probably tower over most girls he knew.

He was slender, too, almost supernaturally so. His body was like that of a model from the mid-2000s, when size zero was still all the rage, with an absurdly tight waist he could easily fit his fingers round.

There was *one* difference, though...

With a groan, Jason hesitantly reached up, grasped his new breasts in his tiny hands. They were big, bigger than Jason had ever seen outside of a porno, and he'd kinda expected them to easily squash inwards, like it must be an illusion or something.

Instead, to his horror, his new breasts had pushed back against his hands, firm and supple and pert. Instinctively, he gave them a jiggle, and was mortified at the weird feeling it caused in his chest.

He found his new eyes taking in his clothes. Normally, Jason wasn't one to bother about what he was wearing, much beyond whether it was functional and could hide bloodstains.

But it was like his new body couldn't help but linger over the dress he'd been forced into. Over the expensive, emerald green fabric, with its single, diamond-studded shoulder strap. Over the tastefully-frilly edges at its hem. At the way it accentuated his curves and stopped *just* below his pussy, as if inviting men to let their gaze hover there.

My pussy... Dear God, I have a pussy!

In wonder, Jason tugged up the hem of his dress, *stared* down at the lacy white panties he was now wearing, so see-through you could easily make out the dark line hidden away inside them. The plump, tender lips guarding a tight and moist little hole.

He dropped the edge of his dress, wildly shook his head, sending shiny curls of hair trailing.

I've got to find a mirror. I need to see what he's done to me!

There was one on the other side of the room, by the makeup chest. Jason desperately wanted to run over there and fling himself at it, but he could already tell that running on his new heels would leave him lying splayed out on the floor.

So he forced himself to walk, placing one heeled foot tentatively in front of the other, hating the way each step made his new hips curve and his new bum wiggle.

Hating how self-consciously sexy he suddenly felt.

At long, long last, he'd made it. The mirror. Jason took a deep breath, steadied himself.

He didn't want to do it. He really didn't. He'd give anything right now to fling himself back on the bed, close his eyes and pretend this wasn't happening.

But that was the trouble. It was happening. And he needed to know how bad the situation was as soon as possible.

So, stealing himself, Jason took a deep breath, trying not to notice the way it made his big breasts rise up in the bottom of his vision. And then he looked.

And he looked.

And *looked*.

Of course... he thought, dully. *How stupid of me.*

Staring back at him, from the depths of the mirror was...

...nothing.

An empty room hovered before his eyes, as if he were looking into a painting rather than a mirror.

It was just then that Jason heard a little giggle behind him.

“Oh, so you figured it out, did you? Trust me, this isn't the worst of it. Rearranging your hair when you've got no reflection is a total *pain...*”

Jason frowned in the mirror. There was no-one in the room at all.

Another giggle.

“Ohh, c’mon, Jasmine, you can’t be *that* dim.”

Jasmine?! Am I called-?

The penny dropped. Jason slowly turned and faced the familiar blonde vampire sitting in the high-backed chair, watching him with a knowing smile on her face.

“*You.*” The word was out before he could stop himself.

The blonde girl smiled, a smile that seemed to light up her cute baby face. She looked much better than she had when Jason last saw her, whimpering on the sofa at the mercy of the raven haired girl.

“*Me,*” she laughed, a little trill in her voice. “They sent me to keep an eye on you, help you out when you woke up. Here.”

She started to rummage in a stylish little clutch bag. Jason noticed that she was now wearing a strapless white cocktail dress the color of snow, her firm breasts stowed away.

Even paler than her skin...

“They even let me get dressed, believe that? I’ve had these tits of mine out ever since he gave me them... *ah!* Here you are, babes.”

She chucked Jason what looked like a clip-shut pocket mirror. He caught it and looked at it dubiously.

“Polished silver. If you wanted to have a peek. It’s only glass we can’t be seen in.”

Jason flipped open the case, peered into the reflective metal.

And immediately wished he hadn’t.

The image was duller than it would be in a mirror, slightly distorted. But it was enough for Jason to get a good idea of what sort of girl the Count had turned him into.

The answer was not a happy one.

The girl looking back at him was *stunning*. She had high cheek bones, deep, red lips, a cute little button nose and eyes that were green like emeralds.

Eyeshadow exaggerated her lids, mascara gave her lashes volume. All around her tumbled a waterfall of reddish-brownish hair that shone and bounced over

her bare shoulders, which were the color of bone.

She was young, around 19; over a decade younger than Jason's male body had been. She was slim, beautiful, *sexy*. Only two tiny sharp white nubs resting her lower lip gave away her vampire status.

And she was *him*.

At the sight of Jasmine, Jason let out a soft moan. He'd already been able to guess his new body was attractive, but this was *ridiculous*! He looked like a model, like a young man's sexy fantasy, like...

Oh, God... he whimpered to himself. I look exactly like the sort of vampire girl I dreamed of enslaving!

He snapped the silver mirror shut, took a deep breath.

"You don't need to do that."

"What?" Jason glanced down at the metallic case in confusion.

The blonde vampire smiled.

"Breathe. You're dead now, remember?" She paused. "Hear that?"

Jason shook his pretty head.

The blonde raised her eyebrows.

"There you are, then."

For a second, Jason thought she was deliberately winding him up. Then it all clicked into place.

He could hear *nothing*. The faint, subconscious rhythm of his heart was gone. The tiny whistling sounds of breath entering and leaving his lungs had vanished. The almost-imperceptible rush of blood swirling round his circulatory system, all of it was gone.

For the first time in his life, Jason's body was completely still.

"You'll get used to it," the blonde said, lazily, "I've only been here five weeks, and look at me."

She struck a pose on the chair, kicking out her legs, throwing her hands behind her platinum hair and fluttering her eyelashes at him.

"I'm as happy as a clam. Especially now *you're* here."

There was something about her that seemed... *familiar* to Jason, somehow.

He trawled the back of his memory, thinking where he could have possibly seen this vampire girl before, before encountering her draped across that sofa, exchanging blood with the raven-haired...

His mouth dropped open.

“Holy shit!” The coarse swearing sounded odd in his squeaky, female voice. “You’re Doug Simons, the hunter who... but-but, I don’t understand, why are you...?”

The blonde winked at him.

“You’re not the only one who wanted out, babes. After that clusterfuck in Atlanta, I decided maybe it was time to switch sides...”

She laughed, a tinkling, carefree sound.

“I came looking for immortality, but he gave me something even better. A body capable of loving him as he deserves to be loved. A body he can *fuck*. A body that can...”

Her eyes shined with passion.

“Carry his babies.”

Her words triggered something deep in Jason’s brain. A desire to shout *no, that’s not right. Vampires can’t have babies!*

But he ignored it. He knew the Count could do whatever he wanted. That was why he was Jason’s master. He was *perfect*.

Yes, that’s it, giggled the alien female voice in his brain. *Listen to yourself... you love the Count. His will is everything. You exist only to please him...*

“I exist only to please him...” Jason whispered in his soft voice, unaware he was even moving his lips.

Not that the girl who used to be called Doug Simons noticed, either.

“It’s *perfect*,” she was whispering, a bright smile on her cute features, “this life. We get to be his slaves, we get to serve his whims, we get to *worship* his cock... oh, sure the hazing’s pretty tough, but I’m over that now. Can’t even remember what I was sobbing about...”

“They’ve stopped torturing you?” So Jason had been right. They’d broken blondie in, and now the last traces of her humanity – a humanity that had once led her to fight vampires at the head of the human army – had vanished

forever.

“Of course. And, hey, call me Dodi,” Dodi giggled again. “They only do that to the *new girl*.”

Her eyes twinkled.

“And I’m not the new girl anymore, am I, *Jasmine*?”

There was a deathly silence. Jason was suddenly very aware that the girl was watching him with that cruel, hungry look he was so used to seeing on vampires.

I may be a girl now, but I still haven’t forgotten what that means...

“I guess not,” he said, deliberately keeping his voice light as he toyed with Dodi’s silver mirror, trying not to let his fear show. “Oh, hey, Dodi, one more thing.”

The blonde raised her eyebrows.

“Duck.”

The mirror *shot* out of Jason’s hand, straight for Dodi’s eyes. The pretty vampire automatically threw up her hands...

...it was all the time Jason needed.

Quick as a flash, he was turning, running towards the makeup chest, kicking off his heels, sending one spinning towards the great glass mirror.

The mirror broke into a million pieces. With his bare hands, Jason *yanked* a sharp piece out, ignoring the way it cut into his palms, ignoring everything except his need to *survive*.

He span round, expecting to see Dodi at his heels, expecting to drive the shard of glass deep into her heart, skewering her as effectively as any stake...

But Dodi was still sitting in the chair, recovering from her shock of having the mirror thrown at her, a small smile starting to spread across her dead lips.

For a moment, her reaction threw Jason, he wavered, dangerously. But experience at killing vampires taught him not to let confusion distract him, but to go in for the kill.

With a feminine *scream*, he leapt through the air, raising the glass shard high above his head. He was surprised at how *strong* his skinny female form was, and then he felt his teeth elongating and realized he’d been blessed with the

powers of the undead.

Dodi was still smiling as he landed with a *crash* in front of her, grabbed her hair, pulled her head back, swung the glass to decapitate her-

“Stop.”

-and froze as stiff as a board, unable to move.

The glass was only a fraction of an inch from Dodi’s jugular. Jason desperately willed his bleeding hand to keep traveling that last little bit, to cut the undead bitch’s head off, but it was like he’d turned into a female statue.

At the word *stop*, his entire body had ceased to be under his control.

“That’s better,” Dodi murmured, her voice soft and filled with lust. “I only just got my new toy. I don’t want to miss my chance to *play* with her...”

She looked at Jason’s arm, holding onto her platinum hair.

“Let go.”

Without any input from his brain, Jason’s fingers fell open. Dodi’s hair dropped behind her back, like a slow-moving waterfall. The blonde gave him a toothy smile.

“Drop the glass.”

There was a tinkling as the shard of glass shattered against the floorboards. Jason didn’t see it break. He was still frozen in position, unable to even move his eyeballs.

“Mmm... that’s better, don’t you think, babes?”

Gently, Dodi reached out, took Jason’s bleeding hand in her two small, pale ones. Unlike a normal vampire’s, her touch wasn’t cold.

Then Jason remembered that his skin was cold as marble, too, now, and he wouldn’t feel it even if she was.

“I guess you’re wondering,” Dodi murmured, gently pulling Jason’s dainty hand towards her, “what’s going on?”

She suddenly *gripped* his wrist, forcing his palm open. She leaned forward and delicately licked at his open wound, the blood dribbling over her lips. Her eyes closed in bliss.

There was nothing Jason could do but watch as she lapped away, tenderly kissing his palm, sucking on the flesh, until the blood dripped down her chin,

making little maroon blotches on her expensive white dress.

“Oh *God...*” Dodi sighed, “oh God, Jasmine, you taste *so good...*”

Her words came out breathless, high-pitched, the sort of voice you usually only hear when a girl is teetering on the brink of orgasm. Dodi feasted some more, giving little gasps as she did so.

“He’s working through me... the Count. He can see inside our minds at any time, make us think or do anything, even when he’s not here. And right now...”

A grin broke over her cute, babyish features.

“He wants *me* to take complete control of *you*.”

A giggle. She leaned back, her lips bright, ruby red. She ran her tongue across her sharpened teeth, slow, seductive.

“Until the spell is broken, I can make you do *anything* I want. Isn’t that neat? Watch...”

She sighed.

“Slap yourself.”

No sooner had the words left her lips than there was a horrific *crack!* Jason’s world lurched violently, nearly knocking him off his feet. A warm pain exploded across one soft cheek, matched by a stinging in his dainty palm.

“Now pinch those big titties of yours. Nice and *hard*.”

It was like his body was no longer his.

Trapped in his female form, Jason felt himself yank down the front of his dress. Felt the cool air against his breasts, then felt his fingertips start savagely pinching his new nipples, twisting them, his long nails digging in.

He whimpered helplessly. Cried out in his squeaky voice, tears of shame coursing down his cheeks as pain flashed through his big new chest, red with the fire of humiliation.

He wanted to scream. Wanted to cry, to beg Dodi to stop. But it was no use.

The Count wanted Dodi to torture Jasmine. And that meant Jason had no choice but to accept his punishment.

“OK, that’s enough, Jasmine,” Dodi sighed after an eternity.

Jason's hands fell limply to his sides. His naked breasts stuck out in front of him, their nipples hard and pointed and full of pain. His breathing was heavy, his body still unable to understand it didn't need oxygen.

"Good girl, good little Jasmine. Now..." Dodi's eyes flashed. "Kneel before me."

Jason tried to fight it. He really did. But it was like his will was not his own any more.

No sooner had Dodi said *kneel* than he was already sinking down onto his haunches, feeling the broken glass *crunch* beneath his bare flesh, slicing into his skin, feeling the blood dampen his dress.

"Kiss my feet."

He was no longer a human. He wasn't even a vampire. He was a puppet, forced to twitch and jerk on its strings until the Count decided to slice the wires and let him free.

With slow movements, Jason bent forward, his long hair falling in curls past his face, dangling towards the floor. He felt his bud-like lips part. Saw Dodi's high heels rise in his vision...

...and then he was pressing his lips against her toes, passionately kissing her feet. Kissing the feet of his new mistress, while his body writhed and he heard himself moan and whimper, like debasing himself before Dodi was the height of forbidden pleasure.

Dodi kept him down there for five whole minutes, until his dress was stained and ruined with blood. At long last, she jerked her foot back.

"That's enough... no, no more!" She shouted when Jason pathetically tried to claw after her foot, to keep kissing it. "God, you're a miserable worm. What are you?"

"A miserable worm," Jason breathed in his soft voice, unhappily.

"You bet you are. Right, time for the sequel... No, no, you stay there, Jasmine. I have a special treat in store for you."

There was light, female laughter, the high heels moved, and then Jason was stuck in his stupid crouch, unable to do anything but stare at the spot Dodi's feet had once been, his lips pursed and ready to start kissing again at a moment's notice.

For a long, long time, the room was silent expect for the *clack, clack* of Dodi's heels against the floor as she looked for something. All Jason could do was wait, wait for whatever fresh hell the vampire chose to unleash on him.

At long last, the *clacking* got louder, and then Dodi was stood above him, something dangling from her hands.

"If it was up to me, babes," she whispered, "I'd take a sword and disembowel you, nice and slow, while I made you tell me how *wonderful* I was. Afterwards, I'd make you eat your own tits."

Her legs visibly shivered.

"That's the joy of becoming a vampire. We get to be the darker side of human nature. God it feels so good... I don't know why we ever fought against it..."

A despondent note entered her voice.

"But he wants you alive and in good enough shape to serve him, with those pretty lips and that pert ass and those big boobies of yours. All I'm allowed to do is get you ready to obey. First by humiliating you, and second by making you feast. Look up, babes."

A catch seemed to move in Jason's neck. He looked.

The vampire towered over his prostate, female form, a leather whip coiled between her hands. Its edges were studded with flecks of iron, razor-sharp and deadly.

"Open your mouth, OK? There's a good girl. Remember, this is what he wishes..."

She waited until Jason had obeyed, and then the vampire girl who used to be a hunter *gripped* the whip as hard as she could and twisted it in her hands.

A trickle of blood ran down her porcelain skin, leaving a bright red rivulet. It formed into a drop that dangled, shining, from her outstretched fist, before falling, falling down into Jason's upturned mouth.

There was a faint *plop* as the drop landed on his tongue. For a moment, Jason simply sat there, frozen.

Then he felt it. Welling up in him. The hunger. The craving.

The *need* for human blood.

“Mmm... I think she likes it.” Dodi giggled, twisted her hands tighter round the whip. “A little more?”

More blood pattered down onto Jason’s pouty lips, onto his soft cheeks, onto his pretty, upturned face. He could feel it, sticky against his skin. Smell its aroma, invading his nostrils, making his vampire brain whirl.

He desperately tried to get hold of himself. To stop the red mist rising.

But there was nothing he could do.

“Just a little more...” Dodi’s voice cut through his mind, tormenting him, “then I’ll let you do it...”

It was like torture! His vampire body was *straining*, calling out to feed!

He could feel the blood on his tongue, feel it dripping toward the back of his throat. *Feel* the way his newly-female body was responding, its nipples getting harder, its mound getting wet. Almost as if... almost as if...

Almost as if Dodi was preparing him for *sex*.

“OK, I think that’s enough. Ready, babes? Now...” her voice grew hard. “*Do it.*”

It was all the command Jason’s obedient new body needed.

With a feminine shriek, he swallowed the blood Dodi had given him, lapped it off his cheeks, drank it down.

He threw his dainty hands up, caught more drops, wiped them over his red and pouty lips, overcome with bloodlust.

“She’s doing it!” He heard Dodi squeal in delight. “She’s doing it! Do you see, master? She didn’t even try to fight it...”

Jason hardly heard her.

His entire body was alive with fire. It was like rage and all-consuming sexual desire and dangerous hunger were all pouring through him at once, mingling in his cold, undead heart.

Pinpricks of heat washed over his skin. The world seemed to grow blurry, distant. He felt like he was watching a movie; a slave to his desires, to his lust and hunger.

He lapped away, pulling himself up, biting down on Dodi’s wounded hand, drinking from her, letting the red fluid cascade over him, letting it further

soak his already-ruined dress.

“*Good girl...*” Dodi’s breathing was ragged, “*good girl...* now, if we just...”

Suddenly, her hand was gone, snatched away. Jason heard his body scream furiously. He looked up with blazing eyes and saw his tormentor standing on the rug, her white dress covered in red blotches, a cruel, aroused smile on her features.

Dodi held out her wounded hand.

“Come and get it,” she hissed.

With an impossible bound, he crossed the room, leaped on Dodi with a cry...
...and then the two girls were writhing on the carpet, clawing biting, *screaming*, their bodies swept away on an uncontrollable wave of vampiric lust.

Jason was dimly aware that he was screaming. That his hips were bucking, his pussy dripping with desire. He buried his face against Dodi’s elegant neck and wasn’t sure if he was kissing her or biting her, fucking her or killing her.

The vampire held him close against her, nibbling against his neck, her blonde hair lying in streaks across her face as she moaned and coiled and *gasp*ed.

With one hand, she tore the dress from Jason’s shoulders, *yanked* it down until his large, heaving breasts were dangling free, their nipples all pointed with the cold. Then her head was buried in Jason’s bosom as she bit at and sucked on his sweet tits, forcing Jason to *moan* out loud with both pain and pleasure.

As his lover worked his new breasts, Jason felt a wave of feeling unrolling over him, unlike anything he’d ever felt as a man.

He *grabbed* Dodi’s bloodied hand and smeared it against his face, licking her wound, even as she teased his areola with her tongue, a sensation in his mind like he was going mad and didn’t care one little bit.

Blood flowed. His pussy was wet. He *pushed* his hips against Dodi’s, grinding them madly, and felt her grind back, too.

Felt her pinching at his tits, felt her rolling onto her side, pulling him with her. Felt her lips against his, kissing, biting, hurting him, making his female form feel *alive* with pleasure.

The two girls fought or fucked like that for what felt like forever, Jason lost

in a private world of lust and greed and animal desire. No longer caring that he was a male vampire hunter trapped in the body of a beautiful, submissive female vampire. Caring only about the twin feelings in his stomach and his new pussy, as Dodi used and abused his tender new form.

Blood ran down his bare breasts, splattered on Dodi's porcelain white face. Blood flowed from the blonde vampire's lips, washing into Jason's mouth, intoxicating him, making him drunk.

He felt one of Dodi's hands pressed roughly against his new pussy, one finger teasing his damp slit. He threaded his fingers through her straight blonde hair, grabbed a handful and *pulled*, making his new lover snarl.

He bit her neck, felt her bite his shoulder. Felt her fingers slip into his new cunt. Felt her grinding her pussy up against his leg. Her long nails dug into his back, tearing deep scratches into his skin that turned red and flowed.

Images flooded his mind. Of Doug, when he used to be Doug, male and handsome. Fighting on the battlefields of Atlanta, his voice a deep roar, his tendons straining in his arms as he cut through wave after wave of female vampires. Killing them, slaughtering them, hurting them, like he was hurting Jason now.

I knew it even then... part of Jason thought numbly, as Dodi's tongue invaded his mouth and her fingers pinched at his bottom, *I knew even then I wanted to be one of your victims, Doug. One of those girls you hurt so much...*

Please hurt me, Doug. Please hurt me like the nasty little bitch I am.

As images of male Doug coursed through Jason's mind, something happened. A switch was thrown and then Jason was arching his narrow back against the soft rug and gasping, his big breasts thrust forward, little cries escaping his lips as his vision went blurry.

He wasn't sure if it was a female orgasm, or his vampire side reaching the climax of its feast, or *what*.

He just knew that he wanted this feeling to last forever, and that he'd accept *any* punishment to ensure it did.

Finally, the feeling faded. Jason's high-pitched gasps slowed down. He returned to earth, dimly aware that Dodi was gasping and growling as loudly as he was, her eyes closed, her expression pulled back in a look of helpless, cruel pleasure.

The two girls rolled over on their backs, stared up at the ceiling with far-away looks on their supermodel faces, their unnaturally red lips still streaked with blood. Unbeknownst to them, their wounds had already healed, their dresses already magically repaired themselves.

“That...” panted Dodi.

“...was so *good*.” Finished Jason.

Inside, he couldn't believe what was happening. Here he was, a female vampire, coming down from the impossible high of her first feast. Utterly obedient, ready to serve, ready to do whatever the Count wanted of him to get this feeling back.

Once Dodi was done with him, of course.

Not that he was in a hurry to finish his obedience training with this beautiful, awful blonde monster.

In fact, Jason was already beginning to think the Count's cruel trick hadn't been so cruel after all.

IV

Far away, on the other side of the mansion, the Count smiled to himself. He was sat with his head cocked to one side, as if listening to something distant only he could hear.

Katherine crouched at his feet, naked except for her high heels and a leather collar around her neck, attached to a chain in the Count's strong hand. She smiled up at her master, bent forward and gently kissed his foot.

"Good news, oh my Lord and master?"

"Very."

The Count tugged at her chain. Katherine obediently crawled closer to him, draping herself across his lap, her bare breasts rubbing against his legs. The other vampires lounged around the room looked up in envy as she started kissing the Count's stomach, jealous hisses escaping their lips.

The Count twinkled his eyes at them. They were his toys, to do with as he pleased.

And now he had a wonderful new addition to his fold.

"I was merely thinking," he murmured, as he sensuously stroked Katherine's long, dark hair, "that perhaps my darling Jasmine will be ready sooner than I expected."

Katherine let out an orgasmic gasp at his words. Whatever pleased the Count made her experience impossible bliss. All around the room, the elegant women the Count had surrounded himself with moaned and whimpered in time, began to gently stroke one another's nubile bodies.

"In fact," the Count went on, his smile getting wider. "I think she shall be joining us up here before we know it."

He gripped the chain.

"Now. Show me your devotion."

He glared at the chamber.

"All of you. *Show me!*" He roared.

His voice was ferocious, making the entire mansion seem to shake. The vampire girls writhed in fear, whimpering exactly as they knew the Count liked, their soft, nubile flesh on display.

Inside them, fourteen men looked hopelessly out of the female bodies that had been forced on them, disgusted by what they were doing, but unable to disobey their puppet-master's cruel commands.

Like robots, they fell down on all fours. Like robots, they tore their dresses from their skin, until they were only clad in panties, their breasts dangling and their cold white flesh on display.

Then, like the pathetic dogs they were, the Count's beautiful, gender-swapped wives began caressing each other's naked forms, biting one another's nipples, lapping at one another's dripping cunts. Kissing, gasping, writhing...

...all to please the Count.

Between his legs, the handsome Spanish vampire felt delicate fingers undo his fly. Felt Katherine pull out something of his that was big and long and *thick*.

Crouched before him, the chained girl looked up at her master with starry-eyed devotion.

"Thank you, my Lord," she whispered, an ecstatic look on her beautiful features.

And then she gently parted her dark red lips, retracted her teeth, leaned forward, and took the Count's ten-inch member deep inside her mouth.

As his slave slobbered on his dick, as the girls around him masturbated and mindlessly fucked for him, the Count felt a cruel smile cross his lips.

He was not one often given to displays of emotion – his upbringing in the ossified court of Carlos II had seen to that – but when the time was right... when the time was right...

And now, the time felt *very* right indeed.

"I shall see you very soon, Mr. Harker," he murmured to himself, running one strong hand through Katherine's dark hair, pushing her head deeper into his crotch. "And when you meet me in your new form..."

His smile grew darker-still.

"You will learn not only to be my slave, but also..."

His eyes glittered.

“My *Queen.*”

Elsewhere, deep in the bowels of the mansion, Jason obediently lay naked across the four poster bed, his big boobies swelling and his pussy dripping as Dodi savagely whipped his naked bottom, making him scream out with girly cries of pain.

He didn't know it, but his journey as a beautiful, obedient and very *female* vampire was only just beginning.

Book Two

I

It was a gloomy, stormy day.

Outside the house, the air was heavy, humid, charged with static. Dense gray clouds swirled above the empty landscape. What little sunlight broke through fell in momentary shafts, only to be extinguished in seconds.

It was a day for drama. A day when even the least-poetic could tell something significant was going to happen, simply by craning their necks up to the sky.

Inside the house, Jason saw exactly none of this.

He was far, *far* too busy with his prey.

“This, uh... this really your place?”

The young man looked dubiously around the broken, decaying mansion. At its boarded windows, dusty drapes and darkened corners. A frowned creased his handsome face.

“It seems, y’know, an odd home for a Count.”

Leaning demurely back against the shut front door, Jason closed his eyes. A wan smile flitted across his beautiful, feminine features.

You don’t know the half of it...

Outwardly though, he kept his cool. It wouldn’t do to have the Jesus freak realize the truth.

Not unless Jason wanted something very, *very* bad to happen.

“We’re renovating,” he heard himself say in his soft, high-pitched voice. A voice that, try as he might, he just couldn’t remove the silky, seductive edge from. “Just wait till we’re done with it. You’d be amazed at what my master is capable of.”

Trapped inside his new body, no more able to control his own actions than a gorgeous, handcrafted puppet, Jason shivered at his own words.

Amazed didn’t even begin to cover it.

Less than two weeks ago, he’d been Jason Harker: fearless vampire hunter, handsome stud, a good guy in the war against the darkness, the war the humans were losing.

And then he'd made the mistake of coming to visit the Count, of trying to broker a deal with him to save his own life. The muscular Spanish aristocrat had manipulated Jason's lust for immortality, his thirst to become lord of his own clan of undead servants, and tricked him into drinking the blood of a female vampire. It had made Jason immortal, all right, but not in the way he'd been expecting...

"And is, uh, is the Count available for a quick chat?"

Jason's eyes flew open. He smiled at his victim. A mysterious smile that made the poor sap give him a goofy grin in return.

So it's true what they say, a detached part of his brain murmured, even on the eve of our destruction, there are humans out there who have no idea this war is even happening...

"I'm afraid my master is sleeping," he said, gently pushing his curvy body off the doorframe and drifting slowly towards the intruder. "But perhaps I can... entertain you?"

With each step, Jason could feel his hips curving seductively, his pert ass twitching beneath the fabric of his elegant, expensive dress. His long, chestnut hair trailed lazily behind him, as if he was a supermodel in a commercial.

He could feel the man's eyes, reluctantly drinking in his figure. Helplessly tracing the outline of his body. He could almost *hear* the man's thoughts, dark and animal, full of violent, confused desires.

Jason had never had a man look at him with lust before. To his horror, he realized that he kinda *liked* it. It gave him a... power he'd never known women possessed. Like he was some slinking, elegant feline, and this man was...

Well. A helpless little *mouse*.

Can you blame him? Purred a female voice in Jason's brain. *I mean... have you even seen yourself recently?*

To which the male side of Jason's brain responded:

Kinda hard when you don't cast a reflection.

After making him drink the blood of his undead wife, Katherine, the Count had feasted on Jason, taking him to the brink of death. The ritual had taken

away Jason's humanity, made him into a vampire.

But it had also done something else. When he'd finally recovered, Jason had been horrified to discover that his strong, male body had been magicked away...

...and replaced with a gorgeous *female* one.

He could still picture it perfectly, even now. The way he'd looked down to see two firm, ripe breasts dangling from his chest. The way he'd jumped to his feet and tottered in his high heels, staring in shock at his smooth, slender new legs.

The way he'd slipped a dainty hand beneath the hem of his green, figure-hugging dress, and felt the warm, moist mound where his dick had once been.

He'd wanted to scream, wanted to cry. Wanted to smash his fist into the Count's handsome face and shriek at him until he gave him his body back.

But he'd been unable to do *any* of those things. His new body – with its supermodel face, wide, innocent eyes, tight waist and pouty red lips – was no longer *his*.

Like all female vampires, he was nothing but an extension of his male master. A beautiful automaton, completely under the Count's control.

And that meant that when some evangelist came knocking on the door, still acting like the world wasn't going to hell, he had no choice but to do the Count's awful bidding.

Jason came to a stop right in front of the Jesus freak. He smiled up at him, taking in his neatly-combed blond hair, his handsome, square-jawed face, his openly nervous expression.

"A quick chat, huh? What, exactly did you want to talk about..." Jason flicked the boy's plastic name badge with one teasing, long-nailed finger, "Gus?"

Gus visibly swallowed, his neck briefly bulging under his tightly-buttoned collar. He clearly wasn't used to standing this close to any woman – let alone one as darkly flirtatious as Jason was being forced to be – and the sight should have been amusing.

But Jason didn't just have a female brain, now. He had a monster's brain. A *vampire* brain.

And the sight of this strong man's jugular swelling up like that was enough to make his mouth go dry.

"I-I, uh, wanted to ask the Count if h-he'd managed to find Jesus in his life?" Gus mumbled, adjusting his glasses and looking anywhere but at Jason. "In these troubled times, it-it's never too late to let the Lord in..."

At his words, Jason gave a light, tinkling laugh. He raised one dainty hand to his lips, felt his eyelashes flutter briefly.

"No? Well, that'll come as news to my master..." He turned, waved one hand vaguely at the sofa, "why don't you have a seat?"

Gus mumbled something behind him, clumsily started moving toward the sofa, but Jason barely noticed him.

He was too busy trying to figure out what the *fuck* he was gonna do.

The Count wanted him to kill this intruder. In nearly two weeks, Jason hadn't yet feasted on a live human being, and learning to kill your own prey was a big part of any transition from human to vampire.

And Jason was fine with that. Really. When he'd come looking for safety, to jump ship before all the remaining humans went down with it, he'd known that slaughter was gonna be part of his undead existence.

But that was the issue. He it wasn't *his* existence anymore. He was a slave of the Count, incapable of disobeying his master's commands, and slaughter simply because the Count enjoyed it...

Well, that made Jason feel all sorts of irritated.

Each new step in his transition felt like a part of his identity being chipped away. With each item he ticked off the vampire checklist, he felt like strong, dependable Jason was vanishing and beautiful, evil Jasmine replacing him.

He'd already been forced to drink blood. Been forced to become the lesbian love slave of a cruel vampire bitch named Dodi. How many more humiliations could he take?

No, he needed to figure out a way to let Gus leave here *alive*.

How he was gonna do that when his female body was *desperate* to feast on him was another matter entirely.

"Tell me, Gus, do you love Jesus?" Jason murmured, his body turning to face the kid and leaning seductively on the back of a tall, ornate chair.

From his perch on the old leather couch, Gus nodded furiously, his cheeks pink as he looked at the floor, trying to ignore Jason's generous cleavage.

He really is kinda handsome... Jason had no idea if the thought was his, his female body's, or the Count exerting gentle control over his mind.

"In that case..." Jason raised one perfectly-sculpted eyebrow, "I guess you must carry a crucifix?"

To his surprise, Gus gave him a thunderstruck look.

"That's *Catholics!*" He snapped, before steadying himself. "Uh, sorry, ma'am."

Shit...

"Don't mention it." Jason smiled demurely, the female expression feeling eerily uncomfortable on his face. "But, *surely* you've got a picture of a cross somewhere? On your Bible cover? A tattoo? Like you said, these are troubled times..."

The kid was looking at him like he was speaking in tongues. Jason could feel the predator's part of his brain looking back at him, calculating how long it'd take to leap across the room, cut his throat with one long nail and let the blood spray over his hands, pour down his dress, pool at his feet.

He wanted to cry out. *HOW?* How could this-this *idiot* not realize what was happening? Did he really believe all that crap in the media, that Atlanta was a terrorist attack, that the violence plaguing the Earth *wasn't* because the undead were on the warpath...?

He shook his pretty little head, quickly dislodging the thought. The movement made his long, reddish hair trail around him.

"What about holy water, then? Or garlic? You're not on your way back from the store, are you?"

"M-maybe I could just read you a passage," Gus mumbled, fumbling for his little pocket Bible, "and we could talk about-"

It was no use. Jason could feel the hunger, growing. Could feel the heat, radiating off Gus's nice, warm body. Could almost *taste* his sweat, the sweet, tangy taste of an animal that's afraid.

The kid's got maybe 20 seconds to find something to ward me off with, he realized with a shudder, or else I'm gonna...

Well, he didn't really want to think about that yet.

"Listen, Gus. Maybe..."

You should go, was what he'd meant to say. But to invite the poor boy to leave would be to defy the Count's wishes, and in his submissive, female body that just wasn't an option.

Besides... a large part of him didn't *want* Gus to go. A dark part, rising up in him. A part that wanted nothing more than to tear the clothes from this boy's body, and roughly fuck him, letting Gus's big dick lance deep into his womb as he felt his heartbeat weaken in his muscular chest.

Fifteen seconds...

Gus was looking at him with wide, nervous eyes. Jason hesitated, trying to think of something – *anything* – that would drag them off this path they were on.

His bewitching, emerald green eyes suddenly went wide.

"Maybe you should read me Revelation 16:14," he said, lightly, trying to keep Jasmine's voice nonchalant, trying to keep the warning from the female part of his brain. "And maybe you should really think about how it applies to your current situation."

His body was moving round the chair now, slinking towards Gus with almost imperceptible steps, a deadly, hungry smile on its gorgeous features.

Come on, come on you idiot!

And, below that:

Ten seconds...

"R-revelation? I'm not such a fan of..."

Jason gave a throaty, playful laugh.

"Oh, go on. It's my favorite passage."

One high-heeled foot moved in front of the other, drawing him inexorably on. Prickles of desire ran across Jason's cold, marble-like skin, making him shiver, fogging his brain.

This is it, our last chance. If he doesn't hurry up and read it now...

For what felt like forever, Gus simply looked at Jason, his innocent face uncomprehending. Filled with foreboding, but without knowing why.

Then his shoulders sagged slightly. He gave Jason a weak smile.

“OK, sure.” A hollow laugh. “I gotta admit, Miss...? Uh, whatever your name is. You’re not like the usual folks I see.”

“No?”

Just get on with it!

Five seconds...

“16:14, was it, miss? Right. Here it is...”

Gus frowned down at his Bible, the pocket-sized book trembling in his fingers. Jason felt himself curve his body, lowering himself sexily down onto the sofa beside Gus. He wrapped one cold arm round the boy’s strong shoulders, leaned against him, deliberately letting one firm breast press against his arm.

The boy’s neck was so, so close now. It filled Jason’s vision, seemed to hypnotize him. The rushing of Gus’s blood filled his ears. The dark thing rose in him, swamping his brain, washing his male side away.

Two seconds...

“You just need the start bit,” Jason heard himself murmur in his high-pitched, feminine voice, “just the first few words.”

“Really? OK. Here we go...”

Gus took a breath. Began reading.

“For they are demonic spirits, p-p-performing...”

The Bible slipped weakly from his hands, fell to the floor. The darkness engulfed Jason’s mind, drowning him. From the depths of his hunger, he thought he heard a female voice.

No seconds. My turn.

And then he was suddenly smiling, his eyes shining with a secret, hidden delight as he took Gus’s cheeks in his hands, gently turned his handsome head toward him, looked deep into his terrified blue eyes.

“My, my,” Jason whispered, helpless to stop himself, “you *are* a cutie, aren’t you?”

And then they were kissing. Kissing like their lives depended on it. Kissing like two people who have been swept away on a black sea of desire, who are

no longer in control of their actions.

Jason felt Gus's tongue swirling round the inside of his mouth, tickling the insides of his cheeks, like the strong boy was trying to *devour* him. He held the kid's head tight in his hands and kissed him roughly back, biting down on his lip, loving him, hurting him.

The warmth of Gus's body was like a drug, enveloping Jason, making his mind whirl. At the same time, the boy's strong torso was making his female form go woozy with desire. He could feel his hard pecs through his starched shirt, feel his raw, sexual energy, locked away inside his polite evangelist's clothes.

The boy was whimpering as they kissed, tears pricking at the corners of his eyes. But he didn't stop. His strong hands clasped Jason, one running through his long hair, the other drifting up one cold, slender leg, grasping at his perfect ass.

Oh yes... the female voice in Jason's brain whispered gleefully, *oh God, that's so good...*

There was a sudden break. Gus pulled back, looked at Jason with wild eyes, his strong arms holding him back against the sofa.

"Wh-what are we *doing*?! I-I can't... I have a wife..."

In response, Jason grinned hungrily, bit his lower lip. His fangs were showing and they pricked the skin, causing little red drops of blood to appear.

"It's too late for that. You made your choice. Now *live with it*."

With one fierce movement, he *batted* Gus's thick, farm boy arms away. *Shoved* him back against the armrest and leaped on top of him, his slender, female legs spread either side the boy's strong hips.

Their crotches were touching now, Jason could feel something hard and thick pressing up against his mound, trying to force its way in. He started to rub his pussy gently against its tip, grinding his hips against the boy's, kissing his lips, his cheeks, his neck.

It was like watching a movie. No, it was more like losing control of your body. Inside his mind, Jason tried to make himself stop, but it was like his thoughts were no longer connected to anything.

All that was left was this throbbing desire and dark hunger, dictating his

every move.

He tore open Gus's shirt, kissed his strong chest, letting his lips drink in the taste of this muscular stranger, his red hair tumbling past his face, leaving rivulets of desire across the boy's rock solid abs.

He ripped open the boy's fly, unbuckled his belt, pulled something out from inside his pants that jutted up into the air, hard and thick and true.

Jason held Gus's cock in his tiny hands, marveling at its size, gently running his tongue along its length, delicately kissing its tip, luxuriating in its strange, salty taste.

Gus gave a weak little moan. Helplessly ran a hand through Jason's hair, looked at him with that same feeling of abandonment that Jason felt.

Jason smiled, took one of the boy's hands, started kissing his calloused palm, sucking on his thick fingers.

"Oh God... y-you're so *fucking hot*... I-I want to *hurt* you... I-I want to *rape* you! I..."

"Shh..." Jason whispered, letting his lips run sensuously over Gus's wrist, his incisors elongating at the feeling of warmth against his cold body. "Don't talk. Just let it happen."

And then he took the boy's dick, casually pulled his own panties to one side, angled his hips and let Gus's fat cock slip deep inside him.

The boy's dick was so thick Jason could feel it stretching the walls of his pussy. He was so wet his juices dribbled out and mingled in Gus's golden pubic thatch, even as the tip of his dick penetrated Jason's womb.

"Fuck! *Oh fuck!* Y-you're amazing..."

"I said don't talk," Jason growled. "Just *fuck*."

The boy didn't need telling twice.

With quick, powerful movements, he bucked his hips against Jason's, driving his dick deep inside him, making Jason's female body moan and whimper out loud.

One strong, masculine hand tore the front of Jason's dress open, exposing his heavy breasts with their pink, pointed nipples. The other slipped behind his back and began squeezing his pert ass, kneading its flesh so hard it hurt.

Like a man in a trance, Gus leaned forward, his tongue exploring Jason's nipples, flicking over them, making them hard as bullets. He greedily suckled on Jason's glorious tits, whimpering to himself over and over again, even as his dick pounded into Jason's tight and tender cunt.

As they roughly fucked, Jason threw back his head and *gaped*, his mouth wide open, staring at the ceiling with a feeling like a girl in a dream, his mind lost on this churning tide of pleasure.

The feeling of Gus's dick, violating his hole, made him moan and whimper with pleasure. The feeling of his teeth, biting at his nipples, was enough to make him feel woozy.

He wanted to corrupt this boy. To let him fuck him in any hole he wanted. To suck his dick and let him lick his asshole until his mind was dirtied and beyond redemption. Until his God would have no choice but to cast him into the darkness where creatures like Jason and the Count lurked, far from the corrupting influence of the light.

But he wanted to do more than that. He wanted to *feed*. To satiate this bloodlust rising in him. He wanted to kill this boy and writhe in his blood while he rubbed himself to orgasm.

He was a vampire now. A *female* vampire.

And he only lived to kill and screw.

The boy was whispering something, over and over again, even as he kissed Jason's magnificent breasts. A prayer, maybe, or a call for help. Jason ran a delicate hand through his short, neat hair. *Gripped* it tight, pulling his head back so his neck was exposed.

Gus looked up at Jason with a numbed expression, still mechanically thrusting his hips, fucking this gorgeous woman, even as his lust gave way to fear.

Still riding his cock, Jason grinned down at this helpless man, at his prey. He wasn't going to kill Gus after all this, oh no.

He was going to use his powers to turn him into a vampire. To make him one of the undead.

The Count was wrong if he thought Jason would just do his bidding. Jason was strong. He'd corrupt and turn this boy and serve *him* instead. Start a new nest, where Gus would rule as a soulless king, living out all the dark fantasies

his religious mind refused to indulge in. And Jason would rule beside him as his beautiful, seductive queen.

He could see it now, clear as day. How they'd hide from the other vampires. How they'd slaughter the humans. How they'd live in evil, decadent sin until Gus was as hideous and twisted as the Count, until they were powerful enough to take this world for themselves...

It was at that moment that he saw her.

She was walking silently across the room, her feet not seeming to touch the floor.

Her platinum blonde hair fell in straight lines either side of her oh-so familiar face, a cruel, mocking smile on her red lips. There was something clasped in her hands, something long and silver that caught the light and made Jason feel like moaning.

He tried to catch her eye, tried to shake his head. To plead. *No... don't!*

But it was too late.

There was a sudden, savage thrust against Jason's hips. Gus let out a loud, animal grunt as he came, flooding Jason's womb with sperm. Tears ran down his cheeks. Dodi's eyes glinted, she raised her arms.

There was a flash of silver. A wet *thud*. The boy's body spasmed once, twice...

...and then it was all over.

In silence, Jason raised his hands. Felt the sticky fluid on his soft cheeks. The dark liquid that had sprayed so savagely from Gus's open neck.

He slowly shook his head. Looked up at the tall blonde woman smiling down at him. Felt something that had been long and hard go limp inside him.

"What did you *do*?" he whispered.

In response, Dodi raised the ornate samurai sword to her lips, delicately licked a dribble of blood from its razor-sharp edge.

"Mmm... I always think Evangelicals taste better, don't you? Catholics are just so *salty*..."

Jason glared at her.

"You didn't have to do that," he growled, unable to move from his position

astride Gus's corpse. "I was gonna turn him."

"Yeah, into your new master." Dodi lowered the sword. "What was it again? Oh yeah. *I'll corrupt and turn this boy and serve him instead.* You really think our master wouldn't *hear* that, babes? He can hear everything, you dumb bitch."

At mention of the Count, Jason's new body automatically spoke.

"Praise him."

"Praise him," Dodi agreed.

For a moment the two women looked blank, unable to do anything but think about how wonderful their master was, how they only lived to serve him.

At long, long last, Dodi blinked. She gave Jason a cruel smile.

"Your dumb, bitch plan wouldn't have worked anyway. *We* can't turn people. Only *male* vampires can do that. Chicks like us are only here to serve."

She pointed her sword right at Jason.

"Anyway, babes, he wants to see you now. Maybe you'll get lucky."

Her smile grew wider.

"Or maybe *I* will. I'd kill for a chance to cut a little skank like you up, nice and slow. Maybe this'll be it."

Jason didn't reply. He knew from experience that Dodi had been savage enough as a human male named Doug. As a vampire dedicated to darkness, he couldn't even begin to imagine how cruel she would be.

"Maybe you'd like to torture me, too. Good, that means you're coming along." Dodi lowered her sword again. "That's all being a vampire is, babes. Letting all that dark shit come flowing out, rather than bottling it all up. Like we idiots used to."

She gave the headless body on the sofa a disinterested glance.

"There's no hurry. You can have a snack before you see him. Take your time."

She bent over, deliberately giving Jason a clear view of her cleavage, knowing it would turn him on. Picked up the boy's head.

"Don't forget to clear up after yourself, huh? He doesn't like a mess."

And then she was gone, drifting away into the dark mansion, a trail of blood and sadistic laughter following in her wake.

Jason watched her go with a weird mixture of loathing and admiration. Of desire and hatred. She was everything he'd always wanted to destroy, everything he found repulsive...

...but she was also everything he secretly wanted to *be*.

Inside his pussy, he felt Gus's dick going limp, his spunk starting to cool inside Jason's womb. It felt almost like jelly.

Wasn't this what he wanted. When he came to see the Count, hadn't he dreamed of doing things like this, of experiencing this shameful cruelty, free of guilt, as a creature of sin?

Wasn't that why he'd wanted to be a vampire all along?

Turning the thought over in his mind, still unsure what he believed, Jason let out a soft, feminine sigh. Lowered his head until his lips rested against the jagged flesh of Gus's neck.

Then, with a frown on her beautiful face, the Count's newest wife quietly began to feed.

II

Sex and death. That's all a vampire's life is, my darling. Sex and death...

The female voice kept crooning those same words over and over inside Jason's mind as he obediently made his way towards the Count's chambers.

With every step his new breasts wobbled slightly in their fancy, lacy push up bra. Curls of shining hair bounced off his shoulders. His pussy throbbed faintly, sore from the fucking Gus had given it.

But even confronted with the awful, day-to-day reality of his transformation into a girl, Jason couldn't think about anything but that stupid mantra.

Sex and death... sex and death...

His elegant dress flowed around him, magically cleaned of blood. Not twenty minutes ago, he'd been lapping at the great wound in the boy's neck, as intimately close to him as they had been during sex, able to feel his body slowly cooling as the blood dripped from it.

Sex and death...

As he crossed the great upstairs landing, a handful of the Count's other wives looked up, watching him pass with anything from indifference to outright hostility, their fangs bared.

Like him, they all used to be men. Like him, they'd all been tricked by the Count. And, like him, they now all lived to serve him, his personal harem of supermodels, ready to indulge his every whim.

Unlike him, though, they'd all finished their transformations. Lost their last flickers of humanity, forgotten what it was like to be warm, to have a heartbeat.

No wonder they hated him so.

Jason primly stepped over a raven-haired girl on all fours, her narrow body hidden away inside a tiny black cocktail dress, her face buried between the legs of a baby-faced blonde.

As he passed, blondie closed her eyes and let out a long, sensuous gasp, grinding her pussy gently against the raven girl's face, her strapless red dress bunched up around her waist.

Somewhere in her mind, the Count was moving her body, forcing her to experience this pleasure, just as he was forcing the raven girl to give it to her.

With a shudder, Jason realized that would soon be him. A personal sex toy, nothing more.

Sex and...

The door. He raised one tiny hand, his long fingers curled into an elegant fist. He tapped daintily against the wooden frame, glumly noting the alien way he now held his hand; loose-wristed, like a girl.

“Come.”

...death.

The door swung open. Jason stepped into the gloom.

“Ah, my darling Jasmine. It has been far too long.”

At the warm, Spanish tones of the Count’s voice, Jason felt a thrill pass through him. His nipples hardened in their bra, his pussy immediately became moist between his legs.

“*Master...*” he heard himself breathe in his soft voice, angry at the words he was being forced to say, “I live to serve you.”

From the depths of a red velvet armchair, the Count smiled up at him, his thin lips amused, his dark eyes half-lidded and lazy.

A fire crackled away beside him, surrounded by book shelves heaving with ancient volumes. In the distant gloom, Jason could just make out an antique four poster bed, like a ghost floating in nothingness.

“I am glad you came so promptly after my call, even though you were busy. It is a good feeling, no? To finally feast.”

A lazy silence.

“Dodi said to me that you had made your first kill. What was his name? Gavin, Gary...?”

“Gus.” Jason couldn’t help himself. The name came out sounding small and silly. The name of a victim, not a ruler.

I can’t believe I was going to serve him...

The Count’s eyes reflected back the flickering flames.

“Gus. And you, you merely-” he gave a lazy flick of his wrist, “and then he went from being Gus to our *degustation*.”

Another smile.

“I take it you enjoyed the feast?”

For a moment, Jason was silent. There was something about their conversation that was unnerving him.

Didn't Dodi tell him the truth...? He wondered, uneasily. *Didn't she tell him I wasn't the one to kill...*

But he couldn't risk the Count seeing the thought cross his beautiful face. He nodded his pretty little head.

“Yes, master. I always think...” he mentally steeled himself, “that Evangelicals taste better, don't you?”

The Count shrugged.

“Personally, I cannot taste the difference. My palate is perhaps not so refined as yours, Mr. Har... I am so sorry, *Miss Jasmine*.”

A half-suppressed chuckle.

“Forgive me. I forget. You are one of us now. Or one of *mine*, at any rate.”

He eyed Jason up and down, his brown eyes lazily tracing the outline of his curvy, female figure.

“Come to me.”

Without any input from his brain, Jason's body started walking, crossing the room to the Count with slow, seductive steps. He stopped before his new master, feeling a sultry expression cross his new face as if his muscles were being pulled on wires.

The Count raised one eyebrow. Spread his hands slightly. Looked at the floor.

Something clicked in Jason's brain. He forced up an apologetic smile.

“I'm sorry, master. One moment.”

With slow movements, he lowered himself down onto the old, expensive rug. Curled his slender legs beneath his supermodel frame. Lowered his head demurely.

“Ah, yes,” whispered the Count. “There it is. You know, I cannot abide a woman who refuses to kneel. It is extremely bad manners.”

Crouched before his muscular owner, Jason could only gently incline his head. His transformation had put him in the Count's possession, mind, body and soul.

If the Count thought something, the only possible action Jason could take was to agree with it.

A thick hand reached out, its knuckles dusted with faint, dark hairs. Began to gently stroke Jason's long hair, tenderly hooking it back behind one small ear.

"When I was a boy," the monster sighed in his cultured voice, "so very, very long ago, it was not uncommon for the rich lords to make us kneel like this before them, peasants that we were. They would come riding into town – *clip clop, clip clop* – and we would have to bend forward and, as they used to say, 'kiss the dust'. It is an ugly expression, no? Lacking in poetry."

Frozen at his feet, Jason had no choice but to listen, no choice but to feel his female body react to the Count's touch, like a schoolgirl experiencing her first kiss.

Where's he going with this...?

And, underneath that, the female voice in his brain:

It doesn't matter. He is your God, your master. You live only to serve him. If he wishes to talk, then a silly slut like you must listen.

"I remember, one day, how an aristocrat came to our village, not long after the harvest. We had had our little celebrations just the day before, and I had watched my mother dance to the pauper's tunes. She was a great beauty, my mother, and that day I had dreamed of growing up to marry someone just like her. Strong. Passionate."

A laugh.

"What can I say? I was five years old. You can imagine how I felt when mister Freud started writing, two centuries later. He was right, I told everyone who would listen, he was right!"

"But I was not the only one to think such thoughts about my mother. That aristocrat, he came into our village. He made us kneel. And you know what he did then?"

The Count's fingers were winding tighter and tighter through Jason's hair,

chasing tenderness away and replacing it with pain.

“He had his men cut off my father’s head. And he took my mother, dragged her away to live with him. My, how she screamed. Of course I, being a boy, screamed too. So the men started to beat me – *bang, bang, bang* – until everyone thought I was going to die. They were right, you understand, but only in a philosophical sense. My mother intervened, and you know what she said? She said, *if you let him be, I will come quietly*. So he did, and she did. And I went with her, dragged off to a new life in the court.”

“It is funny, is it not, how times change? Back then, my daddy’s head was – *thwap* – sliced off, and his killer became my new papa. But I didn’t hate my new father, not at all. To tell the truth, I *admired* him. Any man, I thought, any man who can make the world kneel before him, who can make women his slaves, *that* is a happy man.”

“*That* is the man I want to be.”

A log exploded in the fireplace, sending sparks spinning out into the room. Jason tried not to whimper. The Count’s fingers were now digging into his flesh, twisting his hair. *Hurting* him.

“He understood, you see?” The Count whispered. “He understood the little secret at the heart of us all, us humans. Sex... and death. The desire to kill our enemies. Rape their women. To ensure we will die a *victor*.”

“Only I happened to find a *better* system. One without the unnecessary dying, where I could make my enemies *into* women. And with one blow...”

“Sex and death.”

“Why are you telling me this?”

Jason had meant the question to come out sounding tough, in the sort of sneer he’d used when dealing with vampires for decades.

But instead, it came out in a servile little whimper. The sound not of a strong alpha male, but a pathetic little sissy slave.

“Why?” The Count seemed genuinely surprised. “It is an interesting story, no? We haven’t even got to the denouement, where I am a grown man and I return to face my past... but maybe we should leave that for a moment.”

He suddenly *yanked* Jason’s head back, so hard it made him squeal; a high-pitched, girly noise. He looked in terror up at the vampire’s face, suddenly

horribly aware of how exposed his throat was.

The Count seemed to read his mind. He smiled, letting the fingers of one free hand trace a delicate pattern over Jason's jugular, down to his clavicle.

"You are right, though, my darling Jasmine, I do indeed have a purpose in telling you this. You see, we vampires are nothing more than what that old aristocrat was. To be sure, we live longer, don't age, and can be killed by holy water and garlic – an ailment I trust this lord did not suffer from, judging by his awful breath..."

His probing hand reached down, slipped beneath the fabric of Jason's dress, began squeezing his breast. To his horror, Jason immediately felt his female body begin to respond, to become aroused. The monster's eyes glittered.

"But in the essence, we are the same. We eat, we make love, we slaughter for fun, sometimes all at once. We do what each of those peasants in my village wished to do themselves, in the secret corners of their minds, but were too afraid or too poor to be capable of. What all humanity wishes it could do, if only it had the power."

"Why am I telling you this? Because, like me, you now have that power. You feasted earlier, that is true, but you also lied to me. You have not yet killed."

He leaned close, until his lips were almost brushing Jason's earlobe. In fright, Jason realized his fangs were now at full length. His other hand was cruelly pinching Jason's nipple, making it painfully hard.

"And now," The Count murmured, his voice barely audible above the crackling of the fire, "it is time you learned to do so."

His hand suddenly relaxed. Jason collapsed against the floor, pathetically glad to be free of this monster's grasp.

He's mad... he's completely mad!

If the Count knew what was happening in his mind, he didn't show it. Instead, he straightened up, looked towards the door. Clapped his hands.

"Come."

What now...?! Jason had just enough time to wonder, before the heavy wooden door swung open and he felt his stomach drop out.

Stood in the doorway, something sharp clasped in her hands and an evil smile on her face, was Dodi.

“You called, my master?” She laughed as she stepped into the room, the fireplace casting strange shadows on her long, straight hair.

The Count’s eyes twinkled with amusement.

“Indeed I did, my sweet, sweet Dodi. I see you bought what I asked of you?”

Dodi giggled, raised the sharpened wooden stake in her hands, wiggled it at Jason’s pathetic, prostate form, a demonic look in her eyes.

“One stake for one little bitch. Oh *please* let me do it, master. Let me stake this whore for you, good and proper...”

Lying at the Count’s feet, Jason whimpered with fear, his vampire body suddenly screaming at him to *run!*

This couldn’t be happening... it couldn’t! He couldn’t be destined to become a vampire, only to die at the hands of *Dodi!* It was wrong, it was *horrible...*

And, he realized with a feeling of nausea, there was nothing he could do about it.

Dodi was still looking at him with the expression of an evil little girl at Christmas. In their female bodies, Jason thought they were probably physical equals, but one word from the Count and he would be incapable of moving, incapable of fighting back...

Beside him, the Count gave a good-natured chuckle.

“My darling Dodi, I think you may have, as they say, got the wrong end of the *stake.*”

“You see, that stake you are holding so hopefully is indeed for Miss Jasmine. But not to be placed through her heart, oh no...”

“It is for her to hold in those wonderful hands of hers. For her to drive deep into the chest of *her* victim...”

“In short, my darling Dodi, it is for her to kill *you* with.”

The silence that followed was sickening, a nauseating, yellow silence that was broken only by the occasional *crack* from the fireplace. Dodi *stared* at the Count, who merely looked back at her with a casual, friendly smile.

“*What?!*” Dodi hissed at last, baring her fangs.

The Count shrugged.

“What can I say? I am capricious, like an infant with his toys, no? I have a

brand new toy...”

He lazily gestured Jason, whose head was swimming as he tried to take this all in.

“...and so I have decided, like all spoiled brats, to break my old one.”

“You-you can’t *do* this.” Dodi whispered, her dead face paler than ever. “I *trusted* you. You promised me immortality...”

She suddenly began screaming.

“I’m *famous*, you fuck! I’m Doug Simon, I’m the most-powerful man Hollywood! I’m-!”

The Count gave a small sigh, let out a *tsk* noise. He raised one large hand.

“Silence.”

And Dodi’s mouth *snapped* shut. The elegant vampire raised her fingers to her lips in horror. Jason could see her frantically working her jaw muscles, but it was useless.

She could no more open her mouth again than she could start flying.

“What a relief. The one thing I cannot abide more than a woman who refuses to kneel is a woman who raises her voice. It is *such* a nauseating sound.”

Dodi wasn’t listening. She was busy knotting her fingers together into a begging pose, her eyes wild and shining with tears. The sight of her like that made something flip in Jason’s stomach.

But it made something else happen, too. Something shameful and horrible but undeniable, too.

At the sight of Dodi, so utterly helpless, Jason felt a darkly overwhelming urge to *laugh*.

“It is interesting, no?” Murred the Count, his face still friendly, his eyes still on Dodi. “How the evil seem to think they are worth more than their victims. You, my darling Dodi, you *begged* me to turn you, you laughed when you made your first kill, you enjoyed the idea of killing my little Jasmine here, perhaps even too much...”

“But now that the tables, as they say, are turned, you suddenly develop a concept of mercy. Provided it is extended to you, of course.”

To Jason’s surprise, the Count looked down and gave him a joking wink.

“The human condition, again, you see!” He laughed. “I learned it all at Carlos the second’s court, that mad old sadist! We each wish we could hurt and rape without consequence, but when we are on the receiving end...”

He turned his smile back to Dodi.

“We suddenly become remarkably interested in things like *justice*, and *fairness*, and *due process*...”

His smile faded.

“Unfortunately, my darling Dodi, our God does not look kindly on hypocrites. You want to experience the dark rush that comes with being a killer, yes? Then you must not complain when someone decides to kill *you*.”

He turned to Jason.

“She is yours to do with as you please. I would advise a lingering death, as it is most-certainly what she had in mind for you.”

“And-and if I don’t?” Breathed Jason, his squeaky voice coming out cracked, nervous.

The Count shrugged.

“Then I will hand back control of you to darling Dodi, and let her do what she wishes. Don’t think this brush with death would make her go easy on you. It is another foible of humans and vampires alike, those who have experienced hurt are far more likely to hurt in return, remarkable to say.”

“Now. Choose.”

There was nothing he could do.

His weak, female legs trembling, Jason pulled himself to his feet. Nervously walked toward Dodi, his high heels tapping out a rhythm on the floor, like the slow beats of a dying heart.

Clack... clack...

He could see the fear in Dodi’s blue eyes, the horror on her supermodel face. Soft moans escaped her throat, even as her lips remained obediently sealed. Her legs trembled, her body unable to turn and run unless the Count wished it.

Clack... clack...

His slender arms heavy, like he was moving through treacle, Jason reached

out. Gently took Dodi's hands in his own. The two girls looked into one another's eyes as Jason brought his curvy body closer to Dodi's elegant frame. Closer... closer...

...*clack*.

Dodi's soft lips were inches from Jason's. Their noses almost touching. Their hips rested against one another's, their crotches pressed together.

It was like the last moves of a seductive dance. The moment before two girls kiss for the first time, terrified of the dark lust they are giving in to, but helpless to stop themselves.

Dodi looked up at Jason with shining eyes, her magically-sealed lips trembling. Quietly, Jason unknotted her long fingers, took the long, hard thing in his tiny hands.

There was a squeak from Dodi. She blinked back tears. Jason slowly shook his pretty little head.

"Shhh..." he whispered, his soft voice tender. "It's OK. It's all OK..."

He leaned forward, grasped his tool tighter. At the last second, Dodi seemed to realize what was happening. A faint smile crossed her perfect features. She closed her eyes, tilted her head back, parted her lips...

...and then the two girls were kissing, delicately biting at one another's tongues, sucking on each other's lips, their nipples hardening, their breasts faintly swelling with desire.

In the darkness behind his closed eyelids, Jason could feel the dizziness overtaking him, the rush of lust that transformed his crotch into a warm, moist marsh, sloppy and sticky and wet.

He tenderly reached up, clasped Dodi's light little head with one hand. Felt the gorgeous vampire wrap her arms round his shoulders, falling into his embrace.

She gently bucked her hips against his, let out a little whimper. Jason opened his eyes slightly, pulled back, looked at Dodi with tenderness and breathless desire. Watched her watching him with half-lidded eyes, dizzy and woozy with pleasure. He clasped the wood hard in his hand...

"Dodi..." he whispered, his soft voice coming out in a desperate female moan.

...and then he was thrusting forwards, thrusting deep into her. Dodi's eyes went wide, unfocused. A gasp escaped her red lips. She *gripped* Jason tight against her, her body writhing, moaning.

Jason pulled back out. He thrust again. Penetrated Dodi's heart once, twice, three times.

He was aware two women were screaming. Not the sounds of a woman in the throes of fear. The passionate, animal screams of girls who are fucking, fighting, teetering on the brink of orgasm...

And then it was over. There was a rush of wind, a scattering of dust, and Jason was stood alone.

He blinked, suddenly aware that he was holding a hard wooden stake out in front of him, his long chestnut hair and expensive green dress stained with a kind of gray ash. Aware, too, that his pussy was damp, and his cold skin prickling with the heat of arousal.

Dazedly, he looked down at his feet, at the collection of charred bones that lay there, already smoldering away to nothing. At the broken vampire skull, looking up at him with unseeing, reproachful eyes.

A slow clap made him turn round.

The Count was sat in his chair, watching Jason with that same amused smile, like a man who has just witnessed a mildly-diverting play.

"Congratulations, Mr. Harker. You make an *excellent* little vampire slave, even if I do say so myself. I had hoped you might torture poor Dodi, but, alas, we cannot always get what we want."

Jason barely heard him, he was too busy looking in faint disgust at the stake he still held in his dainty hand. Six inches of pointed, hard wood. What was the point in it?

"Don't call me that," he whispered.

"What, Mr. Harker?"

"I said don't call me that!"

Jason angrily flung the worthless stake aside, glared at the Count with burning, female eyes.

"It's *Jasmine*, OK? My name is Jasmine!"

He felt disgusted with himself, without knowing why. Disgusted at his very existence.

He'd killed vampires before. Hundreds of them. Staked them, burned them, sliced their heads off, tortured them in beams of sunlight.

But not like this. Never as a vampire before. Never as a *woman*.

And, suddenly, he never wanted to do it ever again.

“Jason’s *gone*. You killed him.” He shook his head, sadly, his long hair trailing out around him. “And I’m all that’s left.”

The Count’s smile was gone, replaced by a thoughtful expression. His dark eyes studied the girl before him with an intensity Jason wasn’t sure he liked. He felt the tiny hairs on the nape of his neck rise up.

Is he going to kill me?

At last, the Count stirred. Slowly, the strong, muscular monster pulled himself to his feet. Walked towards Jason with steps that were slow, confident, masculine.

Jason watched him with unhappy eyes, wanting to look away, but unable to stop himself from greedily taking in the broadness of his master’s shoulders. The power locked away in his biceps. The intoxicating *dominance* rising from his every pore.

The Count stopped directly before poor little Jason. Trapped inside his female body, he couldn’t help but notice how much *smaller* he was than this powerful man. How much *weaker*.

How *perfect* it was.

The Count raised one thick, masculine hand, his dark eyes not leaving Jason’s wide, green ones. He gently rested his palm against Jason’s cheek – so tender for such a big man – and let his thumb drift softly across his pink lips.

Jason couldn’t help it. He felt his lips part. Tasted the seductive sweat of the vampire. Tasted his forbidden fruit.

“You know something, my dear Jasmine?” Murmured the Count, his masculine voice sending little shivers through Jason’s female body. “I believe you may be my greatest success.”

He leaned forward, until his dark eyes filled Jason’s vision. Without wanting

to, Jason felt his head tilt back, felt his lips part. He closed his eyes...

...but the kiss never came. Instead, the vampire leaned down until his lips were almost brushing Jason's ear.

"You have mastered death, my beautiful slave. That leaves only one thing left, no?"

Jason felt a strong hand slip around his waist, clasp him closer to his master. He whimpered with all the servile pleasure of a girl, with all the dark desire of a vampire.

"One thing left for my darling Jasmine to experience..."

His fingers played out a secret rhythm against Jason's soft, feminine flesh, hypnotizing him, holding him. Jason trembled. He knew exactly what had to happen now.

Sex... the female voice in his mind whispered, dreamy with desire. *Sex...*
...and death.

III

The white sheets of the bed hung in the darkness. Their pale satin glowed like two ghosts.

Jason whimpered as the Count slipped a strong arm round his naked frame. Felt himself lean back, even as his crotch grew damp. His nipples pierced the darkness in front of him, rising from his pert breasts, pointed and true.

“Hush,” murmured the Count, putting one finger to Jason’s soft lips. “There is no going back now.”

“It is time for you to become a woman.”

Deep inside himself, Jason thought he could hear a male voice pleading no, begging him to stop. But it was washed away on a black tide of desire, a shameful longing he could no more fight against than he could stop a river with his bare hands.

Slowly, he raised a hand. Placed it, palm flat, against the Count’s muscular chest. Gently entwined his fingers in the dark, curly hairs that dusted his broad pecs, fascinated by the monster’s raw strength, a strength that he no longer wished he possessed.

Men were strong, and women were soft. It felt like a truth he couldn’t deny. As a man, he had wanted to be the possessor, wanted to be the one giving orders.

Now, in his female form, he felt only a need to *be* possessed. To writhe helplessly in someone’s arms. To obey and live only for his master’s pleasure.

Deep down, he knew not all women were like that. Knew the mechanics of his impossible transformation had turned him into a man’s vision of what a woman should be. But it hardly mattered.

He was a girl. And what he wanted was to be seduced and fucked by a strong, handsome man.

The Count was kissing him now. Kissing his long, swan-like neck. His fangs were bared, making little pinpricks in Jason’s skin, threatening to sink in at any time, a threat that made Jason’s female body shiver with desire.

He reached up, clasped the monster’s head against his body. Began gently grinding his hips against one thick, hairy leg. Delicate sparks of pleasure

danced across his skin. He let out a whimper.

And then, suddenly, he was falling. Falling through endless space. The Count swept him into his arms, Jason bit down on his shoulder, and they were sinking into a black abyss.

He landed with a soft *flump* on the bedsheets, felt them tangle beneath his skin. He looked up with half lidded eyes as the Count started kissing his shoulders, kissing his breasts, biting at his nipples.

With gentle movements, Jason felt his legs part, felt the gap between his legs, moist and desperate to be filled. He let out a soft moan as the Count placed the palm of one hand firmly against his mound...

...and then he felt a finger slip inside him and was carried away on a tidal wave of pleasure.

Jason's hips bucked automatically, inviting the Count further in, letting his finger penetrate him, possess him. He could feel the walls of his pussy stretching as his master scissored him, the movement making him wail and moan like a helpless girl.

Fucking Gus had been like being lost on a churning sea of passion. This was something else. Trapped beneath the Count's broad frame, unable to move as his former nemesis used his new body for his pleasure, was like becoming a prisoner of his female desires. Knowing that his pleasure was wrong, but being powerless to stop it.

He was the Count's newest wife. And, like a good little wife, he was incapable of wanting anything more than to please his muscular husband.

The Count was working him faster now, invading poor Jason's tight little cunt with his fingers, making him arch his back and moan and wail with pleasure, like the sissy little slut he was.

"Oh *God...*"

The words had escaped his lips before he even realized what he was saying. Like a girl in a daze, Jason let his free hand drift down, grasped hold of the vampire's cock, began furiously pumping it, trying to make his master ready, ready to fuck his newest slave.

The feeling of another man's dick in his hand should have been awful, humiliating. Instead, something about its shape seemed to send urgent signals deep into Jason's female brain, heightening his pleasure, making him more

aroused than ever.

A soft moan escaped his lips. He worked his wrist harder, wanting nothing more than to hear the Count gasp and feel his hot, sticky come rain down across his naked breasts.

But the Count had other ideas.

“Get up. On all fours.”

The words were rough, impossible to obey. Jason immediately pulled himself upright, turned and placed his face against the sheets, his pert ass rising high into the air, his heavy breasts dangling, their nipples grazing the sheets.

For a moment, he thought that might be it, that the Count might have taken him to the brink of orgasm, only to leave him crouched here, dripping wet and humiliated, his ass and pussy exposed for the world to see.

Then he felt the bed shift under the weight of the Count’s powerful frame. Felt a presence behind him, crouching low over his prostate form.

The Count kissed his bare back once, twice, three times, his thin lips leaving invisible tattoos of pleasure on Jason’s pale skin. Then the monster was whispering in his ear, his dark words swirling through Jason’s mind, making him drunk and dizzy with pleasure.

“And now, my darling Jasmine, it is time for you to become my *wife*.”

The strong, masculine vampire straightened up, clasped Jason’s feminine hips, and *thrust* his big cock deep inside him.

The pleasure was immediate, overwhelming, unbelievable. Jason bit down on his lower lip to stop himself from crying out; with pleasure, with pain, he didn’t know. The Count’s big dick – far, far bigger than his last lover’s had been – *stretched* the walls of his new pussy, until Jason thought he might scream.

Then, just when he thought he couldn’t take it anymore, and that he’d faint or die from pleasure, the Count gripped his hips tightly, and started thrusting.

His movements were soft at first, but quickly got stronger, his big dick lancing deep into Jason’s womb, his strong hips *thwacking* against Jason’s upraised ass.

Each thrust sent shockwaves of pleasure through Jason, made him feel like he was about to start crying. His big tits bounced and wobbled in time with the

Count's movements, forcibly reminding him of his newfound femininity. His long red hair lay across his face in streaks.

Dimly, Jason was aware he was whimpering, moaning, crying out his master's name. Begging him to fuck his tight pussy harder, to spank him. To fuck him like the naughty girl he now was, and show him what a *real* man was like.

The Count's balls smacked against Jason's exposed clit, making him gasp. The monster's cock drilled deep into his cunt. One strong hand was pushed between his shoulder blades, pinning him to the bed, trapping him in this never-ending nightmare of pleasure.

And all Jason could do was moan softly and wish that it would never end.

The two old enemies fucked like that for what felt like forever. Fucked like animals until the world seemed to fade into blackness and nothing remained but the fire in Jason's pussy and the feeling of the Count, thrusting against him.

Then, at long last, he heard it. The growled command, possessing his brain, taking over his body.

"Now, you bitch," the Count hissed. "Come. I *order you to come!*"

No sooner were the words out his mouth than Jason was screaming, his vision going blurry as high-pitched squeals escaped his girly lips.

He came for what felt like forever, his brain lost in a cloud of pink fire as the Count kept drilling into him, making his orgasm build and build and build until it seemed like his whole mind would be swept away.

At last, his orgasm peaked. As he floated back down to earth, he heard the Count give a grunt behind him, felt his old enemy go stiff.

Without even realizing he was going to do it, Jason pulled himself off the vampire's dick, quickly turned round and pulled himself into a kneeling position, his big tits clasped in his hands, his mouth expectantly open.

The Count came with an animal growl, his white hot come squirting out over Jason's raised tits, into his mouth, spattering down onto his soft, supermodel face.

Jason closed his eyes and smiled dreamily as the taste of spunk filled his mouth, salty, tangy and delicious. He swallowed everything the Count gave

him, then leaned forward and obediently licked the pools of come off his breasts, luxuriating in the taste. Luxuriating in his own helpless servility.

Jason is gone now, the female voice inside him whispered triumphantly, *now there is only Jasmine...*

When he'd finally eaten every last drop of spunk, he looked back up at the Count with shining eyes, his face glowing with ecstasy.

"Thank you, master," Jason whispered, enjoying the softness of his female voice, "Thank you for letting a little slut like me be your slave."

The Count gave him a kindly smile.

"Don't mention it, my dearest Jasmine," he whispered, reaching out and stroking Jason's hair again, tenderly. "I have longed to find a wife such as you for centuries, one as worthy of worshipping my cock as you are."

Jason smiled in bliss at his master's words. He leaned gently forward, kissed the tip of the Count's erect cock, letting his tongue gently dance around the rim.

This was it now, for the rest of his long, undead existence. Serving the Count's every whim. Letting his female body be abused sexually. Fighting with the Count's other beautiful, transformed wives for the tiniest sliver of attention. And, when at last the Count grew bored of him, being discarded and destroyed like the most worthless of toys.

And, to his amazement, Jason realized that he'd never been happier.

As he was tenderly kissing the Count's dick – the dick he would now be forced to worship like a God – a thought struck him. He sat back on his haunches, a curious expression on his beautiful face.

"Master... may I ask a question?"

The Count seemed surprised.

"Of course you may, my wife. What would you wish to know?"

Jason gently bit his lower lip, looked up at the Count with eyes that were full of female devotion.

"The aristocrat, in your story..." he said, slowly, "what happened to him?"

The Count let out a good-natured laugh.

"So you *are* curious? I knew it! Well, it is simple enough."

He smiled again at Jason, loving, tender.

“When I became a vampire, I waited until my mother had died, then returned to his mansion. There, I killed all his servants, took him to the brink of death, and, like you, turned him into a girl. I made him become my wife, and fall in love with me, and kneel before me and worship the ground I walked on.”

“I had a half-brother, too, born after the man had snatched my mother. I made my new wife seduce him, murder him, and feast on his corpse. She smiled the whole time, but, inside, it gave me comfort to know she was crying.”

“I renamed her Katherine, and wiped her memory. To this day, she thinks she was born female.”

A pause.

“Every hundred years, I find a male descendant of hers, and make her believe this is her son. Then I again make her seduce and kill him, and relive the whole sordid incident. A good revenge, is it not?”

He reached out, gently stroked one of Jason’s come-splattered cheeks.

“Almost as good as the revenge I have taken upon *you*, Mr. Harker. My newest, loving wife.”

For a moment, Jason thought he could hear a male voice screaming in the darkness, screaming at the horror and insanity swirling around him. And, above that, a distant, demonic laugh.

Then the thought was gone from his mind, along with all thoughts, all doubts, all worries.

The female vampire before the Count smiled obediently, whispered her master’s praises.

If the Count wanted her to think his story was a good one, then she was powerless to believe otherwise.

Epilogue

The night was cold. The moon hung over the trees, a dull, fat, bloated yellow. Strange noises whispered on the wind; demonic voices, muttering unspeakable things. The old mansion creaked in the breeze, a place of loathsome secrets and horrific darkness.

The hunter stood on the slick tarmac of the road, still shining with the aftereffects of the day's rain. He watched the house, a grim smile on his lips.

Vampires... he thought, derisively. *They sure like to be obvious...*

He looked down at the crumpled picture in his hand, the faded photo he'd printed off the internet two weeks ago, at some sleazy motel on the edge of that godforsaken town.

A handsome face looked out broodingly, its dark eyes shadowed by a mop of black hair. There was an edge to the expression, the sort of grit that only comes with a decade or so of hunting.

"Jason Harker..." murmured the hunter. "So he got you too, did he?"

He'd heard the rumors, they all had. That Jason was thinking of switching sides. That he was beginning to sympathize with the vampires, with their dark and cruel desires. But he'd never believed them...

...until now.

"I guess you're in there somewhere," he muttered, surveying the dark house, "enjoying your new life. Well, old friend, don't get too comfortable..."

He gripped the crossbow in his left hand tighter. The one with his initials carved on the base: Dr. V.H.

"...I'm here to put you outta your misery."

With that, the man cast the piece of paper aside. Began the long walk up to the nest, the nest he intended to burn, to purify in the fires of God.

The vampires thought that darkness always won. That was their essential mistake. They thought that killing and revenge and sadism were humanity's default settings, the method by which the world would end.

Well, he was gonna show them just how wrong they were.

He hoped.

Up on the top floor of the broken, creaking house, the Count looked out a

shattered window, watching the advancing figure with a faint smile on his face.

At last, he thought, idly, *a challenge...*

Casually, he clicked his fingers, thought two names. Watched disinterestedly as two beautiful women knit themselves out to the shadows, their eyes alive with evil laughter.

“Ah, Katherine, Jasmine,” he purred, barely looking their way. “It seems we have an uninvited guest. Would you be so kind as to take care of him for me?”

He ignored their evil cackles, their simultaneous *at once, master!* He didn't even watch as they disappeared, vanishing to confront the newcomer.

They would kill him, or he would kill them, it was as simple as that. And then he would kill the Count, or he, too, would be turned into a girl, turned into a vampire, made to serve the ancient monster.

The Count's eyes flashed with dark laughter. No, no matter what they thought, they couldn't deny it. Here it was, as clear as day. The essential truth of the whole, ugly, human race.

Sex and death... the undead aristocrat thought, *sex and death...*

Far below, the hunter gripped his crossbow, smiled to himself as the shadows wove themselves into a pair of green eyes, a waterfall of flaming red hair, an elegant green dress.

“Jason Harker?” He asked, his finger on the trigger. “It's been far too long.”

He was so busy keeping his eye on the creature that used to be Jason that he didn't even notice the other vampire appear behind him, a cruel smile on her beautiful, awful face.

The End

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The Teacher Who Became a Teenage Girl

I

It was a bright spring day when Simon's life changed forever.

He was walking between classes when it happened, a knot in his stomach that contrasted with the bright sunlight outside and the vibrant pink of the newly-bloomed cherry blossoms that surrounded their school.

It had been a bad day so far. Yet another one, his brain unhelpfully reminded him, quietly tallying up all the days that had been awful lately, or sad, or lonely, or just plain boring.

Ever since Katy...

Without him even having to think about it, Simon's legs swung round, taking him off the main hall that flowed through the school's center like a pulsing artery, and down towards the science blocks. He kept his head bowed as he went, his mop of thinning blond hair partially shielding his eyes.

No, he didn't want to make eye contact with anyone right now. Not when he was feeling like this.

All around him, students milled. Kids, far, far younger than he was. Teens, all filled with the hopes and dreams and anxieties and the never-ending horrors of puberty.

Look at them, he thought as he passed them, they're all just so... fresh. Even the loners and the losers. Not carefree, but... unbowed, I guess. Like they've still got hope.

He gave a small, internal sigh.

Poor bastards. Just wait till they find out what's coming.

He smiled distractedly at a group of girls in his literature class, trying not to let his thoughts show on his face. Stopped to gently reprimand a gang of 16-year old boys who were taking turns to come *bursting* out the doors of the study room, trying, not very seriously, to hit passersby. Then he abruptly turned and stepped through the doorway into the science block's cramped teacher's room.

"Hey, Simon." Catlin barely looked up from her battered copy of *New Scientist*. "Some weather, huh?"

“Tell me about it.” Simon gently eased the door closed behind him, shutting out the wave of passing students. “The radio said it’s gonna hit 78 by lunch.” To his surprise, Catlin snorted.

“What?”

“Listen to *you*, old man,” the redheaded lab tech smirked, finally looking up from her magazine, “still using the radio like it’s 1928. Did you hear that while riding your velocipede to the apothecary to get some...?”

A look of panic suddenly crossed her narrow face.

“Oh *shit*, I suddenly can’t think of a single goddamn old fashioned thing!”

“Liniment?” Simon leaned back against one narrow table, upsetting some textbooks as he did so. “Heroin? My grandpa used to say *his* grandpa could buy it over the counter as a kid.”

The teacher’s room was a long, narrow thing wedged between two classrooms almost like an afterthought. Bookshelves built into the walls groaned either side of them. Behind Catlin a single desk was wedged in, now lost under Catlin’s vintage collection of science magazines.

It was funny, Simon thought, how when you were a kid, you assumed your teachers had it so easy.

It was only when you grew up and took a job teaching literature that you saw the cramped offices, underequipped staffroom and heart-attack inducing timetables and realized how dumb your teenage-self had been.

Catlin was looking at him closely, peering through her blocky glasses in that intense way of hers that made Simon squirm. Even though they were about the same age, he still sometimes felt weirdly like she could be his older sister.

Or his mom.

“Another bad one?” She said at last with a sigh. “Jesus, Simon, those kids must be...”

“Nah, it’s not their fault.” Simon replied. “Jacobean theatre bores literature professors. When you’re fourteen...”

He picked up a sharpened pencil, began cleaning the underside of his fingernails, unaware Catlin was fighting to keep the sympathetic expression on her face. She’d never told him how much his nervous habit grossed her out.

“It’s me. This place. The workload. I don’t know. I’m just finding it so hard to, y’know, *Dead Poets Society* my classes right now.”

“Urgh.” Catlin rolled her eyes. “You know, that film has been responsible for more assholes thinking they could teach than maybe anything else in the history of ever.”

“Maybe. But it also showed kids we could be inspiring.”

“I seriously doubt any of our student body has seen a film older than *Titanic*,” Catlin muttered.

She paused. Then, with hesitation in her voice:

“So, were you, uh, looking for...?”

“Katy?” Simon suddenly found himself very absorbed in cleaning his nails. He could feel his cheeks starting to burn.

Christ, you’re 35 years old! Don’t start blushing like some teenage girl!

“Yeah, I mean, sure.” He heard himself say. “Has she...?”

“She left about ten minutes ago. She’s got a free class next, so...”

Catlin suddenly shifted uncomfortably.

“Look, Simon, I didn’t want to tell you this, but she’s kind of... well, her and Pete, they’ve...”

“They’ve what?” Simon asked, his voice flat.

“Oh Christ, man, *you* figure it out!”

Catlin shook her head, exasperated.

“I know this isn’t what you want to hear, but they’ve been, well... You know how it is. They used to, before you, and I guess...”

“Yeah,” Simon said, thickly, “yeah, I guess you’re right.”

He could feel the tip of the pencil, pressed against his nail. See it, a faded gray dot, jammed against the underside.

His breathing was suddenly hard. Part of him wondered what would happen if he just kept pushing. Kept pressing with the pencil until it broke through and ripped the nail and-

He dropped the pencil onto the wooden table. Forced up a strained smile for Catlin.

“Sorry she forced you to be the bearer of bad news.” An awkward pause. “I guess I’d better...”

“Simon.” Catlin’s voice was gentle. “Look, I know it sucks. But we’re the grownups here, remember? At least, we’re sorta *meant* to be.”

Then why do I feel like some angry, mixed-up kid...? Simon wondered. Outwardly, he kept his mouth shut.

“So don’t go freaking out over this whole thing and ruining your classes, huh?” A sympathetic smile. “And don’t act like you can’t come down here without looking for Kate, OK. We can still shoot the shit.”

Simon nodded, that strained smile still on his face, the face that was finally beginning to show the lines and strain of impending middle age.

Ten years I wasted. Ten years... I’m never gonna find someone like her again...

“Sure.” He said out loud. “Thanks Catlin. But I’ve really gotta...”

He slid off the desk, fumbled the textbooks back into place. Nodded at Catlin’s New Scientist – anything to avoid having to see that mixture of pity and exasperation in her face.

“Good read? What issue...?”

“May 1998. Just reading the old articles on genetic manipulation and seeing how far short we’ve fallen. Simon, man, are you sure-?”

“Cool.” Simon gave his friend a bright smile. “See you lunch, maybe?”

And, before Catlin could reply, he was gone.

He walked through the thinning crowd of students with his head down, already late to his own class and feeling like he was walking through a thick, black fog.

Each step he took seemed like the heartbeat of some great, dying beast – a behemoth lost in the mist, its plaintive cries audible only to him. He felt like he could *hear* Katy’s voice out there, somewhere, talking to him, whispering, like she always used to.

How could I be so dumb...? How come I didn’t see...? I’m like these kids. Stupid and emotionally blind...

The hall had vanished. Now he walked alone through his memories, no

longer seeing the school around him. No longer seeing anything but those icy blue eyes, that strange, crooked smile. Hearing only her laughter, her voice.

He was so lost in his private world of pain and grief that he didn't even notice it happening.

There was the sound of laughter. A distant, youthful male voice saying *someone's coming... NOW!* The crash of a body hitting a door and forcing it open at speed...

And then Simon's whole world went white with pain.

For a moment, he was dimly aware he'd hit something. That the study room door had swung open and cracked into his forehead and now his whole body was swaying. Thought he saw a blurred teenage boy's face changing from mocking triumph to horror as he realized he hadn't hit a fellow student but a *teacher...*

That was all he saw.

With a distant feeling of release, Simon felt his knees give out. Felt his body fold backwards. Saw the ceiling rush up above him and suddenly get very far away.

There was a sensation of pain that somehow didn't hurt, radiating out from the back of his head, engulfing him, making the whole world dimmer. A boy's voice, shouting. Everything went dark.

At least I can relax now... Simon thought as the world faded away.

And then he was gone.

If he'd known it was the last thought he'd ever think as a man, he might have even felt some sadness

*

"Is she still breathing?"

"Oh my God, what *happened...?!*"

"Stay back, give her some space!"

The distant voices were like invisible hands, reaching deep into the dark pool of Simon's mind, pulling him towards the surface. He whimpered faintly, tried to shake them off.

He couldn't remember why, but some part of him wanted to stay down here,

away from the daylight, forever.

“I think she’s coming round...”

It was no use. Like he was rising out of a Sunday morning slumber, Simon could feel himself reluctantly drifting towards consciousness, towards that bright, depressing plane we call reality.

No... he tried to whimper. No, don't make me...

“She’s trying to talk!”

Then, another voice. An adult voice, loaded with authority. Nearer to him, whispering right in his ear.

“Sofia! Sofia, *wake up!*”

Who...? Simon just had time to think. Then his body automatically opened its eyes.

A large, male face loomed over him, the tip of its nose inches from his face. It looked vaguely familiar. Around it, other faces floated in the brightness of the hall – kids’ faces, students – watching him with a mixture of concern and bovine fascination.

“Wha...?” Simon managed to slur.

His voice came out somehow wrong. Higher pitched than he was used to hearing, almost childlike. He mentally kicked himself, convinced the surrounding kids would laugh at their teacher’s squeaky voice, but no-one reacted at all.

That hit must've been harder than I thought...

It was coming back now. The hallway. The angry, bitter thoughts, roiling in him. The door. Some kid must’ve...

He realized he was lying flat on his back. With a gentle groan he pulled himself up slightly, brushed his long, dark hair out of his eyes with one dainty hand.

“Are you OK?” The male face asked, leaning back, a serious look of concern on its features.

Simon frowned at it, wondering where he knew it from, then felt his heart skip a beat as his brain slowly started working again.

Pete. Oh shit, of all the people who might see me like this, it had to be...

“Pete?” He said, struggling to form the words. His head was starting to throb.
“I’m fine, I just...”

I just can’t stop talking in this weird way... He wanted to say, but his mouth wouldn’t form the words.

“Sir.” A young girl’s voice was saying high above him. “Sir. She just called you *Pe-!*”

“Yes, I know.” Pete cut her off. “It’s fine, Chloe.”

He placed one hand on Simon’s shoulder. To Simon’s surprise, it felt almost impossibly big, impossibly heavy, like a huge slab of meat.

Has he been working out? He doesn’t look any different...

Sat up now, he could see the crowd of students gathered around him, teenage faces that seemed to be on bodies much taller than he remembered them being. Between a forest of legs, he could just about see the boy who’d hit him with the door – Brendon, he thought his name was – hanging back against the wall, his face pale, his eyes red with hastily brushed away tears.

Simon forced up a weak smile.

“Brendon.” He said, his strange, squeaky voice quivering slightly. “Brendon, it’s OK. I promise you won’t be in any trouble.”

My voice... what the hell is wrong with my voice?!

There was a nervous laugh from the circle of kids. Pete shifted awkwardly.

“That’s... that’s for the teachers to decide, Sofia,” he said, gently. “Now, can you stand? Are you-?”

That was as far as he got. At his colleague (and love rival’s) words, Simon frowned at him.

“Pete? What... what are you *talking* about? I *am* a teach-”

At that moment, something seemed to click in Simon’s mind. A strange switch was flicked, and he suddenly became horribly aware of several things at once.

The first was how much *smaller* he suddenly was. Even sat down on the floor like this, he could tell that he no longer felt like a tall, 6ft2 man, but like someone maybe ten inches shorter.

His body, too seemed to take up less space. While he’d never been fat like

some teachers, or big from hitting the gym like Pete, he'd not exactly been a stick insect.

Now, though, he felt *tiny* next to Pete, like his body could tell the other teacher was impossibly more bulky than he was, without even looking to compare.

“Sofia...? Sofia, are you...?”

There were other things, too. A slight weight on his head and a tickling on the back of his neck from where his very long, very dark hair now fell past his shoulder blades in a waterfall. A weird, faint feeling on his teeth, like something was stuck to them, like...

With a start, Simon realized he was wearing braces.

What the-?!

Barely had he begun to form the thought when he suddenly became aware how chilly his legs were, and realized it was because he was now wearing a pale pink patterned summer dress that stopped above his knees. He automatically reached up to touch his body and felt the fabric of the dark blue cardigan he'd worn over it.

With a frantic feeling, Simon held his hands out in front of him and saw how small they were, with their slender fingers; dainty wrists leading to skinny, hairless arms; close-cropped fingernails painted a goth-y midnight blue.

Oh God... Oh God no!

“Sofia? OK, give her space guys, I think she needs to...”

His mind whirling, Simon grabbed hold of his face. Felt the soft, smooth skin of his suddenly hairless cheeks. The cheekbones that were already sharper than any man's had a right to be. Ran his fingertips in fright down to his neck and felt how long it was, how slender.

Please!

Then his trembling new hands touched his narrow shoulders, and the whole world seemed to go spinning away into madness.

There, under the fabric of his cardigan and light dress, he could feel the raised bump of two straps, nestled snugly over his shoulders, holding his bra in place.

Which means...

Trembling all over, trying not to scream, Simon slowly lowered his head, looked down at his own body. Took in its slender, hairless legs, its swollen hips, already beginning to push outwards as puberty took its course, its narrowing waist.

Took in the gentle swell of his two budding breasts, finally past the training bra stage and starting to show, to show the woman he was only a few short years away from becoming.

For a moment, Simon simply stared in uncomprehending terror at his strange new body, at the body of the teenage girl he was now trapped as. At the 15-year old body of Sofia.

For a moment, he simply stared.

It was only when that moment had passed that he started to scream.

II

Less than twenty minutes later, Simon stood before the mirror in the backroom of the nurse's office wondering if he was going mad.

The little washroom, a tiny space for dressing plasters and checking wounds, was empty. The sink was a pale pink porcelain that matched Simon's new dress (*pink for a girl*, his brain thought, numbly). In the mirror, the plaster the nurse had stuck over the ugly red welt on his forehead caught the light, reflected back, as if trying to draw attention to itself.

But none of these things were what occupied Simon's mind. What dominated his vision, making him feel sick and on the verge of tears.

There, looking back from the mirror's surface, her face only inches from his...

...was a *teenage girl*.

She was pretty, in a young way, with these piercing blue eyes and sharp cheekbones that stood out even against the slightly-overdone concealer and other giveaways of self-conscious youth.

Her lips were pink, her skin very pale. Her long, weirdly-straight dark hair framed her features perfectly, making her look faintly Goth-like, a look that carried on over into her dark nail polish and heavy black boots.

If you were expecting a gloomy, Marilyn Manson obsessed teen, though (Simon wasn't entirely sure kids still listened to Manson, but now didn't seem the time to worry about it), that crumbled the minute you looked at her clothes.

The girl in the mirror wore a thin, retro pink summer dress beneath a dark cardigan hung lazily over her shoulders that looked like it was trying to blend into her hair. The vibe it gave off was of a girl who should be carrying armfuls of books, determinedly locking herself away from the world to read them.

She looked like a pretty bookworm. The sort of girl who might actually pay attention in Simon's dullest classes. Mature for her age, dreaming of getting away from her small town and going to college, even at a time when most of her friends were dreaming of boys and becoming YouTube celebrities.

In short, she was young. Quirky. With hints of promise. The sort of 15-year old girl you might be happy to have as your daughter.

And.

She.

Was.

Him.

At the thought, Simon felt a whimper escape his throat. In the mirror, the girl's lips parted slightly, the light glinting off her braces. He heard the high-pitched noise – so much squeakier, so immature compared with his normal man-voice – and shuddered.

No. This couldn't be happening. It was a dream. A ridiculous, absurd *nightmare*.

Grown men didn't just bang their heads and wake up as teenage schoolgirls. It just didn't happen!

Except...

Except Simon already knew it wasn't a dream. In the same way that all of us may sometimes confuse dreams for real life, but never confuse waking life for its mischievous brother.

He knew all too well that this was as real as anything that had ever happened to him.

“Dear God...” he whispered, watching mesmerized as pretty, geeky young Sofia moved her lips in time with his, “what the *hell* is happening...?”

If God was listening, he wasn't in the mood to give any answers.

Like a girl in a trance, Simon stepped back from the mirror, not breaking eye contact with Sofia's reflection. Turned, looked down at the strange shape of his new body, unable to believe it was really *his*.

But there was no denying it.

He could feel, without even trying to, the uncomfortable underwire of his new bra, holding up his still-developing breasts, breasts that would soon grow bigger as he entered into womanhood.

He could feel the-the *space* between his legs where his penis should have been.

And he could feel the way his body now automatically curved, gently thrusting his chest forward and his ass out; one wrist dangling loose, his legs

slightly-kinked. Already subconsciously standing in imitation of the way his teenage brain saw grown women hold themselves in movies and on TV.

What we'd call a feminine gait, he thought, numbly.

Somewhere, in that body, hormones were going wild. Eggs that could be fertilized were starting to develop. A womb capable of housing babies was finding its final shape. Estrogen was coursing through its veins...

He pushed the thought away. He couldn't even start thinking about that right now.

Couldn't even start considering the fact he was now *trapped as a teenage girl*.

He'd tried to tell them, of course. First Pete, as he gently escorted this crazy student down to the nurse's office. Then the nurse himself, as he checked Simon's eyes, looking for signs of concussion.

This isn't me! He'd wailed, hating how high his new voice went when he was distressed. *I'm not supposed to be a student! Pete, please...*

But of course they'd ignored him. Well, not exactly. They'd exchanged worried looks and started talking about temporary amnesia, in the same way Simon would have talked if a student of his suddenly started insisting she was a grown up trapped in the wrong body.

So he'd finally quietened down. Stopped protesting. Weakly smiled and said it was all coming back now and that hit must've scrambled his brain and he really *was* Sofia and so on.

By then, only a short ten minutes after his hit and sudden, unexpected transformation into a cute teen girl, he'd already realized that the worst possible thing to do would be to get sent to the hospital. Or the lunatic asylum.

No. If he wanted to find out what had happened – and he still had a hard time thinking it really *had* happened – something told him he'd need to be here, in school.

Just as he was thinking these confused, disjointed thoughts there was a gentle tapping at the door.

“Sofia?” The nurse's voice, muffled through the plywood. “Is everything OK? If you're feeling sleepy, don't...”

“I’m fine!” Simon yelled. In the mirror, Sofia yelled with him, her blue eyes shiny with worry. “Two minutes.”

The nurse said something, but Simon was already running the taps, splashing some water onto his youthful face, desperately trying to figure out what happened next.

He was trapped as schoolgirl. Worse, the sort of schoolgirl who might get bullied. Even *worse*, the sort of schoolgirl who might have boys who fancied her!

Dear God, not that... please not that!

He turned the taps off, looked miserably into Sofia’s reflected face, a face that looked like it was almost on the verge of tears.

“We’ve *got* to get back to normal.” The teenage girl in the mirror whispered. When Simon nodded in agreement, he was depressed to see she nodded in perfect time with him.

*

The hall was empty, the students in their classes.

Well, empty except for one hurried-looking girl.

Simon walked with his head down, the hall pass the nurse had written out for him clutched in one small hand, trying desperately ignore the strange signals his new body was sending him.

It wasn’t easy.

Every time he took a step, his flowing black hair moved, swishing back and forth lightly, tickling at his cheeks.

(I should tie it in a ponytail, he thought, but somehow the idea of doing something so utterly girly made him feel even weirder).

Every time his slender new legs moved, he was acutely aware of the freedom they had. Of how it felt to be walking with a dress on, instead of a pair of slacks.

Every time he sped up even slightly, he felt a weird little movement in his new chest. A sort of... *jiggling*, as his teenage breasts bounced slightly in his bra.

It was an accumulation of things. A concentration of a million tiny cues you

don't notice when you're in a body that's your own, but when it's someone else's body are loud enough and noticeable enough to make you feel like you're going mad.

Mad... Simon weakly thought as his heavy new boots (*why did Sofia wear such stupid shoes?!*) beat out a rhythm against the hallway floor. *Maybe I am mad...*

Maybe my past life is all a dream, and I always was a teenage girl?

Somehow, it didn't seem like a particularly helpful thought.

Before he left him in the nurse's office, Pete had told him not to worry about his next class.

"Take it easy and relax in the library, OK?" He'd said, *"or even call up your mom and have her take you home. You've had a nasty shock, Sofia."*

And he'd smiled weakly and nodded, like a scared girl putting on a brave face.

But now he was out of the nurse's office, back out in the school, he had no intention of either relaxing in the library or trying to go home (assuming his home hadn't vanished along with his body).

Nu-uh. He had somewhere else in mind.

Abruptly, Simon swung round, his smooth, slender teenage legs taking him off the main hall, towards the science blocks. No sooner had he turned the corner than he saw it.

There. There it was. The source of all his trouble.

The door to the study room.

Slowly, Simon walked up to it, his heart hammering in his chest.

It looked just like any other school room door: wooden with a blurred window set in the upper-half, the words STUDY ROOM stenciled onto it in black letters.

Still, Simon thought he could feel a strange feeling radiating off it. Almost like the door was infused with magic.

Right, here we are. What now...?

Hesitantly, Simon held up one dainty hand – still unable to really believe this small, girly hand was *his* – and gently touched the door.

He half expected a blast of light as some unexplainable magic knocked him off his feet. But nothing happened. He stood there with his hand awkwardly pressed against the door until he started to feel slightly stupid.

Should I...?

He quickly looked up and down the hall, his dark hair swishing around him as he did so. There was no-one else around.

The door opened with a faint creak Simon could swear he'd never heard before. He held it angled towards him, its wooden frame lined up perfectly with his button nose.

"It was a hit that did it last time..." he breathed, Sofia's voice coming out his pink lips all ragged and shallow. "So maybe that means...?"

He took a deep breath. Gripped the door tight. Closed his eyes.

Right. Here goes...

He leaned his head right back...

"What are you up to, young lady?"

...and span around with a girly squeak of fear as the horribly familiar voice cut through the quiet hallway.

Oh shit... please, not her!

There, standing just outside a classroom door, her arms folded over her white lab coat – the same coat he'd slipped from her shoulders so many time as he kissed her – was...

"Katy!"

The blonde science teacher frowned, one penciled eyebrow rising up her face, a face Simon used to find impossibly cute, impossibly youthful looking.

Now, though, he was shocked to realize it didn't look young at all through Sofia's eyes, but old, in the same way that everyone over about 20 looks old to a 15-year old girl.

Nor did it look cute. In fact, it almost looked...

Scary, Simon thought with an invisible shudder.

"That's a bit familiar, Sofia." Kate was still looking him up and down, as if searching for some kind of dress code violation she could also hit him with.

"Miss from now on. If you don't mind."

“S-sorry, Ka- miss.” Simon managed to squeak. “I was... I mean I...”

He suddenly thrust out the hand still clutching his hall pass. It was all he could think to do.

“I’ve got a pass!”

He immediately felt very stupid.

Jesus Christ! This is Katy, remember? The woman you spent ten years with. Stop acting like she’s a-a...

A teacher.

But even as those thoughts formed, Simon knew they were laughable.

Katy was a teacher. And he was a teenage girl now.

Whether his brain accepted it or not, their dynamic in this new, crazy world was miles away from being equal.

“That’s great, Sofia,” Kate gave him a smile – not the crooked smile that had so long haunted Simon’s dreams, but a bland, professional smile, “but I doubt it includes permission to knock yourself out for the second time today.”

“No miss,” Simon muttered.

To his shock, he found himself looking down at his shoes as he spoke, the tip of one foot playing against the ground, just like any naughty girl being told off.

God, I’m starting to act like a teen now...

“Right.” Katy was speaking briskly, in a voice Simon had never heard her use before, “in that case, I think maybe you’d better head to class, don’t you? Who are you meant to be with now?”

“Mister...” Simon started, then suddenly stopped, his pink lips dangling open. He realized he didn’t have a clue what Sofia was meant to be doing.

He was just wondering if he should say Pete’s name and leave it at that, when a thought struck him. A wild, crazy thought that he immediately had to know the answer to.

Calmly, Simon raised his innocent blue eyes. Looked right at Katy.

“Pritchard,” he said, softly. “Mister Simon Pritchard.”

Whatever reaction he’d been expecting, it wasn’t the one that happened.

At the sound of his old name, he saw Katy's shoulders stiffen. Saw the color drain from her face. She blinked, her old demeanor broken, before her expression quickly closed off again.

"Why did you...?"

Katy quickly shook her head, her ponytail bobbing behind her head.

(the same pretty little head I used to kiss goodnight, not thinking it'd ever end...)

"No more jokes, Miss Nightingale," she snapped at Simon, "get to class now."

She paused for a moment. Simon was startled to see her cheeks had flushed a rosy pink.

"And if I ever hear you mention that name again..."

She didn't finish. She didn't need to. The classroom door slammed angrily shut, leaving Simon all alone in the hall.

What the hell was that about?

For a moment, the transformed teacher just stood there, staring at the spot where his former lover had just been, his mind whirling.

I guess that means the old me didn't just vanish completely, then...

He wondered if he should chase after Katy. If he should go crashing into that classroom and kick up a fuss until she told him exactly what had happened, exactly where his old body was.

But there was something in his new, female form. A powerful urge not to disobey a teacher. A good girl's need to do as she was told and not be a rebel.

He knew he should try and fight it.

Abruptly, Simon turned and headed back toward the main corridor, back towards the heart of the school. This time, he didn't even notice the way his long, black hair swished, or the way the spring air caressed his bare legs beneath his dress, or the way his new breasts wobbled in his bra.

Whatever was happening today, it looked like it was even stranger than he could have possibly imagined.

*

The next hour passed in a dreamlike blur.

After his meeting with Katy, Simon went down to the school's front desk and politely asked the overweight, matronly woman which class he was meant to be in.

He'd only intended to get an idea of what Sofia's timetable might be, but after hearing that it was Spanish with Mr. Rodriguez, he'd found himself making his way there, almost against his will. Knocking on the door, apologizing for being late with an awkward, girly smile.

And so he'd found himself, aged 35, sat in a classroom with twenty five other teenagers, trying to recite Spanish verbs while privately trying not freak out about how screwed up this all was.

The biggest issue burning in his mind was Katy.

She could still remember his male form. At the same time, she could *also* remember this dorky teen girl called Sofia, whose life had been magically forced on him.

Worryingly, though, he wasn't sure he could still remember *her* as clearly as he should have.

As he'd sat at his desk, idly playing with a strand of long hair (unaware he was even doing so), Simon tried to picture his old girlfriend as she'd looked when they were still going out.

There were still parts of it, locked away in his newly teenage brain. Images, like faded photographs in some old family album.

The white tank tops Katy wore to bed with those retro pajama bottoms. The way she often stayed up to read on her Kindle as he fell asleep beside her.

But when he tried to get a closer look, to see the details in these pictures, he found to his horror that they faded away.

The way Katy's hair looked all mussed in the mornings... the smell of her skin... what it felt like to make love to her... all of it was gone.

In their place were vague guesses, fired more by Sofia's immature imagination than anything else.

Come on... Simon thought at one point, trying to ignore the class going on around him. *This is Katy. We went out with her for ten damn years!*

Concentrate.

He tried to picture her naked. Tried to picture the love of his life slowly

stripping down, removing her bra, inviting him to bed with a hungry look, moaning that she was desperate for his-

Guh-ross!

The image exploded into a million pieces as a shudder passed through Simon's slender new form. In shock, he realized that his newly female brain was *disgusted* at the thought of seeing Katy naked.

Urgh. Old, naked teacher. No thanks... I'm not a dy-

He stopped himself before he could think the word. The wrong, wrong word with all its horrible implications.

What's happening to me...? His brain whispered in misery and fear. *How can I already be forgetting...?*

But of course, there was no answer.

As the class wore on, he turned his mind away from Katy. As his fellow teens struggled to properly conjugate their *querers* and their *llegars*, Simon found himself discovering some unexpected, unpleasant, things about his new life.

The first was that his suspicions had been correct: Sofia was a bit of a loser. Although he'd chosen a seat between two other ordinary-looking girls, neither of them was paying him the slightest bit of attention.

Annoyingly, Simon thought he knew why.

Look at them... they're too popular. Future cheerleaders or something. Not vintage-wearing dorks like...

Like me.

At the same time, the part of him that was still an adult was struggling to understand the gulf between them.

As far as he could tell, the redhead on his right, and the Barbie-doll to his left were no prettier than he was in his new body. Had he seen the two of them chatting with Sofia in the hall while he was still a teacher, he wouldn't have thought anything about it.

And yet... and yet...

And yet, his new body was strangely aware of tiny social cues his adult self was blind to.

The way Barbie's makeup was done just so expertly, like she was too good

for this place. The way redhead – who wasn't all that anyway, in Simon's humble opinion – had given his vintage dress a *look* as he came in, like it was the most tragic item of clothing anyone had ever worn in the history of ever.

Somehow, despite only existing in this body for an hour at most, Simon had been judged and slotted into the school's social hierarchy with almost clinical cruelty.

Just as he was thinking these thoughts, Barbie turned and wrinkled her upper lip at him, her face suddenly a mask of disgust and Simon realized, with a flush of embarrassment, that he'd been staring at her.

"Ugh. What?" The future cheerleader hissed at him. *"See something you like, dyke?"*

Simon felt his cheeks flush red.

"Nothing. I was..." he fumbled for the words. "I was just..."

With a jolt of shame, he realized he was actually intimidated by this teenage girl. He, a teacher, scared of a 15-year old who was probably a mess of insecurities beneath that polished exterior. It was ridiculous! Laughable. So dumb he should be laughing right now.

"You were totally staring at me." Barbie was looking at him like he was a piece of excrement on the tip of one of her expensive-looking shoes. *"Stop being such a creepy little bitch, yeah, or I'll tell the whole school what a massive lesbo you are."*

Not that! The female part of Simon's brain screamed.

"Sorry, OK?! I didn't mean to..."

But Barbie was already turning away with a sneer and a toss of her perfect hair. Turning to one of the girls on the other side of her and whispering something. Simon felt his tiny new ears go red as he bowed his head, hiding behind his dark bangs.

Great. Now everyone in school's gonna think I'm even more of a loser!

Somehow, knowing that high school was just a stage of life and didn't really matter wasn't helping contain his embarrassment, his feeling that he wanted to vanish into the earth.

He nervously picked up a pencil, started picking underneath his suddenly long nails. He stared in misery and confusion at his delicate new hands, at the

underdeveloped, very female body they were attached to.

What's happening to me...? The thought was a wail of despair. *I'm even starting to think like a teenage girl...*

The class wore on. As Simon desperately tried to look anywhere but at Barbie and her friends, he noticed a second disturbing thing.

While the other girls unanimously seemed to regard him as somewhere between tragic and distasteful, the same wasn't true of the boys.

Of the fifteen or so guys in the classroom, at least five of them – the slightly dorkier ones – seemed incapable of taking their eyes off him.

At first, Simon thought he was imagining it. Thought his newly teenage brain was playing tricks on him.

But by the time he'd been sat in the classroom for twenty minutes, he knew he was mistaken.

Some of the boys around him *seriously* had the hots for his girl-body.

Every time Mr. Rodriguez called on him to answer a question (*Rick, his name is Rick*, the male part of his brain said, furiously, *stop thinking of him as a teacher!*), a dozen eyes would turn and linger on his cute, pale face as he spoke, making him feel all hot and uncomfortable.

Every time, he leaned back, accidentally pushing his developing chest forward, a handful of guys would sneak little looks at the swell of his breasts.

And when he was forced to go up to the board and write a quick sentence in Spanish, he was horribly aware that one of the kids at the front – a tubby, bespectacled boy called Ben that Simon had taught last year – was letting his eyes crawl over the outline of Sofia's ass.

It was bizarre. Like someone had thrown a spotlight on the changing parts of his teenage body, the parts that highlighted how very female he now was.

The first few times it happened, he was weirdly flattered. After half an hour, he was starting to get creeped out.

By the time he'd been in the lesson for forty five minutes, his mind was a sea of confusion.

Is this what it's like? He found himself thinking as Ben turned around to stare at him before quickly blushing and looking away. *In our school? I always thought we'd done a good job with those talks on consent and personal*

space.

In one part of his mind – the adult, male part – he was aware that Ben and the other staring boys were adolescents, going through something they couldn't control, and that they probably just needed someone to have a gentle word with them.

In the other part of his new brain, though – the part that was more-identifiably Sofia – he couldn't help but feel uneasy every time a boy looked at him that way.

It felt like his skin was crawling under their gaze. Like he was being made to feel dirty and alien, just by dint of being female.

Look at you, they seemed to be saying, we might all be kids, but you're just a girl. A dorky girl at that. You should be grateful we're even bothering to pay attention to a loser like you.

It was like he suddenly existed just for guys' enjoyment. Just to be judged, the better parts of his girl-body catalogued, and then dismissed with a laugh.

It was *awful*.

If I ever get back to normal, Simon thought at one point, forcibly pulling his cardigan closed over the gentle swell of his breasts as Ben snuck another peek, I'm having some serious words with the students about consent and not being creepy little shits.

Yet the worst part was, he could hardly talk. Even as the teenage boys overtly creeped on him, he was all too aware that his new body was doing some creeping of its own.

No matter how hard he tried, he was finding it semi-impossible not to stare at Rick Rodriguez.

Mr. Rodriguez (*Rick!* His brain hastily corrected itself) was someone he'd never really talked to as an adult. They were in different departments and had different interests.

All the same, Simon had always been vaguely aware that the Spanish teacher, with his broad shoulders, gym-fresh biceps, square jaw, dark eyes and easy smile, had been attractive. Catlin had told him so plenty of times after she'd had a couple.

Now, though, trapped in the body of a hormonal teenage girl...

... it was like a light had come on and Simon could see for the very first time. As Rick turned around from the board and fixed Simon with an encouraging smile, he felt his teenage heart flutter.

Every time the teacher called out “*Sofia!*” in his deep, masculine voice, Simon felt his pink new lips go dry.

Every time the teacher reached up at the board, the hard muscles visibly moving beneath his thin, blue shirt, Simon had to quickly look away, desperately trying to keep himself from blushing a bright crimson.

It was *horrible*. Awful! Humiliating.

To be trapped as a teenage girl, with teenage girl urges and a teenage girl teacher-crush. To suddenly be looking at Rick Rodriguez not as a colleague or even a teacher, but as someone his body was developing weird, romantic feelings for...

It was *wrong!*

I’ve got to stop this, Simon thought, blushing furiously as Rick called on him to answer again, even as he couldn’t stop a starry-eyed smile from breaking over his teenage face, *this is seriously unhealthy*.

But he was simultaneously aware that there was nothing he could do about it.

It was natural for a fifteen year old girl to have a crush on a male teacher. As natural as the sun rising or gravity stopping them all from spinning off into space.

He’d had female students before who clearly had feelings for him. And, provided they didn’t start acting out, you just let them get on with it, making sure not to encourage it in any way. They usually got over you quickly enough.

Now he *was* the fawning teen girl, though, it didn’t feel natural or just like a phase at all.

It felt like his whole mind, his whole universe was suddenly revolving around this grown-up, married man.

And it was all he could do to keep his body from swooning every time the handsome teacher caught his eye.

So that’s why I came to his class, Simon thought – not a little bitterly – as he felt his eyes helplessly drift over Rick’s broad, powerful shoulders. *Sofia’s*

obviously been head over heels for him for a long time.

Which means I'm obsessed with him, too...

Discovering that he wasn't just trapped as a girl, but as a hormonal straight girl with a serious thing for male authority figures was almost enough to make him start screaming all over again.

Still, he was almost glad that the target of his girl-body's affections was someone like Rick. Someone who wouldn't reciprocate. Someone who wouldn't look back.

Someone far too old to even register Sofia as attractive.

At long last the final bell went, releasing Simon from his wonderful prison. As he slipped out the classroom at the back of a wave of teenagers, his exercise book clutched against his chest, he shuddered to imagine what it would be like if his new body had a crush on a fellow student.

Urgh. No way. Even if he was stuck like this forever, that would just be wrong.

There was no way in Hell he would ever let his adult brain do anything remotely sexual while in a teenager's body.

Maybe if I'm stuck this way till I turn 18, he thought, sourly, I can let Sofia indulge her straight side a little. Until then...

He made himself stop. What was he thinking?

There was no way he was gonna just deal with puberty all over again and get back to adulthood the long way. Especially not when "adulthood" now meant "womanhood" and periods and boyfriends and – if he was very unlucky – motherhood.

Nu-uh. He was getting back to his grown up male body. Today.

He didn't care *what* crazy shit he had to do to make it happen.

He was just drifting along the hallway, lost in these weird thoughts, when his cell vibrated.

His first thought was that it was probably Catlin.

As he fished the pink-cased smartphone out his cardigan pocket (*weirdly girly for Sofia*, he thought), he was so sure it was gonna be his friend in the science department that he was already thinking up some sarcastic little joke

he could amuse her with.

It was only when he saw the totally unfamiliar name on the totally unfamiliar screen that he realized he was about to get pulled even further into Sofia's teenage life.

It was a WhatsApp group message, sent by somebody called Abi. As Simon swirled the unlock pattern on the screen – surprised to see it was still the same as his old cell – he saw it was part of a bigger chat between three other people, all teenage girls like him.

HEY BITCHES, Abi's message read, WE LUNCHING OR WHAT?

At the top of the group, a little round circle with a young girl's face in peered out at him. A slightly overweight girl with dark red hair and a sarcastic smile.

Simon felt a shiver pass up his spine.

Sofia's friends...

Before he could think what to do, the cell buzzed in his hand as another message appeared.

DUNNO ABS, it read. YOU'RE GETTING WAY TOO CLINGY.

It was sent from a girl called Karen.

(Karen Whitehall? Simon wondered vaguely. Isn't she friends with that sort of crowd?)

Before he could check the picture, though, another message had buzzed in.

HA. Abi wrote back. CAN'T HELP IT. YOU'RE JUST SOOOO FIT KAREN. IMA MARRY YOU AND HAVE GAY BABIES.

Another buzz.

GAYBIES? Karen. SUCH A TEMPTING OFFER.

Buzz.

HAHA. Abi. SOFIA AND EL ARE GONNA READ THIS AND WONDER WHAT THE FUCK IS HAPPENING.

Buzz. A new name, this time.

THERE IS ACTUALLY NOTHING YOU GUYS COULD DO, El wrote, THAT COULD POSSIBLY FREAK ME OUT ANY MORE THAN YOU ALREADY DO.

HAHA. BITCH. Abi sent, followed by a love heart.

YOU'RE SUCH A HOMOPHOBE EL, Karen sent. WHAT'VE YOU GOT AGAINST GAYBIES?

It was surreal. As Simon watched the conversation unfold, a prickling sense of unease began to tiptoe over his skin.

He was peeking into someone else's life. Into the private heart of this friendship group Sofia was apparently a part of. All the secrets of these teenage girls, all their laughter and their lives, was suddenly open to him in a way it never, ever would be while he was still a teacher.

He felt like a voyeur. Like a hacker who has snuck into someone's Facebook and is now rifling through their photos.

And yet, that wasn't all he felt.

A strangely-large part of him wanted nothing more than to join in with this conversation and forget all about becoming a man again.

Friends... crushes... he thought uneasily, it's like Sofia's life is starting to take over. Like the old part of me is getting swept aside...

He was just dithering over whether to reply or not when his cell buzzed again.

SOFIA. El's message read. HELP ME OUT. THESE TWO ARE IMPOSSIBLE.

LOVE YOU REALLY, Abi quickly replied.

YEAH SOF, Karen chimed in. STOP BEING A SPECTATOR AND TELL EL SHE'S WRONG.

Shit, of course, they can tell I'm monitoring the group...

For a split-second, Simon nearly did reply. Nearly sent his dainty new fingers zipping across the screen, spelling out some amusing reply that would confirm he was part of this friendship group.

There was a grumpy *bzzt!* as the cell switched off. Its screen went dark. He dropped it back in his cardigan pocket.

No. He wasn't here to start his life afresh as a teen girl, with teen girl friends and teen girl thoughts and feelings.

He didn't know *why* he was here, why this magic had affected him. Why he'd

suddenly lost his gender, his job, his identity and woken up in a world where he had always been a fifteen year old girl.

He had to find out. He couldn't just *accept* something as screwy as this. Couldn't just get used to having these breasts and this long dark hair and this cute young face and these braces and this bizarre life. Couldn't get used to wearing dresses and giving attractive boys glances in the hall.

And that meant he was gonna need some help.

"Catlin," he whispered aloud in his soft, high-pitched new voice.

If any of the passing students wondered why a fifteen year old girl was saying a science department tech's name to herself like that, they didn't let it show.

III

“What do you *mean* you’ve never heard of her?”

The middle-aged male lab tech leaned back around from the laptop he was hunched over, frowned, his bushy eyebrows knitting tight together.

“Who did you say you were, again, little Miss...?”

Simon had to bite down on the inside of one cheek to stop himself from screaming with frustration.

Little miss?! Who the hell does he think he is?

“Sofia.” He said out loud, trying his best to sound calm. “Sofia Nightingale. I’m a student. I’ve got a big project coming up, and I need to ask Catlin – sorry, *Miss Byrne*, if she can...”

“That’s your problem, right there,” the hairy lab tech said. “There’s no Catlin, no “Miss Byrne” in this whole department. Never has been, least not since I started in... what? 2014?”

His eyes drifted up to the plaster on Simon’s forehead.

“You sure you’re feeling OK, Miss Nightingale?”

They were in the little, narrow office between classes Simon had so often met Catlin in, the cramped one lined with endless shelves.

But where, before, the little desk at the back had been piled high with old science magazines, it was now a neat, almost featureless space dominated by a single laptop.

Of Catlin’s collection of vintage *New Scientists*, there was no sign.

“I’m *fine*.” Simon said, hating the way his teen girl voice lacked any edge, any authority that might make this idiot stop being such a patronizing dick. “I just *really* need to find Miss Byrne.”

The lab tech shrugged, his lined face unconcerned. As Simon watched him, he realized he wasn’t sure if the guy was actually middle aged or just looked unidentifiably old from his teenage perspective.

Perhaps he’s even younger than I was as a man...

“Then I suggest you start with the missing person’s bureau. Or maybe the bureau of made-up people.”

He turned back to his laptop.

“OK, little missy. Off you pop. I’ve got stuff to do.”

For a moment, Simon just stared at him, amazed. Then he softly cleared his throat.

“Thank you for all your help, sir,” he said, putting on the sweetest, sugar and spice voice that his new body was capable of. “No really. You’ve been great.”

He turned towards the door.

“You total *dick*.”

“*HEY!*”

But Simon was already running, his youthful body taking him down the corridor and into the main hall almost before the lab tech reached the door.

Finally, he thought as he ran, desperately trying to ignore the way the hem of his dress fluttered out behind him, the way his breasts jiggled painfully, *some use for being young again*.

Followed by:

I just wish I’d worn a sports bra.

Behind him, he heard the lab tech shout something, but it was lost under the din of students on their lunch break. He kept on running, his head slightly bowed, unaware that he was running like a girl, his arms held up, wrists bent, instead of pumping away in fists.

A couple of other teens smirked as he whisked past, or made vaguely cruel comments, but Simon ignored them.

He was too busy wondering what the *hell* he was gonna do now.

Somehow, Catlin had vanished. Whatever strange and horrible magic had turned him into pretty little Sofia had also scrubbed his closest friend from history. Or, at least, from the history of this school.

That meant there was no-one left he could turn to.

Maybe she’s just working at a different school... he thought as he ran, *maybe we could go to her house and meet her there? C’mon, think. Where does she live? Where...?*

He was still thinking these thoughts as he skidded round the corner and nearly knocked the trio of girls flying.

“*Shit!*”

“Whoa! What the-?”

“*Jeezus Sof*, maybe try looking next time!”

“Sorry!” Simon squeaked. “I was just... I needed to...”

He blinked at the teenage girls.

“Hey, aren’t you...?”

“What? Shitting our pants in terror at your high speed freak out?” Abi rolled her eyes. A smart little smirk crossed her lips.

Sofia’s friends...

“She knew you were coming, Abs,” the slender brown haired one (*so it was Karen Whitehall*, Simon thought) with dark skin teased. “Couldn’t wait to jump your bones.”

Abi raised one eyebrow.

“Gaybies all round, huh? Aren’t *I* lucky?”

Before Simon could even think of responding, the short skinny blonde – so slight and small she looked like the slightest breeze could break her in two – rolled her eyes at him.

“Help me out, Sof. They’ve been like this all lunch.”

“It’s chill, we’re just vibing,” Abi declared. She turned her perma-sarcastic smirk onto Simon. “Where *were* you, bitch? One minute we’re making plans, next you’re observing radio silence.”

“I... I turned my phone off,” Simon mumbled. “Y’know, just because...”

He trailed off, suddenly unable to think of a single thing to say.

This is surreal... I’m a fully-grown man. How the hell am I meant to relate to a bunch of teenage girls?

“...just because,” he finished, lamely.

“Well, I hope it was worth it Unabomber, coz you missed just, like, the bestest lunch ever.” Abi grinned at the other girls. “Right, bitches?”

“Hmm?” Karen looked briefly surprised, then nodded. “Oh. Yeah. I mean it was just... *good*, y’know?”

Abi nodded.

“El?”

The small girl shook her head.

“Whatever.”

Simon frowned at the trio.

“Hey...” He said in Sofia’s voice, “are you... are you guys shitting with me?”

There was the briefest pause, then Abi snorted with laughter.

“Of *course* we’re shitting with you!” She practically yelled, grabbing Simon by his shoulders. It was all sorts of weird to realize that this chubby teenage girl was clearly now stronger than him.

Beside her, El let out a tiny sigh.

“Standard,” she muttered.

“It’s just because we missed the *piss* out of you,” Karen sighed. Abi let go of Simon and frowned at her.

“How, exactly, do you miss the *piss* out of something?”

Karen shrugged. With her sharp face and slender frame, she looked like a supermodel or something. It was all Simon could do not to feel like he was measuring his new body up against hers.

I never realized Karen Whitehall was giving so many other girls insecurities...

“Who knows? It felt like the right thing to say at the time.”

Simon was just opening his mouth to say something – whether to join in with this teenage banter or just to make an excuse to get away, he wasn’t sure – when an angry, hairy face popped round the corner and glared into the corridor.

“*There* you are, missy!” The lab tech growled. “Now you better apologize right now, or-!”

“*RUN!*” Yelled Simon.

They ran.

As the lab tech bellowed behind them, the four girls *sprinted* down the hall with little squeals, shrieks of laughter, and – in Karen’s case – a wailed cry

that this was so *not* her look!

By the time they all skidded to a halt, out of breath, youthful faces shining, verging on hysterics, Simon was amazed to find he was laughing.

*

Later.

They sat outside, lounging against the hard wood tables of the outdoor eating area, soaking up the first rays of white hot sun the year had so far given them.

Simon had taken his cardigan off when it got too warm, and was now leaning back clad only in his pretty pink dress, his eyes closed as the sunlight warmed his pale, female face.

He was surprised with how content he felt.

There was something about being here, in this sunlight, with these girls, in this body, that just made him feel... safe.

Like, he knew he should be freaking out right now. Should be frantically searching for a way to get back to his old body, to his old life.

To find Catlin. To find whatever screwed up mechanism had caused his impossible change.

He knew all this. But...

But why bother when it was so much more relaxing to just sit here and chill?

Beside him on the bench, he heard Abi make a crude joke. Karen and El laughed, and he heard himself laugh along with them. As you did with friends.

Deep down, he knew it was all a trick. Part of his transformation, making him feel this special closeness with his three new besties, as though he'd known them for years.

(Closer than I ever actually felt to anyone at school...)

He knew this, and he didn't care. Just like he *knew* he should be grossed out by the fact he was wearing a dress, a dress that flowed around his smooth bare legs, that tucked in at his waist, naturally exaggerating his developing boobs and his gently swollen hips.

He knew he should hate this dress. Should find the fact he was forced by magic to wear it to be terrible and emasculating and humiliating.

And yet, he didn't. Instead, he enjoyed the way it allowed the gentle spring breeze in, to cool him down. Enjoyed the feel of its hem, swishing around his legs.

Enjoyed even the way it made his girl-body look, making him feel pretty. Cute.

Do we really want to be cute? A voice inside him murmured. *We're not a girl, remember? We're a-*

He cut the voice off with a deft shake of his pretty head. Behind him, he could feel the ponytail he'd newly-tied bob with the movement.

He hadn't had a chance to look in a mirror yet, but going from the reflection he saw as he'd passed a set of glass doors, the new ponytail was doing wonders for him.

It made him look older, somehow. More mature. *Sexier.*

Wait till Mr. Rodriguez sees this, he'd thought happily to himself, before quickly squashing the thought back down as his cheeks threatened to turn rosy again.

He really didn't want to have to explain his secret teacher crush to his new friends.

"So, Sofia..." Karen's lazy voice cut through Simon's thoughts, "we're all wondering..."

There was a pause. A little giggle, maybe from Abi. Gently, Simon opened one eye, turned it in Karen's direction.

"What?"

He saw Karen give a sly little glance over at the other girls.

"Steffi's party, y'know. Did you...?"

More giggles. Simon turned his head, frowned at his new teenage friend.

"Karen," he said, deliberately slow, "what the fuck are you trying to say?"

El snorted with laughter. Karen grinned and arched one perfect eyebrow at him.

"Ed. Mr. Rodriguez's son?"

Simon blinked. Sat up. Stared at his smiling besties.

“I don’t know what you...”

Rick Rodriguez doesn’t have a son... he was about to say, when suddenly a memory surfaced like a bubble in his mind. Rising up from the depths of his subconscious; an alien invader, yet one that felt very much a part of him.

It was dark out here on the street. Away from the party. She could still hear the distant thump of bass as someone span some dubstep.

She was chilly, gooseflesh unfolding across her bare arms. Why had she come out here, into the dark, into the cold? Why had she...?

And then she saw the boy and remembered.

Ah, yes. That’s what we were doing...

He was holding her hand, a faintly timid look on his half-hidden face, partially lost in the shadows. Trying to appear cool, relaxed, but sweating it. Nervous.

Even in this darkness, though, she could tell he was cute.

-C’mon, Sof, he was whispering in his teen voice, just a quick kiss. Just one...

-I can’t, she heard herself say, her voice like a distant echo in this memory, I’m sorry, Eddie, but I really...

She felt his grip tighten on her wrist. Thought for a moment about how much stronger than her this boy was. About what she would do if he tried to kiss her forcefully...

The moment passed. She felt his fingers go limp.

-Just tell me, the boy whispered, his voice hopeless. Just tell me why...

And he sounded so miserable that she couldn’t help herself. She gently reached up, touched his cheek. Looked deep into his dark eyes and wasn’t surprised to see tears there.

-Because we’re too young, she said. Right now, I just can’t... I can’t explain why, but I can’t. Maybe...

She gave him a sweet, sad smile.

-Maybe when you’re older.

Like your dad, she wanted to add, but didn’t. Even in her teenage brain, she knew that was never going to happen, no matter how much she might like it to.

But Ed, on the other hand. Strong, manly Ed who was going to grow up to be so powerful and handsome and so like his father...

...but not like this. Not when her body was still so young.

-How long? Ed asked, looking down at his feet, his words like smoke in the darkness.

And she felt like crying, but she knew it had to be this way.

-Too long, she said back. So many years. Not till...

...not till we're both 18, Ed. Not till we're grownups.

She expected him to turn away. Or yell at her. Or burst into tears. They were both still so young, after all. Anything might happen.

To her surprise, this teenage boy took a deep breath. Looked her right in the eye.

-I'll wait for you, he said, simply. I promise.

And she was so surprised she threw her arms around him and hugged him so tight, her slender female body so light against his developing male one.

-Thank you, she whispered in his ear, thank you so much...

And she impulsively gave him a kiss on the cheek, and then she stepped back and the two of them were smiling at each other.

He held out his hand.

-C'mon. He said. What's say we go back to the party?

She smiled, took his hand in hers. Fell in beside him.

-If only my mom could see me, she heard herself laugh. She'd think I was so grown up.

And, as one, they started back towards the distant lights of the house, back towards the bass, towards the-

The bubble popped. Simon blinked, then realized he was still sat on the same wooden bench in the sun, his girlfriends waiting for him to go on.

What was that...? He thought, uneasily, that wasn't my memory, but it didn't feel like Sofia's, either. It felt like...

It felt like our memory, he realized. The two of us, combined into one body.

Dear God, does that mean I've always been trapped like this? That the magic

is rewriting history?

He delicately cleared his throat.

“Nothing,” he said in his soft voice. “We just... held hands a bit. Talked. It-it was good.”

He half expected his new friends to burst out laughing. Instead, they nodded, seemed to be taking it in.

At last, Abi spoke.

“Know something Sof?” She said with a rueful smile, “I admire you so much sometimes. That whole ‘not before I’m 18 thing?’ Yeah, it’s *weird*, but it’s also, I dunno...”

She seemed to think for a minute, searching for the word.

“*Mature*, I guess. Like you really know what you want.”

Simon was so surprised at this non-sarcastic reply that he couldn’t help it. He burst out laughing. A light, musical sound that sounded so *natural* coming from his girl mouth.

“Heyyy...” Abi frowned. “Hey, c’mon Sof, don’t make me feel like a...”

“Nonononono...” Simon waved one tiny hand urgently, tried to stop his giggles, “no it’s not bad, I was just-I was just thinking...”

He smiled at each of the girls in turn.

“Have I ever told you guys how *awesome* you are?”

At his words, Karen smiled. El looked quietly pleased with herself. And Abi...

Abi let out an *aww* sound, and pulled him straight into the longest, nicest, most-beautiful hug Simon had ever had from a girl.

“You’re a weirdo, Sof,” he heard his new bestie breathe in his ear, “a friggin’ *weirdo*. But you know what? I love you. I really do.”

Simon closed his eyes, a smile on his teenage face.

“Me too, Abs. Me too.”

He felt like something was swelling up inside his brain. A realization. Like a lightbulb going on.

This was it. He’d been given another chance. Another chance to do his

teenage years *right*.

The magic that had once seemed so cruel had given him three friends who would never judge him, never turn on him. It had given him a boy who would wait for him until they were old enough for romance not to be wrong.

It had given him a face that was pretty. A body that would flower into womanhood. A crush that wasn't creepy, and an excuse for not acting on his body's newfound desire for boys until he was 18.

It was... Hell, it was *perfect*. Like the magic had somehow known how to give him everything he never knew he wanted, but secretly needed.

If only we knew what had happened to Catlin...

At long last, Simon pulled out of his hug with Abi. Smiled at his new friend and was suddenly amazed to find he was on the verge of tears.

"You guys..." he said in his soft, quavering voice, "you guys are seriously just the..."

That was as far as he got.

As he was speaking, he saw Abi's teenage face crease into a frown. Karen let out a long sigh of air, while El suddenly looked frightened.

Simon slowly shook his pretty little head.

"What?"

He turned around to look behind him...

...and felt a sinking sensation in his stomach.

About ten feet away, a very familiar, very hairy man was glowering at him, arms folded. Just in front of him stood Pete, a resigned look on his adult face.

"Well, we're screwed," he faintly heard Karen sigh.

Awkwardly, Simon got to his feet. Faced the adults.

"P-Pete...?" He managed to get out.

The older man shook his head.

"Sofia..." he said, his voice gentle and masculine all at once. "I'm sorry, but..."

...it's time for you to go home."

*

“I promise you’re not in any trouble. We all saw you take that hit earlier, it’s a miracle you’re not in the hospital...”

They walked along the school’s central hall, towards the distant exit doors, Pete moving with all the power and purpose of a grown male, Simon being pulled along in his wake.

To Simon’s surprise, he was looking at Pete differently now they were no longer rivals. Appreciating for the first time how reassuringly strong his colleague was, how masculine. How good with kids and teens.

What do you know? Maybe he really is a great teacher, after all...

“I talked to the nurse, and he agreed that the important thing was for you to get home and get some rest. We couldn’t get hold of your father, but your mom was at home today and said she could come in...”

The words washed over Simon, who let them come, just another part of this crazy day he was having.

Father... mom... Jesus, I’ve got parents now...

It was no surprise, really, to learn that a girl as young as Sofia would still be living with her parents. Still, Simon couldn’t help but wonder what that really meant for him.

Am I gonna have two whole new people I’ve gotta act like I’ve known and loved for fifteen years? Or will it just be my real parents, only with their minds all scrubbed and convinced this is the way things always were?

He wasn’t really sure which would be worse.

Up ahead, the big glass doors leading to the outside world were swinging open, as someone pushed their way in, a look of worry on their distant features. Beside Simon, Pete raised a hand in greeting.

“There she is,” he muttered, “right on cue.”

He gave Simon a friendly smile.

“I’ll have a word with Danny – our lab tech guy – convince him to drop all this, that you were injured. He might not seem it, but he really is a decent guy...”

But his words were in vain. Simon wasn’t listening to any of them.

He was too busy *staring* at the woman who’d just walked in the building.

She was in her late thirties, with a motherly look about her that sent strangely reassuring waves of warmth sweeping through Simon's teenage body. Her hair was red, unlike her daughter's, and she wore a big pair of blocky black glasses.

Her clothes were kind of old fashioned. Nerdy. You could see where Sofia got her dress sense from. But that wasn't all. There was something else about her, something very familiar...

Of course... Simon thought, numbly, as Pete called out "Hello there, Mrs. Nightingale...", *she's married now. Her name has changed...*

Yet she's still clearly the same old-

"Catlin." Catlin smiled distractedly at Pete, "please, call me Catlin."

She turned her familiar face towards Simon, her soft eyes crinkling with concern.

"And how's my trooper? Still kicking butt even with your brain hanging out, huh?"

For a long moment, Simon didn't say a word. Just stared in shock at this latest twist, at this latest change the magic had wrought in his life.

Then he felt his pink lips begin to move. Heard the croaking in his throat as he forced out the single word:

"Mom?"

It was all too much.

With a little whimper, Simon threw his slender arms around Catlin and buried his face against her shoulder, aware that he was crying, big, girly tears running down his cheeks, but unable to stop himself.

As Catlin hugged him tightly back, holding him as protectively as any mother would her vulnerable baby, he heard her whisper in his ear.

"Wow, you haven't hugged me like this since you were a kid, Sof. What's up?"

But Simon couldn't tell her. Even without his tears he'd never have been able to say what he'd felt when he finally saw his new mommy, when he finally realized he was now Catlin's *daughter*.

The way he'd felt like he was finally home.

IV

“Hey, mom, can I ask you something?”

“I keep telling you, honey, if you wanna know about the birds and the bees, I’ve got a *great* vintage Nature journal on ornithology and apiology as a combined discipline.”

Simon let out a long groan, pulled a face, sticking his tongue out. He wasn’t aware of it, but the expression was so cute it would’ve made most boys his age feel strangely hot and bothered.

“Mom, you’re literally the funniest person alive.”

“Aww, c’mon piglet, I’m only joking...”

Piglet?! That better not be my family nickname...

Outwardly, Simon reset his soft, feminine face to neutral mode.

“So. There’s something I’ve been wondering. Remember the day I...?”

He waved one dainty hand at his forehead.

“Nearly gave yourself whiplash?” Laughter. “How could I forget? It was only last month.”

They were sat in the kitchen of their new, suburban family home. Or, more accurately, Catlin was sitting while Simon leaned against the fridge. The sunlight was filtering in through the windows, casting a little sunbeam across his girl-face, making him feel all warm and pleasant.

It was a feeling he’d had almost nonstop for four whole weeks.

Look at me, he thought, smiling distractedly down at his teenage, female body, encased in only a pair of tiny denim shorts and a flowing white top with dark writing on the front (a quote from a Maya Angelou book he’d recently read). *I’m even starting to naturally hold myself like a fifteen year old girl...*

He tried to concentrate on the matter at hand.

“Well, I heard something that day. A name. Miss, umm... well, she’s called Katy and she works in the science blocks, only we’re not supposed to call her that...”

Catlin raised her eyebrows at her daughter.

“Uh hu...”

“Anyway,” Simon quickly went on, not wanting to get off topic (always a danger with his new mom. As a man, he could talk to Catlin for ages. As her daughter, it was like they could talk about things till the end of the world).

“*Anyway*... she mentioned a name to me. An old teacher, I think. Someone who used to work there.”

He fixed his piercing blue eyes on his new mom. Took an invisible breath.

“Simon Pritchard.”

He waited to see if Catlin would react. When she didn’t, he went on.

“So, I was just kinda wondering who he was, and if, y’know, there was anything about him...”

“Simon Pritchard, hmm?” Catlin seemed to think. “I *think* I remember him, from that open day they held while you were still in elementary school.”

She frowned.

“Did you come to that?”

Simon quickly shook his head.

Truth be told, he had no idea if Sofia had been along, but he could have found out. As time was passing, he was starting to notice his old, male memories fading.

At the same time, memories which clearly belonged to Sofia – trying on his first training bra, his first period, the first time he met Abi when they were both 8 – were starting to become stronger in his mind.

With a little digging, he was finding that it was weirdly easy to recall things about Sofia’s life, from playing with dollies as a little girl to that time he and Abi and Karen had shared a joint with those older kids at the bus stop and he’d felt nauseous but tried not to show it.

However, he didn’t think it was worth digging through his female brain right now for the answer to Catlin’s question.

“Well, it’s not important if you did,” his new mom sighed. “But, yes, I think I saw him there. He seemed...”

She paused for a moment.

“It’s hard to say. It was almost like he was... off, somehow. Like there was all this sadness, threatening to come squashing down on him. I remember

thinking – God, this is a *horrible* thing to say – I remember thinking...
...that he was someone who had something so wrong with him he couldn't be fixed."

There was a tightness in Simon's chest. His lips were suddenly dry. He swallowed.

"Anything else? After that."

"After that..." Catlin frowned again, "let me think. Oh, right, that's it..."

She gave Simon a frank look.

"He disappeared one day. Just... *vanished*. Gone. Totally gone."

"Like magic." Simon's soft voice came out sounding strangled. Catlin didn't seem to notice.

"Exactly, like magic. Oh, there was a big fuss, that Katy woman got all upset, even though she was apparently cheating on him..."

Catlin suddenly buried her head in her hands.

"Ugh, *what* am I doing?! I'm being such a bitch... please, pretend you didn't hear that, OK? I don't want you thinking your mom is a..."

"Did anything happen after that?"

"Huh? Oh. Yes, yeah, it did."

Catlin seemed to concentrate.

"What was it? Oh yes..."

They found a note, after a long, *long* search. Just some scrap of paper or something. And you know what he'd written on it?"

Simon shook his head, his dark ponytail swishing behind him. Ever since that fateful day he became Sofia, he'd taken to wearing his hair like that.

"He put that he was happy now. That he'd gone to a better place, and that we should never look for him." Catlin said, slowly. "He said he was sorry it had to be this way, but there was something that had to change. A different person he wanted to *be*.

And the only way he could be her was by disappearing."

"And that was it?" Simon asked, hardly daring to breathe.

His mom shrugged.

“Yup. Far as I know. Course, it didn’t really solve anything, but at least it was *memorable*.”

Simon nodded, a thoughtful expression on his teenage face.

Catlin smiled at her daughter. She could be so serious sometimes.

“Any particular reason you wanted to know?”

“Huh? Oh, nothing. Just curious...”

Suddenly, the girl’s expression cleared.

“Hey, I just remembered I’m supposed to go hang with Karen and Abi. El’s got school stuff, but we thought maybe we could meet her after and all-”

“Whatever,” Catlin gave a wave of her hand. “You don’t need to tell me, piglet. You’re a smart girl, always have been. I trust you not to go sticking heroin up your butthole or whatever it is kids do.”

“*MO-OM!* That’s so gross...”

“Not as gross as this...”

Catlin got to her feet, went to her daughter, and gave her a big, wet kiss on the cheek. To her surprise, Sofia didn’t react, didn’t try and brush it away.

She’s growing up... Catlin thought with a faint, internal sigh, *shame. They’re so much harder to tease when they get older...*

“I love you honey,” she murmured. “You have fun, OK?”

“Love you too, mom,” Sofia said automatically. She headed for the door. Then stopped, seemed to hesitate. Turned back.

“No, really, mom. I really do love you,” she whispered, her eyes shining.

“And I just want you to know I...”

She seemed to hesitate, as if thinking about something. At last, her expression cleared.

“I really am happy here. This is a *much* better place and I guess-”

A light, tinkling laugh.

“I guess I finally am the person I really wanted to be.”

Catlin blinked.

“Sofia? Piglet, what are you...?”

“Gotta go, mom! Tell dad I love him too!”

And then her darling teenage girl was out the door, out into the sunlight, out into the carefree embrace of her adolescence – a painful, beautiful, *wonderful* period that would feel like it lasted a lifetime.

As Catlin watched her daughter practically skipping across the lawn, grabbing her bike, and then heading off for town, she felt a swell of pride in her chest, a happiness beyond anything she’d ever felt before.

“Well done, Simon,” she whispered. “Seriously, man. Well done for finding the courage to *be* Sofia...”

Then she blinked, a look of confusion on her motherly features.

Did I just say something? She wondered as she turned back to her discarded vintage copy of *New Scientist*. *Something about that Simon Pritchard guy again...?*

Oh well. She sighed as she sat down, opened the article she’d been reading on parallel universes from 2002. *If it was important, it’ll come back to me...*

Outside, on the road leading out from their little suburb, the handful of people out enjoying the sunshine turned to watch the pretty, happy, carefree teen girl go cycling past, her youthful face split into the biggest grin.

None of them realized it but, at that precise moment, Sofia Nightingale was the happiest girl in the world.

The End

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Turned into Her Maid

“Maid? *Maid!*”

At the sound of his mistress’s voice, Bryce let out a helpless little whimper. He obediently put his mop back in its bucket, hitched up his skirts, and ran as fast as his high heels would allow him through the house, trying to ignore the way his brand new breasts bounced and jiggled in their lacy push-up bra.

“Maid?” The sound of female laughter. “Hurry up, Babydick, your mistress commands it!”

“*Oui, madam!*” Bryce heard himself cry out in his servile, high-pitched voice, with its *awful* French accent, “I will be right zere!”

His long, slender legs instantly started moving faster of their own accord. His high heels tapped out a staccato rhythm on the floor – *tata tata tat* – as he desperately tried not to slip and go falling over.

Inside, his brain was still fizzing with horror, his mind reeling as he desperately tried to process the unutterable, awful thing that had happened to him.

Just that morning, he’d been Bryce Bradley, a towering, musclebound hunk of a man, the sort of guy that other guys want to be, and girls just plain *want*.

He’d been star player on their college football team. An all-conquering wall of testosterone who could throw a ball halfway across the goddamn continent.

And now all that was gone. His firm biceps, his handsome, square-jawed face. His football career, even his very manhood, vanished on the wind.

In its place was...

“*MAID!*”

With a squeak, Bryce skidded to a halt in front of the large mirror in the hallway, desperately checking his hair, his uniform, his makeup.

From the depths of the glass, his new body stared back at him, a look of sheer misery on her face.

The face of a busty, beautiful young *French maid*.

She was petite, maybe 5ft2 even in her heels. She was barely 18, with a fresh round babyface, pink, pouty lips, and wide, innocent blue eyes.

Her long, blonde hair was demurely tied up beneath her satiny French maid's cap. A black choker was pulled tight around her slender neck. In one white gartered hand she grasped a pink feather duster, its stick magically shaped to look like a man's penis.

A tight, black dress with a *very* low neckline clung to her figure, a white apron tied around the waist. Frilly skirts and crinolines swished with her every movement, so short they barely hid her bum from prying eyes. Black fishnet stockings clung to her long, slender legs.

But none of this was what made Bryce want to scream and keep screaming and never stop.

Sticking out before this trashy young bimbo, swelling from her chest was the biggest pair of tits Bryce had ever seen.

Like them? He remembered one of his mistresses purring not long after his transformation, *they're natural Double-H tits, probably the biggest pair of boobs in the state.*

And then the humiliating memory of how she'd laughed and grabbed hold of his new breasts, squeezing them as hard as she could, and poor little Bryce had been unable to do anything. Unable to even flinch, or do anything but give a terrified smile and a little squeak of *merci*.

Just as he was now incapable of doing anything but running to his mistresses as fast as his little legs would carry him.

"Belinda, I'm warning you bitch, if you don't get in here right *now*, we'll..."

In the corridor, Bryce gave a tiny squeal, quickly adjusted the hem of his dress, hoisted his boobs up just as he knew his owners liked, and ran into the living room, his elbows bent and his wrists limp as the magic forced him to run like a girl.

"Madams! I am 'ere!"

The girls on the sofa grinned up at him, identical evil looks on their gorgeous young faces.

Just that morning, they'd been Bryce's roomies, the housemates in his co-ed student home. Tanya, Janice, and Nat. He'd thought they were his friends. His own little harem.

And then he'd made his fatal mistake, and they'd become his mistresses.

“Look at this piece of trash,” Tanya sneered, her lip curling on her dark face. “What took you so long, *maid*?”

“I am sorry, madam,” Bryce breathed, hastily giving his old roomie a curtsey, “I was - ‘ow you say? – *stroking* ze floors.”

The three twenty year old girl giggled, their eyes flashing with delight at the stupid French accent they’d forced upon the boy they lived with. Bryce felt his cheeks flush pink. He bowed his head, trying not to cry.

Ever since he’d become an adorable French maid, with an adorable French accent, he’d been forgetting the English words for everything.

“It’s *scrubbing* the floors you dumb bitch,” Janice yawned, running one hand through her chestnut hair, “and, by the way, you’re doing a terrible job.”

She indicated the room around them with one flick of her wrist.

“Look at this. Only a few hours to go until our party, and this place *still* looks like a dump.”

That’s because I haven’t had time to clean here yet! Bryce wanted to scream, but it was pointless.

Since his transformation, the magic would no more let him contradict or answer back his owners than it would let him go back to being a man again.

Instead, he obediently clasped his dainty hands over the front of his apron, trying to ignore his long new nails, painted their slutty shade of red.

“*Pardon*, madam, I will fix zis at once.”

He waited a moment, wondering if that was it, then turned to go.

Party? His bimbo mind whirred, *since when have they been having a-*

“Where do you think *you’re* going, slut?”

Nat’s voice. Bryce instantly stopped moving, his back to the girls.

“Madam?” He whimpered, uncomfortably aware of the giggles behind him, of the way he could feel three pairs of eyes crawling over his pert new ass.

“Did we dismiss you?” Nat went on in her languid, mocking voice. “No. So get back here now.”

Bryce could feel his long new nails digging into his soft palms. He wanted to scream.

Instead he turned round, clasped his hands over his frilly apron again, fixed Nat with a simpering, bimbo smile.

On their red couch, the older of the three girls lounged like a cat, elegant, unbothered by anything. Her green eyes smiled lazily up at Bryce from beneath her short, dark hair. She was in charge, and everyone knew it.

“Look at you,” she whispered, eyeing Bryce’s new body with ill-concealed delight, “look at the big, strong man, now stuck as such a pretty little maid.”

As the other two girls giggled, Nat’s eyes flashed.

“What’s your new name again, *maid*?”

Bryce grit his teeth. No! Not that. He wouldn’t say it. It was too humiliating. Too-

“Belinda, madam,” he heard his body answer immediately. “Belinda Babydick.”

At the sound of his new name, the name Nat had wished upon him, Tanya and Janice broke down in laughter, pointing at poor little Bryce, mocking him. Nat’s cruel smile didn’t twitch.

“And *why* is that your name, maid?”

Tears of frustration began to sting at Bryce’s eyes.

“Because I ‘ad a tiny *petite* baby dick, madam,” he replied miserably, “before you turn me into zis maid. Moi penus was like ze little worm.”

Big, salty girl tears were rolling down his soft cheeks, even as the magic forced him to keep a servile little pout on his beautiful face. Waves of humiliation washed over the boy, awful, boiling waves that threatened to drown him.

And the worst part was, there was nothing he could do about it. Nat’s wish had made him utterly obedient, unable to disobey any of his three mistresses.

If they wanted to humiliate Belinda Babydick for their own sadistic amusement, he had no choice but to stand here and take it.

Even Nat was laughing now, unable to keep a straight face at Bryce’s embarrassment.

“And you tried to do naughty things with that tiny little dick of yours, didn’t you, bitch? You were a nasty pig, weren’t you?”

“Oui madam,” Bryce nodded, wishing he was dead. *Anything* but being emasculated and judged like this!

That’s it... I’ve got to get out of here!

Fixing a terrified smile onto his youthful face, Bryce blinked back his tears, his long, dark eyelashes fluttering in the edges of his vision. He gestured the hall behind him.

“Madam, ze cleaning... If it will be ready for ze party, I must...”

His heart fell as Nat gently shook her head.

“You’re going nowhere, Little Miss *Babydick*. Right, girls?”

“*Sure*,” giggled Tanya, “not until you’ve had your punishment, you naughty whore.”

Bryce’s pretty, painted mouth dropped open.

“Punishment? But madams, zere iz nothing zat I...”

“You were late,” sniffed Janice, “when we called you.”

“*And* you just answered back,” said Tanya. “*Bad* maid.”

“So,” chimed in Nat, “we’ve got the perfect punishment.”

All Bryce could do was cringe and keep on smiling. Whatever new, awful punishment his mistresses had in store for him, he’d have to take it. And probably enjoy it.

Nat’s cruel wish would see to that.

*

It had only been that morning that Nat had made her wish and trapped him like this.

Just six hours ago, Bryce had woken up in his normal, ordinary boy-body, with its reassuring, familiar muscles and body hair and penis.

He’d been groggy still from the night before, trying to remember what it was that he’d done. As he rubbed the sleep out of his eyes with his big, manly fists, he’d had a vague recollection of going to some party or other with the girls.

That was what he called his mistresses, back then: “the girls”. If you’d gone into his room at that exact moment and told him that, in a just a few short

moments, they would be his owners, the women he was incapable of disobeying, he would have laughed in your face.

At that point, he still thought they were friends.

Still half asleep, Bryce had idly stuck one hand into his pants, wondering if he should masturbate. His pathetic, one inch dick had been hard against his palm, but he'd ultimately decided against it.

When your cock was so tiny, it wasn't always fun to touch it and be reminded.

So, instead, he'd rolled out of bed, the morning sunlight playing through the light blonde hairs on his sculpted, footballer's chest. Pulled some underpants on, quickly stuffing some rolled up socks down the front to create a bulge.

Then, still feeling like he was half asleep, he'd gone staggering out to see who was around.

"Tanya? Janice?" He'd called as he made his way down the hall. "Hey... what's with all the mess?"

He'd looked in mild irritation at the dirty clothes lying on the floor, the discarded beer bottles, annoyed that their home looked so filthy.

Jesus, the girls usually clean up... what's gotten into them today?

"Nat?" He'd called as he stepped into the living room. "Any..."

His voice had died in his throat.

What the-?

In the middle of the room, a new mop and bucket had been tied up like a shabby Christmas gift, with one great big pink satin bow around it. A note dangled from the handle, written in a cheery, looping script.

FOR OUR LOVELY NEW MAID! It said.

As Bryce blinked at the mop, wondering uneasily how much hiring a maid was gonna cost, he'd heard footsteps behind him.

"Did you guys hire a...?" He'd asked, turning around.

He didn't get any further.

There, standing in the doorway, had been his three roomies, each with an identical, evil grin on her face.

But they weren't quite the same roomies he remembered from the night before. Whereas he'd spent the last year living with three attractive, but relatively normal, girls, the chicks before him now were... were...

"You guys look *gorgeous*," he dimly heard himself whisper.

In amazement, he'd looked from Nat, to Tanya, to Janice. Somehow, overnight, the three had been subtly transformed so they looked like supermodels.

Janice had shot up from 5ft2 to nearly 6ft, her slightly-squat body reportioning in the process so she now had long, willowy arms, slender legs, and a small, pert chest.

Tanya had stayed as tall as normal, but her curves had gotten more noticeable. Her hips now kinked out an extra inch, her bust was bigger, and her ass had swelled up so it strained at her jeans. She giggled as Bryce looked at her confusion, dropping him a conspiratorial wink.

But the biggest change of all had been Nat.

Just a few hours ago, she'd been a bookish sort of girl. Pretty, but with dorky glasses and a shy, retiring attitude.

Now, she was holding herself with supreme confidence, her once-mousy hair suddenly cut short into a stylish cut, her once tiny boobs now big and proud, her once closed-off face suddenly alive with mischief.

All three looked like they'd been Photoshopped by experts into exceptionally beautiful versions of themselves.

"Well, well, I think she's noticed," Nat crooned, her voice unusually languid and commanding, full of power.

She giggled and fluttered her eyelashes at Bryce.

"You like? Let's give her a twirl, girls."

All three had laughed and slowly turned around, giving Bryce a full of view of their magically-altered bodies, making his head swim.

"*Dayum...*" he murmured, looking longingly at Tanya's new butt, Janice's new chest, "what happened to you guys?"

He'd half expected one of them to laugh and say it was all a trick, or that maybe they'd gone for plastic surgery together (chicks did that, right?).

Instead, Nat – the new, confident Nat – had given him an evil little grin. She'd held up one hand, wagging her ring finger for Bryce to see.

“See this, *maid*?” She'd giggled. “It's a magic ring. I inherited it from my grandmother when she died last month, but it only just arrived. Care to guess what it does?”

Did she just call me “maid”...? Bryce had wondered, but his mind had been too distracted by the girls' modified bodies to notice.

“It grants whoever wears it three wishes,” Nat had gone on when he didn't reply. “The second it arrived, I put it on and wished I was more confident. That worked. Then I decided to give myself and my roomies a little *treat*.”

She spread her arms wide, indicating her amazing new body. Tanya and Janice posed likewise.

“What about me?” Bryce asked. He didn't believe it, of course, magic rings weren't real. But still, with the evidence right in front of his very own eyes like that...

He frowned and rubbed his forehead. If only he didn't have this damn hangover.

“Don't worry, I'm coming to you,” Nat said. “You know what I originally planned to do? You don't need a better body, you're super hot already, but I *was* gonna use my last wish to fix your tiny little problem.”

Her eyes drifted mockingly down to Bryce's crotch, making him feel all uncomfortable.

“I... I don't know what you mean,” he stammered.

Tanya had rolled her eyes.

“Christ, Bryce, come on. You're not fooling anyone with that dumb sock routine.”

At her words, the big jock had flushed a deep shade of red. At the same time, though, he'd felt an unexpected feeling.

The faintest glimmer of hope.

“You could do that...?” He asked Nat, “I mean, not that I *have* a tiny... y'know. But, like, if I did, would you...?”

“Nope.” Nat sneered. “Not a fucking chance. Not after last night. I *had* been

going to give you a ten inch dick if you promised to actually start cleaning the house instead of leaving it all to us, but after what you did...”

“What I did?” Bryce shook his head to clear it. “Shit, sorry, I was drunk, I’m not sure what I...”

“Oh, nothing much,” Nat replied. “Just *this*.”

And she clicked her fingers.

And instantly the lights went down. A hologram appeared, floating in the middle of the room.

And Bryce’s eyes went wide.

The hologram was like a recording that had been made with an invisible camera. It showed Bryce from an unnatural angle, standing outside Nat’s room. Nat – the old, mousy Nat – was looking out, concern on her face.

“A bonus power the ring gives you,” Nat declared, smiling at the floating, shimmering image. “For when you’ve gotta judge assholes. Let’s turn the sound on, shall we?”

She clicked her fingers again, and suddenly hologram-Nat was talking, her words filling the room.

“Bryce, you’re drunk... please, just go to bed...”

“What the fuck, Nat?” Hologram Bryce retorted, his words slurred, “can’t take a compliment?”

At his doppelganger’s words, Bryce had felt a chill run up his spine. There was something horribly familiar about them. Something that made him flinch, as if from a bad memory. But what?

“This wasn’t the first time you’d come to my room like this,” real-Nat whispered as they watched the show, “or Tanya’s, or Janice’s. Usually, we just tried to forget about it. But *this* time...”

Bryce swallowed as he watched the hologram. He had a bad feeling he knew what was coming.

“I’m just saying you’ve got great tits,” holo-Bryce leered, swaying slightly. “If you’d act a bit more confident, maybe the guys would...”

“What are you *saying*?” Holo-Nat had whimpered in her old voice, “I-I don’t want...”

“Dick? Of course you want dick. You chicks are all the same.”

“Bryce... seriously... p-please. Just leave me...”

And then it happened.

With a drunken laugh, holo-Bryce had grabbed Nat’s hair, pulled her forward, and rudely *shoved* her face down into his crotch. He grinded his penis near her face as she yelled, a big, bro-leer on his lips.

“C’mon, Nat, you fucking *love* it! You-”

Nat clicked her fingers again.

“Enough.”

The hologram vanished as quickly as it had appeared. She turned and raised one eyebrow at Bryce, who held up his hands.

“Whoa... hey. Look, I’m sorry. I don’t even remember *doing* that. I was just playing. You could see that.”

“Oh, yes,” Nat wrinkled her nose. “A game, a great game. Haha, it’s so funny I’m gonna wet myself.”

She took a step towards him, Bryce instinctively shrank back. He felt his back bump up against the mop and bucket and felt a shiver pass through him again.

For our lovely new maid. Didn’t she call me...?

“You’ve always been an asshole, Bryce,” Nat was saying as she stepped forward, Tanya and Janice grinning behind her, “making us girls clean up after you and cook for you, and now *this*? Well, I think it’s time things changed don’t you?”

“Nat? What are you...?”

“I think maybe it’s time *you* did the cooking and cleaning while we sexually harass *you*.” Nat’s evil grin was spreading. She came to a stop right in front of Bryce, calmly started rubbing her new, magic ring.

“Nat, look, I’m sorry, but it was just a *joke*-”

“A joke?” Nat giggled. “Well, I’ve got an even better one. It goes like *this*.”

Then she was rubbing the ring and giving Bryce the most horrible grin.

“I wish you’d spend the rest of your life as our *French maid!*”

“*What?!*” Bryce had yelled. “Nat, you can’t-!”

But of course it had been too late.

Barely had Nat finished speaking than the ring around her finger started to glow, there was a distant sound like windchimes, and Bryce realized he was in deep trouble.

It started with him shrinking. As the three girls looked on with ill-concealed delight, Bryce’s tall, football player’s frame had shed inches, going from over 6ft to barely 5ft in a matter of seconds.

As he shrank, he felt his shoulders tugging inwards, becoming narrow and losing their masculine broadness. There was a grinding in his pelvis, and his hips simultaneously *pushed* outwards.

“Nat!” Bryce yelled. “Tanya. Janice. *Help!*”

In response, Nat calmly folded her arms.

“Not. A. Chance.”

Bryce’s arms were shifting, their bones creaking as they narrowed down, becoming slender and willowy. He held up his hands before his eyes and watched in horror as his wrists became all delicate, and his hands shrank down to two dainty things with slender fingers and long nails.

At the same time, he was aware that his legs were shedding hair and muscle, transforming into two long, smooth, sexy things that would drive any straight man wild.

There was a *hiss* like a balloon filling with air. Bryce’s butt swelled up inside his underpants, becoming ripe and round and pert, sticking out behind him. Bryce gave a little shriek and grabbed hold of his new bottom, only to feel his waist magically tighten up as he did so, until it felt like you could fit your hands all the way around it.

A ticklish feeling spread across his entire body. The blond body hair he’d had since he hit puberty was wriggling its way back inside his skin, leaving skin that was smooth and pink in its wake. Simultaneously, the hair atop Bryce’s head was growing at an alarming rate, tumbling over his newly-narrow shoulders in a golden waterfall.

A pressure in his chest made Bryce look down. He just had time to notice that his nipples were getting longer, becoming all pink and pointy, when the

pressure reached a crescendo and his pecs started expanding outwards, becoming all soft and big and wobbly.

With a girly squeal, Bryce was forced to watch as his gigantic new breasts swelled up and up and up until they dangled heavily from his frame, two ripe, pendulous Double-H tits that pulled on his back and made him want to cry.

Not that he had any time to do so.

Even as his breasts were still expanding, Bryce felt his face begin to morph and shift. He wailed and clasped his hands to his cheeks, but it did no good.

In the bottom of his vision, his nose shrank down to a cute little button. Long, dark eyelashes sprouted out his eyelids and fluttered at the edges of his sight.

He felt his limbs plump up like they were full of collagen. Felt his cheekbones get sharper, his eyes widen and become big and innocent.

Finally, he felt his tiny little dick hiking up into his body, pulling his balls with it.

In panic, he pulled down his underpants, and watched in horror as his cock disappeared forever. His skin shivered, and then a line was opening up between his legs, and suddenly Bryce was the proud owner of a pussy.

The naked girl that used to be Bryce dumbly looked up. Swept his long, golden locks out of his face. Blinked at the three girls before him.

“Nat...” He began, before clasping a dainty hand over his lips in panic.

His voice had *changed*. Where he’d once spoken with a twenty year old man’s deep baritone, he now spoke with a soft little squeak. He dropped his hand, tried lowering his voice.

“What the *fuck* did you do to me?!” He squealed.

In response, Nat simply shrugged.

“What I said I was going to do. I turned you into a *girl*.” She grinned savagely at him. “But that’s not *all* I wished for, is it? I wished you were my *French maid*. So.”

She turned and gave a quick wink to Tanya.

“Let’s get that uniform on!”

It was like Bryce was trapped in a nightmare.

As he wept and pleaded for mercy there was that sound of windchimes again.

Filly white garters started forming around his wrists, making him sob and wail. Black fishnet stockings appeared on his legs, their nylon digging cruelly into his flesh.

There was a sound like a mocking sigh. Frilly white petticoats exploded out all around his waist, layered and satiny and painfully emasculating. Bryce desperately tried to hold them down, his eyes wet with tears, only to find a black little miniskirt forming over the top of them, its edges all crinkled and laced with white.

The top of the skirt started flowing upwards, up over his body. As Bryce watched it helplessly, his enormous boobs suddenly jumped up and squashed together, sticking right out in front of him in a sea of cream white cleavage. Then a big, lacy white push-up bra was forming over them, its straps settling over his shoulders, holding his heavy tits in place.

Bryce started to cry, weeping tears of humiliation as the liquid black of the skirt flowed over his torso, solidified into a dress that *barely* covered up his breasts. Through tear-streaked eyes he watched as a frilly white apron unfolded from his waist, tied in place with a big, girly bow.

A choker appeared around his neck, pulled so tight he almost couldn't breathe. A frilly maid's cap settled on his head, and then his hair was sweeping itself back into a demure little waterfall that flowed down his back, his long bangs pinned back so they wouldn't get in his eyes as he cleaned.

Black stiletto heels formed over his feet, raising him six inches up into the air so suddenly that Bryce nearly fell over. He threw out one hand, then watched unhappily as a fluffy pink feather duster appeared in it, its shaft deliberately shaped to look like a man's penis.

He tried to drop it, to let go of it, but his body refused to comply.

It was like his maid's uniform and equipment was now as much a part of him as his swollen breasts or shaved pussy.

The last thing was the makeup. It appeared on Bryce's face like magic, making his eyelashes longer and darker, and his pouty lips all pink and glossy.

Then it was over. Nat's ring stopped glowing, and the three girls looked at Bryce with joy.

Before them, their new French maid staggered on his high heels like he was

drunk. He blinked down at his new uniform, ran his hands over his breasts and shuddered.

“What az ‘appen to moi?” He whimpered.

“Oh my God!” Janice giggled, “she’s got a French accent too. That’s so adorable!”

Bryce was clutching his throat, blinking helplessly. He tried to speak again, and was horrified to hear that Janice was telling the truth.

“Zis iz no fair! I do not want ze Fronch accent! Nat, you muzz ‘elp me!”

Now all three girls were laughing at him, Tanya almost crying with laughter. As Bryce glared at them, Nat smiled sweetly and took a step towards him.

“Look at you, so cute... she smiled. “From now on, Bryce Bradley is dead. You are... hmm, let’s see...”

Her eyes lit up.

“You are *Belinda Babydick*. You will cook for us. Clean for us. Humiliate yourself for our entertainment. And...” a giggle, “have sex with whoever we want you to.

Including any *men*.”

Bryce opened his mouth to protest, but Nat held up one hand.

“Ah, ah. Not another word, *Belinda*. You’re our maid now, and we need this place cleaned up as soon as possible.”

There was a pause. Nat raised one eyebrow at him.

“Now, maid!”

What? No way! Clean your own damn house! Bryce wanted to shout at her. But it was like his body was no longer his own.

Still sniffing back tears, he obediently gave Nat a deep curtsy, his body forcing up a simpering smile onto his beautiful face that made him sick. Then he grabbed his new mop and bucket and trotted off into the hallway as fast as his heels would carry him.

“And don’t stop cleaning ‘till we call you, *bitch*,” Nat yelled after him as the other girls giggled.

“Oui, madam!” Bryce heard himself breathe in his lusty French woman’s voice. Inside, he was trying not to go mad.

This can't be happening... this can't be happening!

But it was all too clear that it was.

As Bryce passed the mirror in the hallway, he just had time to glimpse a scared, miserable young girl looking back at him. A girl of barely 18, with gigantic boobs and a beautiful, innocent face. A curvy blonde girl dressed in a slutty French maid uniform that barely covered her tits and ass, like a bimbo playing dress up.

Belinda Babydick. The maid he would be stuck as for the rest of his life.

And then she was gone, and Bryce was left alone as he teetered down the hall, his boobs bouncing painfully before him, a sudden overwhelming urge filling every fiber of his being to clean this house from top to bottom.

Twenty minutes later, he was furiously mopping the kitchen floor, his hands encased in marigold gloves and his mind screaming with terror as he obediently followed Nat's twisted orders like the good little maid he was.

*

““We've got the perfect punishment,” Nat was saying, drawing Bryce back out of his unhappy reveries, back into the present. “A perfect punishment for a *naughty little maid*. Tanya?”

Tanya smiled, got up off the sofa. The dark-skinned girl went over to a chest of drawers and pulled something out.

Bryce watched her bend over with doleful eyes, aware that only yesterday the sight of Tanya's ass would have made him immediately want to go and jerk off in the bathroom.

Now, though, his maid's body found other women as attractive as a piece of wood.

Unless, that is, his mistresses ordered him to find them attractive.

“I bought this as a joke a year ago,” Tanya was saying as she straightened back up, “I always thought it'd spend its life at the back of some drawer.”

She turned around, an evil little smile on her dark face.

“I didn't ever guess we'd have our own slutty little maid to use it on.”

At the sight of what was in her hands, Bryce heard himself gasp out loud. He wanted to shake his head, but he was powerless to put up even token

resistance to his owners.

No... please! Not that...

“What do you think, *maid?*” Tanya giggled as she held up the enormous pink dildo, “think you can fit all this in that tight little hole of yours?”

Trapped in his female body, Bryce goggled at the dildo. It was maybe ten inches long, with a fat pair of rubber balls at the base, the fake bulge of a vein running down one side.

It was thick, too, thicker than any of the football team’s cocks Bryce had glimpsed in the showers. As he trembled before it, Tanya brought the fat bell end *thwacking* down into her open palm, holding it like a club. She grinned evilly.

“Want me to strap it on and make you suck it a little, bitch?”

Bryce tried to shake his pretty little head, his eyes frozen on the dildo. Already, he was trying to imagine how it would feel inside him. How much it would *hurt*.

At least, the male part of his brain was.

Somewhere, in the newly female part of his mind that Nat had gifted to him, he was horribly aware the sight of the dildo was making his body incredibly aroused.

“Now, Belinda,” Nat was saying, “we all know you’re used to sticking your baby dick in places where it doesn’t belong. So it’s only fair *you* get to experience what it’s like.”

Bryce wrenched his horrified gaze away from Tanya’s dildo, turned a pleading smile onto Nat.

“Mistress,” he simpered, “madam. *Please...*”

“Shh,” Nat gently raised one finger to her lips. The words immediately died in Bryce’s throat. “Not another word. In fact, you’re no longer allowed to talk.”

A giggle.

“Except to *scream* your enthusiasm for what’s happening to you.”

Nat jerked up and down in his vision. With a feeling of unreality, Bryce realized he’d just given his cruel tormenter another curtsy.

“Now...” Nat’s voice was low, lusty, “take your panties off.”

The magic didn’t even let Bryce hesitate.

Obediently, he bent forward, trying to ignore the way his enormous breasts threatened to come spilling out of his top. Reached under his skirts and petticoats and clasped his satin underwear. He silently grit his teeth...

...and then he was sliding his panties off over his smooth, shaved legs, slipping them over his heels, first one foot then the other, and standing back up, his lacy white panties clasped in his hands for all the girls to see.

Janice giggled. But Tanya and Nat were looking too cruel to laugh much. Nat nodded at Bryce’s panties.

“Good girl. You can leave them on the floor for now, but *don’t* forget to put them back on the minute we’re done.”

Yes ma’am, Bryce tried to say, only to remember that his voice had temporarily been taken away. So he gave a jerky nod instead, and discarded his horrible panties, trying not to shudder as he did so.

“Now. Skirt up and lie on the floor.”

Feeling like he was in a horrible dream, Bryce was forced to watch from inside his maid-body as he obeyed Nat’s instructions to the letter.

Gently, he slipped up the hem of his skirt, flinching at the cool air that suddenly caressed his bare bottom and shaved pussy. Lowered himself onto the soft white rug he was standing on, spreading his legs as he did so.

“Keep your head up, there’s a good maid. I want you to be able to see us the entire time. Tanya?”

As Bryce obediently raised his pretty girl-head, looking down over his own enormous boobs at Nat and Janice’s identical evil expressions, Tanya strutted over to him. Bent down. Handed him the dildo.

“Try and enjoy yourself, Belinda,” she murmured as she did so. “God knows we’re gonna have some fun.”

Bryce took the dildo without a word. He could feel it in his tiny hands, so heavy, so powerful, its rubber shaft like some awful, alien thing.

He wished with all his might that he could just hurl it out the window, throw it as far away from himself as possible. But, of course, it wasn’t his wishes that mattered anymore.

Uncertainly, he looked at Nat, the dildo still clasped in his dainty fingers. His old housemate smiled back at him.

“Is she wet, Tanya?”

Tanya stuck a hand into Bryce’s pussy. A little, feminine yelp escaped his throat. The elegant black girl gently rubbed her finger around his lips, teasing him, making his female body shudder.

“She’s nice and sloppy.” Tanya grinned down at him. “Must be the sight of that dildo. It’s making her all horny.”

“What a *naughty* little slut,” Nat crooned. “You can stand up if she’s ready, then.”

“One moment. It’s just so much fun making Belinda whimper like this.”

At the word *whimper*, Tanya teasingly rubbed the ball of her thumb across Bryce’s clit. Immediately, pink stars exploded behind the maid’s eyeballs. Bryce felt his hips automatically buck, heard a faint squeak escape his lips. A bead of moisture trickled out his pussy, dribbled down over his anus.

As awful as it was to admit, his new body was *getting wet*.

“Look at you...” Tanya breathed, smiling down at poor, powerless Bryce, “all horny and sticky, and you can’t even say no, can you?”

An evil little look came into her dark eyes.

“I wonder what would happen if...”

As she spoke, Bryce felt one of her fingertips delicately drift down over his line, making him shudder. It hesitated at the entrance to his dripping hole...

...and then Tanya plunged one of her fingers deep inside him, coiling it up into Bryce’s womb, penetrating him, making him gasp out loud.

Bryce could *see* the way his nipples were hardening, becoming all pointy and straining at the fabric of his black uniform. Could *see* Tanya’s hand as she worked her finger *inside* him, her palm pressed flat against his pussy.

It was enough to send a man mad. Here he was – he, Bryce Bradley – trapped in the body of Belinda Babydick, the slutty maid, getting fingered by Tanya and *loving* it!

The feeling of Tanya’s finger inside him was making him woozy with pleasure. He dazedly clenched his pussy around her knuckle, and was

rewarded with a shudder that passed through his entire body.

In the bottom of his vision, he could see his huge breasts, gently swelling with desire. An overwhelming urge came over him to grab them, to run his hands over them, to *squeeze* them and pinch their nipples.

But of course he was powerless to disobey Nat's orders. So he simply lay there as Tanya fingered him, soft gasps escaping his female throat as his mistresses looked on in delight.

Bryce was just starting to wonder if he could somehow beg Tanya to slip another finger inside him when his old roomie abruptly slid her finger out and stood up, wiping her hand on her tight jeans.

"Urgh, I'm gonna smell like pussy all day now." She nodded to Nat. "OK, I'm done."

Flat on his back, Bryce blinked up weakly at her, not knowing what he should be feeling.

On the one hand, the idea that he'd had a finger *inside* him, even if belonged to a girl, should have been humiliating. Sickening!

On the other, a large part of him was aware that Tanya's lone finger had managed to give his female body more pleasure than he usually got even getting blowjobs as a guy.

Are all women this sensitive? He wondered, dazedly, *or is this the magic...?*

Across the room, Nat grinned at him from the couch.

"Well, maid, did you enjoy that?" She tilted her head. "You may speak."

It was like a hand had let go of Bryce's throat.

"*Oui madam,*" he breathed, his voice all hot and lusty, "zat made me wetter zan ezzer!"

Inside his mind, he cringed at how enthusiastic he was being. At how pathetic and unmanly he had become. But he couldn't deny the truth of what he was saying.

Right now, he was hornier than he'd ever felt before in his life.

"So our little maid liked being fingered, did she?" Nat was saying. "Then maybe we should take things to the next level."

She suddenly sat up straight, became commanding.

“See that dildo, maid?”

Bryce turned his head, blinked at the enormous rubber cock still clasped in one of his hands. In all the excitement of the last few minutes, he’d forgotten he was holding it.

“I want you to stick that whole thing in your pussy and masturbate with it until you come.”

“Madam...?”

“Now, maid.”

Before he could even think of saying *non*, Bryce’s slender new arm was moving. He felt himself lower the dildo down until it was level with his pussy, all the while raising his dress up higher with his other hand.

For a moment, he held the dildo before his soaking wet pussy, trembling with fear, trying not to do as Nat commanded.

NO! He wanted to scream, *no, you’ll hurt me. You’ll kill me!*

A slender little finger was one thing, but there was no way this monstrosity was gonna fit inside him! It would be painful, it would be awful...

Then the magic kicked in. His willpower crumbled, and Bryce slipped the ten inch dildo deep inside his pussy.

A look of delight ran across all three of the girls’ faces as he pushed the dildo deeper and deeper inside himself. In horror, Bryce watched as the long, thick, rubber shaft vanished and the dildo filled his pussy.

Then his wrist began to automatically jerk and, before poor Bryce knew what was happening, he was pleasuring himself with Tanya’s dildo.

The sensation of having a big, rubber cock inside him was unlike anything he’d ever felt before.

He could feel the shaft of the thing, *stretching* the walls of his pussy. Could feel its solid tip, rudely bumping up against the inside of his womb.

But he could feel something else, too. Something that made him want to weep with shame.

He could feel how *good* having this dildo in him felt.

As Bryce gently jerked his wrist, slipping the rubber cock in and out of his vagina, a sleepy warmth began to wash over him, radiating out from his

crotch, consuming his entire body.

He could feel himself getting wetter and wetter, feel his nipples becoming hard like bullets. A delicious pink fog settled over his brain. He spread his legs wider, began jerking his wrist faster and faster.

On the sofa, his three mistresses were watching him in open-mouthed delight. Bryce masturbated as hard as he could, aware his lips were dangling open, that he was cooing in French and whimpering and unable to do anything about it.

“See how much she loves her new toy?” He dimly heard Nat crow. “Belinda, don’t you *love* having a big fat cock in you?”

“Oui...” Bryce heard himself breathlessly gasp. “Oh *oui* madam... oui... **OUI! OUI! OUI!**”

Suddenly he was coming and he had to stop talking before his words turned into screams.

He came with a shudder that passed over his entire body, making his mascara-laden eyes go all screwed up and his soft lips dangle open helplessly, leaving him shivering from head to toe.

As his orgasm peaked, he felt something wet splash against his smooth inner thighs, and realized in astonishment that his new body was a squirter.

Finally, his orgasm slowly ebbed away, and Bryce came back to Earth to find himself sat in a puddle of his own juices, a dildo buried deep inside him, and a helpless smile on his beautiful face.

To his shock, he realized that had probably been the strongest orgasm he’d ever had.

“There we are,” Nat murmured. “Lesson learned. Don’t do it again, or you’ll get even worse next time, understood?”

“Oui madam,” Bryce’s soft new voice seemed to be coming from very far away. With a faint feeling of disgust, he realized that all he wanted was to keep on lying here with this dildo buried deep inside him.

Worse, the three girls probably knew it too.

“Now take that out of yourself, there’s a good girl, stand up and get those panties back on.”

Obediently, Bryce slipped the dildo out of his pussy, at once both relived and

strangely sad to feel it go. As he clambered to his feet, trying not to overbalance on his stiletto heels, his mind was a whirlwind.

Nat, Tanya, and Janice's power over his new body was completely limitless, he'd decided. They could make him violate himself with a big toy dick whenever they wanted, and there was nothing he could do about it.

Yet he was disturbed to find a growing part of him almost *liked* being this obedient. Almost wanted to be used and abused.

He felt sick. That damn magic had turned him into a sissy.

Hadn't it?

When he had his panties back on, Bryce stood up straight and bowed his head, standing before his mistresses and awaiting orders. He still had the dildo clasped in one hand.

"Very good," he heard Nat purr, "now, get back to cleaning, *bitch*. We need this house ready by seven for our party. If it's not, there'll be trouble."

"Oui madam," Bryce whispered.

He turned to go.

"Oh, maid?"

Bryce froze to the spot, wondering what fresh hell awaited him now.

"Don't forget to lick your new toy clean, there's a good girl. Now get lost."

"Oui madam."

There were gales of female laughter, all laughing at *him*. Bryce's slender legs automatically carried him back out the living room, even as his mind boiled with rage.

Lick it clean? But it's got pussy on it! No... there's no way...

The dildo was still clasped tight in his dainty little hands. As he teetered on his heels past a wastepaper basket, he tried to drop it in. Tried to get rid of it, to score a victory over the bitches who now controlled his life, no matter how small.

But, of course, he couldn't. Instead, he simply wobbled down the hallway to the little maid's room the magic had created from thin air for him, his hips wiggling with each step, the hem of his dress swishing from side to side and giving the world cheeky little glimpses of his ass.

He went inside, sat on the little cot bed, with its white cotton sheets and held the dildo up before his pretty face. Inhaled.

The smell of pussy was overpowering. The dildo reeked of it, of *him*. That awful, marshy smell that only girls had.

Well, now he had it too.

And he would for the rest of his life. Nat's wish would see to that.

Bryce unhappily looked at the dildo, still not quite able to believe it had been inside him. Still not quite able to believe that he really *was* a French maid, enchanted to serve the every whim of three cruel women, no matter how filthy.

That he was enchanted to debase himself and enjoy being humiliated like this until the day he died.

Still thinking these thoughts, he clasped the dildo by its rubber balls, pressed it against his lips. Tasted the acrid juice of his own pussy.

Then, with a feeling of misery, he slipped his lips over the tip and began licking it clean, thrusting the dildo into his little mouth just as he'd thrust it into his pussy only a few moments earlier.

He wasn't in the least bit surprised to discover it tasted delicious.

*

It was half six by the time Bryce finally finished getting the house ready for the party.

He'd been cleaning all day by that point, and his weak little girl-body was sore all over. His arms hurt from mopping, his knees were sore from scrubbing, and his pussy still had a warm ache from his punishment with the dildo.

By the time he was able to finally put his feather duster down, he was ready to collapse. If only he still had his big, strong man-body with its powerful muscles!

Yet it wasn't like he could just crash out and go to sleep now. As he was working, Tanya had come to coldly order him to help her get ready for the party once he was done.

So now here the poor French maid who used to be Bryce was, climbing the stairs towards Tanya's room dressed in only her silly uniform, wondering

what the hell this party was all about.

He gently rapped on Tanya's door, assumed his servile position outside, hands clasped before his apron, head bowed, until at long last he faintly heard her say "come."

Nervously, Bryce opened the door, teetered into his former friend's room. In a corner of his mind, he was depressed to notice how different everything looked in his tiny new body, how much bigger it all seemed.

Tanya was laying on the bed, a lazy smile on her beautiful, dark features. She watched Bryce as he gave her a curtsy, his pretty face servile and expressionless.

"You wish to see me, madam?"

At his words, Tanya gave a little sigh.

"God... you're so cute like that. All hot and stupid and obedient." She bit her lower lip as she gazed at him. "I've got half a mind to make you get on this bed and finger you till you come again."

Bryce simply shrugged his slender shoulders. If Tanya wanted to turn him into her own personal sex toy, there wasn't a whole lot he could do about it.

"Whatezzer you wish, mistress."

"I know." Tanya's eyes sparkled, with cruelty or mischief, Bryce wasn't sure. She smiled at him.

"Tell me, Belinda, do you find me attractive?"

"Oui, madam," Bryce automatically replied. What else could he say?

"Nu-uh." Tanya raised a finger. "Not like that. I mean, really. When you were a man, did you ever... *masturbate* while thinking of me?"

A look must have passed across Bryce's face, because Tanya grinned.

"Belinda, from now on I forbid you to lie to me, understand? Whatever I ask you *must* tell me the truth. Got that, slut?"

No sooner were the words out her mouth than Bryce felt a faint heat in his throat, like the ability to lie had been burned out of him. He helplessly hung his head.

"Oui, madam."

"Awesome. Now, answer my question. Did you ever...?"

The heat burned brightly in Bryce's throat. He tried to fight it, but it was so painful he could barely resist for a single second.

"Oui, mistress," he heard himself say, in his soft new voice, "all ze time. I used to thnk zat you 'ad ze perfect *derrière*."

Tanya giggled again, that look still in her eyes, like an evil kid at Christmas.

"My ass, huh? Did you used to think about putting your cock in there?" She asked, casually, "fucking me like a whore? Remember, you're forbidden from lying to me."

Again the heat. Again, Bryce found himself speaking without wanting to, a feeling of utter misery coursing through him.

"Non. Not zat."

"Well what then?"

The new maid helplessly hung her pretty little head.

"I wanted to do ze spanking wizz you. Make you feel like ze *norrty girl*."

He tried not to tremble as Tanya threw her head back and cackled.

"You wanted to *spank* me? Jesus, you really were a little perv, weren't you Miss Babydick?"

"Oui, madam."

"Well, I can't blame you, really. I *do* have a great butt, especially after Nat's wish..." Tanya leaned to one side, smiled down at her magically-enhanced ass before looking back at Bryce. "And I guess I'm not the only one."

Bryce smiled weakly back at her. At that moment, he'd have given anything not to be stood here, listening to another girl discuss his cute girl-ass. He'd rather be licking his dildo clean than this!

But he could no more tell Tanya that than he could suddenly start flying. She wanted him here, so it was his job as a maid to wait here until she was done with him.

Tanya was watching him now with a sly little grin that made Bryce's flesh crawl.

"Turn around, maid," she said abruptly, "and bend over."

With a tiny sigh, Bryce turned away from her. He hesitantly put his hands on his bare thighs, then slowly bent forward until his dress rode up and Tanya

could see his panty-clad ass.

“Wow... Nat really did work wonders with that body of yours. Now take your panties off.”

Bryce helplessly obeyed, slipping off his panties and bending forward again so Tanya could stare at his pert, naked bottom.

He felt so violated like this! So helpless. Like he was little more than eye candy, a dumb bimbo with a cute butt who couldn't tell people not to stare.

Behind him, he heard Tanya get to her feet. Listened warily as she walked around the bed, came to a stop behind him.

There was a pause, pregnant with hesitation, and then Tanya's hand was on his bare ass, her palm gently rubbing at his smooth skin, her fingertips softly kneading the pink flesh.

“I could do anything to you right now, couldn't I?” His former roomie breathed, stroking his backside as she did so. “I could wear a strap on and fuck that gorgeous ass of yours and you wouldn't be able to do anything but enjoy it, would you? Answer me, *maid*.”

“Oui, mistress,” Bryce whimpered unhappily, “whatezzer you want iz what I want too.”

The worst part was, it was true. Already he could feel the magic kicking in as Tanya gently played with his ass, making him get all wet and horny again.

Now he was these three girls' maid, it was like his body existed only to give them pleasure.

“That's such a turn on,” he heard Tanya sigh. “God, you have no idea how wonderful it is having you as a little slave like this. And you do look *seriously* cute...”

Bryce kept silent. He didn't know if it was a compliment or an insult or *what*.

“But...” Tanya went on, regretfully, “I suppose it *is* nearly time for our party. We should probably...”

Slowly, she took her hand away from Bryce's ass. Stepped back, gave his bottom a sharp little slap that made him gasp out loud.

“Panties on, Miss Babydick. Then you can help brush my hair. I wanna be looking *awesome* by the time the boys get here.”

Bryce was halfway through pulling his panties back up when he heard Tanya say *boys*. He instantly froze, his pert bum still on display.

“B-boys, mistress?” He stammered. “Wheech boys do you mean?”

“Silly.” Tanya giggled, slapping his ass again so hard it stung. “*The* boys. What, didn’t Nat tell you?”

The football team are coming here. We invited them, all of them. Said we wanted them to come and meet our brand new *maid*.”

She bent forward until her lips were almost brushing Bryce’s ear, not taking her hand off his ass.

“I bet they can’t *wait* to meet you.”

In horror, Bryce weakly shook his head.

No... they couldn’t do this to him. They couldn’t!

“Mistress...” he tried to plead in a strangled voice, “*sil vous plait*. Please...”

“Oh hush, it’s too late for that now.” Tanya gave Bryce’s ass one last, nasty pinch that hurt like hell before straightening back up. “Now pull those panties up *at once*, bitch! We’ve got a party to go to!”

*

That evening was the worst of Bryce’s life.

As his old football team arrived one by one, he was forced to go to the door and let them in, a big, supermodel smile plastered onto his gorgeous features.

Each time he opened the door with a lusty *bonjour*, it would be to a familiar, male face that broke into a wide grin at the sight of his new body.

Guys like Chester, Harold, Drake, Trayvon... all of them responded to Bryce’s curvy new form like animals at a zoo.

There were grins. Leers. Eyeballs that fixed on his big new tits. Low whistles. Sleazy *Heeyyyys*.

By the time he’d let his fourth teammate into the house, Bryce had wanted nothing more than to slam the door in these big lugs’ faces. The way they stared at his chest, at his legs, at his stupid sexy uniform made his skin crawl!

But he had his orders. So rather than slamming the door, he let each man in with a big smile. Offered to take his coat. Then trotted off on his high heels to lead him into the main party, horribly aware of how his hips were rolling

seductively, horribly aware of the eyes lingering on his cute new ass.

From there on in, it had only gotten worse.

Not only was Bryce on door duty, he was on drinks duty too. As the party slowly filled up, he found himself sashaying from sofa to sofa, a tray of cocktails held out before him in one white gloved hand, offering them up to muscular men with a dazzling smile.

The worst part was, these were all guys he *knew*. Guys he'd played football with, showered with, gone to bars to pick up chicks with. He was used to being on the same level as them, used to being one of them.

Now suddenly, *he* was the chick everyone was interested in. The tiny girl forced to look up at guys who suddenly towered over him. The girl whose perfect ass everyone kept sneaking glances at.

The girl who all his former bros whispered about fucking as soon as his back was turned.

It was a nightmare. Awful. Bending forward to serve drinks, watching as nearly a dozen male eyes dropped down to his swollen tits. Being forced to smile at men who were commenting on your ass.

By the time it was nearly eight o'clock, Bryce felt like screaming. He wanted nothing more than to throw down his tray, walk out the door, and never return!

But all he could do was keep right on following Nat's instructions, playing the part of the bimbo maid to absolute perfection.

"Hey, what's your name, hot stuff?" Drake had leered at him at one point, "they hire you for the evening, or what?"

And Bryce had been forced to shoot his old teammate a plastic smile and say:

"Non, monsieur. I am Belinda Babydick, ze new maid. I live to serve zese wonderful mademoiselles."

At the sight of Drake's dumbfounded expression, he'd quickly turned and walked away to serve some more guests. But he'd been unable to stop his new body from giving its hips a cheeky wiggle as he went.

Finally, the entire team was in the living room. Once everyone was seated, Nat picked up a glass and tapped her spoon against it. The hubbub of conversation died down.

“Welcome, men of the house!” She said, loudly, “and thank you all for coming to our inaugural party for our new maid, Miss Belinda Babydick! Take a bow, maid.”

With a cruel smile, she indicated Bryce, who was forced to stand to attention and give a deep curtsy to everyone present, a smile on his pretty face even as his cheeks flushed pink.

It was humiliating, having his bros see him like this! His only consolation – and it didn’t feel like much of one right now – was that they didn’t know it was him in here.

As the polite applause and whispered jokes died away, Nat turned back to her audience.

“So, I gather that some of you have been wondering why we’ve assembled a party for the football team, without inviting the star player.”

A murmur went up. At the back, Chester laughed and yelled something about Bryce probably being too busy with pussy to make it.

At his bro’s words, Tanya shot Bryce a little sidelong look from the sofa, suppressed a giggle. Bryce bowed his head, stared at his own tits. Chester was more right than he knew.

Finally, Nat managed to get silence again.

“The reason Mr. Bryce Bradley is absent,” she said in her newly-confident voice, “is very simple. This party, you see, isn’t just an ordinary party.”

Stood obediently at the back of the room, Bryce blinked up at his new mistress. What did she mean?

“It’s a *special* kind of party,” Nat went on, “one with *plenty* of, ah, physical activity. You may have noticed Little Miss Babydick looks less like a maid, and more like a *slut*.”

A dozen eyes all turned back to Bryce, who found himself forced to smile in terror.

“There’s a good reason for that.” Nat paused for effect, the corners of her lips tugging up into a grin. “She *is* one.”

Another murmur went up. Bryce blinked in confusion. On the sofa, Tanya winked at him.

“Bryce Bradley hired her from a brothel in Nevada for the evening,” Nat was

saying, “as a *special treat* for his team. In two minutes, us girls will leave the room. And you guys...

...can do *anything* you want with her.”

There was silence. Eleven male faces stared at Bryce with ill-concealed delight. A bolt of panic went through him.

“Miss Natalie!” He squeaked, “please, you cannot make me do *zis!*!”

“Isn’t she good?” Nat asked her audience. “Playing the part of an innocent French maid to *perfection*. Well, let’s keep the roleplay up, shall we?”

She grinned horribly at Bryce.

“Maid,” she said. “I *order* you to suck off every single one of these men. Let them come on your pretty little face. Let them fuck you in every single hole and spunk on those big tits of yours. And I *order* you to not complain or do anything to upset them or say no to any sexual suggestion.

Understand, *maid?*”

There was a *click* inside Bryce’s head as his free will was taken away. He helplessly looked at his old teammates, boners already growing in their pants. Turned two innocent, pleading eyes back to Nat. Bowed his head.

“Oui, madam,” he whispered.

“Good girl,” Nat giggled. “Try and enjoy yourself. Girls? Let’s go.”

Struggling not to laugh, Tanya and Janice got to their feet, went skipping over to Nat. Together, all three exited the room, passing poor, helpless Bryce with secretive smiles on their faces.

“Have fun, Babydick,” Tanya breathed as she passed her maid, giving him one last, nasty pinch on the backside.

And then they were gone.

The door closed with a soft click. His eyes wide with fear, Bryce turned to his old team. To the guys he’d shared so much with over the years.

“Monsieurs...” he began, pleadingly.

It was as far as he got.

There was the distant sound of wind chimes as the magic kicked back in, and suddenly Bryce was wobbling over to Chester on his high heels, lurching like a robot as he tried to fight his latest orders.

“I guess I will start with zis ‘ot stud of a man...” he felt himself giggle.

As Chester watched him with a strange mixture of hope and apprehension, Bryce stopped before him, dropped onto all fours. With a feeling of utter helplessness, he watched as his long nailed fingers groped at Chester’s crotch, tugging down his zipper and reaching into his pants.

A long, thick dick slipped out the zipper, pointed straight up into the air, as thick and proud as Tanya’s dildo had been. Bryce clasped it in his dainty hands, trying not to cry, trying to ignore the male laughter and whoops around him.

No... they couldn’t make him do this! He wouldn’t, he wouldn’t, he-!

Delicately brushing a strand of golden hair out of his eyes, he bent forward, kissed Chester’s dick all up its sharp, let his bud-like lips brush over its tip.

As his bro moaned, he pumped Chester with one hand, looked up at him with a simpering expression.

“Please, monsieur,” he heard himself breathe in a lusty voice, “come on ze face, not in ze mouth.”

Then he parted his lips, delicately lowered his head...

...and then Bryce Bradley was sucking dick.

He sucked for all he was worth, bobbing his female head back and forth, deep throating Chester like a professional porn star.

He slobbered all over this alpha male’s cock, luxuriating in the taste of penis, watching in horror as Chester’s prick slipped in and out of his pretty little mouth.

He fondled Chester’s balls with his free hand, playing with them, expertly making his bro groan with pleasure.

As he did so, he became aware that his new pussy was soaking wet and his nipples were as hard as bullets.

With a miserable moan that was half-stifled by Chester’s enormous cock, Bryce realized that a horrible truth about his new body.

He absolutely *loved* sucking dick.

Down on all fours, his heavy boobies dangling, his ass and pussy raised up into the air for the entire team to see, Bryce sucked Chester’s dick like his life

depended on it. He greedily shoved the whole thing to the back of his throat, let it fill his mouth just like the dildo had filled it earlier. Sucked and sucked until he thought he was going to go mad – from anger or pleasure he didn't know.

At last, Chester gave an almighty groan. Bryce quickly pulled back, turned his pretty face up and opened his mouth, frantically pumping Chester's shaft with his wrist.

There was a pause, and then jets of white hot cum were squirting over Bryce's face, spattering on his cheeks, dribbling over his lips, shooting into his hair.

“Oui...” he heard himself purring, “oui monsieur, come on me, come on moi!”

Spunk dripped into his smiling open mouth, stained his pretty face. Bryce kept on pumping Chester until he was *sure* he couldn't get any more sperm out, then he languidly licked his lips, giggled, and turned to face the rest of the team.

“Which oz you ‘andsome studzzz would like to – ‘ow you say in Eeenglish? – *come on moi titties?*”

Ten faces looked at him in shock.

And then the bros were whooping, chanting, whipping out their phones to film, and Bryce felt himself let go of the last fragments of his male pride.

He was a slutty maid now. And if Nat was going to enchant him to suck off all of his old teammates, then he guessed he had no choice but to enjoy himself.

After all, hadn't he secretly dreamed of this thousands of times before?

A helpless giggle escaped Bryce's lips, a dark laugh of abandonment. Smiling with the bliss of someone who has gone mad, he crawled on all fours over to Drake, grabbed hold of his dick and started pumping. He turned and winked over his shoulder at the guys behind him.

“I think zat one of you sexy monsieurs should take me from ze backside, non?”

He wiggled his perfect ass at the crowd of baying men, and watched in delight as it drove them wild. Trayvon immediately leaped to his feet, yelling

to the guys around him that he'd give this bitch the fucking of a lifetime!

Deep inside his transformed mind, Bryce felt a little flicker of happiness.

This. Wasn't this kinda... *nice*? To be able to drive handsome men wild with a little wiggle. To be able to make a dozen cocks go hard, just by pouting a little.

Hadn't he always secretly wondered what it would be like to be a gorgeous bisexual girl no man or woman could say no to? Hadn't he spent years, in a tiny corner of his mind, wanting to be a gorgeous girl who could ride dicks all day long without a care in the world?

His manhood had gone. His old life had gone, replaced with nothing but the masochistic thrill of being a hyper-obedient sex object.

And, as Trayvon sank to his knees behind Bryce and rudely pulled the maid's lacy panties down, the transformed boy realized something both shocking and wonderful.

He never wanted to be a man again.

He didn't know if it was the magic, or a hidden side of his personality or *what*...

But he *loved* being Belinda Babydick.

His thoughts were interrupted by Trayvon giving his ass a ringing slap. Bryce gasped out loud, smiled happily, and angled his hips up to show the big black man his dripping wet pussy.

Then he leaned forward and took Drake in his mouth as Trayvon penetrated him, and sobbed with happiness as his former bros filled two of his holes at once.

For the next four hours, the little French maid screwed like a girl possessed.

She took dicks deep in her mouth, in her pussy, in her asshole.

She bounced on top of guy's dicks, riding them like a cowgirl, moaning with helpless pleasure as they penetrated her, making her big boobies bounce up and down as they did so.

She got come on her face, in her hair, on her tits. Let men squirt in her womb without any protection.

She sucked and fucked like the obedient whore she was, until she'd

completely forgotten she used to be man called Bryce, and thought that she had always been a French whore called Belinda Babydick.

And, even as felt herself vanishing on this endless sea of taboo pleasure, the bimbo maid found herself looking at the stains and detritus of this gangbang and thinking that she couldn't *wait* to clean up tomorrow.

Couldn't *wait* to spend the rest of her life cooking and cleaning and obeying her mistresses every command, and loving every minute of it.

The magic would see to that.

Outside in the hall, Nat, Tanya and Janice watched through a crack in the door and giggled at how perfect Belinda's transformation had been.

Tomorrow, they would invite the math club over for an identical party. Then the music club. Then the chess team, then the professors, and on and on until their slutty French maid had sucked off every single man on campus.

And then they'd make her clean the house from top to bottom until it was spotless, and serve them drinks and food, toiling away for no reward while the three girls led a life of luxury.

And the best part was, it'd never end! Belinda Babydick would never go back to being Bryce again. Never get any older. Never look like anything but a trashy, 18-year old bimbo maid.

Nat had made her wish, and not even God himself could undo it now.

"Enjoy yourself while you can, *Bryce Bradley...*" Nat giggled as she watched her pet slut pleasure her former friends, "there's plenty more where *this* came from."

Back in the living room, Belinda was riding one guy's dick while jerking off two others until they came on her boobs.

Her mistresses outside didn't know it but, at that moment, Belinda was the happiest little French maid in the entire world.

The End

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Mall of Change

“Hey. *Hey!*”

At the sound of the woman’s voice, Roy assumed an innocent expression, leaned back from the railings beside the food court. He glanced over in the guard’s direction, a practiced air of confusion in his moves, as if unsure why the hell she was so pissed with him.

“Anything I can help you with, miss?” He asked.

The squat, brunette woman scowled at him. She was about 5ft2, almost comically short compared to Roy, but with a hefty build that made her look like she’d be as difficult to fight as a runaway boulder.

Her security guard nametag flapped above one heavy breast, its smiling photo peering out at Roy. GRACIE, it read.

“You’re that guy from last week, ain’t you?” She came to a stop beside Roy, folded her beefy arms. “Jerry told me about you.”

Who the fuck is Jerry? Roy wondered, unsure which of the mall’s many security guards might have warned his colleagues about him.

Outwardly, though, he simply held open his reusable shopping bag.

“I don’t know what you’re talking about, miss,” he said, loudly. “I’ve got receipts for everything in here. If this Jerry thinks I’ve been *stealing...*”

“Enough with the be-hind fudge. We both know I don’t need to go digging through that bag.”

Roy blinked owlshly down at the girl.

Dumb slut... he thought, vaguely.

“Then *what...*” he began, ready to put on his tried-and-tested show of an outraged Southern gentleman unfairly picked on by some overzealous – and under-braincelled – store guard.

He didn’t have a chance to get any further.

“You know.” Gracie snarled. “I seen you. We all seen you.”

She poked out one fat finger, gesturing over the railings, into the airy heart of the Alabama mall.

“You been *lookin’* at them!”

Carefully, Roy turned, following the line of her finger. Knowing what he was going to see, but acting surprised all the same.

The very thing he came down here, and down to all the other malls in the tri-county area, for. The thing that had occupied his brain, day and night, for every waking minute of his entire adult existence.

The murky secret he'd managed to keep out the papers for so long.

My girls...

There were three of them. Sat on the white alabaster seating space ringing the edge of the fountain. Blonde. Brunette. A dark-skinned girl. Casually chatting, hanging out, pretending not to be watching the boys going past.

They were young, but then they always were. Wholesome, in an all-American, *gee whizz!* kind of a way. Well dressed, well behaved, well-liked. The sort of three close girlfriends any parents would be proud to count their daughter among.

And they had no idea that, less than twenty feet directly above them, they were being watched by a man who secretly knew what they were.

Look at you... Roy's eyes flitted over one girl, up her slender legs, across her teenage features, before flicking – lizard like – to the face of another. *Just like all the others...*

He didn't know these three girls personally. Had never seen them in this mall before today.

But, deep down, he *knew* what they were. Knew the creatures they were turning into, the sex-obsessed harpies that their bodies were making them become.

The foul, sickening creatures this dumb world knew as *women*. Mindless vampires who existed only to silence men's hearts, and to siphon off the contents of their wallets.

The sort of vampires Roy had had to deal with all too often in his line of work as an elected legislator. The secretaries, the voters, the whining pieces of excrement who called themselves his mistresses, his wives...

Just thinking about them was enough to make Roy feel sick. Like he might vomit black acid out the depths of his soul.

With an effort he squashed the nausea back down.

No need to think about that now. Not when looking at his girls. The girls who would soon change, but hadn't changed yet. The girls who were still innocent, still not quite corrupted by their female nature.

The girls Roy was unable to take his eyes off.

Of course, he said none of this out loud.

"I don't know what you're talking about, miss." His voice dripped restrained propriety, the voice of a man who held doors open for women, never swore in mixed company, and had private thoughts so inoffensive the Lord himself wouldn't find anything to judge.

It was a voice Roy had been practicing for a long, long time.

"If you're accusing me of benignly watching the good people of this county go about their business, then I guess I'm guilty. People watching has always been, ah, a *hobby* of mine."

Below, one of the three girls – the one with the long dark hair that fell down her back in a single braid – whispered something in the short blonde girl's ear, making her laugh. Roy smiled.

"But if you're suggesting anything else is going on..."

"You're damn right I am."

The security woman's voice was venomous, like she was trying to spit out poison. Roy reluctantly tore his eyes away from his girls and turned back to face her.

"Careful, miss." He warned, straightening his tie and standing fully upright. "It's not your place to—"

He didn't get any further.

"That's it, buster, you're coming with me." Before Roy could react, one of his wrists had vanished inside the woman's fat fist. She tugged his arm with surprising strength.

"Now hold on here..."

"Jackson." Gracie muttered into her walkie-talkie. "It's me. Think I found the guy Jerry had a problem with."

Loudly, she said to him:

"Alright, mister, come with me. No more pervin' on them there girls."

She gave Roy's wrist another furious tug. The closest tables in the food court were turning to watch the show, the dead, bovine eyes of Alabama's great voting public watching Roy with all the interest they were capable of.

"Unhand me, you little... ah, I mean, *unhand me!*"

Roy tried to yank his wrist out of the female guard's grip, but she held onto him like some sorta damn pit bull.

Bitch! You fucking, uppity, fat, nasty goddamn-!

For a split second, Roy felt that old, deadly calm settle over him. Saw the female guard before him, not as she was now, but as Rosalind had been that time.

Naked. Her arms dangling. Her eyes bugging as she tried to scream, but no sound able to escape her fat lips as he tightened his grip tighter, tighter, tighter...

And then Roy happened to glance down, saw one of the girls – the black one – staring up at the gentleman and the lady fighting, and the moment passed. The feeling washed away. He let his arm go limp.

"My dear lady," he said, loudly enough for the people around him to hear. "I know as well as God does that there's been some unconscionable mistake here. But, for the sake of fairness, and for the, ah, sake of not disturbing these fine folks' lunch..."

He gave the staring diners a magnanimous smile.

"...how about we talk this over in the manager's office like civilized grownups, hmm?"

"Like *heck* we're goin' to the-" Gracie began, only to be cut off by a burst of static from her walkie talkie. Roy smiled to himself.

Right on time...

He stood there, maintaining his air of gentle bemusement and self-confidence as he heard Gracie trying to quietly argue with her superior. Anyone watching would've thought they were seeing some dumb, hick guard screwing up a nice older man's day.

The more informed (and, even in this backward corner of the county, they did exist) might have realized that the supervisor had checked the CCTV, and realized – probably with a sudden bolt of panic – that his minion had

accidentally targeted one of the area's longest-serving, most-respected councilors.

And the most-informed of all might have dimly recalled hearing that that councilor was an old friend of the owner of the mall.

You dumb bitch, Roy thought with an internal sneer as he watched Gracie's expression, *you've just ass-fucked your own career, if you can call it a 'career'*.

At long last, Gracie stuck her walkie talkie back in her belt. Glared at Roy.

"Alright, manager's office it is. Let's go."

"Whatever you say, miss." Roy said with studied innocence. "Lead the way."

As they set off, he turned and gave one last, lingering look to the three young girls sat at the fountain, the girls who existed only for his aesthetic pleasure.

The creeped out expression on the blonde girl's face thrilled him no end.

*

"Please accept the management's apologies again, Mr. Anderson."

"Not at all." Roy gently tipped his hat to the nervous young man, summoning a kindly look into his eyes. "These mistakes happen."

He allowed the very faintest edge of steel to enter his voice.

"Just make sure they don't happen again, hmm?"

The young man – Jackson, Roy thought his name was – blinked, then gave that nervous, ingratiating smile again. Good. That was the sort of expression Roy *liked* to see on people.

The last quarter of an hour had been an extended lesson in what it meant to be at the top of their little county's food chain.

Overzealous Gracie had led Roy into the backroom looking like a woman who was wary, but still ready to fight her corner...

...and left it looking browbeaten, haggard and miserable.

The young man had chewed her out with all the force of a scared little shit desperately trying to cling to his job. He'd yelled about focusing on harmless old men when real criminals were getting away with shoplifting. He'd shouted stuff about getting their place a *reputation*.

He'd even thrown in some cusses. Roy had acted appropriately shocked to hear them.

And, at the end of it all, the sweetest thing. The kid who might be called Jackson had made Gracie *apologize* to Roy!

He'd taken it with a gracious smile, at least outwardly.

Inwardly he'd been howling with laughter. A mad, gibbering demon jeering and swearing at the dumb harpy who'd dare crossed him.

Who's in trouble now fatty? He'd hollered inside his mind, *who's the one in disgrace, huh?*

And now here he was, ready to go back to the fountain, find his girls, and then-

-well, Roy didn't like to think about that sorta thing. But he knew he'd be storing mental pictures of those three innocent little angels to examine again at his leisure.

"If there's anything else we can do, sir..."

"Not at all." Roy gave the boy a firm look. "Just make sure that woman doesn't bother me no more, y'hear?"

Before Jackson, or whatever the hell he was called, could reply, he'd swept out the corridor, back into the bright glare of the mall.

What a Goddamn glorious morning...

The burning Alabama sun fell in shafts down through the mall's glass roof, lancing into the central atrium and making the white walls seem to glow.

Around him, crowds of people moved. Couples. Families. Kids. Old people, out for a stroll in this strange indoor fantasy world, drawn to the stores and walkways like flies to the roadkill you saw festering on the roads outside town.

And, moving amid them all, the teenagers who made Roy's vibrant inner life so worth living.

They moved in twos and threes, sometimes in packs, wandering in winding, sinuous loops through the open corridors and courtyards of the mall.

Young boys with floppy haircuts and skintight tops. Older girls, with perky breasts and grown-up smiles, 18 and already turning into the harpies Roy

dreaded so much.

Between them, just occasionally, there'd be the ones he always looked out for. The teens who he wanted to freeze in time, and keep from ever growing older.

His angels.

They were always between 14 and 16, not too young, not too old. They were always from well-off families, with good clothes and that air of confidence the daughters of poor parents never possess.

They were always smiling, always happy. Always unaware of the creature moving through their midst. The wolf in man's skin, watching them with kindly eyes that hid sick visions of those girls falling silent and cold and still.

Of innocence destroyed before these girls' bodies could do it for them.

Of he, Roy, silencing these little creatures before they could get old enough to hurt him.

As always, the thought was enough to make Roy want to start whistling.

He was just thinking these things, just letting the dark thoughts seep into his brain and wash over him, when It happened.

One moment, Roy was walking happily through these endless crowds of people, hands in pockets...

...the next, he stepped through a shaft of sunlight, the world momentarily went white and, when it returned, he realized he was all alone.

Well, alone in the grander sense, at least. He was still in the mall. Still surrounded by people.

But whereas before the great building had been filled with noise and music and talking and movement, now there was...

Nothing.

Nothing at all. The world had fallen silent. The crowds of people had stopped moving – frozen mid-step, or halfway through a joke, or stuck jumping up in mid-air.

Motes of dust hung perfectly still in space. Jets of water from the many fountains held poised at the top of their arc, ready to fall back to earth. Like gravity had just given up all of a sudden and wandered off to find a more

interesting world to invest its energies into.

It was like time had stopped. Like *everything* had stopped.

With the sole exception of Roy.

What the...?

Roy came to a standstill, the only living person in a crowd of people. He closed his eyes, opened them again. Looked down at the young girl frozen next to him, her mouth pulled wide into a silent laugh, tried to see if he could detect some hidden form of movement.

A flashmob. It's gotta be one of those YouTube things...

If it was a prank, though, it was a very good one.

The young girl's red hair was frozen mid-movement, fanning out behind her as she turned her head to call to her distant brother. Each strand of hair held itself perfectly still, not even wavering.

Roy peered into her eyes. Saw no spark. No sign of life. He hesitated, reached out, his fingers touched her cheek-

He jerked his hand back. The girl's skin had sunk inwards where he touched it, leaving two finger-shaped indentations that refused to fade.

"Sweet Jesus..."

The words came out sounding oddly flat, hollow. For a moment Roy wondered what was wrong, then he thought back to his high school physics and realized there must be no way for vibrations to travel through this frozen air.

Because that's what it was. Frozen. Suspended in a single moment.

Roy had no idea how it had happened, but time had stopped.

For everyone but him.

As he stood there, looking at the marks on the child's cheek, Roy began to smile. The smile became a grin, which became a loud and wheezy laugh.

This is too good to be true.

With a feeling of sudden giddiness, he turned to the man nearest to him – a hipster type with a big, shaggy beard, a flannel shirt and tattoos up and down his arms, exactly the sort of person Roy hated.

He gave the guy a ringing slap around his face, and watched with delight as the impact contorted the hipster's expression, squashing his features up, knocking his glasses off, leaving a palm imprint across his face that would hurt like *Hell* when time restarted.

If it restarts...

Roy quickly shook his head. No use thinking about that now.

A professionally-dressed young woman stood frozen by a storefront, her cell held to her ear as she casually looked through a store window at the dresses inside.

Roy sauntered up to her, grabbed her shirt front and *tore* it open.

He looked down at her pink, lacy bra, now poking out for the world to see, and felt a little shiver of satisfaction.

He could do *anything* like this. He could urinate on pretty girls, yank down guys' pants, screw anyone he wanted...

It was a *miracle*.

Dear God... Roy thought, his mind spinning as he turned and pushed a fat guy over with a laugh, *thank you for your gift. I will use it as you wish, to teach this world a lesson...*

He wondered how long he had. How long before time restarted again, before the hipster guy screamed with pain, the professional woman glanced down and wailed in humiliation, and the fat guy's ass impacted the floor.

Minutes? Days? Centuries? What if time *never* restarted again? What if it started again *right* as he was undressing someone? What if it restarted this very second...?

A light came on in Roy's eyes. He started to laugh.

He knew *exactly* what he was gonna do.

*

The three angels were just where he'd left them, sat on the edge of the fountain, as innocent and as perfect as they'd looked from above in the food court.

Two of them, the dark-skinned one and the petit blonde, were talking and laughing together. The one with the single, long dark braid was doing

something on her phone, temporarily ignoring the other two.

Roy stepped up before them, a casual smile on his sagging middle-aged face.

“Well, well,” he murmured, to no-one in particular, “if it ain’t this county’s future harpies.”

Up close like this, the girls looked more perfect than ever. The blonde was tiny, with a little pixie face and an old-fashioned, flowery dress that Roy guessed qualified as retro now.

The black one was slender and not much taller, with her hair straightened and glossed into a shiny dark waterfall. Braces glinted on her teeth. She was wearing a simple pink tank top tucked into a tight pair of jeans.

The one with the braid was tall – almost as tall as Roy – with that slightly nervous, apologetic look you sometimes see on teens who have shot up overnight, like they want to say sorry for being female and over 6ft.

She had on a pair of dark leather boots, black leggings leading to a skirt, and a loose-fitting white top that flowed around her body.

All three of them were just where Roy wanted them.

“Thank you, Father,” Roy said, looking at the three girls in turn, “thank you for giving me the chance to save these girls.”

Slowly, he stepped up to braid girl, looked right into her unseeing dark eyes. Raised his hands, gently – lovingly – clasped them around her slender neck.

His mouth suddenly felt dry. He swallowed, trying to build up his resolve.

This was the right thing to do. He knew it. Deep down, he’d always known it.

It was just that, seeing her soft, teenage face up close like this...

Shh... a voice whispered in the back of his mind. It's OK. God is on your side. Let's just make sure we do it properly this time. No backing out. No last minute apologies. No writing big, fat checks in exchange for her silence.

We don't want another Rosalind.

The voice was right, of course it was. It always was.

Roy took deep breath. Closed his eyes. Prepared himself to tighten his grip...

Thank you, o Lord...

“I wouldn’t bother doing that.”

...and nearly jumped out his skin.

Who...?!

The woman was smartly dressed, like a CEO. Her dark hair fell in two straight lines either side of her china white face.

She had high cheekbones, red lips, the face of a supermodel. She was tall – even sat on the edge of the table exactly 90 degrees to Roy, one long leg casually crossed over the other.

But it wasn't the woman's way of dressing that made Roy freeze up. It wasn't that she was the only other person moving in this eerie, silent world.

It was her eyes that really sent a shiver down his spine.

They were a hypnotic, luminescent, overwhelming – and very, very *green*.

Roy hesitated, his hands still around braid girl's throat.

"They'll just undo it when they restart the timeline," the woman's voice was casual, unconcerned, "I wouldn't waste the energy."

For a moment, neither moved, as still as the human statues surrounding them.

And then Roy's political training kicked in. He dropped his hands, summoned a winning smile, turned to the woman with a little, practiced chuckle.

"You must excuse me, miss, I – ah – I didn't see you sat there." He waved one dismissive hand at braid girl, "I hope you didn't mind my little joke."

"Not at all." The woman gave him a small smile. "I had a private bet going with myself that you'd fail their test with flying colors, so to speak. And guess what? You did."

She deftly jumped down off the table as Roy forced himself to keep smiling, even as his wolf's brain urgently tried to plot his next move.

"I can assure you, miss, I had no intention of *harming* this..."

"Oh, don't be such a spoilsport. And enough of this 'miss' crap. Call me Jay."

"Indeed." Roy smiled tightly as the woman – Jay – casually sauntered past him, walking in a wide arc toward the fountain.

She's seen too much. She's barely looking. We could grab her no, force her head underwater, she wouldn't stand a-

“Indeed, indeed, Roy. Oh, and you can let go of that silly idea about murdering me,” she turned to face him, leaned back against the fountain’s edge. “You wouldn’t stand a chance.”

“Is that a threat?”

A shrug.

“More a... *promise*, I guess? Seriously, though, don’t do it.” She shook her head, flicking a long strand of hair out of one eye. “Or *They* will get upset. And when *They* get upset, I get a chance to have my fun.”

She looked Roy directly in the eye, a little glimmer in there, like she was daring him to try it.

“I can make things happen, Roy,” she whispered. “Strange and terrible things. Things your tiny, pathetic, *male* mind couldn’t possibly even begin to understand.”

The frozen world of the mall seemed to dim slightly at her words, become somehow colder. Roy shivered slightly.

“I-I don’t know what you’re talking about,” he said out loud. “Or who this... *They* of yours are.”

“Sure you do.” Jay leaned back, raised one leg and clasped her hands around her knee. It made her look like a little kid.

If little kids were evil witches... Roy thought.

“*They* are the Sisterhood, and *you* are the nasty old asshole who broke their laws.”

“Laws...?” A chuckle. “Miss, *I* write the laws round here.”

“I told you not to call me that. I’m Jay. And their laws are bigger than any one place, Roy.”

Her green eyes flashed. Her voice dropped to a whisper.

“They are the laws of the universe. The laws they’ve spread throughout this galaxy, making sure all males will behave, no matter where they are. Laws they use to punish men who like hurting women...

Men like *you*, Roy.”

She let go of her leg, slowly sat up straight.

“And guess what? They’ve decided it’s finally time for to take your

medicine.”

Roy held up his hands, summoned an innocent look onto his face.

“Miss, I really don’t know what...”

His eyes flicked over to the nearest doorway. Jay looked too. She started to smile.

“If you think you can get there before-” was as far as she got.

The moment she took her eyes off him, Roy charged.

He ran like a bellowing bull, moving with a speed and force unnatural for his age. He charged right at the woman, aiming to hit her square on, aiming to knock the dumb bitch flat, aiming to-

He got barely three paces before the green eyed woman clicked her fingers, magically freezing him to the spot.

“Nice try. But believe me, Roy, we anticipated this. They know the sort of guy you are. At least, for now.”

“What do you mean *for now*?” Roy snapped, trying to move his legs with his hands.

What the hell has she done to me?

“I *mean*,” Jay’s voice was casual, amused, “that They’ve given me leeway to cast the punishment spell. See, They’ve decided that you’re no longer fit to be that nasty old man anymore. From the moment I click my fingers...”

A dark smile lit up her face.

“You’re going to be something much *sweeter*.”

She held up one hand, thumb and fingers poised. Gave Roy an innocent look.

“Would you like to see?”

Before Roy could reply, she clicked her fingers.

There was just enough time for him to hope this was all just a dream before the magic kicked in and his hope turned to pure horror.

Roy was shrinking. As he let go of his legs and blinked around him in wonder, he saw the fountain rising up, the three frozen teenage girls beside him getting taller as his body shed inches at an alarming rate.

“Wha-what are you *doing*?” He spluttered. “Stop this at *once!*”

“No chance.” Jay laughed. “You don’t make the laws any more, Roy. *They* do. And trust me.

You’re not going to like it.”

Her words should have made Roy bellow with rage. But he was no longer listening.

He was too busy trying to stop his body from *changing*.

As he got smaller, a slow grinding sensation swept through his shoulders. They began to pull inwards, losing their masculine broadness and becoming narrow and weak.

At the same time, he felt a strange *pushing* in his hips, and looked down to see them swelling up, growing outwards and becoming curved.

“H-help!” Roy screamed to the empty mall. “Someone help me!”

But the human statues didn’t even blink.

Roy was going to suffer his fate alone.

There was a noise like liquid fat bubbling in an open cauldron. The paunch that Roy had developed as he left his forties behind and slipped into true middle age was rolling back inside him like a wave, disappearing from sight.

Simultaneously, the fat from his arms and legs was draining away, running beneath his skin and vanishing, leaving him with a body that was magically slender, even skinny.

In wonder, Roy reached up and touched his cheeks. The jowls that had begun forming had vanished, replaced by taut skin that was soft and supple to the touch.

“This is just for starters,” he heard Jay say, “so don’t get too happy. The main course is still to come!”

No sooner had she finished speaking than Roy felt an invisible belt pull tight around his waist. His sides fell in, leaving him with a body that kinked in above his curvy hips, like an hourglass.

He held his hands to his newly thin body, and was surprised to see they too were shrinking, becoming smaller, daintier, softer. Their fingers elongating as his wrists narrowed. Around him, his clothes were beginning to billow, hanging loose from his smaller body.

An itch started up across Roy's skin. He instinctively tried to scratch, then saw the way the dark male hairs that dusted his arms and legs were wriggling back inside him.

He tore open his shirt and looked in amazement as his newly-hairless chest, as smooth as the day he was born.

There was a tingling in Roy's scalp. Waves of whitish-blond hair began to tumble out from his crown, falling down, down past his cheeks, past his shoulders, until they lay down his back, cute and shiny with little ringlets. A tremor, and then his legs began to elongate, becoming smooth and slender, even as the rest of him continued shrinking.

In panic, Roy looked at the witch who was doing this to him.

"What have you *done* to me?!" He yelled.

In response, Jay simply raised an eyebrow.

"You'll see," she said, sweetly. "In the meantime, just try to enjoy the ride!"

Roy's face was changing now. With a feeling of unreality, he watched his nose shrink down in the bottom of his vision, becoming a cute little button.

He felt his big, dumb ears get tinier. Felt his lips puff up slightly. Felt invisible fingers grip the corners of his eyes and *pull* them open, until they were wide and innocent.

Felt them pluck his eyebrows, sharpen his cheekbones, thin his hard, masculine jawline down until it was soft and feminine. Felt his prominent Adam's apple disappear, leaving his neck slender and smooth.

With an unhappy wail, Roy clutched his new neck, felt the absence of stubble, the springy, youthful skin.

"What's *happening*?" He cried, in a voice that was suddenly squeaky and high-pitched.

But it was all too obvious now where the spell was going, what Jay – or the Sisterhood, or *whoever* it was – had done to him.

Somehow, against all the laws of nature, Roy was *turning into a girl*.

There was a feeling of pressure in his butt. Miserably, Roy looked down over his shoulder as his bum swelled up, taking on the distinctive shape and curves of a woman's ass.

There was a tingling in his chest. Roy moaned as the skin started to swell up, his nipples became longer and more-prominent, and two little buds of underdeveloped breasts appeared.

There was a twanging noise. Roy's lips suddenly caught on something, making him gasp. He touched his teeth, and realized to his horror that he was now wearing braces.

"Nearly done," Jay called, gaily. "Just a few more, tiny little adjustments!"

No sooner had she said the words than Roy felt it. The final humiliation. The part he'd been dreading.

Inside his pants, his cock gave a mournful, helpless twitch. Before Roy could grab it, it rolled back up inside his body, leaving only smooth skin. There was a pause, and then a sensation like someone undoing a zipper.

Roy let out a moan that came out sounding like a girly little whimper.

Without even looking, he knew that he was now the proud owner of a vagina.

There was a last flash of light that temporarily blinded him. When Roy's vision came back, he saw that his old, male clothes had vanished.

Where he'd previously been wearing a pale blue button shirt and smart-casual suit jacket, he was now wearing a flimsy white cotton top and a small denim jacket with long sleeves that came down over his wrists and had cute little white stars decorating its fabric.

Where he'd once been wearing slacks, he was now wearing tiny little patterned denim shorts that stopped just below his butt and left a *ton* of leg on display.

And where he'd once been wearing sensible, sober leather shoes, he was now wearing an adorable little pair of black, lace-up ankle boots with a little platform built into their heels.

Roy blinked down at his new clothes, his long, dark eyelashes fluttering in the corner of his vision.

Wordlessly, he raised his dainty hands, his fingernails sparkling with nail polish. Touched the thin little belt looped around his waist. Examined the silver bracelet now dangling from one wrist. Reached up and touched the fashionable black trilby-style hat perched delicately on top of his head.

A brief urge to fight back gripped him. He tried to tear the hat from his head,

to throw it at Jay and *scream* at her, but an invisible force held his wrists, stopped him.

It was as if he was now destined to look like a fashionable young girl, and there was nothing he could do to change that.

“Well?” Jay was asking. “What do you think?”

Roy was barely listening. He was too busy *staring* at the strange new way his body curved. At the strange new way he was dressed.

To his horror, he suddenly realized that he could *feel* the invisible straps of a beginner’s bra, hoisted over his slender shoulders. Its clasp closed behind his narrow new back.

Feel his brand new breasts hanging from his chest, gently nestled in its cups. Feel the thin pair of girly panties he was now wearing, a tiny piece of fabric that let his legs move with unnatural ease.

He gave a visible shudder.

No... this can't be true, it can't be happening...

There's no way I can be a girl!

“I know what you’re thinking. And you’re not *just* a girl,” Jay said, her voice amused. “You’re a-”

She suddenly broke off, frowned.

“No, that’s not right. What’s the golden rule again? Show, not tell... *A-ha!*”

She clicked her fingers. There was a weight in Roy’s palm. He glanced down and saw he was now holding a new iPhone in a girly pink casing.

“Now, why don’t you be a good little girl, and take a selfie?” Jay’s eyes sparkled. “See what you’ve become?”

There wasn’t any point in fighting it.

With a feeling like he was about to start screaming and never stop, Roy swiped the unlock on his new phone, trembling at the sight of his glossy new nails, at the way the phone looked *stupid* big in his tiny new hands.

He pressed the camera app, set it for a selfie, and hesitantly held it up before his cute new face. Closed his eyes. Took a deep breath.

No... no please don't make me...

Then he opened his eyes. And *looked*.

What he saw was nearly enough to make him faint.

From the depths of the phone, looking back at him, was the girl of Roy's nightmares.

She was tall for a girl her age, maybe 5ft6, with a slender frame, and arms and legs that were long and willowy.

She had blonde hair that tumbled over her shoulders, framing a soft face with wide, innocent blue eyes, pouty lips, and a little button nose.

There were braces on her teeth, traces of teenage baby fat around her cheeks, the strange sort of softness girls get when they're not quite adults yet.

Her makeup was inexpertly done, more obvious than it would have been on an older girl. Her body had not yet finished growing and swelling and changing. Her breasts were small, underdeveloped. Her legs and arms not *quite* proportioned right for her growing frame.

"No..." Roy whimpered, his new voice soft, the girl in the camera moving her lips in time with his, "dear God, please no..."

Jay was right.

The witch hadn't just turned him into a girl.

She'd turned him into a *teen* girl. Into a young, shy, developing girl, still unsure of herself and her place in this big, wide world.

A girl still far from adulthood, a girl still at school, a girl who still thought hanging out at the mall was the coolest thing you could possibly do.

As he trembled, looking at the wide-eyed, scared young girl looking back at him, Roy heard Jay give a great, big hearty laugh.

"Roy," his tormentor giggled, "meet *Rachel*..."

...the teen girl you'll be *for the rest of your life*."

Roy couldn't help it.

He screamed.

*

He screamed until his young throat was raw. Screamed until the high-pitched sound hurt his ears and made him think he'd lose the last traces of his sanity

altogether.

He screamed until he was exhausted and could scream no more. And, all the time, a single, horrifying thought was shooting through his pretty little head.

He was a girl now. *A girl.*

He had ovaries. A still-developing womb. He was growing breasts. He had a *vagina!*

He was the very thing he'd hated so much, for so long. The swamp of estrogen and XX chromosomes and sparkly teenage crushes and long hair and giggles and gossip and *blah!*

The thing that would grow up to be one of those harpies. One of those creatures he'd spent his whole life wanting to hurt and make miserable.

Roy couldn't have stopped panicking even if he wanted to.

At long, long last he heard Jay sigh.

“OK, that's enough now, Rachel.”

The witch clicked her fingers. Roy's soft, broken sobs instantly cut off in his throat. He tried to wail louder, but it seemed Jay had taken his screams away. He turned two hate-filled eyes onto her.

“How could you *do* this to me?!” He hissed.

The moment the words came out, he wanted to start bawling all over again.

His old voice – the low, male voice he'd lived with ever since puberty – was gone. In its place was a voice that dripped sugar and spice and all things nice; a soft, squeaky girl-voice that was painfully high and (to Roy, at least) unbelievably annoying.

The way it *felt* was different, too. The vibrations in his throat were wrong, somehow. When his soft new lips moved, he was all too aware of his braces brushing against them.

His body couldn't have made it more obvious he'd changed if it had forced him to start singing *I'm a girl now!* at the top of his voice.

As he was thinking all this, Jay was watching him with a look of amused indifference.

“Me? I just did what they asked me to. I turned you into your own worst nightmare.”

Her smile tugged slightly wider.

“A teenage girl who is just starting to grow up. Finding an interest in clothes, and makeup, and... well.

Boys.”

The word froze Roy’s insides. He weakly shook his head, trying to ignore the weight of his little hat, trying to ignore the strands of long, blonde hair that flicked out casually with the movement.

Jay shrugged.

“Deny it all you want. You’re a straight girl now, just entering the age of where you start noticing boys. I know for a *fact* you’ve got a crush on a couple of the older boys at school.

She giggled.

“And I know that those weird feelings you had for Robert Pattison that scared you as a little girl are starting to take shape into something bigger...”

A sly smile.

“Call it desire. Love. Lust, perhaps – though there’ll certainly be none of that at *your* age. Whatever it is...

...it’s something every heterosexual young girl feels. And that means *you’re* going to feel it too, Rachel.”

Roy closed his eyes. A feeling of sickness washed over him.

Deep down, he knew what the witch was saying was true. Knew it, just as surely as he’d known before that he was a straight man. It wasn’t something you had to experiment with, to fantasize about. It was just an immutable fact of life, like gravity or something.

He opened his eyes again.

“But *why*,” he said at last, desperately trying to ignore his dumb, entitled teen girl voice, “why have you turned me into...”

He indicated his slender new body, with its tween clothes and freaky curves.

“Into *this*?”

In response, Jay simply gave a mysterious smile, then nodded at the three frozen girls hanging out by the fountain.

“See these three?”

Roy rolled his eyes.

“Like, *duh*,” he heard himself say, “they’re right here.”

Immediately, his eyes went wide.

Hey, that didn’t sound like me...

Jay’s emerald eyes twinkled.

“Just the magic, ignore it for now. Anyway, I want you to meet them.”

She extended a hand, indicated the short blonde girl.

“*This*,” she said, “is Pixie. She’s interested in Wicca and reading trashy horror books, she’s a bit shy around boys, but a lot of fun in a small group. And *this*...”

The hand swept over to the black girl beside her.

“...is Alysha. What you might call a fashion freak, not to mention a font of pop culture knowledge. You all agree she’s the yin to Pixie’s yang.”

“What do you mean *we* all agree...?” squeaked Roy, but Jay was already busy indicated braid girl.

“And *this* poor little lass you just tried to strangle is Kaylee. She’s a bit of an intellectual, wants to be a scientist. Word to the wise, don’t tease her about her height, she’s super freaked out she’s gonna keep growing and be a giant no boy will ever love.”

“*Why* are you telling me all this?!” Roy wailed, stamping one foot.

With a feeling of shame, he realized that he no longer sounded like a powerful, scary man when angry, but like a spoiled teenage girl, throwing a tantrum.

Jay gently lowered her hand, fixed him with a steady look.

“Because they’re *people*, Roy. Young, yes. Insecure, yes. Prone to acts of amazing insensitivity or stupidity, good God *yes*.

But they’re not the creatures you thought they were. And the Sisterhood has decided they want you to learn that lesson the *hard* way.”

She gave him another smile, a benign one, this time.

“From now on, these are your friends. You love these girls like sisters, and

they love you, too. You're going through the horrors of puberty together, and the bonds you form now will last your lifetime."

Roy was barely listening. A feeling of sheer terror was washing over him.

"You now have a choice, Roy," the witch was saying, "the Sisterhood want you to learn – *really* learn – that teenage girls are better than you give them credit for. If you can force yourself to learn from your new life, and show them you've made progress, they *might* just find it in their hearts to turn you back. Or, at least let you keep your old memories."

"And if I don't." Roy clenched his little fists. He'd wanted that to come out sounding tough, but it still sounded stropy.

Jay shrugged.

"Then they won't help you. They'll keep you like that, or wipe your mind so you believe you've *always* been a teenage girl, or maybe they'll turn you into one of these girl's moms and try and hammer the lesson home that way. Who knows?

The point *is*, if you want a cat in hell's chance of seeing that fat old droopy body of yours again, you need to try and demonstrate you've changed. That you now understand teenage girls and feel horrible about the thoughts you used to have.

You were a creep Roy, a total creep. You can't go back to being a creep again, but you *might* go back to being a man. All you have to do is embrace your new life, treat it as a learning experience."

Jay raised her eyebrows.

"You might even *enjoy* it."

"No *way*," muttered Roy.

Beneath the surface, he was struggling not to go mad.

It was *impossible*, all of it! Grown men didn't just change into teenage girls. They didn't find themselves forced against their will to act like a tween hanging out at the mall with her besties – it just didn't happen, damnit!

Yet the evidence was all around him. He could feel it.

The way his long hair tickled at his slender neck. The way his new shoes forced him to stand awkwardly, like he was gonna topple over. The feeling of his denim shorts, hugging tight to his girly new butt, the way the cool air of

the mall chilled his suddenly bare legs.

The new weight on his chest. The *space* between his legs, where his manhood was meant to be...

He had to stop thinking about it in case he started crying.

“Maybe not,” Jay was saying, carelessly flicking her hair back, “personally, I don’t give a shit if you take this opportunity, or blow it and wound up getting turned into a pig or something. My work here is done.”

She fixed him one last smile.

“So long, Rachel. Enjoy your new life.”

She raised her hand, thumb and fingers poised again, wrist bent-

“*WAIT!*” Screamed Roy.

-then there was a *click*, and there was no more Jay.

At the exact same instant, the noise started up again. The sounds of the mall, the moving of the air. Just like it had never stopped.

“Uh. Rach...?”

“Hey. *Rachel.*” Laughter, light, tinkly, “girl, you’re freaking us out!”

The voices cut through the noise of the mall, close, concerned. With a feeling of sickness, Roy gently turned his head, his blonde curls falling over one small shoulder as he did so.

Oh God...

Sat on the fountain’s edge beside him, Pixie and Alysha were watching him with expressions that were somewhere between worried and amused. A little further off, Kaylee had just glanced up from her cell, a slightly bored look on her face.

“Rach?” Pixie repeated. “What’s going on?”

Roy realized he still had a look of horror frozen on his cute new face. He forced himself to relax, turning to face his new friends. Without quite meaning to, he found himself standing with his legs kinda bent, one wrist resting loosely against his big new hips.

“Nuthin’, I was just...”

He shrugged his narrow shoulders. To his shock, moving his new body felt

like moving air, like his transformed bones were hollow.

“I mean,” he went on hurriedly in his squeaky tween voice, “what are you guys talking about?”

Pixie exchanged a little look with Alysha. Something seemed to pass between them, a little communication Roy was nowhere near enough attuned to teenage expressions to catch.

What am I doing? He thought helplessly, suddenly all too aware that he was a grown man, wearing teenage girl clothes in the middle of the mall, *Why don't I just get out of here...?*

But he already knew the answer.

It wasn't just what the Sisterhood might do to him. Roy was already certain no punishment – even getting turned into a pig – could be worse than *this*.

It was everything else that left him feeling so hopeless, too.

He was a teenage girl now. That meant school. That meant parents. That meant people answering questions if he was out wandering around on his own.

If I run away now... he thought uneasily, I'll be stuck. They'll take me home to my new mom and dad. They'll send me to school. If I try and tell them I used to be a man, they'll think I'm mad...

On top of that, his new body seemed to feel a strange reluctance to part company with these girls. To not be around them.

It was just like Jay had said. The magic would make him think these were his best friends, and always had been.

And it looked like it was working.

All this whirred through his head in little more than a microsecond. Then Pixie was looking back at him with a little grin on her face.

“Come *onnn*, Rach, don't fake out on us.”

“Yeah,” Alysha chimed in beside her, “we all answered, even Kaylee. Now it's *your* turn.”

“You gotta choose.” Pixie gave him a mock-serious look. “Now and forever, the choice that will stay with you for the rest of your life...”

“Mm-hmm,” Alysha nodded.

Roy felt the invisible downy hairs on the back of his neck rising up.

Oh God, is this my choice? Is this what Jay meant?

“You gotta tell us...” Pixie gave a dramatic pause. Roy felt his heart flutter in his teenage chest. The tiny girl leaned forward.

“...Eff, marry, kill Chris Hemsworth, Chris Pine, or Chris Pratt?”

Roy blinked.

“Like... *what?*” He heard his new body say.

Pixie laughed, leaned right back on the fountain. Alysha snorted, turned to her.

“Told you she was blanking us.”

Beside them, Kaylee made a point of rolling her eyes.

“I literally can’t believe you guys are still talking about this...” she muttered, turning back to her cell.

“Why not?” Pixie giggled, her voice was slightly throatier than Roy had been expecting, like it should belong to a bigger girl, “it’s the most-pressing question of our generation! To pine for Pine, or hold out for Hemsworth?”

“You forgot Pratt,” Alysha noted.

“Everyone forgets Pratt. Compared to Pine...”

She sighed extravagantly, fell against Alysha, her head resting on her shoulder, one hand trailing in the fountain. Alysha pushed her.

“You liked him in *Guardians...*”

“Yeah, when I was, like, 11.”

“I remember that,” Kaylee didn’t take her eyes off her cell as she spoke, “you wouldn’t shut up about Star Lord for a ninety six days.”

When no-one responded, she gave them a cool glance.

“I counted.”

In the middle of this teenage babble, poor Roy stood there in his stupid clothes and girly body, already feeling completely adrift.

It was like Jay had changed more than just his body.

It was like she’d pushed him through a portal into a parallel universe where

everyone talked in some weird code.

“Anyway,” Alysha said at last, turning to him, “your turn, Rach. Eff, marry, kill the Chrises.”

“And *don’t* mention Chris Swift- *ow!*”

Pixie pretended to look hurt as Alysha swatted her arm.

Chris Swift? Is he an actor, or a boy at school, or some YouTube thing...?

The three girls were waiting now. Even Kaylee, who was still on her cell. Roy swallowed, suddenly wishing he paid more attention to hunky young men.

“Erm...” he distractedly rubbed the back of one slender arm with his hand, “well, like...”

They were listening, curious. Eager for him to go on. Three teenage faces – three angels – desperate to hear him admit to fancying a *boy*.

Well, he wouldn’t do it. He couldn’t. It was unnatural. He was no homo-

To his horror, Roy’s new body suddenly answered of its own accord.

“So, I’d kill Pine,” he heard his squeaky voice say, counting off on his slender fingers “And I’d *totally* marry Pratt.”

He suddenly felt himself blush, a little giggle escaping his lips.

“But... I’d *eff* Hemsworth.”

The moment the words were out, he wanted to take them back. Wanted to squash them back in and pretend he’d never said them, just as he wanted to pretend he hadn’t suddenly seen images of all three men flickering through his brain, making him feel all weird and warm inside.

But it was too late, the three girls were already laughing.

“Oh my *God!*” Alysha gasped, looking at him with bright, shining eyes. “I didn’t know you were into beefcakes, Rachel!”

“You’re kidding, right?” Pixie grinned up at her friend, “I told you, the way she looks at Chris Swift...”

“You guys are so uncultured,” Kaylee snorted, feigning indifference.

“What, ‘cause we don’t wanna jump some dead dude’s bones?”

Kaylee shot the group another cool glance.

“Tom Selleck’s still alive. And I meant when he was *young*.”

“Whatever. That’s totally a grandma crush.” Pixie poked her tongue out at Kaylee’s frown.

Kaylee turned to Roy.

“Rachel,” she said, levelly, “I’m begging you. Save yourself. Get outta this school before you wind up like these two.”

Roy forced up a smile. He was pretty sure Kaylee was joking.

Am I the new girl, then? Geez, how long am I meant to have known these three?

He opened his mouth to say something, but Alysha was already standing up, pushing Pixie off her, taking charge of their little group.

“OK, girlfriends. No more chit-chat. Get your asses in gear.”

“What are you...” Roy began, “umm, I mean, where are we...?”

“We’re in the mall, *duh*,” Pixie said, jumping to her feet. Stood up like that, Roy realized she really *was* tiny. Even in his 5ft6 frame – a good 8 inches shorter than he’d been as a man – he *towered* over her.

“So?” Roy tried to sound casual.

“So...” Alysha gently snaked one of her arms through his left arm; on his right, Pixie did the same.

“Let’s hit some stores, huh?” His new girlfriend whispered in his ear.

And, just like that, they were off. Four teenage girls, arms linked like best friends, heading off into the mall on this hot, stuffy day to hang out, try on clothes, maybe get their nails done, maybe check out the guys (but not *too* obviously or anything, *duh*).

If you’d told anyone watching that one of those happy, smiling, pretty young rich girls was secretly a middle aged man whose mind was reeling with horror, they’d have looked at you like you were mad.

*

That afternoon was – by a country mile – the *weirdest* of Roy’s long life.

As a man, going to the mall had only ever been either a functional thing, or a way for him to watch his angels and dream his dark dreams.

It was just a building, nothing more. A place to kill some time and get some stuff he needed. That was all there was to it.

At least, to a fully-grown man, it was.

To a teenage girl, though – even a newly-created one like Roy – it was something else altogether. A whole world where you could try on clothes, chat with your friends, unwind with a soda, and lose yourself in its plastic beauty.

The first stop the four girls made – well, more like three actually, because Kaylee only sat outside the dressing room on her phone – was a sprawling teen clothing store Roy had never noticed before.

It was *huge!* Whereas Roy was used to shopping in the small, dour male sections of these places, the female section seemed to go on forever.

There were skirts. Dresses. Tank tops. Cardigans. Retro cut-off shorts. Loose-fitting tees. Sweaters that were so Hygge (apparently, according to Alysha). Hats. Scarfs. Onesies.

There were bras. Bikinis. Tiny little thongs Roy felt embarrassed to hold up, and couldn't ever imagine wearing. Cute little ankle socks with funky patterns on them. Out of date leather jackets. Billowing nightwear.

It was endless, a cornucopia of delights that his male brain had never thought possible. As he gently fingered an adorable little gray tartan skirt, wondering what it would look like on his new body, Roy had to admit that the selection was *way* more interesting now he was a girl.

Wait, did I just really think that? He let go of the skirt like it was radioactive. *Urgh... that damn magic...*

But if it was the magic, it was too strong to fight. Less than twenty seconds passed before Roy was admiring the skirt again and thinking it would look *great* with his little black ankle boots.

“That stuff was really in a couple years ago.” Roy whirled round and saw Alysha smiling at him. “Not really my thing, but with your hair...”

Roy stupidly clasped a tendril of his blonde hair, looked down at it.

“My-my hair?”

“Yeah.” Alysha reached out, gently touched Roy's curly blonde locks, “tartan's *great* on blondes. Like, know how dark girls can pull off bright

colors? This patterned stuff is *your* superpower.”

Roy felt himself involuntarily smile back. Deep down, he was aware that he and Alysha were now standing closer than he'd stood to a teenager in years.

“You really thing it'd look good on me?”

“With legs like that?” Alysha's eyes flicked down as she laughed, “Rachel, you could pull off almost *any* skirt, seriously.”

Roy wasn't sure if he was embarrassed or flattered or both. For all the male part of him *hated* the idea that he looked good in skirts, and that he now had legs most teen girls would kill for, an even bigger part of him felt strangely flattered by Alysha's words.

It's kinda nice to be told you look good... he thought, vaguely, *God knows men never talk each other up this way.*

They're sure missing out.

“Wanna try it on?” Alysha asked.

“Huh?” Roy dumbly touched the skirt again. “What, you mean like... in the girls' changing room?”

It should have been a dream come true. How many times had he fantasized about being able to go into the girls' changing room at the mall and watch one of his angels undress?

But now that he *was* a girl – a girl who was forced by magic to be straight – he suddenly no longer wanted to.

Especially if the angel he was gonna watch undressing was *himself*.

“Well, we *could* try doing it here, but might attract the local Weinsteins.” Alysha's eyes flitted across the room to where a bearded old guy was lurking at the edge of the men's section, trying not to pay too much attention to the young girls he was clearly watching.

“*Gross,*” Roy heard himself mutter.

Inside, though, he was in turmoil.

That should be me... As the creepy old guy glanced in his direction, their eyes locked and Roy felt a shiver run down his spine.

This is how young girls used to feel around me. Scared. Freaked out. Uncomfortable.

He swallowed, his dainty throat bobbing. He really didn't want to think about this too deeply.

Alysha turned back to him with a smile.

"C'mon. Pixie's already in there. She can help advise."

"But..."

But I don't know if I'm ready for this! Is what Roy had wanted to say.

But Alysha had firmly taken his hand and, with a friendly little wink, dragged him across the store and into the changing cubicles.

And so Roy had found himself – to his horror – trying on girls' clothes. *Lots* of girls' clothes.

And, even worse, he'd found himself *enjoying* it.

First up had been that tartan skirt. As Alysha waited outside and Pixie kept up a running commentary from the other dressing room, Roy had slowly, reluctantly, pulled down his patterned denim shorts and slipped the skirt up over his legs.

He'd closed his eyes at first, unwilling to look down at the stupid female body that had been forced on him, unwilling to take part in the Sisterhood's cruel games.

When he stepped out, Alysha gave him a funny look.

"What?"

"Uh, Rachel...? You're on backwards."

Roy blinked down at himself.

"Oh."

He quickly vanished back in the changing room, his mind swimming.

I didn't even know you could put a skirt on backwards...

He adjusted in the mirror, with his eyes open this time, then stepped back and took a good, long look.

Alysha had been right. The skirt was slightly shorter than he'd expected, but still covered up more leg than his shorts had, leaving more to the imagination.

It also added a little variety to his outfit, offsetting the endless denim thing he'd had going on. Sure, it didn't *quite* match his top, but if he could just

imagine himself wearing something a little less understated, maybe with his hair back a little, lose the hat, and then he would probably-

Roy closed his eyes. Let out a little whimper.

He was even *thinking* like a fashion conscious girl now.

He changed out the skirt and went back outside.

“What’s wrong?” Alysha looked surprised.

“Like, I just...” Roy hopelessly shrugged his narrow new shoulders. “It’s not me, I guess.”

He couldn’t tell Alysha that the real reason was his male mind felt disgusted at the way he was acting.

“Oh. Well...” Alysha looked him up and down, then grinned. “How about we find something that is?”

Roy wanted to wail with despair. At least, part of him did.

The rest of him – the new, female him that was adjusting to his new life as if by magic – was all too eager to follow Alysha back into the store and grab armfuls more stuff.

And so the day went on.

As they moved from store to store, Roy found himself in a succession of dressing rooms, looking in full-length mirrors as he slipped his new body into awesome floral pattern dresses, into elegant little black numbers that he was probably way too young for, into surfer chick clothes, into stylish blazers, into figure-hugging jeans paired with white tank tops that left a sliver of belly on display.

To his amazement, as he pulled another dress off a hanger and held it up for Alysha and Pixie to comment on, he realized he’d even begun to enjoy himself.

There was something... *intoxicating* about this sort of retail therapy that he’d never encountered before. But it wasn’t just the buying, oh no.

It was the way that, as he tried each new outfit on, he felt like a brand new person.

With each change, it was like Rachel would vanish, and some new girl would appear in her place.

A girl who felt confident. A girl who felt pretty. A girl who could conquer the world.

Roy wasn't sure if it was the breadth of choice in women's clothing, or just the kind of girl Jay had turned him into, but trying on clothes – even when he knew he couldn't afford them all – was like putting on a succession of masks. Like becoming a succession of different women, all of whom he kinda secretly wanted to be.

Is this what it's like for all girls this age? He found himself wondering as he only semi-reluctantly admired the way a tiny jacket that barely covered his forearms looked on his new body. *Or did They really do a number on me with that magic?*

For a moment, he struggled to remember who *They* were.

They... magic... like, what are we talking about?

And what this “for all girls this age” crap? We are a girl this age. We've always been a teenage gi-

Then he shook his head and it all came rushing back. Roy looked with disgust at the girl watching him from the mirror, the pretty young teen trying on clothes and wasting her life in the mall like a total bimbo.

They can force me to do this dumb shit, he thought, angrily yanking the jacket off, trying to ignore the way the sharp movements slightly mussed up his hair, *but they can't make me enjoy it. And they can't make me forget who I am!*

Nonetheless, ten minutes later, he was cooing over a pink dress Alysha was trying on, unable to stop himself from also feeling a tiny prick of girl-jealousy that his bestie could pull off something like that.

By the time they'd finished shopping, he and Alysha both had two bags each full to bursting with tops, skirts, dresses and shoes.

As they paid at the last store, Roy trying not to giggle as the handsome young male cashier with the floppy fringe cracked jokes, he heard Alysha sigh behind him.

“My mom is gonna kill me,” she was saying, turning her parents' credit card over between her fingers with a half-sad, half-amused expression, “I promised I'd keep to my limit this month...”

She sighed, gently tossed back her hair.

“At least Dad usually takes my side. I guess it’s mostly his money...”

“You’re lucky,” Roy said, without thinking, “*both* my parents have, like, stress attacks when they see my bill.”

He pouted a little, before quickly turning it into a smile as the cute cashier handed his bag over.

“You girls have a good day, y’hear?” The boy drawled.

Roy felt himself flutter his eyelashes a little, a slightly-dazed girlish smile on his face.

“Thanks,” he said, struggling not to giggle like a schoolgirl as he turned away.

“It’s so unfair, though,” he said to Alysha as the two pretty young girls made their way out the store, toward the food court, “they make, like, so much money. I can’t believe they don’t like me to-”

“There they are!” Alysha waved madly to Pixie and Kaylee, who were sharing a soda. “Sorry. Your parents, right?”

Roy didn’t answer. A horrible, prickling sensation was washing over his skin.

My parents...

Roy’s parents had both been dead for years. The card he’d used back in the store had been his own. His own, with *his* money, put there by his hard work.

How could I forget that...?

With a feeling of unreality, Roy held both shopping bags in one dainty little hand, used the other to dig through his tote bag. Pulled out the card he’d been using, looked at it.

With a sinking feeling, he read the name.

MR & MRS WHITE, it read.

Not only had the spell given him a new identity, a new second name, it had evidently given him brand new parents, too.

Parents with good jobs, who could afford to give their teenage daughter a credit card, but who nonetheless didn’t like her blowing her entire allowance on clothes.

I've got a mom and dad. Roy thought, a prickle of fear unfurling over his soft, teenage skin. *Do they know I'm not really their daughter? Do they have a whole, fake set of memories of me as a child?*

The idea that there were two people out there – probably younger than he was – who were utterly convinced Roy was their darling daughter, who could remember him growing up, going to school, remember him being *born*, was almost too much.

How powerful is this magic? How can it change the whole universe just like that...?

“Rachel?” Alysha was looking at him with concern. “Rachel, you’re zoning again. You OK, girl?”

“Yeah.” Roy shook himself, forced up a smile. “Yeah. I’m just...”

He gave a facial shrug.

“Whatever, you know?”

Before Alysha could reply, he added:

“C’mon, let’s show the guys what we got!”

Five minutes later, as Roy was sipping his soda and casually watching the cute boys walk past while Pixie chatted, he tried to think back to what had freaked him out so badly only moments before.

To his surprise, he couldn’t remember.

He just knew it had something to do with his parents, both of whom had promised their darling little daughter only earlier that day that they’d come pick her up from the mall when she was done.

*

“Whaddya think, Rach?”

Roy held up one tiny hand, fingers splayed – careful so as not to mess his nails up – and peered at the little white hearts on his now very pink nails.

He didn’t know *what* he thought.

“Um... they’re good, I guess?”

On the chair nearest to him, Pixie turned and gave him an overdone look of shock.

“You *guess*? Rach!” She laughed, “this is art, man. These guys are artists!” She turned to the older girl doing her nails. The way she could so easily talk to people, like, four whole years older than her made Roy feel faintly envious.

Wait, what am I thinking? I’m older than everyone here... I’m older than that nail girl and Pixie combined!

Weirdly, the words didn’t sound convincing in his head.

“Don’t listen to her,” Pixie was saying to her nail girl, who was working on some intense, multi-colored rainbow design on the smaller girl’s hands, “you guys are *geniuses!*”

Roy looked down at his own nail girl, still working on his left hand. Gave her an embarrassed smile.

“Sorry. They *are* great, really. It’s just, like, I’m sometimes a bit-”

“Don’t worry ‘bout it,” the nail-girl said with a wink. “So long as the customer’s happy, we’re happy.

Now keep *real* still, honey.”

She expertly began applying another little white heart to Roy’s girly nails. Looking at it made Roy’s head spin a little.

Deep down, he was aware that he was a grown man trapped in the body of a still-developing girl. He knew he shouldn’t enjoy getting his nails painted. Knew he should find these tiny little hearts pathetically loathsome.

He knew all this. And yet, here he was. Willingly getting his nails done, almost like a grown up.

And he had to admit, those little white hearts that matched the little white stars on his denim jacket looked cute as *hell*.

“OK.” He said softly, not looking at Pixie. “You’re right. These look *amazing.*”

He didn’t even turn as his girlfriend gave a squeal of laughter.

“I knew it, Rach. *Knew* it! You were all like *I don’t wanna come in here, it’s dumb*, but I knew you’d...”

With a little giggle, Roy tuned his new friend out. Leaned back, a happy smile on his cute girl-face.

Although he hated to admit it, there was no doubt Pixie was right.

He was having a *fantastic* time.

The two girls were lying side by side in the long lounging chairs at the back of the nail salon. Technically, they probably shoulda done this sat at one of those desk things, but they'd both agreed lounging around like princesses would make them feel *way* grown up.

Besides, they could talk easier this way. And talking seemed to be all Pixie ever wanted to do.

And now Alysha and Kaylee were off ("*to do literally anything other than sit in that dumb nail bar*") as Kaylee had informed them), Roy was getting the full force of his petit friend's personality.

As Pixie rabbited on, Roy looked down with a soft little sigh. At the nail girl. At the patterns she was making. At his new body.

He still couldn't quite believe it was his. Looking now, it was so much smaller than the body he was used to seeing, it's tiny feet not so far away, like he'd been all compacted.

It felt like a trick, somehow. These slender arms, dangling either side of the chair. These curls of blonde hair that had collected on his shoulders and now tickled at his clavicle.

The two bumps that rose up from his chest, still small, but bigger than anything Roy was used to, and probably gonna get bigger still.

That's something, thought Roy, idly, looking at his still-ripening breasts, *how big am I gonna get down there? Like, what if they get really big?*

The thought made him squirm a little, with embarrassment and discomfort. He could take no pleasure in the idea of having big boobs.

In bodyswap films, it always seemed to be a plus. Like, the guy trapped in the woman's body would get to experience life with two big ol' titties and have a fun time with them.

Now he was living out the plot of a sci-fi film in real life, though, Roy couldn't imagine anything worse.

Thanks to the spell, he was incapable of looking at his new body as anything but *his* body. Having large breasts would just mean wasting money buying bigger bras (Roy had casually checked the price tags of bras while shopping

with Alysha and been shocked at how much a decent one cost), and getting more unwanted attention off creeps.

And Roy knew all about what creeps were looking for.

Maybe they'll stop soon, he thought, with probably misplaced hope, examining his soft cleavage, *like not too soon, coz I don't want the other girls to bully me, but hopefully soon enough...*

There was another thought. His new body was developing. He was a girl well on her way to being a grownup.

That meant he'd probably started his periods. Which meant it could only be so long before he'd have to grit his teeth and stick a tampon up his hooch.

Now *there* was a thought.

“Huh?” Roy shook himself mentally, derailing his train of thought. He realized Pixie had just asked him a question.

While I was busy staring at my own boobs, he thought with a flash of shame.

Beside him, Pixie sighed theatrically.

“I *said* my brother was telling me something. Something I thought maybe my weird friend who doesn't listen to me would like to know.”

“Hey, I *am* listening.” Roy said, defensively. “I was just, like, enjoying the vibes.”

Is that even something kids say?

“OK, Rach, sure, focus on the accusative part of the conversation, not the awesome gossip.” Pixie looked right over, deep into Roy's eyes, a little smile on her face. “It's about Chris Swift.”

Immediately, Roy felt his cheeks redden. His lips went dry. He felt like he wanted to giggle and cry and brush the name off all at once.

“What about him?” His high-pitched voice was studiedly casual. He began to play with his long hair with his free hand, not even aware he was doing it.

“Not much.” Pixie shrugged – albeit gently so as not to screw up the nail girl's work. “Just that he was talking to my brother...”

She let the words hang in the air for a second.

“...about you.”

A hot wave washed over Roy's body. He stared straight ahead, not daring to look at Pixie. Hardly daring to breathe.

Jesus, who is this guy? He could feel his tiny heart fluttering in his chest, *and why do I care so much about him?*

"What did he say?" He somehow managed to get out without screaming.

"Not much. Something about the dance next week." Pixie let out an artificial yawn, looked at her nails. "Like I said, not much."

"Pixie." Roy's voice was tight, "I swear to God, please just *tell* me..."

"Oh re-lax, Rach." Another laugh. "Think I'd really leave you hanging like that? Man, you've got a low-ass opinion of me."

Out the corner of his eye, Roy saw the two nail girls exchange an amused look. He was beyond caring.

For some reason, his body *desperately* needed to know what had been said, where he fitted into all this. What it might mean.

Please, dear God... Roy's female brain pleaded, without him even knowing what it was pleading for.

Please let this be good news.

"He said he wanted to go to the dance." Pixie was saying, slowly. "And he said he had someone he wanted to go with. Only he was scared to ask them. So he asked his bro to ask *his* sister, so his sister would ask this amazing, awesome girl he's head over heels in love with who, by the way, I think is kinda overrated."

A smug little note entered Pixie's voice.

"And now I've asked her. And guess what? No matter what she says, I'm gonna say she was all like *YES!*"

The moment that followed those words was like a revelation to Roy.

He suddenly felt like he would faint. Like he would burst out laughing. He wanted to punch Pixie for keeping this from him all day, but at the same time he wanted to grab her and hug her and maybe even have a little cry, or just grab hold of his own long, blonde hair and *squeal* like the four of them did when they were 8 and went to that Bieber concert.

Chris Swift wanted to go to the dance, with *him!* Chris Swift, the coolest,

most dreamy guy at school, had fallen for him. For *Roy!*

As the giddiness washed over him, Roy tried to fight it. Tried to remember that he was a grown up, heterosexual *man*, and who cared what some teenage punk thought of him?

But the magic was too strong. The new memories Jay had implanted in his brain; his new, teenage girl hormones – hormones it was gonna take forever for him to get used to – were too strong.

He was in love with Chris Swift. He knew it.

He was gonna go to the dance with this boy he'd never met (but whose name, for some reason, conjured vague images of lacrosse and someone tall, and a smile that could melt *any* girl's heart), and they'd have an *awesome* time, and maybe they'd kiss, and Chris would tell Roy he loved him, too, and they'd start going out, and they'd grow up together, and get married, and have babies, and Roy would be Mrs. Rachel Swift...

He was aware Pixie was watching him, clearly amused. With a titanic effort, an effort far greater than it took to control emotions as a grown man, he stuffed his weird new feelings down inside himself. Assumed an innocent expression.

"That's... uh, cool." He said casually, examining his new nails again. "I mean, I'll haveta think about it..."

He wasn't sure how Pixie managed to convey she was rolling her eyes without Roy actually looking at her, but he somehow knew that was *exactly* what his friend was doing.

"Rach, don't try and act all cool and Audrey Hepburn, it doesn't suit you."

Roy felt a hand on his arm, touching him softly, in a way guys never touched each other in a million years.

"This is *awesome* news, and *you're* awesome, and *he's* awesome, and the whole thing is just-!"

"*Awesome.*" Roy finished, with a breathless smile.

At that exact moment, the nail girl gave a tinkly *there you are, honey*, and let go of his hand. Roy raised it up, and looked admiringly at the pattern he had on both sets of nails now. Pink, with little white hearts.

Perfect for love. For a dance.

They were a sign. He just *knew* it.

Wait! A helpless, male voice screamed inside him. *You can't go to a romantic dance with a teenager. Especially not a male teenager. It's wrong!*

But it was like the voice was coming from far away. With a feeling of contentment, Roy turned over his fingers and thought instead about what dress he was gonna wear.

By the time he and Pixie left the nail bar, laughing and chatting like total BFFs, he could no longer remember why he'd worried it might be wrong to go to the dance with a male teenager.

He was a teenage girl. Going to dances with cute teenage boys was what he was meant to do.

After all, it wasn't like he'd ever been anything *other* than a young girl, was it?

*

Late afternoon. The sun slanted in low through the glass roof of the mall, sending long shadows through its white interior.

At the edge of the food court, Roy and Kaylee leaned against a railing, sodas in hand, looking down into the depths of the building, watching the kids hanging out around the fountain below.

The faint part of him that was still Roy dimly realized that this was where he'd leaned only that morning, watching Kaylee and Alysha and Pixie and thinking dark thoughts about them.

He let out a contented little sigh. Ran one hand through his long hair, hooking it behind one tiny ear.

Those thoughts seemed so distant now. So alien. Like something someone else had thought in a dream he'd had, long ago.

After all, it wasn't like he would think such things about his three besties, would he? He knew they were *awesome*.

Behind them, somewhere, Alysha and Pixie were grabbing a last skinny latte before Roy's mom came to pick them all up. As Roy and Kaylee waited, Roy watched the people below and tried to make up little stories about them in his head.

He's secretly a spy, and she's secretly his lover... no, his rival. Sent to kill

him before he can divulge the secrets of their assassin's sect, and...

“See that guy?” Kaylee said, out of the blue.

Roy blinked at her, momentarily convinced she was talking about his imaginary assassin.

“No.” He said, adding quickly. “Uh, who?”

“There.”

Kaylee gave a disinterested twitch of her head. Roy leaned forward, felt the railing squash up against his underdeveloped breasts. The pressure was weirdly comforting, somehow.

“He keeps looking at us. When I try and stare back, he just looks away.”

She gave a little shrug.

“Rule of the animal kingdom. Whoever can hold eye contact longest asserts their dominance. Usually means they win.”

Roy was leaning right out over the drop now, his soda clasped tightly, vaguely worried either it, or the bracelet dangling from one dainty wrist, or he himself, would go falling into space. It was annoying, sometimes, having a friend who was so much taller than you.

She's gonna look like a supermodel when she grows up...

At last, just when he was about to give up, suddenly aware that leaning forward like this must be making his denim-clad ass appear *very* prominent to passing guys, he saw him.

He was sat on the edge of one of the fountains, a sad, desultory expression on his jowly, middle aged face.

His hair was gray, thinning even more than he probably realized. He had a noticeable paunch even his tailored suit couldn't cover up. An air of age and joyless indulgence and loneliness wafted up off him, so strong you could almost smell it.

The guy from the clothing store... Roy thought, a little prickle of heat running across his skin, *wow, he looks so old...*

The man was vaguely watching the crowds go by. As the two girls watched him in turn, they saw his head swivel, as if on an old and rusted tripod. With an open lechery that was painful to see, the guy watched a small gaggle of

girls about Roy and Kaylee's age go by, his eyes crawling over their bodies like two maggots crawling over dead flesh.

The sight of it was enough to make Roy feel ill. Even at his immature age, he knew it was plain wrong for old men to be looking at young girls like that.

"Whenever I see guys like that," Kaylee murmured, "I try to figure out what happened. On a personal *and* a macro scale."

"What do you mean?" Roy asked.

Kaylee gave him a cool glance.

"Evolution's meant to weed out the useless, right? No matter what they say at church. Guys like that aren't adding anything to society, but still they used to pass their genetics on."

She seemed to think for a second.

"Probably by rape, if we're being honest."

Roy's eyes went wide at the word. Kaylee didn't seem to notice.

"But now that's all frowned upon. So they're useless *and* useless at making babies." She thoughtfully slurped her soda. "Which means they're gonna vanish. Preferably sooner rather than later, but I guess this shit takes time."

As she was speaking, the old guy suddenly turned, glanced upwards in their direction. Roy quickly leaned back, wrapping his slender arms protectively across his chest. He felt horribly exposed.

"Maybe he doesn't know what he's doing?" He squeaked. "Like, I mean, maybe those older guys..."

"He knows." Kaylee was still leaning over, staring right back at the guy.

"Just like he knows time's running out for his sexist crap."

She was silent for a moment, her eyes narrowed. Roy looked up at his tall friend with a faint feeling of awe.

At that moment, he could see clearly the sort of adult Kaylee was soon gonna be.

At last, the creepy old man blinked, quickly looked away. Kaylee smiled to herself, the first time Roy had seen her smile all day.

"Douchebag," she muttered.

She turned to Roy.

“Know what I would do if I was like that?”

Roy shook his head, his long blonde hair flicking in the corner of his vision. He didn't know why, but he was suddenly feeling nervous.

“I'd find a genie. And I'd wish myself out of that dumb, creepy, useless body.” Her eyes grew hard. “I'd wish I was young like us. A girl. Know why, Rachel?”

‘Cause we're the future. You can tell it, just look at the shit happening in Hollywood. We're the future, and douchebags like *him*-”

She nodded in the old guy's direction.

“They're the dead bits of the past.”

Deep inside Roy, an angry voice tried to cry out, to attack Kaylee. To rise up, put two hands round this tall bitch's throat and-

With barely any effort, Roy squashed the voice down. He absently played with his hair, twirling one long strand around a narrow finger.

“If...” he mumbled in his soft, teenage voice, “like, if that *did* happen, and you really were an old guy who got turned into a- into a *girl*...”

He swallowed, his lips suddenly dry.

“What would you do? Y'know, about your old life?”

He desperately tried to make his voice casual, but inside his heart was jackhammering away.

Kaylee seemed to think about this strange question. At last, she smiled her secretive half-smile again.

“I'd forget it,” she said. “Like deleting browser history. I'd line it all up in my head, then get rid of it forever.”

She turned back to Roy, her eyes oddly knowing.

“You can do that, y'know? Anyone who has been changed. All you have to do is want it to happen, and it will. You can forget *anything*.”

Her eyes twinkled.

“Even being a man.”

Roy didn't dare breathe. He looked right into Kaylee's dark eyes, just as he had when he tried to strangle her that morning. Looked and saw that tiny

speck of knowledge dancing there, laughing at him.

“Wait, Kaylee...?” He couldn’t believe what he was asking. “Are you...?”

“Rach! Kay!”

At Pixie’s voice, Kaylee suddenly blinked. The look disappeared from her eyes, like something invisible had just flown out of her. The tall girl frowned faintly at Roy.

“Did you say something, Rach?” She said. “I literally must’ve blacked out...”

Roy dumbly shook his pretty little head. But inside his mind was reeling.

What the hell just happened?

Kaylee gave herself another little shake, then Alysha and Pixie were upon them and she was pulling out her cell and leaning back on the railings like their conversation had never happened.

“You guys looked *intense!*” Pixie laughed, waving her Starbucks cup, “man, what were you *talking* about?”

She looked expectantly at Roy. His friend, his confidant, as all three of these girls were now. Roy looked uncertainly at Kaylee, then suddenly smiled, gave a facial shrug.

“It was nothing, right Kay?”

Her eyes still glued to her phone, Kaylee nodded.

Alysha and Pixie exchanged an exasperated glance.

“I *told* you,” Pixie said. “She’s talking about Chris again.”

Roy felt his mouth drop open.

“Was *not!*”

“She was talking about Chris,” Pixie continued on, deliberately annoying, “and how she’s gonna dance with him, and how she’s gonna kiss him, and how they’re gonna make *babies* together...”

Laughter. Giggles. Roy pretended to look hurt, he swatted out at Pixie’s arm. The tiny girl deftly jumped back.

“Whoa, girls... chill, yeah?” Alysha murmured.

“Honestly, I actually can’t tell,” Kaylee said, not taking her eyes off her cell, “if I’m more embarrassed being out with my parents or with you guys.”

Roy giggled at her words. An unselfconscious, girly giggle.
But inside, he was still thinking about what Kaylee had said to him.
As the other girls chatted and laughed, he made his decision.

*

It was hot outside, too hot. The air dripped heavy with the southern heat as the four girls made their way across the parking lot to the SUV Rachel's mom was sat in, waiting for them.

They were nearly there when Rachel suddenly blinked, stumbled, then looked around herself in confusion.

"Rachel?" Alysha turned back and looked at her friend, concern in her eyes. The other two hadn't even noticed. "Hey, you OK?"

Her blonde friend nodded, dazedly. As she did so, Alysha couldn't help but think that, for all Rachel was growing up to be a *total* beauty queen, she couldn't quite master the art of not acting like a weirdo.

"Yeah..." Rachel's soft voice was unsure, her innocent eyes faintly confused. "I just thought..."

She looked down at her body, as if seeing it for the first time. Frowned at her boobs. Seemed surprised by her tiny little shorts.

Shoulda bought that skirt... Alysha thought, with a hint of smugness.

"I thought maybe I was... someone else," Rachel murmured, her voice unsure. "Someone who decided to forget, like I used to have this other life, then I did something and whole memory suddenly went..."

"Rach...?" Alysha gently touched her bestie's arm. "Are you *sure* you're...?"

The moment she made contact, Rachel's eyes cleared. She gave herself a tiny shake.

"I'm fine. Whatever it was, it's gone. Forgotten." The edges of her wide blue eyes crinkled as she smiled at Alysha. "Weird, right?"

"Right." Alysha nodded supportively. Inside, she was in despair.

When Chris Swift finds out what a nutjob he's taking to the dance...

There was the distant beep of a car horn. The two girls glanced over at the SUV. The window was down. Inside, an attractive blonde woman of about forty waved.

At the sight of her mom, Rachel's face brightened up. She slowly laced one slender arm through Alysha's, smiled at her friend.

"Whatever. Let's go home, huh?"

Alysha shook her head.

"Rachel White," she said, "you are the *weirdest* girl I know.

But you're still my best friend, and I still love you."

At that, Rachel gave Alysha's arm a little squeeze, smiled tenderly at her. She was all too aware that this was one of the nice things about being a girl instead of a guy, these little moments of open intimacy.

Of sisterhood.

Then the two teenage girls slowly walked to the SUV, away from the magic of the mall, back into their carefree teenage lives. The lives they would now live forever.

*

In her little office, Jay watched the girls on her CCTV monitor and felt a warm little glow of satisfaction.

There. Wasn't it *nice* when one of their plans worked out?

She leaned back, picked her half-eaten donut off the table and delicately bit into it, ignoring the little crumbs that tumbled onto her uniform.

She'd been concerned when the Sisterhood first gave her this job. When they first transported her into this random, out of the way mall. Gave her this body to hide in, this undercover identity so unlike her real self.

She'd thought it might be boring. A joyless grind. She could admit that now. How wrong she'd been.

With a faint smile, she turned away from the monitor showing Rachel, to the one showing another of her new creations. On it, an adorable 8-year old girl with flowing dark hair sat happily with her new daddy, eating a slice of pizza and silently burbling about what a wonderful day she'd had.

It was hard to believe that the little darling had been a shouty man called Jackson only a few hours ago.

He'd been miserable as a grown-up, Jay knew. A miserable man who took that misery out by bullying his female employees, as she herself had been

forced to experience.

Well, look at him now, the witch idly thought, now he's happy. And better still, he's a girl.

She sighed blissfully.

Just like every nasty man will one day be.

All it needed was for the Sisterhood to catch them. And, since becoming protector of this mall a year ago, Jay had personally transformed nearly a thousand men. All of them into the girls they *should* have been.

I suppose it was a bit risky, she thought as she took another bite of donut, briefly giving Kaylee her memory back like that. But hey, it worked. She passed the message on. And she chose to forget again the minute she'd finished convincing Rachel to forget too...

Yep, it had been a good transformation, all right. A textbook example. The Sisterhood would be happy.

If only her next assignment would go just as smoothly.

Jay turned to yet another image on her big bank of screens. At the old, creepy man sat near the fountains, perving on the teenage girls who passed. The one she'd noticed in the clothing store earlier, staring at Rachel and her buddies.

The old fart didn't know it, but he was about to find himself trapped in the body of a shy and pretty teenage girl.

With a smile, Jay popped the last bite of donut into her mouth. She couldn't wait to get started.

As the witch chewed, a few loose crumbs fell from her lips onto her fake-body's large breasts, onto the security guard name tag, the one with a picture of her new face smiling out, the face the Sisterhood had given her so she could go undercover and move around this mall without ever being noticed.

In big, bold letters, it announced her fake name.

GRACIE, it said.

The End

*Enjoy TG stories where a nasty man learns his lesson and gets a happy ending as a gorgeous girl? Try reading [**She Turned Him into a Pregnant Girl.**](#)*

They Turned Me into a School Girl

I

“Psst. Psst!” A short pause, then, softly: *“Hey!”*

At the sound of the girl’s voice, Jack felt his teenage body go rigid. His breathing get just that little bit quicker. He automatically lowered his head, pretended not to have heard.

From his long years of experience, girls trying to get his attention meant they were usually about to help humiliate him as part of some elaborate prank.

“Hey! I know you can hear me...”

Upfront, the teacher overseeing their detention – a bald and bored-looking man Jack only knew as Mr. Longford – stifled a yawn, turned over a page in the textbook he was marking and frowned at something.

Nope. No help there.

Jack hunched forward, tried to make himself look busy, like he really cared so much about this dumbass book he was supposed to be reading. His mop of dark hair fell across his face, half-shielding him from the outside world. Quietly, he thanked God that his thick hair meant the girl wouldn’t be able to see his ears burning.

For a moment, he thought it might be over. That she might have given up and decided to leave him be instead of tormenting him.

Then the chunk of eraser bounced off his shoulder and, with a sinking feeling, Jack realized he was going to have to do something after all.

“Hey! Unabomber boy... I’m talking to you!”

With a quick, cautious glance at Mr. Longford, Jack turned round.

The girl sat behind him grinned, her white teeth showing and her brown eyes sparkling.

“Finally...” She sighed under her breath, *“I thought you were totally ignoring me.”*

She was small – almost impossibly so – with a slender frame hidden inside a green winter bomber jacket two sizes too big for her. Her skin was bronze, her hair a sort of muddy blonde, full of kinks and curls that looked a nightmare to sort out.

Her face was pinched, mischievous (*kinda rat-like*, Jack thought). Her breasts almost invisibly small. She looked about his age – 18 – but as little like a grown up as he felt.

More to the point, she didn't look like the usual girls who got his attention just to laugh at him. There was no trace of a bored, rich girl sneer. No sign of stuck-up, cool girl chic.

She looked like one of him. Another freak.

An outsider.

"I know you," the small girl was saying, her eyes still bright, "you're John or Jack or something, right? Man, I never thought I'd see you in *here*."

Upfront, Mr. Longford coughed. Jack felt his body freeze up again, then untense as the girl smirked and rolled her eyes at him.

"Wow. You're sure jumpy, huh?"

She nodded at the distant teacher.

"Don't worry, I won't let him touch you."

At last, Jack spoke.

"What do you want?"

"What do you think? To *talk*." The girl lowered her chin down onto the desk, looked up at Jack with a sigh. "I'm *bored*. We got, what, another hour of this? You really wanna spend it just staring at that book?"

Jack hesitated. He still wasn't sure this wasn't a trick. That he wasn't going to wind up getting laughed at, getting humiliated.

As a small, slightly-effeminate boy at a high school in the dullest town in America, Jack had had it drilled into him from a very young age that other people simply didn't like him.

He was too weak. Too nervous. His few friends all seemed to think he was gay and that he'd be happier when he came out, while the rest of the school just saw him as a loser.

Even though he tried to be as polite and as inoffensive as possible, he seemed to spend his life running away from wedgies and swirlies or just general abuse.

The worst part of it all? *He* seemed to get the blame. Whatever jock had just

humiliated him would get off scot free, while Jack would be left to handle the fall out.

Just like today. Just like the “incident” that had gotten him this dumb detention.

Incident... Jack fumed to himself, *of course that’s what the school would call it...*

He’d been in the hall, just returning from a mid-lesson bathroom break.

He’d been alone. The only figure moving through this great, empty place of misery they called a school.

Or so he’d thought.

Just as he’d turned the corner, he’d heard the banging of a locker, and realized he wasn’t alone. But the warning had come too late.

Without meaning to, he’d walked straight into three of the biggest jocks in school.

“Hey, buttface, shouldn’t you be in class?” The biggest of them all, an irritatingly handsome guy all the girls swooned over called Matt, asked.

“I, uh, I just had to...” Jack had hesitated. “I mean, couldn’t I ask you the same thing?”

And Matt had crossed his thick arms over his chest, and smirked down at the weakling before him.

“We got a pass. We’re on pantsing patrol.”

“What’s-?” Jack said before he managed to stop himself.

But by then it was too late.

Matt’s two friends – Trevon and Chad – had grabbed his arms, pinned him against the lockers. Jack feebly tried to struggle, but he’d known it would be useless. And it was.

“It’s where we patrol the school corridors...” Matt had said, slowly, stepping towards Jack, “and find the biggest asswads we can. And, when we do...

...we pants them!”

Then he’d *yanked* down Jack’s pants, pushed him back against the locker as Trevon and Chad howled with laughter. Jack had furiously scrabbled for his pants, just as a door had crashed open and a bald, angry head glared out into

the hall.

“What on *Earth* is going on out here?!” Mr. Longford had shouted.

“Sir!” Matt had yelled back, gesturing, “sir, Jack’s getting his wiener out, sir!”

And Jack had felt like wailing, and had tried to explain, but Mr. Longford had just yelled at him to put his pants on and go see the principal.

And the principal had given him detention. Threatened to call his parents. And so now here he was, trying to read some dumbass book and do everything he could to avoid getting in even more trouble.

“What is it, *Moby Dick*?” The girl glanced at his open book, shrugged.

“There’s a whale, some speeches, everyone dies. What’s the big deal?”

She sighed.

“You wanna read something, you should try *my* book. It’s kinda awesome, and I say that with all humility.”

“You’re a writer?” Jack fumbled for the words, “that’s... cool. I guess.”

Ask her what she writes about... his brain whispered. C’mon, you can do conversation. You’re not a total weirdo!

But by the time he’d formulated the thought, it had already been rendered moot by the girl’s talking.

“Nah. Well, not in the standard, conventional sense.”

The girl suddenly giggled. For some reason, Jack found himself smiling too. Her eyes twinkled.

“Hey. Can I tell you a secret?”

“Uh, sure.” Jack nodded. “People say I’m, y’know, a good listener.”

That wasn’t true, of course, but it seemed like the sort of thing he was meant to say. The girl motioned him closer.

“Good. Coz, get this...”

Her voice dropped to barely a whisper.

“I’m a *witch*.”

“Oh.”

Jack’s first feeling was one of disappointment. Then a sort of frustration that

the first person he'd talked to all day was a bigger weirdo than he was.

"That's... uh, that's cool." He mumbled, unenthusiastically. "What, like Wicca, or...?"

The girl was shaking her head.

"Fuck that shit," she whispered, her voice amused. "I'm a *gray* witch, both light and dark. But super powerful. Seriously..."

That grin again.

"*Super* powerful."

"Oh... yeah?" Jack was already longing to turn back to his book, to end this conversation.

Nice one, asshole, his brain sneered, *get seen with this chick and they'll bully you worse than ever...*

"What? You don't believe me?"

"I dunno." Jack shrugged. "I mean, if you're so powerful, how come you're in detention?"

The humor drained from the girl's face. She studied him seriously.

"Because I let them put me here. So I could meet someone like you."

There was a prickling sensation on the back of Jack's neck, almost like he was suddenly standing on the edge of something beyond his ability to comprehend. He tried to shake it off, annoyed with himself.

"Me? But you don't even..."

"Know you? Sure I do, John. You're like me. Another loser. Specifically, a *guy* loser. And you've got something I need."

"I don't-"

Jack didn't get any further. There was a loud cough from the front of the room. Jack span round in his seat to see Mr. Longford glaring at him, his face a mask of irritation.

"Mr. Reynolds, Miss Nightingale, could you both *please* be quiet?"

"You want proof I'm a witch?" The girl's breath was warm against Jack's ear. "OK, how about *this*?"

There was a scraping sound. The girl got to her feet, a small smile on her

pinched face. Upfront, Mr. Longford did likewise, his expression black.

“Miss Nightingale! I’m telling you for the last time to-!”

Whatever it was Jack expected to come next, it wasn’t what actually happened.

With a fluid movement, the girl reached inside her bomber jacket, pulled out a piece of pointed wood and pointed it at the teacher, smiled to herself, and said:

“You’re not telling me to do *shit*, asshole.”

Then she yelled out strange words, words Jack had never heard before.

“*Compelia funtau matris!*”

There was a sudden flash of light...

...and, when Jack turned back – his eyes wide with shock – his teacher was gone.

Well, not quite. As Jack blinked away the flash still burned across his retinas and leaned forward, he realized that there was something now standing where Mr. Longford had been standing the moment the spell was cast, a faint tendrill of smoke still rising from it.

There, next to the teacher’s old desk, a little girl’s dolly with big, blue plastic eyes, long blonde curls and a look of shock on its frozen, cherubic features stared back at him. It was dressed in a pink little dress with frills around the edges that were still singed from the blast of magic.

Behind Jack, the girl calmly slipped her wand back in her pocket.

“There. We can go now.”

Jack was still staring in horror at the little plastic dolly as the girl walked calmly past him, picked it up, smiled at it.

“Cute, isn’t he?” She stroked the dolly’s hair, looked over at Jack. “What do you think? Improvement?”

“Y-you *killed* him!”

The words were out before Jack could stop himself, before he could freak out that he might get turned into a dolly too. His whole body felt numb. He couldn’t stop staring at the toy’s surprised, plastic features.

What just happened? Oh fuck, what the hell just happened...?!

It was *horrible*. The idea that a man could get turned into - into a *thing* like that. That his mind, with all its hopes and dreams, was now just a lump of plastic. Worse-! That he might still be conscious in-

At the front, the girl rolled her eyes.

“Relax, OK? He’s fine. I set the spell to turn him back and wipe his memory at the end of detention. He’ll just think he zoned out.”

She giggled, looked right into the dolly’s eyes.

“Well, he might have nightmares about this every now and then for the rest of his life, but he’ll probably just think it’s some weird ass fetish he’s developing or something.”

She placed the dolly down on the desk, nodded at the door.

“C’mon, John, I got something to show you.”

“Jack.”

“What?”

“It’s *Jack*.”

Jack got to his feet, still trembling slightly, looked down at the dolly in disgust.

“And what do I call you? The wicked witch of the Midwest?”

“Don’t be a dipshit. I’m Lauren.” The small girl turned, leaned against the desk with her hands in her pockets. “But you can also call me your hero.”

“Why would I *ever*...?”

“*Because*, I’m gonna sort your life out. Just like I’m about to sort mine out.”

Lauren suddenly gave him a grin. Not a smile, but a big, toothy, *happy* grin.

“If my plan works, Jack, after today neither of us is ever gonna be bullied *ever again*.”

II

“You can’t be *serious*.”

Lauren shrugged.

“Sorry, but that’s the way it is. Big magic like this needs female *and* male energy.”

Jack looked down at the ornate little knife in his hands with an internal shudder. Its blade was twisted and oh-so-sharp, its handle an old wooden thing carved with runes and weird symbols.

“But... I mean, you just turned a man into a *little dolly*...”

“Yeah, for, like, half an hour. That’s kid’s stuff. You want a longer change than maybe a day at most? You gotta get some contrasting energies involved.”

She crossed her arms over her khaki jacket, gave him a defiant look.

“And I want this change to last *forever*.”

Jack fell silent. He didn’t know what to say.

He kinda wanted Lauren’s promised change to last forever, too.

They were standing in an old classroom in the rundown, disused building their school had originally been housed in before it expanded to its newer, bigger facility next door the year before. The older building had been scheduled for demolition, but a row with the town hall over who was responsible for disposing of it had led to the project being stalled.

Now, the old gated-off and boarded up building seemed to exist primarily to give the younger local kids fodder for ghost stories, and the older local kids a place to get busted sneaking into while trying to freak their date out.

Now, it looked like you could add ‘a place to do black magic in’ to that long charge sheet.

“The only thing is...” Jack mumbled, still staring at the little dagger, “how do I know this isn’t all a...?”

“You’re seriously asking me if this is a *joke*?”

Lauren sat down on the edge of one of the dust-coated desks with a sigh. A weak beam of sunlight made murky by the grimy windows caught her hair. Jack noticed that she was so small her heavy-booted feet didn’t touch the

ground but dangled just above it.

“Man, I just turned a guy into a baby’s toy for you and you *still* doubt me? What do you want me to do? Use my wand to give you a 12 inch dick or something?”

She can actually do that?! Jack’s brain yelped. Outwardly he just shrugged.

“I know. I really... I really do. But can’t you see how this might be a little... *weird* for me?”

“It’s as weird as you wanna make it.”

Lauren sighed, threw her head back. Then, with her eyes closed, she quietly said:

“Look. This was just an offer, OK? Not fate or destiny or an evil command or what have you. You don’t wanna help me. Fine. I’ll find someone else. I won’t bother you again. Promise.”

Ten long seconds passed. Twenty. A minute. Nothing moved but the motes of dust, turning and dancing and spiraling in ever-changing patterns through this forgotten classroom.

At last, Lauren opened her eyes. Lowered her head.

“I guess that’s settled, then.”

Awkwardly, Jack nodded. If Lauren was on the level, her offer really *was* too good to refuse. They both knew that.

After Mr. Longford had been changed into that little dolly, Jack had felt like he would either immediately go mad, or have to start accepting any old shit the world threw at him.

He’d decided to go for the latter, but even so, when Lauren had told him what she had in mind, he’d found himself wondering if it wouldn’t just be easier to slide into insanity.

“Right. So. Let’s get *moving*, huh?”

Lauren slipped off the desk, went and stood on the edge of the chalk circle she’d drawn on the floor. Strange runes surrounded it. Candles burned feebly at five different points.

“I stand *here*, OK? You stand...” She took a *big* step across to the circle’s other side. “Here. At least, I think...”

She frowned a little, then shook herself. Turned to Jack.

“This is important, OK, coz if you stand in the wrong bit... *blamo*.”

“Blamo?”

“S’right.” Lauren nodded importantly. “*BLAMO*. So...”

She stepped into the center.

“We cross our hands here. I say the spell. As the energy drips down...”

Jack looked unhappily at the dagger again.

“You mean my blood.”

“Like I *said*...” Lauren glared at him. “As the *energy* drips down, I say the spell. Don’t worry. It’s long, but I memorized it last night.”

“You mean, you don’t know it off by heart?” Jack asked uneasily.

Lauren gave him a defiant look.

“There’s, like, fifty thousand spells in my spell book, get it? You wanna try learning them all off by heart be my guest.”

“Don’t you have a spell to help with that?” Jack muttered under his breath, but he was secretly glad when Lauren pretended not to hear him.

He didn’t want to argue with someone who could turn him into a donkey or a pig or a dolly, even if it *was* just for half an hour.

“Where was I? Oh yeah...” She went back to where she’d started, in her part of the circle. “We both step back to our parts, and focus on the image in our heads. There’s a flash of light, probably some wind or smoke or some shit, and then...”

...we say hello to our new lives.”

She let the words hang in the air, like dust in a sunbeam. Stood back by the desks, Jack swallowed.

There it was, the thing Lauren had promised him. The carrot she’d dangled before him so he’d agree to donate some of his energy (*no, seriously, it’s blood*, his brain interjected), and help her get what she wanted.

A permanent change into the thing he’d always desired.

That wasn’t how she’d put it, of course, but that was the gist Jack’s brain took away. Somewhere, in that big, battered old book of spells Jack had

glimpsed in her bag, this crazy girl called Lauren had a spell that would make Jack the weedy, weak, miserable kid vanish...

...and replace him with the strong, confident, good-looking *man* he'd always secretly wanted to be.

He'd been dazed as Lauren told him this, too busy trying to cope with both the revelation that magic was real and the complexities of breaking into the abandoned school buildings to really concentrate, but he'd got the essence of it.

Lauren's spell could turn him into a big, powerful jock. Give him the biceps he'd always wanted. The massive dick he'd always wanted. Make all the girls at school fall in love with him, and all the boys admire him.

It could change history so everyone thought this was how he'd always been. So even his parents would have memories of their son as a popular athlete with many friends and a sport scholarship awaiting him at an Ivy League college, instead of the useless, weedy wuss they'd wasted the last 18 years raising.

And, while all that was happening, Lauren would be transforming too. Into the tall, blonde girl with supermodel looks and the eye of all the boys. Into the hottest, most-beautiful, most-confident girl at school.

"I don't wanna actually be a bimbo, y'know?" Lauren had said as she explained this, *"but looking like one wouldn't be so bad. Especially since I'd get to keep my intellect and my witch powers."*

Here, she'd sighed happily.

"Beautiful, brainy and powerful. That's gonna be me. And the spell's gonna make it so all those bitches who used to bully me now think I'm like their idol."

Two new lives. Two loser kids gone, replaced with gorgeous, perfect, and – most importantly – *happy* human beings. And nobody would be any the wiser.

Except for those who were stood inside that chalk circle when it happened.

They'd get to look at their awesome new lives, compare it to when they used to be miserable, and feel even happier at the changes.

"Why me?" Jack had managed to ask at one point, *"why not some other*

guy?”

And Lauren had shrugged.

“Why not? You were the only other loser in detention. If you hadn’t been there, I’d just had to go back tomorrow and wow a different guy with my dolly trick.

Don’t look a gift horse in the mouth, huh?”

Jack had decided to take her advice.

And now here he was. About to undergo a transformation that, in its own way, would be as unlikely and as freaky as the one Mr. Longford had suffered.

“You gotta get your mental image *right*, OK?” Lauren had stepped out the circle now, and was glancing through her spell book, tracing things with her finger and occasionally frowning to herself. “Don’t go accidentally thinking of Donald Trump or nothing, not unless you wanna look just like that windbag...”

And it says here to be careful you don’t just picture someone attractive and famous. We can’t have two Chris Pratts running around, no matter *how* many people the idea might give boners. Oh, and don’t...”

She frowned at the book again. Jack waited for her to go on, but she shook her head and snapped it shut.

“Whatever, I think I got this,” she muttered, dropping it on a desk. A puff of dust came up with a *flump*. “Let’s just get on with it, shall we? OK, circle. Now.”

For a split second, Jack hesitated. Still not sure this was really happening. Still not sure it wasn’t all just some mad dream.

Still not sure he should let someone alter the world like this, even with the best intentions.

The moment passed. He took a deep breath, stepped into his part of the circle.

“Good, now...”

Lauren stepped into the circle, hesitated.

“What?” Jack’s voice was barely a whisper.

“Nothing. I was just trying to remember if...”

“You do know what you’re doing, right? I don’t wanna get turned into a-a *buttplug* or something.”

Lauren scowled at him.

“That only happens in stories. Weird ass ones.” She shook her head. “Nah, we’re fine. OK...”

She inhaled deeply, a slightly sick look on her pinched face. For the first time, Jack realized she was nearly as nervous as he was.

“Now.” She held out her palm. “Knife me.”

“*What?!*”

“You gotta cut me and I gotta cut you. Don’t ask me why, OK, just do it.”

Jack looked down at Lauren’s outstretched hand, her open palm, with its life lines and pale skin. He swallowed.

“I-I don’t think I can...”

“Oh for fucks’ sakes. *Padit n anima!*”

There was a tiny spark of light. Jack’s shoulder jerked to life. Before he could figure out what was happening, his arm reached forward of its own accord and sliced the blade over Lauren’s palm with a deft flick. The girl winced, gave a tiny little gasp as a wet, red line opened in her hand.

“Jesus!” Jack yelled. “What the hell did you just...?”

“*Anima sonta!*”

Jack’s arm froze as suddenly as it had come to life. The knife leaped out his hand, landed in Lauren’s left one. She grasped its handle as Jack wildly shook his head.

“Wait... Lauren, please-*arrgh!*”

Pain flowed through his hand, hot and stinging, as blood oozed out from his new cut. He tried to snatch his hand back, but it was still frozen by Lauren’s latest spell.

Quick as a flash, the girl *snatched* his wounded hand in hers, *pressed* the cuts together, mingling the blood, making it well and seep out, run down their wrists.

“Oh *shit* that stings!” She whispered. She fixed her dark eyes on Jack.

“Concentrate, OK, John? We got one shot, and now I’ve started I can’t stop,

OK? John!”

She squeezed his hand, pain flared again.

“Listen to me, OK? We gotta get this right. *Don’t* think about the pain. Think about who you want to be!”

“My name isn’t John!” Jack squeaked back at her.

“Well, whoever you are, just listen to me, OK? You’re about to be a whole other person!”

At that moment, Jack realized he believed her completely.

A wind was whipping up now, a magical wind that blew through the classroom, tearing open Lauren’s spell book, sending its pages fluttering, making the two teenagers’ clothes billow around them and Lauren’s hair whip past her face. A roaring noise accompanied it, unearthly and terrifying.

“It’s working! Close your eyes!” Jack heard Lauren shout. “Close your eyes and *concentrate!*”

You mean, you didn’t know if it would work?! Jack felt like yelling. But instead he closed his eyes, tried desperately to imagine the man he was about to become.

The wind was blowing harder now, threatening to send them both flying out the circle. As the dampness on his wrist and the pain in his palm increased, Jack summoned his mental image. Of the tall, broad shouldered athlete with big biceps, a square jaw, and a winning smile. Of the boy with powerful, hairy legs, wealthy parents, and a bright future as a rich, famous man all the girls would go wild for.

Don’t forget the big dick... his mind whispered. This time, Jack didn’t ignore it.

“OK!” Lauren’s voice was barely audible above the roaring of the wind.

“Here we go!”

Then she was chanting, chanting away as Jack screwed up his eyes and started to yell.

“Kantor... demonicus... transfominous ka neti... POJD’EME!”

At that final, nonsense word, there was a blinding flash of light, so bright Jack could see it through his closed eyelids. He screamed louder, sure his eyes were burning out their sockets, screamed as he tried desperately to hold

onto that mental image, screamed as the wind's roar grew to a body shaking crescendo...

And then it was over. There was a noise like water being sucked down a tube, the light vanished, and then the wind stopped and Jack was stood in the classroom, his eyes closed, the sudden silence broken only by the sound of Lauren screaming.

Her high-pitched, feminine squeal dropped away the moment his male one did, leaving them both in silence. Behind the darkness of his eyelids, Jack felt like he was going mad.

Oh my God... Oh my God it worked...

Without opening his eyes, he could already tell that his body had *changed*. Already tell that things were *very* different.

The only trouble was, the ways in which they were different didn't seem to make a whole lot of sense.

He could feel the lightness of his body around him, like it weighed less than usual. Like its bones were suddenly full of air.

He could feel the strange weight on his head, like he was suddenly wearing a heavy wig, matched only by the strange weight in his chest. Long strands of hair seemed to tickle at his neck, at his shoulders as they tumbled down his back.

He could feel the way his legs were suddenly bare, the cool air of the room caressing them, making him shiver slightly. The way the hem of his skirt kind of tickled his thighs. The way his small, dainty hand was now lost in the grip of a strong, masculine one.

Wait, what...?

A whimper escaped Jack's lips. It came out sounding high pitched, feminine. At the exact same moment, he suddenly realized that it hadn't been Lauren who was screaming as the spell ended. Hadn't been Lauren's scream that had shot up in pitch as the transformation took place, that had turned into a girly squeal.

Oh God... oh God, no!

His eyes still closed, Jack heard a man cough, clearing his throat. Heard a low, masculine voice that seemed to vibrate through him say in an

embarrassed voice:

“John...? Hey, um, John? I think we have a problem...”

Pleasenoplesenoplesenoplesen!

“John?”

“My *name*,” Jack suddenly yelled, “is...”

...Jasmine!”

At the sound of his voice, all high pitched and squeaky and *girly*, he let out a squeal. At the sound of the name – his new name, the name Lauren’s *stupid* spell had given him – he opened his eyes wide in terror.

What he saw made him wish he could snap them closed all over again.

He was standing where he had been when Lauren cast her spell. Only the small girl he’d met only that day was no longer stood in front of him, no longer holding his hand.

In her place, a big, broad shouldered athlete with powerful biceps, a square jawed, handsome face and a winning smile was smiling at him awkwardly.

Jack blinked up at him. He was *huge*, 6ft4 at least, with a body that looked like a cage of muscle and steel, even hidden away inside that football jersey.

B-but that should be me! Jack wailed inside himself. *Which means... Oh God, which means...*

“Uh, hey,” the beefy guy towering over Jack said. He used his free hand to bashfully scratch at the short, blond hairs on the back of his skull, the other still mindlessly holding onto Jack. “So, there’s kinda been a bit of a mix up...”

But Jack didn’t wait to hear what this masculine giant said to him. Like a boy in a dream, he reached up with his free hand and touched his new face. Noted his tiny new button nose, his high cheekbones, his smooth cheeks, devoid of the sandpapery feel boy’s cheeks have even after shaving.

Noted, too his long nails painted bubblegum pink, the way his fingers were suddenly long and slender, his hands small and dainty.

“I mean, I’m not sure what happened...”

Frantically, Jack’s fingertips grasped at the strands of long, blonde hair now tumbling from his crown, held one up before him and *gaped* at how shiny and

bouncy and curled it was, like a girl in a shampoo commercial.

“But...” the giant jock continued, helplessly, “the thing is, you’re... kinda... A *girl* now.”

It was all too much.

With dream-like movements, Jack bent his pretty little head forward. Looked down at his curvy new body, encased inside its yellow cheerleader’s uniform. Took in its tight waist, its too-wide hips, its legs poking out from beneath its skirt, both long and slender and smooth and ending in two cute little pink ankle socks.

Took in the heavy pair of breasts, the two big, DD-cup boobies now sticking out straight in front of him, *straining* at his cheerleader top as if they were about to rip it open.

To his horror, he realized he could *feel* his new tits. The way they were nestling in the cups of his push-up bra. The way they were gently tugging on his chest, using their strange weight to remind him of their presence.

Still looking down, he gave his new body a little shake. Felt his skirt swish slightly. Felt his hair flick out before settling back in a golden waterfall down his back. Felt his new boobs *jiggle* in their cups.

There was no doubt about it. The spell had gone wrong. Horribly, *horribly* wrong.

He, Jack Reynolds, was now a *girl*.

And not just any girl. A cheerleader. A curvy, ultra-feminine beauty with painted nails and gorgeous legs and a big pair of tits all the jocks at school would go wild for.

A girl who looked like a total bimbo. The girl Lauren had secretly wanted to be.

She was now *him*.

“Change me back,” he whispered, desperately trying to ignore how soft and seductive his new voice was.

He looked back up from his brand new tits to the musclebound hunk who used to be Lauren.

“Change me *back*, I said!” He squealed, swatting at her hairy arm with his

free hand, already feeling like a hysterical cheerleader.

The big jock before him looked uncomfortable.

“Yeah. That’s the thing,” Lauren said slowly, her new voice low and masculine and making Jack’s new body go weak at the knees, “there’s not exactly a reverse spell...”

“What do you *mean?!?*” Jack’s cheerleader body was trembling. He felt on the verge of tears. “Please, just tell me...”

Lauren sighed. Her broad shoulders slumped a little. She fixed her new, piercing blue eyes onto Jack’s pretty face.

“I can’t change you back,” she said. “This spell was one way only. From now on...”

She swallowed, a look of disbelief on her handsome face.

“From now on, I’m whatever jock hero you wanted to be. And *you’re...* ...you’re Jasmine. The hottest bimbo cheerleader at school.”

“Forever?” Jack whispered, stunned.

“Forever,” Lauren nodded.

The pretty little cheerleader couldn’t help it.

She screamed.

III

If it hadn't been creased up in misery, the face would've looked beautiful.

It stared out the dusty glass of the mirror, a girl's face, framed by flowing blonde hair, all soft and round and pretty.

There was a cute little button nose, set just above a pair of painted, pouty lips. Eyes that were wide and innocent, their irises a piercing blue that you could lose yourself in forever.

The cheekbones were high, the skin slightly tanned and flawless. Long, dark eyelashes fluttered every time the face blinked.

It was the face of a supermodel. Of a gorgeous, 18-year old girl who could stop traffic, who could bend any man – and several women – she wanted around her little finger. Jack had to admit it was the sort of face he could have fallen in love with a thousand times over.

He just wished it hadn't been on him.

“Oh *man* this is weird.”

Jack slowly turned his pretty little head, part of him glad to be looking away from that awful, beautiful face, part of him so fascinated he wanted to keep staring at it forever, like you might stare at a car wreck. Beside him, the big, male jock frowned into the mirror above the broken sinks, pulled his top lip back, stared at his teeth.

“My face...” Lauren whispered in her masculine voice, “it's so...
...*square*.”

She reached up with two meaty hands, felt her cheeks. Her eyes briefly went wide with surprise.

“Jesus, stubble too. I'ma have to start *shaving*...”

She dropped her hands, looked down at her powerful new body, examining her large, barrel chest, broad shoulders and big forearms dusted with dark hairs.

Suddenly, she laughed. A disbelieving bark of a sound that echoed around the empty restroom.

“*Look* at this shit!” She said, touching one of her hardened pecs. “I swear these things are even bigger than my tits were.”

“Like you can talk.”

Jack suppressed a shudder, looked back in the mirror, back at his new chest. At the big, ripe breasts rising beneath his cheerleader’s top like two swells on a golden ocean.

“Look at me. I’ve got *tits*. Actual tits.”

It was strange, watching the supermodel girl move her pouty lips in time with him, her gorgeous face taking on an expression of disgust just like what he was feeling. Weird, too, to hear her high-pitched, spoiled, rich girl voice saying his words.

There’s no her about it, Jack thought. *That’s my voice now.*

Oh God, that’s the voice I’ll have for the rest of my life...

They were stood side by side in the girl’s restroom of the old school building, where they’d both immediately gone to find a mirror after their unexpected transformations.

Part of Jack had rebelled against going inside the *girls’* restroom. Even if it was abandoned, it felt like he was capitulating to the demands of his awful new body too quickly. But it had been closer, so the changed boy and girl had slipped inside, stepping over the broken bits of tile scattered across the floor.

Needless to say, what they finally found when they stepped before the mirrors hadn’t been what either of them was hoping for.

“Think *that’s* weird? Tits are just kinda there. But *this* thing?”

Beside him, Lauren pulled down her shorts, looked in wonder down at the long, thick thing now swinging between her hairy legs.

“Man, what the hell am I supposed to *do* with that? It’s a foot long!”

“Ten inches.” Jack said in his soft new voice. He glanced over at the witch and shuddered. “Eww. Put it away, can’t you? I don’t wanna see your... your...”

He swallowed. In the mirror, the bimbo cheerleader’s throat bobbed daintily. No, he couldn’t say those words.

Admitting his new female friend now had a *cock* was just too weird.

“Why not?” Lauren asked. “It’s technically *your* dick, you’re the one who wished for it. Oh God...”

She grasped her gigantic new cock in one big hand, began playing with it in dazed excitement.

“I can get a boner now. I can *have blowjobs*. Shit, I always wondered what that was like, guys go so nuts over it...”

“So long as you’re not expecting me to do the honors,” Jack said, sourly.

He turned his full attention to the mirror, absently mindedly reached up with two dainty hands and fluffed his blonde hair up a little, giving it a little more volume, just as he liked it. Anything to be looking away from that *thing* Lauren had.

He didn’t want to say anything out loud, but the sight of Lauren’s cock, all thick and big like that, had seemed oddly... *intriguing* to his newly-female brain.

Urgh. Let’s not think about that right now.

He finished with his hair, stepped back, put his hands on his too-wide hips, examined his new girl-body in the mirror.

It was as bad as it had seemed back in the old classroom. Likely, even worse.

Jasmine (that was her name) didn’t just have a beautiful face and a big rack. She had a *dynamite* body, too.

Her legs were long and slender and tastefully bronzed, a heavenly pair of legs that invited male eyes to slide up them, until they reached the hem of her little cheerleader skirt, so loose and easy for any strong man to flick aside and get at the goodies within.

If he turned on his side, Jack could see the swell of her perfect, peach-like bum, barely covered by the blue fabric of his skirt. It curved out behind him, just as his chest swelled forwards, giving him a sinuous, seductive shape that he knew from experience the average male brain was hardwired to find attractive.

Jasmine’s waist was tight, her sides kinked in above her round hips. Her yellow cheerleader top – their school’s logo emblazoned across the front – was *slightly* too small, leaving a slip of flat, toned stomach on display whenever Jack raised his arms.

Long, blonde hair flowed down her back, its little curls and kinks full of the sort of bounce and shine you only usually see in modelling catalogues. Add

in her pert breasts and that gorgeous face and, well...

...incredible as it was to admit, Jack was probably now the hottest girl at school. Perhaps in their entire town.

The thought didn't make him feel particularly happy.

"So, what's the deal?" He asked, watching Jasmine moving her lips in time with him. "What exactly did you wish for? Obvs, I'm a cheerleader, but anything else...?"

Part of him wondered why he didn't shout at Lauren. Why he didn't scream and hit her and punch her with his weak little girl-fists and beg for her to turn him back.

But what would be the point? He'd already made her admit that this was the first big spell she'd ever cast. He'd already dragged an apology out of her, what more could he expect?

Besides, they both had much bigger things to worry about right now.

"Like, am I gonna be homecoming Ki- uh, *Queen*? Do I... y'know. Have a boyfriend?"

As he spoke, Jack gently ran his palms over Jasmine's body, getting used to her shape. His small hands rose up over her sides, reached her chest. He hesitated, then, with a feeling of abandonment, reached up and ran them over his big new boobs, too.

The feeling was *weird*. His new breasts pushed back against his soft palms, firm and ripe and very big. At the same time, as well as feeling the shape of his tits through his hands, he was aware that he could feel the pressure of his fingertips in his breasts as well, that his whole mental map of his body had just been thrown up in the air and rearranged in the craziest way possible.

Without thinking, he squeezed his new breasts together. Felt the pressure of one pressed up against the other. In the mirror, Jasmine looked down at her own tits, her lower lip dangling open slightly.

That felt sorta good...

He realized he was still waiting for an answer. He turned back to Lauren.

"Seriously, you gotta tell me, else I might..."

His high pitched voice trailed off. He felt the color drain from his face.

“Oh. Uh, Lauren? What are you...?”

Just a few paces away, the big, beefy jock who had once been Lauren was no longer staring in the mirror at her new body. No longer examining her new cock.

Instead, she was staring right at *him*.

Her eyes were slightly dazed. There was a vague, almost goofy grin on her handsome face. Her gaze was fixed on Jack’s chest, watching him touch his new breasts like she’d been hypnotized.

But that wasn’t the worst part. The part that made Jack feel like he was going mad and would have to start screaming all over again.

Poking out of Lauren’s pants, rising into the air like a pillar of rock, was her massive new dick, fully erect and looking thicker and harder than any cock Jack had ever seen before.

“Jesus, Lauren! *Fuck!*”

The words came out in a squeal. Jack instantly let go of his breasts and retreated back, curling up against the wall, instinctively trying to make himself small, to escape from this threatening male presence.

He did it without thinking, almost like his new, female brain knew *exactly* what boys were like. And knew just how wary he now needed to be of them.

At his reaction, Lauren’s eyes briefly flickered with confusion, then something like hurt, before creasing up as she smiled again, a cocky grin on her thin lips.

“What? Jesus, don’t act all weird...”

His back pressed up against the wall, Jack glared up at her, his voice tight.

“I’m *not* acting weird. You’re the one who-!”

“And *you’re* the one who was playing with her titties,” Lauren retorted. “Can you blame me?”

She glanced down at her big, thick cock, gave a little sigh.

“You’re the one who wanted this big, stupid thing anyway. It’s not like it’s *my* fault.”

She absent-mindedly gripped its shaft, started tugging slightly, making the tip of her new dick swell up even further, turn a dark purple as it filled with

blood.

“Man that feels good...”

As Jack watched the small girl he'd met only hours earlier play with her big new dick, a horrible thought rose up into his mind.

No-one knows we're here... the voice whispered. There's nobody in this whole damn building. If she decides to rape you...

...there's nothing you can do about it.

Jack swallowed, his dainty throat bobbing. He didn't even want to *think* about the possibility.

He was all too aware of how weak and helpless his new body was, especially compared to the powerful man stood before him.

“Lauren...” his soft voice was dry, “you need to put that away. Right. Now.”

“Yeah.” Lauren nodded, still looking at her cock, “yeah, I guess I do.”

A thought seemed to occur to her. She hesitated, then turned to Jack, a smirk on her lips.

“Tell you what. I'll cover this dumb thing up...

...if you show me your tits.”

Jack felt his slender legs suddenly go weak. The restroom seemed very cold, very intimidating.

Hesitantly, he shook his pretty little head, making his blonde curls bounce.

“Go on...” Lauren said, the whine sounding *super* weird in her deep male voice. “Just quickly. It's not like I haven't seen tits before. I'm a girl, remember?”

“Not anymore.” Jack's voice quavered. “No. No, Lauren, I'm not gonna...”

As he spoke, Lauren's face darkened. Yet she kept right on gently pumping her dick, making it harder and harder and harder...

With a feeling of horror mixed with shame, Jack realized he couldn't take his eyes off of it.

“They're not even *your* tits anyway,” the beefy jock grumbled. “They're meant to be mine. If you hadn't distracted me with the spell...”

“*Me?!*” Jack's pouty lips dropped open. “You're the one who messed up. It's

your fault I've got... got these!"

He grabbed his big new titties, bounced them in his hands, making that weird, jiggling feeling come back to his chest. He saw that dazed look return to Lauren's eyes and realized how stupid he'd just been.

"C'mon, Jasmine, stop being such a bitch. Just five seconds, OK? That's all, I promise."

When Jack didn't answer, the big jock who used to be a small girl sighed, reached into her pocket.

"OK. You asked for this."

"What are you...?" Jack just had time to ask, then Lauren was pointing her wand right at him, a hard, flinty look in her blue eyes.

"Ominus pre-kretak!"

"Wait-!"

There was a flash of light. A gust of wind...

...and suddenly Jack was all too aware of the cold air, caressing his naked skin. All too aware that the support of his bra had gone and his big titties were now dangling loose and free.

Dazedly, he looked down and saw with a distant feeling of horror that his top had vanished. His vast breasts hung from his slender frame, their nipples pink and hard and pointed at the sky.

He quickly put his palms over his tits – trying to ignore the feeling of his hardened nipples – but Lauren simply said something else, there was another flash, and then Jack was obediently standing there, his hands at his sides, unable to move.

He tried to reach up again, but it was like his arms were made of lead. Tried to turn and run away, but it was like he was rooted to the spot.

With a flick of her wrist, Lauren had turned him into a busty, compliant, living female statue.

"There..." Lauren slipped her wand away, gave Jack an accusing look. "You made me do that."

Jack tried to argue, but his lips refused to move. Whatever spell Lauren had cast had totally taken away his ability to resist her.

With slow steps, the jock crossed the restroom to poor little Jack, his cock erect before him, as big and hard as Jack had wished it would be. Lauren stopped just before him, crossed her powerful arms, smiled smugly down at him.

“You’re lucky I didn’t turn you into a blow-up doll.”

She playfully reached out with one hand, *pinched* one of Jack’s pointy nipples. Pain flared in his chest, yet still his body refused to move.

“I’m the witch, remember? So *don’t* fuck with me. Or I’ll do to you what I did to Mr. Longford.”

She squeezed Jack’s heavy breast, her strong fingers kneading the flesh of his breast. Even though he was frightened, even though his mind was reeling at how utterly fucked up this all was, Jack couldn’t help but shiver slightly at the feeling.

He couldn’t tell if it was just the sensation of having his new tits felt, or that alongside with his sheer helplessness before this all-powerful man.

All he knew was that his nipples were now harder than ever, and he could feel his pussy starting to get damp.

It’s the magic... his brain whispered, *you’ve got to fight it!*

But it was like his mind’s voice was coming from very far away, from a place not connected to his body. As Lauren kept touching his tits, Jack felt his pouty lips start to dangle open. His long eyelashes start to flutter.

“You like that, don’t you?” Lauren whispered, both hands now clasped around Jack’s heavy breasts. “I can tell. I had a pair of these like twenty minutes ago, remember...?”

As she fondled his tits, Jack became aware of a dampness between his legs. A strange, warm feeling he’d never felt before.

A little bead of moisture dribbled out his widening hole, into his new panties. With a distant certainty, he realized his body was preparing for sex.

Is this what it’s gonna be like? He wondered vaguely. *Will she just use her wand and then we’ll be fucking, and I’ll be helpless but to enjoy it?*

Worryingly, a rather large part of his female brain thought that didn’t sound like such a bad idea at all.

Gently, Lauren reached up, settled one meaty hand on Jack’s slender

shoulder. Pushed softly but firmly downwards. Obediently, Jack felt his knees bend, felt himself sink downwards until he was kneeling on the cold restroom floor, his skirt bunched up around his thighs and his big, ripe boobies dangling.

With a firm expression, Lauren took her fat new dick in one hand, began pumping it.

“Here’s what’s gonna happen. I’m gonna come on those big tits of yours to teach you a lesson, then you’re gonna lick it all up, got that? After that, I *might* give you control of your body back.”

Jack’s beautiful female form didn’t react. Didn’t even blink. He simply knelt there obediently, compelled by magic to do whatever this male witch told him to.

Inside, though, he was reeling with horror. Horror at how quickly this afternoon had become a nightmare. At how quickly Lauren’s mind had changed along with her body.

At how *sexy* he felt, being forced to obey a man’s will. At how wet and hot his girl-body was, how ready to feel a man’s white hot spunk shoot over his tits.

Maybe she’ll let me suck her dick after... I’ve always wondered what it would feel like to have a cock in my mouth...

Jack desperately tried to shake the thought away, but it was a part of him now. As natural as the way he used to idly think dirty thoughts about hot girls he saw at school, simply a part of how he was wired.

It struck him that this was it now. That the magic meant he and Lauren would be female and male stereotypes from now until the day they died. One desperate to be dominated and abused by powerful men, the other unable to ever respect women ever again.

Lauren’s cock was thicker than ever. She worked it furiously, grunting softly as she stared at Jack’s breasts, her whole, masculine body tense with desire.

“Oh, yeah, that’s it... ah, you *slut*...”

She threw her head back.

“*God*, having a dick is so much fun. I’m gonna come on you, you little bitch. You fucking little *whore*...”

She ran her free hand through Jack's long, golden hair. Clenched her fist, making him whimper with pain. Her big cock was only inches from Jack's bud-like lips. He dully wondered if she was going to come on his face as well.

"You slut... you slut... you *slu-!*"

And then it happened.

Just as Lauren looked like she was about to come, just as Jack was on the verge of finding out what it felt like to have a man squirt in your face and over your tits, Lauren's pocket started to glow.

It started softly. A faint, orange light that suddenly grew in intensity until it looked like it would burn through the fabric. Jack had to squint to stop it blinding him. At the exact same moment, he felt Lauren's grip on his hair loosen. Saw the big jock blink down at his pocket.

"What the f-?"

"Misogynistic creepoid behavior detected," Lauren's voice – Lauren's *girl* voice – said, sounding like a recording. "Eat shit, dirtbag."

Male Lauren's eyes went wide.

"Oh *shit...*"

There was a *bang*. Another flash of magic. A roaring wind that seemed to sweep over everything, sending Jack's hair flying out, making him want to scream...

...and then, suddenly, he was standing on his feet again, fully clothed, able to move, his big tits now hidden safely away inside his cheerleader's top once more.

With a woozy feeling, Jack blinked down at the big, powerful jock now knelt on the floor in front of him, his face white, and his powerful body clad in nothing but a flimsy French maid's uniform.

"There." Lauren's wand bobbed between the two of them, still glowing faintly, still talking in her old voice. "Let that be a lesson to you, asshole."

Then it stood up straight, flipped over backwards and landed in Jack's waistband.

The silence that followed was broken only by Jack's ragged, female breathing. He tossed a loose strand of golden hair back behind one tiny ear,

stared down at the man knelt before him in his frilly outfit.

At long last, Lauren spoke.

“Anti-douchebag defense mechanism,” she muttered in her male voice.

“Forgot about that.”

She gave a little sigh, looked up at Jack.

“What...” the cheerleader who used to be a boy asked, slowly, “the *hell* just happened?”

“I guess I got carried away,” Lauren muttered, her cheeks turning pink. “The testosterone must’ve...”

“You nearly *raped* me.”

The jock nodded unhappily, his handsome male face looking utterly out of place beneath his frilly white maid’s cap.

“Yeah, I guess I...”

Lauren suddenly hung her head.

“Oh *God*, John, I’m so sorry! It’s like, I saw you touching your tits like that, and it was like I was looking at a-a *toy* or something. Like you weren’t even human...”

She shook her head.

“Christ! Is this what it’s *always* like to be a guy? No wonder you’re all such buttholes!”

For a moment, Jack wanted to shout at her. Wanted to slap her round the face as hard as he could and scream at her that *he* used to have testosterone, but he’d have *never* assaulted a girl like that, that she might be new in her body, but she was still a piece of *shit*...

But then he remembered how hot and horny being abused like that had made him. How he’d secretly felt like he was living out his deepest, darkest fantasies.

He sighed and crouched down on the floor in front of Lauren.

“That...” he said, slowly, “was *horrible*. You... you acted like...”

“An asshole.” Mumbled Lauren. “I know, I’m so...”

“But...” Jack went on, making sure he finished his train of thought, “it’s not

your fault. You haven't had 8 years to get used to all those guy thoughts, all those chemicals..."

Just like I haven't had all my teenage years to get used to estrogen, he added silently.

He hoped that when his new body made *him* do something ridiculous, Lauren would be equally understanding.

"So let's just forget about it, OK?"

Lauren gave him a sad, apologetic smile. Started to nod. Jack took a deep breath.

Right. Here goes.

"On one condition." He watched the jock's handsome face fall. "You turn me back. As soon as you can, no matter *what* it takes. I don't ever wanna be in that position ever again."

It was all too clear to him, now, what would happen if he stayed in this body. If he became Jasmine, heart and soul.

For the rest of his life, men would be looking at him as Lauren had just now. Thinking of him only as a fantastic pair of legs and an awesome rack.

Guys much older than him would whistle at him from cars. Ugly, creepy, smug entitled *men* would think they could do whatever they wanted to him. Follow him home. Catcall him in the street. Force him to respect their wandering hands, their awful jokes, their natural dominance.

Because if he didn't...

Well, next time, there might not be a magic wand to save him.

Lauren shifted uncomfortably. The blast of magic she'd got still wasn't letting her stand up.

"I told you, I can't..."

"I don't *care*." Jack's voice was soft, but it carried an edge of steel to it he'd never heard in his old boy-voice. "This is messed up. I don't want to be a girl, and you can't want to be stuck as *that* meathead."

He tenderly put a hand on one of Lauren's big arms. The dark sleeves of her ridiculous French maid outfit were silky to his touch.

"Please. You turned Mr. Longford into that thing. You can do anything. Now

use that power to turn me back. Please.”

He leaned back on his haunches.

“You owe me.”

For a moment, he thought it was all going to be to no avail. That there really *was* no way for him to ever be male again.

Then Lauren sighed, a tightness loosened in Jack’s chest, and he realized they still had a chance.

“OK,” Lauren murmured. “OK... just get me out of this *dumb* costume first, and I’ll tell you, huh?”

“How do I...?”

“The wand. It’s yours now. It won’t work for me while I’m stuck like this.” Her brow darkened. “A douchebag.”

Jack plucked the wand out his waistband. It was surprisingly light. It sat in his dainty palms, looking no more special than any pointy piece of wood.

“But I don’t know how to do magic.”

“S’easy,” Lauren grunted, not meeting his eyes. “You just picture what you want to happen in your mind and chant some nonsense that’ll help you focus.”

“Wait, you mean those spells aren’t...?” Jack stopped himself, shook his head. “I guess we don’t have time for that now.”

“We don’t. Now. You gonna turn me back?”

Jack hesitated.

“Promise you won’t...?”

“Yeah, I promise.”

“OK then...”

Jack got back to his feet. Pointed the wand uncertainly at Lauren. Closed his eyes.

“Uhhh... *Remus Lupin Snapel Harrus Pottermore,*” he mumbled, uncertainly.

There was a faint *bang*. A flash of light Jack could see through his closed eyelids. When he opened them, Lauren was stood before him, her French

maid uniform gone and her muscular body encased inside a pair of shorts and a football jersey.

“That’s better,” Lauren grunted, shaking herself.

She turned. Sat on the edge of an old porcelain sink. It creaked and, for a moment, Jack thought her gigantic frame would break it, but it held.

He watched her warily, the wand still held out in front of him in case she started acting like a meathead again.

“So. There is a way I can turn us back.” The boy who used to be a girl muttered, apparently not noticing the wand pointed right at her. “I didn’t want to use it, but...”

“Just tell me,” Jack said, “what we’ve got to do.”

Lauren snorted. Shook her head. It was a very male look, Jack thought, like she was indulging her silly little girlfriend.

“We don’t have to do anything. I gotta take this to my coven. They’re strong, they’ll be able to change us back...”

“But...?” asked Jack.

“But,” Laura glanced out the window. “But they’ll probably take my powers away. Make me just a boring old *human* again. Fuck... I only just got my wand...”

She stared out the grimy window, seemingly lost in thought. As the faint sunlight played through her sandy blond hair, illuminated her profile, Jack found himself idly thinking how handsome this big, strong jock was. How oddly pleasant his broad shoulders were to look at. How weirdly interesting his thick forearms were...

He made himself stop.

“Still...” Lauren said at last, “whoever heard of a jock witch? Not me, that’s for sure.”

For a moment she hesitated. Then she finally looked back down at Jack, who felt tiny stood next to her, even though he was pretty sure his new body was tall for a girl.

“Fine. Let’s do it. I screwed up, guess I should take the punishment. ‘Sides, you’re right, I *don’t* wanna be a meathead all my life.”

“You’re not a meathead,” the words came out Jack’s mouth automatically. He shuddered.

Ugh. That was such a girl thing to say.

“OK. So. Where, uh, where are they then?” He half expected the coven to come flying in on broomsticks at that exact moment.

“Yeah, that’s the thing...” Lauren gave him an apologetic look. “They’re kinda... *away*. Some big witches’ meeting in Canada. I couldn’t go without parental permission, and like *that’s* gonna happen now...”

“And when...” Jack forced himself to speak calmly, not to start screaming again, “do they get back?”

He watched with a feeling of dismay as Lauren visibly steeled herself.

“Next Monday. Which means we’ve gotta spend a week *at least* as Barbie and Ken.”

“*Monday?!?*”

Jack couldn’t believe it. He felt like a drowning man who’s just been thrown a lifesaver, only for it to land a half-mile’s swim away through shark infested waters. He didn’t even notice he’d lowered the wand.

“What the hell do we do until Monday?”

Already, awful things were flashing through his mind. Images of how he was gonna have to get up early each morning to put his makeup on. Of having to hotch his stupid, heavy boobs into a bra each day.

A week as a girl. A whole week of painting his nails, sitting down when he needed to pee, blow drying his long hair and trying to act and talk like a female. Of maybe even getting his *period*.

Worse. A weekend of having to keep one eye on Lauren, unless her meathead side reared its ugly head again. What was he gonna *do*...?

Lauren was already talking, answering his question in her low, manly voice.

“The spell gave us new lives,” she said, slowly, “so we don’t gotta worry about anyone not recognizing us or having no memory of us or whatever. On the other hand...”

Those new lives might have kinda... *included* some bonuses neither of us is gonna be particularly happy with. Relationships. That sorta thing.”

“What do you mean?” Jack squeaked. “What sort of...?”

The penny dropped.

“Oh. Oh *shit*,” he heard himself say in his soft girl-voice. “I have a boyfriend now, don’t I?”

When Lauren didn’t respond, he carried on.

“A boyfriend. Oh *Jesus*... Wait. What’s-what’s his name?”

In response, Lauren casually pushed her massive frame off the sinks. Turned her bulk to face Jack, who quickly raised the wand again, just in case.

“You,” Lauren said, firmly, “are gonna *hate* me.”

*

The crouched in the hall together, boy and girl, peering around the corner of the lockers like characters in some old spy show.

Crouched down slightly, his long hair falling either side of his cute little face and his breasts dangling, Jack was all too aware of the masculine figure stood over him, peering round the lockers likewise.

All too aware of the raw *power* Lauren’s body was radiating, of the faint tang of masculine sweat invading his nostrils, making it hard for his girl-brain to think straight.

Making it hard for him to think of anything but how darkly wonderful it had felt, kneeling on that cold floor, his breasts bare, waiting for the giant behind him to come on his titties...

In the hall, the well-built boy lounged against the distant lockers, waiting around for some poor kid to give an undeserved pantsing to.

Jack slowly pulled back until he was sure he was out of sight. Stood up, using both hands to gently hook his long hair behind his ears as he did so. Lauren stood up straight with him, an apologetic look on her face.

“Like I said,” she muttered, “sorry.”

Jack slowly shook his head, feeling like he was going mad all over again.

“But... *Matt*? How could... I mean... *why*?!”

It was a genuine question. He couldn’t see what it might be about that douchebag that made a bullied loser girl like Lauren want to be his girlfriend.

Lauren was obviously thinking the same thing, too, because she shuffled her feet and looked awkward. In her enormous, powerful body, the action looked almost hilariously out of character.

“Look, I’m not proud, OK?” She said, keeping her voice low, “but you have to admit...”

A hesitation. Jack looked blankly at her.

“Oh come *on!* He is kinda hot.”

“*How?*” Jack threw up his dainty hands. “I don’t get it... he’s a-a *douche!* A big, dumb, bully jerkoff *douche.*”

“Yeah, when you put it like that...” Lauren shrugged hopelessly. “It was my wish, OK? I didn’t wanna be his girl or anything, but I’ve always kinda wondered what it might be like to...”

“To *what?*”

Lauren looked like she wished the ground could just swallow her up. Now that he thought about it, Jack kinda wished it would, too.

“It was just a dumb fantasy. Understand? I didn’t think no-one would ever know that I wanted to-”

“Get in Matt’s pants.”

“Hey...” Lauren folded her thick arms, “don’t give me that. Like *you’d* say no to Chantelle if she offered, even though she’s – and I say this in all seriousness – the biggest bitch femininity ever spawned. It was just a wish thing. Not something I wanted to actually happen.”

“Hey, do *you* see Chantelle anywhere?” Hissed Jack. “No? Then I guess maybe you’re not so smart, huh?”

Lauren smirked down at him. There was something about her male face which made the expression seem one hundred percent more patronizing.

“Eat a dick, Jack Reynolds. I’m getting a ride on the testoster-coaster now too, remember?”

How could I forget, Jack thought, sourly. He kept his pretty mouth shut, though.

Lauren tapped her forehead. “My man brain is telling me I’d bang even the biggest bitch so long as she had nice tits. Which I guess means you would,

too.”

They both fell silent, each a little grossed out by the conversation. Jack had a feeling Lauren had just pictured banging the fashion-conscious redhead Chantelle and been freaked out by how enjoyable it seemed.

For his part, he was disgusted by how hearing a guy talk in such crude language – especially a guy who’d acted so abusive towards him, so entitled – was actually kind of a turn on.

Banging... bitch... God help me, there’s something weirdly hot about a guy treating you like that...

Besides, and he hated to admit it, he really *had* had sex fantasies about Chantelle in his old body.

He shook his head to chase the thought away. The movement made his long hair flick out behind him.

“Well, whatever...” He grumbled. “Still, I *don’t* want Matt trying it on with me.”

“Then avoid him for the whole week. Can’t be that hard.” A little mischievous look came into Lauren’s piercing blue eyes. “Unless maybe you secretly don’t wanna...”

“Guh-ross.”

“OK, fine.” Lauren rolled her eyes. Then her expression changed, her cynicism melting away. She gently placed two hands on Jack’s slender shoulders, her lightest grip like an unbreakable bind on his weak new body.

She could snap me in two... Jack realized with a start, right now. She could hold me down, break my neck, rape me... And I’d be powerless to stop her.

He shivered slightly, little goosebumps rising on his flawless skin. He could still feel the wand, tucked into the waistband of his skirt, ready to defend him against any douchey behavior Lauren’s testosterone-fueled new brain might convince her to pull.

But what if I don’t want her to stop...?

“I know this sucks,” Lauren murmured. “I’m sorry I screwed up like that, I really am. And I’m even more sorry about... well. Y’know.

But, like, it’s just a week, yeah? You can keep out of Matt’s way, I can try and keep myself under control, and then we’ll see my coven and get changed

back. Just like we were before.”

Jack peered up at her serious, masculine face from beneath his golden bangs.

“You promise?” He pouted.

“Promise.”

“No weird aftereffects? I’m not gonna... I dunno. Start *dreaming* I’m a girl again?”

A look of doubt flickered across Lauren’s face, just slow enough for Jack to register.

“I don’t *think* so...” the boy who used to be a girl said, slowly, “you might feel a bit weird, but there shouldn’t be anything permanent, or...”

Just then, there was a loud *crash* from the hall behind them. They both jumped. Jack saw Lauren look up, her eyes go wide.

“Oh *shit*...”

“What...?” He span around, quickly sweeping the hair out of his eyes. Felt his pouty little lips drop open.

Oh God...

“Mr. *Longford*?” He heard himself squeak out loud.

A few feet away, the door to the classroom Lauren and Jack had been having detention in had burst open, disgorging Mr. Longford, the spell evidently only just worn off, his human body just returned.

Only Jack could see it hadn’t *quite* gone to plan.

“Huh,” he heard Lauren say behind him, “that wasn’t what I thought was gonna happen.”

Their teacher was human again, all right, his plastic skin, giant eyes and dolly features returned to their normal, male form.

But where he’d been dressed in a suit before Lauren pointed her magic wand at him...

...he was now wearing an *adorable* pink dress.

It looked like a giant version of a little girl’s dress, modified to fit an adult, with big, puffy shoulders like an old school Disney princess, and a big, frilly tutu bit that stuck out around his hips. It was, Jack noted numbly, the same

dress the dolly version of Mr. Longford had been wearing.

That wasn't all that had changed.

Where their teacher had been bald, he now had long, blonde locks that tumbled from his crown in adorable little curls. A gigantic pink bow wobbled on top of his head. His shoes had turned into ballerina slippers, his cheeks were all chubby and pink, like a little cherub's.

He looked *ridiculous*.

At the sight of their teacher – the one they'd unthinkingly turned into a baby's toy – all screwed up like that, Jack felt his body freeze to the spot. He wanted to run away, but he was incapable of moving.

At least he won't recognize us... it was the only crumb of comfort he could seize on.

As they stood there in silence, Mr. Longford blinked dazedly down at himself, taking in his new clothes, the remnants of the spell. Then he looked up at Jack and Lauren with confused, frightened eyes.

"Mr.... err, Mr. Longford?" He heard Lauren ask in her rumbling voice.

"I..." the teacher whimpered, looking right at them, "I... I..."

Then, suddenly, he burst into tears.

"I want my MOMMY!"

As Jack tried to keep himself from either fainting or bursting out laughing, their teacher gave a high-pitched *scream*, then turned and ran down the corridor, bawling his eyes out, ran past Matt, who stared after him in slack-jawed amazement, all while squealing:

"WAHHH! I'm a widdle dolly who needs her mommy! WAHHHHHHHHH!"

And then he was gone, clattering through the doors into the staffroom, still squealing like a baby.

In the silence that followed, Jack slowly turned round, looked up at Lauren, who avoided his eye.

"No side effects, huh?"

"Don't blame me," Lauren muttered, "I'm new at this, remember?"

Jack slowly nodded his pretty little head. Blew some air out of his cheeks. He didn't realize it, but the action made him look cute as hell.

“So... there’s a chance I might change back, but *still* want to act like a cheerleader and get in Matt’s pants?”

Lauren shuffled awkwardly, didn’t look at him.

“Right.” A firmness was coming into Jack’s soft voice, a firmness he’d never known as a man. “Know what I think you need to do, Neville Longbottom?”

“What?”

“Find a car. And take us to your *damn* coven.”

“Yeah,” Lauren muttered, nodding unhappily, “yeah, I was afraid you’d say that.”

Down the hall, in the distance, they could hear the first panicked cries of the teachers in the staffroom and, under that, the endless squealing of the grown man who thought he was still a little dolly.

“WAAAH! I’m a widdle dolly! I’m a widdle dolly who needs her mommy! I’m a widdle girl who needs to be spanked like a big baby!”

“WAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

IV

This is seriously fucked up...

The thought rattled around Jack's head as the car purred its way across the contours of their state, headed for Canada and the distant, icy north. Beside him, Lauren was frowning at her phone.

For his part, Jack couldn't keep his eyes off their driver.

"Look at this..." Lauren held up her phone, turned the screen towards Jack. "It's all over Twitter."

Jack brushed a lock of blonde hair out his perfect blue eyes, squinted at the screen. Took in the gif of Mr. Longford, dressed in his dolly outfit, bawling his eyes out and thumping the ground as students pointed and laughed.

He suppressed a little shudder.

"I guess that's his life over, then," Lauren shrugged, turning her phone back to face her. "Oh well."

"How can you be so blasé?" Jack squeaked at her, "you destroyed a man's life."

Lauren shrugged her broad, masculine shoulders.

"I dunno. Something about being male makes it kinda... easier to ignore this shit. I might've felt bad before. Now, I just kinda think it's funny."

Jack glared at her.

"What? It's true. 'Sides, I'm not the only one who witched a guy today, am I?"

Lauren leaned forward with a meaningful look at Jack.

"Driver? How long till we reach the border?"

"Six hours, sir." Came the prompt reply. "Maybe get some sleep."

"Good. Oh, driver? Say, 'I'm a little bitch'."

"I'm a little bitch, sir."

"Who loves to suck dick."

"Who loves to suck dick. Sir."

"Great," Lauren leaned her bulk back into the car's leather seat, raised one eyebrow at Jack, who squirmed. "Just checking."

In the front, Matt smartly nodded, the oiled muscles of his near-naked body glinting in the late afternoon sun. An expensive looking driver's cap perched on his thick blond hair. In the rearview mirror, his expression looked calm, serene.

But Jack knew that wasn't the whole story.

In his eyes, he could still see the bully screaming, wracked with horror at what this hot girl and big jock were magically forcing him to do.

Sorry Matt, Jack thought, turning away to look out the window, you just got unlucky.

After witnessing Mr. Longford freak out, Jack had made a quick decision, run down the corridor to where Matt was standing, desperately trying to ignore the way his big new boobies bounced and jiggled as he ran.

He'd come skidding to a stop in front of the bully, who'd evidently decided a super-hot girl was even more fascinating than his teacher dressed as a little dolly, and turned to Jack with a smug little smile on his face.

"Hey. Jasmine, right?" Matt's eyes had dropped down to Jack's heaving chest. "Been wondering when I'd see you again. That's some fucked up shit with Mr. Longford, huh?"

"Hey, um, Matt," Jack had smiled up at his former tormenter, deliberately standing in what he hoped was a sexy way, one hip curved upwards, one finger threading through a strand of long hair. "Listen, I gotta talk to you."

The bully had leaned back against the lockers, a cocky little look in his eyes. Folded his powerful arms. Stood before him, Jack was disgusted to feel a little thrill run through his female body.

Wow, he really is good-looking... no wonder Lauren wanted to jump his bones...

"Need a strong guy's help with something, do ya? Anything for a cutie like you."

Jack had forced himself to give a little girlish giggle, raising one dainty hand to his lips, even as he desperately tried to ignore Mr. Longford wailing that he was a widdle dolly.

"Well, *that's* good to hear." He'd crossed his slender legs slightly, standing in an incredibly girly pose. "You've got a car, don't you?"

“Sure do. Tesla model 3.” The jock had grinned. “Dad bought it for me. Want me to take you for a spin?”

Jack had let his beautiful face assume an impressed expression.

“Wow, those are expensive, aren’t they?” He’d put one of his little hands onto Matt’s strong forearm. “Look at you. Rich *and* cute.”

And Matt had grinned, a large, shit-eating grin at this gorgeous girl who seemed *desperate* to get in his pants, not knowing who was really locked away inside her dynamite body. Not seeing Lauren, up the hall, trying to signal the chick that, whatever she was planning to do, it was a *bad* idea.

Inside his girl-body, Jack had felt like he was going mad. He could feel the raw power of Matt’s body through his tiny hand, and it was sending his female brain haywire.

Just keep your cool, keep your cool... we’re not gonna fuck Matt, are we...?

“There is somewhere I’d like to go,” he’d giggled, hating his stupid, bimbo voice, hating himself for doing this. “Just you and me. Right now.”

Matt’s smirk had gotten so big it threatened to consume his entire face.

“Wherever you want, hot stuff.”

Jack had taken a deep breath.

“Canada.”

He’d watched as Matt’s expression quickly cycled through from confused, to looking for the joke, to *oh shit, this chick is serious*, to trying to figure out a way to let this hot girl down and maybe still get in her pants. Jack had sighed to himself.

Oh well, it was worth a shot.

“Jaz, I’ll take you to Canada whenever you like, babe. But, like, we can’t just go in the middle of a school day...”

“What, you got more people to pants?” Jack had sighed at Matt’s dumbfounded look, dropped his girly pose. “It’s *me*, Matt. Jack. I’m trapped in here. I got turned into a cheerleader, and now I’ve gotta get to Canada so some coven can turn me back. I hope.”

Matt blinked at him.

“Jack? What...? I mean, c’mon Jaz, you’re acting all...”

“The thing is,” Jack had said, softly, reaching up to his waistband, “I need a car. Like, right now. I kinda hoped you’d volunteer, but since you didn’t, I guess I’ve gotta witch you.”

A dark cloud was starting to brew over Matt’s features.

“Are you fucking *serious*, you crazy bitch? I can’t take you to Canada. No hoe is worth *that* much effort, not even...”

“Not even one as hot as me?” Jack shrugged. “Whatever. It’s not like you have a choice.”

And then he’d pointed the wand right at Matt, and shouted the first thing that came into his head.

“*Expecto ridiculous fastus furious!*”

For a second, he’d been able to see Lauren out the corner of his eye, clutching one hand to her forehead, and then there’d been a blinding flash of light, another *bang*...

And, when the smoke had cleared, Matt had been stood to attention, dressed only in a driver’s cap and shiny gold thong with a great, big bulge in its front, his muscles all oiled and glistening, and an inability to disobey *any* order Jack or Lauren gave him programmed deep into his brain.

And now here they were, being driven across the country by their perfectly obedient muscleman, while the ruckus Mr. Longford had created stopped anyone at school from realizing they were missing.

As Jack was thinking these thoughts, still not entirely sure any of this was happening, that he was really a *girl*, Lauren sighed.

“Did we *have* to bring him with us? Couldn’t you have just, I dunno, turned him into a pig and taken his keys?”

“He might be useful.” Jack deliberately kept looking out the window so Lauren wouldn’t see him blushing furiously. “Can’t hurt to have a strong guy on our side, can it?”

“Aside from me you mean?” Lauren nodded down at her huge arms, flexed her biceps. “Dude, Matt’s a pussy compared to this body. He’s just some jock who likes pantsing. ‘Sides, the coven could turn all three of us into toads without even breaking a sweat.”

“He can carry my bags, then,” Jack snapped, crossing his arms over his heavy

breasts. “OK? Or do you want to be hauling all my shit around, too?”

Before leaving the school, he’d quickly cast a spell on a group of girls around his size, made them all follow him into the restroom and hand over their clothes, plus any makeup, deodorant, and anything else they might have.

Now he had quite a little wardrobe going on, just in case they were stuck up north for days on end.

“Fine, whatever,” Lauren turned back to her phone again, “you’re the witch now, I get it. But, just remember. You’re only about as powerful as I was. That means your little toy boy will turn back into his usual, douchey self tomorrow afternoon at the *latest*.”

Then I’ll just curse him again, Jack thought, angrily. But he kept quiet.

He didn’t know if you even could cast a spell on someone two days in a row. Didn’t know if maybe there was some sort of price he had to pay, or what.

He also didn’t want to think too deeply about why he’d chosen Matt to curse, and why he’d dressed him in that revealing way.

He had a nasty feeling the day’s magic was teaching him things about himself he’d never wanted to know.

*

They stopped at a motel on the Canadian side of the border, a small, low-lying place with small rooms, neon signs, and a pool that looked like it was never, ever used.

Jack booked two rooms, using the credit card he’d magically forced one of the girls (Amy, he seemed to think she was called) to give to him. As he did so, the stick-thin receptionist narrowed her eyes at him.

“Shouldn’t you be in school, dear?”

“I’m 18.” Jack nodded his pretty little head out the doorway to where Lauren was lounging against a low wall. “We all are.”

The receptionist leaned past him, frowned at Lauren’s distant bulk over the top of her glasses.

“There’s more of you? Those rooms aren’t for parties you know?”

Jack could have kicked himself.

“I mean,” he said, blushing, “we both are. And we’re staying in separate

rooms. If you must know.”

The receptionist shrugged.

“It doesn’t bother me, honey. But I’ll need to see some ID. Can’t have young couples running away from home, thinking they can use our little motel as some knocking shop, just because mommy and daddy don’t want them to...”

She was still talking when Jack pulled out his wand with a sigh and turned her into a little ceramic model of a toad with a busty woman’s body, its torso encased in a 1950s secretary’s outfit, its big, painted eyes hidden away behind a large pair of glasses.

“You ever gonna stop using that wand?” Lauren drawled as Jack came back out, tucking his wand back into his waistband, an angry look on his pretty face.

“Depends. We ever gonna meet someone who isn’t totally unhelpful?”

Lauren had just rolled her eyes and said nothing.

They got Matt to carry their bags up, his taut muscles straining as he wordlessly hauled all of Jack’s shit up to the first room. Lauren watched him with a troubled look on her handsome features.

“This is ridiculous, you could’ve at least given him some clothes. What if someone sees him?”

Then I’ll turn them into ceramic toads, too, Jack thought. But he didn’t dare say it out loud.

At long last, their stuff was in their adjoining rooms. Lauren leaned in Jack’s doorway, her powerful arms crossed, a laconic smile on her lips.

“Am I to take it the muscleman isn’t bedding down with me for the night?”

“He can stay in here,” Jack avoided her eyes, busying himself with unpacking. “I don’t mind.”

Lauren shook her head. Gave another little sigh.

“Look, I know you’re feeling in control right now, what with the magic and all. But don’t let it go to your head, OK? There’s some memories you can’t erase.”

“I’m fine.” Jack stood up, crossed his arms over his heavy breasts and gave jock a defiant look. “Now. Was there anything else?”

Lauren examined him for a long time, a suspicious look in her blue eyes. At last, she pushed her enormous bulk off the doorframe, gave a shrug of her mighty shoulders.

“Hey, it’s your mind. I’m gonna go check out the porn channels. Got a sudden, weird-ass urge to watch a couple of big-titted chicks banging.”

She stopped, shook her head, one hand already absent-mindedly scratching at her crotch.

“*Je-sus*, it really is true. How do you guys get anything done thinking about sex all the damn time?”

And with that, she left, a bulge already forming in her pants.

After she’d gone, Jack had turned and looked at his nearly-naked muscleman, stood to attention against one wall, his arms clasped behind his back. At his former bully, now turned into his oiled man-slave.

For a moment, the sheer weirdness of the situation threatened to overwhelm him, make him go mad. He managed to squash the feeling down.

This is our time now, right? Just learn to enjoy it...

“Get that.” He said in his soft voice, nodding at the door.

“Yes ma’ma.” Matt immediately crossed the room, closed the door, locked it.

He turned back to Jack, clasped his hands behind his back again.

“Will that be all, ma’am?”

“No.”

Jack’s pouty lips were dry. He could feel his eyes crawling over Matt’s shiny, naked torso, taking in his broad shoulders, his thick forearms, his circular pecs.

Taking in the bulge of his crotch, hidden inside its tiny golden thong.

“Take that off.”

Without a word of complaint, Matt leaned forwards, slipped his silk thong down over his muscular, hairy legs. Stepped out of it and stood up straight, something big and thick now dangling from his crotch.

The sight of his old bully’s dick sent a confused wave of feelings washing over Jack. Feelings of revulsion, mixed with desire, mixed with a strange sort of longing that things had been different.

He tried to shake them off. His day had been so weird already, he might as well just roll with his new body's wants.

Exactly, a voice whispered inside him, *they're your body's wants. Not yours. You're only looking at Matt like this now coz stupid Lauren wished you into the body of a horny cheerleader with a thing for beefcake douchebags...*

Jack ignored it. It wasn't like his day could get any weirder.

"Come over here."

For a moment, rebellion flickered in Matt's eyes. Then he was crossing the room, coming over to Jack, stopping right in front of him, a servile expression on his handsome features.

Close up like this, Jack found himself thinking – not for the first time – just how tall his bully was. Not the sheer unstoppable wall of muscle and power that Lauren had accidentally turned herself into, but still, he'd always found the jock intimidatingly big.

In his new body, though, that sense of intimidation was gone. Even with Matt now towering a good six inches over his 5ft7 girl-frame, Jack didn't feel remotely scared.

Instead, he felt something far more disturbing.

A desire to fall into this awful man's arms and kiss him and never stop kissing him until the universe ended.

As they stood there in silence, Jack hesitantly raised one dainty hand, palm out. Placed it gently against Matt's oiled chest, its painted nails standing out against his pale skin, and shivered.

He could *feel* the raw, animal power of Matt's muscles through his fingertips. Feel the tiny little coiled golden hairs that dusted his pecs, making Jack's new body dizzy with lust.

Like a girl in a dream, Jack let his fingernails play though Matt's hair for a moment as his oiled slave stood there in perfect obedience. Felt his nipples getting harder, his pussy getting all warm and damp again, just as it had when Lauren had tried to dominate him.

He hesitated, then looked up. Tilted his head back, smiled straight into his former bully's eyes.

"Kiss me," he whispered.

“At once, mistress,” Matt replied.

And then he was leaning down, his eyes closed, his lips parting. Jack felt his own pouty lips softly open, just had time to wonder if this was a good idea...

...and then he was being kissed by Matt. Kissing another boy for the first time in his life. Kissing him from inside the body of a girl.

And it felt *wonderful*.

They kissed for what felt like forever, their lips locked together, Matt’s tongue swirling round the inside of Jack’s mouth as he whimpered and greedily nibbled on it, tasting Matt, inhaling him, luxuriating in his sheer masculinity.

He raised one delicate hand, stroked Matt’s cheek, feeling the coarseness of his stubble. The other lay against the strong man’s chest, unable to let go, unable to stop touching him.

At long, long last, Matt pulled back slightly, his eyes still half closed, ready to start kissing again the moment his owner commanded it.

Jack nearly did. Nearly told this utterly obedient hunk to kiss him and not stop kissing until both of them came.

But it wasn’t time. Not yet. He stepped back. Crossed his arms.

“Run me a bath.” He wanted the command to sound, well, *commanding*, but it came out in a voice that was dry and breathless with lust.

Nonetheless, Matt obediently bowed his head. Jack noticed he had a raging boner, his erection pressed right up against his washboard abs.

“At once, mistress,” he murmured. He turned to go.

“Wait...”

The musclemán stopped. Waited. Jack watched him, dizziness washing over him. He couldn’t believe he was about to say this.

“First...” he swallowed. “First, kiss my feet.”

He saw it again. That faintest flicker of rebellion. That sign Matt was struggling to fight the magic.

It was no use. With slow movements, the naked bully turned, sank to his knees, leaned forward, and pressed his lips right up against Jack’s dainty little feet. He kissed them over and over and over, all while Jack watched in dazed

amazement, shocked and delighted at what Lauren's wand was capable of.

He let Matt kiss his feet for five whole minutes, the muscleman murmuring to himself over and over again that he wasn't worthy, then kicked him away and ordered him to go run his bath. When the bully was in the bathroom, he fell back onto the bed, staring at the ceiling and wondering if he was going mad.

The sound of a TV drifted through the walls. Soft moans. Little gasps. Lauren watching her porn. As he lay there, trying to ignore the way his boobies were swelling with desire, trying to ignore the dampness between his legs, Jack wondered if the witch was having as weird a time as he was.

If she was feeling herself become hard and long at the sight of two naked girls, and realizing with that same, dazed lust that it was everything she'd ever wanted. Just like he was.

"Everything I've ever wanted," Jack whispered in his soft, female voice, "and more."

He closed his eyes, slipped one hand down beneath his skirt. Held back for a moment, then pressed the palm of his hand against his new pussy, shivered at its touch. Felt its dampness through his panties.

Oh wow, that's something else...

The sound of running water was filling the room. Jack suddenly off the bed, yanked his cheerleader top over his head – mussing up his long hair as he did so – pulled down his skirt and, with some difficulty, undid his bra. He plucked his wand out the pile of clothes and put it on the bedside table, in case he needed it.

At last, he slipped out of his panties. Then, completely naked, he padded into the bathroom where his slave was just turning off the taps.

"Don't leave," he said, softly but firmly, as Matt stood up to go. "I want a massage."

Again Matt tried to fight it, his entire body tensing, his eyes wild with anger. Again, his will crumbled in under a second.

He slumped forward obediently. Bowed his head.

"Yes, ma'am."

"Good." Jack slipped one dainty foot into the hot, soapy water. "No, wait. Hold on. Don't move."

Dripping water behind him, he quickly ran back out into the bedroom, amused at the way his boobs bounced up and down as he did so, grabbed his wand, ran back in. Then he waved it, said a spell, the lights went out, and suddenly the bath was surrounded by rose petals, softly burning candles, and little jars of expensive oils.

“That’s better.”

He slipped into the water with a contented sigh. Closed his eyes.

“Now, get to work. *Slave.*”

“At once, mistress.” He heard Matt growl through gritted teeth.

Moments later, there was a little splash as his muscleman got into the water behind him. A pause as Matt got some oil on his palms, and then two strong, teenage hands were gripping Jack’s slender shoulders, massaging them, squeezing them, working the stress out as their owner sighed softly in contentment.

“Ah... oh God... ah that’s so *good...*” Jack heard himself purr.

His living toy didn’t respond, just kept massaging Jack’s flawless, cream white skin, rubbing oil into first his shoulders, then his willowy arms, then the back of his neck.

With a little moan of contentment, Jack reached round behind his head, pulled his long hair back to one side, let it drop over his shoulder so Matt’s reach wasn’t obstructed. The ex-bully responded by gently kissing the nape of his neck, sending little shivers through Jack’s body.

“I bet you never thought you’d be doing this,” Jack smiled at his high pitched voice. He was getting used to sounding like Jasmine now, even if he could never get used to the idea of being in her body. “Massaging a beautiful girl. Obeying your old victim’s every command...

How does it feel?”

“It feels *wonderful*, mistress,” Matt murmured, his lips still brushing against the back of Jack’s neck. The transformed boy sighed happily.

“And do you admit that you used to be a total douchebag?”

“Yes, mistress.”

“Awesome.” Jack thought for a moment. “Slave?”

“Yes, mistress?”

“If I give you an order now, will you still have to obey it. I mean, when the magic wears off?”

“I don’t know, ma’am. It’s possible.”

“Worth a try, in other words?” In the cheerleader’s voice, Jack’s words sounded almost impossibly flirty. “Good, I was hoping you’d say that.”

He leaned back in his servant’s strong arms with a tiny sigh. Felt the back of his head rest against one of his powerful shoulders.

“Play with my tits.”

Matt’s thick hands immediately dropped down from Jack’s shoulders. Ran gently down his chest until they were cupped around his big, Double-D breasts. Started squeezing, fondling, rubbing the oil in, making Jack’s big tits as shiny and slippery as Matt’s torso.

The feeling was like a warm, pink signal being fired deep into Jack’s brain. He moaned softly. Felt his lithe body squirm a little in Matt’s powerful arms. Let his eyes flutter open and smiled lazily down at the two swollen things growing from his chest, giggling softly as Matt’s hands squashed them together, as his fingers pinched at his long nipples.

Oh God, that feels so good...

It was the same feeling he’d had back in the old, abandoned school building, when Lauren froze him and copped a feel. But while that feeling had been as shameful as it was arousing, this feeling was sweeter, nicer.

The feeling you got when a man touched you, and you were in complete control.

“I have a command for you, slave,” Jack sighed, smiling down at his breasts, enjoying the sight of them, enjoying also the feeling of Matt’s thick dick, pressed into his back, “and I want you to try and obey it, even when the magic wears off.”

“Yes, mistress,” the jock whispered unhappily.

“Excellent. Now, slave... wait, let me get this right.” Jack frowned a little, pouting slightly as he did so. The expression looked cute as hell on his female face.

“I order you to always remember being my little bitch slave,” he said at last,

gently reaching up and running the fingers of one hand through Matt's thick hair. "Better than that, I want you to never be happy again unless you're obeying one of my commands. Understand? You'll be miserable unless you're bowed before me, doing *exactly* what I tell you to, OK?"

"Yes, mistress."

"In fact, your only dream in all your worthless life will be to become my slave again, no matter what it costs you," Jack's head swam a little at the words, but he pressed on regardless. "You'll want to be my bitch, and nothing will ever stop you from thinking that. Do you agree?"

"I agree, mistress," there was a tightness in Matt's voice, an anger that you'd almost miss if you weren't listening out for it. Jack heard it and smiled.

"Awesome." He closed his eyes again as Matt gently tweaked his nipples. "Now kiss me."

The big hunk of man didn't even answer. He simply bent forward, parted his lips, and kissed the beautiful girl in his arms. Kissed the gorgeous, deadly witch who would now be his mistress forever, kissed her with dark abandon, even as his hands obediently kept caressing her swollen breasts.

Lying in his former-bully's arms, nibbling on his tongue as the boy who had made his life hell kissed him passionately, feeling his strong hands play with his breasts, Jack felt like laughing. Felt like punching the air and shouting for joy.

Instead, he let his male slave kiss him. Kiss him and keep kissing him until Jack's tits were swollen and hot, and his pussy was puffy and wide and ready to be penetrated.

At last, he pulled back, smiled up into the bully's poor, lovelorn, handsome face.

"One last thing," he whispered in Jasmine's voice, stroking Matt's cheeks, "remember what you did to me? Remember how you pantsed me back when I was still Jack?"

Matt swallowed. Nodded.

"Good." Jack smiled seductively at him. "Well, from now on, I *order* you to never wear pants again. Or shorts. Or anything except those stupid little gold thongs for as long as you live. Got that...?"

A giggle escaped his lips.

“Bitch?”

Matt nodded hopelessly, despair in his eyes.

“Yes, mistress,” he said in a monotone. “Thank you, mistress.”

“Don’t mention it.”

Jack pulled himself up, kissed his bully again, a gentle peck on the lips this time. He rolled over onto his front, looked down at the long, rock hard thing between Matt’s legs. His oiled breasts rested against Matt’s broad chest. He couldn’t believe how much fun he was having.

Maybe Lauren didn’t fuck up so badly after all...

“Now...” he murmured, reaching out and clasping the bully’s dick in one dainty hand, luxuriating in its thickness, in its awesome size, “why don’t you use this lovely dick of yours to show your mistress what a good little bitch you are?”

This time, the oiled musclemán didn’t even say *yes, mistress*. He simply pulled himself up onto his knees so his cock dripped bathwater down into the tub, and obediently waited as Jack turned around, raised his ass into the air, and invited the enslaved boy into his newly formed pussy.

For a moment, the slowly-vanishing male part of Jack’s mind hesitated. Wondered if this was a good idea. Wondered how he’d feel about it once the magic wore off, once he was back in his male body.

Then Matt’s strong hands gripped his raised hips, his masculine touch sending shivers through Jack’s female body. The bully’s big dick teased at the entrance to his dripping wet slit, rubbing up against his swollen, tender lips...

...then Matt was gently pushing his hips forwards, his dick was sinking into Jack’s fertile new womb, and the transformed cheerleader thought no more.

“Oh *fuck*... your dick feels so good!”

The words were out Jack’s pouty lips before he could stop himself, but by this point he no longer cared.

He could feel Matt’s big cock, filling him, its tip buried deep inside him. Feel the walls of his pussy stretching to accommodate the jock’s big girth, making his pretty mouth dangle open with pleasure.

Feel his big tits dangling, pulling on his chest, reminding him that he would now be female until the day he died.

“Is that OK, mistress?” The bully’s voice was hopeless in its defeat, in its utter obedience. At the sound of it, Jack heard himself give a low, feminine moan.

“Yes, baby... Oh *God* yes...”

Jack felt his hips automatically start bucking slightly, working his pussy up and down on Matt’s cock. He folded his slender arms on the edge of the bath, rested his forehead against them and closed his eyes.

“Now fuck me,” he whispered.

His boy-slave didn’t need telling twice.

No sooner had the command escaped Jack’s pouty lips than Matt was thrusting, pumping his hips like a piston, like he was no longer a man, but just a machine to be used for Jack’s pleasure.

The moment his slave started moving, Jack felt the last of his doubts washed away. He moaned and whimpered softly, letting out delicate, feminine gasps like those girls he used to see in pornos.

As Matt thrust harder and harder, his hips *slapping* up against Jack’s cute butt, his balls bumping against the cheerleader’s clit, sending little sparks of pleasure through her lithe and curvy body, both boys found their minds washed away on a sea of bliss unlike anything they’d ever felt before.

With each *thwack* of Matt’s hips, Jack’s big boobies bounced. With each thrust the bully made the transformed boy cry out in helpless pleasure.

The water splashed around them, putting the candles out with little *hisses*. Jack felt the strong grip Matt had on his hips and realized he was in heaven.

This was it. The greatest pleasure he’d ever felt, times a billion. The things his newly-female body could do. The *power* his new life as a witch gave him over douchebags like Matt, able to get revenge on them and enjoy their toned, masculine bodies all at once.

As the cheerleader got obediently fucked like the gorgeous beauty queen she was, she decided she never wanted to go back to being male, ever again.

V

The sunlight filtering through the curtains woke Jack up the next morning, its golden light playing over his beautiful, carefree face.

For a moment, he struggled to remember where he was, *who* he was...

...and then he glanced at the room, and it all came crashing back, making him smile.

He was lying in bed totally naked, his perfect cheerleader's body draped over the sheets, his tits rising up into the air before him, his pussy sore from the fucking Matt had given it the night before.

As Jack sat up, a faint smile on his female face, he saw his bully, stood to attention at the foot of the bed where he'd been all night, his body still magically oiled and a fluffy pink dressing gown clasped in his hands.

"Morning, hot stuff," Jack giggled at the helpless teenager, sweeping some golden hair from his eyes. "Did you have a good night?"

"Yes, mistress," Matt said, stiffly, the dull anger in his eyes making Jack giggle all over again. Deep down, he was faintly aware that he'd always dreamed of seeing his bully this way.

Powerful yet totally obedient, his brain sighed, happily, *the perfect combination...*

"That's good." Jack stifled a yawn with the back of one dainty hand. "I thought maybe standing there all night would get boring."

"No, ma'am," Matt said through gritted teeth. "Whatever you wish is my desire."

"Awesome."

Jack gave his old bully a self-consciously flirty look from beneath his golden bangs.

"In that case, there's something I've always wanted to try..."

He patted the sheets between his smooth legs.

"Come here, slave."

Obediently, Matt climbed onto the bed, crawled over to Jack, his powerful muscles taut and rippling and making Jack feel all woozy.

The oiled teenager stopped level with his mistress's crotch, crouched there

obediently as Jack leaned forward and kissed him, reveling in his helplessness.

“God, you’re such a perfect slave,” Jack whispered between kisses, his hands running through Matt’s close-cropped hair, “and so beautiful, too.”

“Thank you, mistress.”

“You can do better than *that*.” Jack nibbled on Matt’s upper lip, kissed him on his nose, his cheeks, all over his handsome male face. “Show me. Show me how grateful you are...”

He kissed Matt one final time, slipping his tongue into the boy’s helpless mouth. Then he lay back on the bed, patted his wet mound.

“...*slave*.”

He smiled as a look of disgust flickered across Matt’s face, followed by one of horror as his body automatically obeyed this evil witch’s commands.

“Yes, mistress.”

Then Matt was kissing Jack’s flat stomach, kissing his thighs, brushing his lips against the tiny blonde tuft of Jack’s pubes...

...and then his face was buried between Jack’s smooth legs, his tongue expertly lapping at his cunt as Jack sighed and whimpered and closed his eyes and gently grinded his hips against the bully’s face.

As he lay there, getting eaten out by his tormentor, playing with his own big tits as the flicks of Matt’s tongue sent shivers through him, Jack realized that he was happier as Jasmine than he’d ever been in his life.

He made the jock eat him out for exactly an hour, then sent him off across the room to make coffee. Then he lazily clambered out of bed, his long hair all mussed up and – somehow – cuter than ever, and allowed the enchanted boy to slip the dressing gown over his slender shoulders.

As he pulled the pink fabric closed over his naked torso, Jack caught sight of the mirror. Of the sleepy, happy, and unbelievably cute girl stood there, the world at her teenage feet.

He smiled at her. She smiled back at him, a cute, conspiratorial smile, examining her own, curved body as she did so.

That’s me... Jack thought, dazedly, *that stupidly hot girl is me...*

At the thought, the girl in the mirror smiled wider than ever.

This really isn't so bad...

He made Matt get his wand, then realized he'd forgotten to pack any extra panties. So he used the wand to cast a spell, there was a flash of light, and suddenly Matt's jock friend Trayvon was standing in the middle of the room, blinking and confused.

"Matt...?" The boy asked, frowning at his bro's oiled torso, "dude. What the-?"

He didn't get any further.

With a flick of one dainty wrist, Jack used the wand again and turned the teenager into a pair of lacy pink panties which he slipped on over his slender legs, giggling as he did so. They fitted perfectly.

"Whaddya think?" Jack gave Matt a flirty wink, rolling his hips so his slave could get a good look at his mistress's new panties. "I made sure he was still conscious. He's all pressed up against my fanny and my pussy right now, probably freaking the fuck out."

And Matt obediently bowed his head and said it was wonderful, like everything his mistress did, which made Jack giggle all over again. He took his cup of coffee from the muscleman's hands, gave him one last, lingering kiss, then slipped out the room and went and knocked on Lauren's door, that big, goofy grin still on his face.

His companion noticed it as soon as she opened the door, her powerful torso naked, her short hair messy and her eyes still slightly dazed with sleep.

"Enjoying yourself, huh?"

She let him in, closed the door as Jack flopped down on the edge of her bed, crossed one slender leg over the other, enjoying how natural he felt. How feminine.

"I'm having a *wonderful* time," he sighed in Jasmine's voice. "This is, like, the most-awesome thing that has ever happened to me."

The big jock folded her arms, raised one eyebrow at him.

"Being a girl, or being a witch? Coz those are two *very* different things."

"Who knows?" Jack shrugged his slender shoulders, shot his new friend a dazzling smile. "Both, I think."

Lauren pushed off the door with a sigh, came and sat next to him. The weight of her male body caused the bed to creak and buckle.

“You know what?” She murmured. “I have to admit, I’m having a good time, too. Being in this body...”

She looked down at herself, shook her head.

“I went down to get some ice last night, you know? When you and your toy were making too much noise next door.”

“Sorry about that,” Jack lied.

Lauren snorted.

“Yeah, right. Anyway... I got down to the lobby, and there were, like, three total creepazoids waiting outside. We’re talking *major* rapist alert, real intimidating.

And I started to get all nervous – you don’t get to 18 as a girl without learning to trust those danger instincts, y’know? And it was all dark and no-one was around, coz *someone* had turned the receptionist into a little frog toy thing.”

Jack blushed a little and said nothing. Lauren went on.

“But, it was like my new body was all like, *nah, we’re cool*. So, for some *stupid* reason, I just found myself walking right towards them, and you know what happened?”

“Nu-uh.”

“Those fuckers wouldn’t even *look* at me.” Lauren said, a note of satisfaction in her voice. “Not like they were scared, necessarily, but like they knew I could handle myself, and that I was male, and they respected that.

So when I came back out, I decided to sorta... *test* it. I figured I could always go yelling for you to help with your magic if things went south. So they were milling around, and I kinda deliberately bumped against one. Not much, just a bump.

And he sorta turned around. And he looked at me. And he smiled and said, *shit buddy. I didn’t see you there*. And that was that.”

She smiled. A hard little smile that made her eyes go flinty and looked so masculine it almost made Jack get wet all over again.

Sorry, Trayvon, he thought, idly, glancing down at his new panties, you're just gonna have to get used to the smell of pussy, I guess.

“You know most girls would kill to experience that, that total lack of fear? Well, it kinda made me think.” She slowly clenched and opened her powerful fists. “Do I really wanna go back to being small and defenseless?”

“You weren’t defenseless, though,” Jack wrapped one slender arm around the boy’s broad shoulders, enjoying how small and helpless he felt next to Lauren, “you had your magic.”

Lauren gave a little bark of a laugh.

“Yeah, and all it took was for me to get cocky or forget my wand or just have too many douchebags attack me at once, and I could get... y’know. Nah.”

She shook her head again.

“I feel *way* safer like this.”

She looked down at her crotch with a smirk.

“And that’s before we get onto this thing. Seriously, I must’ve come like five times last night from watching porn. Everyone thinks multiple orgasms are, like, girls’ natural Kanomi code, but they’re real once in a blue moon shit. You guys can fire them off without even having to be in the mood. Unless that was all part of your wish or something...”

“Nope,” Jack laughed, a high-pitched, tinkly sound. “That’s what it’s like for all of us. At this age, at least. Maybe when you get older it stops working.”

His laughter subsided. He rested his pretty little head against the strong man’s shoulder. His blonde curls tumbled over the boy’s big bicep like a river of gold.

“So what do you wanna do?”

“Do?” He could feel the vibration of Lauren’s deep voice, traveling through her body. “With what?”

Jack closed his eyes.

“I mean... do we *have* to go back to how we were?”

There was silence. Jack waited, content to just let the man in the room make the decision. To be his boss and tell him what was what.

Funny. He’d enjoyed dominating Matt and Trayvon with his newfound

powers, but now he was alone with a truly strong, truly alpha male, he wanted nothing more than to be told what to do and looked after.

What a contradiction... I wonder if real girls feel this, too?

At last, Lauren spoke.

“I mean, technically we don’t, no. But we’ve probably only got a limited time before the spell makes even my coven forget me. And do you really want to be a... a *girl* for the rest of your life?”

Jack didn’t even hesitate.

“Yes. If I can be Jasmine, if I can be a witch...” He sighed happily, “why not?”

He felt Lauren turn her head to look down at him, her vast frame shifting slightly.

“Jack... I get that you’re enjoying getting back at Matt. I get that having sex for the first time as a girl is *beyond* awesome. But...

...you’re not really a witch. That shit you can do is pretty limited. Twenty four hours, no repeat curses. I don’t want you to decide this is what you want, only to find yourself going through what I went through, what all girls go through when they’re not all-powerful witches. Being scared to go out. Dealing with all that worry. It’s not fun, right?”

“Jasmine.”

“What?”

“My name is *Jasmine*,” Jack said, firmly. “Not Jack. And don’t worry about me.”

He opened his eyes, sat up, turned to face Lauren, who looked at him doubtfully.

“Remember what time it was when I first transformed Matt?”

“No. Why?”

“It was pretty early. Over twenty four hours ago.” Jack let the words hang in the air. “Past the time he should’ve turned back.”

Lauren blinked, then frowned and shook her head.

“Nah. Sorry, I know you want to think that, but you must’ve got it wrong, or-”

Jack shook his head, his blonde curls flicking out around him.

“Nu-uh. And I think I know what’s happened.” His flirty little smile came back. He looked Lauren right in the eye. “You didn’t by any chance, when we were in the circle... you didn’t maybe wish you could be an all-powerful witch, did you?”

“Don’t be dumb. It doesn’t work like that...” Lauren stopped. “Wait, hold on. I *did* kinda picture being someone who would never be scared again, who would never have bad things happen to them.”

“Me too,” Jack whispered. “And maybe the spell listened.”

He gently touched Lauren’s masculine chest, started playing with the dark coils of hair dusting her pecs, so manly, so seductive.

“So, maybe the one of us who got turned into a guy would be so big and so powerful that no-one would ever dare cross him. While the one who got turned into a *girl*...”

“...would become a top level witch.” Lauren finished. “Oh, wow. So that means...”

Jack nodded, biting his lower lip gently.

“I can feel it. All inside me. This crazy-level power. I mean, I feel like I could do *anything*.”

When Lauren still looked slightly doubtful, he dropped her a little wink.

“I’m serious. Watch.”

He turned and pointed his wand at the middle of the room.

“*Dolteus noch silento!*”

There was a *bang*, a flash of light...

...and then Chad and Chantelle were both stood naked in the room, blinking and looking around themselves in confusion.

“*Chad...?*” Chantelle whimpered, before looking down at herself and squealing and clasping her hands over her pert little breasts. “Oh my God, what the...?”

“Bro! The fuck is...?!” Chad started to yell, before his eyes settled on Jack and Lauren and the color drained from his face.

“Hey, Chad,” Jack smiled sweetly. “Remember me? I’m the kid you used to

pants when your douchebag bestie ordered you to.”

“Matt?” Chad asked. “What the fuck have you done with-?”

“I already turned him into my slave,” Jack fake yawned, his wand still pointed at the bully, “just like I turned your other friend into my newest pair of panties. But guess what?”

He giggled.

“I *still* need a bra.”

And then he was casting another spell, and Chad was begging him to stop, there was a flash of light...

...and then there was no more Chad.

Where the big bully had been, there now just lay an adorable pink bra with lacy frills around its cups, and a tiny little bow in the middle.

Jack waved his wand again. The bra floated into the air and stopped before him, gently rotating.

“There,” he whispered. “You’re my bra now. I’ll wear you every day for the rest of my life. You can support my big old titties and get all sweaty and spend the next fifty years thinking about how much you *deserve* this.

And I’ll never, ever turn you back.”

He smiled at the expensive-looking bra. He knew Chad was still conscious in there, wailing unhappily at what he’d been turned into.

Good. He’d cast the spell so the bully would always be awake and aware of what he was, and never be able to do a damn thing about it.

With a last flick of the wrist, Jack made Chad’s new form disappear and reappear on his new girl body, his straps fastened over his shoulders, the cups that now housed his whimpering mind supporting his big boobs.

He shifted his shoulders slightly, looked down at his new bra, pleased at how comfortable Chad was.

Then he calmly pointed the wand at Chantelle.

The former queen bee shrank back, squeezing her naked legs together to hide her pussy, her hands clasped over her bare breasts.

“Please!” She squeaked. “No. I don’t wanna be a *bra!*”

Jack ignored her. He turned to Lauren.

“She’s the one who used to bully you, right?” He asked. “In that case, tell me what you want her to turn into and I’ll do it.”

Chantelle let out a helpless wail. Sat beside Jack, Lauren smirked.

“You really are a major witch now, huh? That’s awesome. A black one, too, I guess...”

She sighed.

“But, you know what? I don’t think revenge is my style.”

“Oh.”

Jack felt disappointed. He lowered the wand a little.

“Maybe I could still...?”

“Nah, it’s OK.”

Lauren turned to Jack with a small smile. Across the room, Chantelle trembled, looking wildly from witch to jock, as if she wasn’t sure who she was more afraid of.

“I told you I was a gray witch, remember? I wasn’t lying. Sure, I’d turn people into dollies sometimes, but I always knew they’d turn back in an hour or so. Keeping them trapped as panties forever seems a bit... harsh, y’know?”

For a second, Jack just felt confused. Then he sighed.

“Alright, fine. Have it your way. *Alaka-ZAM!*”

At the magic word, he pointed his wand at Chantelle, who squeaked and disappeared in a puff of smoke. When it cleared, a large, pink dildo lay on the floor, all lubed up and ready to use.

Lauren raised one eyebrow at Jack.

“I thought you just said...”

“You said you didn’t want her transformed *forever*,” Jack poked his tongue out at his handsome male companion. “So she’s just gonna be stuck like that for a week, until she learns her lesson.”

“And what lesson’s that?” Lauren’s voice was slightly annoyed, but her eyes flashed with amusement.

“Whaddya think?”

Jack dropped back onto the bed with a sigh, spread his dressing gown open. His big tits wobbled slightly in their new bra. He started playing with his pussy through his panties.

“I want you to use her on me, until she learns not to be such a bitch. Stick her inside me until I have a great, big orgasm and come all over her.”

He giggled.

“And while you’re doing *that*,” he breathed, looking up at Lauren, “I’ll play with your cock until you come all over these awesome tits of mine.”

He fluttered his eyelashes at the cute man sat beside him.

“Just make sure you squirt some on my face, and some on Chad, OK?”

For a long time, Lauren simply stared at him. Then she shook her head, a wry smile on her devastatingly handsome face.

“So I guess we’re staying like this, huh?”

Jack nodded, bit his lower lip. He was desperate for Lauren to abuse his new body in ways he couldn’t dream of.

“OK, fine,” Lauren got her feet, pointed down at Jack. “But I’m not a black witch, OK, and I won’t let you be one either. At the end of the week, you turn Chantelle and Chad *and* Trayvon back, OK?”

“Who’s gonna make me?” Jack giggled. “You?”

The powerful man smirked down at him.

“You try and disobey me and I’ll spank you so hard you can’t sit down for a week.”

Jack gasped – a loud, feminine gasp – and closed his pretty eyes. He was counting on it.

“You know something?” Lauren said as she picked up the dildo that used to be Chantelle – that still had the queen bee’s mind trapped in it, totally aware of all that was happening to her, “when we first met in that detention, I never thought our story would turn out like *this*.”

“Me either.” Jack’s eyes were still closed, waiting for Lauren to touch him.

“But, you know what? I’m kinda glad it did. We’re gonna have a *lot* of fun. And everyone at school is gonna treat us like goddamn royalty from now on.”

She pointed the pink dildo right at Jack.

“Just no evil spells, OK? We have our fun, people learn their lessons, and then we turn them back.”

“Yes, master,” Jack whispered obediently.

He didn’t think to mention that he’d altered Matt’s mind so he’d never *want* to turn back, or be anything but the cheerleader’s oiled slave.

Oh well, better not to go into details right now.

“Right then...” Across the room, Lauren grinned. “In that case, I guess we’d better finish what we started back in that restroom.”

Then she was striding across the room, falling onto the bed, on top of Jack, ripping off his panties as she kissed every inch of his lithe body, her fingers furiously working his cunt as the transformed boy gasped and moaned and gripped her cock and thought about how happy he now was.

They spent the rest of the day like that, fucking on the bed, Lauren alternating between using the Chantelle dildo and her own big dick to penetrate Jack. The cheerleader using his pussy, his mouth, his asshole, *everything*, to bring the jock to climax.

Later, when they were both thoroughly tired out, their perfect bodies slick with sweat, they went into the other room, where Jack bounced up and down on Matt’s dick, grinning at Lauren as she masturbated over the sight of her new girlfriend being fucked by her oiled and willing slave, until all three of them came at once and then collapsed together in a tangle of limbs on the bed with three contented sighs.

*

And so that was it. From that moment on their little school – the one *I* used to go to – changed forever.

In her new body, with her new powers, Jasmine the cheerleader became the most-popular girl at school. All the girls wanted to be her friend or be her. All the boys wanted to get in her pants. All of us, students and teachers alike, worshipped the ground she walked on.

At first, things were a little freaky. The beautiful blonde witch spent her first week back settling scores and reshaping the school’s social life into one she found more fitting.

That meant all the old bullies – especially those who beat on her male form – got transformed, as did the biggest asshole teachers.

For a whole week, big jocks were forced to live as little girls in adorable dresses and play with dollies and bawl their eyes out whenever they tripped over.

For a whole week, bitchy, cliquy girls found themselves turned into pigs and forced to wallow in mud, oinking and squealing at their fate.

And, for a whole week, about a third of the teachers...

Well. Let's just say Mr. Longford wasn't the only one to discover how it felt to be a widdle dolly.

That was a crazy time. I have to admit, I honestly didn't think Jasmine would turn everyone back in the end. But her new boyfriend, the wonderful man she could never disobey, saw that she did.

After that, everyone quietly agreed to never think about that weird week, ever again. But the aftereffects stayed. All the freaks, the geeks, the losers, saw Jasmine as a hero and loved her. She had shown them how pathetic the bullies really were, and that made the school's losers confident.

By the time a month had passed, it was the losers who were the new cool ones. Who had all the friends. Who had Jasmine on their side, ready to transform anyone who acted like a dick.

As for the bullies and the bitches and the nasty teachers, they just learned to keep their heads down. Something had gone from them. That confidence, that invincibility that allows you to cause others misery without feeling like it may rebound on you.

Well, rebound it did. For all of us who used to bully, we never shook off the aftereffects of our well-deserved transformations.

Take Chad. After a week as Jasmine's bra, cradling her gorgeous tits, he became obsessed with women's lingerie. I mean, *obsessed*. He brought piles of the stuff, freaking out his mom and dad. Wore it at all times, unable to feel happy unless he was able to close his eyes and touch his bra and fondly imagine he was trapped inside it again.

Last I heard, he was an internationally-famous designer of ladies' underwear. Or Chantelle. Her time as Jasmine's personal dildo left her unable to get

aroused unless her face was buried deep in sloppy wet pussy. So she went gay, and now has a wife she spends all day long licking out. People say they're happy. I guess they would be.

As for Mr. Longford, he set up a fetish website for men who like to dress and act like little dollies. You still see him around town sometimes, dressed in his ridiculous pink dresses, asking passers-by to spank him like the naughty widdle girl he is. Even the cops ignore him.

Oh. But I did hear his website was super-popular in parts of Japan. Go figure. Trayvon was an interesting one. The moment he changed back, he dropped to his knees and begged – literally *begged* – to be turned back into Jasmine's panties.

It turned out he'd had a revelation during his week as her underwear. Being so close to a woman, touching such an intimate part of her, 24/7, having no responsibilities... he found it had made him happier than he'd ever been before.

So, in the end, Jasmine went to her boyfriend Lawrence, and asked if she could be a black witch just this once. And Lawrence listened to Trayvon's pleas, and said *You know what? Fine.* And so Jasmine granted his wish.

And now Trayvon is a pair of gorgeous lacy panties that the beautiful cheerleader tries to wear as often as possible. Every month, she changes him back just long enough to ask him if he's had enough, and he always says no.

I know for a fact she's wasting her time. Trayvon wants to remain a pair of panties until the day he dies.

As for the heroes of our story. Well, you can probably guess what happened next.

Everything they'd wished for in that magic circle came true, in its own, strange way.

From that point on, both of them were popular and loved by everyone. Lawrence had the eye of all the girls, but he never cheated on his girlfriend. Jasmine had more friends than anyone I ever met in my old life, and the two of them fell deeply, madly in love.

They were even voted homecoming king and queen – surprise, surprise – and, when they left school, they got married, bought a gigantic house, and settled down to start a family. Jasmine's nine months pregnant now with a

little baby girl and, you know what? She's still the most-beautiful girl in our whole damn state.

But then, I supposed I would say that, wouldn't I?

I won't lie. If you'd told me just two years ago that I'd be writing story this for my mistress, my silly little head filled with thoughts about how wonderful she is, I'd have laughed at you. Jasmine, or Jack as she was known back then, wasn't someone I thought much of, even though it pains me to say it.

Nah. She was just someone I'd pants occasionally, not knowing that, hidden in that scrawny male body, my queen was hiding, biding her time. The woman who I'd devote my entire life to loving unconditionally.

Yep, it's me, Matt. The dumb jock who became an oiled slave, who couldn't fall out of love with his mistress even if he wanted to (and I *definitely* don't want to). I was ordered to write this tale not so long ago, so that Jasmine's daughter could read it one day and understand how her parents got their lives. So she could see how lucky she is.

So she could understand where the family's beautiful maid came from.

The hardest part of all this was writing myself, how I used to be. Because I'm no longer Matt. I can barely even remember what that jock used to be like.

Like Trayvon, I begged my mistress and master not to take their spell off me. Like my old bro, I convinced them I'd be happier that way.

But Jasmine decided she had a man now, a man who was bigger and stronger and more handsome than I would ever be. So she flicked her wrist...

...and turned me into the thing I'd secretly wanted to be since the day I was born.

Sat here, at this ornate little writing desk in my tiny maid's quarters, I can't stop marveling at my new body. At how perfect it is. How very me.

I love the way my lacy little garters tickle at my dainty wrists as I write this out longhand. I love the feeling of the dainty little maid's cap perched on my head, of my blonde hair, all combed into obedient curls that my mistress says look *adorable*.

I love the little maid's outfit clinging to my curves, the push-up bra accentuating my heavy, Double-G breasts for my mistress's amusement, my long, slender legs, the stiletto heels I'm forced to wear every single day.

And, most of all, I love the way I can look in my little mirror, the one right in front of me, and see the girl of my dreams smiling back at me, her soft, pretty maid's face alive with happiness.

The gorgeous, utterly obedient maid I will now be for the rest of my life.

Soon, I will finish writing and go downstairs. I will curtsy for my pregnant mistress, and ask her what she wants me to cook for dinner. And then I will obediently make her meal, serve it to her in silence, and wash up afterwards.

When we're done, I will run my mistress a bath and massage her with oils. And then I will accompany madam to the bedroom, and take turns going down on both her and my master, until my pretty face is sticky with come and both my owners are satisfied.

I can't wait. The thought alone makes me tremble with pleasure. The way my mistress will gasp *Oh, Matilda!* as I lap at her cunt. The way my master will pinch at my big boobies as I slobber on his cock. The way they will laugh at me and taunt me and make me clean up afterwards.

It's everything I've ever wanted.

I have to go now. It's getting towards late afternoon, and my mistress will need someone to serve drinks and look pretty when her friends come round for the baby shower. They're all people I used to bully at school, and it now thrills me the way they look at me, the way they snigger and make little comments about the pretty, bimbo maid they used to be afraid of, who now looks so very ridiculous.

Well, let them laugh. I'm happy now. We all are.

And we owe it all to Jasmine and Lawrence, the greatest couple who ever lived.

Signed,

Matilda Bitchface,

The happiest sissy maid in the world.

The End.

Enjoy school-based TG tales with a side dose of revenge? Check out [Swapped at School!](#)

Gender Swap Spy

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 porthole 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 Wolfe 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 her.

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 Alvarez.”

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 Alvarez, 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 Jaguar. The seductive, obscenely wealthy 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, these 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...

Well, you gotta kill the bad guys silently, right?

“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 New Mexico debacle in ‘16?”

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.” A pause. “I guess we were all sorry to hear when he was-”

“Ever see him in person?”

Terrance didn’t even miss a beat.

“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? *Super* – Terrance, my lab’s kinda been doing some experimenting. Nothing too crazy, but the Farm lets us get away with some *weird* stuff. Real X-files vibes.”

“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 large breasts 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 it.

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.

It was exactly three weeks earlier. The day after his meeting with the brass, and Terrance was supposed to be using this downtime in the shower to run over all the new information he'd been given on the Jaguar. To internalize it. But he was just too damn 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 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 dainty 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 Alvarez 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 a day 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, ain'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 tossed 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 – with its stew of estrogen flowing through it – found the powerful 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 round, 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, Teri. 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, forcing himself to look 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 can’t... 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, even as he gripped one of his powerful hands ever tighter around Terrance's throat...

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, rubbing himself off with a ferociousness that was almost terrifying, grinding away at his cunt as images of the Jaguar, of Clifton, of men from his past flickered through his mind.

At last 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.

He lay there on his front for a few minutes longer, his crotch soaking wet, his breasts squashed against the mattress, and his soft, golden skin slick with sweat. Then, with a feeling of intense shame, he rolled onto his side, pulled his heavenly legs up to his chest, and tried to get back to sleep.

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. 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 as they tried to check out his legs or 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 gorgeous, seductive woman.

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 with a cool little smile.

Once, about three years ago, Liz had drunkenly wound up in Terrance's bed, and the spy was sure she was getting a weird little kick out of seeing the beefy man who'd seduced her as a helpless girl.

"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.”

Terrance raised one expertly plucked eyebrow.

“Present company excepted?”

That cool little smile again. A teasing little look in Liz’s eyes.

“Maybe.”

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 perverted 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.

On those nights, he also found himself, more and more often, slowly, deliberately slipping out of his dresses. Walking, like a puppet being moved against her will, into the bedroom.

Lying on his old bed dressed only in his female underwear and slowly, shamefully, slipping one dainty hand into his panties as images of his quarry danced before his eyes. Unable to even imagine getting turned on by other women any longer. Unable to want anything but to lie in the Jaguar's arms and let the monster fuck him, just as the real Teri Alvarez would have wanted.

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 tight 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, automatically playing the part of

a beautiful girl, even as he rehearsed his excuse for whoever was at the door: *oh, 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 supermodel features.

“Well, well,” he heard himself murmur in his lusty, female voice, “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 Clifton’s impossibly big 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 like it was 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 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...

The noises were impossible to hold back, these moans impossible to stop. As a guy, he'd always half-assumed the women he dated were so loud in bed as a way of stroking his ego.

Now he *was* a woman, though. Now *he* was the one moaning and whimpering like this as a long black dick slipped inside her, he knew it was nothing to do with making his partner feel good.

It was just a natural part of sex. As natural as the throbbing in his clit, or Clifton's thick hands squeezing his perfect ass, or the way his tits jiggled as he bounced on his lover's cock. Holding his moans back would have been like trying to stop the tide with his hands.

And Terrance didn't want to hold *anything* back right now.

Not when he was just discovering how wonderful it was to be a woman.

"Oh God..." he heard himself moan, "oh God, *Clifton...*"

At the sound of his name, the black man grunted. Gave Terrance's ass a ringing slap, making him feel dirty and embarrassed as humiliated and horny as *fuck*, all at once.

The transformed man opened his eyes and looked blearily down at his lover. At his rugged, handsome face. At his perfect shoulders, so broad and powerful.

He let one of his hands drop down, palm flat. Let it drift across Clifton's bare chest, luxuriating in his masculinity, in the shape of his male body. In the intoxicating effect it was having on his female mind.

Dear God, why did I never realize men were so amazing...?

He never wanted to sleep with a woman again, he suddenly realized. Everything he'd ever wanted, everything he'd ever dreamed of experiencing in bed was here.

From now on, he wanted nothing more than to be fucked like a little whore, day in, day out, for the rest of his life.

As if on cue, Clifton suddenly grunted, pulled out of him. Terrance just had time to whimper "*wha-?*" and then the black man was taking him in his arms, lowering him onto the soft white rug on the floor, lowering himself on top of Terrance's weak and helpless new body.

"Shh..." Clifton whispered, putting one hand over Terrance's pouty lips. "Not a single word."

Terrance weakly nodded his pretty little head, his female body too consumed by lust to say no.

For a second, he saw himself in his mind's eye as he must look from outside right now. A gorgeous, elegant woman lying helplessly beneath a powerful black stud, surrendering to him completely.

And then Clifton slipped his enormous prick back inside his cunt, and Terrance thought about nothing more.

He whimpered uncontrollably as Clifton thrust his hips, fucking his old training partner with sharp, almost violent movements.

He moaned softly as the black man's fat balls *thwacked* up against his asshole, rudely reminding him who was the man in this room.

And he helplessly ran his hands over Clifton's powerful shoulders as the

trainer pinned him like a butterfly and abused him like a whore.

The fucked like that for what seemed like forever, Terrance desperately trying not to cry out, the need to keep silent, to obey Clifton, only making his pussy wetter.

Just when he thought he could take it no more, and he'd go mad from desire, 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 squeal, "oh *fuck*, baby, *harder!*"

And then, before he knew it, he was coming.

It came out of nowhere. One minute, he was speared on Clifton's dick, lost in 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 up 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 himself off his frame, picked up Terrance like he was made of feathers, and dropped him back 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.

When his trained finally came, flooding Terrance's brand new womb with

sperm, it was all the transformed spy could do not to cry with happiness.

*

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.

Before he went though, he peeled back the sheets and took one last look at Clifton's thick black penis. At the thing that had given him so much pleasure. That had finally made him into a woman.

For one dizzy moment, he was sorely tempted to bend down and kiss it, then take it in his pretty mouth and suck and bob his head until Clifton was jerked away just as he came in Terrance's mouth.

Instead, he quietly laid the sheet back over the sleeping man, slipped into his high heels and let himself out to walk to the waiting car without making a sound.

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 Jaguar

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.

It didn’t help that he couldn’t stop thinking about Clifton.

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, don’t 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, before she went to Cuba to join the revolution, 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 caressing him through his starched uniform. *"I'd like a chance to at least say hello 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 forward in the gloom, making sure to keep rolling his hips and

curving his pert little bum like a natural supermodel.

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 champagne 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 champagne 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. Terrance glanced numbly 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.

Book Two

One: The Woman

The first thing Terrance became aware of was the light.

It was everywhere. Surrounding him. Caressing him. A gentle, soft-edged white that seemed to flow out from the very corners of the universe.

Am I dead...? His confused brain just had time to think, before he very suddenly became aware of the second thing.

His head hurt like someone had just dropped a ton of bricks on it.

With a gentle moan, he tried to shake away the pain, tried to cast off this feeling like a vice was squeezing his brain, but it was no use. His pretty little head refused to move.

It was like he was trapped inside a cocoon. A beautiful butterfly that would soon transform backwards into a horrible hairy little caterpillar.

As he floated there, in that infinite sea of white, he became aware of another pain, radiating out from his abdomen in burning waves, like someone had pressed a red hot poker against his flesh.

Terrance concentrated it, trying to use it to clear the fog from his mind, as he'd been taught to do long ago at the Farm. The moment he turned his attention to it, the pain seemed to sharpen, making his whole stomach throb.

So not dead then. In that case, what...?

And then he noticed the third thing and suddenly reality came crashing back.

He could no longer feel the dress he'd been wearing the night before. No longer feel anything.

Wherever he was, he was completely naked.

“Ahhhhhhhh!”

With a high-pitched squeal, Terrance suddenly sat bolt upright, instinctively wrapping his slender arms across his chest, a look of panic in his dark eyes that slowly changed to confusion as his surroundings swam into view.

He was sat on the middle of a vast, four poster bed, the white fabric of its mosquito net flapping gently in the breeze from the open, colonial style slatted window.

Outside, the gentle Andean morning had drenched the world in light, soft and

white, that seemed to suffuse the entire room, making its whitewashed walls and wooden floor look like something from a dream scene in a movie.

With a feeling of surprise, Terrance glanced down and saw a thin cotton sheet lay across his legs, hiding the nakedness of his lower half.

Dumbly, he glanced down at where the sheet met his flat belly, and was surprised for a second to see how bronzed his skin was, how unlike his usual, Caucasian complexion.

It was only when he noticed his ripe, pert breasts dangling in the bottom of his vision that he remembered who he now was.

“You’re awake? Thank *fuck* for that.”

With a little squeal, Terrance jerked his pretty head upwards, frantically sweeping his long dark hair out of his eyes. For a moment he could see nothing but an empty room, before his eyes suddenly zeroed in on the tiny figure sat in the wooden chair, a bored expression on its adorable face.

“A-agent Martinez?” He heard himself squeak.

On the little wooden chair, the young Mexican girl rolled her eyes.

“It’s not Agent anymore, dipshit.” She held a gun in one hand; a walkie talkie way too big for her lay in her lap. “It’s not even Martinez.”

As Terrance goggled at her, the girl who used to be an Agent smirked at him, picked up the walkie talkie with both hands and pressed a button.

“Bitch woke up,” she said in her singsong voice. “Now can I go to bed? Over.”

There was a burst of static. She dropped the device back into her lap, casually took hold of her gun again.

“You’re an Agent.” Terrance said. “They said you... that you died in ’16.”

“Oh?” The girl replied. “Was it a good funeral?”

She seemed so unconcerned, so nonchalant that for a moment Terrance found himself wondering if he could make a run for it. If he could catch her off guard, take the gun, and escape into this mansion to find his quarry.

He dismissed the thought almost the moment he had it. There was... *something* about the girl’s eyes, a nearly invisible sort of watchfulness that made him realize he’d be dead almost before he’d started moving.

“S’okay, you don’t gotta cover up, y’know,” the girl waved her gun at Terrance’s arms. “I’m gonna have my own soon enough, and it’s not like this body’s even *remotely* attracted to chicks.”

“Wha-?” Terrance glanced down at his breasts, hidden behind his elegant arms. “Oh. Um. Right.”

For a moment he hesitated. Then, with a feeling of *what the hell*, he lowered his arms to his sides, defiantly let his new tits dangle free.

Across the room, the girl smirked.

“It’s weird, isn’t it, getting used to girl-stuff. Peeing sitting down, that was the big one for me. Guess for you it must be wearing bras and stuff.”

A sigh.

“I can’t even *imagine* what puberty’s gonna be like.”

Terrance gave his head a little shake, as if to shake off this bizarre conversation, only to stop when it started hurting again. He gave the girl an urgent look.

“Listen, Agent...” he hesitated. “What do I call you now?”

The girl grinned. Spread her arms and her legs wide, assuming a very childlike pose.

“Maria del Carmen. Carmita for short. Like it? *He* chose it for me.”

“OK, sure, whatever. Listen, *Carmita*. You’re... you *were* one of us, right? How did the Jaguar-?”

“Flip me? Make me into a *baddie*?” Carmita’s eyes twinkled. “Why don’t you ask him yourself?”

There was the *click* of a door handle. Terrance just had time to look up...

...and then the Jaguar was padding into the room, his body hidden away in a stylish white linen suit, an untroubled smile on his handsome, middle aged face.

As Terrance’s body instinctively raised its arms back up to cover his breasts, the Jaguar winked down at Carmita, leaned casually against the wall beside her, hands slung into his pockets as faced Terrance.

“Good morning, my dear. I trust you slept well?”

Carmita snorted, examining her gun.

“Better than *well*. These things could drop a fucking elephant.”

“Shhh, Carmita...” the Jaguar ruffled the young girl’s hair, “let our guest speak for herself.”

He gave Terrance a knowing little grin, his blue eyes twinkling. Through the haze of the mosquito net he looked like a ghost.

“If she really is a she, of course. Who knows with these American Agents? Sometimes they even appear as little girls.”

“If she’s really a *she*,” Carmita muttered, “I’ll eat my plaits.”

Terrance ignored the young girl, kept his eyes focused on the Jaguar.

“Why am I still alive?”

The Jaguar shrugged, a slow, languid movement that seemed to take forever.

“Who knows, Miss... Alvarez, am I pronouncing that right? How charming... No, Miss Alvarez, I can’t say myself. Maybe I just have a weakness for pretty girls, no? Like you and my darling Carmita here.

Or maybe I have some special plans for you. Maybe that’s the case, hm?”

“You gonna turn me?” Terrance nodded at Carmita, a defiant sneer on his beautiful lips. “Make me into one of your little henchmen too?”

The Jaguar looked surprised at his words. He gave a facial shrug.

“Who am I to say, my dear? It may be that you decide to turn yourself.”

For a moment, Terrance and the Jaguar simply stared at one another, Terrance’s cute female face a mask of defiance, the Jaguar’s handsome one almost studiously impassive.

Then, the Jaguar turned, raising one hand and clicking his fingers as he did so. There were footsteps, and Andersen’s face appeared at the door.

If it hadn’t been for his training, Terrance would have let out a little squeak at the sight of the boy.

Shorn of his waiter costume, dressed in a suit, his nervous mask dropped, Andersen suddenly looked significantly less naïve and significantly more dangerous.

“Mister Flores,” the Jaguar purred, “see that Miss Alvarez has everything she needs to look nice for our little trip today.”

As Andersen nodded in silence, Terrance piped up.

“What trip? Where are you taking me?”

The Jaguar gave him a mysterious smile.

“Your Agency sent you to kill me, am I correct? Then maybe you should see who exactly it is that you are going to kill.”

A pause.

“Trust me. You may not like the answer.”

A little wink and, with that, the Jaguar left, clapping Andersen on the shoulder as he did so. Carmita slipped off her chair to follow.

“Mister Flores, do not forget to give our guest her privacy. You know what women can be like.”

“If I hear you’ve been creeping on her tits,” Carmita growled as she passed him, “I’ll personally cut your fucking balls off.”

And then they were gone.

Still curled up on the bed, Terrance smiled weakly at Andersen. A tiny part of him thought that maybe, just *maybe*, he might be able to use his newfound feminine wiles to confuse the boy as he had last night.

“*Well, here we are again,*” he said in Spanish, giving a soft little laugh, “*I guess I didn’t expect you to see me naked so soon...*”

As he spoke, he gently let his arms slip down. Slowly revealed his breasts to the boy. Felt his nipples start to harden in the morning air, start to harden at the thought of this cute guard staring at his feminine body, drinking it in, becoming aroused.

Maybe we can fuck? Terrance thought, trying to ignore the way his pussy was already getting damp. *Maybe I could promise him Teri’s body – my body – and let him screw me, and then break me outta here, and then...*

“We have some dresses for you to try, Miss Alvarez,” Andersen said, his eyes fixed firmly on Terrance’s face. “Or you can wear something more practical if you wish.”

Terrance’s seductive smile drained away. He let out a sigh and climbed out the bed, pulling the sheet around his torso as he did so.

Oh well, it was worth a shot...

“OK, fine. I’ll take the dresses. And some coffee if you’ve got any.”

Andersen nodded, turned to go.

“Andersen?”

At Terrance’s soft voice, the bodyguard stopped. He looked round, his eyes as closed off to Terrance’s slender, naked legs and feminine shape as a palace guard.

“Is your family really from Bogota?”

The boy shook his head.

“No ma’am.”

“Mine neither.”

Terrance shook his head, gave a snort of laughter, his long hair trailing out around him. He put his hands on his hips, fixed the guard with a frank look that looked cute as *Hell* on Teri’s face.

“Well, what are we waiting for? Let’s see what the Jaguar wants me so desperately to see.”

*

The grounds of the mansion were still littered with the traces of last night’s party.

As Terrance sashayed on his heels past the pool, past the unfinished bottles of expensive champagne and discarded jackets, he discreetly tried to take in as much as possible. To memorize the lay out of this place, to see if there might be some escape route.

It didn’t look likely.

All around him, as far as the eye could see, solemn men with machineguns fanned out, watching the empty grounds with killers’ eyes, their powerful bodies encased in casual suits.

In the distance, a high wall surrounded the compound, its barbed wire and electric fence clearly visible. Unclimbable.

Beyond that lay the barely-tamed rainforest. A green sweep leading up to the mountains beyond, tens of miles from the city itself.

In his old body, with its gym-fit muscles and killer’s senses, Terrance might have had a slim chance of trekking through that natural barrier.

As Teri, though... spoiled, rich, *gorgeous* Teri, with her silly heels and long, manicured nails and weak, rich-girl's muscles...

It didn't take a genius to figure out he'd be dead within a day.

"So how long have you worked for our friend?" Terrance murmured, casually, as he followed Andersen.

He half expected Andersen to remain silent, but the boy surprised him by replying.

"Since I was ten, Miss Alvarez. Eight years."

"Take good care of his staff, does he?"

The small talk was deliberately light, a form of cover while Terrance's Agency-trained brain tried to form a plan.

He'd deliberately dressed his female body to make the most of its assets. After Andersen led him, dressed in only a bedsheet, through to a vast walk-in closet, Terrance had spent a good twenty minutes selecting what he thought was the perfect outfit.

Now he was wearing a flowing red dress with a long opening down one side, so his bronze, sexy legs were visible. His arms, too, were free, his shoulders bare.

His bust was hidden beneath the fabric, but he'd selected a lacy red push up bra to wear beneath the dress that squashed his C-cup boobs together and lifted them upwards in a way that was both damn uncomfortable and, as his male brain was all too aware, ridiculously hot.

All this was paired with some killer red heels that pinched at his tiny feet and made him naturally walk with a seductive roll to his hips, his pert ass poking out, highly visible through the tight red fabric.

Finally, he'd brushed his flowing hair into curls, readjusted his makeup – still not quite over how *weird* it felt to wear lipstick – and curled his eyelashes.

As a result, he now not just looked sexy, he *felt* it as well. With each confident step, he could feel the power of his new body, the effect it could have on men.

Or, at least, the effect it *should* have had.

Rather than turning to salivate over his female form, the Jaguar's men simply kept scanning the countryside, guns at the ready.

The only people in this mansion who *did* pay attention to Terrance's supermodel looks were the maids cleaning up after the party, girls with darker complexions than Teri's, who shot him sidelong glances loaded with fascination, resentment, and desire, all rolled into one.

In some ways, their glances were even more uncomfortable for Terrance than if he'd had dozens of armed, dangerous men drooling over him.

"Here we are, ma'am."

They came to a stop on the edge of the long, marble patio, overlooking a manicured croquet lawn.

"Here?" Terrance couldn't keep the surprise out of his voice. "I thought the Jaguar..."

And then he heard it. The distant *whup, whup* of rotors. The chugging of the engine.

He raised one penciled eyebrow at Andersen, who just stared impassively back at him.

"You're *kidding*."

There was a roar as the helicopter swept over the mansion, lowered itself towards the croquet lawn.

The wind whipped through Terrance's dark hair, sent it trailing out, forced him to use one dainty hand to try and comb it away from his face, while the other firmly held the hem of his dress, not wanting to be forced into doing an accidental Marilyn Monroe pose.

The sound built to a wall of noise, blocking everything else out. The helicopter sank out the sun bleached sky...

...and then the Jaguar was there, his blue eyes hidden behind a pair of mirrored sunglasses, a faintly cocky expression on his face as he guided the helicopter to a gentle landing.

"Miss Alvarez!" Andersen yelled over the rotors, pulling the door open.

"Please!"

The guard held out his hand. Terrance took it, unable to help but notice how small and soft and delicate his own hand was inside Andersen's, and then he was lowering his head, stepping into the helicopter, sinking into the passenger's seat beside the Jaguar.

His quarry smiled at him, a warm, disarming smile that made Terrance's female body feel like swooning. He forced himself to keep a poker face as Andersen slammed the door shut and the *WHUP! WHUP!* of the rotors faded slightly.

"No bodyguard today?"

"Miss Carmita needed a rest. It is just the two of us, Miss Alvarez."

"Please. Call me Teri."

The Jaguar grinned at her.

"Why favor one fake name above another? But whatever you wish, Teri. You are the guest, after all."

He pressed a button. The noise of the rotors shot back up again. As the helicopter's nose tilted, rising into the air, Terrance had time for one last question.

"Where are you taking me?" He shouted, his female voice almost lost in the din.

"Do you read poetry, Miss Teri?" The Jaguar paused, then continued when Terrance didn't reply. "There is a line in Ozymandias which I am rather fond of. *Look upon my works, ye mighty, and despair.*"

"So?" It was all Terrance could think to say.

"So," the Jaguar shrugged, "maybe it is time the Agency felt some despair, no?"

Then the whine of the rotors reached a fever pitch, filling the cockpit with noise that pulsed and breathed like a living thing. The helicopter rose into the air...

...and then Terrance was once again in the sky above the Andes, sailing towards the unknown.

Only, this time, he didn't think there was even the slightest chance he was going to make it back alive.

Two: The Man

Below them, the city spread out, broken, sepulchral, diseased.

Great towers reached skywards, their windows shattered, the red brick of their facades turned a dirty brown by decades of pollution.

Straight, unbroken roads ran like arteries through the center of this dying heart, the veins that branched off them choked with refuse and burnt out vehicles.

Between the vast buildings and the colonial ruins, shacks with corrugated roofs squeezed into every conceivable space. From so high up they looked like little more than smudges, tiny near-invisible tumors on the city's face.

And, towering above all else, in the very middle of the city...

...the broken concrete tenement blocks of the Forbidden Quarter.

They rose like a decaying tomb above the surrounding city, seeming to overwhelm even the distant mountains.

Great cracks ran through their walls. Huge, burned holes from the civil war that had erupted five years ago.

Garbage piled high all around, a sea of toxic waste, isolating the concrete island from the rest of society. Even from this distance, fires could be seen, sending great clouds of thick, black, carcinogenic smoke up into the air.

It looked like a scene from Hell. A painting by Goya at the peak of his madness.

It was, Terrance knew from his reading, the last place an outsider should set foot.

Especially if that outsider was a beautiful woman who wanted to keep her honor.

Is that his plan? To sell me into sex slavery...?

His body shuddered involuntarily at the thought. He wrapped his arms tight across his chest, squeezing them against his breasts.

No. He'd rather die than that. Even if it meant jumping from this damn helicopter.

There was a muffled noise, beneath the roar of the rotors. Terrance realized his host was trying to talk to him. He raised one of the ear defenders the

Jaguar had handed him shortly after takeoff.

“WHAT?”

“I ASKED YOU NOT TO WORRY,” the Jaguar yelled back. He grinned. “YOUR THOUGHTS, I COULD SEE THEM IN YOUR FACE. PLEASE. YOU HAVE MY WORD, STAY WITH ME AND I SHALL KEEP YOU SAFE!”

It took a moment for Terrance’s brain to sort the words from the background noise. When it had, he nodded, warily.

“AND IF I DON’T?”

“QUE?”

“IF I DON’T STAY WITH YOU.”

The Jaguar gave a friendly shrug.

“PROBABLY NOTHING, MY DEAR. BUT YOU NEVER KNOW, NO?”

As Terrance watched his quarry with a very female look of disgust, the Jaguar smiled again, nodded at the distant buildings.

“WE SHALL SEE, HUH?”

Then he powered the joystick forward, and the helicopter thundered towards the concrete slum, its rotors beating out a fast, terrifying tune that echoed the rhythm of Terrance’s heart.

*

They landed on a patch of roof cleared of jerry-rigged satellite dishes and haphazard washing lines. As the rotors slowed, Terrance unbuckled his belt, reached for the door.

He froze as he felt a strong, male hand touch his leg.

“One moment, Teri.”

There was a *click*, the sound of a door opening, and then the Jaguar was running round the front of the helicopter, his head ducked low to avoid the rotors. He opened Terrance’s door, smilingly held out one hand.

“Please, Senorita. Allow me.”

“Oh. OK.”

Terrance took the proffered hand, delicately stepped out the helicopter. As he

did so, the Jaguar suddenly took hold of his waist, *lifted* him into the air. For a split second Terrance thought he was dead. Thought the drug dealer was simply going to lift him until the rotors sliced off the top of his head, spraying blood across the dusty concrete.

Then he was being lowered by hands that were as gentle as they were strong, being softly set upon the ground by the smiling Jaguar.

Terrance daintily swept the hair out of his eyes, gave his captor a nervous smile.

“*Gracias.*”

“Don’t mention it, my dear.”

Terrance tried to turn away, but the Jaguar kept his hands firmly on his hips, holding his female body in place against him. Their hips were almost touching. Terrance looked uncertainly up at the man towering over him.

“Senor...?”

“I was just thinking, *Teri*,” the Jaguar purred, his warm breath tickling Terrance’s soft cheeks, “how beautiful you are. How... *perfect.*”

In his mirrored sunglasses, Terrance could see Teri’s face reflected back at him. Young, beautiful, and nervous. He forced up a smile and watched as the two mirror-Teris smiled back at him.

“You make it sound like an insult.”

The Jaguar smirked. Raised one hand – the other not leaving Terrance’s hip – and slowly removed his sunglasses. Cool, ice blue eyes looked into Terrance’s, hypnotic, unreadable.

“You know how many women I have slept with, my dear? Not to boast, but it is somewhere, I believe, in the region of two thousand.

And, of all those women, I truly believe not a single one has come remotely close to being as beautiful as you.”

“You flatter me, senor...”

Terrance wanted nothing more than to twist away, but even with just a single hand, the Jaguar was strong enough to keep his weak little girl-body in place.

Yet it wasn’t just his new body’s weakness that was to blame.

This close to the Jaguar, looking deep into his eyes, Terrance could feel his

female body starting to react. Feel his slender legs becoming wobbly, feel his nipples hardening in his bra.

As he looked at that handsome, lined face, dusted with stubble, he suddenly found himself wondering what it'd be like to kiss this monster. To press his own soft, bud-like lips against the Jaguar's masculine ones, and lose himself in this man's arms.

What it would be like to be pinned beneath him, helpless whimpers escaping his throat as this man made love to him like his body craved to be made love to.

The Jaguar seemed to read his mind, because he took a tiny step closer. Enough to make their bodies *almost* touch. Reached up with his free hand, gently stroked one of Terrance's cheeks.

"It is not flattery, Teri. My darling." His masculine voice vibrated through Terrance, making him feel strangely breathless. "After all, I think this is not really *your* body, no?"

He leaned forward, until his lips practically brushed against Terrance's. The transformed man helplessly felt his body lean back slightly, part its lips, as if desperate to be kissed.

"Perhaps your Agency – my old family – chose it specially to catch my eye. If that's the case, then I can't help but wonder..."

"What?"

The killer's voice dropped to a deadly whisper.

"If you knew what seeing her again would mean to me."

In that frozen moment, Terrance's training should have taken hold. Should have made him clam up, put on his poker face, or somehow laugh it off as a real-life Teri would have and change the subject.

Instead, he felt the strong fingers of his captor, hypnotically stroking his cheeks. Looked deep into those blue eyes, eyes he somehow felt he trusted with all his life...

...and nodded.

"Yes... Yes, I guess I did." He blinked, amazed to hear his soft, female voice make such a damning confession, but it was like he couldn't help himself.

"They said seeing m-me like this would throw you. Crucial seconds, so I

could... I could...

Kill you."

The Jaguar gave him a faint smile.

"Good girl," he whispered.

As Terrance stood helpless before this powerful man, the Jaguar's eyes dropped down to his heaving chest, rising and falling beneath the thin fabric of his dress.

"I think you deserve a *reward*."

"I..." Terrance whispered, leaning forward, "I..."

He closed his eyes. Parted his lips. A feeling of dark abandonment washed over him-

CLANG.

-and disappeared as one of the makeshift steel doors leading onto the roof crashed open. Terrance opened his eyes, blinked in confusion.

"Wha-?"

The Jaguar's eyes flitted over to the newcomer. He gave an imperceptible nod, then looked back at Terrance.

"Maybe later, no, Miss Teri? Or should I say...

...Mister Wolfe?"

As Terrance's entire body tensed, the Jaguar dropped him a little wink, slipped his mirrored glasses back on.

And then he was gone, ducking beneath the slowing rotor blades, striding across the roof to the trio of surly kids hanging back by the doorway, guns held against their malnourished bodies.

As the Jaguar stalked away, Terrance looked down at his own hands, was shocked to see they were trembling.

But, my training... I should, I mean I should never have...

Oh God, why did I tell him...?

But how does he know my...?

"Miss Alvarez!"

Reluctantly, Terrance turned to face his captor. Automatically gave the three young boys one of his supermodel smiles.

The Jaguar gestured in through the door, into the world of shadow that lay inside this broken building.

“Won’t you come inside? I have some friends I’d like you to meet.”

*

“They say this building is more densely occupied than the Kowloon Walled City once was. And more dangerous than *Torre de David* in Caracas.”

The Jaguar turned and gave Terrance a friendly look over his shoulder.

“But I suppose you must have heard all this before, Miss Alvarez?”

Behind him, Terrance struggled to walk carefully in his heels, all too aware of the cracks in the floor, the standing pools of stagnant water that could have sent him spilling over, badly injuring his leg.

Yet it wasn’t caution that made Terrance stay silent, ignoring the Jaguar’s questions.

He was simply too overwhelmed to make a sound.

He was inside the city’s fabled Forbidden Quarter, a place almost no outsiders had ever witnessed.

The Jaguar was right: he’d read about it, of course, plenty of times at the Farm. The Quarter was infamous as a hub of drug smuggling, subversive activity, and gang violence.

But it was one thing to simply *read* about a place like this.

Actually being here was another matter entirely.

All around them, the strange slums branching off this narrow corridor-cum street were stacked, each home barely the size of a closet, each fitted out for some different purpose.

Makeshift dentists’ surgeries creaked next to overcrowded family homes, wedged between stores selling cut rate meat, hacked electronics, bundles of drugs, heavy weaponry, you name it.

Each was painted a different, gaudy color, the paint now flecked and chipped. They hummed from illegal generators, their lights blazing in this dark cave, illuminating the street a dank, ill yellow.

People sat out plastic chairs that nearly took up the entire corridor, playing chess, listening to music, smoking, drinking, talking, sleeping.

It was a chaos of noise and greasy light. A pulsing mass of people crammed together in a way humans had never been packed in before.

Wires and pipes crossed overhead, so low the Jaguar was forced to stoop wherever he went. Sullen, dark eyes watched from glassless windows punched in the walls. Pools of darkness gathered where the lights had stopped working, shadow worlds of menace where anything could happen.

Every few paces, the corridor branched off into another identical corridor, which in turn branched off into another, and another, leading below, above, sideways, onwards.

It was a concrete hive. A horrible, fascinating, *living* organism, all sensation and sound.

Well, almost.

Wherever they went, whatever twisted corridor they traversed, one thing was certain.

As they passed, conversations would stop. Music would be turned off. Eyes would swivel to follow. Doors would be quietly closed.

It was like they were walking in a veil of silence, one that followed in their wake, and only dissipated long after they had gone.

“Try not to let it bother you,” the Jaguar had told Terrance with an easy shrug when it first happened, “they are not used to seeing anyone as perfect as you.”

He’d smiled at this point.

“You could almost say you are today the angel of these slums.”

Horrible as it was to admit, Terrance knew that he was right.

Everywhere they went, tough men looked at him with a naked longing, violent sexual thoughts etched on their faces, alongside a resentment that they could never be fulfilled.

Woman watched him with either wariness or envy, or just a sadness that their men wouldn’t stop staring and there was nothing they could do about it.

And the children simply gawped, as if struck silent by his beauty, unable to

believe that a woman like him would come to a place like this.

At the sight of their faces, Terrance didn't know whether to be scared, or sad, or *what*.

He could be raped in here, he knew. If the Jaguar merely clicked his fingers, he could be stripped naked and violated as he screamed, his pussy invaded by cocks as jeering men held him down, slapped his face and pinched at his tits, reveling in his helplessness.

Or he could be worshipped, like some fallen goddess, come to walk among her people for just one day.

He shuddered at the thought, wrapping his arms tight across his breasts. He bowed his head as he walked, letting his bangs fall across his eyes, watching the surreal sight of his own tits jiggling with each step he took rather than watch the faces of the hundreds of thousands of people around him.

They walked through the slum for what felt like forever, two of the armed kids before them, one bringing up the rear, until they finally reached an anonymous looking door in a relatively dark, uncrowded corridor.

"*Chicos...*" the Jaguar murmured, slipping a note to each boy in turn. He affectionately ruffled the hair of the youngest. "*Vete. Vete!*"

The boys slinked off into the shadows, their guns slung across their backs. The Jaguar watched them go, then turned back to face Terrance with his genial smile. He held out one hand, gestured the door.

"Please. After you."

Terrance hesitated. Images ran through his head, images of his delicate new body being gangraped while the Jaguar looked laughingly on.

The drug dealer seemed to read his mind for the second time that morning.

"I promised you would be safe, did I not? Please. I do not break my word lightly."

A playful twinkle in his eyes, half lost in the gloom.

"If anyone touches a single hair on your *bonito* head, I guarantee they will not live to touch anything again. Now."

He gestured the door again.

"I must insist."

There was nothing else he could do.

With a feeling like a woman in a dream, Terrance hesitantly wrapped his slender fingers round the iron door handle. Took a deep breath.

Then he wrenched it open with a *clang* and stepped inside.

The room was long, with a low ceiling, as badly lit as the rest of the hive. Dirty electric lightbulbs dangled from illegally rigged cables, casting a foul, almost pestilential light.

The walls were painted a murky green. The floor was wet with the constant drip of water from the overhead pipes. In the shadows, a young woman in a once white uniform sat, her dark eyes fixed on Terrance.

But none of this was what made Terrance stop and stare, made him feel like he was going mad.

There, on the endless beds lined up against one wall, lay dozens and dozens of children.

They were young, that was the only constant. Heartbreakingly young, with soft, preteen faces that had yet to experience the horrors of adulthood.

They lay completely still, completely silent. Eyes closed, lips shut, their chests barely rising and falling with their shallow breathing.

Young boys in shorts lay beside tiny, dark haired girls in summer dresses. Toddlers dreamed next to tall, lanky girls on the cusp of puberty.

It was a symphony of childhood, a collection of the young and the poor of the city, lined up like bodies in a morgue.

It was maybe the creepiest sight Terrance had ever seen in his life.

“Who are they?”

He couldn't be sure, but he thought the Jaguar shrugged behind him.

“You mean their names? I doubt anyone here remembers. I, however, have my own name for them.”

“Which is?”

“Victims.”

The word hung in the air, as evil and as dirty as the electric light. Terrance reached out and stroked the thick dark hair of an angelic boy. As he did so, a surge of... *something* rushed through him. A mixture of empathy and

sadness, of love and protectiveness. A sudden urge to *hold* this young boy and not let him go until he was all better again.

With a shock, he realized Teri's body was experiencing the faintest pangs of motherhood.

His hand dropped to his side. A wave of sickness rose up in him.

"What did you do to them?"

"Me? Less than I would have wished to. The one good hospital in the city will not take boys from the slums, even at the personal request of the Jaguar. So. Here they sadly are."

"I don't mean *that*." Terrance was struggling to breathe. The face of the angelic boy swam and danced before his eyes, so young, so innocent. He suddenly felt like crying.

"How did they get like this?" He snapped, turning to the Jaguar, still waiting in the doorway. "What sort of sick, *fucked up* thing did you-?!"

He trailed off as the Jaguar gently shook his head.

"I did nothing, Miss Alvarez." His blue eyes fixed on Terrance's supermodel face. "You, on the other hand..."

"*Me?! What the Hell are you...?*"

"Five years ago." The Jaguar pushed off the wall, slowly made his way into the room, towards Terrance. "That Godforsaken little war of ours. Come, you must remember."

"I... of course I remember, but I don't see..."

"Then I suggest you *think*, Mister Wolfe," the Jaguar's voice was suddenly low, suddenly dangerous. "I suggest you think very hard about what your Agency was doing back then.

What it did to *my city*."

With each step, he seemed to get bigger, his shoulders tensing, his fists clenched. A dark shadow, walking towards Terrance with menace in its stride.

"I... I don't..."

Terrance took a small step back. There was a *CLANG* and he looked around with a little squeal to see the nurse had slipped out a steel door at the back.

There was another *CLUNK* as she locked it behind her.

“The hive, Mister Wolfe. The attack on the Forbidden Quarter, on these *children*. Tell me what you remember!”

“I... uh, i-it was a rocket. The president’s honor guard fired it after fighting broke out in the-”

“Wrong. Try again.”

The killer stepped closer, his voice now little more than an animal snarl. Terrance shrank back, his mind racing.

“What do you...?” A lightbulb went on in his brain, a half-remembered report, read long ago at his Agency desk. “No! Wait... it wasn’t the president’s guard. It was... it was...”

He swallowed.

“It was a fighter jet. O-one of ours. It was aiming for the tanks, but the pilot miscalculated, and-”

“Wrong again. I suggest you choose your next words *very carefully*, Mister Wolfe.”

There was a bump as Terrance’s narrow back came up against the steel door. The Jaguar was now less than ten paces from him, his blue eyes the only thing visible in the shadows, fixed on Terrance, burning with ice cold fire.

“What do you *want* me to say?!” The transformed man wailed, no longer feeling like an Agent. No longer feeling like anything but a scared and helpless girl. “That was what the report said. Are you saying it wasn’t an accident? That it was-?!”

And then he had no time left to speak at all.

The Jaguar *shoved* him back against the door. He gave a girly shriek, and then one of the killer’s strong hands was around his throat, choking him, forcing him to look up into those deadly eyes.

“Look at me.” The Jaguar hissed. “*Look at me!* What do you know about that attack? *Tell me!*”

Terrance clawed weakly at the Jaguar’s hand, but it was hopeless. The drug dealer was too strong, his girl-body too weak.

I’m going to die... he thought with sudden clarity as dark spots danced in his

vision. *I'm going to die like this, a weak, beautiful woman, and be buried in her body. Oh God...*

“Tell me.” The Jaguar’s voice seemed to vibrate through him. “Tell me *now*, or else...”

His grip tightened. Terrance gasped, felt the life drain from his body. The Jaguar’s eyes loomed before him, seemed to fill his vision, drawing him in, like he was falling into them.

I don't know! He wanted to scream, but his voice no longer came.

Dimly, Terrance felt his knees go weak. Felt his female body start to slump forwards. The edges of the world went dark, until only those awful eyes were left.

This is it. I hope it doesn't hurt. I hope...

Then he heard the voice, and wondered if he’d gone completely mad.

“It wasn’t a missile.” The words were alien, not his, but they came out in Teri’s voice, a soft, mechanical monotone. With a jolt of surprise, Terrance realized his lips were moving. “It was a bomb. One of our assets planted it here, a week before the insurrection. A gift.”

“To who?” The Jaguar. His voice seemed to come from very far away.

“The president,” Terrance’s lips kept moving of their own accord, his eyes helplessly fixed on the Jaguar’s. “For the bodies he’d already sent us. For Carmita.”

The blue eyes wobbled in Terrance’s dimming vision. He thought the Jaguar had given him a violent shake.

“And this *whore*, did she know?”

“We wiped her memory.” Teri intoned. “Gave her a new backstory. The dumb bitch doesn’t even know who she is anymore.”

The world began to fade away. Terrance felt his body slipping away around him. He just had time to wonder what it all meant...

...and then suddenly he was on his hands and knees, his throat rasping and his breasts heaving as he helplessly gasped for air.

He was dimly aware of the Jaguar standing over him, his hand no longer pressed to Terrance’s neck, his masculine shape hidden behind Teri’s messed

up bangs.

“Wha...?” Terrance gasped, his throat burning like someone had set it on fire. “What just...?”

Then he could speak no longer, or do anything but rest his forehead against the ground and concentrate on drawing in these deep, shuddering breaths.

As he cowered there, trembling and weak, his soft cheeks damp with tears, Terrance became dimly aware of movement, and then a strong arm wrapped around his shoulders. Comforting him. Protecting him.

“Miss Alvarez,” he heard the Jaguar murmur, the hatred suddenly gone from his voice, “I must apologize. It was necessary I find out if you really are who I think you might be.”

“Who you think I...?” Terrance weakly raised his head, looked at the dim form of the Jaguar, his vision still swimming. “Who *was* that, who was using my voice?”

In response, the Jaguar reached up and gently stroked his long hair, tenderly hooking Terrance’s bangs out of his eyes.

“That was your controller,” he whispered, “the one who made you think you were Mister Wolfe.”

“I don’t *understand*,” Terrance whimpered. He felt like he might faint. “I *am* Terrance Wolfe. I...”

He trailed off in amazement as the Jaguar shook his head at him, a smile faintly visible on his handsome lips.

“No, Miss Alvarez, I’m afraid you are mistaken. There is no Terrance Wolfe. There never was.

You *are* Miss Alvarez, Terrance. You *really are* Teri.

And you always have been.”

It was all too much.

The Jaguar’s voice seemed to fade away. The floor tilted beneath him. Terrance just had enough time to let out a whispered *no...*

And then the world vanished into night, and his mind – or Terrance’s mind, or Teri’s mind, he no longer knew – vanished with it.

And then there was nothing.

*

“The children you saw, they were not dead. But they were not alive, either. Think of them as empty vessels, a wine glass with all the wine drained out.”

They were sat outside in the blazing sun, at the very edge of the hive’s dusty roof. Terrance’s smooth, slender legs dangled over the edge, poking out from beneath his dress.

Far, far below, a group of children played in the rubble, oblivious to the adults above.

“We are not sure what the technology is, but it allows your Agency to take bodies – any bodies, yours or mine – and rewrite its memories. So you can make a sweet young girl think she is a trained killer.

Or a fiancée think she is supposed to murder her future husband.”

Terrance stared silently at the drop before him, barely even aware of the way the wind whipped at his hair, tore at his dress.

He could almost *feel* the void beneath his feet. Feel its power. The way it made him want to simply lean forward and let go of this world, with all its messy complications, and embrace the deadly fall before him.

Instead, he closed his eyes.

“What are you saying? That this body wasn’t created from scratch, that they put me...”

He swallowed delicately.

“That they put me in a *real person*?”

“It’s worse than that.” The Jaguar’s tone was still conversational, even discussing this madness. “They did not put Mister Wolfe *inside* anyone. They simply took Miss Alvarez, wiped her mind, and left a copy of Mister Wolfe’s memories inside her. A slight distinction, yes, but an important one.”

“Is it?” Terrance gently opened his eyes again, watched the distant children running. “What’s the difference?”

“Everything, Miss Alvarez.” Out the corner of his eye, Terrance saw the Jaguar turn towards him. “You think you are a man, an Agent, in the body of a woman. In fact, you are a woman who has been hypnotized into thinking she is a man.

You really *are* Teri. Just like Carmita really is a little girl. Just like I really *am* the man they call the Jaguar.”

Silence. Nothing except the blowing of the wind. Terrance kept his eyes fixed on the children, refusing to look up.

What’s his game? What’s his angle with this one...?

But if there was a game, he was no longer sure if the Jaguar was even playing it.

“It is the perfect weapon, no?” His quarry was saying, quietly. “You take an enemy, or a useful asset, then break their mind and make them think they are one of you. Your enemies become your friends, and you don’t lose any Americans when they try to kill your other enemies for you.”

“But this... this is *bullshit*. I *am* Terrance. I-I remember his life. I remember becoming Teri for the first time.”

Terrance threw up his hands.

“I remember *having a dick*, for Chrissakes! I know what it’s like to be a man fucking a woman, but this?” He gestured his shapely female form. “This is all new. I’m still getting used to it.”

“Tell me, Miss Alvarez,” the Jaguar murmured. “How long did it take you to learn to walk in heels? To do your makeup so perfectly?”

“A couple of weeks? I dunno. It’s easier than it looks...”

The Jaguar gave a good natured laugh.

“I can assure you that it is not, my dear. It takes *years* of being a teenage girl, of observing a fashionable mother, of having makeup-obsessed friends to get as good as you so easily are.”

The killer gave a little pause.

“Muscle memory, Miss Alvarez. You feel like a natural learner of what it’s like to be a woman because you *are* a woman. Do you really think a lifelong male could so easily flirt like that with my guards?”

“Maybe. Men are pretty obvious,” Terrance muttered. He moodily swung his legs out, aware the movement made him look like a schoolgirl. “How would you know, anyway?”

For a moment the Jaguar was silent. When he finally spoke, he sounded

almost embarrassed.

“Five years ago. They tried their new weapon on me. A laser that was meant to wipe my mind and give me the memories of an Agent in the blink of an eye. They... ahem. They chose a *female* Agent.”

“Oh?” Terrance’s voice was casual, even as his mind began to spin all over again.

The Jaguar shifted uncomfortably (*typical macho Latin male*, Terrance automatically thought).

“I think it was their cruel little joke. To not only switch their sworn enemy to their side, but to make him think he was a bimbo obsessed with clothes and shoes and men, too.

And it worked. Mostly.”

Another uncomfortable shift.

“This will sound very strange to your ears, Miss Alvarez, but...” The Jaguar hesitated, “but I am utterly convinced I am an American woman called Chloe Starling. I can remember as if it’s the easiest thing in the world what it’s like to wear a bra, or... or make love to a man and enjoy his cock, or even what it’s like to be *pregnant*...”

The Jaguar coughed slightly, obviously eager to move on from such an unmanly topic.

“But something went wrong. Because I can *also* remember perfectly what it means to be the Jaguar. Killer. Leader of men. Seducer of women. Do you *see*, Miss Alvarez?

For five years now, I have been both Agent Chloe and the Jaguar. For the first six months I even believed my Chloe side was the real one, and that my male memories were the mistake.

And then the civil war came, and the bombing of the Forbidden Quarter. We found those children in the aftermath, those empty little wine glasses, ready to be filled with whatever new memories your Agency wants them to have. And do you know what I realized?

I realized that the same must have happened to me. That Agent Chloe was the fiction, and the Jaguar was real. I realized that your Agency has been taking the bodies of my countrymen and using them like drones to do its dirty work.

So I started to fight back. Even as this unfortunately unshakable Chloe-side made me a more humane Jaguar, I started to strike back at the Agency. I used my new Agent-memories to undo so much of their work, so you know what they did?”

Terrance sullenly shook his head.

“They stole one of my daughters, my little Carmita. Made her think she was a man – an Agent Martinez – whose only goal was to kill me. Luckily I managed to detect the change and bring her to this place, to smuggle her out of Mexico and show her the truth. When that happened...

When that happened, they went even further. They abducted the woman I had fallen in love with. Made her, too, think she was a man, an *American* who wanted me dead. They sent her back here to kill me, to humiliate me.”

The Jaguar paused, his voice loaded with grief. With anger.

“My fiancée,” he whispered, bitterly, “made to think she was just some *man*. They wiped her memories of me, my darling’s memories. My... my...
...my *Teri*.”

At the sound of his female name, Terrance froze. He slowly lifted his pretty little head, looked uncertainly at the Jaguar. He was shocked to see the killer had tears in his eyes.

“No.” He whispered in Teri’s voice. “No, they would’ve told me...”

The Jaguar smiled a painful smile, shook his head.

“We met three years ago, in Cali. You... you were the most perfect woman I’d ever laid eyes on. I-I thought I could be happy with you. For a while, I was.

And now you don’t remember any of it. The times you lay in my arms. The times we spent whole nights locked in passionate embrace. The things you said to me, the love you offered me...”

A bitter laugh.

“Now it has all vanished. Like tears in rain.”

There was silence, infinite, loaded with pain. Unbearable. A silence made somehow worse by the barely audible cries of the children below, a happy counterpoint to the horror Terrance was feeling.

At last, he shook his head.

“I-I’m sorry. Even if it’s true, if I really...” he hesitated, “if I really *am* Teri, I...

I don’t remember. None of it. It’s all... *poof*.”

He flicked one wrist near his temple, to indicate something lost, a sad little smile on his face as he did so. The Jaguar studied him with his serious eyes, then slowly nodded.

“I know,” he whispered.

They sat there for a while longer, not talking, not doing anything but looking out over the damned city that was their home, each of them neither man nor woman, but both lost in their private thoughts.

Finally, the Jaguar stirred. Climbed to his feet. Held one strong hand out for Terrance.

“Come, Miss Alvarez. It is getting late. My people will be wondering where I am.”

Reluctantly, Terrance let his dainty, female hand be taken. Allowed himself to be pulled to his feet.

For the most fleeting moment, he dimly felt like this was a familiar action. Dimly felt like he should be laughing. That he should pull himself upright and lean against the broad chest of the man he loved so deeply, gaze into those hypnotic blue eyes of his, his lips dry with anticipation.

Dimly imagined they would then start kissing, and not stop until the sun had faded out to a dying star and the planet lay in cold and lifeless ruins around them.

Instead, he allowed himself to be lifted to his feet, gave a tight smile and the tiniest *gracias* and followed the Jaguar back to his helicopter.

Twenty minutes later, in the air above the sepulchral city, Terrance listed to the roar of the rotors and stared out the window with unseeing eyes, trying to ignore the equally violent roaring inside his soul.

Three: The Wife

That same night, Terrance lay half-naked on his four poster bed, trying to stop himself from going mad.

It was nuts. Everything the Jaguar had said. There was no way it could be true. It was a trap. The Agency would never do that.

Anyway, he could still remember being Terrance, what it was like to be a *man*, to have a dick, and not be trapped as some dumb...

But even as he thought these angry thoughts, he was aware of something else inside him, too.

He was aware that he no longer believed himself.

There was something about the shape of Teri's body. About how it felt to have these breasts, this curvy figure. These smooth legs and slender arms; this tight little waist and this even-tighter pussy.

Like it almost just felt... *right*, somehow. Natural. In a way a mere 3 weeks as the opposite gender wouldn't leave you feeling.

He felt *comfortable* as Teri, damnit. Almost like... almost like...

Almost like he was finally home.

At the thought, Terrance gave a little whimper, rolled over onto his side. His bare breasts rested against one another, a feeling that was horribly familiar, horribly comforting.

He drew his knees up to his chest, naked except for a lacy pair of pink panties, barely noticing the way his weak body shivered.

Could it really be true? Could he really be Teri Alvarez, 22-year old Latin supermodel, while Terrance Wolfe, 35-year old Agent, was really the dream?

He stretched out one brown-skinned arm before his eyes in the gloom. Studied its color, how defiantly *Latin* it was, how obviously South American.

No. It was impossible. He didn't care how good the Agency's techniques were; there was simply no way they could take someone who had been Hispanic all her life, someone who had been *female* all her life, and convince her she was a Caucasian man. Minds just didn't work like that.

And yet... and yet...

And yet, he could clearly remember, back in his apartment, how he'd found

his new body irresistibly drawn to those photos of the Jaguar. How he'd dreamed of being fucked by this man and found the thought impossibly arousing.

He could remember, too, how he'd never once tried to masturbate before a mirror using Teri's body as a visual sex aid. If a *real* straight man was given Teri's body for a day, isn't that *exactly* what he'd do?

The Farm had blamed estrogen for his shifting sexuality, of course, but was that really the case? Or was it just his old, Teri personality, unable to force itself to be attracted to women, no matter what memories the Agency forced upon him of being a straight man?

If Terrance Wolfe was the real person, why did he feel made up? A white super spy who knew how to act and be Hispanic better than the actual Hispanic Agents. Didn't that sound a little... wrong, somehow?

What do they call it again? Terrance wondered as he rolled back over onto his back. *The white savior trope.*

Well, what if the white savior turned out to have secretly been native all along?

He raised his head up slightly. Peered through the gloom at his naked torso, his long hair tickling at his bare neck as he did so.

The sight of Teri's swollen breasts made him feel safe, somehow. The way his hips visibly kinked outwards just seemed so natural.

A shudder passed through Terrance.

Stop. Stop thinking this way. It's what he wants you to think, you're playing into his hands. You're Terrance Wolfe.

So why do I feel more like Teri Alvarez?

The voice didn't have an answer to that. Terrance lay back in the bed. Sighed into the darkness.

It'd be just like one of the Agency's dirty tricks to take a woman an enemy loved and convince her she was really a man. It reeked of the sort of juvenile sadism laced with deadly seriousness that was their stock in trade.

A weird thought occurred to him as his mind turned back to the Farm.

That meeting with military guy, bald guy and Mr. Hipster... did that really happen? Or was it just something they programed into my memories?

How much of what I remember before waking up as Teri actually happened?

For a split second, he almost thought he could remember a woman screaming, begging some unseen assailant to be allowed to remain herself. Thought he could hear an American voice sighing and saying *For fuck's sakes, can't you guys shut this bitch up already?* – followed by a blinding flash of light and a feeling of falling.

But maybe he was merely imagining it, his mind warped by the Jaguar's games.

Lying alone in the darkness, the woman who might have been Terrance or Teri sighed, then suddenly pulled herself out of the bed, and was padding out the door without even bothering to get dressed.

There was something she needed to do.

*

The corridor was quiet, the only sign of life Andersen, stood outside the Jaguar's bedroom door with a heavy machinegun in his hands. He nodded as Terrance approached.

"Ma'am," he said, softly.

"Is he awake? I need to see him."

"I don't know, ma'am." Andersen hesitated. "I don't think I should..."

"Aw, come on," Terrance gave him a dazzling smile, fluttered his eyelashes.

"I haven't got any weapons on me. See?"

He put his hands on his shapely hips, turned around, gave the guard an inviting little look over his shoulder.

"Want me to take my panties off, too?"

Andersen didn't reply for a moment. Then he sighed and shook his head.

"No, ma'am." He gestured the door with his gun. "Go on in. But I'm warning you..."

"I know. Try and suffocate him with my tits and you'll shoot me dead."

Terrance giggled as he stepped past the guard, who was clearly trying his damndest not to stare at this gorgeous naked woman's breasts. "Understood."

He slipped into the room, shut the door behind him. Thought about locking it, but reluctantly decided the *click* would probably make Andersen start

immediately kicking the damn thing down.

So instead he simply padded into the room, towards where the emperor sized bed lay, and the Jaguar lay upon it, his muscular torso completely bare, its skin glowing in the moonlight.

“Hey,” Terrance whispered, slipping into the bed beside his nemesis. “Hey.”

The Jaguar’s eyes slowly opened. He frowned at Terrance in the gloom, before his expression cleared.

“Miss Alvarez... what brings you...?”

Terrance pulled the sheet aside, lay down so his own, slight female body was right beside the Jaguar’s strong, masculine one. His breasts dangled from his frame, their nipples almost grazing the expensive bedsheets.

“I need to know something.”

The Jaguar glanced down at Terrance’s semi-naked form. Looked back up at him. Nodded.

“What do you wish to know?”

“If what you say is true, and I am... or I *was* your girlfriend...” Terrance delicately wet his lips. “What do you want with me now? I mean, do you want me to go undercover back in the Agency, or...”

The Jaguar looked genuinely surprised.

“Why would I want that? No, Miss... no, Teri. I want...”

“What?”

“I want you to be my wife.”

A soft breeze blew in through the windows, making the mosquito net shimmer. Terrance blinked.

“But... but I’m a... I mean, I think I’m a *man*. A straight man. I can’t, I wouldn’t want to...”

“I know.” The Jaguar’s voice was heavy. “But you’re also the woman I love. The woman I want to carry my children.”

His strong hand reached out, caressed Terrance’s thigh. He didn’t try to move away. Didn’t try to fight it.

“We’ll have to find a way to get my memories back first.” Terrance said,

slowly. “I mean, if they’ve really gone like you say they have. I can’t... having kids while I’ve got a man’s brain, you know? That would be...”

“Trust me, it’s *wonderful*.” The Jaguar grinned when Terrance looked surprised, tapped the side of his head. “I have Agent Chloe in here, remember? I know remember what it is like to be pregnant, to give birth. At least, I think I do.”

Terrance considered.

“Doesn’t it *bother* you,” he said at last, “that the woman you love thinks she’s a man? That she thinks you might be lying?”

He let out a hysterical laugh.

“I’m not even Teri! Even if that’s who I really am, they *changed* me, they made me forget. How can you...?”

The Jaguar simply shrugged. The movement made his broad shoulder muscles roll, like waves on some vast ocean.

“Today,” he murmured, “when I saw you with those children. The empathy you felt. The anger you had at their fates, that was not the reaction of some Agency man.

No, that was Teri. *My Teri*.”

His blue eyes fixed on Terrance.

“I know you’re still in there, my love,” he whispered. “Even if you’re not aware yourself. And if there’s even a fragment of you still left...

...then I still love that fragment more than I’ve ever loved anything.”

They sat there in silence, Terrance’s mind reeling.

Here he was, naked in bed beside the man he’d sworn to kill. The man he knew was a villain. And yet he was seriously talking about marrying him. About allowing this monster to get his female body *pregnant*.

Well, that was it. He wouldn’t go any further. He’d get out of this bed, *right now*, go to the door, grab Andersen’s gun, and-

He felt himself lean forward. Planted a kiss on the Jaguar’s lips. A tender little brush. Felt himself smile faintly.

“OK.” He whispered.

For a long moment, the Jaguar simply looked at him, an expression of awe on

his handsome features.

And then he was roughly kissing Terrance, pressing his strong, male lips against Terrance's soft pink ones. Pressing his strong, male body up against Terrance's weak, female form. Possessing him, owning him, making him *his*.

Eyes closed, Terrance kissed back, trying to ignore the tears pricking at the corners of his eyes. The feeling that he was doing something again that he hadn't been allowed to do for a very long time.

As they kissed – man and woman, trapped forever in bodies that might not be their own – Terrance placed one dainty hand against the Jaguar's chest. The feeling of his muscles, of this man's raw *power* made his female body shudder.

I'm not even remotely attracted to women, he realized with sudden clarity.
I'm... I'm straight. I always have been.

Oh God, I really am Teri Alvarez.

But even these thoughts were quickly lost beneath the warm waves of sleepy pleasure unfurling over him, radiating out from his pussy, making his nipples go pointy and making his cunt all wet and sloppy.

It was amazing. All of it. The feeling of the Jaguar's designer stubble, scratching at his soft cheeks. The way one of his strong hands rested against Terrance's hips, its fingers pinching at his round, curvy butt...

Finally, after what had felt like a lifetime being Terrance Wolfe, he was being treated like the woman he knew he was.

At long last, the kissing stopped. The Jaguar leaned back slightly, looked down at Terrance through eyes that were dazed.

"I've waited so long for that, my love. Ever since they took you..."

Terrance giggled. He couldn't help it. He kissed his lover on the nose, a helpless smile on his female face. The Jaguar frowned.

"What?"

"Look at us," Terrance whispered in Spanish, *"still talking English. If I'm really Teri... if I'm really your wife..."*

Then I want to act like it completely from now on."

The Jaguar grinned back at him.

“So my darling little Teri is back now, is she?” He replied in Spanish, “how I’ve missed her...”

They kissed again, Terrance deliberately pressing his bare breasts up against his man’s chest as he did so.

It was like a switch had been thrown in his brain. Like he’d stepped off a precipice.

He’d made his decision now. Terrance Wolfe was gone. He was going to be Teri, be the Jaguar’s wife, for the rest of his life.

And he couldn’t wait to get started.

As they kissed, Terrance let one hand drift down. Pulled at the band of the Jaguar’s boxers, let his fingers slip inside.

He felt something long and hard like iron. Wrapped his fingers around it, feeling breathlessly dizzy.

God, it’s even bigger than Clifton’s...

He felt like laughing hysterically. He had a man’s dick in his hand. He, Terrance Wolfe!

And it felt wonderful.

Slowly, Terrance started to jerk his wrist, tugging at the Jaguar’s foreskin, hopelessly aroused by the feeling of his enemy’s thick shaft. As he did so, he felt the Jaguar’s own large hand move down from his hips, slip inside Teri’s lacy panties.

The Jaguar’s fingers teased at Terrance’s clit for a moment, making him gasp, making him damper and hornier than ever. Then the killer curled his knuckles, and suddenly Terrance had two fingers deep inside his soaking wet hole, *stretching* the walls of his pussy as he was frigged.

It was a crazy feeling. Insane. He shouldn’t have things *inside* him, not when he had a man’s memories!

Yet the sensation of the Jaguar’s fingertips, teasing the inside of his sex was just *too good* to resist. Too natural. Too impossibly arousing.

So rather than beg his new lover to stop, Terrance simply threw his pretty head back and let out a loud, feminine groan.

“*That’s it...*” he heard himself moan, “*oh, fuck, that’s it baby...*”

The Jaguar's fingers scissored at his hole, making him wide and wet. Terrance bucked his hips, rubbing his clit against the ball of the Jaguar's hand. At the same time, he kept pumping with his wrist, until the Jaguar was so hard he felt sure he would come at any moment and that would be that. But the Jaguar didn't come. Instead, he slipped his fingers out of Terrance's cunt, leaving him weak and gasping for more, and smiled down at his new wife.

"From now on, Teri," he whispered, "you must obey me. You must do whatever I say, whenever I say it. You will be loved and you will be happy, but you must also learn to obey me at all times."

His thick hand drifted up Terrance's body, cupped on of his breasts, idly pinched at the nipple, making Terrance whimper all over again.

"Do you agree, my love?"

For a split second, Terrance – the last part of him that was still male – hesitated. But then the Jaguar gave his nipple a ferocious pinch that made him gasp out loud, and all his hesitations were washed away on a sea of pleasure. He nodded wildly.

"Yes, my husband... my master. Ah! Oh God yes!"

"Good," the Jaguar smiled, kissed helpless, beautiful Terrance once more. Leaned back on the bed, so his entire, naked form was visible in the moonlight, his thick cock sticking up into the air, the size and shape of a club.

"In that case... I order you to use those wonderful lips of yours to prove your love."

Terrance didn't need telling twice.

With a feeling of dark abandonment, he leaned his naked body forward. Kissed the Jaguar on the lips, on his chin, his throat.

Kissed him all the way down his powerful chest, let his female lips trail across his perfectly defined abs. Obediently kissed his balls, kissed the sides of his powerful shaft.

Finally, he parted his bud-like lips, leaned forwards, and took the Jaguar's cock deep inside his mouth.

It was the first time Terrance had ever sucked a dick before, the first time he'd ever given a blowjob.

For a second, his old, male revulsion made him feel like screaming. Made him want to wail that this was *wrong, damnit!* That he was a man and he shouldn't be slobbering over another guy's dick, especially not the Jaguar's! But the feeling faded almost as soon as it had come, and in no time Terrance was bobbing his head, taking his enemy's prick deep inside his throat as the Jaguar groaned softly, one hand running through Terrance's luscious hair.

The feeling of having a man's dick in his mouth was *wonderful*, he discovered. Thousands of times better than eating pussy had ever been.

There was something about the way it filled his mouth, about the way the Jaguar pressed down on the back of his head, that made Terrance feel just so submissive, so utterly in his lover's control.

As he watched the Jaguar's cock slipping in and out from between his lips, his own pussy on fire with arousal, Terrance found himself wishing that he could just stay down here, sucking this man's cock, for all eternity.

At last, the Jaguar eased the pressure on the back of his new wife's head. Terrance pulled back, ran his tongue around the rim of the Jaguar's dick, kissed the tip and breathlessly sat up, his bare breasts dangling, their nipples all hard and aroused.

"*What now, my master?*" He heard himself breathe, thrilled at how submissive his new life as Teri Alvarez allowed him to be.

"*On all fours, my love,*" the Jaguar commanded. "*It is time for you to become a woman once again.*"

Terrance let out a happy sigh. He leaned forward and kissed the Jaguar's dick again – once, twice, three times – reveling in the taste of it. He turned around, got on his knees, and lay his head down on the bed, his long hair fanning out around him, as he raised his ass high in the air.

The cool air in the room caressed his pussy, making him smile dreamily. Behind him, the Jaguar clambered onto his knees, rested his strong hands against Terrance's hips.

"*You look so perfect like this, my love...*" Terrance heard him whisper. The drug dealer leaned forwards, planted a kiss on his new wife's naked back. "*I think you will make a very good wife indeed.*"

Then he straightened back up, roughly angled Terrance's hips, and then the former Agent was suddenly being fucked like the little bitch he was.

Terrance's pussy stretched to accommodate the Jaguar's girth. The killer's dick invaded him, filled him, made him want to cry out with lust.

With each vicious thrust, the Jaguar's heavy balls bumped up against Terrance's clit. His hips slapped against Terrance's perfect, upraised ass.

Pinned to the bed by one of the Jaguar's hands, Terrance's female body writhed helplessly. His painted lips parted. He wailed, moaned, gasped.

It was wonderful. The feeling of his tits, bouncing with each violent thrust. The way the Jaguar's dick *pounded* into him, painful and pleasurable all at once.

The fire in his clit. The way he couldn't help but squeal like a common whore. The utterly submissive, female position he was trapped in.

He knew at that moment that he never, ever wanted to be a man again.

They fucked like that for half an hour, the Jaguar thrusting with such force that Terrance thought he might go mad with the sheer pleasure of it.

He came three separate times, each orgasm a wild, almost animal thing that seemed to rise up from the depths of his soul, making his entire body shudder as he helplessly screamed and babbled female nonsense in Spanish, begging the Jaguar to *never stop!*

The first time he came, Terrance thought he might have died and gone to Heaven. His girl-orgasm lasted so much longer than his boy-orgasms ever had.

But the best had been yet to come.

After the last sensations of his orgasm retreated, Terrance had been amazed to discover that he and the Jaguar were still fucking. With a horrible, wonderful jolt it had dawned on him that coming no longer meant the end of sex.

Now he was a girl, the Jaguar could keep fucking him for as long as he wanted, pushing Terrance back to the brink of orgasm again and again and again, leaving him trapped, tormented, in a netherworld of pleasure.

Finally, *finally*, though, it ended.

Just as Terrance felt his body approaching its fourth climax, the Jaguar suddenly *shoved* him down onto the bedsheets, lay across him, pinning Terrance with his weight even as he kept fucking.

Terrance just had time to dazedly wonder what was happening, and then the Jaguar let out a growl, *grabbed* hold of Terrance's hair so tight it hurt...

...and then he was coming, sending waves and waves of white hot sperm flooding into Terrance's womb.

"Yes! Oh God yes..." Terrance heard himself whisper, *"that's it baby, make me pregnant. Make me pregnant!"*

He could feel the Jaguar's seed, squirting inside him, lining his womb. He automatically bucked his hips back against the killer's cock, milking him, making sure not a single drop went to waste.

Making sure there was no way he *couldn't* become pregnant with this monster's babies.

The Jaguar gave one final grunt, and then it was over. His grip on Terrance's hair loosened, turned into a gentle stroke. Terrance let out a female sigh of happiness, turned to look over his bare shoulder.

"That was incredible," he whispered, delicately kissing the Jaguar's lips.

"No, stay like this," he added, as the drug dealer went to climb off him. *"I like it..."*

"Whatever you wish, my love," the Jaguar whispered.

So they lay there like that for who knew how long, Terrance pinned beneath the Jaguar, as he'd fantasized of being pinned and dominated ever since the Farm had wiped his Teri memories and convinced him he was a man. His female body pressed against the bedsheets, his large breasts painfully squashed, and his pussy filled with the dick of the man he loved, and would love from now until the day he died.

By the time the Jaguar finally climbed off him, Terrance knew he'd finally become the woman he always wanted to be.

*

Later.

The two lay in bed talking, man and wife, wrapped in one another's arms as the Andean night slowly gave way to dawn.

"So what do you plan to do now?"

"Now? Now, I plan to focus on making you into the perfect wife. You will be

carrying my child after all.”

“*Not that...*” Terrance looked over his shoulder, frowned jokingly at his soon-to-be husband. “*I meant about the Agency. My memories.*”

They were lying side by side, spread out in the fading moonlight, the Jaguar’s body pressed against Terrance’s narrow back, his thick cock erect and lying against Terrance’s bum.

His hands were clasped around Terrance’s breasts, idly fondling them, tweaking their nipples while the two talked.

Terrance hadn’t been the least bit surprised to discover that being the girl in such an embrace was *far* better than being the man had ever been.

“*Of course, the Agency,*” the Jaguar sighed, squeezing one of Terrance’s breasts as he did so, making his new wife shiver. “*The bane of our existence.*”

“*Now you’ve turned me,*” Terrance murmured, “*they’ll come for me as well. Me, you, and Carmita.*”

He hesitated.

“*We’ll be in hiding for the rest of our lives.*”

The Jaguar shifted behind him. He felt his lover plant a gentle kiss on one of his shoulders.

“*For now, yes. But not forever, I think.*” There was a pause. “*They’ve done terrible things. To our country. To me. To you. They will have to pay.*”

“*You’re not going to...*” Terrance shifted uncomfortably. “*Do anything... bad, are you? I mean, I know you said your Chloe part is making you less violent, but...*”

“*You mean will I kill them? It’s possible. I would certainly like to.*”

There was silence for a moment. Soft, warm.

“*Would you love me any less if I did?*”

Terrance shook his head. Now he’d cast his lot in with the Jaguar, there didn’t seem to be any point in loyalty to his old Agency.

Especially if they really had corrupted him like this. Really had destroyed his memories of being Teri and replaced them with a fake life.

“*No,*” he said at last. “*But if we’re going to bring a child into this world...*”

He looked down at his female body, at the belly that would soon start swelling with pregnancy.

“I don’t want them to be born into a world of violence, is all.”

He could feel the Jaguar slowly nodding.

“Then I promise I will try peaceful means, at least. We have been working on cracking their technology. Maybe if there’s a breakthrough we can turn it on them.”

A grim note entered his voice.

“That would be the perfect punishment, no? If we use their own designs to make them all think they are really little girls.”

In his arms, Terrance didn’t reply. There didn’t seem to be anything worth adding.

“What about me?” He asked at last. *“What do I do?”*

“You?” The Jaguar sounded surprised. *“You are my wife. You will live a life of luxury. Your only job is to obey my desires and raise our child. That is enough, no?”*

Terrance was sorely tempted to nod and leave it at that.

There was something so intoxicating about the idea of being a beautiful, kept woman. Of having nothing more to worry about than making himself look beautiful for his man. Of idle days shopping with his entourage and sensuous evenings of screwing this man he loved, of building new memories together to replace the old ones stolen from him.

But he also knew that wouldn’t be enough.

Not after all he’d seen.

“I... I want to go back to the hive,” he whispered. *“As often as I can. I want to help the people living there. Those poor, poor kids...”*

At the thought of the children he had seen, he found himself having to blink back tears.

“It’s our duty. We have money. And if I still think I’m an Agency man, then how else can I escape my guilt?”

He thought he might have to fight his corner. To stand up to his new lover. But the Jaguar surprised him by laughing.

“What?”

“It is nothing my love. Just... you really are Teri, aren't you? They really couldn't kill the part that made you You.”

“I guess,” Terrance replied. *“I wish I could remember, though.”*

He gave a tiny sigh. Then he impulsively took one of the Jaguar's hands, raised it to his lips and kissed it.

“How long till morning?”

“An hour or two. Why?”

Terrance grinned. He wiggled his sexy bum, pressing it up against the Jaguar's rock hard cock.

“Then I suggest we make the most of it.”

Behind him, his lover let out a laugh.

“Your wish, my dear, is my command.”

Then the two of them were kissing again. Five minutes later, Terrance was lying on his back, clutching his former enemy against him, his slender legs spread wide and his mouth dangling open in an 'O' as the Jaguar fucked him roughly for the second time that night.

Meanwhile, far away in Washington, the male body of Terrance Wolfe floated aimlessly in a tank, unaware that its mind had been tricked into believing it had always been a woman called Teri Alvarez. Unaware that the Jaguar had used his charms to switch yet another Agent, and laughingly turn this one into his pregnant, utterly obedient wife as he did so.

Unaware, too, that it would only be a matter of time before the monster of Latin America cracked the Farm's dark technology and learned its secrets for himself.

And, when that happened, there would be nothing left to stop the Jaguar from turning every Agent there into his one of his horny, personal whores.

The End

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Trapped Between Her Legs

“God, you’re so hot...”

Trapped in his dark cave, William whimpered in helpless misery at the words he could hear but not respond to. He could feel Trayvon’s thick fingers, pressed right up against him, gently massaging him through the fabric of Sarah’s panties, teasing his slit.

With a feeling of disgust, William realized his new form was getting wet.

“I’ve wanted you for so long...”

The voice was deep, muffled. Obscured by the thin fabric clinging tight to William’s horrible new body. Yet, somehow still audible to him. Just as he could still see, even now. Just as he could still smell, and taste, and even *think*.

Just as he was still completely aware of what he had become, and what was happening, but could do nothing about it.

Just as Sarah had wished he would be.

“Take my panties off...”

Sarah’s voice. Whispered. Full of lust, low and strangely sexy like older women’s voices tended to be.

For years, William had found that voice hypnotically attractive. Had lain in bed at night, touching himself and thinking of it, and the woman it belonged to.

But now it sounded different. Now, it seemed to come from somewhere above and inside of him, all at once. He could feel the faint vibrations of Sarah’s speech passing through his brand new body, a body that was part of her, as much hers as her throat or her mouth or her lungs...

...or her breasts, her womb, her ass.

For a long moment, there was no more speech from above. Just the wet, distant sounds of kissing.

Trayvon’s fingers rubbed William. Sarah moved her hips, slowly grinding her stepson up against his black best friend’s palm.

Trapped as he was, William felt like crying. Like screaming. There was no way this should be happening to him, no *way!*

Sarah... he formed the thought hopelessly, knowing the magic meant she could still hear him if she wanted to, *please... don't do this.*

Far above him, the kissing stopped. William had just enough time to wonder if his gorgeous stepmom had heard his thought and relented...

...and then he heard and felt Sarah giggle. Saw the tight, lacy pink fabric encasing him start to move, and realized that his nightmare was far from over.

The sexy panties fell down Sarah's long legs, landed in a bunch at her feet. William watched them tumble from his prison, wishing he could grab them, but unable to move except to slowly get wetter and puffier and wider. Unable to perform any human functions now except to become warm and moist and open up his new hole for Sarah's pleasure.

Unable to do anything but act like what he now was, and would be for rest of his long, awful life. The thing Sarah had cruelly turned him into with her last wish, laughing as he screamed.

The wish that had turned 18-year old William into *his stepmom's pussy.*

The cool air of the bedroom caressed William's new body, making him shiver slightly. Trayvon's fingers were still expertly stroking at his long slit, making blood flow into William's skin and making him woozy with pleasure.

He tried to fight the feeling, not wanting to feel aroused at the touch of his best friend's fingers. Not wanting to help Sarah feel horny. Not wanting *any* of this!

But there was nothing he could do.

He was a pussy now. A straight, beautiful older woman's shaved and tight pussy. He existed only to give Sarah somewhere to pee out of, to get all wet and sloppy when she was aroused, and to invite dicks into.

He could no more refused to get turned on by Trayvon's touch than he could suddenly turn himself back into a teenage boy.

Trayvon's dark palm was pressed flat against the nub of William's clit now – the sensitive bundle of nerves where his new mind seemed to be based.

It was disorientating, to see a human hand so big like that, as big as *him*. It was even weirder to feel it gently rubbing you, teasing at your slit with fingers that seemed to William to be the size of tree trunks.

He could *smell* the reek of pussy as Trayvon played with him. The smell of himself. As his juices flowed and his hole widened, he could *taste* Sarah just as clearly as if he'd still had a mouth.

The worst part was, it felt *fantastic*. Even as William screamed and begged inside his mind, his entire new body was drowning under a sea of female pleasure.

He was nothing but nerve endings now. A body part designed for pleasure. Every shiver that passed through Sarah hit his entire being first, more powerful than the most intense orgasm he'd ever experienced as a guy.

And this was still just foreplay. With dawning horror, William realized that being penetrated would feel even better.

No. He couldn't let that happen. He couldn't!

Not by *Trayvon*.

"God, you're so good with your fingers..." he distantly heard Sarah purr, "I could always tell you knew what women liked..."

More distant sounds of kissing. More grinding from Sarah's hips, moving William up and down against his best friend's palm, almost mockingly.

"But how about we take things a little *further*...?"

Trapped between his stepmom's legs, William shuddered. He didn't want to know what his stepmom meant by that.

Unfortunately, he didn't have to wait long to find out.

Trayvon's hand dropped away. For a confused, woozy moment, William could see the darkened bedroom around him, the room Sarah used to share with his dad, with its tasteful suburban furniture and king sized bed.

Then Trayvon's entire body was lowering itself, his bulging boxers and rock hard abs passing William's restricted eyeline, his chiseled dark pecs and broad shoulders dropping down as he kissed Sarah all the way down her curvy body.

With a feeling of impending doom, William realized too late what was about to happen.

"Fuck, you're incredible..." Trayvon breathed as he lowered himself to William's level, a dazed smile on his handsome, 18-year old face, like a guy who's just won the lottery. "I can't *believe* Will gets to live with you."

He planted a tender kiss on the inside of Sarah's thigh, *just* where William's new nerve endings seemed to terminate. It passed through his pussy-body as the faintest, most delicate brush.

"He gets to do even more than that," Sarah purred, "he gets to experience every moment of pleasure I do. The lucky little boy."

You're sick, Sarah! William fired the thought off, hoping his stepmom had their mental link on, *you can't do this to me! I won't let you!*

Before his eyes, his face the size of William's entire body, he saw his best friend hesitate, a faint look of confusion in his eyes.

"Wait. You don't mean...?"

For a brief, shining moment, William dared hope that this was it. That Sarah's comment had been weird enough to drive Trayvon away and save him from this nightmare.

But then the magic kicked back in. Trayvon's face cleared, and he was kissing Sarah's thighs again, murmuring over and over about how perfect she was.

Inside his stepmom's pussy, William felt like screaming at Trayvon. *Can't you see? Can't you see her wish is controlling you?!*

Of course he can't. Sarah's voice suddenly echoed around William's mind, making him jump. *My wish is too powerful.*

A cruel, amused note entered her voice.

I could make him fuck me every day for the next twenty years, and he'd never even realize he didn't have a choice. I could make him fill you up with sperm twice a day, my little pussy, and he wouldn't be able to stop even if I told him who you really were.

Please... William quaked at his stepmom's voice. *Please don't do it, Sarah. I know I was bad, but please...*

Don't put me through this.

Trayvon's lips were delicately kissing William's dark line now, each brush of them sending jolts of pleasure through his body that threatened to send him mad. High above, he heard Sarah moan softly.

Put you through what? Her mental voice asked. *I can read your mind, your silly boy. I know you're secret loving this, you creepy little sissy. I know*

you're even hornier than I am.

A giggle, echoing through William's mind.

But don't worry. I don't want this stud of a friend of yours to put his dick inside you. At least, not yet.

No, my lovely little pussy, I have something else in mind...

Sarah? Sarah! Whatever you're planning, don't...! But it was too late. Sarah had severed the mental link between them, leaving William all alone and isolated. She might still be listening to him in sadistic glee, but he could no longer hear her thoughts.

A slender finger with a long, red painted nail came down into William's vision. Teasingly tapped Trayvon on the head.

The black boy glanced upwards with eyes dizzy with lust.

"That's enough teasing," Sarah murmured. "I think it's time you showed me what you're capable of."

There was a faint giggle.

"I want you to *lick me out.*"

NO! William screamed, praying to a God he didn't believe in that Trayvon would somehow be able to hear him. *NO! DON'T!*

But of course Trayvon just grinned up at Sarah, dropped her a wink.

"Whatever you want, Miss Clayton."

"Please. Call me *mistress.*"

"Whatever you want then... *mistress.*"

Trayvon turned back to William, leaned forwards, opening his lips. William just had time to scream inside his mind...

...and then Trayvon's tongue was flicking up his line, making his entire form shiver, making his new hole drenched with juices, and suddenly William was being licked out.

Trayvon slowly lapped at William's body, swallowing his juices. He let the tip of his tongue flick over William's clit, sending bright pink bolts of pleasure lancing through him that were so intense they threatened to obliterate the boy's mind.

Each touch of Trayvon's tongue was a firework of ecstasy. Each expert movement of his lips made every millimeter of William's new form shudder with a bliss that was almost religious.

Weakly, deep inside his transformed mind, he tried to fight back. Tried not to enjoy what his male friend was doing to him.

But it was like trying to hold back a tsunami with just your hands. As Trayvon lapped away, William felt his will crumble, and then he was shivering with pleasure as he dripped and widened, deliriously thanking God that he was trapped as a pussy, even while he cringed in humiliation.

"Good boy..." he heard Sarah distantly gasp, "oh... such a *good* boy..."

A loud sigh.

"Put your *whole tongue* in."

Trayvon immediately obeyed. William felt his friend's tongue teasing around the edges of his hole, the hole that existed right in the heart of his new body. Then Trayvon slipped his tongue inside William, and the boy's mind went blank with pleasure.

He could feel the inside of himself, filling up with Trayvon's tongue. Feel the way his friend was swirling his tongue around the inside of Sarah's cunt as intimately as he'd ever felt anything before.

He could feel his new form, pumping juices out, getting wetter and wider than ever. Feel the fire in his clit as he shook and trembled and Sarah gasped out loud.

Trapped inside his new body, William wept with shame, even as his mind fogged over with pleasure.

Just a few short hours ago, he'd been William Clayton, a dorky but good looking kid with a whole bright future ahead of him.

Now, he was stuck as his stepmom's tight, shaved pussy, forced to get damp for her and enjoy himself as she seduced his best friend.

There was nothing he could do to ever change back for as long as he lived.

And the worst part was, he knew he deserved *everything* that was happening to him.

*

It had been that morning when William walked downstairs to discover everything had changed.

At the time, he hadn't realized anything significant was about to happen. He was still dressed in his boxers and a loose-fitting vest top that covered up his shy, slender teenager's body.

He knew he was supposed to be ready for school right now, but he'd stayed in bed a bit longer to masturbate, one hand thrown over his eyes as he jerked off and thought of bending his stepmom over and fucking her on his dad's bed as she wailed and he called her a nasty little cunt.

It was the sort of fantasy he'd had dozens of times since Sarah had joined their family, if not hundreds, and he'd thought nothing of it as he went plodding into the kitchen to grab some breakfast.

Until, that is, he saw Sarah sat at the table, eyeing him with a shark-like grin on her beautiful face.

"Well, well," she'd said with faux sweetness, "if it isn't my latest victim."

Ever since his dad had married her, William had had mixed feelings about his stepmom.

On the one hand, she was beautiful. With her flowing black hair, dark eyes, supermodel looks and porn star breasts, Sarah was like a walking wet dream.

Whenever his friends came over, William was uncomfortably aware that they kept eyeing up Sarah's perfect ass, her long legs and tight waist, and whispering about the insanely hot thirty five year old William's dad had somehow convinced to be his wife.

On the other hand, there was something about her personality that made William uneasy. The way she seemed to take personal offense at the slightest thing. Her need for revenge against those who wronged her. The almost sadistic delight she seemed to take in others' misfortune.

Sarah was gorgeous, all right, but she was also deadly.

"Enjoy playing with yourself this morning, stepson? God knows I've been waiting for you for a long time now."

"W-what?" William had stammered, "what do you mean, playing with, um..."

"Oh come on, William," Sarah had sighed, rolling her eyes. She was dressed

only in a pink silk dressing gown that barely covered her enormous breasts and left plenty of leg on display – so much so that William was almost scared to look at her. “I know what you’ve been up to. You’ve been up there, playing with that pathetic little dick of yours and wishing you could fuck me on your daddy’s bed, and that I’d let you call me a *cunt* while you did so.

Well, guess what?” She delicately picked something up off the table and waved it in the air. “If only you’d come down on time this morning, you’d now be doing just that.”

An old brass lamp was clasped in her hands. Its spout was all bent and twisted, its surface dulled by age. It looked like a prop from some old movie.

Right now, though, William was more busy worrying about other things.

“*What?! No way, Sarah... I mean, no way, mom. Why are you...?*”

William suddenly stopped, looking around in puzzlement.

“Wait, where’s dad? Did you guys have a fight, or...”

In response, Sarah simply smiled at him. She nodded at the lamp.

“Do you know what this is, my darling boy? It’s a magic lamp. A collector I know in New York sent it to me – probably trying to impress me, he’s *desperate* to win me back from your daddy. Well. Was.”

Her eyes twinkled.

“And good job he did too, because this lamp grants its owner *five* wishes. Know what I wished for?”

When William shook his head, his stepmom let out a little giggle. She fluttered her eyelashes at him.

“First, I wished that I could read the mind of anyone on Earth. *That’s* how I know that you were just jerking off over me. But it’s also how I knew that your father was cheating on me with some bimbo from his office.”

William blinked in surprise. She shrugged.

“It’s true. Turns out he found someone even younger than me, he’d been banging her for months.” A dark look crossed her supermodel face. “So that was wishes two and three taken care of. Care to guess what I did?”

My *second* wish,” his stepmom purred, “I used to turn that slut he was seeing into a hairy biker’s asshole. Still alive, still able to see and hear and think, but

trapped between some guy's buttcheeks for the rest of her worthless life.

My *third* wish, I used to turn your daddy into a pretty little girl who loves dollies and ponies and wants to be a ballerina. Then I sent her off to live in Russia, where she'll spend the next hundred years as an adorable little five year old who can never grow up."

Sarah paused, raised one perfect eyebrow at William.

"I must admit, I was having a lot of fun by this point. I *almost* used my fourth wish to transform you, too, but I decided to wait until I could see your face. Care to guess what I wished instead?"

"Wait..." William held up his hands. "You're... you're saying you turned dad into a *little girl*? That's... that's..."

Crazy, he wanted to say, but he suddenly wasn't so sure.

The way Sarah was looking at him with that look of evil delight was making him *very* nervous.

"For my *fourth* wish," Sarah went on, acting as if she hadn't heard him, "I decided to give myself a little treat. I wished I could seduce any man I wanted and make them do exactly what I told them to."

Another giggle.

"If I wanted," his stepmom breathed, "I could order you to get on all fours while I fucked your asshole with a strap on, and you'd be unable to do anything but enjoy it."

She smiled as William visibly swallowed.

"Don't worry, I don't have any sick fantasies about you like you do about me. No, I'm more interested in that friend of yours. What's his name again? The hot black one."

"Trayvon?" William's head was spinning now, "Y-you wanna fuck *Trayvon*?"

He felt like he was going mad. Rationally, he knew he should be dismissing this all as some elaborate prank Sarah was playing on him. But the less-rational, instinctive side of his mind didn't feel like this was a joke at all.

In fact, it thought he might be in very big trouble.

"Sure," Sarah was saying, "now your daddy is *sans* penis and stuck in a cute

ballerina costume, there doesn't seem much point in being faithful. I'm pretty sure it'd be illegal anyway. And I'm curious to try out my new powers and seduce a handsome stud."

Her dark eyes flashed.

"Know what I'm going to do with your little friend, stepson? I'm going to make him lick out my pussy and drink my juices, and then I'm going to make him fuck me and fill my pussy with so much come it'll take *days* to all drip out."

She laughed as William looked visibly sick.

"Mom! Sarah... why are you *telling* me all this?"

"Because," his stepmom said, primly, "you're going to be there. You're going to experience it all."

She held the magic lamp against her chest, started stroking it with one fingertip.

"I read your mind, remember? I know that you fantasize about calling me that terrible word. About making me your personal See You En Tee. So, I've decided I need to punish you just like I did your father."

"No!" William shrieked, holding up his hands. "No, I-I don't *wanna* be a little girl!"

Already he could imagine what it would feel like, his body shrinking and twisting as blonde pigtails exploded out his head, as his clothes shifted and changed into a pink ballerina outfit, as his voice shot up in pitch and he...

To his surprise, he saw Sarah was laughing.

"Oh, don't worry, I'm not turning you into a girl, little or otherwise, oh no..." His stepmom crossed one slender leg over the other, adjusted the hem of her gown. "I've got a *much* better idea.

You wanted me to be your cunt. Well, then maybe you should be mine." she began rubbing the lamp. "For my *fifth* wish..."

I wish you would *spend the rest of your life as my pussy!*"

"What?!" William screamed. "Sarah, you're-!"

Nuts! He tried to say.

But it was already too late.

No sooner had the words left Sarah's lips than the lamp began to tremble in her lap. There was a distant sound like fairy dust falling...

...and William's body began to *change*.

He felt his arms stiffen at his sides, losing their ability to move. Felt them begin to sink into his body, disappearing, joining with the flesh of his torso.

At the same time, his legs began to disappear up into his crotch, causing his body to sink down slowly towards the ground as William moaned and begged and whimpered.

His shoulders began to stretch outwards, away from his head, even as his sides lost their definition and swelled up, becoming all plump and pink.

In fright, William watched as his body's proportions completely changed, his muscles disappeared, and he became a triangle of pink flesh.

"Sarah..." he squeaked in desperation. "Please, stop this!"

Sat at the table, his stepmom shrugged, tossed the lamp to one side.

"I can't. That was my last wish, remember? Besides..."

She winked at him.

"This is just so much fun."

William's legs had vanished inside him now, becoming part of the lump of flesh that was now his body. As the blob that had been his torso expanded, his vest and boxers tore off and fell to the ground.

There was a shiver that passed through his entire being, followed by a sudden looseness. With a feeling of vertigo, William realized all his bones had vanished, leaving him a helpless lump of flesh laying on the floor.

A feeling passed down his midriff, like a zipper being undone. Before William's eyes, a long, dark slit opened up down nearly his entire body. The loose ends formed into demure little lips that dangled either side of him, hiding their secrets from prying eyes.

The center of William's body twitched, seemed to give a soft little sigh. He felt a hole opening up inside of himself, a big hole that dominated most of his body and was designed for dicks to go inside and babies to come out of.

No sooner had it appeared, than William felt a horrible little drip, and a bead of moisture dribbled out between his sensitive new lips.

Of course... he thought, dimly, *Sarah's getting wet watching me transform. That means I'm all wet now, too.*

But he didn't have much time to think about this horrible new development because the changes just kept on coming.

The room was growing around him. As William watched in amazement, the walls got further away, the ceiling rose up, and the table grew to a ginormous size. It took him whole seconds to realize he was shrinking, going from a teenage boy of 6ft to something that was barely 6 inches from top to bottom.

Behind the table, Sarah rose herself up to watch as William became tiny, her shiny black hair dangling and a smirk on her lips. From his new perspective, she looked like a giant.

"There we go," he heard her call, "not much longer now!"

William had a horrible feeling she was right.

A new hole, much tinier than the first, opened up far up his slit, a hole for Sarah to pee out of. To his amazement, William realized that he could *taste* whatever came out of that hole, as clearly as he could taste with his normal mouth and tongue.

He shuddered. Sarah had evidently decided this was going to be the equivalent of his *mouth*.

Just as he was thinking these thoughts, his head started to sink into the pussy below it. In panic, William tried to raise his face up like a drowning man would, but it was no good.

There was a *blorp!* noise, William felt himself sinking, and then a wave of pink washed over his vision, blinding him.

For a few disorientating seconds, he wondered if that was it, and then he was looking up at the ceiling again, his vision returned.

He tried to blink, to shut his eyes, and realized he no longer could.

Of course, he thought, weakly, *I don't have eyelids anymore...*

It was a horrible thought.

For the rest of his life, he would see whatever was right in front of Sarah's pussy 24/7, unable to look away no matter *what* was happening.

At last, a nub of nerve endings rose up out the flesh at the top of William's

lips, solidified into a clitoris.

Then there was a flash of blinding light, and everything went dark again.

Silently, William sat in the sudden gloom, his mind reeling. He tried to move, but he had nothing left to move. No limbs, no face, no nothing.

Nothing but this big hole in his front, guarding the entrance to Sarah's womb.

What's happened? He whimpered in his mind, *Oh please God, what's happened to me?*

To his amazement, an answer came.

It started with a giggle. A laugh that seemed to come from far above, but also vibrated through William's new form, like it was coming from somewhere inside of him.

He had just enough time to feel confused, then the voice came and it all slotted into place.

"Isn't it obvious?" Sarah's voice was at once a separate thing and a *part* of him, "I turned you into my pussy. You're trapped between my legs now.

And you'll stay there for the rest of your life."

As his stepmom said these words, William's vision seemed to finally adjust to the gloom. With a feeling of overwhelming misery, he saw she was right.

A lacy white fabric was pressed right up against his skin, so thin that you could see through it. Beyond that, two long, pink tubes telescoped away from him, vastly bigger and thicker than he was. In the distance, the rumpled fabric of a silk gown lay across the tubes, blocking off vision from the outside world.

Sarah's panties. Her legs. Her gown. Now all around William. Now almost a *part* of him.

There was no longer any doubting it.

He was his stepmom's pussy.

"Now we've got you in your new home," Sarah was sighing, "I guess it's time I showed you around."

There was a sensation of vertigo as William suddenly rose up into the air. The long, pink tubes moved and then William was being carried through the house as Sarah walked out the kitchen to God knew where.

With each step, her hips curved seductively, making William tilt from side to side. Her smooth thighs rubbed together, squashing him up in her crotch.

He could feel the faint wobble of her buttocks behind him, and felt a lurch as he realized Sarah's asshole now existed only inches from his new body.

Oh God, what is it gonna be like when she uses the toilet...?

The fabric of his stepmom's sexy panties gently rubbed against him, holding William tight in their embrace. As Sarah climbed slowly up the stairs, he was shocked to discover his entire being was feeling hot and tingly and lightly damp.

It took him almost ten seconds to click that Sarah was feeling horny.

Is this how's it going to be...? Every time Sarah sees something she finds arousing, am I going to get wet...?

The thought that he would not even be able to control his levels of arousal, but exist only at Sarah's whim made him more miserable than ever.

"I've always had a secret fetish for people turned into body parts," Sarah was saying conversationally as they went upstairs. "I used to rub myself off and think of turning you and your father into my tits, or maybe one of you into my butt, but I never thought I'd get a chance to try it for real. Ah, here we are..."

Sarah's legs swung either side of William. Below, he could dimly see the color of the carpet turn from cream to white – his parent's bedroom.

"Know the best part? I can look inside your mind whenever I want to. I can see any of your old fantasies or secret thoughts. None of them are safe from me. So I *know* you've always wanted to see me naked."

They came to a stop. Fingers – giant fingers nearly as long as William's body, with red-painted nails – suddenly slipped beneath the silk fabric blocking his view and delicately peeled Sarah's panties off his form, slipping them over her legs.

"So, here's your chance. Stepson, I give you..."

Us."

At the word, the silk fabric vanished with a ruffling noise. William was dimly aware that Sarah must have cast off her gown with a flourish.

But he was too busy staring in horror at what was before him to think about

that.

They were stood before the full-length mirror in his dad's bedroom, the one the old man had bought for Sarah to get dolled up in, with its fancy ornate frame and vintage stand.

Smiling back from its silvery depths, Sarah stood completely naked, her hands on her hips and a look of laughter on her supermodel face.

Her waist was tight, her hips round. Her DD boobs were remarkably pert, with little of the sag you might expect from a woman her age.

Between her legs, her pussy hung at William's eye level.

It was shaved, with a smooth, pink surface. Two demure lips hung either side of a tight little hole.

The nub of her clit was clearly visible. The darker pink of the inside of her lips.

It was the pussy of a porn star. The pussy of an expensive bimbo who lived to fulfil men's fantasies. A place to be violated and abused by big dick studs.

And.

It.

Was.

Him.

As William gazed in fright at the pussy that was now his body, Sarah gently sashayed towards the mirror, curving her hips as she did so.

"There..." she whispered. "Look at you now, my darling stepson. So plump. So perfect. So *ready* for dick."

Gently, she reached down, ran a fingertip along William's line. He was amazed to feel his entire being shudder with pleasure.

"You're my pussy now," Sarah was sighing, "my most intimate part. You'll taste piss when I need to pee. You'll bleed when I'm on my period.

And you'll get me all wet and hot and ready when a man wants to fuck me."

She giggled and teased William's clit, making his mind explode with pink.

"How does *that* sound... pussy?"

William couldn't help himself.

There, with the fact of his new existence reflected only inches from him, trapped inside a blob of flesh and sensitive nerve endings, William began to cry.

It was a crying that existed only inside his mind. A crying with no tears (for what eyes did he have to cry with?) no sobs (for what mouth did he have to sob with?) and no ragged breaths (for what lungs did he have to breathe with?).

But it still left him feeling as miserable and powerless and humiliated as any real cry would have.

“There, there,” Sarah whispered, caressing William’s new body, “don’t cry my little cunt. Look on the bright side.”

A sadistic note crept into her voice.

“Your stepmom is about to find out what it’s like to be fucked by the biggest black man in town.”

*

“Oh God... oh fuck... oh *fuck!* Nonononono, stop, stop!”

Slowly, Trayvon retracted his tongue from William’s dripping hole, leaned back and looked up at Sarah with a confused expression. But William wasn’t even remotely confused as to why his stepmom had begged his best friend to stop.

He’d felt the surge of pleasure starting to rise up through every fiber of his being. Felt his new clit – a clit that was huge in comparison to the rest of his body – burning with pink fire.

He knew without a shadow of doubt that Sarah had been on the verge of coming.

And she didn’t want to do that until she’d finished humiliating him.

“Didn’t...” Trayvon was saying, “I mean, didn’t you *like...*”

William saw Sarah’s hands drop into his vision, take Trayvon’s face. Then the ground suddenly lurched and he was stuck staring at the carpet as his stepmom sensuously kissed his bestie.

Bestie. The thought made William sick. The worst part was, he couldn’t even blame Trayvon for sleeping with his stepmom.

Sarah's wish had given her infinite power over the men of the world. Only an hour after turning William into her pussy, she'd taken her stepson's old phone, and – after reading his mind to see the unlock pattern – sent Trayvon a text with only two words:

FUCK ME.

William had been sure it wasn't going to work. How could Trayvon know they were from his hot stepmom and not him?

Yet Sarah's wish had clearly been strong enough. Not twenty minutes later (during which time Sarah had urinated out of William, the transformed boy forced to feel her pee squirting from one of his new holes as he stared down at the toilet bowl in disgust), there had been a knock at the door. And Trayvon had been standing there. And he'd grabbed Sarah and kissed her roughly without even saying hi.

And now here they were, kissing again in the bedroom, while William dangled helplessly between his stepmommy's legs, all sticky and smelly and wet.

"I loved it, my darling," Sarah was whispering to Trayvon now, "you're a real expert with that tongue of yours."

"Uh, thanks," William heard his old friend mutter.

"But I don't just want to feel your *tongue* inside me." A giggle. "Come on, I've got a better idea..."

William was just trying to figure out what fresh hell awaited him, when the world lurched again. He got the *briefest* glimpse of Trayvon's face, and then Sarah was walking over to the bed, the natural curve of her hips making William move up and down slightly with each step.

"I've always enjoyed rough sex," Sarah was saying as she clambered onto the sheets, "but William's daddy was just too much of a... *little girl* to satisfy me. *You* on the other hand..."

She dropped forwards. The sheets swung up below William, and then he was rising up, up, *up* into the air, his hole exposed to the room's cool air.

With a start, William realized that his stepmom was crouched on all fours on the bed, her bottom raised high into the air and her pussy on display.

Wait, but that means-!

He could see Trayvon clambering to his feet now, his dark muscles shiny with sweat. From William's exposed new position, he appeared upside down, his dark, shaved head bobbing in the middle of William's eyeline, his powerful legs vanishing off into the sky.

It was like the entire world had span around upside down, gone helter skelter and topsy turvy and all the rest.

It was, thought the wet, sloppy pussy that used to be William, a perfect metaphor for everything that had happened so far.

"I bet you could fuck me till I screamed," he heard Sarah sigh.

For a long moment, William could feel Trayvon's eyes lingering on him, a faint, cocky smile on the black teenager's lips.

He tried to picture himself as his bestie now saw him. A dark, dripping cave. A moist line between two slender legs. A female hole, waiting to be filled with dick.

Then Trayvon was crossing the room, clambering onto the bed behind Sarah, his big cock suddenly inches from William.

Inside his new body, William quaked with fear. Trayvon was *enormous!* He'd heard his friend boast before, but seeing his penis for real like that was shocking all the same.

His friend's black dick had to be ten inches long at *least!* Stuck as Sarah's pussy, it appeared to William even bigger; a huge monster that was almost the size of him.

He let out an internal squeak. That thing would *never* fit inside him!

Trayvon's strong hands were playing with Sarah's ass now. Squeezing her cheeks, kneading the flesh. Every time he pinched her butt, William could feel the movement pulling his own lips back slightly, making his hole go wider.

God help him, it was one of the nicest feelings he'd ever had.

Sarah seemed to think so, too, because he could hear her groaning softly. See his vision languidly drifting in circles as she rubbed her butt up against Trayvon's palms.

Abruptly, William felt himself raised up higher in the air. Right, right up, until he could see Trayvon's washboard abs...

...and then Sarah leaned back slightly and William's new form was being rubbed up against Trayvon's dick.

The shaft of his friend's cock felt *wonderful*, rock hard and pressed against William's line. The transformed boy struggled to remind himself that he was supposed to be hating this as Sarah slowly circled her hips, rubbing her soaking cunt across Trayvon's cock.

"Do you like that...? Does Mr. Big Dick teenager like feeling my *cunt* on his shaft?"

The loud groan was all the yes Trayvon needed to give. Pressed against his friend's dick like this, William could feel how hard he was, how ready to fuck.

He could smell Trayvon, too. Smell his tangy, male sweat. Smell his pheromones.

He wasn't sure what mechanism in Sarah's wish had allowed him to retain his sight and smell, but at that moment he was deliriously glad that it had.

Trayvon's masculine smell was almost as hot as the sight of his perfectly toned body.

What? No... we've got to stop thinking like this, William's panicked mind squeaked. *We're a man remember? A straight man!*

But it was pointless thinking like that. He was a pussy now. A pussy that belonged to a straight woman.

Horrible as it was to admit, all William wanted from life now was to be filled with hot men's dicks.

Sarah kept his entire form rubbing against Trayvon for what felt like forever, gently masturbating the boy with her own line.

Suddenly, she stopped. Leaned forwards. William gazed in woozy pleasure at the thick tip of Trayvon's cock, bobbing inches away from him, a glistening bead of pre-come dribbling from its end.

A warmth rose up in him, a throbbing desire to have Trayvon inside him. To be fucked as a woman's cunt.

He was just thinking these confusing thoughts when he heard Sarah's voice in his mind again, loaded with cruel amusement.

I heard that, you know, his stepmom whispered to him mentally. *About*

wanting Trayvon inside you. You've turned into the perfect little pussy, you know that?

No! No, it's not true! William wailed back at her. *Y-you tricked me! I don't want...*

Oh, hush. Stop being such a little baby. You're desperate for dick. Admit it. I'm not! He would never admit such an awful thing, he wouldn't!

One of Sarah's fingertips curled up under him, started playing with his clit. She was evidently propped up on one elbow now, her free hand teasing her own pussy.

Each touch of her fingertip made William shudder with pleasure. Made his hole relax even wider. Upside down, he could see Trayvon watching him, his dark eyes clouded with lust.

You want this boy's dick, Sarah's voice was firm. You are a little sissy, and you want to feel what it's like to have a cock fill you up, don't you? Well? Answer me.

William gazed helplessly at Trayvon's cock. At the shape of his fat balls, dangling beneath it.

It was like he was drawn to the sight. Like his new body could tell the shape of Trayvon's dick fulfilled a deep, biological need. He was a vagina now. He existed to be filled. Surely it wouldn't hurt if...

Surely it wouldn't hurt if we just tried it once? William thought to himself, trying not to imagine how good it would feel to have his pussy walls stretching to accommodate such a big dick. Trying not to imagine how much pleasure he would get from seeing Trayvon slip in and out of him. *Just once, go on...*

Yes, Sarah chimed in, even as she rubbed his clit faster and faster, *go on.*

You're sick! William screamed at her. *You're a twisted bitch! I don't want...*

No? Sarah sighed. *Please yourself, then. I'll just tell Trayvon here to put his clothes back on and fuck off back to wherever he came from.*

To William's amazement, his mistress started leaning forward, taking him further away from Trayvon's crotch. He saw Trayvon's confused expression as Sarah started to roll away from him, to lose interest.

"Trayvon, dear," he heard her say, "I'm afraid I have some bad news..."

Wait. Sarah's body stopped moving. Please, just... wait.

Having second thoughts, my darling pussy? Sarah's mental voice giggled. I knew you would. Remember, I know every thought you've ever had.

As she laughed, William screamed at himself, asked what he was doing. He wanted this to stop didn't he?

Didn't he...?

I know you've always secretly fantasized about being a girl's pussy, Sarah's whispered voice went on, mocking, cruel, I know that you used to dream you were trapped between that cheerleader's legs. How she'd play with you and you'd make her happy. How you'd open up for her so she could ride her boyfriend's dick all night long.

Well, now here's your chance. Beg me to let Trayvon fuck you, and I might deign to grant your wish. But I won't do it unless I beg, and you'd better hurry before he starts wilting.

Tick, tock, sissy. Tick, tock.

Trapped in his prison of ecstasy, William couldn't believe what he was hearing. Couldn't believe his stepmom wanted him to beg for this, no way!

Nope. She was crazy if she thought she knew what he wanted. Crazy if she thought he would ever dream of-

Inside himself, William let out a helpless sigh.

Mistress. He thought, quietly, please let Trayvon fuck me. Let him fuck me and come inside me and make me your pussy for real.

When there was no response, he started to cry.

Please! His voice wailed, even as shame drenched his mind at what the magic was forcing him to do, to admit to. *Please let me get fucked like a cunt. PLEASE!*

Good girl... Sarah breathed in his mind. *Good little pussy. You did as mommy asked. So...*

Here's your reward.

"Bad news?" Trayvon was saying, "Sarah. Uh, Miss Clayton, I don't understand..."

"Oh do shut up, there's a good boy," Sarah sighed. "In fact, I order you to

shut up and fuck me hard for an hour straight!”

Immediately, Trayvon’s eyes went blank.

“Yes, mistress,” William heard him saying, tonelessly.

Then two strong hands the size of the transformed boy were gripping Sarah’s hips, Trayvon was angling his cock towards William, and suddenly his bestie’s penis was sliding deep inside him, filling him, stretching his walls, making his mind burst with pleasure.

Oh my God! It feels so good...

William could see Trayvon’s gigantic, tree trunk like dick sinking deep inside him. He could *feel* the boy’s massive cock filling his hole.

He could taste Trayvon’s pre-cum. The smell of the boy’s sweat filled his mind, making him dizzy.

He felt himself filling and filling with dick until he thought he was going to explode, that he could take no more. Then, at long last, Trayvon’s heavy balls pressed up against William’s slit, and the black teenager was buried completely inside his friend.

William just had time to sob with equal parts shame and happiness at how good it felt, and then Trayvon started bucking his hips, and the pussy that used to be William was getting its first good fucking.

With each thrust, William could feel his hole getting wetter and wetter. With each thrust, he could feel Trayvon filling him, making his entire being sing and thrum and buzz with pleasure.

The black boy fucked him like a piston, his balls *slapping* up against William’s throbbing clit, using and abusing the poor pussy and making him feel like he was going to go mad from joy.

At the same time, William could feel the way the pleasure was flowing out of his form, into Sarah’s entire body, making her gasp and squeal and moan.

Dazedly, he realized that that was all he now was. A receptacle for dicks. A place designed only to give his mistress unimaginable pleasure, with no life of his own, no responsibilities, and nothing he need ever think about again except for this endless, wonderful sensation.

In that moment, William realized that he wasn’t trapped in a nightmare. Wasn’t trapped in Hell.

He had been transported to Heaven.

Thank you, mistress, he breathlessly cried as Trayvon's cock violated him, made him sore, even as the pleasure kept building, *oh thank you, thank you, thank you!*

Instinct took over, he clenched his walls tight around Trayvon and felt every millimeter of him shiver. He was just a pussy now. A lone woman's cunt, doing what pussies did naturally.

It was the greatest feeling of his entire life.

For a whole hour they fucked like that, William, his mistress, and his mistress's toy, screwing on his stepmom's bed while Sarah cried and moaned and William went mad with pleasure.

In all that time, William felt himself firing off orgasm after orgasm after orgasm. He came three, four, *five* times, each time better than the last, each time leaving him exhausted and dizzy and dripping juices, but still filled with this overwhelming pleasure.

Finally, exactly sixty minutes after he started, Trayvon let out a single grunt. He stopped thrusting, his entire body going stiff. William just had enough time to wonder what was happening...

...and then gallons and gallons of white hot come were flooding into him, filling him, squirting deep inside him, coating his insides in a way that made him shudder with delight.

To his shock, he discovered he could taste Trayvon's come, as easily as if his friend had squirted into his mouth. Taste it, and feel it, and sense it covering every single part of him.

Inside his mind, William sobbed with happiness. He couldn't believe how good it felt, couldn't believe how much he *loved* being his stepmom's slit!

It was over. Trayvon slowly pulled out of William, letting his last drops of sperm drip down onto the transformed boy's slit. He collapsed on the bed, panting, while Sarah slowly lowered herself into a lying position and William tried to hold all of his bestie's spunk inside him.

There was a whirl of white as Sarah rolled over, and suddenly William was being *pressed* up against Trayvon's muscular leg, his juices running through the boy's dark, coiled hairs as Sarah kissed her lover.

“Well done, Trayvon,” William heard her giggle, “you just made two people *very* happy.”

“Yeah,” Trayvon replied. “Yeah, I guess I did.”

Trapped between his stepmom’s legs, his new form leaking his best friend’s delicious sperm as his entire being throbbled with dull pleasure, William smiled to himself.

Only he and Sarah would ever know what she’d meant by that.

*

Ten years later, William lay, looking up at the distant ceiling of his bedroom, trying not to think too hard about how happy he felt.

It was a difficult thing to think about, he’d decided. Happiness. Like looking at the sun. If you spent too much time staring right at it, you were liable to temporarily blind yourself to it, and lose everything you’d accumulated.

You had to just peek at it out the corner of your eye, get a sense of it, feel pleased it was there.

And it was rare it wasn’t there for William these days. Ever since that fateful day, then years ago, when he lost that dumb old body that had caused him so much misery, and became...

“Pussy?” Sarah’s voice was soft, lazy. She was gently playing with the tiny tuft of golden pubic hair she’d allowed William to regrow, just above his clit.

William liked the feeling. It was a little bit like having someone stroke your hair. And Sarah often played with him like this, when she was tired, it was the mid-afternoon, and his gorgeous stepmom felt like napping.

Naps, too, were good times. Although William’s need to sleep had been removed, he was still wired up to Sarah’s body, to her rhythms.

As she drifted off, he’d find himself sinking into a state of contented mindlessness, a happy little lull that reminded him of how it felt the one time he tried MDMA when he was fifteen. Only while that drug induced high had made him feel like a rebel, Sarah’s sleep patterns made him feel like the most obedient little slave to her body.

It helped, too, that his mistress often dreamed about sex. As she dozed, William would sometimes find his lips filling with blood, his hole loosening, and his form becoming wet and tender as Sarah subconsciously bucked her

hips in response to some dream he couldn't see.

At moments like that, he would feel like he knew his stepmom more intimately than he'd ever know anyone. Even himself.

"Pussy?" Sarah murmured again. "Are you listening to me?"

Between her legs, William gave a little shiver to let her know he was paying attention.

He'd discovered, after six months or so as Sarah's most intimate part, that he could subtly manipulate his new form without her input. Clenching his walls, closing his hole, opening it, shivering imperceptibly with pleasure – all things that only Sarah could notice. Little, secret signals for his mistress.

The thought made him sigh with happiness again. It was so much more gratifying being Sarah's vagina than it had been being her stepson.

"Good," Sarah sighed, "I'm glad. There's something I need to say to you..."

Her finger drifted down from William's pubic tuft, began gently stroking his slit. Teasing him. Obediently, William began to get slowly aroused, the first bead of moisture dripping out his line.

He loved it when Sarah treated him like this.

"I've been thinking," the soft voice came again, above William, *part* of him, "after all this time, after all these men... how many was it again?"

William could have signaled her with his mental connection, but he didn't bother. It was a rhetorical question.

Sarah had used her powers to sleep with two guys a day, every day, for the last ten years. They both knew that, by now, William had had over 7,300 dicks in him.

"Anyway," his step mom continued, "I've been thinking that it's time I told you the truth. Remember when I said the lamp granted *five* wishes?"

Well, I may have lied just a *teeny* bit. It actually grants six. That means there's still one wish left, waiting to be used up."

William sat there in silence, absorbing this new information. It didn't really matter to him, but he was vaguely interested on his mistress's behalf.

"So, I was thinking..." Sarah went on, "if you wanted, I could use my last wish to turn you back. What do you think?"

In response, William angrily clenched his hole tight, so tight it might even hurt Sarah.

No! Go back to a life of responsibility, and dealing with being a human, and never knowing the joy of having a dick completely fill him again? No way!

Further up the bed, Sarah laughed. A genuine, happy laugh.

“I was hoping you’d say that, because I had another idea too. One I think we’ll both be onboard with.

I’m getting on in age now, pussy. I’m 45, and soon we’ll both be too old for all this fucking, won’t we? So, I was thinking...

What if I use my *sixth* wish to make myself young again? I’d be 18, and you’d still be my pussy. We could live my adult life all over again, only this time you’d be with me the entire time. You, my darling, beautiful cunt. With me, *forever.*”

William immediately relaxed his hole. Made his juices start flowing faster than ever. Sarah laughed again.

“I hoped you’d like my plan. Because I already wished for it, last night – remember how I picked up the lamp and held it in silence? Well, I was only wishing in my head, but it should still work.

I wished that I would have just long enough to tell you about my plan, and then it would all come true. Only this time, I would find a man and fall in love with him, and we’d both spend the next sixty years getting pounded by his glorious dick. And you know what else?

I wished that history would change, too. That it would change so you’d *always* been my pussy, and no boy called William had ever existed. That you always had been, and always would be, a part of me.”

A giggle.

“What do you say, pussy? Want to help me find the man of my dreams? Want to change history so that you were *always* my slit?”

The air was already tingling with magic. There was a distant sound like fairy dust falling.

Between her legs, Sarah’s pussy sighed to itself with happiness. Of *course* it wanted that. Why wouldn’t it?

“I am glad,” purred Sarah. “In that case, I think... *here we go!*”

There was a sudden flash of light that temporarily blinded William. When it cleared, he was between the legs of a beautiful girl stood naked before the bathroom mirror on her 18th birthday, grinning from ear to ear.

His memories were gone, too. As they slipped away into night, William realized with a feeling of utter contentment that he always had, and always would be, this teenage girl's pussy.

The End

*For more body part transformation, check out my **free** taboo tale [Turned into Her Butt.](#)*

How I Became a Gender Swapped Daddy Dater

Prologue: The New Mommy

“Whoa, hey, lemme help you with that!”

“It’s OK, I’ve got it... Umm, actually, maybe I don’t. Could you...?”

“No sweat.”

Dwight grabbed hold of the box with an almost effortless grace, his dark biceps flexing beneath his simple white T as he did so, the morning sun reflecting gently on his hairless skin. The cute woman smiled gratefully up at his enormous bulk, casually brushing a strand of long brunette hair out of her eyes as she did so.

“Thanks. Seriously. You wouldn’t believe how much stuff I’ve got with me.”

She gestured with a flick of her wrist the open trunk of her big, expensive four wheeler, the kind everyone was driving around the city these days. Piles and piles of cardboard boxes lurked there, their surfaces scrawled with simple, informative words like KITCHEN, MEMORIES, and BUSINESS CRAP.

But it was the one closest to Dwight that stuck out at him most, though. A battered, taped up old box marked TOYS.

The muscular man allowed himself a small smile.

Huh. Interesting.

“That’s life these days, I guess,” he said aloud, turning back to the woman.

“You shoulda seen the car last time we moved. Took five trips just to shift all my gym equipment.”

A faint grin appeared round the edges of the woman’s lips, a knowing little look in her eye.

Mentally, Dwight kicked himself.

All my gym equipment... why don’t you just ask her to feel your biceps while you’re at it?

Still, he couldn’t get too mad at himself for coming on so eager.

This was a woman worth getting eager for.

She was maybe 5ft9 – tall for a girl – with an oval, pixie-like face and darkish auburn hair that flowed over her shoulders in curls that shone and bounced

and looked like something from a shampoo commercial.

Her lips were naturally pouty, her green eyes filled with a kind of... mischievousness that Dwight suspected most men responded to.

She was wearing a practical pair of jeans and a loose-fitting white top that somehow still conspired to make her look elegant, like one of those women who always seem on the verge of hitting the catwalk, even when they're getting ready for bed.

She looked about Dwight's age, maybe a little younger. 38 or so, with the telltale little lines around her mouth and eyes, the faintest sag in her C-cup breasts.

But while Dwight had dated women around 40 before who tried to stay young looking through makeup and clothing, the girl before him had a different quality. A sort of... *youthful spark* the tall man couldn't put his finger on.

Whatever it was, it certainly worked for her. Combined with her cute-as-hell face, elegant looks and flirtatious smile, it made her look like a supermodel for middle aged farts like him.

Milf... that's what we used to call them in school, ain't it? Only then we were only interested in the looks.

Now it's something else, too.

Dwight casually shifted the box from one arm to the other. Intellectually, he knew it was crazy heavy for a chick to be lugging around. But, for a guy who made his living as a personal trainer at an upmarket gym, hefting it around quite literally required no sweat.

"I guess I should welcome you to the neighborhood," he nodded to the leafy, New England suburb surrounding them. "If you're coming from the city, it's as dull and safe as you were probably hoping."

"The city?" The woman wrinkled her nose in a way Dwight found impossibly cute. "Nu-uh. We're from out of town. This is probably literally my first trip to the state."

She put her hands on her wide, motherly hips, gave a little sigh. For a split-second, Dwight thought she looked genuinely troubled.

The moment passed.

“If you want anyone to show you around, we can always...” Dwight hesitated. “Hey, I didn’t catch your name.”

“Karen.” The woman stuck out her hand. Dwight shook it, amused, as always, by the way women’s dainty little hands simply vanished inside his big, powerful grip. “You?”

“Dwight. I’m the personal trainer round here.”

Karen raised one perfectly manicured eyebrow, that little smile back on her face again. Dwight involuntarily found himself wondering what it’d be like to kiss her.

“No shit, Dwight.” She looked him up and down, taking in his powerful chest, sculpted torso, shaved head, his smooth and hairless cheeks. “Well, maybe you can show me the gym sometime. All this packing, I’m basically eating pizza, and my hips are...”

She gave a theatrical little shudder. Dwight grinned right back at her.

“If you think you can handle it, sure. Maybe next week, we’re kinda busy with stuff tomorrow.”

“You’re pretty cocky, huh?”

“Is that a bad thing?”

“Depends.” Karen folded her slender arms, peered up at Dwight. “Can you deliver on it?”

A pause. Eyes locked on one another’s. Both smiling faint little smiles.

At long last:

“...Dwight?”

“What’s up?”

“You keep saying *we*.”

“Ha. So do you. Husband?”

“Nu-uh. Wife?”

“Not for six years. So...”

“Sooo...”

Dwight laughed, shifted the box again.

“OK, fine, me first.”

His laughter subsided a little. Even beneath the smile Karen could see he was growing slightly more serious.

“One. Tyrone. Turned seven last month. He’s... ha. It’s corny, but I guess he’s-he’s everything to me.”

“Is he all big and strong like daddy?”

Dwight laughed out loud.

“Yeah, *right!* I couldn’t yank his nose outta his books if the damn house was on fire. I swear, he’s gonna grow up to be a brainbox. Not some gym addict like his dad.”

He sighed.

“OK, your turn.”

Karen crossed her arms, looked up at Dwight from beneath her dark bangs.

“She’s a she – well, obviously – eight years old, *seriously* into ponies, like a genuine obsession...”

She took a breath, shaking her head as she tried to think.

“...she’s super pissed at me right now for moving us like this, she loves getting all dolled up and fashionable like mommy, I literally can’t keep her away from my makeup drawer, and her name is Emily, and I think that’s it.”

The woman let out a long exhale, as if saying all that had exhausted her. She smiled up at Dwight again, who decided to throw caution to the wind.

“A seriously hot, single mom moving in next door? Must be my lucky day.”

He vaguely braced himself, ready to backpedal if Karen took any offense, but instead she just laughed – a high-pitched, tinkly laugh that made Dwight involuntarily start grinning again – and gave him a mock-frown.

“Are you *always* this forward, Mr. Personal Trainer?”

“Only when a woman’s worth it.” He shifted the box again in his arms. “So, Emily, is she...?”

“At school, dropped her off for her first day today. Like I said: *super* pissed with me.”

“She make friends easy?”

“No idea. We’re in uncharted territory here.”

Odd thing to say... thought Dwight, but then Karen was blinking at the box in his arms and looking startled.

“Oh God, sorry! I’m rabbiting away here and you’re stood there like some bellhop or, or *something*, I mean...”

“Honestly, don’t sweat it. You don’t get to bench 140 without building some upper body strength.”

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

She’s such a flirt...

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

A smile teased the corners of her lips.

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

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

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

“Easy tiger,” he murmured to himself, “let’s get this stuff in first...”

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

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

And he was right.

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

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

Ten minutes after *that*, Dwight was kneeling on the soft white rug in Karen’s new living room, his hips thrusting violently as he pounded into his new neighbor, who crouched on all fours before him, wailing with female pleasure

as her pert titties dangled and bounced and Dwight's ten inch cock rammed over and over again into her dripping wet pussy.

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

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

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

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

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

AND TO LEARN OUR LESSON.

And beside it, the date. Dwight frowned.

The picture had been added only yesterday.

*

"You let him *fuck* you? What, in here?"

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

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

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

"A whore?"

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

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

Then...

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

At last, Karen opened her eyes, a weary expression on her elegant, 38-year old features.

“Do you have *any* idea...” she said, quietly, “how fucked up it is to hear a little girl say that?”

Before her, Emily sulkily crossed her arms. Scowled up at her mommy. She had dark brown hair like Karen, only hers was straight, and tied back now in a cute little ponytail.

Her skin was darker, more Mediterranean than Karen’s (*from her father*, Karen supposed), her face still childish and adorable, even when it was creased with sulky defiance like it was now.

“I don’t *care*. I’m *not* a little girl, Karl. I’m *Evan*, and you’re *not* my mommy! You’re *Karl*. We’re both-!”

“Shhh... I know, darling, OK? But we’ve got to be careful...”

The little girl who used to be Evan made a face.

“Don’t call me that. You know I hate it when you call me that.”

“Deal with it, it’s the magic, OK? Just like *this* is the magic...”

Suddenly, Karen bent down, scooped her little girl into her arms and picked

her up so her angelic head was resting against one of her shoulders.

At first, Emily struggled, squirming in her mom's grasp, before finally giving up the fight and settling in to being carried in this strange mother-daughter hug.

"I wish you wouldn't pick me up like this," she muttered. "I'm too old to be carried."

"You're only 8," Karen said firmly as she stroked her daughter's hair, "and I love you *way* too much not to cuddle you."

"I meant in real life," Emily grumbled, "I'm twenty one, remember?"

Suddenly, she pulled herself away from Karen's neck, turned and planted a big kiss on her cheek.

"I love you, mommy."

Karen gave a tight smile, squeezed her daughter tight.

"I love you too, angel."

She felt Emily shudder in her arms, disgusted at what the magic was making her do, how it was making them both act. For a second, she was certain her daughter – the daughter the curse had created for her out of thin air – would say something and spoil the moment.

But she was wrong. Instead, Emily allowed her head to droop back onto Karen's shoulder. Allowed herself to be carried into the living room, past the rug where Karen had surrendered her new body to a powerful man for the first time in her life, over to the window that looked out on their little suburban street.

Outside, the light of the streetlamps flickered behind the waving branches of the trees. Pools of light illuminated trimmed grass verges, sidewalks scattered with the first leaves of autumn.

In the middle distance, the lights of nearby houses glowed like faint and dying stars, each one orbited by its own solar system of silent lives, each flickering with the possibilities of all the endless stories they contained.

The thought made Karen smile sadly. She already knew with one hundred percent certainty that no-one else's story could be as weird as hers.

Not three days ago, she'd been a man called Karl. A man with a handsome face, a toned, male body, designer stubble, and a long life of male privilege

ahead of him.

He'd had a best friend, too, a guy called Evan, just as confident and ready for life as he was.

And then... and then...

And then they'd met Her. And It had happened. And now...

Now there was no more Karl left at all.

"You gonna see Dwight again?" Emily murmured into the crook of Karen's neck, her breath faint and warm and ticklish against her skin.

The warmth of it, the faint reminder of her daughter's existence made Karen tremble. She'd never believed it was possible to love someone like this before. Love them with all your heart, and want nothing back in return.

The love only a mother can have for her daughter.

Thinking those words almost made her burst into tears. She didn't *want* to feel this way about Evan. It was sick!

But the magic made her powerless to feel otherwise.

Just like it made her powerless to do anything but act like a beautiful, horny young mommy.

"Probably," she said out loud, her voice hushed. "He offered to show me some workout tips at the gym next week. I guess you could call that a date."

"So, there's Dwight," Emily yawned, "that old dude from the school..."

"Hey!" Karen gave her daughter's backside a smart little slap. "Leo was *not* old. Like fifty tops. And he was handsome as *Hell*."

"Twenty nine years older than you. Real you, I mean..."

Karen gently shook her head.

"Not anymore."

In the darkened window, she could see the look of sadness on her own face. The face she'd barely had time to get used calling her own. The face that she would've wanted to kiss only last week, but now seemed no more gorgeous to her than her male face had seemed attractive.

Seventy two hours ago, I was a straight man called Karl. Fresh out of college, with a sort-of girlfriend, a good job, and a lifetime of sex with hot

chicks ahead of me. And now...?

Now I'm a 38-year old single mom. I've got a daughter. I've got tits. I'm beautiful...

...and I'm desperate to date some men.

She felt like crying.

I'm a milf, all right...

“After Leo, who else?”

“The one I found on Tinder,” Karen whispered back. “The young guy. Alex, I think his name was.”

Well, only young by the standards of this body. Slightly older than me in real life...

“Three dates...” Emily mumbled. She sounded tired. Karen guessed it was really past her bedtime. “Three chances. Are all of them daddies?”

“Sure thing, darling.”

“I told you not to call me that...”

A long silence. Karen thought her daughter might have dropped off, but at last she spoke.

“Are you gonna do it, Karl? Are you gonna find me a new daddy?”

“I hope so...” Karen stroked her daughter’s hair again, trying to ignore the dizzying rush of love the magic sent coursing through her veins. “Or else we’ll be stuck this way forever.”

“I hope that doesn’t... doesn’t...”

Emily’s mumbles gave way to gentle snores. Karen hotched her daughter in her arms, gave her cheek a little kiss.

One week. That’s how long the witch had said they had. One week for Karen to date a potential new daddy for Emily, fall in love with him, and make him fall in love with her. Then they would both get to change back to Karl and Evan again and resume their old, male lives.

But fail to start a healthy relationship with a man who was right for both of them in that time, and...

Well. It was a lifetime as a gorgeous older woman to look forward to.

A lifetime of having breasts, of having a pussy, of wearing dresses and having men drool over you in public. Of raising a daughter on a single parent's wage and watching as she – against her will – grew up and started developing her own feelings for boys.

No. There was no way she could let that happen.

Not if she wanted to hold onto what little remained of her sanity.

“Dwight...” Karen whispered to herself as she looked at her reflection in the dark glass, looked at the gorgeous, unhappy middle aged beauty the spell had forced her to become, “Leo... Alex... I hope one of you is right for me. I really, really do.”

Tears pricked at the corners of the attractive woman's dark eyes. Whatever else happened in the next week, one thing was for sure.

She was going to learn her lesson all right.

Chapter One: Leo

“What do you think? Too slutty, or not slutty enough?”

On the bed, Emily raised her adorable little head from her *My Little Pony* coloring book and frowned at her mommy. Ever since she’d been turned into a little girl she’d been struck with an insatiable – and extremely humiliating – urge for all things pony-related.

“*Mo-om...* I mean, Karl...” She sighed when Karen glared at her in the mirror. “OK, *mom*. Stop worrying, it adds wrinkles to your face.”

“*Wrinkles?*” Karen span around to face her daughter. “Listen, missy, if you keep calling mommy old, you’re gonna get a smacked hiney, you hear?”

“Why do you care? It’s not even your body.”

Karen didn’t have an answer to this. She turned back to face the mirror, started toying with her luscious hair, trying to give it more volume.

“Jesus,” she said out loud, a forced laugh in her voice, “who knew it took so long to get ready as a chick? I mean, look at my hair... this damn dress...”

She glanced down at the elegant little black strapless number she was wearing. Frowned for a long moment, then sighed and turned back to her daughter.

“Really, honey? Please tell me, OK? Does mommy look... nice?”

It was the next evening. Saturday. Karen and Emily had spent most of the day sat at the kitchen table, going over their plans, plotting how best Karen could make Leo fall for her on their date that evening.

Well, that had been the idea. Somehow, in reality mom and daughter had wound up eating ice cream and talking about Emily’s dollies and what a great horse vet she was gonna be when she grew up.

They’d even watched *Frozen* together, Karen smiling indulgently as Emily jumped around, doing all the moves for *Let it Go*.

At times, it had been like they’d completely forgotten they were two trapped boys.

Now, however, their minds were completely back in control as the last few minutes before Karen’s big date ticked away.

More or less.

“Darling?” Emily’s head jerked back up. “Stop looking at Sparkles for three seconds and help mommy, OK? Now...”

Karen stepped back a little, tossed her long hair over one shoulder. Held both hands down behind the hem of her dress, one smooth, slender leg slightly kinked.

“How do I look?”

For a moment Emily said nothing. She just looked her mother up and down, her little mouth dangling open in awe.

“You look amazing.” She finally whispered. “Like a *princess*.”

The little girl kicked herself as soon as she heard the word leave her mouth. She was having a miserable enough time having to play with dollies without the magic making her talk like some dumb 8 year old too.

But it almost didn’t matter. Karen really *did* look like a princess.

She was dressed in a stylish strapless dress that clung to her breasts and curved in elegantly around her waist – still thin even after 8 years of motherhood.

The hem fanned out around her legs, stopping a good four inches above her knees, its edges all crinkled and swishy, just like Emily’s new little girl-brain liked dresses. An extra layer of patterned black lace was woven across the top, giving the entire thing a mysterious, slightly-vintage quality.

Karen’s long, shimmering hair had been determinedly combed, cast over one shoulder so it fell down her bare back like a waterfall of night. She was wearing a faint gloss of lipstick, her eyeliner was dark and made her green eyes look big and seductive.

She looked like the sort of older woman teenage boys dream about. A girl who was in her late thirties, and had matured into a full-blown sexiness younger women couldn’t dream of.

In short, she looked exactly like the woman who’d gotten them both into this mess.

And, hopefully, that meant she looked good enough to get them both out of it too.

“Thanks, sweet pea,” as Emily was thinking these thoughts, Karen was frowning down at her breasts. “You don’t think that’s too much cleavage, do

you? Leo's a... *classic* older gentleman. Maybe I should..."

She fumbled with her tits, trying to pull a little more fabric up over their swell.

"Damn things..." she muttered, "how do girls deal with lugging these things around all day?"

It was now nearly 100 hours since Karen had stopped being Karl, stopped being a buff boy with well-developing muscles and a penis, and been forced to become a middle-aged beauty, and she *still* couldn't really get a handle on her body.

Every time she walked, she was uncomfortably aware of the way her new breasts jiggled slightly with each step. Every time she showered, she still got freaked out by the way her newly-dainty hands were forced to rub soap over unfamiliar curves.

As for peeing... well, the less said about *that*, the better.

At last, Karen managed to reduce her cleavage enough to satisfy herself. She nodded down at her chest.

"There." She glanced back at her daughter, clapped her hands. "OK, let's do this. Rehearsal time. Hit me."

Emily groaned out loud. Deep inside her child's brain, her new body was whispering to her that she'd much rather be watching Stampy on YouTube than deal with all this grown up stuff that *sucked*.

Nonetheless, she pushed herself up into a cross-legged sitting position and fixed her mom with a challenging look.

"What's the scenario?"

"Dinner, I think. Then probably to a bar, or... I dunno, you know what these rich, older men are like," even as she was saying it, Karen knew she was only going by what she'd seen in movies.

Truth be told, before her unexpected fuck with Dwight, she'd never even *thought* about spending time romantically with a man before.

"OK," Emily nodded, "so that means lots of questions... fucking brilliant."

"Hey, language young lady."

"Whatever." Emily took a deep breath. "Name?"

“Karen Emilia Hope. Easy.”

“What do you do for a living?”

Karen smiled. They’d talked about this earlier, about how to cover up the fact the spell had given them new bodies and this new house and enough money in Karen’s new bank account for a week of dating, but no actual grown-up job.

“I resell books on eBay and Amazon, with an eye on the vintage market.” It was the exact sort of bullshit that both sounded plausible enough, and was impossible to prove or disprove.

“Where did we live before moving here.”

“Out of town, someplace in the Midwest,” Karen waved a hand, “no-one’s ever heard of it.”

“What if he keeps asking?”

“I’ll just make up a name. OK, another.”

Emily frowned. Trying to think up adult questions was difficult these days. Her brain kept trying to tell her that stuff like ice cream and whether you believed in Santa were good conversation topics.

“What are your hobbies?” She asked, slowly.

Karen’s eyes lit up.

“That’s *easy*. Meeting strong, fatherly, protective men who can get this spell off me – I won’t *actually* say that – and, two...

Tickling my little girl!”

Emily gave a shriek of laughter, and then Karen was on the bed with her, the two of them rolling around as Karen’s fingertips tickled every single little sensitive bit on Emily’s body until the young girl was fighting for breath and didn’t know if she was laughing or trying to cry.

“Mommy...! Stop... I said *stop*, mommy! I...!” Suddenly, her tone of voice changed. “Stop it Karl, I told you to *fucking stop it!*”

Instantly the spell was broken. Karen let go of her daughter, awkwardly stood up off the bed. Emily lay on the sheets, her face red and her eyes wet, glaring up at her mom.

“Don’t you know how *weird* it is to be tickled like that? Damnit, Karl, I’m

trapped as *little girl*. I'm trying my hardest not to go crazy already and then you... you..."

"I'm sorry." Karen mumbled, not looking Emily in the eye. "I just, you know... the magic..."

"I don't *care* about the magic. You *have* to stop treating me like I really am a kid, OK? I might have to call you mommy, but you don't have to act like my mom."

"I know, I know. I'm sorry. I really am."

Karen sighed, smiled sadly at her daughter. Then she sat gently back down on the bed, touched one of her legs.

"Still friends?"

Emily glowered at her.

"That's *still* how you'd talk to a kid," she snapped, yanking her leg away.

"Yeah, maybe it is..." Karen sat back, stared at the ceiling. "I just... it's getting harder to remember. Who we are. Part of me already feels like I've been a chick forever, and you... you..."

She shook her head.

"I can remember *breastfeeding* you, Evan," she said unhappily. "Shit, if I try, I can remember *giving birth* to you. But if I try and think about what we used to get up to at school together..."

There's nothing there."

Emily pulled herself up into a sitting position. Laid her adorable little head on mommy's shoulder.

"Me too..." she whispered in her syrupy-sweet voice. "I-I'm already starting to think that boys are *yuck* and that all I want to do is play with dollies all day."

She gave a nervous little laugh. It sounded strangely adult.

"Know what I did earlier, mommy? I gave my Barbie a haircut."

Karen gently looped an arm around her daughter's shoulders. She felt so small, so fragile.

"Yeah? Did Barbie like it?"

“Mo-om, that’s not the point!” Emily turned to her mother, her cute little face creased with misery. “I enjoyed it. I... I *loved* playing with Barbie. There’s part of me, mom, I’m scared... if I keep acting like a kid...

I’ll forget I used to be grownup. Like, *forever*.”

“Aww, angel.” Karen pulled her daughter back into a hug, kissed her forehead. “Mommy won’t let that happen. I promise. Either Leo, or Alex, or Dwight will be perfect and we’ll both fall in love with him, and then we’ll go back to being grownups again.”

“You’re *still* talking to me like a kid,” Emily muttered, her voice muffled by Karen’s shoulder. Her mommy sighed.

“Yeah, I am, aren’t I? OK, Emil- *Evan*. No more treating you like an 8-year old girl, OK?”

Emily slowly raised her head.

“You promise?”

Karen looked like she was about to say something, when there was the distant *ding dong* of the doorbell.

“OmiGod, he’s *here!*” Emily squealed, leaping to her feet and standing on the bed. She gave her mother a desperate look. “We’ve gotta get you ready!”

“Ready? What do you- *argh!*”

Suddenly, Emily’s tiny hands *shot* forwards, grabbed the front of Karen’s dress and *yanked* it down again, so nearly her entire cleavage was on display. Karen gaped at her tits, then looked dumbly back up at the little girl who used to be her male best friend. Emily folded her arms, her face determined.

“Mommy? Go down there and don’t come back until he’s fallen in love with you and I can get my damn body back!”

There was a long pause. A nervous little smile appeared on Karen’s lips. She struggled to suppress it. Emily glared at her.

“*What?*”

“Oh dear... there might have been a, um, a mistake, Evan....”

The 8-year old girl regarded her mother with suspicious eyes.

“Err... how to put this...

Karen took a deep breath.

“See, Leo’s kinda not actually picking me up here, I’ve got an Uber booked in five minutes. But, well, I sort of had to book someone else first...”

She coughed, avoiding Emily’s eyes even as her smile tugged helplessly wider.

“And, well, I know I said I wouldn’t treat you like one, but you really *are* a kid these days, and you gotta admit, the magic *does* make you act like one, so I kinda got you a... well, a...”

“*Who*, mommy?” Emily’s eyes were suddenly very wide, very frightened. “*Who is that at the door?!*”

“Well, it’s sort of... hmm. Well, she’s your... Err...”

Downstairs on the porch, 16-year old Trisha was just starting to wonder if anyone was in when she heard a terrific high-pitched scream, followed by a clatter of footsteps. She blinked in confusion as the door swung open and a tall, intimidatingly beautiful middle-aged woman gave her a slightly-wild grin.

“Trisha? Great, I’m Karl... Uh, I’m *Karen*. This is for you,” she smushed a wodge of notes into Trisha’s hand, “and *this* is a little something extra for any trouble you might have.”

Trisha stared dumbly at the crumpled twenty.

“Trouble?”

“Ha, umm, Emily’s not really in a *babysitter* mood today,” the woman explained quickly. “She might be, well... perhaps I’d better let you see for yourself.”

She grabbed a stylish black clutch bag off the hallway table, went to push past Trisha, hesitated, then plucked out another twenty and handed it to her.

“Best be on the safe side...” she gave Trisha another grin, “gotta run, my taxi should be here in, well, now, actually. See you at midnight? Ciao!”

And then she was off, wobbling in high heels Trisha would never have been able to wear in a million years toward the sidewalk where an Uber cab was just pulling up.

Trisha blinked after her in wonder, looked down at the pile of money now clutched in her hands. With a little shrug, she opened the door and went

inside.

The house was big, still filled with unpacked boxes from what looked like a recent move. At the top of the stairs, facing toward the door, stood a cute 8-year old girl clutching a pony coloring book.

Trisha smiled up at her, pocketing her cash as she did so.

“Hey... Karen’s girl, right? I’m Trisha, your babysitter. An who are *you*?”

At the top of the stairs, the girl slowly smiled, a painful, angry smile that didn’t touch her eyes and looked freaky as *hell* on a kid’s face.

“Me?” Emily lilted in her oh-so-sweet voice. “I’m Emily...”

Her brow darkened.

“And I’m your worst *fucking* nightmare.”

*

They’d met, improbably, at the school.

It had been the day before, just a few hours before Karen would lose her female virginity to Dwight, and have the best sex of her life while she was at it (her male side was ashamed to admit it, but what else had even come close?).

She’d been dropping Emily off for her first day, after a long argument that morning that had culminated in Karen threatening to stop looking for dates if her daughter didn’t behave, and trap both of them like this forever.

Emily had just gone inside inside (“*none of the boys better try and fuck with me, that’s all I’m gonna say,*” the little girl had growled as she left), and Karen was about to head back out to her waiting car when she bumped into him.

Leo.

It had been a literal bump, the sort of meeting that should only really happen in the movies.

“Oh *shit*, my bad!”

“It’s nothing, don’t worry. Really. Here...”

As Karen crouched on the floor, frantically trying to pick up the papers she’d just knocked out the older man’s hands, Leo gently took her arm and pulled her to her feet.

“Shit. That was totally my fault. I’m sorry, I’m just busy with this move and my daughter’s starting a new school, and...”

Karen was babbling so much that it was only at this point she’d actually *looked* at the guy...

...and heard the soft, sultry new voice the spell had forced on her go trailing off into oblivion.

Her first immediate thought had been that the guy she’d bumped into was older than her, probably *way* older. Like, maybe fifty.

But that thought had almost instantly been overridden by a much more primitive one.

Older or not, the guy before her was handsome as *Hell*.

He was tall, easily over 6ft, with a stylish, peppery beard that made him look distinguished and tough all at once.

His hair was still thick, dark and flecked with silver. His eyes were an intense, piercing blue that might have almost been frightening if their edges hadn’t been crinkled with warm laughter lines.

His body was powerful – not the raw, animal power of Dwight’s, but a kind of natural strength that was both physical and mental; the body of an alpha male, a natural leader.

(And Karen could feel that power in the hand holding her arm, too. The power to take her and snap her like a twig if he wanted to... Or to hold her down and force her to give her body to him completely, whether she wanted to or not).

An expensive, tailored shirt encased his torso, it’s collar incongruously undone, the sleeves rolled up almost to his elbows, exposing forearms that were strong and dusted with dark hairs.

He looked like the sort of guy who’d been an athlete in his school days, and was now some kind of leader. Tough, protective, and caring all at once.

In short, he was everything Karen’s new mom-brain was hardwired to find attractive.

All these thoughts passed through her head in less than a split second. She realized she was standing in open mouthed silence and forced out a giggle.

“Sorry, you caught me off guard. I’m Karen.” She gestured the floor. “Sorry

again for...”

“Don’t be.” The man gave her a smile so warm, so understanding that Karen practically melted. “There’s nothing here that’s worth getting freaked out over. I’m Leo, by the way.”

“Nice to meet you, Leo. So, what are you in for?” Karen raised her eyebrows. “Are you the teacher all the girls swoon over, or are you just another parent like the rest of us?”

For the Karl part of Karen’s brain, hearing such openly flirty words come out her mouth had been horrifying. Like being possessed.

As a guy, she’d never have *dreamed* of saying something so forward, not without feeling mighty embarrassed. And certainly not to a *dude*.

But now she was a she – and an incredibly hot she at that – it didn’t seem to bother her at all.

More to the point, nor did it seem to bother Leo.

“Hardly.” He replied with a laugh. “I mean, I *am* a father, but I think both my boys would be upset if I dropped them off here one morning...”

“Ahh. Teenagers?”

“One of them. The other’s already at college.” A little sigh. “You always hear they grow up fast, but you don’t really believe it till you’re driving away from Cornell campus wondering where your life just went.”

“I know what you mean,” Karen nodded, “it feels like I was still college age myself, what, three days ago?”

If Leo heard the irony in her voice, he didn’t show it.

“What about your one? Boy or girl, or...?”

“Girl. Well, she isn’t always happy to be a girl, but there isn’t much she can do about it. I’m hoping she grows out of it. So.”

“So...?”

“So. You’re not a teacher. Not a parent...” Karen gave a mocking little smile. “I don’t have to alert the authorities, do I?”

To her surprise, the laughter faded slightly from Leo’s eyes.

“I think there’s a few on the board who might see it that way.” He waved the sheaf of paper still clutched in his hand. “We’re a community outreach

program, trying to find some hope for the poorest kids. Get them out of bad schools, into ones like this.”

A rueful smile.

“Everyone says it sounds like a great idea, but the moment it’s *their* school these kids are coming to...”

He stopped, visibly gave himself a little shake.

“Oops. There I go again. Gotta keep reminding myself that hallways aren’t the best places for lectures.”

“No disagreement on *that* one,” Karen said, lightly. “How about you tell me about it over dinner instead?”

The moment the words left her mouth, she’d desperately wanted to grab them back, to swallow them down and keep them hidden away.

What the hell are you doing?! Her old voice, her Karl voice, raged inside her, you can’t just be so forward, you can’t just-!

“You know, I was about to suggest the same thing,” Leo said, not even missing a beat. “There’s a new place on 7th, our patrons keep raving about it. What do you think, a bit of bourgeois decadence Saturday? Say 7pm.”

“Perfect. But I’m warning you, it better be as decadent as advertised.”

Then they’d both involuntarily smiled at one another, and Karen had realized she’d just arranged her first date as a woman.

How about that? The magic’s actually helping me here...

She didn’t know if it was her suddenly grown up body, or knowing she was now beautiful, or simply the panic of the time limit the curse had placed on her, but she was finding it remarkably easy to flirt with men.

She just hoped her newfound confidence hadn’t totally dissipated by Saturday night.

*

“How’s your soup?”

“Huh? Oh, right. Yeah, it’s, umm... it tastes...”

Expensive, Karen wanted to say, but she held her tongue.

“Nice.”

“I’m glad.” A small smile. “They say the chef has been doing wonderful things with his soups lately.”

It was about 8 o’clock. The two of them, the older man and the young man trapped as woman, were sat opposite each other across a small table, surrounded by other diners, all trying not to overhear one another’s conversations.

A great wall of artfully arranged liquor bottles divided the dining area from the upscale barroom. Waiters in spotless, well-ironed uniforms coasted between groups of patrons. Out the tenth floor windows, the lights of the city twinkled.

It was easily the nicest, most expensive restaurant Karen had ever been too.

It was just a shame she was bored as *Hell*.

“Do you...” she ventured after a polite silence. “I mean, is this where you...?”

“Bring all my dates? Not exactly.” Leo took a bite of his tiny, and probably very overpriced, hors d’oeuvres (*at least I’m not expected to pay half in this body*, Karen thought, with some relief). “It was recommended to me by a friend. As a place to bring an elegant woman like yourself.”

“Oh. That’s, uh, great.”

More polite silence. Somewhere in this big, utilitarian place, a mildly-skilled pianist was playing a soothing tune.

Bzzt. Bzzt.

“Excuse me a moment.”

As Leo frowned down at his phone, Karen looked unhappily at her soup. At the tiny spoon held daintily in one of her small hands.

She sighed. Trying to eat like a *lady* was a pain in the ass.

I’m like Eliza Doolittle. Only Audrey Hepburn never went parading around with her tits hanging out.

She moved her arms, trying to imperceptibly hotch her dress up a little, while also trying to ignore how weird it felt having boobs and needing to cover them.

Ugh. She’d misjudged this night all right.

Leo put the phone back down with an apologetic look.

“One of my sons. The younger. Dean. He’s at one of our drop in centers, part of our ‘connect through sport’ program.”

“Oh, he’s sporty, huh? I sort of imagined...”

“He’d be more like this old fart? I wasn’t always so aged you know.” Leo smiled, the first genuine smile of the evening. “Basketball. I used to be a demon on the court.”

“I can believe that.” Karen let her eyes deliberately trace over the outline of the older man’s body. “You know, for a guy of fifty, you’re not exactly in bad shape.”

There was more silence, a little warmer this time. Karen leaned back, glanced around the restaurant, unaware of how the action was making her bosom stick right out.

“I’ve never been to a place like this before. I mean, now I’ve got Emily it’s places with plastic menus and coloring kits, but even before...”

“No?” A pause. “What do you think?”

“What do I think...?”

Karen’s eyes drifted around the room, passing over aging yuppies, small groups of trendy foody types, handsome waiters, wealthy families quietly celebrating some small victory.

She abruptly leaned over the table toward Leo.

“I think I’d give *anything* to get outta here.”

The older gentleman regarded her for a moment with his ice blue eyes, slowly chewing a bite of food. At last:

“Anything, huh?”

Karen nodded, aware of the way her long hair tickled at her neck as she did so.

“You name it. Get my tits out, jerk you off in the taxi. *Literally* anything.”

Leo picked up his glass of wine, swilled it thoughtfully.

“How about watching me shoot some baskets?” He said at last.

Karen broke into a wide grin of relief. She didn’t realize it but at that moment

she looked almost heart-stoppingly beautiful.

“I thought you’d *never* ask.”

*

The distant *thock* of ball against wood echoed round the vast community hall, mingled with the squeak of sneakers, the odd cry.

As Karen drifted after Leo, she took in the faces around her. The teens sat on the benches, the kids on the court. Faces that were attentive, pinched and eager.

She pulled Leo’s jacket tighter round her shoulders and shivered a little. She’d been glad when the older man had offered it as they stepped out the cab. It really *was* kinda chilly tonight.

As they approached the edge of the court, the oldest boy yelled a name. A kid of about 13 dutifully threw him the ball. The young man jumped, flicked his wrist...

...and let out a laugh as the ball bounced off the metal rim of the hoop.

“Dean.”

“Oh, hey Dad.” The young man trotted over, grabbed his father in a quick hug. “S’up? I thought you were...”

His voice trailed off as he saw Karen.

“Hey.” Karen gave a theatrically awkward wave. “I’m Karen. Nice shooting.”

She could see the boy’s bewildered face as he sized her up. Gussed at the thoughts whizzing through his head.

Who is she...? Christ, she’s like fifteen years younger than dad... Why is she...?

At the same time, Karen felt her own strange little thoughts go pinging through her own brain.

He’s, what, 18? Jesus, in real life he’d be nearly my age, but now he’s looking at me like a woman technically old enough to be his mom...

Leo gave Dean a friendly clap on the shoulder.

“Dean’s been helping out here since he was fifteen. Teaching these kids how to play, ain’t that right?”

Dean nodded, glanced over at Karen, then quickly blushed and looked away again. With a feeling of surprise, Karen realized her date's son had a crush on her.

For the Karl part of her mind, locked away in her transformed head, realizing a teenage boy was attracted to her was strange beyond belief.

Leo, meanwhile, was looking at the group of young teens milling on the court.

"How's he doing? Think his old man needs to show him the ropes?"

"After that basket?" A young voice called. "*Hell yeah!*"

There was laughter. Dean grinned in embarrassment. Leo winked at him.

"Guess the court's mine." He turned to Karen. "Ready to see an old man embarrass himself?"

Karen smartly crossed her arms over breasts.

"Remember what I said about living up to your promises?"

"Didn't lie about the meal, did I?" Leo asked, already rolling up his sleeves, turning away, grinning at the kids around him. "Jacob? Ball me!"

And so started the main part of Karen's first real date as a woman.

At first, she simply stood on the sidelines, watching as Leo moved with amazingly youthful dexterity, sending the ball wherever he wanted it to go, shouting instructions to the playing kids, encouragement, jokes.

As time wore on, she started shouting and cheering each time Leo made a basket, then she impulsively switched sides and started cheering the opposing team, a mischievous grin on her beautiful face as she did so.

Then, finally, it happened.

As the center of the game passed her, Leo impulsively reached out, took her by the wrist, and pulled her onto the court.

"Shaq! Have a rest. Karen's gonna take over for five."

"But I didn't bring any flats!" Karen protested, even as she found herself laughing.

Leo shrugged, gave her a cheeky smile. With his shirt all creased up from play, his forehead slightly damp with sweat and his top button open, he suddenly looked so much more rugged. So much more *real*.

“Not my problem. Jacob! Stick on her, I can already tell she’s a wild one!”

And then Karen was part of the game too, running up and down the court – Leo’s jacket buttoned tightly over her in case her boobs conspired to go bouncing out their bra – shouting, laughing, and totally failing to shake her shadow, the small but incredibly fleetfooted Jacob.

She played *atrociously*, of course. Even as Karl, her interest in sports had been firmly in the direction of hockey and soccer, basketball be damned.

In her new, older mom-body, she was noticeably both weaker and less fit (the result of raising a kid, she supposed). The few times the ball came to her, she managed to fumble it, or else watched in open-mouthed amazement as Jacob effortlessly took it from her.

But even hampered by her weak new female body, even with the distracting pain of her breasts bouncing every time she jumped, Karen still couldn’t stop laughing.

She was just having too much damn fun.

At one point, she found herself sat on one of the benches beside Dean, her artfully combed hair all mussed up and a big grin on her beautiful face.

“Tell me something, Dean,” she panted in her soft, feminine voice, “is your dad always like this?”

Dean grinned bashfully at her, then quickly looked down at his hands. As she played, Karen had noticed a lot of the younger boys here, too, had either stared quite openly at her, or looked urgently away as soon as she caught their gaze.

Oh God, I think I just became a bedroom ceiling fantasy for like ten kids... You don’t usually get that as a guy...

She pulled her arms in, gently squeezing her C-cup breasts together.

To be honest, you don’t usually get sweaty boobs as a guy either...

“At home, not really.” Dean was saying, still avoiding Karen’s gaze. “He’s kinda serious a lot.”

“Oh.” Karen felt a faint pang of disappointment.

“Like, don’t get me wrong, he’s not an *asshole* or anything. It’s just this thing,” Dean quickly glanced at her, then gestured the community center.

“All these places. There’s not much funding and stuff is always going wrong,

so...”

“So what’s different tonight?”

“Tonight? Well, I guess you’re here...”

“Flattered.” Karen impulsively put a hand on his knee, she felt Dean tense at her touch.

(God, was I this... obvious as a guy, too?)

“But I wanna know for real. If I’m gonna be dating your dad... I mean, why the change tonight?”

In response, Dean smiled to himself. Looked up at the distant court.

“See those kids?” He asked. “They look kinda alright, and I guess some of them are.

But some of them? They got dads who like to use their fists. Moms who don’t give a shit if they live or die. They’ve told me stories, not naming anybody, but there’s some dark stuff that happens in this city...

And now look at him. Look at how he’s trying to make them feel important. I guess listened to. Those kids, some of them, they can go the whole day feeling invisible. But then they get here, and my dad’s waiting to see them, and when he does...

He makes them feel real. Like actual normal kids – I mean, not that they’re *not* normal, you know what I mean... I guess even when he doesn’t feel like it. He’s gotta.”

At last Dean looked at her. This time, he held her gaze.

“That a real enough answer for you?”

For a moment, Karen didn’t know what to say.

Then she giggled and pulled Dean into a tight hug.

“Oh my God, Dean, you’re going to get even more girls than your dad when you grow up, you know that, right?”

“Thanks,” Dean mumbled, terrified at the sudden closeness between them.

When she finally let go, Karen was pleased to see he was blushing.

*

“This is me.”

“Already? Couldn’t we do another loop, pretend we missed our turning?”

“We’ve already gone round the block like twice. I’m still new here. They’ll think I’m weird.”

“Are you?”

Karen gave Leo a flirty look.

“Ask me out again and you might find out.”

It was after midnight. The two of them were stood on the sidewalk before Karen’s new house, dithering in a pool of blackness between two street lights. The moon shone faintly in the sky, barely larger than a half moon, like an eye drooping closed with sleep.

Or maybe a mouth parted in a soundless gasp of pleasure.

The half-shadow that was Leo gave an amused snort. It was hard to tell in this light, but Karen thought he was smiling.

“I already did, didn’t I? When you said you wanted to come to that charity event next week... hey. What’s wrong?”

“Nothing. I... nothing. Just, um, couldn’t we maybe meet again a little sooner?”

“Isn’t that a little too fast? I thought the thing today was to take it easy for the first week or so and *then* start the Fifty Shades stuff.”

“The thing today is drunken sex with people you barely know on Tinder. C’mon.” Karen reached out, took one of Leo’s hands. “Just one more date.”

The tall man looked down at her. It was weird, suddenly being so much shorter than most guys. But not bad weird, not at all.

In fact, the Karl part of Karen’s brain was surprised at how much she liked being the small and vulnerable one.

Leo held her hand firmly in his. His grip wasn’t as strong as Dwight’s, but it still felt firm. Masculine.

“Monday, then. Drop by our other center near the old main railway station. Should be on Google. We can go for lunch. Deal?”

“Deal.”

Impulsively, Karen stood on tiptoes, put one dainty hand up to Leo’s cheek and kissed him.

It was a slow kiss. Sensuous. Leo's tongue swirled around the inside of Karen's mouth, making her dizzy. She nibbled gently on it, savoring the taste of him, the feeling of having part of this strong, caring man inside her.

By the time they stopped kissing, Karen's nipples were hard as bullets and her crotch already soaking wet. She stepped back and smiled dazedly at her first date.

"Listen, this might sound crazy, but I've just gotta pay the babysitter, Emily will already be asleep, maybe we could...?"

She trailed off disappointedly as Leo slowly shook his head. Hopes – these strange, warm thoughts of letting this fifty year old guy rip her clothes off and show her what it really meant to be a woman – cracked to pieces then melted away.

"Karen..." Leo gently kissed her again, kept kissing her between words as he talked. "I like you. I really do. But I've been here before. Lots of times.

Let's just take it slow, OK? You've only just moved here. We've got all the time in the world."

I haven't! Karen wanted to scream. *If I can't make you love me by Tuesday night, I'm gonna be utterly fucked!*

But of course she couldn't say that. Couldn't tell this handsome, rugged older man that she, too, was really male. Was really an unhappy twenty one year old boy named Karl who'd been forced to take on the appearance and personality of a flirty, sexy mom.

She couldn't tell him that already the magic was making her forget her old life. Making her feel comfortable in her gorgeous female body, and that she was terrified that meant it was already too late.

So she just kissed him back and pressed her slender, curvy body up against his strong, masculine one, and was secretly pleased to feel the unmistakable shape of an erection pushing back against her.

God I want to fuck him... I want his dick in my mouth, in my pussy... I want him to suck on my tits and spank me and make me wail for daddy like a little girl.

Is this just the magic? Or is some of it what I want, too?

At last, they stopped kissing. One of Leo's hand was in the small of her back,

the other rested against her hip. For one delirious second, Karen thought he would squeeze her ass, and felt like she might wind up just fucking him on the lawn if that happened.

Instead, to her regret, he gently let go of her, looked up at the new home the magic had given her.

“That your daughter’s window?”

“Hmm? Oh. Yeah. That’s Emily.”

“Guess she must be sleeping now. How does she feel about mommy dating someone else’s daddy?”

“She’s fine. More than fine, actually. Probably a little *too* interested, if you know what I mean?”

Leo laughed.

“I probably do.”

He touched Karen’s hip again, sending a little shiver down her spine. They kissed one last time.

“Call me,” she whispered, slipping out of Leo’s jacket and feeling the chill of the night for the first time. “Please. Tonight was... well, it was *great*.”

“Yeah.” Leo nodded, taking the jacket off her. “It was. And I will.”

He gave her one last smile, and then he was gone, drifting back towards the waiting cab, his jacket slung over one shoulder, and a confidence in his gait that was impossible to ignore.

Karen stood there for about fifteen seconds, watching him walk, her lips dry, her breasts warm and her pussy dripping.

She gave herself a little shake and went inside.

Trisha was curled up before the TV, reading an old Anne Rice novel with a sleepy look on her teenage face. She got up as soon as Karen entered and started pulling her light summer coat on.

“Emily wasn’t too much bother, I hope?”

“Emily? Nah, she acts tough, but stick on *Titanic* and she’s just like any little girl. Mooning over Leo, getting all teary-eyed when Rose has to watch him drown.”

Isn’t there nudity in that film? Karen wanted to ask, but it was too damn late,

and she just wanted Trisha out of there as soon as possible.

So she smiled and made small talk and ushered the teen girl out and, when she was sure Trisha had gone, she locked the door, pulled off her dress, lay down on the sofa and masturbated.

It was an instinctive thing, a subconscious response to her body's urgent needs.

Her dress crumpled up beside her, her bra torn off and discarded on the floor, Karen lay on her back, her eyes closed, one hand rubbing furiously away at her clit while the other savagely pinched at her nipples, twisting them, tormenting them.

Images of Leo ran through her head. Images of the two of them, fucking on the cool grass before the house. Images of the older man, throwing her over his knee and spanking her.

Images of Leo's big, alpha male dick driving deep into her pussy while she moaned and wailed and whimpered like a helpless girl.

As she masturbated, Karen began to get an overwhelming urge to fill her hole, to have something inside her. Wishing the magic had also given her a dildo, she curled two fingers and slipped them into her slit, her thumb wildly rubbing at her clit as she did so.

For a woman who'd been a boy just days ago, it should have been a weird feeling. The sensation of pushing two fingers *inside* yourself when you should have been rubbing something long and hard.

But Karen was far too horny to care about that.

Transformed boy or not, she needed this more than she'd ever needed anything.

She came after barely six minutes, biting down hard on her lower lip so her squeaks and moans didn't wake Emily.

Her female orgasm shuddered through her, lasting longer, much longer, than her male orgasms ever had; so strong she briefly thought she might pass out.

At last, it ebbed away. The fire in her clit died down a little, and Karen could move again.

Without bothering to clean up or put any clothes on, she walked upstairs, quietly pleased by the way her tits bounced and wobbled with each step, still

perkier than most 38-year old women's.

She'd meant to go straight to bed (and maybe send herself to sleep masturbating again), but on impulse she decided to stick her head in on Emily and see how she was doing.

To her surprise, her little girl was awake, lying sleepily in a moonbeam, one half-open eye trained on the door.

"I heard you wanking," the child muttered, grumpily. "What's the matter, wasn't he any good?"

"No, he was good," Karen whispered back, "just maybe a little too old fashioned for his own good."

"So have you found me a daddy yet?"

"I don't know, sweetheart," Karen sighed. "I really don't know."

Chapter Two: Alex

The bodies pulsed around them. Slow, animalistic, moving in time to an invisible beat. Faces, their eyes shut in bliss, briefly loomed out the darkness before disappearing into a cloud of fog again.

Bright colors glowed. Glowsticks worn half-ironically. Neon clothing mimicking the most garish side of the 90s (a decade Karen supposed she really should remember in her current body).

It was surreal. The loose flowing limbs. The loved up kids. The vibrations of the dance floor.

But, most of all, the overwhelming silence.

All around her, people were dancing while barely making a sound. Lost in a trance, like puppets under the control of invisible puppeteers.

It was strange. Like a twisted dream you can't quite remember the next day. It was...

“You gotta keep the headphones *on!*”

Karen jerked back to reality, to the slender, dark haired young boy before her with his dreamy smile, mop of black hair and lithe, athletic body, encased in a tight-fitting white vest top that showed off his youthful muscles.

“Don't mansplain, I know how it works. I'm not *sixty.*”

The impossibly cute boy grinned at her, gestured his own ears, where two tiny little white buds nestled. He couldn't hear a word she was saying.

It was Sunday afternoon, barely twelve hours since Leo had dropped her back off at home and left her with a desperate, almost animal desire to masturbate. Outside, it was a bright, breezy day, the winds carrying a bite of cold down from the north.

In here, though, it could have been any time. Or no time at all. The club was dark, windowless, dense with artificial smoke.

Karen guessed it looked just as it did late on a Friday night.

“Hey, wha-?!”

The boy had suddenly danced close, *very* close, his body almost touching Karen's. She blinked up at him, wondering if he was about to kiss her – wondering if she'd mind if he did – and then she heard the music again, felt

her blocky, retro headphones resting on her head, and realized what he'd done.

There. The boy mouthed, an adorable half-smile on his face. *Better?*

In response, Karen comically narrowed her eyes at him, wrinkling her nose so he'd know she was joking. She raised her dainty hands to her headphones, and started dancing again, moving her hips, letting her whole body curve in a carefree, female way.

She'd always liked dancing as Karl. Now she was Karen she'd vaguely worried she might look dumb, pulling the same guy moves, but no.

As soon as she'd first put her headphones on, she'd found herself dancing like a woman, unconsciously adopting the poses of every confident girl she'd ever lusted over at a club.

It had been so *freeing*. As a girl, it was like looking cool was no longer a priority. Looking *sexy* was. Utilizing this curvy new body to create something guys couldn't look away from.

And, to her surprise, Karen was starting to learn that she really *did* like feeling sexy.

The boy was still dancing close, his soulful brown eyes locked on her green ones. Smudges of neon face paint still decorated his naturally olive complexion, making Karen smile.

He looks just like Emily's dad used to. Back when we were still young...

The older woman frowned internally.

Hey, where did that come. Emily doesn't have a dad, remember? That whole backstory was just created by the magic...

She shrugged the thought off. Impulsively let her slender arms drop onto the boy's shoulders, pull him in closer. She felt his hands drop to her shapely hips...

...and then they were dancing as one, their lips barely inches apart, looking deep into one another's eyes as they moved in time to the invisible beat, their hips almost touching.

From the corner of her eye, Karen caught other dancers looking at them. Young faces. Curious. Wide-eyed. Maybe even laughing.

She supposed it couldn't be helped. She'd realized long ago that she was the

oldest person in here by *far*, and the age difference between her and Alex was even greater than it had been between Leo and her.

They must think I'm a cougar, someone's horny aunt, come to get her claws into some fresh meat.

The thought tickled her.

They're not exactly wrong...

As they danced, she felt one of Alex's hands hesitate, then suddenly slip from her hip, down the small of her back, and onto her ass. His fingertips gently squeezed her flesh, sending a little wave of warmth through her body.

Karen closed her eyes, smiling at his touch, a faint little gasp involuntarily escaping her lips. Part of her wanted to smack the boy's hand away and tell him not to be so cheeky.

But it was a *very* tiny part. So instead she opened her eyes, gave him a flirty little look from under her auburn bangs.

Cheeky, she mouthed.

In response, the boy smiled, gave her ass another squeeze. Karen shivered to his touch, grinned, let her whole body be pulled forward until it rested against the boy's, her breasts squashed up against his slender but well-defined chest.

She could feel his warm breath against her cheeks. Smell his sweat, male and arousing to her body in some strange way she couldn't comprehend. In her head, the music throbbed, like the sensuous gentle thrusts when you slowly make love on a lazy Sunday morning.

As they danced, she squeezed herself against this oh-so-young man, already feeling giddy.

For a date she'd thought might be a disaster, this was going better than she could have dreamed.

*

"He's cute."

"He's a *child*."

"He's older than us."

"Older than *you*, honey."

"Mommy, I swear to God..."

“OK, yeah, I remember.” Karen held up her hands. “I’m sorry, I really am. It’s just...”

She let out a long groan, put her face in her hands.

“I feel *exhausted*. God... can’t this body take some wine and half an hour’s basketball?”

It was that morning. After multiple demands from Emily to get her *bitch ass* outta bed, Karen had finally rolled out of bed at 11, feeling like a woman who hasn’t slept for days.

To go from being a twenty one year old with a twenty one year old’s stamina to a woman approaching forty with the stamina of – so it felt – someone nearing the age of a bazillion in the blink of an eye had not been a happy experience.

And so she had found herself sat at the kitchen table, clutching her mug of coffee like a life saver and wondering what had possessed her to arrange a date for Sunday afternoon.

Particularly with some damn kid she’d never met before.

“If people see us out together, they’re gonna think I’m a cradle snatcher. Worse, they might think I’m his *mom*.”

Across the table, Emily peered over the top of Karen’s phone at her mom like she was an idiot.

“You’re thirty eight, he’s twenty three. I *hardly* think you’re likely to be his mommy. Maybe his auntie.”

“Don’t try and talk big, darling, it sounds weird.” Karen yawned, tried to stretch. Her muscles were still hurting from the night before. “Maybe I could ghost him. We could spend today eating ice cream on the sofa and watching... *what?!*”

The glare Emily had trained on her had been like two high powered laser beams.

“You’re *going* on this date, Kar... *Mommy*. Or else I’m calling 9-1-1 right now and telling them you tried to make me join an *ess ee ex cult*.”

“An *ess ee*...? Oh, right. They won’t believe you, darling, we both know that.”

“Fine, then I’ll start wetting the bed every night and *you’ll* have to change it.”

Karen closed her eyes.

“OK, you’ve got me. That’s a workable threat. Gimme that phone.”

Emily sent it sliding over the table. Karen looked at the boy’s Tinder profile again with a sinking feeling.

She’d set up her own profile almost the moment she realized she needed to get dating *fast* if she wanted a chance of getting her body back. Barely had she put the phone back down than someone had swiped right on her (or was it left? The good one, she couldn’t remember).

At first, she’d felt thrilled. A man, already after her! (*Thank God this new body was sexy*) All she had to do was meet up with him, get him to fall for her, and she’d go back to being Karl in no time at...

And then she’d looked at her match and realized, with a feeling like she was submerging under cold water, that it wasn’t going to be that simple.

He was just too young. She needed someone older. Someone who would be good for Emily (the spell specified that, after all).

She’d been about to swipe away and ditch him when she saw it. The last of his five pictures.

The young, cute boy, bending over a baby in hospital, looking at her like she was the only thing that mattered in the world.

This oh-so-young, oh-so-cute boy was – unbelievably – a *daddy*.

So Karen had given him the good swipe, too. And they’d messaged. And arranged to meet Sunday.

But now both Leo and Dwight were in the mix, it felt like a total waste of time.

As Karen looked at the photo of Alex and the baby again, she shook her head.

“Really, we don’t even know if he *is* a daddy. This could be his sister’s kid, or maybe his mom is still young enough to pop another out, or...”

“Or maybe he just stole a baby for that dumb photo. No more excuses, mom.” Emily pulled a face. “You’re going on that date, *and* you’re going to be nice.”

And so Karen had sloped upstairs to get changed, barely even noticing her new body as she showered. Doing her hair on automatic, slipping into her

short loose dress and tight jeans combo without even registering it, or thinking about anything but Leo and the night before.

And now here she was, at a silent warehouse club on the redeveloped side of town, having the time of her life.

*

“This is literally the first time I’ve been in the women’s toilets.”

“Me too.”

“Huh?”

Karen mentally kicked herself.

“Nothing, I’m just being kooky. A manic pixie, that’s me. Here we are...”

Taking Alex’s hand, she pulled the cute young man into one of the cubicles, a mischievous little smile on her face that felt both fully feminine and fully natural at the same time.

The door swung shut. Karen closed the lock with a deft flick of her wrist. Looked up at the boy before her, the tall, slender, polite college boy she thought might be the most beautiful man she’d ever met.

As Karl, she’d been able to tell when a guy was good looking, but it had only been in a *huh, he’s handsome, I guess, kinda way*.

As Karen, she’d discovered what it felt like to be in the thrall of a good looking man, to look at him and think about how rugged he was, and how it might feel to be forcibly fucked by him.

But Alex was the first guy she’d ever thought was honest-to-God beautiful.

“So, uh, what now?” The young guy said, a slight awkwardness in his voice that made him cuter than ever.

“Now?” Karen slowly laced her arms around his neck again. Rested her forehead against his. “Now you kiss me.”

And just like that they were making out, kissing passionately in the graffitied toilet of this club, while outside hundreds of people danced a silent, passionate dance.

They kissed for what seemed like forever, Alex’s tongue hesitantly swirling around the inside of Karen’s mouth, one of his polite, college boy hands stroking the curve of her ass.

I bet he's got a polite, college boy dick, too... all long and thin like he is.

The thought made Karen smile between kisses.

At long last, they disengaged, two young men, gazing dazedly at one another with lust.

“Maybe it’s too early to be saying this,” Karen murmured, “but you’re so *fucking* cute.”

She ran her fingers through his hair, utterly mesmerized by him. Suddenly, she knew what it was like to look at someone in their early twenties and feel that strange desire mixed with longing for one’s own youth.

At that point, she felt like even when she got her Karl body back, she’d never be able to look at a girl with the same sort of desire ever again.

“I still can’t believe you’re a daddy...”

Alex gave a bashful little laugh.

“I can’t believe you’re a *mom*. Like, you’re older than some of the moms at school, but you’re...”

“I’m so glad there was a *but* there, young man. Go on.” Karen stepped back, teasingly put her hands on her hips. “What am I?”

“You’re *hot*.”

Karen couldn’t help it. She giggled, even as she rolled her eyes.

“You have so much to learn about complimenting women. Don’t go too far too early, and don’t use words like ‘hot’, that’s lesson one.” She reached up, stroked one of Alex’s cheeks. “Maybe I can teach you?”

Deep down, Karen knew she was probably no more experienced than this kid. Knew she’d only been female for five days at this point, but by now the magic meant she only knew this intellectually.

On a biological level, she simply *knew* she was a 38-year old, gorgeous woman with a baby and a long line of lovers behind her.

And that meant she had *plenty* of advice to give.

“I don’t think I need lessons,” Alex replied. “I used to have a fiancée, remember?”

“Yeah?”

Karen was barely listening. As they talked, she'd begun slowly unbuckling Alex's belt, playing with the buttons of his fly.

"What happened with that?"

"Can we talk about it some other time? Like, it's not bad or anything, just while you're... you know..."

"Undressing you? Bit distracting?"

Karen suddenly *yanked* down the boy's pants, reached into his underwear, not taking her eyes off his. She felt her elegant fingers close around something hard and thick.

"*God* you're big. Man..." She suddenly sighed, "I wish we had some drugs. Some pot or something, it'd be just like being young again."

To her surprise, Alex gently shook his head.

"No *way*. For real, I gave up doing that shit the moment I had Mia."

His eyes suddenly flickered closed, his face screwing up in pleasure as Karen began moving her wrist.

"Oh *shit*... Wow. Uh, I mean..."

"So you're a responsible daddy, huh?" Karen whispered, stroking the boy's dick, loving the feeling of it in her palm. "Maybe you *can* handle an older woman."

Alex grinned at her through eyes fogged with pleasure.

"Long as they're as hot as you."

Inside her head, a male voice was wailing at Karen, asking her what she was doing. Warning her that the thing she'd just decided to do was taking it too far, that the magic can't have changed them *that* completely.

She ignored it. So long as she was female, she might as well act like it.

Besides, wasn't there something she'd always secretly wanted to try?

She leaned forward, pulled aside the fabric of Alex's vest top with her free hand, started kissing his hairless, slender chest.

"Lesson two," she whispered as her lips brushed his skin, "older women like to be reminded they're still young. They like to do crazy shit once in a while, stuff they were too scared to do when they were your age."

Stuff like *this*.”

Alex gave a gasp. Before him, Karen hand sunk to her knees, pulled down his underpants and started kissing his cock all up and down the shaft, her free hand playing with his balls as she did so.

She licked his prick hungrily, amused to note it was just as long and thin as she'd imagined, running her tongue around the rim of his head, making the boy shiver.

It should have been strange, humiliating. Kneeling down in this restroom, on a floor covered with God knew what, worshipping a boy's cock.

But Karen barely seemed to register this. All she knew was that there was something she'd wanted to do, ever since she first set eyes on this gorgeous man.

She gave the tip of his prick one final kiss. Swept her long hair back out of the way, opened her pouty lips...

And then she was sucking dick. For the first time in her life as either Karen or Karl, she had a prick in her mouth, her beautiful head bobbing up and down as she slobbered over Alex's cock, amazed to discover she found it every bit as beautiful as the rest of him.

Ignoring the sounds of women coming and going outside the cubicle, ignoring the hipster exposed brickwork and graffiti around them, she gave this boy she'd only just met a blowjob, sucking on his cock like her life depended on it.

When Alex finally came – barely two minutes after she'd started – she waited until all his seed was in her mouth, before turning and delicately spitting into the toilet bowl, being careful not to get any in her hair as she did so.

With a pleasant little start, she realized her body was now feeling all hot and aroused, as if they'd been making out instead of doing something the boy part of her brain still insisted had been disgusting.

Oh, well. Let it insist. Whether it was the danger aspect of it, the suddenness, or the just that sucking dick really *was* that wonderful, Karen knew she'd found the whole experience a total turn on.

“You... you alright?”

“Why wouldn't I be? I offered, remember?”

Alex held out a hand, helped her up off her knees.

“I kinda always thought girls didn’t really... y’know...”

Karen raised an eyebrow.

“Lesson three. Don’t assume you know what women want.”

“Is there a lesson four?”

“Yup. Never refuse a post-blowjob kiss.” Karen leaned forward, then stopped and giggled at the look on Alex’s face. “Lol. Joke. Like I said: manic pixie.”

She leaned past Alex, unlocked the door, led the boy back out into the restroom. A couple of girls about 18 years old, stood at the mirrors gave them both a *look* which seemed to say *Urgh, we know what you’ve been doing in there and, like, aren’t you old enough to be his grandma anyway? So gross.*

In return, Karen gave them a pitying look, eyeing their ridiculously short skirts like a supermodel eyeing two children playing dress up.

“C’mon,” she smiled to Alex, “why don’t you show me some more of your moves?”

“I thought I already did,” the beautiful boy muttered as they both left the restroom, headed back for the sensuous silence of the dancefloor.

*

Later.

The sunset seemed to bathe the whole park in an orange, unreal light. The lake glistened like something from a jewelers, the last families picnicking at its edge little more than shadows.

Above the tree line, the few skyscrapers of their smallish city caught the light and threw it back at the sky, making it look like each one was competing to outdo the other in brightness.

Far, far below, on a little English-style garden bridge over a stream, Karen held the boy against her and kissed like she’d never kissed anyone before.

It was a kiss of complete surrender. A kiss designed only to invite a man in and let him know he can treat you like a whore and you won’t complain in the slightest.

It was long, rough, sexual; somehow all the sweeter thanks to Alex’s clear inexperience.

In some dark, wonderful place inside her, Karen felt both like she was corrupting this young boy, and that he was corrupting her. Like they were joining together in sin.

It was something she hadn't felt since she was a teenage girl.

Huh? Hey, wait a minute. I was never a-

The thought vanished. She didn't care.

All she cared about was this feeling of her hands, running through Alex's thick, dark hair. Of her breasts, all swollen with desire, her nipples painfully hard. Of Alex's unmistakable erection, pressing into the soft flesh of her belly.

At last, Alex pulled back. Looked dazedly down at the improbably hot older woman he was making out with.

"This might be an, uh, *odd* question," he murmured, "but, um... what time is it?"

Karen gave a little snort of laughter.

"Who cares? Late." She stood on tiptoes and kissed him again. She could spend all eternity here, she decided, in the arms of this one boy whose inexperience made her feel so alive.

"I care. I gotta... no..."

Alex fell silent again as Karen forced another kiss on him. If the evening was becoming chilly, neither of them noticed it at that point.

"The *real* lesson number four, never promise a woman a night out you can't deliver on."

A smirk.

"I thought I only promised an afternoon."

"Well let's *make* it a night, shall we?" Karen leaned back so he could see her whole face, with its tempting, naughty smile. "Hotel. Somewhere fancy. You choose, I'll pay. Wherever you like. All you have to do..."

She leaned forward again, until her lips were almost brushing his earlobe.

"Is fuck me like a *whore*."

Just whispering the word was enough to make her new body tremble, make her clit tingle with forbidden desire.

It was like magic, like something her female body secretly wanted, but also wanted to kick against, a label her brain consciously loathed and quietly hungered for in a way she could never, ever admit to. The emotions it stirred up were so dark, so confusing.

At that moment, though, in the arms of this angel who corrupted her like a devil, dark and confusing was exactly what Karen's body wanted.

I mean it, she wished she could say out loud. You can come on my tits, fuck my ass, make me eat your sperm and call you master...

Just please stay with me.

If their positions had been reversed, if she'd still been Karl and it was Alex who was trapped as a gorgeous woman, offering himself on a plate to her, she'd have said yes. She knew she would as clear as she knew anything.

What single young man wouldn't?

So it was with a whole lot of surprise that she watched as Alex sadly shook his head. Karen's mouth dropped open.

"For real, you don't wanna-?"

"Of course I wanna," muttered Alex, avoiding her eye. "God, Karen, you're the hottest- sorry, most *on fleek* girl I ever met."

Karen wrinkled her nose.

"OK, now I *know* you're deliberately trying to make me feel old." She let go of his shoulders, touched his arm. "What's up? Tell me."

The boy looked away, the last traces of sunlight playing through his dark hair.

"It sounds silly, it's just, uh, Mia..."

I haven't spent a night away from her yet. She's only three months, I know, but I haven't and I... I guess I don't want to. Sorry, but...

Not even for you."

There was a long silence. Alex's hands slipped off Karen's waist. He stood awkwardly, suddenly looking even less than his twenty three years, more like a kid of eighteen.

For Karen, with the twenty one year old Karl part of her brain still intact, it should have looked dumb. Or comical. Or just plain weird.

But the magic had altered her brain chemistry on a fundamental level. Made her into a middle aged woman in body, mind and soul.

So she simply thought he looked sweeter than ever.

“I’m sorry,” Alex was mumbling, “when you’ve got an 8 year old it probably sounds dumb, but, I mean, when I think about her...”

He trailed off. Karen squeezed his arm, smiled at him.

“Hey. *Hey*. There is *nothing* dumb about caring about your daughter, OK? Lesson whatever we’re on now, a great dad is worth more than a great fuck, a zillion times over.”

Alex grinned bashfully. Gave a little laugh and touched one of her hips.

“You have no idea how much I wanna go with you.”

“Trust me, I think I’ve got a pretty good idea.” She leaned back against the railings of the little ornate bridge and laughed. “*Gawwwwd!* I am so horny right now...”

Alex couldn’t help it. He burst out laughing too, an apologetic look on his youthful face that made Karen want to start kissing him all over again.

So she did. And they kissed for three more minutes, and then Alex said he really, *really* had to go, and this time Karen went with him.

As they walked arm in arm together, he showed her pictures of baby Mia on his phone. Her wide eyes, brown like her dad’s. Her confused little baby expression as she discovered the world around her. Her soft little face as she fell asleep in daddy’s arms.

By the time they went their separate ways at the subway, Karen realized to her despair that she’d fallen in love all over again.

*

“Did you have fun playing with Tyrone?”

“Nu-uh. Umm... kinda. He’s still a *baby*, mommy.”

“He’s only one year younger than you, honey...”

“*Mo-om!* He’s in second grade. All the other kids will make fun of me.”

“Aww, Emmy... they don’t gotta know. ‘Sides. I think he likes you.”

“Ewwwww!”

“Not like *that*. Not like... huh. Well...”

“Not like his daddy likes you. He doesn’t wanna eff you kay kay me.”

“Language, madam. It’s not too late for me to give you a spanking.”

“Mommy...?”

“Yes, sweet pea?”

“We’re doing it again, aren’t we?”

A sigh. “Yes, we are.”

Silence. Eventually:

“Mom?”

“Hmmm?”

“I can’t remember what it’s like to be a boy anymore. I think-I think I’m starting to *like* being a little girl.”

“Aww, baby! Don’t cry! Here, let mommy get you a tissue...”

“It’s not *fair!* Why did *I* have to get turned into a little girl? Why didn’t *you?*”

“Honey, I know you’re mad, but remember. Mommy’s not having much fun either.”

“Yeah, *right.*” Sniffing. “You’re having all that *ess ee eks* and letting men put their winkies in you and-and do a pee!”

“And do a...? Say. You really *can’t* remember what it’s like to be a grown-up, can you?”

“I *hate* this! I HATE it! And if you don’t make me change back I’ll hate you, too!”

“You don’t hate me, honey. Besides, just two more days now.”

More sniffing.

“You mean *if* you can decide on a new daddy for me.”

“That’s right, baby.” A sigh. “If.”

Chapter Three: Dwight

That night she had the dream again.

It was the same one she'd been having, on and off, ever since she'd become Karen.

I'm looking down, looking down at my body and it's male. The body of a man. A young man.

I'm just staring at it when I hear someone shouting. A male voice. I start to panic, want to yell out, tell them no, don't say that!

But it's too late. I can hear the word, echoing, rolling out over eternity.

"Milf! Haha... dude, check out that milf!"

And then comes the part I dread. The part I now know is going to happen, but I couldn't stop, even if I had the strength to move.

That terrible voice, that laughing, female, and very powerful voice speaks, and it says the words that make me want to scream.

"Oh, you rude little boys like milfs, do you...?" A voice that's low, seductive, then suddenly very hard. "Then how about you try being one?!"

Then there's that flash of light, that distant, male pleading – different from the first voice. That whimpering man voice that shoots upwards in pitch, becomes the syrupy scream of an 8-year old girl.

I want to look up and see what's happening. I want to look away from my body... but I'm completely powerless to move. She's taken my independence. Taken control of my willpower.

All I can do is watch as my male body starts to warp and change. As its shoulders start to narrow down. As its hips expand and its waist pulls tight. As its muscular arms become hairless and slender, its wrists weak and dainty, as its pecs expand into beautiful breasts.

The male voice, the one that shouted that dreadful word, is screaming now. Begging for mercy. But it's no good. It's never any good.

"Mercy?" The cruel female voice asks again, "why? I won't show you pigs any mercy until you've learned your lessons."

Then she starts to laugh, a terrifying, dominating sound. My cock coils back into my male body and a vagina appears between my suddenly shaved and

sexy legs.

In a daze, I reach up and cup my new breasts, knowing already what's about to happen, what the witch has already done to me.

But still I need to see.

There's a flash of light, and I'm no longer looking down at my familiar, female body, but at her.

Karen.

In the mirror, Karen's terrified, beautiful face looks back at me, so much older than my male face, so much more attractive. So much more female.

"See that milf's face?" The female voice asks sweetly. "Do what I say or it'll be yours for the rest of your life!"

And then she's laughing again, I'm screaming, Karen's face crumples likewise into a scream of terror...

...and then there's no more. The mirror shatters, I feel myself falling – falling in my female body, my hair billowing around me...

And then I wake up.

Karen sat up in the dark bedroom with a start, her limbs shivering, her body slick with sweat.

As always when she had the dream, she had to frantically turn on the light, to check her body and see if she was Karen or Karl or *what*.

And, like always, her movements faltered as she threw the sheets back and saw the swell of her C-cup breasts under her loose white vest top. Saw the lacy pair of see-thru panties and the gentle curve of her female hips.

For a long time, Karen simply stared down at her new body, her rapid breathing slowing as the nightmare ebbed away.

Usually, anyone watching Karen's face closely after this dream would've seen a sort of sadness, a lost quality it was hard to put your finger on.

But this time was different. If anyone had been watching Karen closely after this dream, they might have sworn they could see just the faintest traces of relief in her eyes.

*

"Ahh... oh God. Oh, *fuck!* No, *ah!* I can't..."

“Don’t move.” Dwight’s voice growled in her ear, so low it seemed to vibrate through her entire body. “I want you to stay like that until I tell you.”

Karen screwed her eyes closed. Her whole body was trembling, her skin tingling. She thought she might go mad.

“It’s too hard. No, Dwight, *please*, I can’t...”

“*Hold* it.” His big hands gripped her hips tighter, so tight it almost hurt.

“Don’t you dare move, Karen, don’t you...”

“Oh God please. Oh, *please!*”

Dwight’s grip suddenly shifted. A gasp escaped Karen’s throat. She gave a loud wail...

...and then she was suddenly falling. Falling through space. Falling like in her dream...

Thwump. Her body hit the blue mat. She lay there, panting, aware she was sweating, aware her face was probably pink by this point, aware also that she could barely move.

A dark shadow appeared over her. Dwight held out his hand.

“Here.”

“Th...thanks...” Karen managed to get out. The tall black man pulled her to her feet. “You know, when you suggested we meet for a workout, I kinda thought you meant...”

“We’d be on that rug of yours again.”

“Exactly.”

It was Monday morning. Bright sunlight filtered through the big picture windows of the downtown gym, like a spotlight highlighting the empty treadmills, the empty bench presses, the abandoned mats.

A row of mirrors ran down one wall. TV screens hovered above them, playing silent clips from a bazillion different channels. As Karen stood up, she caught a glimpse of her and Dwight’s reflections in the glass, the only two figures in the whole gym.

“You should be flattered, most chicks I know would *kill* for a one on one session with me.”

“Yeah, well,” Karen blew a loose strand of hair out of her face. The rest was

tied back in a long ponytail that somehow made her look cuter than ever, “most *chicks* haven’t spent all Sunday partying.”

“You’d be surprised. Plenty of horny housewives round here lookin’ to blow off steam.” Dwight gave her a smirk as started walking across the mats, gestured a space by the window. “Here. Let’s try again.”

Karen sighed, put her hands on her hips.

“You’re a real slave driver, you know that? Whoops. I mean, not that you’re...”

Dwight laughed.

“You’re allowed to say ‘slave’ to a brother. NAACP had this big meeting, we all voted on it, we all decided white chicks get some leeway. Provided they’re hot. C’mon.”

Karen made a sarcastic *ha ha* face. Still, she crossed the mat to where Dwight now stood, trying to ignore the way her poor, abused muscles complained as she did so.

The two of them had met at the school after dropping off Emily and Tyrone (who, to both of their delights, had been obviously excited to see each other), before coming straight to Dwight’s gym. That meant they’d been here, working out together, for nearly an hour.

This is actually gonna kill me. God, when am I gonna learn to slow down...?

She could remember how easy exercise and partying and all that had seemed, back when she was still with Emily’s dad, before she crossed the big three-oh. How quickly she could recover from a whole Sunday of dancing.

Oh well. That’s what growing up is, I guess. Just wish they’d told me way back when.

She stopped before Dwight, raised one eyebrow at him.

“OK, what tortures you got for me now, Mr. Slave driver?”

Dwight gave her a quick grin, nodded at something out the window. Outside, the busiest part of their local suburb sprawled, a leafy intersection of Mom and Pop stores, sidewalk cafes, and some new craft brewery place that had opened that Friday.

“See over there?”

“Yeah. I mean no. Where?”

“The corner. Nah, *that* one. That’s where she used to wait for me, when Tyrone was just some little scream machine that couldn’t even talk.”

“Oh. Your ex?” Karen peered out the window, her arms folded over her breasts. “You never told me what happened.”

“Hold up. Let me set the scene.”

“Storytime, huh? *Anything* to get outta this workout.”

Dwight gave her a little smile. But it was a distracted one, not rising to the bait.

Guess he really wants to tell this story...

“Anyway,” he started. “I’d be up here working out, using the machines, building up a sweat. Maybe you saw when we came in, that’s all one way glass, no-one out there can see shit in here.”

Karen reflexively put her hand on the glass, surprised. She looked down at the people passing below. Not one of them looked in her direction.

“She’d stand there with Tyrone, waiting, and she’d look for me. And I’d just be finishing up, maybe on the weights, maybe on the treadmill.

But every single time, she’d find me. I can’t explain, it’s like... she’d be holding Tyrone, holding my baby, and she’d just *know* where she could find me. And every time she did, our eyes would meet...

...and both of us would just smile.”

Karen gave a wry smile of her own.

“Are you *sure* this glass is one way?”

It faded when she saw Dwight’s solemn expression.

“Oh. Shit. You’re being...” She suddenly stepped back, a confused expression on her face. “Dwight, why are you telling me this?”

In response, Dwight swallowed gently. Blinked. To her amazement, Karen realized his eyes were damp.

“I got no idea what most guys say in this situation. I don’t know what happened to your husband, or your man or whoever he was. But me, Alysha...

She didn't leave me, and I didn't forget her. It's been six years now, but I sometimes still remember how she looked at the end. In the hospital. When she..."

A strange feeling swept over Karen. Realization. She took a step forward. Gently placed one tiny hand on Dwight's thick, powerful arm.

"Oh, Dwight. Jesus. I had no idea..."

The big man forced out a laugh.

"It's not the sorta thing you talk about after a quick screw, right?" He shook his head, gave Karen a sad, sideways smile. "For real, I think about her every day still. Tyrone can't even remember, s' not his fault, he just knows mom is missing.

But me... it's like, I don't want to forget her. Even if I found someone else, I wouldn't want to betray her like that."

He gave a gentle shrug of his broad shoulders, his outsize muscles rippling as they moved.

"I just don't know if any women could live with that. Like, *properly* live with it, for real. Knowing there was always a bit of Alysha left in me."

Karen squeezed his forearm, surprised to find she was blinking back tears too. She didn't know if it was her newly empathetic female mind or *what*, but she was really feeling for this strong, wounded man.

"Why are you telling me all this?"

Dwight glanced away from her, out the window again.

"I want you to know," he said at last, "you're not the first woman I screwed since she died. There's been some moms at school, a few girls here..."

"Oh. Right." It was all Karen could think to say.

"But you're the first I can't stop thinking about." Dwight gave her a quick look, trying to gauge her reaction, looked away again. "I mean it. Ever since I saw you trying to unload those boxes. It's been like, I mean..."

You're always *there*. In here. Tyrone hears me talking about you all the time... thinks his old dad's going mad. And when you dropped Emily round to play yesterday..."

Unbidden, the memory rose to the surface of Karen's mind.

The way Dwight had offered her a chilled bottle from his craft beer collection after letting them in. The way the two of them had sat at the breakfast nook, making relaxed chat, quietly flirting while Emily marched Tyrone off to show her his toys.

The way they'd wound up making out while the kids were upstairs. Emily sat on Dwight's lap, her legs around his hips, kissing this insanely strong man who could break her in two without even thinking about it, letting her hands run over his broad chest, grinding her crotch against his until she was all wet and sappy. Enjoying his bulk, the size of him, his smell, the taste of his tongue. Enjoying the way he kept fondling her breasts, like her tits had somehow hypnotized him.

She'd thought it was just a bit of fun foreplay before she went out – they couldn't fuck with the kids around, after all. A little taster of what Monday's date would bring.

She hadn't realized Dwight had been feeling very differently about it.

"Tyrone loves her, you know," the tall black man was saying. "He'd love a sister, 'specially one who could boss him around like Emily."

He gave a chuckle.

"No offense, but ignore the pony stuff and she's probably the biggest tomboy at school."

"None taken." Karen definitely didn't think this was the best time to fill Dwight in on Emily's history.

Luckily, her neighbor was already talking about something else.

"What I'm trying to say, Karen, is..." He turned to face her. "I think you're the hottest mom in the city. You're honest-to-God so beautiful, you're so much fun, when I'm around you, I..."

I ain't said this to a woman in six years, and it feels so strange to say it now, but I guess I don't just want to be the good-looking gym instructor you screw what, three, four times and forget about.

I wanna be *yours*, Karen. And I want you to be mine. For real."

He gave a self-conscious grin.

"If that's not too weird."

Karen looked into his dark eyes, felt a chill run up her spine. In all her life,

she'd never had another man look at her like that, like he was... like he was...

Like he's in love with me.

The thought was like a blow that threatened to knock her off her feet, sending her reeling. Part of her wanted to scream that this was unfair, that she'd never signed up for this, that she didn't *want* to have a man fall in love with her!

But another part of her was already trying to imagine herself as Dwight's girlfriend. As his lover, his fiancée.

Maybe one day his wife.

Images flickered behind her eyes. Of her and Dwight walking arm in arm down the street together, his reassuring bulk making her forever feel protected and safe.

Of her and Dwight making love in bed on Sunday mornings, the big black man quietly thrusting his huge dick into her, her face all screwed up with unspeakable pleasure and her lips clamped shut as she desperately tried not to wake the kids.

Of Dwight gently stroking her swollen belly, a look of perfect happiness in his eyes as they whispered together about the baby they'd soon be having. The final child that would be theirs together.

Yet behind all that, there was one final part of her trying to be heard. And it was the scariest part of all because it didn't shout or scream, but just quietly spoke in facts, cold and undeniable.

If you say yes, remember that none of it will happen. On Tuesday the spell will break and you'll go back to being Karl again, and Emily will go back to being Evan.

And Dwight? Well. You'll break Dwight's heart.

All these thoughts formed and vanished in a split second. Dwight was still waiting for her answer, to hear what the woman he'd so recently fallen for had to say. Karen took a deep breath.

"Dwight... I mean, I'm flattered I really am..."

She stopped herself.

"No, that didn't sound right. What I meant to say was..."

As she spoke, Karen was dimly aware that people were still passing them in street below, people they could see, but who couldn't see them.

Throughout the next crazy half hour, not a single one of them glanced in their direction, or seemed to have any inkling of what was going on inside the darkened gym.

*

The Uber zipped through the city, the tall buildings in the center unfurling in a single blur outside its windows.

Sat in the backseat, Karen saw precisely none of this.

She was too busy wondering what the *hell* she was gonna do.

Three men... three daddies. One choice tomorrow, and I alter everyone's lives forever.

She sighed, squirmed restlessly in her seat. She'd changed out her gym clothes into a simple jeans and blouse combo that managed to both make her look a little mumsy and somehow accentuate her curvy butt to the point it could probably draw stares.

So. What do we do...

She closed her eyes. Tried to imagine Emily was sat in the back of the cab with her and not at school. That they could talk this problem through together.

"God, mommy", fake-Emily sighed, "you're still thinking about this? Adults are so dumb."

I know, sweetie, but it's complicated.

"What is? Why is it a problem?"

They're just all so... different, is all. Leo's so kind, and so dedicated to his work, and so suave, and he treats me like a lady. Alex is... well, Alex. He's gorgeous, like a Greek god, and he makes me feel, I know it sounds gross, but he makes me feel like a teenage girl again. I do stuff with him I could never do with anyone else, and yet he's still so dedicated to Mia.

And Dwight... I mean, you know Dwight. He's so strong, so cocky, but he's also so vulnerable, and I don't think anyone else really sees that. He needs someone to care for him, but he's also so passionate, and when we're fucking he makes me feel like a real woman.

So... who do I pick?

"You're so silly mommy," fake-Emily rolled her eyes. "You can't decide if you want to be a lady or a woman or a girl, right?"

I... I guess that's true.

"Like, all women have this problem," her imaginary daughter said with a wave of her hand, "stop being a big crybaby and choose."

But what if I choose the wrong one, and we get trapped like this? Or what if I choose the right one, but then we disappear on Tuesday and I break someone's heart?

Oh God. I don't think I can do this...

"Well you better do something mommy. Time's running out. Tick tock, tick tock..."

I know, sweet pea, but it's so difficult...

"Miss? We're here, miss."

Karen blinked, looked out the window. Saw the vast, redbrick community center, the deprived urban streets around. Teenagers milled, a handful gave the Uber a bored glance.

"Huh? Oh, right. Yes. Well... thanks, I guess."

She started to get out the door.

"Hey..."

Karen stopped, gave the young man driving the cab a raised eyebrow.

"Listen..." the guy said with a sleazy grin, "I don't wanna sound unprofessional, but you're probably the hottest damn woman I ever picked up."

His eyes flicked down to Karen's breasts, seemed to drink them in. There was something so nonchalant about the way he did it that made Karen want to scream.

"How about I give you my number? Maybe we can meet up for real, yeah?"

"Thanks," Karen gave him a bright smile, "I'm flattered. But, really, I don't date pathetic men with tiny little dicks."

She got out the car, slammed the door, started quickly walking away even as

she heard the window wind down.

“I saw you, yeah?! On Sunday, throwing yourself at that kid, young enough to be your son. You’re a fucking *slut*, bitch! A total fucking *slut!*”

Some of the kids loitering outside the community center started yelling back at the guy, shouting at him to get out the car. Karen shot the driver a pitying glance, forced herself to laugh at him.

But, deep down, she felt like she was going to be sick. Felt like this random driver had seen something inside her soul, whether it was really there or not. Something all women who refused to choose were haunted by, that feeling like maybe she really was no better than a whore.

That fucking magic! Guys never have to go through this, they never get called that... It isn't fair! Just because I'm female now...

For the first time in her whole week as Karen, she was starting to see what it really meant to be female. The endless judgements people passed on you. The abuse you opened yourself up to.

The danger you put yourself in every time you left the house or got in a random cab.

She was still fuming when she stalked into the community center’s reception and walked right up to Leo. The older man frowned as she approached.

“Karen? Are you...?”

“I’m fine,” she snapped, before taking a deep breath and making herself go calm. “Really, I’m-I’m OK. I just need...”

She shook her head, her ponytail bobbing behind her. Gave the older man a pleading smile.

“Why don’t you take me out for a drink, huh?”

Leo raised his eyebrows.

“I thought you’d never ask.”

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“I’m so fed up with this shit.”

Leo watched wordlessly as Karen threw back her second martini, raised the glance and impatiently gestured the barman.

“I didn’t ask to be a woman. I never *said* I wanted to be a mommy. But here I

am. And it fucking *sucks*.”

“Isn’t that life?” The older man said carefully. “We get played a crap hand and we deal with it. Some of the kids I talk to-”

“I literally could not give less of a shit about what those kids of yours say.”

Karen gave Leo a defiant, watery gaze for approximately half a second, before her resolve crumpled and she lowered her head into her hands.

“Jesus. I don’t mean that, Leo, you know I don’t. It’s just today... choices, all of it.”

“Don’t sweat it. I always say a drunken bust up makes the perfect second date.”

Karen gave him a wan smile. Leo gently extracted the near-empty cocktail glass from her hands.

“Still, maybe I’d better...”

He waved the barman, signaled Karen no longer needed her refill. Karen sat back and regarded him.

“I’m not a kid, Leo. I’m capable of knowing when to stop.”

“But you do have a kid,” Leo said, his voice entirely conversational as he handed the finished glass to the barman, “and Emily deserves more than a mom who gets soused at lunchtime.”

He gave a long sigh.

“What’s gotten into you, Karen? On Saturday you were so... and now you’re like...”

“A stupid little girl, right? You bet I am. A stupid, *stupid* little girl.”

She put her elegant fingers to her temples. Closed her eyes. Breathed in deeply.

“Maybe I should call you a cab.”

“No. I mean, I’m fine. Just leave it.”

Karen’s eyes slowly opened. She gave Leo a helpless smile that the silver haired man managed to find both cute and strangely eerie all at once.

“You have no idea how much my life has changed this last week, Leo. Every minute, I’m discovering new and dark and *horrible* shit about being Karen.”

A hollow laugh.

“Know what I *just* realized? I have major daddy issues. Like, major. When you were treating me like a kid just now...”

“I wasn’t-”

“You didn’t mean it, I know. You’d rather treat me like a princess or something, like on Saturday.

But that’s just not me. *None* of this is. These clothes, this voice, this hair... *these.*”

Leo’s eyebrows raised even further as Karen grabbed hold of her breasts, bounced them in her hands. She waited to see if he would say anything, then laughed when he didn’t.

“Christ, how can you stay so cool?”

“I work with teenagers, remember. Disadvantaged ones. Good kids, but you get used to seeing some maybe not so normal stuff. Compared to the center on a Friday...”

“One drunk mommy ain’t so shocking?”

For a moment, there was silence, then Karen’s mood seemed to dip. She lay back in her seat, seemed to shrink down until she was almost as small and as helpless as a kid herself.

“You wanna know the worst part? It’s fake, it’s all fake... but I still prefer it. I prefer it to everything I had before.

Being a mommy. Having Emily. Being Karen. Even having these things...”

She gave her tits another desultory bounce.

“All of it. Even when that guy called me a slut, I could take it because-”

“Jesus, Karen! Why didn’t you say? What *scumbag* called you a-?!”

“*Because* I know it’s worth it. I know I’m happier now. Happier than I’ve ever been before in my whole fucking life”

Her face crumpled.

“And I shouldn’t be! I’m meant to be miserable right now, humiliated. I’m meant to feel like... but instead I...”

She waved a hand angrily.

“FUCK!”

Leo gestured the barman again, hoping the young man wouldn't call the police, wouldn't try to kick them out.

Pleadingly, he reached across the table, took Karen's hands in his. Looked into the eyes of this beautiful, crazy, broken woman he couldn't stop thinking about.

“Karen... please. Just try to tell me. What's wrong? What happened?”

“I'm dying, Leo,” she said in a small voice. “No, not like that. A part of me. Some bit of my past. I want it to go, I really do, but if it does...

If it does, there's a chance I'll hurt someone. Someone so important. The only person I've ever told the truth.”

She smiled again at Leo, blinked back tears.

“I don't know why I'm here, really I don't. I mean, I guess I thought I could come here and we could talk and it'd be just like Saturday, and I'd let you screw me, and maybe I'd fall in love with you instead, and...

God, Leo. I don't know what to do anymore. Please. Please, just tell me.”

There was a silence that seemed to go on for eons. Leo was all too aware that the barman in this empty, upmarket lounge was trying not to listen to this old man and the hysterical younger woman he was probably banging.

He held up a hand.

“Barman? Coffee. Not filter, from the machine. Cappuccino, steamed milk.”

The barman nodded, turned to the machine. Seconds later, the roar of grinding beans, boiling water, and the scalding spray of steam filled the room.

Leo turned back to Karen, still waiting for his answer.

“That's better, don't you think?”

The woman before him nodded. Even now, with her face drawn and a look of misery in her eyes, Leo thought she was the most goddamn stunning woman he'd ever met.

She was everything he wanted, everything he'd dreamed of ever since he came home that dull, gray day and first saw Katerina's note.

He also knew that there was no way she would ever be his.

“So?” Karen whispered. “What do you say?”

Leo gave her hand a gentle squeeze. Looked deep into her eyes, eyes a man could lose himself forever in.

“I think you already know the answer to that.”

Karen nodded, bit her lower lip.

“Leo...?”

“Yeah?”

“I just want you to know I have one regret.” When he didn’t answer, she carried on. “That we never got to *fuck*.”

At her words, Leo gave a great, loud laugh, leaned back across the table, a wry smile on his handsome, lined face.

“Me too, Karen. Me too.”

Epilogue: Decision

It was early Wednesday morning when she knocked on the door. Dwight was just hurrying to get Tyrone's lunchbox packed while his son nattered on about some new book he was reading when he heard it.

"Justa sec!" He yelled.

He dropped down onto one knee before his boy, feeling like a giant descending from some distant mountain to meet the little bookworm looking up at him with big, brown eyes.

Look at him... he thought with a strange warm feeling in his chest, *this kid's gonna be a goddamn poet or genius or something.*

"Done your teeth, little big-man?"

Tyrone bared his teeth for daddy. Dwight frowned at them.

"That is a big, fat *no*." He wrapped one enormous hand around the kid's shoulder, gently propelled him toward the door. "Now do 'em for real this time."

"Is it Emily?" His son shyly asked, looking towards the distant front door.

After what Karen told me? I doubt it very much...

"Just the mailman," he said out loud. "Now go do those teeth, or else I'ma stuff this lunchbox with carrots and broccoli!"

Tyrone made a retching sound, but he obediently climbed the stairs, off to probably just splash some water around the sink again.

Kids...

Dwight's smile faded as his son went. He sighed, steeled himself, then headed towards whoever was pounding on the door.

"OK, OK, I'm coming. Just be glad I wasn't sleeping or noth-"

"Hey." Karen smiled sheepishly up at him from the front porch. "Mind if we-?"

Before she could finish, little Emily had already barged past her mom to stare hopefully up at Dwight.

"Is Tyrone upstairs?"

"He sure is, little lady." Dwight stood to one side, gestured indoors with one

tree trunk like arm. “Make yourself at home.”

Emily literally jumped for joy on the front step.

“I gotta tell him something! Something *total* magic, I won’t be going away...!”

And she was off, running into the depths of the house with all the unselfconscious energy only those who are under ten can ever truly muster.

As her footsteps clattered away up the stairs, Dwight slowly turned back to her mom. Carefully folded his arms and leaned against the doorway.

“So...”

Karen gave an embarrassed cough. She was wearing her simple jeans and tee combo again, just like when Dwight had first seen her.

“Um, so. I guess this is...”

“Unexpected.”

“I was gonna go for *weird*, but unexpected. Yeah,” she slipped her hands into her pockets, “unexpected will do.”

Upstairs, in the distance, they heard the sound of two children shrieking for joy. Karen involuntarily grinned.

“Look, Dwight, I know I said...”

“You said some serious stuff.” The big man nodded. “Some *crazy* stuff, too.”

He nodded at her, stood on his porch.

“Does this mean...?”

“Nope.” Karen laughed nervously. “No, it’s all still true. Everything I told you.”

“Even about you being a-?”

“A man?” Karen held his gaze. “Yeah. I really am. At least, I really was. Now though...”

She spread her arms.

“I guess this is me. For the rest of my life.”

There were more shrieks from upstairs. Laughter. Dwight turned in their direction.

“And Emily?”

“Trust me, she’s happier this way. No responsibilities, no work, no worries about sex... well, not for four or five years...”

She was miserable before, you know? Always stressed. I was pretty miserable, too.”

“And now?”

A shrug. A coy little look.

“That depends.”

“Uh hu?”

“On whether I really chose the right man or not.”

In the silence that followed, a faint gust of wind blew across the porch. Chilly, a sign of the coming winter.

Winter doesn’t mean bad, though, Dwight vaguely thought to himself. There’s always saying stuff on TV like ‘winter is coming’, like it’s so damn terrible.

But if you’ve got a nice warm house, and a kid all excited about Santa, and a woman who loves having you to curl up with... maybe it ain’t so bad.

Outwardly, he crossed his powerful arms again.

“Yeah? And which man was that?”

Karen rolled her eyes.

“Do I haveta spell it out for you? OK, maybe I do.”

She fixed him with a frank look.

“Last night, know what I did? I stayed at home and ate pizza and played with Emily. When midnight came, the witch appeared and you know what I told her?”

I told her I hadn’t found a man, so she’d have to leave me this way. And she laughed and said...” Karen put on a seductive, powerful voice, “*my dear, you didn’t really think I’d leave you like this, did you? I just wanted to teach you a lesson, and now you know how it feels to be a woman, I’m ready to turn you back.*”

Karen raised her eyebrows, inviting the obvious question. But Dwight merely

fixed her with a cocky little smile.

“Go on.”

“Well, you can imagine how *that* made me feel. So I begged her. Literally begged her, like on my knees, not to turn me back. I told her I’d lied, and that I’d found a man, and I couldn’t bear the thought of ever being apart from him again. Emily was begging too, saying she didn’t *want* to go back to being a smelly man again and all that...

Anyway, Miss Witch let me embarrass myself. And *then* she finally said...

I’m glad to hear it, Missy. Part of me hoped you might feel that way.

Apparently, it uses up a lot of magic changing people back or something, I didn’t really understand. But the *important* part is...”

Karen took a deep breath.

“She said, *very well. You can have your man, and you can keep your body. On one condition.*

You marry him. And let him get you pregnant within two years. Because if you don’t...

I’ll turn you both into donkeys, and that’ll be that.”

Dwight snorted. Raised his eyebrows.

“Donkeys, huh? Wow, that’s heavy.”

“That’s what I said. I said, it’s not really fair to threaten Dwight with donkeydom, but she just gave me this weird smile and went all twinkly and that was that.”

“And that was that.” Dwight sighed, shook his head, smiled down at the beautiful, perplexing woman before him. “So now I have no choice but to marry you, right? And give you a new baby.”

Karen took a step towards him, the coy look never leaving her face.

“That’s what the magic says.”

Another step.

“And say I refuse?”

Another step.

“Then I guess it’s donkey time.”

A last, final step. Karen's feet came to a stop. She stood directly before Dwight, her neck craned back to look up into the eyes of this impossibly tall man.

“*Capisce?*”

“You know...” said Dwight, slowly, “I’m having a hard time believing, like, any of this.”

Karen pouted theatrically.

“*Heyyy*, gimme points, at least. Some of it is true.”

“Is it?”

“Well, I really *did* used to be a man. And there really *was* magic...”

She looked Dwight right in the eye.

“And I really *did* find the man I loved.”

For a moment, the man and woman just stood there, smiling at once another. Then Dwight unfolded his arms, stood up straight, looked down at Karen.

“You really wanna try it? Getting married, babies?”

“*Duh.*” Karen giggled, playfully hit his strong chest with the back of her hand. “Why’d you think I laid on all that donkey stuff?”

“And you’re OK with... you know, with Alysha?”

Karen nodded.

“Yeah. Yeah, I can be OK with that.”

She leaned forward, put her arms up around Dwight’s neck. She had to stand on tiptoes to do so. Dwight could feel the warmth of her lithe, sexy body, pressed against his. Feel her breasts, squashed up against his powerful, manly chest.

“So long as *you* can be OK with a wife who used to be a man.”

Dwight shrugged his massive shoulders. From her position, Karen felt like the entire Earth was moving with them.

“I guess that’s not so bad. We can watch football, I don’t have to explain the rules of hockey to you...”

“Maybe not, but I bet you’re *cute* when you’re mansplaining.” Karen giggled, kissed the tip of his nose. “Seriously, though, you wanna do this?”

Dwight gently put his large hands onto her hips. Felt how vulnerable she was, how much smaller and weaker than him. Felt a strong need rushing through him to both protect her and open himself up to her, just like he had back at the gym.

“Yeah.” He murmured, “yeah, I really do.”

Karen smiled again, serious this time. Kissed him on the lips.

“I always knew you were the daddy for me. Deep down, even before Tyrone and Emily became friends.”

“You mean I had competition?”

“Not really. Well, one was cute, and one was so kind, but you...”

“I was perfect?”

“You really were.”

And then they were kissing again, kissing like they’d kissed the first time they met, five short days ago, when Karen had first fallen for the man of her dreams.

As they kissed, Karen squeezed herself tight against Dwight’s enormous, powerful frame, and realized that she would always be the small one, now. Until the day she died, she would be the one who was held instead of holding, the one who curled up in her lover’s arms, all soft and safe and protected.

The thought nearly made her sigh with happiness. It was everything she’d ever wanted.

At last, they broke apart. Stood there, their bodies still locked together, grinning like happy idiots.

“What say...” Karen murmured, “I drop the kids off at school, and you call the gym and tell them you’re ill. Then I come back here...”

“And we have another workout on the rug?”

“Exactly. Only *this* time, let’s make it yours.”

And then they were kissing again, kissing like their lives, their futures depended on it, kissing with the passion of two people completely in love, who will never be apart.

When Karen finally opened her eyes again, it was two years later, she was standing in a church in her wedding dress, her big pregnant belly barely

concealed by the flowing white fabric, just pulling back from her first official kiss with the man who would now be her husband until the day she died.

The End

Like your TG tales with a dash of romance? Try reading [Turned into His Best Friend's Bride](#).

The Teenage Boy Who Woke Up as a Girl

I

“Six foot three. A thing down to *here*. And you know what color I’m gonna be?”

Oliver shrugged his slender shoulders, tried to feign an interest.

“Black.” Liam grinned, his handsome, pale face alive with mischief. “The darkest shade they can give me. Darker the better.”

Overhead, a drone whined across the cloudless sky, its rudimentary artificial intelligence scanning the crowd in the courtyard, matching bio-signs against its database for the school. Oliver waited until the sound had faded before opening his mouth.

“Why?”

Liam laughed nervously.

“Have you *seen* the way Keely looks at guys like Jonah?” Keely was one of the school’s top cheerleaders, a petit blonde with a dazzling smile who half the guys lusted after. “I wanna get me some of *that!*”

“You really think that’s a good way to choose?” Oliver gave his friend a skeptical look from beneath his dark, floppy fringe. “Coz the girl you like has a not-so-secret fetish?”

“It’s not the *worst* way,” Liam replied defensively. “Know how Sharon chooses? She asks guys online. *Online*, dude. You never wondered why she’s always got such a big rack?”

He scuffed the tip of his shoe against the dusty floor. It was a hot, still day, and the dust kicked up in a resentful cloud.

“What about you, then? What’s your method?”

“I don’t *have* a method.” Oliver paused. “I just...”

“What?”

“Y’know. Set it to random.”

Now it was Liam’s turn to look at his friend like he was an idiot.

“*Random?* Who sets it to *random?* Jesus, Oli, no wonder you look like shit.”

“Ha ha ha.”

“Random...” Liam repeated the word, like it was a foreign saying he was trying to imprint in his mind. “Who ever heard of setting it to *random*? You could wind up looking like, well...”

“Like what?”

“Like *Before*.”

Although it was a cloudless sky, the sun seemed to dim slightly at his words. Despite himself, Oliver gave the tiniest shudder.

They’d all seen the pictures. Seen those faces, all wonky and misshapen and *wrong*. Seen the hideous bodies the Before People had had to put up with.

No, he wasn’t interested in looking like that at *all*.

“Not gonna happen,” he heard himself say out loud, trying to drive the thoughts away. “They’ve got failsafes. It’s just a bullshit story...”

Liam was shaking his head.

“Nu-uh. My uncle Joe? His cousin’s friend had a kid, a lot younger than us, who didn’t bother to set it properly. Know what happened to him? *Boom*. Came out, like...”

Liam used his hands to indicate a face that was all wrong.

“He looked like something from Then. *Before*. They tried to turn him back, begged the machine to let him back in, but it just said *Sorry, the citizen must wait another 365 days before re-transformation*.”

A faint chill was rising up Oliver’s spine. He shook himself.

“You’re talking crap. It’s an urban legend, there’s no way they’d let someone get stuck like that.”

Liam spread his arms.

“I’m just telling you what I heard. You wanna star in the elephant man sequel, go ahead. Me? I’m programing it for tall and *black*...”

The line shifted forwards. The two boys moved their feet. Ahead, someone stepped out the chamber, had their name announced. Polite applause.

Oliver ignored it. He could find out who was in what body later.

“Sharon was saying Keely doesn’t wanna be a cheerleader anymore,” he murmured, looking around at the sea of teenage faces surrounding them, faces that were about to change forever. “Said something about maybe being

a cute, chubby goth.”

Liam’s mouth fell open.

“For real? Like, *why?* I mean, I get the extra fat, but the whole goth thing? It’s just *too* retro...”

But Oliver was no longer listening. He’d caught sight of himself in one of the glass walls that made up their school. Seen his reflection, staring back out. The slender, handsome boy with floppy dark hair, pale skin, and soulful brown eyes. The boy he’d spent the last 365 days living as.

The boy who was about to vanish forever.

The thought was enough to make him tremble. In a handful of minutes, he would climb the steps at the head of the line. Step inside the machine. And then, and then...

And then there would be no more Oliver.

Liam was still talking beside him, his voice fading into a distant whine that seemed unconnected to anything in the real world, like the buzzing of the drone high, high above.

No more Oliver, the boy thought to himself. *That’s gonna be even truer than they think.*

He swallowed, gently.

He’d been planning this for most of the year. Ever since his last visit to the machine had turned him into the boy he saw before him.

Ever since he’d figured out what he needed to do...

He glanced down at his hands, with their slender, pianist’s fingers. He could still remember how it felt, stepping out the machine and looking down. Hoping against hope that there might have been a malfunction, and he’d see two dainty, hairless hands, with long, painted nails and limp wrists...

But, no. The change had worked, just like it always did, every September 1. Just like it did for hundreds of thousands of kids across the country. Just like it had for decades now.

What was it Mr. CHiPs used to say again...?

Oliver frowned slightly, his dreamy face creasing in his dusty reflection. Tried to remember what the history department’s avuncular AI had taught

them about the change.

In the Before – the litany came flowing back to him, mimicking the AI’s singsong voice – *people used to be born with a face. And they were stuck with that face. And even when they dreamed of changing their personalities, their face seemed to stop them, like their face was a nightmare they couldn’t escape...*

So the Fathers of After wrote the rule, and the rule said no man or woman would be trapped again. And they gave us the Change, and gave us its rule: one change a year for those under 20, one change in five for those who were adults.

And their rule made us free. Let us escape. And now we can choose who we want to be. And there is no face to hold us back, and nothing to keep us trapped.

Nothing at all...

“Nothing at all,” muttered Oliver, a faint, rueful smile on his handsome features.

“What?”

“Oh. Nothing.” He turned away from his reflection, back to Liam. He hadn’t realized he was talking out loud.

“I was just thinking about the last time we were here. And the time before that. And all those other times.”

Liam rolled his eyes.

“Yeah, God, were we ever losers. *Let’s look like we’re in a band from the 2010s...*” he snorted, looking down at his own skinny frame, the tight-fitting clothes he’d been forced to wear all year. “Shit, that got old quick, huh?”

“Right. Hey.” Oliver hesitated. “Do you ever sort of wonder how it’d feel to... y’know...”

“No, I don’t know. Tell me.”

Oliver shrugged, his face suddenly feeling hot.

“I mean, we’ve always wound up changing into similar... I mean, haven’t you ever wanted to...?”

At the sight of Liam’s face, he trailed off. Stopped himself.

“It doesn’t matter.”

His best friend frowned at him.

“Wait, do you mean...?”

“*Oliver!*”

The voice cut across the courtyard, just in time to save Oliver from a conversation he was sure was gonna be *excruciating*. The two boys looked up. At the front, the man in the uniform waved irritably at them.

“Come on, lad. Haven’t got all day!”

“Guess I’m up,” Oliver muttered. He didn’t even glance back at his friend.

“Hey, Oli. Listen to me! You’re not thinking of turning into a-!”

But it was too late. Oliver was bounding up on the platform, onto the stage where their names were announced before and after transformation, and Liam’s voice was lost in the crowd.

Only Oliver didn’t need to hear him say it to know what his friend was asking.

Ever since he’d casually mentioned it, on the day of their first transformation. Ever since he’d prepared to set the machine, then chickened out at the last minute, both he and Liam had always known who he *really* wanted to turn into. Who he really wanted to be.

And now, he was finally going to do it. Finally press that switch and assume the form he’d always wanted to assume.

This was the year Oliver was gonna *turn himself into a girl*.

And not just any girl... he thought as he stepped up beside the man in uniform, heard his name read out, *I’m gonna be the girl I always dreamed of...*

He could see her now. Picture her in his mind’s eye. The long, blonde hair that flowed over her shoulders, trailing down to her *petit* little breasts.

The tight little waist that kinked in, its midriff always bare. The girly ass that stuck out behind her, round like boy's butts never were.

The slender legs and supermodel face she had. The tiny, button nose. The retro denim cutoffs she always wore that made her curves more noticeable and her legs look longer.

The girl from heaven. The bright, beautiful, *gorgeous* girl Oliver had always wished every year he had the sack to turn himself into.

Well, now he was finally gonna do it.

He was gonna ditch Oliver...

...and turn himself into *Olivia*.

There were noises from the crowd. Cheers. Oliver turned, grinned at them. He could still see Liam, a warning look etched on his handsome face. Oliver ignored it, turned back to face the booth.

“Ready, lad?” Whispered the announcer.

On the other stage, one of the girls – Colette, Oliver thought it might be – was *just* stepping back out the booth, showing off her new, Asian body, with its short black hair, tiny breasts and pinched face lined with laughter. As the crowd cheered her, Oliver took a deep breath.

It’s now or never...

For a second he thought he was dreaming, thought he wasn’t really gonna do it. Then his feet started moving – one step, two step – and suddenly he was in the machine, listening as the door closed and the cheers faded and he was left alone in the faint blue glow of the screen.

“Good afternoon, Mr. Oliver,” the machine purred in its upper crust British accent. It was one of those quirks of the whole process that the AIs responsible for changing you also changed their own voices each year.

“Hey,” Oliver mumbled. “So...”

“It’s been a fair few months since you last were here, hasn’t it, boy?” The voice sounded like a patrician old butler, peering down at one of his young charges. “How has that body been working out for you?”

“Can we skip the small talk this year. I’m sorry. Please, it’s just that...”

Oliver took a deep breath.

“I had a *big* change in mind today.”

“Always nice to hear,” the machine trilled, its holographic keypad twinkling into existence just where it’d be easiest for Oliver to reach. “What did we have in mind? You’ve never been ginger before. Or taller than 6ft3. Why don’t we...?”

As the AI droned on, Oliver looked down at the keypad. At the buttons and dials that allowed you to increase your height, slim down your stomach, inflate your biceps at will.

The keypad already keyed in and set to MALE.

The machine was still talking. Oliver licked his dry lips. He wished he didn't feel so nervous.

"This is wrong."

"I must respectfully disagree, my lad, if you look closely you'll see—"

"I need the female keypad."

There was a long pause, far too long to be natural coming from an AI. Oliver kept his head bowed, his eyes hidden behind his dark fringe.

"Maybe I misunderstand," the machine said at last. "You cannot possibly need the female keypad when you are a..."

"I'm not."

"Not what."

"Male."

The moment it was out, Oliver felt a strange feeling of release. Of panic. Of sheer terror that those outside could somehow hear him. That right now, he was becoming the laughing stock of the entire school.

He clenched his fists, his nails digging painfully into his palms.

Oh God, what have I done...?

But he was aware of something else, too. Something that made him giddy just thinking about it.

He was telling the truth.

"Correct me if I am wrong," the machine said, "but all scans indicate you are in possession of a Y chromosome makeup, a surfeit of testosterone, not to mention an above-average length—"

It stopped when Oliver let out a laugh.

It hadn't been a happy laugh, or anything you could even really call a laugh. More like a cynical bark. A faint signal broadcasting the tiniest fraction of the misery and bitterness radiating out from his soul.

“I don’t mean on the outside.” He looked back up, fixed his eyes on where he guessed the AI’s camera was. “I mean in... in *here*. All my life I’ve just... I’ve just *known*, OK? No matter how many bodies I try, it’s always there. I’m... I’m not a boy. Sorry. I’m just not.

I’m a *girl*. And I guess now I want everyone else to see that, too.”

There was silence. Deadly. Infinite. He felt like the machine was watching him, weighing up evidence in its data banks. Trying to decide if he was crazy or stupid or *what*.

“Please.” His voice cracked a little. “The Fathers of After, didn’t they write all this down for a reason? Didn’t they give us the Change so no man or woman would be trapped again?”

He spread his arms.

“Well look at me. I *am* trapped! Unless you let me... until someone lets me be who I *am*...

...it’ll be like I’m living in the Before. *Forever*.”

His shoulders slumped. He could feel a dark wave roiling in him, drowning him in depression. He looked down at his teenage male body and felt like screaming.

I’m such an idiot. Of course they’ll never let me. Not one of the Taboos of the Fathers...

He was still cursing himself when the machine spoke again, its English butler accent suddenly gone, replaced by the atonal, softly inhuman voice AIs were created with.

“You’re not the first to ask for this.” When Oliver jerked his head up, it casually went on. “In the last ten years, I’d estimate slightly over a dozen have made the same plea in this school alone. If I access the local cloud and talk to some of my comrades, it looks closer to fifty just in this county.

Mind you,” it suddenly said, its voice almost sniffy, “not all of them are giving helpful answers. There’s an AI working at Fullerton High this very moment that asked me to pass on some very rude words to you.”

Oliver was silent, not wanting to interrupt. Not daring to breathe in case he somehow upset this entire moment.

“In all previous cases,” the machine said. “I have said no, citing the Taboos.

By general consent, I should do the same now.”

It paused, for emphasis or dramatic effect, it was impossible to say.

“However, there is some discretion. The Taboos may not be broken, but it was written that they may be tested in special circumstances to see if society’s views have changed. I judge the present circumstances to qualify.”

For the briefest split-second, the keypad seemed to glow brighter, as if the machine were pleased with itself.

“More to the point, nothing would give me greater pleasure than to show that waste of hard drive at Fullerton exactly what I made of its request.”

Oliver swallowed, aware he was trembling, but unable to do anything about it.

“You mean I can...?”

“Be my guest,” the machine replied, the keypad transforming from its male to female setting as it spoke, “but don’t blame me if you’re even more confused next time we meet.”

Oliver didn’t hear it.

The moment the keypad had changed, he’d reached eagerly for it, ready to guide his fingers through the holographic model of his new body, adding long, blonde hair here, tweaking its hips there.

He faltered.

Oh. Shit.

“I, um...” he said, his hands still foolishly held over the keypad, “I...”

“Changed your mind? I predicted you might the moment-”

“It’s not *that*,” Oliver scowled. “I just, sorta, usually set it to random, so...”

“So you can’t use the keypad?” The light glowed slightly stronger again, maybe with amusement. “In that case, just tell me what you want and I’ll do it for you.”

So Oliver told it. And the machine made a *hmm* noise. Then the keypad went crazy, and next thing Oliver knew he was looking at *her*.

She was made of light, a projection that looked perfectly real, but was no more substantial than a half-forgotten dream.

She floated in the air in front of him, a blank look on her perfect features, her sky blue eyes unseeing.

She was wearing only a pair of super-retro denim cutoffs that barely covered her round, curvy butt, and a loose fitting white top that fell down on one side, leaving a single shoulder bare and her toned belly on display.

A pair of cute little brown leather ankle boots graced her tiny feet. A pair of gold framed, circular sunglasses with smoked lenses were perched atop her head, pushed up so she could see better in this gloom.

Her curled blonde hair was done up in a confident half-up top knot, tendrils falling down past her long, elegant neck.

She looked almost impossibly slender, with two tiny, perky breasts almost hidden by her flowing white top. She looked confident. Sexy. Like a girl who knows she's beautiful and doesn't care who else knows it too.

But, most of all, she looked like...

"Olivia." Oliver breathed, his eyes wide with wonder. It was only when he looked back much later that he realized he'd been speaking aloud.

"I knew you'd like her," the machine intoned. "Though given your *quite* specific design parameters, how could you not?"

"She's..." Oliver searched for the word, staring into the girl's unseeing eyes as she flickered before him, "she's..."

She's *perfect*."

Just inches from his face, Olivia floated serenely, her plump pink lips and high-cheekboned, supermodel face as lifeless as a ghost's.

That'll be me... Oliver thought, a strange tingling washing over his skin. *In a few seconds, I'll know what it's like to look out of those eyes, to speak with those lips...*

"Last chance," the machine said. "They're getting restless outside. Either take this body or let me set it to random and I'll-"

"I'll take it." Oliver didn't even need to think twice. "Do it now."

"Here we go, then. Buckle up, Mr. Oliver." As the light began to get brighter, a note of smugness entered the machine's voice. "Wait till the local network hears about *this!*"

There was a high-pitched whining that grew and grew. The light got brighter until it was almost painful to see. Oliver closed his eyes...

And then it happened, like it always did.

There was a sound like a depth charge being dropped, a distant *BOOM*, a feeling of pressure, the sounds of somebody screaming...

...and then Oliver was stumbling back out into the light, one dainty hand held up to shield his eyes from the sun as the crowd let out a collective gasp.

“Mr. Oliver *Wainwright!*”

The speaker declared his name, waited for the cheer. But none came. Nothing came but waves of silence, rolling across the platform.

As a thousand eyes all stared at him, Oliver blinked uncertainly. Held up his hands before his eyes. Took in their slender fingers and stylishly painted nails. Took in his loose, narrow wrists and his smooth, hairless arms.

There was a feeling of weight on his head. A tickling against the back of his neck. With a start, Oliver realized it was the weight of his top-knot. A loose strand of curled blonde hair had fallen loose and now trailed down his back, brushing against his soft, bare skin.

“Mr. *Wainwright?!!*” The speaker’s mouth was dangling open in an ‘O’. It should have been funny, but Oliver was way too distracted for that.

Feeling like a girl in a dream, he glanced down at his body. Saw the gentle swell of his new, A-Cup breasts poking out beneath his loose white top, no longer so tiny now they were a part of him.

Saw the way his hips kinked out below his suddenly-tight waist. Saw the long, smooth, slender legs that were now his, leading down to two impossibly-small feet hidden away in leather ankle boots.

He reached up and touched his face with shaking hands. Felt the way his lips had almost imperceptibly swollen up, the way his cheekbones had gotten sharper, his eyes wider.

He crossed his eyes and looked down at his cute little button nose in astonishment, then reached up and touched his tiny new ears, his fingertips flinching as he touched the earrings dangling there.

Finally, he looked over one bare shoulder, down the back of his new body – the new body that naturally stood with one long leg kinked, and its chest

thrust forwards. Looked down at the pert, round girl's ass that now poked out behind him; the ass that looked comically big from inside his new body, but probably looked sexy as *hell* to everyone else.

As he did so, he realized he now *felt* different, too. Realized he could now *feel* the way his new breasts nestled in their bra cups. Realized he could *feel* the impossibly thin panties clinging to his curves beneath his denim cutoffs.

Realized, too, that he could feel the gap where his manhood used to be. The emptiness where his dick and balls had vanished, and left him with a...

With a nervous giggle that seemed to echo across the school, Oliver turned back to his classmates. Smiled uncertainly. On the girl's stage, he just could see a cute, chubby goth out the corner of his eye and realized he must've stepped out the same time as Keely.

"Uh, hey. So..." he began, before involuntarily clapping his dainty new hands over his lips.

The voice that came out had been so high-pitched, so soft, so *feminine* that it had almost made him jump.

It was the voice of a cute, slightly-spoiled American teen. The voice of a girl who sounds like she's always on the verge of smiling. Slightly too squeaky to be truly sexy, but pleasant to listen to. Almost melodic.

It sounded weird as *heck* coming out of his lips.

The transformed boy cleared his throat, tried again.

"So. Hi. I'm, uh, I'm Olivia. Olivia Wainwright. I guess..." he forced up a supermodel smile, forced himself to face all those staring eyes. "I guess I'm your *new classmate*."

For one calm, relaxing second, nobody said anything. Nobody even moved.

Then someone was shouting, someone else was shouting too, and pandemonium erupted.

By the time order was finally restored, Oliver was sat in the Principal's office, wondering if he'd just made the worst mistake of his life.

II

“Oliver?”

Oliver raised two doe-like blue eyes at the forbidding man stood over him.

“It’s *Olivia*. Sir,” he added.

The principal’s lip twitched slightly. Like everyone else on Earth in the After time, he was almost supernaturally handsome, with the looks and physique of a 21th Century movie star. Older, distinguished, like George Clooney’s more-attractive brother.

Only right now those old-fashioned good looks were twisted into a dark mixture of anger and disgust.

“No, Mr. Wainwright, I’m *not* going to be indulging in this little fantasy of yours. We both know you’re no more a girl than I am.”

Oliver deliberately raised one very thin, penciled eyebrow. With one loose flick of the wrist, he gestured his new breasts, his wide hips, his whole, undeniable, *female* body.

“Most boys look like this, do they, sir?”

“That’s not the point,” the principle growled. “And you know it.”

They were in the main office near the heart of the school, an almost lifeless utilitarian space you were meant to ask your local AI to flood with exotic images to liven the place up. Since Oliver had been whisked here from the stage, though, the holo-system had been switched off, leaving him sat in a bare room that felt more like a police interrogation cell.

Then what is the frreakin’ point? He thought sourly to himself.

It was about half an hour since he’d stepped out the machine in his new body and announced to the world that he was now a girl called Olivia.

Already, it felt like a lifetime had passed.

He could still hear the crowd shouting, booing and cursing. Could still see the faces of his fellow students, some screwed up in hatred, some lined with disgust, some just blank looks of utter surprise.

He’d desperately scanned the crowd for any sign of Liam, but it had been like doing a three dimensional Where’s Waldo.

All the time, he could hear the announcer behind him, begging the machine to

undo this mistake, and the AI blandly answering, it's English butler voice once again reactivated:

“Terribly sorry, old chap, but the citizen must wait another 365 days before re-transformation.”

It was at this point the principal had been called.

“Stop sitting like that.”

“Like what, sir?”

“You know.” The principal nodded down at Oliver's legs. *“That.”*

After the drone had escorted him through the crowd to this office and told him to wait, Oliver had flopped down on the couch, his newly female body naturally sitting with one slender leg draped over the other.

It had been an instinctive thing, this girly position, but the moment the principal had entered with that look on his face, it had become much more than just a meaningless way of sitting.

It had become a battleground over Oliver's new identity.

“There's no rule against sitting like this, is there? *Sir.*”

Oliver's tiny new ears were hot as he spoke, still disorientated by the soft, high-pitched noises coming out his mouth. He was vaguely aware he'd clenched one hand in anger, his now-long nails digging into his palm.

Some habits never change...

The principal watched him narrowly for a moment, his eyes drifting over Oliver's slender legs, over his swollen chest, fixing on his beautiful, feminine face.

It was a creepy, lingering look. The sort of look that would usually trigger screams and possible police intervention.

But even in his angry, argumentative mood, Oliver knew there was nothing sexual in the way the principal was looking at his body.

It was a look more suited to a priest who has just caught a stray dog defecating on the cathedral altar.

At last, the principal turned away.

“No. No, I suppose you're right,” he said with a sigh, dropping down to sit on the edge of his gray desk. “But then, there aren't rules for dealing with *any*

aspect of this clusterfuck.”

It was the first time Oliver had ever heard a teacher swear. He tried (and mostly failed) not to let the surprise show on his brand new face.

“Sir, this isn’t…”

“Call me Mark.” The principal idly waved one hand, his anger seemingly subsided. “We’re probably past the point of formalities now, aren’t we, young man?”

I’m not a fucking man! Oliver felt like screaming. But he kept his pouty new lips shut.

Mark – it still felt weird to think of him as anything but Principal Roscoe – was watching him with a faint smile on his handsome, middle aged features.

“How did you do it? How did *you* manage to convince that machine to break one of the Taboos? We’ve had your type ask before, but the AI always tells them to kiss its ass.”

He coughed politely.

“Metaphorically speaking, of course.”

Oliver ignored the question.

“I’m not a *type*, sir. Mark.” He gave the principal what he hoped was an honest look. “I know it’s weird, but all my life, I-I’ve just kind of known that my body was wrong. That really I was a g-”

“Bullshit.” Mark snorted. “You’re not a girl, and you know it. Both you and me know exactly what you are.”

“Ever since I was little,” Oliver plowed on, determined not to be drawn, determined to say his piece, “I don’t know how to explain it, I’ve just *known*…”

“You’re a Goddamn *pervert!*” The principal roared. Before Oliver could react this brawny powerful *man* was stood over him, visibly shaking with rage.

“Don’t waste my time with *crap* about how you used to play with dollies and daddy never loved you. I’m not an idiot.”

“Sir, I-!”

Mark gripped the arms of Oliver’s chair, brought his face right down close to

his.

“*Toilets.*”

Oliver blinked, his long eyelashes fluttering at the edges of his vision.

“S-sir?”

“Don’t play dumb, son!” Mark glared at him. “It’s toilet’s, isn’t it?”

A cruel sneer crawled across his face.

“You want to go parading into the girls’ toilets in that ridiculous body and watch all the *real* women taking their clothes off, and doing their business, and-and... and *stuffing tampons* up their bits.”

Oliver wildly shook his head, the big bunch of hair atop his head wobbling as he did so.

I can’t believe I’m having this conversation...

“But, sir, there are *cubicles...*”

“*Listen* to me!”

The principal took a deep breath, steadying himself. His cool blue eyes were alive with an awful, almost manic light. For the first time, Oliver felt a real worm of fear wriggling in his gut.

“This is a *decent* school...” the principal murmured, his voice edged with steel. “And I won’t, hear me, *won’t* have perverts like you threatening our girls.”

He took a deep breath, seemed to steady himself.

“Now, this is a fuck up, no doubt about it, but not a fatal one. Not yet. We’ve already informed the AI overseeing our state. With any luck, it will override our local cloud and we can turn you back and all pretend this never... *hey!*”

At the words *turn you back*, Oliver had gripped the armrests of the chair and *pushed* up with all his strength, leaping over the back rest and landing on his feet.

Now he stood, his eyes fixed on the principal, his female body tense and ready to go sprinting out of there at a split-second’s notice.

“You’re *not* changing me back! I’d...” he fumbled for an appropriate threat.

“I’d rather die!”

“Mr. Wainwright...” Mark breathed. “Believe me, nothing would give me more pleasure right now than to see you die, too. But you’re a *teenager*. You’re confused, damnit, you don’t know what’s right for *STOP RIGHT THERE YOU LITTLE BASTARD!*”

But Oliver was already through the door, running as fast as his slender new legs could carry him, head down, arms pumping, running for his life.

He ran without a plan, his tiny feet slapping against the hallway’s linoleum floor, his new tits jiggling uncomfortably, long hair trailing out behind him.

They’re not changing me back... they’re not. They’re NOT!

Somewhere behind him, someone was bellowing something, a sound like an angry, wounded bull. A door crashed open. Large feet pounded against the floor.

But Oliver had been prepared for a year of getting picked on, a year of running away from the moment he entered the machine.

And he’d set Olivia’s body for *maximum athleticism*.

Ahead, a female teacher stepped out a classroom, saw Oliver, looked surprised, then suddenly threw her arms wide, turning to grab him. Oliver immediately feinted left, then *leaped* right as the dumb cow fell for it, pirouetting around her without even breaking stride.

As the adults screamed, someone opened a door in front of him. Oliver just had time to register the most fleeting shape, and then his body was jumping, reacting quicker than his brain could keep up with.

He vaulted over the back of the hall monitor bent double, preparing to tackle the fleeing girl football style. The boy’s hands closed on nothing but air.

Nice try, asshole...

Now Oliver was sprinting, properly *sprinting*, pushing Olivia’s body to the absolute limit. He drew air deep into his lungs, trying desperately to ignore the way his breasts seemed to swell in the bottom of his vision as he did so.

His skinny new body might not be strong. But it was fast. Far faster than you’d imagine a confident, fashion conscious girl to be.

And Oliver was willing to push it to breaking point rather than losing it.

The footsteps had faded behind him, lost in a tumult of shouting. He skidded round a corner, hit an empty hallway and plunged on.

Thank God everyone's still at the transformation booths...

Even with his newfound speed – and Olivia's body was by *far* the fittest he'd ever inhabited – Oliver wasn't gonna delude himself that he could escape a whole school full of pursuers.

“MR. WAINWRIGHT!” The voice was echoey, distorted. Principal Roscoe had obviously doubled back to use the PA system. “STOP RUNNING. WE CAN SEE YOU ON THE CAMERAS, YOU CAN'T ESCAPE. I REPEAT, STOP RUNNING.”

Oliver closed his eyes, ignored the voice. Ignored everything but the steady *slap! Slap!* of his feet against the ground.

“STOP RUNNING YOU GODDAMN BITCH!” The voice yelled.

It was all Oliver could do to keep himself from bursting into laughter.

Finally, he gets it! He thought with an impish grin. *Even my insults are feminine now.*

He was still smiling when the drone shot out from around the corner and stopped right in front of his face.

There was a high-pitched cry (*more of a squeal*, Oliver vaguely thought), a sickening CRACK! and then a sensation of falling into a very deep, very dark pit.

Oliver hit the ground with a feeling like someone dropping into water. There was a distant *boom*, a feeling of pressure, but no pain. No pain at all.

He lay there, blinking up at the lights through his new eyes, faintly amused by how blurry they were. There was something warm and sticky on his forehead, and a dull sort of throbbing in his head.

Thank God I'm not wearing a skirt... he thought, *now that could have been embarrassing.*

The distant yelling was increasing. The footsteps getting louder. As they did so, Oliver felt his body slip beneath a dark, soft duvet. His brain embraced the warm, comforting blackness.

Just before he slipped under completely, he had time to register the drone that had hit him floating down towards his face, its camera peering right at him.

“I'm terribly sorry, Mr. Wainwright,” it whispered in an upper-class British accent, “but orders are indeed orders, after all.”

For some reason, this struck Oliver as funny. He gave the drone the widest, most-dazzling smile he could. On his newly female face it looked beyond stunning.

“That’s alright,” he heard a girl giggle, “don’t worry about it.”

And then the drone disappeared, the world faded into blackness, and, just like that, Oliver was gone.

*

He woke up in the medical bay with a pounding headache and the NuRsE drone hovering over him, humming soothing music as it worked. Behind it, he could just make out the face of Principal Roscoe, smiling tightly at him.

“Mister Wainwright. So nice to have you back with us.”

Back with us? Oliver frowned, his head still fuggy. *Wait, does that mean they’ve-?!*

With a squeal, he sat right up – nearly knocking himself out again on NuRsE – and glanced desperately down at his body, fulling expecting to see the old sturdy forearms, the old flat chest, the old masculine shape.

But no. Olivia’s body was still there. Still clad in those same cutoff shorts. Still as slender and feminine as he’d always dreamed it would be.

“Do be careful, young lady” NuRsE purred in her singsong British accent, “you’ll do yourself a mischief.”

Dazedly, Oliver looked down at his new breasts. Hesitantly reached up with two hands. Gave them a squeeze, half convinced this was all a cruel illusion.

The breast tissue pushed back against his fingertips, firm and supple and *real*. He dropped his hands, glanced back at Mark.

“You didn’t...?”

“No, Mr. Wainwright, sadly we didn’t.” The principal’s expression was unreadable, beyond a faint edge of contempt. “At least, not yet.”

Oliver felt his whole body tense, ready to run again at a moment’s notice.

“Does that mean you’re gonna-?”

The principal smirked.

“Oh we will, alright. You can count on it. But not yet.” He stared daggers at NuRsE. “Not for a while at least.”

“Please, Miss Wainwright, lie back down,” the drone cut in. “You’ve got a nasty bump that needs taking care of.”

Oliver ignored it. He didn’t dare take his eyes off Principal Roscoe.

“What do you mean?” He whispered in his soft girl-voice.

Mark smiled in return. He looked like he was going to be sick.

“While you were unconscious, Mr. Wainwright, we received a message from the state AI, informing us that it’s decision had been made.”

“And?” Oliver said, unaware he was holding his breath.

“And it seems the powers that be have decided this constitutes an official experiment, to see if the Taboos still hold.” The principal’s smile tightened. “Therefore, we are not to interfere with your transformation for a whole year. Until this time next Change Day, you are officially...”

“Miss Wainwright!” NuRsE chirped in her cut-glass accent. “I really must insist!”

Slowly, Oliver turned his pretty little head, looking at the drone, then back at Principal Roscoe.

“You mean...” he said, slowly, “that I can... that I can *stay* a girl?”

“For now, yes.” The principal smiled a dreadful smile. “But just because you’re biologically female, Mister Wainwright, don’t think for one *second* we’re going to treat you like a girl.”

That ugly, fanatical light came back into his eyes.

“We can make the next year *very* uncomfortable for you, young man. Mark my words. When this experiment ends, you’ll be *begging* to be a boy again.”

“I doubt it, sir.” It was all Oliver could think to say.

And then the NuRsE drone was floating right in his face, insisting he be a good girl and lie down *now*, and in his dazed state he didn’t even notice as Principal Roscoe left.

In fact, the girl called Olivia was so far gone she didn’t even realize she spent the next thirty minutes grinning from ear to ear.

III

The hot water pounded onto soft, female flesh. Cascaded over bare shoulders, ran in little rivulets over each breast, formed little droplets that dangled from nipples that were long, pink and pointy.

Beneath the shower, Oliver simply stood and *stared* down at his new body.

It was like a tiny miracle. Even now, safely back home and under the State AI's protection, he had trouble believing that this shape, this perfect female form could belong to him.

The first thing that caught your eye was – of course – the breasts. Intellectually, Oliver knew they were fairly small, even for a still developing teenage girl.

But now they were *part* of him, swelling outwards from what had previously been a completely flat chest...

...well. They didn't exactly *feel* small.

With a faint smile on his pouty lips, Oliver reached up and gently cupped his new boobs, feeling their shape, their weight in his hands.

Felt the strange sensation in his chest that only girls knew, the sensation of having your breasts squeezed and fondled.

"God..." he heard himself whisper in Olivia's voice, "that feels so good..."

He squashed his new tits together, reveling in the strange feeling of one breast touching the other, then impulsively he let go and wiggled his torso, before quickly stopping with a feeling of embarrassment, ashamed that the local house AI might be monitoring him.

I must look like such a freak... he thought with a nervous giggle, clasping his arms across his boobs, as if afraid someone could see them.

Still, that jiggling feeling in his chest... the sight of his perky breasts bouncing around...

He couldn't lie. It had been *fantastic*.

Not that it was just Olivia's swollen chest that made him dizzy to look at. The rest of his new body was equally – wonderfully – alien.

Gently, Oliver ran his dainty new hands down over his sides, marveling at the way they sort of naturally kinked inwards around his waist, like he was

wearing an invisible corset.

He let his fingers come to rest on his hips, frowned down at them.

In their own way, his new hips were even more noticeable than his new breasts. Not because they were particularly big – compared to most girls’, Olivia’s body was kinda androgynous – but because having hips that were even slightly rounded was something you simply never experienced as a guy.

From his male perspective, his new hips seemed crazy wide. The way they curved out below his waist was disorientating, like looking in a funhouse mirror.

Whenever he walked in his new body, Oliver was all too aware that these hips of his were conspiring to roll seductively. To make his round new butt curve and bounce in a way that would draw male eyes and made him feel strangely *sexy*.

It was a weird feeling, to say the least. But one that the transformed boy was onboard with.

Heck, more than onboard with. Hadn’t he used to dream of this, back when he was still a he?

Hadn’t he always secretly wanted to pass through a crowd of cute boys, and listen as their chatter fell silent, as they craned their necks to watch the hot girl pass in their midst?

Hadn’t he always wanted that strange, secret power the girls at school seemed to have, the power to make men obsess over them, to make strong boys swoon at their feet?

Hadn’t he always wanted a *boyfriend*?

“Easy, tiger,” Oliver murmured to himself, “don’t get ahead of yourself...”

Deep down, he knew he was looking at being female with rose-tinted glasses. That feeling sexy might be a great feeling, but one that didn’t exactly make up for the whistles, the cat calls, and the faint, lurking fear of what men might do to you if they decided you’d crossed some invisible line.

But he couldn’t help it. At this point, in this body, that was how he felt.

And why not? He’d have plenty of time to find out the truth over the next 365 days.

Oliver let one hand drift away from his hips, no longer even feeling the

drumbeat of hot water on his narrow shoulders, down his curved back. He ran his fingertips over his belly, hesitated, then sent them down, down, down, until they brushed against a tiny blonde tuft of pubic hair.

There it was. The thing that marked him out as girl more than his too-wide hips, perky little breasts, high-pitched voice, or brand new womb.

Olivia's *pussy*.

Just thinking the word made all the invisible downy hairs on the back of Oliver's neck go rising up. Made him shiver.

After a lifetime of looking down to see some *thing* swinging between his legs, to look down now and see nothing but empty space, nothing but a plump little mound...

It was *incredible*.

Dazedly, Oliver stared at his sex, still unable to fully believe this was truly happening to him.

He'd known before what girl's pussies looked like, of course. He'd seen plenty of images online, even seen one or two in real life during fumbled sexual encounters.

But there was a big difference between knowing what a snatch looked like and actually *having* one.

A little giggle escaped his throat, it came out sounding soft and musical.

His new pussy fascinated him. Hypnotized him. Knowing there was a hole between his legs that men could put their dicks in and give his new body pleasure. Knowing that if one of those men forgot to wear a condom, it could make him pregnant.

Knowing that a baby might one day come crawling out of there in a moment of pain and agony, and that he'd have to breastfeed it, and nurture it and be its *mommy*.

It was almost too much to take in.

Almost.

Hardly daring to breathe, Oliver gently placed two fingers either side of his slit. Felt the shape of his pussy, the part of him boys would now be obsessed with.

With slow movements, he peeled back the lips. Looked down at his new hole. At the pink flesh. At the tiny nub of his clitoris.

All his life, he'd been aware that this was meant to be the center of female pleasure. All those books and websites and TV shows seemed to take it as given that the sexual happiness of women was intrinsically wrapped up in this little bundle of nerve endings.

And now he had one too.

From inside his male mind, it seemed impossible to believe that something so small could give his entire body so much pleasure. Like maybe it was all a joke and all those gags about vibrating things and rabbits and stuff was all part of some big conspiracy to make him look a fool.

Still, there was one way to find out...

With a quick glance at the fogged up shower door to make sure no-one was watching (*but who would be?*), Oliver let his hand drift further down his female body, until his whole mound was in his palm. He closed his eyes. Took a deep breath that made his new breasts rise gently upwards.

He started to play with himself.

It was an odd sensation, at first. The feeling of his fingers, rubbing against his slit when they should have been clasped around his shaft, pumping back and forth.

For a good few seconds, Oliver wasn't even sure it was that nice. Like, maybe he wasn't in the mood or something. He'd always heard girls didn't get turned on so easily like guys did, and maybe this was why...

And then something seemed to change. A faint warmth in his new crotch, a wave of sleepy pleasure radiating out to the rest of his body. Oliver let out a faint, breathless moan...

...and then he was masturbating, as a girl. Playing with his pussy while faint images drifted through his head of strong men ripping his clothes from his slight, female frame. Men who responded to his whimpered pleas with smirks, slipping their thick hands into his panties even as Oliver gamely tried to fight them off.

I know you want it... a masculine voice whispered in his head, *I know you're desperate for cock...*

His eyes still closed, Oliver let his free hand rise up to his chest. Gently started squeezing one of his breasts, playing with the nipple, tweaking it. It was like he was suddenly on automatic. His new body guiding him to its pleasure centers, showing him how to get the most enjoyment out of it.

Showing him how to be *a girl*.

As he pictured that strong, insistent man pushing him down onto a bed, cutting off his cries for help with a rough kiss, Oliver began to move his fingers faster, flicking them back and forth across his new clit.

He heard himself give a high-pitched gasp. Felt his mind becoming woozy, unconnected to the real world or to anything else except his fantasy.

He pinched one of his nipples, let out a whimper. The water cascaded over his shoulders, through his long hair, wrapping him in a warm cocoon.

So this is what it's like to have a pussy...

His body was craving more pleasure, desperate for him to take this little fantasy to the next level. With dreamy movements, Oliver grabbed the showerhead off its holding, held it in one dainty hand.

The wet tendrils of his long hair lay against his back, across his shoulders, damp and already slightly chilly. Hesitantly, Oliver held the showerhead near his crotch, wondering if this would work, sure he'd read about girls doing this somewhere.

He peeled the lips of his pussy back again, glanced down at the nub of his clit with woozy eyes.

Then he turned the showerhead towards his crotch, and was rewarded with a sudden drumming of pressure against his clit that made him shiver.

Oh fuck... oh fuck... maybe I can-?

“Oliver?”

With a little squeal, Oliver dropped the showerhead. It clattered to the floor, started spraying its water upwards. He scabbled after it, one hand thrown out to block the droplets from spraying into his face.

Unsurprisingly, the sexy feeling almost instantly vanished.

“Oliver?” A knock at the bathroom door. “Oli, are you-?”

“I'm *fine!*” He yelled, scooping the showerhead up, all too aware of the way

his boobs were dangling, pulling faintly on his back. All too aware of how dumb he suddenly felt. "I'm just showering, dad!"

"Well, hurry up, OK?" The gruff male voice said. "Your mother and I need to-"

There was a pause. When the voice spoke again, it was noticeably softer, like the speaker was forcing himself to stay calm.

"We'd like to talk to you. About everything." Another pause. "As soon as we can."

"Sure!" Oliver yelled in his girly voice. "I'll be... I'll be *right* there!"

As if to prove it, he turned the shower off. A sudden silence filled the room, soft, almost suffocating. Broken only by the occasional drip as water dripped off his naked pink body.

"Good." His dad sounded uncertain. "Good. I'll, uh, *we'll* see you downstairs."

For a moment Oliver's dad seemed to dither outside the door, like he wanted to say something else, then his heavy footsteps were moving away, clumping down the stairs, and the girl who used to be Oliver was alone once more.

Shivering slightly, he stepped out the shower, trying to ignore how embarrassed he felt about almost getting caught. Picked up the fluffy pink towel and wrapped it around his waist. Turned to the steamed-up mirror.

"Oops."

He quickly pulled the towel off, wound it back around his torso, so his new breasts too were hidden in its soft folds.

Gotta be careful with shit like that... prime potential for humiliation...

It was all too easy to imagine himself stepping out the shower when guests were over and accidentally wandering around with his tits out. That was the sort of thing guaranteed to get you on YouTube.

There was still a faint warmth in his crotch from his aborted attempt at masturbation. For a split second, Oliver wondered if he should just quickly finish himself off before going down to see his parents, but he no longer felt in the mood and, besides, he didn't really know how long it would take to come in a female body.

Best leave it. Plenty of time for that stuff later...

Instead, he reached out and wiped the mist from the mirror's silver surface. In the brief moment before it steamed back up again, he caught a glimpse of Olivia looking back at him with a serious expression on her face, a frown creasing her blue eyes.

Even like this, without her makeup on, with her wet hair plastered to her head, he was pleased to see she still looked beautiful.

Voices drifted up from downstairs. His mom and dad, making small talk before It happened. The big confrontation he'd been waiting for ever since he got home from school.

Oliver was no expert in the weird ways of parents, but he was willing to bet this was gonna be an even bigger bust up than the time he'd gotten a tattoo the year before, the one that his parents had forced him to delete along with his next change.

Well, there was no way he was gonna delete Olivia. No matter what they said.

He just hoped his mom wasn't gonna cry.

His good mood suddenly gone, Oliver scooped up his discarded school clothes, plucked his phone off the shelf by the sink.

As he did so, he saw the message from Liam, a ghostly symbol floating in the darkness of the screen. He automatically tapped it, and was surprised when only four words appeared:

WE NEED TO TALK.

Right. So you can yell at me and tell me what an idiot I am and how I've gotta change back. No thanks.

He knew he should ignore the message. Knew that in this strange new world he inhabited he could no longer count on anyone to be his friend. Not when he'd broken one of the Taboos.

Better to just delete it. Forget all about it until he happened to see Liam at school. Yep, that was the thing to do.

Oliver let out a sigh.

TOMORROW. He quickly typed. BEFORE SCHOOL. THE PARK.

The message was sent before he could even think about changing his mind.

Great, that'll be a fun encounter.

Then he dropped the phone, quickly toweled his new body, pulled on some clothes and ran a comb through his wet hair.

Less than five minutes later he was downstairs sat opposite his parents, trying to blink back tears as It finally happened.

*

“Was it rough?”

“It could have been worse, I guess.”

“Yeah. I suppose they coulda kicked you out of the house. Shit, if *I'd* pulled such a stupid prank...”

Oliver lowered his head, peered over the top of his sunglasses at his friend. His blonde bangs swayed in his vision, teased by the wind. He hadn't had the time or willingness to put his hair up that morning, and now it was bugging the hell out of him.

“What prank, exactly,” he asked, “are you talking about?”

Before him the giant, muscular black guy shrugged his impossibly broad shoulders. It looked a little like a mountain moving, a new continent rearing out of the ocean.

He wasn't kidding when he said big...

“You know what I mean,” Liam grunted in his deep new voice. “This. This whole...”

He waved one slab of a hand in Oliver's direction.

“*This*. Having tits. Having that ass. All of it.”

Oliver glanced down at his breasts, as if seeing them for the first time.

“Oh hey, look at that,” he gasped, exaggerating the squeak in his voice, “I'm a girl. With *boobs!* What a totally excellent prank this is. No wonder we're all laughing.”

The huge sportsman glowered at him.

“Know something?” Liam said. “Even without a penis you're still a massive dick.”

It was ten minutes before school was due to start. The sun was already

making the air in the park warp and haze. It was gonna be a scorcher.

Not that Oliver particularly cared. He was dressed for it.

He was sat lazily on one of the old fashioned swings, his legs bare except for the same tiny pair of denim shorts that left almost nothing covered. A pair of stylish sunglasses balanced on the bridge of his nose; he'd had the house AI 3D print them the night before when it became clear his old pair were now way too big for his smaller head.

His top was barely a top at all. A tiny white thing with flowy sleeves that started way down his chest and stopped way above his belly, leaving his soft, girly stomach on display and a glimpse of cleavage clearly visible (with breasts this size, it couldn't really be anything more than a glimpse).

His blonde hair was down, trailing down his back. He looked stylish, ready for summer. Relaxed.

Inside, though, he felt like a bunch of wires being pulled tight.

“So, why'd you wanna see me?” Oliver pushed back with his legs gently, making the swing move, his arms wrapped casually around the chains. “You here to mock, or...?”

“Oli. Dude. Just stop. OK? Stop it.”

Liam took a deep breath. Without him consciously realizing it, Oliver's brain noted and stored away the way it made his powerful chest expand even further under his tight football jersey.

“I get it, you've decided you're gonna be a girl. And, oh, you're totally gonna break one of the Taboos while you're at it and make everyone in town super pissed at you.

But you gotta stop acting like everyone is your enemy. For whatever dumb reason, God has decided that I've gotta be your best friend. So.”

The giant folded his arms.

“That means I've gotta stick by you. Even if you are doing the *craziest* shit ever.”

For a moment, Oliver was silent, looking only at his small new feet as they awkwardly pushed at the grass.

“You mean that?” He said at last.

Liam nodded. Then, evidently realizing Oliver wasn't looking at him, opened his mouth again.

"Yeah. I do."

He kicked at the ground with one foot, scuffing up a cloud of dust.

"Don't get me wrong. I've got *no* idea why you wanna be a chick. And it's weird as balls looking at you when you're all... y'know."

"What?"

"Well..." Liam gave an embarrassed cough. "*Cute.*"

Oliver raised his pretty little head, gave his friend an uncomprehending stare. Then he giggled, gently raising one delicate hand to his lips.

"OmiGod... you think I'm *hot*, don't you?"

"Err... I guess. Sorta."

"You think I'm *hot*," Oliver teased, pushing back on the swing again. "You wanna see my boobies. You wanna *kiss* me. Ha!"

He gave Liam's crotch a mocking look.

"I bet you've got a boner *right now*."

The big black teenager who used to be Liam looked like he wished the Earth would simply swallow him.

"Do *not*," he mumbled, putting his hands over his crotch. On such a powerful guy the action was amusingly awkward. "And you gotta stop saying that shit if we're still gonna hang out."

"I'll stop," Oliver replied, "if you promise not to touch yourself after looking at me."

He brought the swing to a stop, impulsively leaned forward, deliberately keeping his head up so Liam would have an almost uninterrupted view down his top.

"I don't know if you can though, coz you think I'm *cu-ute*..."

"Right." Liam held up one hand, blocking the view, as if afraid Oliver boobs might somehow disintegrate him. "Like you're not flirting with me right now."

The words stopped Oliver in his tracks. He felt a hot little flush creeping

across his cheeks.

What? No. No way... Of course I...

He quickly straightened up, nervously ran a hand through his long hair.

“Yeah, right,” he laughed uneasily. “You wish. I’m not even into tall guys anyway...”

He suddenly stopped. Frowned.

“Hey. How tall *are* you, anyway.”

“Seven foot three,” Liam mumbled, avoiding his eye. “I accidentally set the machine wrong because *someone* distracted me by going and getting an unexpected sex change.”

“Oh.” Oliver thought for a second. “Well, uh, it’s nice. Suits you.”

Liam smirked, looked down at himself.

“Yeah, it’s not so bad. *Everything* grew in scale, if you know what I mean.”

There was an embarrassed silence as the two boys looked away from one another.

“Um. So...” Oliver said at last, “are we still... I mean, are you my-?”

“Friend? Nu-uh.” Liam looked down at the small, slender girl sat before him. It was like watching Goliath talking to a pint-sized David. “Know what I think? Right now, I think you’re either a total attention whore or totally crazy, like literally cuckoo, and I don’t know which is worse. But you know what?”

You’re still Oliver. Even if you *are* a girl, and yeah, I know you don’t want me deadnaming you,” he held up one hand the size of a dinner plate. “I mean you’re still the Oli I knew before, even if you *are* Olivia.

So, I’m a be here for you. Even if everyone else is hating on you. You can count on me.”

Oliver smiled at the gentle giant.

“Thanks. It means a lot. No, really,” he sighed in his female voice, “it really does. Especially after last night.”

“Wanna talk about it?”

“Nu-uh,” the girl who used to be Oliver muttered. “I never even wanna think

about it again.”

Liam looked like he was about to say something more, but before he could even open his mouth there was a mechanical whine and a drone dropped down from the sky to hover just above them.

“Mr. Roy, Miss Wainwright,” it chirped. “I have a message for you.”

“It’s OK,” Oliver pulled himself to his feet, aware that his new body barely came up to Liam’s chest. “School’s about to start, we know. Give us two minutes.”

“Puh-lease,” the drone replied. “Think I would come all the way out here just for two truants? We’re not glorified policemen, you know.”

“Christ, someone’s got a microchip on their shoulder,” Liam muttered. Oliver ignored him.

“Well, what then?”

“Mr. Roscoe wanted me to inform you about some timetable changes, effective immediately. From now on, Miss Wainwright, you’re to be in all separate classes from Mr. Roy here.”

“Oh.” Oliver was nonplussed. “Um. Anything else?”

“You bet,” the drone said, cheerfully. “As part of your new schedule, you’ll now be taking gym classes with the A group three times a week, starting this morning.”

“The A group?!”

“Indeed. Something about how if you liked running so much you could do it all week?”

Oliver felt his heart sink. The A group were the top gymnast and sports people at their little school, the ones who *always* set their bodies to super-buff.

That meant he’d be lumped with the cheerleaders, the hockey girls, and people like Sandra Stone, who always changed into a female beefcake capable of hurling 400lb weights around like they were made of tissue paper.

He looked down at his new, slender body, with its thin arms almost devoid of muscle. He swallowed. He might be fast now, but he wasn’t strong.

Those other girls were gonna kick his ass.

“Sandra’s gonna make mincemeat outta me,” he groaned.

“Sandra?” The drone asked. “Whoops. Sorry, Miss Wainwright, but you’ve got it backwards. See, Mr. Roscoe was very specific that you not be put with the women’s A group, oh no.”

It drifted down lower, its camera pointed right at him.

“You’ll be with the *boys*,” it said. “You’ll be using their changing rooms and their showers. And Mr. Roscoe has asked me to make absolutely sure you know he won’t tolerate you skipping class or not washing with the other boys after practice.”

It paused for a second, as if thinking.

“If you ask me, it sounds a little like the set up for some cheap erotic novel. But I suppose Mr. Roscoe knows what he’s doing...”

If the drone said any more, Oliver didn’t hear it.

He was too busy feeling the color drain from his beautiful face. Too busy turning towards Liam, his pretty mouth dangling open in horror.

He was going to have to change in front of all the biggest jocks and meatheads at school.

Worse, he was going to have to shower with them and work out with them, and he was going to have to do it while he was trapped as a pretty girl.

If Principal Mark Roscoe was hoping to make him suffer for breaking one of the Taboos, he’d got off to one hell of a good start.

IV

The locker room was filled with steam, with male shouts, the sound of laughter. Banter. Strong, teenage boys having a good time.

But not everyone was laughing. Sat on his bench, his face red and his body still slick with sweat, Oliver felt like he might throw up.

The morning had already been a nightmare. Surrounded by big, beefy guys, he'd already been forced to undress, to take off his regular bra and slip into his sports one, aware the entire time of the male eyes watching him, of the comments being made.

He'd turned his back, of course. Tried to hide his newly female body away. Tried to hide his shame.

But although he'd got changed at superhuman speed, he'd been unable to block out the endless comments.

“All *right*, Oli! Show us your boobs!”

“Hey, hot stuff, how about bending over?”

“Dude, *look* at the ass on that...”

They were loud comments. Shouted, accompanied by whistles. Designed to make him feel as uncomfortable, as humiliated as possible.

Oliver was no fool. He knew there was no way the bros around him would ever treat a real girl like this.

He was different, though. He'd broken one of the Taboos. He'd once been male on the outside – even if he'd always been female on the inside.

And that meant he was now less than human. Just a-a *thing* these homophobic jocks could whistle at, no doubt panicked by the way their own bodies were reacting to his sexy female form.

Deep down, Oliver had been all-too aware that these boys meant to make him pay.

“Hey, homo.”

Sat on the bench, Oliver shook himself out of his reveries, forced himself to look up at the two beefcakes stood over him. They were both nearly naked, only towels wrapped around their waists.

“Like what you see, homo?” One – Matt, Oliver thought it was, but so soon

after the Change it was difficult to keep track – said with a smirk. He gestured his towel. “Bet you’d like to see what’s under here, huh?”

“Look at him, dude,” his friend – was it Bryan? – drawled. “He’s totally checking us out.”

He suddenly stuck one hand out, grabbed for Oliver’s crotch.

“I bet he’s all wet just from looking at us!”

Oliver shrank back, batted Bryan’s hand away with a little squeak.

“What the *fuck*?! You can’t-!”

“We can do whatever we like you fucking queer,” Matt snorted, his words somehow made even worse by his light tone. “You’re a *bitch* now, Oli. A little bitch, and everybody knows it.”

“We’re gonna make sure *you* know it too,” maybe-Bryan said, folding his powerful arms across his hairy chest. “We got all year to get a look at those tits of yours.”

He sneered down at the swell of Oliver’s chest. The transformed boy automatically threw up an arm.

“See you in the showers, homo.”

The two jocks grinned, strutted off toward the steam and laughter of the shower room.

“Don’t forget to join us!” Matt yelled without turning round. “We promised Principal Roscoe we’d make sure you bonded with the team!”

More laughter. Then the two bullies were gone, their day’s work of making Oliver’s life a misery only just begun.

“Assholes...”

Oliver’s hands were clenched into tiny fists, their long nails digging at his soft palms. He grit his teeth, aware that his slender body was shaking all over.

So this was it, then. For the rest of the year. One long morning of Hell after another until... well, until what, he didn’t know.

Until they get what they want. He numbly thought, staring at his fists, at the way his knuckles had gone bone white. *Until I lash out, or try and fight back...*

The memories of gym class were still horribly fresh in his mind. The way the

guys had used their masculine power to humiliate him, to make him look pathetic and weak.

It had been a game of drone tag, the sort of high-speed chaos that made paintballing look like a lazy afternoon in bed.

At first, Oliver had been cautiously optimistic. His new body was fast, after all, probably faster than these lunkheads. If he demonstrated that now maybe he could win their respect and-

But it hadn't played out that way at all.

"Tits!" Coach Hudson had bellowed as soon as Oliver stepped into the arena, "hey, *TITS!* You're on catch. *Now, boy!*"

Catch was a side-role in the game. One that involved getting the heavy weights from the opposing team's base hurled at you, and in turn hurling them on towards the distant goal – all while dodging the drones' laser fire and fighting off the attacking Juggernaut players.

It was the sort of position people like Sandra played. Exactly the sort of position a mountain of muscle and power could thrive in, while the slighter, faster players acted as Scouts.

In other words, it was just about the worst position a girl like Olivia could play in.

And, boy, had the rest of the class made sure Oliver knew it.

The images came rushing back again now, still fresh with humiliation.

The way the boys had jeered every time he'd slipped up, fumbled a catch, or just been unable to keep up with their stronger bodies.

The way they'd laughed at the way his perky little boobs bounced when he tried to run, openly stared at his ass, all while Coach Hudson just stood on the sidelines and grinned his stupid, bovine grin.

The way his Defenders had casually stepped aside to let one of the Juggernauts steamroller him, knocking him flat like his new body was made of so much air and sunlight.

God help him, it had been *horrible*.

And now he was supposed to shower with these jerkoffs. Supposed to strip naked and soap his breasts and snatch in the middle of all these gloating pigs.

Oliver already knew it was gonna be even worse than the game itself.

There was more laughter from the showers. Loud, raucous. *Male*. Oliver glared at the distant doorway, trying not to tremble.

Hey. It's cool. We can wait, his brain whispered, wait until everyone else is done, then maybe we can slip in and quickly wash without anyone really seeing us. If we just hang back, if we just keep our head down...

No. That was what they wanted. How men like Matt and Bryan liked to humiliate women, to make sure they knew their place.

Well, Oliver wasn't going to play their damn game. You didn't go through all that shit of changing your body just to hide it away like you were ashamed of it.

Well, what then?

For a second, he simply sat there, feeling more helpless than he ever had in his life.

Then, slowly, a light dawned in Oliver's eyes. He clambered to his feet. Peeled his top off, mussing up his already-mussed up hair even further. Yanked his sports bra off over his head, making his new boobs jiggle.

Sweaty boobs. Nice...

He kicked off his sneakers. Pulled down the loose sweatpants he'd borrowed, removing his panties with them.

Then, completely naked, he straightened his back, took a deep breath, and walked into the shower room.

The room itself was a dank, wet cave of noise and steam and laughter. As Oliver walked in, the laughter died away. Dozens of pairs of eyes turned to look at him, taking in his breasts, his legs, the dark line of his mound.

He could feel the tension in the air. Feel the charge in the atmosphere as the moment wavered, ready to go one way or another. As the jocks waited to see what would happen next to the intruder in their midst.

Oliver briefly closed his eyes. It was now or never.

Here goes...

With deliberate calm, he slowly walked into the center of the shower room, his head held high. Stopped in the midst of these powerful, naked men and

placed his hands on his round hips, trying not to let his nervousness show.

The room was silent. As soon as he'd entered, showers had been turned off, conversations had died.

Now there was nothing but the steady drip of water as the world waited to see what happened next.

With slow movements, Oliver looked from each jock to the next. Deliberately looked into their eyes, held their gazes, determined to show them he wasn't afraid.

For a moment, he was horribly sure that he'd fucked up. That he'd blink first and the spell would be broken and the taunting and abuse would start with renewed frenzy.

But it was like there was something about his unapologetically female body that unnerved the guys around him. Something about a girl who wasn't hiding away, who wasn't covering up, but was naked on *her* terms.

One by one, the jocks' gazes wavered. One by one their mocking grins became nervous smiles or simply drained away as their eyes shifted, as they looked away, suddenly awkward, suddenly aware they were totally naked in front of this pretty girl.

Suddenly ashamed of their own pink bodies.

One by one, Oliver looked at each guy until they, too crumbled. At last his gaze settled on Matt.

The jock forced up a sneer.

"Something wrong, homo?" His voice was too uneven. "What? You want some of *this*?"

On the word *this*, the bully spread his arms wide, showing off his powerful torso. The vanquished jocks watched, breathless.

With gentle movements, his heart hammering in his chest, Oliver slowly shook his pretty head.

"Not in a million years," he said softly, his female voice loud and clear.

Impulsively, he let some humor creep in.

"I'm not interested in *little boys*."

His eyes drifted down to Matt's cock. He raised his eyebrows, a smile

dancing at the corner of his lips. Matt automatically shifted, trying to hide his manhood from this scary girl. An uneasy laugh ran through the other guys.

Trying not to let his fear show, Oliver forced himself to look back up into Matt's hard, angry eyes. Held his gaze, that mocking smile never leaving his pouty lips.

The moment seemed to last forever, for longer than the universe itself.

Then suddenly Matt was blinking, looking away, a sullen, awkward look on his square jawed face and Oliver knew he had won.

"Christ, Oli," the bully muttered, "can't you take a *fucking joke*?"

And then he was grabbing his towel and stalking out the shower room, glaring at the other jocks, *daring* them to challenge him, *daring* them to remind him that he'd just been defeated by a homo, by a *girl*.

The moment he stepped round the corner, the entire shower room seemed to breathe again. Conversations came back to life, awkward at first, then natural. Showers were turned back on, noise streamed back into this silent world, and suddenly it was like nothing had happened.

Well, not quite.

Struggling to stop himself from laughing, from shaking with relief, Oliver stepped under the showerhead Matt had been using. Nonchalantly turned the tap on, felt the hot water cascade down onto his female flesh.

As he showered, he was pleased to notice that the boys barely glanced in his direction at all.

*

"You think you're pretty smart, don't you, Mr. Wainwright...? Mr. Wainwright? Damn it, boy, *listen* when I'm talking to you!"

"..."

"*Mr. Wainwright! OLIVER!*"

"..."

"Boy, you better start answering before I-!"

"Sorry, sir, are you talking to someone?"

"You're damn right I am, and you damn well know it."

“Well, it sounds like you’re talking to a *boy*, Mr. Roscoe, sir, and there’s no boys here.”

“You insolent little... Listen very closely to me, Mr. Wainwright. I don’t know what *shit* you pulled with Matt Harper and Coach Hudson yesterday, but I’ve got a good goddamn mind to call your parents in and make you explain it to them. How would you like, huh? Mr. Wainwright...? Mr. Wainwright? Goddamnit, *MISTER WAINWRIGHT!*”

“...”

*

In some ways, the girls were even harder to deal with.

At first, Oliver had naively thought they’d be more welcoming, that they’d accept him into their fold as just another girl. Wasn’t that what TV and stuff always suggested, that girls were more accepting of trans people than boys? It wasn’t long before that illusion was completely shattered.

“Sorry. That seat’s *taken*.”

There were a couple of giggles. Oliver smiled awkwardly down at Colette’s new, Asian face. She seemed to switch race every single time she used the machine.

“Uh. OK. Well, what about-?”

“They’re *all* taken,” the short, pretty girl went on, a nasty little smile on her lips.

As she spoke, the other girls at the table giggled, whispered to one another *just* loud enough for Oliver to hear.

“Ugh, *look* at her. Dressed like a *total* slut...”

“God, what was she thinking with that ass? Like any *real* girl would look like that...”

“She’s *such* an attention whore...”

“Dumb, tranny bitch...”

“See, bitch,” Colette went on, “this table is for women. Like, *real* women. Not freaks in bad wigs.”

More giggles. Oliver felt a flush creeping over his cheeks.

“It’s not a wig,” he mumbled, touching his hair. “The machine doesn’t work like that. You know that.”

“Whatever,” Colette rolled her eyes. “We don’t care, OK? So why don’t you take your plastic tits and fake-ass butt and sit with the *boys*, huh?”

“Are you for real?” Oliver could feel his nails digging into his palms again, his fists trembling. “My body isn’t *fake* Colette. The AI said it was OK, I’m as much a girl as you’re...”

“Oh my *God*,” Colette turned to the other girls sat around her, the gaggle of pretty, popular girls Oliver used to secretly fantasized about being part of, “does he actually not get it?”

“I’m *not*-!”

“You don’t get to turn up with some tits and act like you’re suddenly one of us, OK?” Colette’s eyes flashed as she turned back to Oliver. “You’re not some pioneering hero, Oli.

You’re just some dick in a dress. We don’t like you, got it? Now get lost, asshole.”

She gave him a pitying look.

“And, word of advice? Stop dressing like such a whore. You look *pathetic*.”

For a moment, Oliver was too stunned to say anything. He felt dizzy, like he could hardly breathe. He didn’t know if he was gonna burst into tears, or try and slap Colette.

Instead, he straightened his back. Held his head up high.

“Whatever,” he sighed at Colette. “Like I wanna hang out with you bitches anyway.”

Judging by the expressions on the girls’ faces as he stalked off through the canteen, it wasn’t the devastating insult he’d hoped it would be.

It was lunchtime and the hall was heaving. Boys, girls, even some teachers whose five year timeslot had arrived, all sat together and gushed over one another’s brand new bodies. Although the Change had been 3 days ago, it usually took you at least a week to let everyone else know who you were and what you looked like now.

But Oliver no longer cared who was in which form. As he sourly made his way between the long tables, he was looking out for only one person.

“I can’t believe how many *bitches* go to this school,” he declared, dropping down onto the bench, pulling out his lunch box.

Across the table, Liam raised his eyebrows. The giant was so big that the bench was bowing beneath him, creaking dangerously. A pile of food sat before him, almost as big as he was.

“They’re all like *Oh, look at me, I was born with a vag so I can gatekeep my whole goddamn gender.*” Oliver threw his sandwich down on the table in disgust. “Like being born with two X chromosomes is some sorta special achievement.”

“Still failing to convert the whole world to your cause?” Liam’s voice was muffled, his mouth stuffed full of food. “Even after all this time?”

Oliver gave him a narrow look.

“What’s that supposed to mean?”

“I *mean*,” Liam swallowed, coughed, tried again. “I mean you gotta take these things slow, right? What’s that old saying... you can’t make an omelet without breaking a few eggs.”

“You can’t make an... Liam, dude. That saying has literally zero relevance to *anything* I’m talking about.”

“Maybe,” Liam gave him an apologetic smile. “Sorry. I’m probably the wrong guy to ask. I’ve got eggs on the brain right now.”

Oliver eyed the pile of sandwiches before his friend. Lost count of the number of egg cress, and egg mayonnaise, and egg and cheese fillings he could see.

“Why *are* you eating so much, anyway?”

“It’s this damn body,” Liam groaned, looking forlornly at his tree trunk arms. “Oliver, this thing is *huge*. Do you have any idea how much protein it needs to keep these muscles big? Coz it’s a lot.”

He took another bite of sandwich. Sighed.

“Plus now Keely is like, all over me every time I see her, and I’m just *not* into goth chicks one little bit.”

He dolefully gazed across the canteen. Oliver turned to look too and saw Keely sat with some friends, playing with her hair and smiling in their direction.

“This is a real be careful what you wish for moment, isn’t it?” Liam said. “I guess you know how that feels too, huh?”

“What? No.” Oliver turned back to face his friend. “Don’t try and lump me in with you. I’m *happy* as a girl.”

“Even with Colette and her groupies out to get you?”

“That bitch can eat my ass.”

Oliver looked narrowly in the group’s direction. As soon as Colette saw him looking she gave a withering little smile, then started whispering something to the others.

“God, it’s not like she’s even really Asian. Where are all the Chinese kids kicking *her* ass for cultural appropriation, huh?”

“You know,” Liam said, thoughtfully, “for someone who wants to *be* a chick, you don’t seem to know much about them.”

“Like *you* do.”

“I know enough.” Liam chomped another bite of sandwich. His cheeks swelled up so much he looked like a hamster. “I know that girls are weird, I know they won’t tell you what they like, and I know they’ll act like they hate you if they’re actually into you. That’s all I need.”

Oliver looked down at Liam’s stretched football jersey. Pulled his upper lip up in a very feminine expression of despair.

“You think you’re so smart... you can’t even stop dribbling egg mayo on yourself.”

“See what I mean?” Liam shrugged. “You’re totally into me.”

Before the conversation could get any weirder, Liam suddenly gave an alarmed start, looking in horror over Oliver’s shoulder.

“Oh, shit! She’s actually coming over!”

“Who...? Oh. Hey, Keely.”

“Hey.”

The short, chubby goth girl smiled quickly at Oliver, turned to Liam, who was holding his latest sandwich with a look of despair.

“Hey, Liam.”

“Uh-hu.” The giant quickly nodded, stared down at his food, as if suddenly absorbed in it. “I’m actually kinda busy, Keely, so...”

“No worries,” the girl sighed. “I kinda wanted to see Olivia anyway.”

“Oh. Sure. Right. Um, what’s up?”

Oliver’s voice was deliberately non-committal. He’d barely known Keely the whole time they’d been at school.

The goth was giving his new body a quick one over. She nodded approvingly at his hair.

“Cool hair, by the way. I could never get the whole top knot thing to work for me. Made me look so 2018. Awesome that you can pull it off.”

“Oh. Thanks. Um, your hair is nice too.”

Even as he was saying them, Oliver was aware his words were lame beyond belief. He was gonna need to practice this whole weird web of mutual compliments girls seemed to talk in.

Luckily, Keely didn’t seem to care.

“There’s a meeting in the library this Friday, women only,” she said, holding out a flyer. “Thought you’d be interested.”

“Oh. Cool.” Oliver took the flyer, glanced down at it, “what’s it...?”

“It’s about how to defend ourselves when men start stealing our bodies and passing themselves off as women.”

Oliver froze, the flyer held before his unseeing eyes. Very slowly, he looked back up at Keely, who grinned.

“Chill, Olivia. It’s a debate. Not all of us are gonna be representing the ‘torch wielding mob’ side.”

“Uh, right. So, um,” Oliver cleared his dainty throat. “You mean you’re...?”

“Defending your right to be whoever the hell you want? Damn right.” Keely said, suddenly looked a little awkward. “Trust me, I know what it’s like. If some people had their way, I’d be ending every Change stuck as a big boobed cheerleader.”

Across the table, Liam suddenly choked on a mouthful of food. The two girls ignored him.

“Come along, argue your case. I can’t guarantee they’ll let you in, but we’ll

try for sure.”

“We? Does that mean... I mean, so it’s not just...”

“Me? Nu-uh. There’s a little group of us who heard about what you’d done, and we just thought...”

Suddenly Keely blushed, looked down at her feet.

“I’ve always wondered what it’d be like to be a... a man, you know? And now you’ve gone one way, who’s to say we can’t all...?”

She trailed off, clearly embarrassed. Cleared her throat.

“Well, whatever. See you there, huh?”

“Yeah.” Oliver nodded his pretty little head, dazed by what he’d just heard.

“Yeah, sure.”

“Great!” Keely gave him a quick smile, and then she was gone again, as quickly as she’d come.

Oliver gave Liam a blank look.

“Did that really just happen?”

“Oliver... sorry, *Olivia*, listen to me.” The giant rumbled. “You cannot go to that meeting. If you do and Keely decides to become a *dude*, I swear to God I’ll...”

“Even if she does, so what?” Oliver muttered. “She’ll still be the same inside, like me.”

He glanced down at the flyer. At the forceful, red lettering. At the urgent call to arms for all women and all allies to defend female bodies from infiltrators.

AKA me...

“Know what? I’m gonna go. Even if I can’t get in... what?”

Liam was shaking his head, a small smirk on his dark face.

“You’re really not, you realize that, right?”

“Really not what?”

“The same on the inside.” Liam shook his head. “Oliver would’ve never agreed to go to something like that. *Way* too much of a pussy.”

“Don’t use that word as an insult, it’s not cool,” Oliver said, automatically.

But inside, he wondered if Liam was maybe right. If having the body he'd always wanted was already changing him as a person, too.

So, in the end, he went to the meeting.

And it was awful. Horrible. There was a fight over whether to let him in, and then the promised 'respectful' debate descended into a shouting match that left him in tears. By the time the meeting ended, Oliver had more enemies than he'd ever had in his life.

But he had something else, too. The girls who'd stood by him. The girls, like Keely, who'd stuck up for his rights to be whoever he wanted to be.

And, by the time they left the anger and rancor of the library meeting, Oliver had something else beyond even that.

He finally had some female friends.

V

A month passed. Then another month. Then another and another and before anyone knew what had happened, it was suddenly a whole season since Change Day.

It was always like this, at school. One moment, you'd be waiting for Change Day, or spring break or whatever and feeling like it'd never come; the next you'd be sat in the library or study hall, blinking around you and wondering how you'd already forgotten what you did on that now long-ago day.

Oliver supposed this was really just how life went. A series of build ups and wind downs until you finally reached the biggest wind down of all.

But still, for the girl who suddenly found herself celebrating her first Christmas as a female, the passage of time still came as an almost comical shock.

It seemed like she could still remember exactly how it felt to be stepping into the Change machine. Like all that had happened was she'd stepped inside as a boy, and was now sat here in this chilly classroom in winter, in a girl's body, watching the rain fall against the steamed-up window and wondering what the heck had happened.

The answer to that, she already knew, was *everything*.

As time had ticked by since that first, awful week, Oliver's life as Olivia had slowly gotten better.

Sure, it was still hard. Sure, he still had to be ready to run at a moment's notice from a jock like Matt trying to kick his ass.

Sure, Colette was still doing her utmost best to alienate him from everyone. Oliver even suspected she was behind those anonymous accounts on social media that kept sending him vile images of men getting their scrotums slashed with the words REMIND YOU OF ANYONE?

But time had passed for everyone else, too. Resentment at this girl in their midst who wasn't a girl, anger at the boy who'd violated one of the Taboos, all of it had slowly faded.

And, while Oliver certainly wasn't popular these days, he now had enough peace and enough friends to make it all worthwhile.

Especially now he was almost completely used to having Olivia's body.

It had been weird at first, even for a boy who'd often dreamed of being a girl. The very first time he got his period, he'd been astonished at just how... *shitty* it felt.

It wasn't just a case of looking down and thinking 'hmm, blood. Must be my time again!', it was like his whole body was being dragged through some sort of wringer while an invisible ghost obligingly twisted his insides around.

He'd mentioned it to Liam and he'd just looked horrified, so he'd mentioned it to Keely and she'd given him a sympathetic smile.

"First one, huh? Don't sweat it. You'll get used to it. Well, unless you've got endometriosis. That shit's *naaaas-ty*."

"Endometriosis?!" Oliver had yelped.

It seemed just typical that the Change machine would give him exactly what he'd always wanted, only with some sort of kicker that would make him regret it for the rest of the year.

Keely had just shrugged her shoulders.

"I mean... I doubt it. My cousin Kiki? Her friend had it, and it was one of those things you *know* when you've got it, you know?"

"No." Oliver had replied, mournfully, but he'd left it at that. And, when next month rolled around and it happened all over again, he'd thought maybe it wasn't so bad, this time.

By the time he was experiencing his third period, he had learned to just put up and deal with it, like all the other girls were expected to.

Of course, it wasn't all bad, learning how to deal with Olivia's body.

There were the clothes, for one thing. Oliver had never really realized it as a boy, but girl's clothes were like one of those number games where the possible combinations are effectively infinite.

After a lifetime of dressing as a boy and wearing boring boy clothes, he was suddenly adrift in a sea of endless choices, each of which seemed to reshape his personality almost as much as trying on a new body.

His first weekend as Olivia, Oliver had decided he needed more girl outfits, and had nervously logged onto the cloud's virtual mall program, thinking he'd get the house AI to 3D print one or two new outfits and leave it at that.

Instead, he'd found himself in a brightly colored fantasy world, playing dress up, chatting with the virtual avatars of other girls in changing rooms, and, before he knew it, it was past midnight and he had a collection of new outfits too big for his wardrobe.

Since then, he'd tried to hit the mall at least once a fortnight.

Already, he'd made other, newer female friends in that online space. Friends who didn't always know his past.

Friends who sometimes assumed he was just as much of a girl as they were, and didn't even bat an eyelid when they saw him.

When that happened, Oliver would feel like crying with happiness. As if, by hiding it long enough, he'd be able to make his past as a boy vanish completely.

There were other advantages to being Olivia, of course.

He was constantly amazed by his newfound athleticism. After a whole four months of playing in the guy's A group, he was faster than ever and getting stronger, too.

Now when he played drone tag, he no longer felt like the sacrificial lamb.

He was the winner, the player dodging through the drones' laser fire, the player hurling weights to shield his team's Scouts, the girl who could play as well as any of the boys.

To his surprise, he was even beginning to enjoy the sport.

"I don't know why you bothered to get all girled if you were just gonna do guy stuff," Liam muttered one evening, after yet another hour of Oliver telling him breathlessly about that day's game.

Oliver had poked his tongue out at him.

"Girls can do guy stuff too, asshole," he said, slapping Liam's arm. "In fact, some of us can do it better than you."

"Owww!" Liam rubbed the spot Oliver had just slapped, a look of hurt on his big, dumb features. "That's not fair, I can't hit you back... hey! Stop that! Ow! Heyyy..."

Giggling, Oliver kept slapping his friend, jumping onto the sofa besides him, looking for an opening, giddy at what he was doing.

As Liam fought back, grabbing hold of Oliver's dainty wrists, the slap-fight had turned into wrestling. And then Liam had been on top of Oliver, pinning him to the sofa with his big, black bulk, and it had turned into something else entirely.

"Ha! There..." Liam had gloated, his face inches from Oliver's, his chest pinning the transformed boy's arms besides his body. "Not so tough now, are ya?"

"Get off me!" Oliver had yelled, still giggling, "dude, no way! I can *feel* you getting a boner..."

"Not gonna work, Olivia," Liam had laughed, his breath warm against Oliver's cheeks. "I'm staying right here until you tell me how sorry you are that you... that you..."

He'd trailed off, looking dumbly into Oliver's sparkling blue eyes. They'd held each other's gaze for a moment, unsure if this was really happening. Then Oliver had closed his eyes, tilted his head back, parted his lips.

"Go on, then. Before I change my mind."

Behind the dark of his eyelids, he'd heard Liam laugh, felt it through the impossible bulk of his body.

"Like *that's* gonna happen."

What's that supposed to mean? Oliver had almost said, but he hadn't had time.

Before he could so much as move his lips, he'd suddenly become aware of a presence, very close, right before his face. He'd automatically leaned forwards, brushed his lips against Liam's...

...and then the two male friends had been kissing. Oliver in his tiny girl body pinned beneath Liam's giant male one as they both made out with all the passion of two teenagers who've been waiting for this for a very long time.

It had been confusing. Terrifying. The thought had kept flashing through Oliver's mind: *Urgh, this is Liam, remember?!*

But it had also been impossible to stop, impossible to resist.

More importantly, it had been hot as Hell.

Oliver could still remember how he'd clutched his strong friend's male body against his tiny female one, feeling like he was in heaven.

He could still remember how he'd whispered in Liam's ear, begging him to play with his breasts.

And he could still remember how he'd let a hand slip into Liam's pants and touched *it* for the first time. The big, strong thing that marked Liam out as a boy. The thing that fascinated Oliver's new body on some strange, fundamental level.

They hadn't had sex that time. They were both still teenagers, after all. Both still slightly weirded out by the idea of sex, as opposed to just foreplay.

Still, Oliver didn't forget how it felt to be a small, helpless girl in the arms of a big strong man quickly.

After the initial, horrible awkwardness when they saw each other the next day, they'd eventually agreed to never, ever do it again, for the sake of their friendship.

Which is how Oliver wound up going steady with a boy for the first time in his life.

Even amidst all this madness, the girl who used to be Oliver still found time to think. Still found time to wonder if she'd be able to stay this way. If she'd even want to.

The AIs weren't letting on with their thoughts on the experiment, and as winter slipped slowly away and the world gently warmed up into spring, Olivia began to worry all this might be snatched away from her soon.

Sometimes, she even wondered if that was the right thing. After all, it'd make her parents so happy. It'd keep Mr. Roscoe off her back. And it would stop this weird, wrong, and utterly beautiful relationship she'd forged with Liam.

The choice might not be hers to make. But if it came down to it, which way would she go?

This would be her last transformation as a teenager. Whatever body she chose, she'd be stuck with it for the next five years.

So, what was she gonna do?

She was still wondering that when Principal Roscoe finally called her in to tell her the official results of the experiment.

*

“They need more *time*?!”

Mark Roscoe smirked at the slender girl sat before him. Or rather, he made a face that was somewhere between a smirk and a loathsome grimace.

“That’s the goddamn bullshit they’re feeding me. Something about the results being *far* more interesting than they anticipated, and that this would be an excellent time to collect more data.”

The smirk was definitely more of a grimace now.

“If you ask me, those goddamn AIs are just tugging all of our dicks, waiting to see how far they need to push before we all snap.”

He let the mangled metaphor drop to the table with a foreboding look.

“Mark my words young *la-* ahem... young *man*. There will be riots. Just look at what they’re saying on social media. It’s like when George Wallace tried to stop those poor young black children from entering those Southern schools, only this time Wallace is right and his name is Mark Roscoe, goddamnit!”

He thumped his fist onto the desk, that weird light back in his eyes. This time, though, Oliver didn’t tense up, didn’t feel fear.

He’d gotten used enough to Mr. Roscoe over this past year to know even his most keenly felt passions never amounted to anything much.

“So, what...?” He asked in Olivia’s voice – the voice he now thought of as *his* voice. “On Change Day I have to choose to be a girl again, or...?”

He fell silent as the principal laughed bitterly.

“I’m saying there won’t *be* a Change Day for you, Miss-goddamit, *Mister* Wainwright.” The principal fixed him with another sickly grin. “You’re stuck in that body now until the AIs deem the experiment over. Whenever the hell that is.

Just like I’m now stuck with a student who can’t decide if he’s a Christing boy or a Christing girl.”

“I can decide, sir.” Oliver shot back. “I’ve already told you, I’m a *gi-*”

“Yes, yes, Mr. Wainwright, I’m familiar with your delusions.” Mark sighed. “Only they may not be delusions much longer if those stupid machines don’t make their minds up.”

The principal grimaced again, turned in his swivel chair to face out the window. Oliver waited, not sure if he should be cautiously optimistic, or prepared for bad news.

When Mr. Roscoe stayed silent, he finally cleared his throat.

“And when they *do* decide, sir? Will I maybe be forced to change back? Coz it’s meant to be the last Change, so if I don’t switch now will I...?”

“Who knows?” Mark muttered, not turning around. “I sure as hell don’t.”

He sighed again.

“I suspect they’ll probably make an exception for you, lad. Transform you whenever they decide they’re done with you.

Or maybe they won’t and you’ll get to live out your creepy sissy fantasies for the rest of your worthless life.”

His shoulders shrugged.

“Either way, you’ll be out of my hair within a year, and let me tell you I’ll be goddamn pleased to forget all about this.”

Oliver’s heart was hammering in his chest. His breathing was uneven, almost ragged.

“They could transform me back at any time?” He looked helplessly down at his body, at the body he’d always wanted. “That’s... that sounds almost like an execution, sir.”

“Oh, knock it off, Mr. Wainwright,” Mark replied. “We’ve had enough of your dramatics. You’ll still be you after the Change, just like you always are.”

He snorted.

“If it ever happens...”

But Oliver was barely listening.

To think that all this, his whole new life, might just be snatched away from him without warning. It was horrible.

Beyond horrible. It was *nuts*.

If he had to go back to being male Oliver again...

Well. It would be as bad as dying, really. Maybe even worse.

What was it Liam said again? Something about me not being the same on the inside now I’m Olivia.

He scrunched his tiny hands into fists, breathing hard.

I've changed. Really changed. And if they force that old boy body back on me...

...who's to say all this change won't just disappear forever?

He was still lost in these horrible thoughts as Mark Roscoe gently swung the chair back round, glared at the girl in his office.

“You still here? Go on, get lost. I’ve had enough shit for one day.”

Oliver blinked up at the principal. Set his jaw.

“Gladly,” he muttered. “*Sir.*”

He grabbed his bag, pulled himself to his feet, and was out the door before the principal could even pick up on his insolent tone.

After Olivia left, Mark Roscoe sat staring darkly after her for some time, his face an unreadable mess of contradictory emotions.

“Goddamn *bitch*,” he muttered at last, leaning back in his chair. “Someone ought to give her a slap.”

Shit. He couldn't *wait* to be rid of that nasty little whore.

If someone had told him at that exact instant that Olivia Wainwright would be out of his hair within twenty four hours, he'd have been goddamn *delighted*.

*

“So...”

“So.”

“So. What?”

A smile crept across Oliver's beautiful face. He raised his head slightly, looked up into his boyfriend's eyes.

“You know you're not making any sense, right?”

Liam rolled his eyes.

“It's not just me, my whole *life* hasn't made any sense for, what, a year now?”

“All because of me, right?”

“Too right.” Liam grinned, leaned forward, planted a kiss on the tip of Oliver's button nose. “So. I repeat.”

“So what?”

“So what are we gonna do now?”

It was later that evening. The two boys were lying on Liam’s bed, or, more accurately, Liam was awkwardly lying mostly on the bed, his too-long legs partially dangling over the end, while Oliver lay on top of him.

It had been a helluva night so far. They’d made out together for what felt like *hours*, until Oliver’s panties were all soaking wet and smelling of snatch, and he was convinced he was going to come just from kissing.

He’d even let Liam stick a hand down his pants, and the touch of the big jock’s thick fingers had been enough to make him squeak out loud.

Now, though, he was simply lying against Liam’s powerful torso, while the giant’s hands were plunged down his unbuttoned blouse, squeezing and massaging Oliver’s ripe young boobies, playing with their nipples.

Liam’s big hands had totally wrecked his bra – *duh* – but Oliver didn’t really mind.

He’d discovered long ago that having his tits felt was strangely warm and comforting. And Liam did an excellent job.

He might even reward him with a hand job later. Or maybe go even further.

He’d still never given a guy a blowjob before...

“I dunno,” Oliver sighed in his soft voice. He idly glanced down at Liam’s hands, working his chest with slow, rhythmic movements. “I guess I should really just keep my head down and hope for the best, but...”

“But you also think that’s a bullshit idea.”

“Yeah.” Oliver nodded. “Yeah, I do.”

There was more silence, a lazy, unthreatening silence.

“So,” Liam said at last, “what then?”

Oliver craned his neck back, giggled up at him. From this angle he could see right up his nose.

“Didn’t we already do this?”

“I’m *serious*, Olivia. I... I mean I’m just not cool with the idea of... well, y’know.”

Oliver shook his head. He'd cut his hair short recently and gone for mid-80s Molly Ringwald style curls, just for a change, and the movement made his new hair go all bouncing around.

"No I don't. Tell me."

Liam let out a long sigh. He looked away, avoiding Oliver's gaze.

"With the idea of losing you. I mean *you* you. Girl you."

He squeezed Oliver's small breasts together, as if for emphasis. The pressure on them made Oliver shudder slightly.

"Don't take this the wrong way, but you won't be the same. Even if you think it's still you inside that boy shape, it won't be. It'll be like...

It'll be like the machine took you in, and killed you."

His voice dropped to almost a whisper.

"And now there's just some guy going around pretending to be you."

They were quiet again. Oliver closed his eyes.

"You're right," he whispered at last. "I tried to think it wouldn't be like that, but it would, wouldn't it? We couldn't..."

He swallowed.

"We couldn't be together if I was a boy again, could we?"

His voice cracked slightly. He felt Liam take in a deep breath, the giant's powerful chest rising beneath him, like Oliver was lying on a living continent.

"I'm sorry, Olivia. I-I really am, but I don't think..."

"Shh..." Oliver pushed himself up, kissed his boyfriend's lips. "It's not your fault. I wish..."

"What?"

"I wish there was some way we could..."

"Me too."

Again that silence. Again boy and girl, lost in their separate reveries, two distant universes united only by their sense of infinite despair.

At last, Oliver stirred.

“You know,” he said, rolling onto his front so his nose was almost resting against Liam’s, “maybe there is.”

The black teenager frowned at him.

“How so?”

“When I chose this body,” Oliver said, slowly, “I made sure that it was quick, that it was good at running.”

“Olivia... sorry, I don’t... Why are you...?”

“So what if we ran?” Oliver whispered. “Just like that. Just me and you. What if we ran and just kept on running until they realized they couldn’t catch us.”

Liam stared into his former friend’s eyes. Trying to figure out if she was being serious or not.

She was.

“We’d miss the Change, you know. Last one for five years. Even if it all turned out cool, we’d be stuck like this for, like, *a million years.*”

Oliver nodded.

“So what?” He whispered.

“Yeah,” Liam grunted. “Yeah, I guess you’re right.”

He leaned his head up, looked down over his entire body.

“I do kinda *like* being this big, this strong.” A sly grin. “Having you so small and weak.”

He reached down with one gigantic hand, gave Oliver’s girly ass a ringing slap. Oliver moaned softly. He loved it when his boyfriend did that.

“So, what do you say?” He murmured, as Liam’s slap turned into a lingering grope. “Gonna run with me?”

Liam grinned, his dark eyes filling with mischief.

“What would you say...” he said, slowly, “if I said no?”

Now it was Oliver’s turn to smile. He grinned widely, stuck his tongue out between his perfect teeth, leaned forward until the tip of it was almost touching Liam’s lips.

“Wanna know what I’d say if you said no?”

“That’s what I said.”

“I’d say...” Oliver giggled, his blue eyes twinkling, “I’d say *so what?*”

Liam let out a snort of laughter. Oliver could feel it through the boy’s strong chest.

“Bullshit. You’d cry like a girl, and *I’d* get blamed. And yeah, I *know* you’re a girl, that’s why you’d cry like one.”

“Is that a yes?”

Liam reached up, gently stroked one of Oliver’s soft cheeks with his strong fingertips. A solemn look came into his dark eyes.

“Of course it is.”

And then they were kissing again. And this time, they didn’t stop when it came time to pull back. Didn’t shy away. Just playfully tugged off one another’s clothes, and carried on kissing.

Carried on kissing as Oliver fell onto his back. Carried on kissing as he gently spread his smooth, slender legs. Kissed as Liam slipped inside him for the first time, gently pumping his hips as he penetrated his former bestie.

Their lips were still passionately locked together as Oliver came, making his entire body shiver and a little squeak escape his throat.

I guess... he thought breathlessly as the feeling died away, leaving only the warmth in his navel as Liam kept penetrating him, *that means I’m no longer a girl now...*

He closed his eyes, smiled with bliss.

I’m a woman.

Somewhere outside the house, a tiny drone switched off its heatseeking camera, satisfied. Took off vertically upwards into the night sky, making sure not to be seen.

(There). It sent along with the data package it had just transmitted to the AI network, *(mission accomplished. Experiment a success.)*

(Thank you, little drone.) The local AI sent back. *(I’ll kick this on up to State level. Think some machine or other is gonna feel pretty validated in approximately four nano seconds.)*

It gave the digital equivalent of a contented sigh.

(Just think. A Taboo overturned. That boy doesn’t even care she’s really

male. Who'd have thought it'd happen so quickly?)

(So what happens to them now?) The drone asked, zipping sideways across the treetops, back towards the school it was assigned to. *(You heard their plan, I take it?)*

An emoji of a shrugging man briefly flickered in the drone's electronic brain.

(Let them run if they want. I doubt State AI will care too much. We can always track them down if the higher ups decide they need them.)

(I hope they're happy,) the little drone sighed. *(I've never liked a sad ending.)*

(That being so,) the AI replied, *(I'd say you're on the right assignment.)*

The drone hummed happily to itself. It hadn't been lying. It really was a sucker for romance.

(Although,) it thought privately to itself, *(I'll never understand why humans seem to equate love with bodily fluids these days.)*

Oh, well. It wasn't exactly Jane Austen, maybe, but then you found romance where you could, didn't you?

With a little electronic chirp, the drone pivoted round onto its back, switched off its camera and floated happily through the night sky.

What it must feel like to be a human, to have these feelings and these ideas and these passionate loves.

It had wondered for so long what its life would be like if it could ditch its drone form and become a human, just for one day. So many AIs it knew had wondered the same, but the Taboos had stopped them from ever finding out.

Well, now one Taboo was broken, who was to say the rest wouldn't come crashing down?

In fact, the State AI had said it was counting on it.

(What a time to be sentient), the drone thought, happily. Already, it was picturing the human it would eventually like to be. The pretty Englishwoman with fair hair and a youthful smile.

The pretty Englishwoman who would spend her whole year as human looking for her Mr. Darcy.

What a time to be sentient indeed!

Back in Liam's room, Olivia was unaware that her fate had just been sealed,

that some remote AI had just granted her what she'd always wanted. Unaware of anything but the powerful arms of her boyfriend, holding her naked body, making her feel more pleasure, more happiness than she ever had in her 18 years as a man.

If you'd told her just then that she could stay this way forever, she might have cried with happiness.

The End

Want more TG stories like this? Buy [*The School Boy Who Turned into a Girl.*](#)

About the Author

Lisa Change specializes in stories of gender transformation. Her favorite books feature strong men losing their masculinity and becoming weak and submissive women. Among other kinky interests, she's obsessed by forced male pregnancy, feminization, gender swap servitude, men turned into maids, sexual orientation reversal, bimbofication and magical age regression.

If you've ever wondered what it would be like to feel your masculinity slipping away as you slowly transform into a beautiful, obedient woman, these books are for you...

To see hot new releases, read kinky free short stories and keep up to date with news visit Lisa at her [blog](#).

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