



The Sorority Curse

She Turned Him Into a
Sexy Co-ed

Lisa Change

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I Tyson knew something was wrong the moment he woke up.

He'd collapsed into bed the night before at 4am, his vision fuzzy, his frat house still thudding with the beat of dubstep.

It'd been one *hell* of a party. His roomies Jim and Brett had brought the kegs, while he and Carson had gone out to grab the girls. They'd arranged a whole bunch of sorority houses to come over, filling the party with heaving, delicious female flesh.

There'd been cheerleaders. Hot athletics chicks. A group of leggy bimbos who Brett *swore* would go down on just about anyone. There'd even been a couple of science girls, whose nerdy glasses didn't hide the fact that they looked *freakin' hot*.

As the beer had flowed and the crowd gotten drunker, more and more girls had flowed in, looking for drinks, looking for hot guys to chat them up.

Guys like Tyson, Brett, Jim and Carson.

By 2am, it had become clear the only girl who *wasn't* coming was Sarah.

Groaning, Tyson threw back the bedsheet. He pulled himself into a sitting position and clutched his head.

Sunlight lanced in through the open curtains, sending bolts of pain spinning into the depths of his brain. He closed his eyes and let out a loud moan.

Dog shit, he thought to himself, *this is the worst freakin' hangover ever...*

But he knew it wasn't just the alcohol that was making him feel this way.

After all, he could *never* think about Sarah without getting a headache.

Sarah was a fucking *babe*. A tall, leggy girl with flowing dark hair, pert breasts that were slightly too big for her frame, a tight waist and a *gorgeous* ass. She was studying to be a biologist, doing stuff about gender in toads and shit that Tyson could never understand and didn't want to anyway.

With her dark eyes, large black-rimmed glasses and flirty expression, Sarah had been the sort of girl *everyone* wanted to sleep with. The one all the guys imagined themselves taking out on a date.

And that was exactly what Tyson had done.

Well, until that *thing* had happened, at any rate.

A sudden lurch in Tyson's stomach derailed his train of thought. He instinctively

clamped a hand over his mouth, suddenly worried he might spew all over his bedroom floor. A moment later the bile subsided, leaving him dazed and shaken.

Whatever this hangover was, it was worse than any he'd ever had before. With weak movements, Tyson hauled his heavy, muscular frame to its feet. Still dressed in nothing but his boxers, he began staggering towards the bathroom.

What the hell did I drink last night? He wondered.

But that was just it. He *hadn't* drunk anything unusual. It'd been all beer, all the way. While Brett and Carson were hammering the shots and cheering like madmen, Tyson had stuck to emptying his keg.

It was something he'd done *loads* of times before. And he'd never felt even remotely like this.

Is this alcohol poisoning? The hungover jock thought as he stumbled down the dark corridor that led past Jim's room. Through the half-open door, he could see his roomie passed out on top of his bedsheets, the sunlight playing through the golden hairs on his muscular chest.

Maybe my liver's finally had it. Oh Christ!

Tyson suddenly tottered as a another spasm hit his gut. He felt his stomach muscles contract. Felt a tug in his crotch as his balls bunched upwards. Felt his ass clench.

Felt a strange ache in his bones that seemed to spread out to every part of his body, as though his skeleton itself was shifting in some unnatural way.

He shot one strong arm out. Leaned against the wall, gulping in gasps of air. A feeling of deep unease was starting to wash over him.

This wasn't anything like a normal hangover. It wasn't even like what Tyson imagined alcohol poisoning to involve.

This was more like something was going deeply wrong, affecting every single cell in his body.

As Tyson stood, trembling in the corridor, still filled with the discarded cans and roach clips of the night before, a thought suddenly rose up in his mind. Something that had happened not so long ago that seemed innocuous at the time, but now filled him with dread.

He'd been stood at the back of the shuttle bus between town and campus, freaking out about the lack of preparation he'd done for his upcoming exam, when two girls had got on, deep in conversation.

They were both small and blond, cute in a nerdy way, clutching science books to their ample chests. At first, Tyson had glanced over their bodies with a smile, hoping to catch one of their eyes, when he realized something that made his blood run cold.

The two hot little science chicks weren't strangers. They were friends of Sarah's.

Immediately, Tyson had turned his back, not wanting them to recognize him. The movement had caused him to bump his arm up against a brunette girl's breasts and she'd given him a startled look, but Tyson had barely noticed.

He was too busy trying to listen in on what the science chicks were saying.

"...so upset. She's been to the faculty and everything," the one with glasses had sighed, her squeaky voice and body shape reminding Tyson of Bernadette off *Big Bang Theory*. *"But they won't listen. She thinks it's coz he's on the team..."*

"I can't believe that jerk got away with it," the other one had muttered. *"Like, don't they worry this will get out on Twitter?"*

"Oh, Sarah's not down with internet shaming," 'Bernadette' had replied. *"Too much chance it'll backfire."*

"Is that it?" The other girl had demanded. *"Is she just gonna give up?"*

"Not quite," 'Bernadette' had said. Tyson had realized with a start he could hear the smile in her voice. *"She's got something planned, something that'll make that dumb jock look like the biggest doofus on campus."*

At the time, the conversation had made Tyson laugh silently to himself.

Dumb bitches! He remembered thinking, gleefully. *What could three feminist nerds possibly do to a guy like me?*

Now though, as he struggled to fight the horrible sensations taking over his body, the overheard conversation filled him with dread.

Something planned.... Not gonna give up... oh, shit!

A drunken memory came back to Tyson, a memory from the night before. Bumping into those nerdy girls who'd unexpectedly turned up, gathered round his keg. He'd offered them a drink from the funnel, but they'd simply shook their heads and smiled a mysterious smile.

Now, in the cold light of day, Tyson suddenly realized why they were at the party. Why they were standing round his keg. They were friends of Sarah's. Friends of 'Bernadette' and the other girl; friends who thought he needed to be punished.

Friends who'd slipped something in his beer and poisoned him.

Another spasm wracked Tyson's body. With a groan, he pushed himself off the wall and began to stagger towards the bathroom.

He knew he should call the cops. Knew he should wake up Jim or Brett or Carson and *tell* them what had happened.

But he couldn't. Not when he was feeling like he was about to spew. Just let him get it all out, then he could alert the world... then he could tell them... then he could...

By the time Tyson stumbled into the bathroom, he was in panic mode. His mind was reeling. His bones felt like they were *stretching*. His skin seemed to be twitching.

He ran to the sink. Gripped the edge. Looked at his square-jawed, handsome face, now pale and frightened.

Sweat was pouring down his temples, like he'd just finished a marathon workout. He was dizzy. His face seemed to swim in and out of focus.

Another spasm hit his stomach. Tyson leaned forward, opened his mouth, not knowing if he was going to let out vomit or a yell. He closed his eyes. There was a feeling in the back of this throat, like something was rising in him. Something strange and horrible and *unnatural*...

And then it came out and Tyson's eyes opened wide again in shock.

"Hey!" Burbled the soft voice emanating from Tyson's throat in a Valley Girl accent. "I'm Tanya, *great* to meet you. I can't *wait* to suck your cock!"

Tyson immediately clamped both hands over his lips. A wave of cold horror washed over him.

Hey! What the hell was that?

In the grimy mirror, his own reflection looked back at him, trembling with clear terror.

Am I hallucinating? Did I just dream that...?

The voice couldn't have come from him. It *couldn't* have. Slowly, Tyson unclenched his hands from around his mouth. He lowered them, watching his own reflection, watching to see if...

"Oh my *Gawd*," Tyson nearly screamed as he saw his lips move of their own accord. "Don't you just *love* guys with big dicks? I love having them in my mouth, up my ass, in my pussy..."

With a tremendous force of will, Tyson bit down *hard*. His teeth clamped together. The

Valley Girl voice cut off.

Why am I saying that? He thought in fright. *I don't love dick. I don't have a pussy! I'm not a girl, I'm a-!*

But then something happened that rendered his final thought defunct. That blew away the last traces of his sanity like leaves on an autumn breeze.

In the mirror, Tyson saw himself begin to *change*.

It was subtle. Barely noticeable, at least at first. But to Tyson, used to seeing his reflection stay the same, day after day after day for *years*, it was like hearing someone blow an air horn in the middle of a familiar and much-loved piece of music.

His eyes were *different*. Where they'd previously been dull gray, they were now a deep blue. They were wider, too. Round and innocent. The eyes of a shy and inexperienced virgin.

Hey... what the hell? That's not me!

As Tyson watched, it became clear it wasn't only his eyes and voice that the poison (if that's what it was) was affecting.

To his horror, he realized his nose was imperceptibly getting smaller, becoming cute and button-like. Realized his cheeks were getting smoother, as the scratchy traces of stubble vanished.

Realized his jawline was softening, his dark hair becoming lighter, his lips gently plumping up, becoming fuller and poutier.

Tyson opened his mouth to scream...

...and was horrified to hear what came out.

"Mmm..." He heard himself giggle in his new, girly voice, "I can't *wait* till this is over."

In the mirror, one rapidly-changing eye dropped him a flirty wink.

"Then we can start fucking as many men as possible!"

The changes were coming faster now. Before Tyson's eyes, his jawline thinned out, becoming soft and round, his cheekbones became sharper and more-pronounced, his Adam's apple disappeared.

As he stared at his changing face in wonder, his lips grew plumper, his eyelashes elongated until they fluttered in his vision like the wings of tiny birds, and his nose narrowed down.

Seconds later, Tyson was *staring* at a beautiful young girl.

Her lips were painted a deep, luscious red. Her crystal blue eyes were lined with dark mascara. Spots of blusher were forming over her cheeks. Her skin was flawless.

As Tyson watched, her short hair suddenly *jumped* out, cascading past her cheeks like a waterfall.

It got to shoulder length and suddenly turned blond and coiled into cute little curls that bounced and shone and tickled against Tyson's bare neck. He gaped at the girl in horror.

She had the face of a supermodel. The face of the sort of girl guys gravitate to at parties.

And she was on top of *his* body.

"What the *hell?!'*" Tyson squeaked in his new, girly voice, looking in horror at his reflection.

Immediately, his mouth moved of its own accord again.

"Don't be *silly*, Tanya!" Tyson saw his reflection laugh, feeling his mouth move along in time, as though he was a puppet being controlled by some demon puppeteer. "Isn't it obvious what's happening?"

A note of happiness flooded into his new voice, totally at odds with the terror and misery Tyson was feeling.

"We're turning into a *girl*," his reflection sighed. "And there's *nothing* we can do about it!"

That's not true! Tyson wanted to shout, but it was too late.

The second his reflection had stopped speaking, Tyson felt the rest of his body begin to change. With a feminine howl, he looked down in fright at his torso and almost fainted.

His hips were *growing*, thrusting away from his crotch and becoming wide and feminine. At the same time, his waist was tightening, with a feeling like someone was pulling a belt tight around his middle.

Tyson reached down in wonder and felt the beer-fat that was starting to collect around his belly dribble away. In its place was a taut, flat stomach with soft skin that felt springy and smooth beneath his fingertips.

A tugging in his shoulders made Tyson glance upwards again. With a start, he saw his shoulders were drawing in closer to his neck, losing their masculine broadness and

becoming narrow and dainty.

There was a flash of pain. At once, all his bones started singing in agony again. Tyson bent double with a gasp, clutching the sink edge like a lifesaver.

He felt it grow in his hand and stared at it in surprise. Then he realized the sink was no different than it ever was, and it was his *hands* that were shrinking. In no time at all, his palms had shrunk to half their size, his wrists had narrowed and his fingers had become longer and more-elegant.

There was a tugging feeling at the ends of his fingers, and then Tyson's nails grew, too, becoming long and manicured.

Those can't be mine... Tyson thought numbly as the nails turned a dark, lurid red before his eyes, *those hands belong to a stripper, or...or a bimbo!*

Then a realization hit him. One so dark and horrifying that it nearly made him burst into tears.

He wasn't *just* turning into a girl.

He was turning into the kind of dumb, hot chick that jocks like him *loved* to fuck.

The kind of dumb, hot chick Sarah had said he *deserved*.

The wave of change traveled along Tyson's arms, causing them to shed muscle and narrow down with a feeling like his bones were breaking. He closed his eyes and grit his teeth and prayed to God for it to stop, for this horrible transformation to reverse.

But it seemed like no-one was listening.

With a loud *click*, Tyson's spine snapped forward, curving so his ass poked out and his chest thrust forwards. A feeling like he was being *stretched* signaled his legs becoming long and slender and womanly.

There was a pain in his ankles, and then his feet were shrinking to half their original size, becoming tiny and cute. Although he couldn't see with his eyes closed, Tyson had a horrible feeling that his toenails were changing color just as his fingernails had, turning a deep, slutty red.

A ripple seemed to pass into his backside. With a low moan, Tyson reached out his dainty new hands and clasped his ass cheeks, horrified to feel them twitching and writhing inside his boxer shorts.

There was a brief pause, and then his ass suddenly leaped up and filled out, becoming round and pert and peach-like.

In disbelief, Tyson gently squeezed his smooth new cheeks and was surprised to feel how *firm* his new ass was. How curvy and tender and *sexy*.

“Oh *God*,” he heard himself whimper in his new voice, “I wish that was a *man*, squeezing my ass like that.”

No I don't! He thought, wildly, *no way! I'm not gay!*

But there didn't seem any point in arguing.

The moment he'd started experimentally squeezing his new ass, he'd found himself involuntarily imagining his hands belonged to a strong, handsome man.

The changes were coming faster now. A tickling across Tyson's skin made him open his pretty new eyes in time to see all his wiry male hairs wriggling away inside him.

A sensation of vertigo almost made him fall over, as he suddenly shed inches from his height, going from a manly 6ft2 to a girly 5ft4.

There was a sloshing in his stomach and a sensation of sickness. With a jolt, Tyson realized his internal organs were rearranging themselves to make way for his brand new womb.

Shaking with fright, Tyson looked at the girl stood before him in the mirror. At her fantastic, curvy body. At her beautiful face and curly blond hair.

At her completely flat chest, and the bulge of her penis, still visible through the fabric of her suddenly loose-fitting boxer shorts.

No, please... Tyson whimpered inside his head, *please don't...*

But it was useless. He was turning into a *girl*.

And girls *didn't* have flat chests or bulging crotches.

There was a stinging pain in his chest. Tyson looked unhappily down, trying to ignore the way his long new bangs fell over his forehead, partially-obscuring his vision.

His nipples were extending, becoming long and pink and pointed. The flesh around them was swelling up, like he'd been stung and was having an allergic reaction.

With a feeling of helplessness, Tyson pressed his dainty little hands against his new chest and looked up into the mirror.

“*Please.*” He whispered in his Valley Girl accent.

Immediately, his mouth moved of its own accord again.

“Don't be *dumb*,” he heard himself laugh as Tanya. “We wanna be a *real* girl, right?”

OK! Here goes!”

Before Tyson had a chance to respond, the pain in his chest reached a crescendo and then two ripe, beautiful breasts came bursting out.

They swelled up before his unhappy eyes, wobbling away from his torso, growing rounder and firmer and more and more pert as they inflated, his tender, pointed nipples sticking out into the air.

Tyson’s new titties swelled until they filled his hands. Swelled until they weighed heavily on his back, dangling from his frame. Swelled until he could see them in the bottom of his vision, even when looking directly ahead.

Like a man in a daze, Tyson gave them a gentle squeeze and was surprised to feel how *good* it felt. How firm they felt in his hands. How oddly reassuring it felt to have someone touch them.

They’ve gotta be Double-E at least, he thought miserably. Tyson had undressed enough girls over his time at college to become a pretty good judge of cup sizes.

Finally, he felt it. The twitch in his crotch which signaled the end of his transformation.

The twitch that was all the worse because he knew *exactly* what it meant.

With hopeless movements, Tyson half-heartedly tried to grab hold of his cock through the fabric of his boxer shorts. Barely had he started moving when his dick *shot* back up inside his body, taking his balls along with it.

There was a gruesome pause, then a sound like Velcro ripping as Tyson felt the skin opening up between his legs.

Hesitantly, he pulled open the fabric of his boxer shorts and peered inside, trying to ignore the huge boobs dangling from his frame and threatening to block his view.

There, where he’d once had a cock, now sat a pair of plump and tender lips, guarding a moist little hole.

Then it was over. Tyson’s new body was wracked by one last, enormous spasm that made him gasp and bend over and set his new boobies jiggling, and then there was nothing.

For a long time, Tyson simply stood there in the tiny bathroom, *staring* at the girl in the grimy mirror.

She was almost *unbelievably* cute. The face of an actress sat above a supermodel’s body. Two deep, blue eyes shone out above lips that were plump and ripe for sucking

cock. An enormous pair of breasts dangled freely from her frame, their nipples pink and pointed.

Two long, slender legs led up to a curvy ass, the sort of ass that college bros would watch pass in a street and give each other fistbumps over – just as Tyson and his roomies used to. A tight little waist complemented a pair of rolling hips, still hidden away inside male Tyson's old boxers.

She was gorgeous. She was *perfect*. Even with the startled expression on her flawless features, Tyson could see that she was an utter hottie.

She was *exactly* the sort of smokin' hot bimbo he himself would try to pick up at parties. The sort of girl all the guys would imagine themselves taking on dates.

She was small. She was cute. She had a naturally flirty look. She could have *any* man she wanted.

And she was him.

No... Tyson thought to himself, weakly, no, I've gotta be dreaming. This is all just a stupid dream. Wake up!

But he could already tell it wasn't a dream. The way the cool bathroom air caressed his soft new skin, making his nipples go hard as bullets. The faint craving between his legs, where a hole waited, desperate to be filled. The way his blond locks tickled his bare shoulders.

No dream was that detailed.

With a feeling like a man teetering on the edge of madness, Tyson gently swallowed. In the mirror, he saw the girl steeling herself for something.

Cautiously, he raised one hand, palm out, facing the mirror.

To his despair, he watched as the beautiful girl before him copied his movements exactly.

A sudden urge to break the link between his mind and his reflection overtook him. Without even realizing what he was doing, Tyson grabbed the edges of his mouth, pulled them down and poked his tongue out.

He crossed his eyes, blew a raspberry, pushed the tip of his nose up with one finger, as he used to do when he was a 4-year old boy making faces at the girls in class.

Sadly, he watched as the hot chick in the mirror pulled a face right back at him, her desperate attempts to make herself look grotesque unable to cover up how basically

cute she was.

Tyson lowered his hands, stepped back, watching as the girl did likewise. He half-heartedly attempted to catch her out by suddenly *jumping* up into the air, but the girl just jumped with him, her blond hair seeming to float upwards in a sail shape as she did so.

Tyson landed and immediately stopped when he felt his brand new boobies *jiggling*.
That's not right... he thought, miserably, *I'm a man. I shouldn't jiggle!*

But the sad expression on the girl in the mirror spelled out what he already knew.

He *wasn't* a man anymore. Tyson, the college bro who slept around and worked out and played football and privately thought all girls were dumb bimbos, was gone.

Now there was only Tanya. He was her. She was him.

He *was* the dumb bimbo.

As these horrified thoughts ticked over in Tyson's brain, he saw his new reflection suddenly smile. Saw the corners of his innocent, doe-like eyes crease in happiness. Saw his plump, painted red lips start to move of their own accord.

"*Finally,*" he heard himself say in his new, Valley Girl voice, "I was getting *so bored* being a man."

In the mirror, Tanya dropped him a cheeky little wink.

"What d'you think, cutie? Isn't this a *lot* better?"

Tyson couldn't help it.

He screamed.

A loud, high-pitched, *girly* scream.

II

The sound of Tyson's female shrieks echoed round the bathroom, bouncing off the walls, filling the house. He screamed for what felt like forever, as if the sheer volume would eventually drive this nightmare away.

But it was hopeless. The pitch of his voice, the way sound vibrated in his throat, the girly squeal echoing around his ears, all of it conspired to ensure Tyson would never be able to forget about his transformation again.

At long, long last, he clamped two dainty hands over his pretty little mouth.

The scream cut off. All that was left was Tanya, staring in dumb wonder at her own reflection, looking like she was about to cry.

In the silence that followed, Tyson strained his ears, his heart thudding in his chest.

There was every chance that his scream had woken his roomies. That even now Carson or Jim or Brett was making their way down the corridor with a head muzzy from their hangover, wondering who the hell this screaming chick was.

If *any* of them saw Tyson in his new body...

Well, they wouldn't *know* it was him, of course. But still. Tyson wasn't at all sure he liked the idea of encountering his buddies in the body of a hot, semi-naked girl.

OK, calm down, he whispered to himself, just chill out. You turned into a girl, that means there must be a way to turn you back, right?

At his own logic, Tyson nodded his pretty little head. In the mirror, Tanya did likewise, her eyes still wide with shock.

So think, Tyson urged himself. What caused this? How did you turn into...?

A light went on in Tanya's large, blue eyes.

Slowly, Tyson lowered his tiny hands away from his trembling lips.

Of course...

The science girls. The ones who'd been hanging around his keg. He thought they'd poisoned him, but they'd done far, *far* worse than that.

Once again, a voice rose up in his mind. A memory of the nerdy girl he'd dubbed Bernadette, sat on the shuttlebus, unaware Tyson was stood nearby and could hear every word she was saying.

"She's got something planned, something that'll make that dumb jock look like the

biggest doofus on campus.”

With a growl that sounded ridiculous on his female lips, Tyson span on his heel and stalked out the bathroom.

He practically ran down the darkened corridor, his arms crossed in front of his chest, trying to ignore the way his boobs wobbled with each step. The way his ass naturally curved as he walked. The way his long new hair bounced up and down.

Sarah! That little bitch...

Sarah had done this to him. He was *sure* of it. In fact, he was so sure that he was going to get dressed and go confront her *right now*.

He'd beat the information out of her if he had to (how he'd do that now he was a good five inches shorter than her wasn't something he dwelled on). He'd *force* her to tell him.

She couldn't get away with this. It was wrong! Taking a boy and *forcing* him to be a girl... it was sick!

No-one deserved this. *No-one*. Especially someone whose only crime had been to-
“Whoa. Uh, hi.”

Tyson let out a little squeal. He instinctively shrank back, subconsciously wrapping his arms across his bare boobies, crossing his legs, making himself as small and protected from prying eyes as possible.

It came so naturally he almost didn't realize his brand new, female mind was in charge. Was making him react exactly how a *girl* would.

He was too busy *staring* at the tall, handsome man watching him with a surprised smile.

“Were you at the party?” Jim was asking, bashfully rubbing one hand through his wavy blond hair, a smile on his handsome features. “Shit, sorry, I thought all the girls had gone by now.”

All the girls, Tyson snarled inside himself. *Hey, I'm not a girl, asshole!*

But there was no *way* he was gonna try and argue that point now. Instead, he forced up what he hoped was a cute little smile.

“Oh fuck, my bad!” He heard himself laugh, his unpracticed female voice sounding squeaky and unnatural to his ears. “I thought you guys were all asleep!”

“I *was*.” Jim grinned right back at Tyson, his eyes drifting hungrily down over his

female body.

Tyson automatically crossed his arms tighter over his big new breasts, fuming inside himself.

My face is up here, douchebag! He felt like snapping. Instead, he forced himself to keep on smiling.

“Thought I heard screaming,” Jim was drawling now, a cocky smile on his handsome features.

Up until only a few short minutes ago, Jim had been the smallest one in the frat house. At a mere 6ft, he was a guy Tyson was used to looking down at. Used to being bigger and stronger than.

Now all that had changed.

Jim *towered* over Tyson’s new body. From inside his tiny, female frame, Tyson couldn’t help but *gape* at the size of his bro’s biceps, at the broadness of his shoulders, at how the top of his head nearly brushed the doorframe.

Jim was still not fully dressed. A pair of sweatpants clung to his legs, but his torso was completely naked. For the first time in his life, Tyson found himself involuntarily studying his roomie’s washboard abs, his chiseled pecs, the dusting of blond hair on his chest...

Stop it. He thought firmly to himself. *You’re even thinking like a girl now.*

“Not much of a talker, huh?”

“What?” Tyson blinked. He looked up and saw to his horror that Jim had seen him checking out his torso and was now smiling cockily down at him.

Tyson felt a faint blush rise up his girly cheeks, turning them a deep shade of pink. In disgust, he realized he probably looked cuter than ever when he was embarrassed.

“Oh, nothin’,” Jim smiled, his eyes twinkling and making Tyson’s legs go like water. “I just asked what your name was.”

“Tyson,” Tyson said automatically, without even thinking about it. His eyes immediately went wide with horror.

Ohfuckohfuckohfuck!

Tyson’s heart pounded in his generous new chest. His blood went like ice. Jim was looking confused now, as if he was about to ask some *very* awkward questions, as if he was about to blow Tyson’s ill-kept secret *wide* open...

“Oops! Silly me!” Tyson quickly forced himself to giggle. He fluttered his eyelashes up at Jim, hating himself for doing so.

“I thought you meant, ‘who am I with’,” Tyson said gaily in his soft new voice. “Tyson, I, uh, I stayed over with Tyson last night.”

He impulsively stuck out on hand for Jim to shake.

“Tanya!” He prattled on, hating how much he sounded like a silly little girl, hoping Jim wouldn’t see through his fake laughter. “My name is *Tanya*, pleased to meet you...”

He trailed off. Jim was looking down at him with a broad smirk on his handsome square jaw. With a sinking feeling, Tyson lowered his eyes.

Of course. How could I be so dumb...?

The hand he’d stuck out to shake Jim’s with had been covering one of his big new breasts. The moment he’d removed it, he’d left one of his boobs completely on display.

Fuck!

Tyson snatched his hand back and covered himself up again. He looked helplessly up at Jim, not knowing if he was angry with him for looking, or just weary, or if he didn’t mind...

There’s so much stuff to remember, he thought, miserably, I can’t even do being a bimbo right!

As a muscular boy, walking around topless was a display of his own strength, a way of showing off his raw, gym-fired *power* to those around him, be they male or female.

As a sexy girl, being topless was simply scary. Threatening. At any moment, someone could get a glimpse of his tits and humiliate him. Or even hurt him.

Someone like Jim.

Jim’s eyes were still fixed on Tyson’s chest. There was a look on his face that Tyson had never *seen* on another man before.

It was a cocky look. A *powerful* look. A look that seemed to say: *Sure, I may have been in the wrong, looking at your breasts like that, but what are you gonna do about it? I’m bigger than you. Stronger than you. More of a man. And you? You’re nothing but some dumb slut who can’t keep her titties covered up.*

Come on. Tyson delicately swallowed. *This is Jim, remember? Just play it cool and get out of here.*

With a brutal effort of willpower, Tyson forced up another, simpering girl-smile.

“Whoops,” he heard himself giggle, mindlessly. “How silly of me.”

“Don’t sweat it,” Jim smiled, still refusing to meet his eyes. “Tanya, huh? Are you new or something?”

“Why?” Tyson asked, guardedly. The last thing he wanted was to say something that would let Jim – *Jim!* – know he was trapped in this stupid, sexy body.

“Coz I’d have definitely noticed someone as cute as you before,” Jim smirked.

Tyson felt his jaw drop open.

Hold on! He thought, wildly, *is he flirting with me?!*

This was wrong. This was *so* wrong. He didn’t want to be *flirted with* as a girl. Least of all by Jim!

“I, uh, I gotta go,” Tyson felt himself smile. “I told Tyson I’d just be a minute.”

It felt weird, saying his old male name like that, hinting that he was about to go off and *have sex* with his male self.

But then it was either that or stay here, nearly naked and vulnerable, having his roomie hit on him.

“Sure,” Jim said, “whatever. Maybe I’ll see you later.”

Tyson nodded wildly, his blond hair bouncing and flicking in the corners of his vision.

“Maybe you will.”

He gave one last, awkward smile, turned to go. He was *just* starting to set off down the corridor, when Jim’s voice stopped him dead in his tracks.

“Hey, uh... what was with all the screaming?”

His back still to Jim, Tyson felt himself swallow. He forced up another horrible smile and turned around again, his *petit* hands still clasped over his heavy breasts.

“A spider,” he said in his soft new voice. “A spider in the bathroom. I was trying to wash and it just... It’s OK, I’ll get Tyson to-”

“Want me to deal with it?”

There was a hideous pause. Slowly, Tyson shook his pretty little head.

“No. It’s OK. It can wait...”

“No bother.” Jim smiled at him, a strong, masculine smile that made Tyson feel weirdly warm and soft inside.

“Grab a shirt from my room and come back out in thirty seconds. That bathroom’ll be spider free.”

His hunky blond roomie winked at him, a roguish wink that caused Tyson’s female body to involuntarily smile.

“*Guaranteed.*”

*

Two minutes later, Tyson was stood outside the bathroom, one of Jim’s football sweaters draped over his tiny body, peering in while his roomie hunted the imaginary spider.

He stood awkwardly, his smooth, slender legs unconsciously crossed, the edges of Jim’s jersey bunched together in his hands, his torso slightly curved.

Jim’s sweater was like a blanket draped over his tiny new frame. It hung from his shoulders, so big and billowy even Tyson’s enormous new boobs were lost beneath the folds of fabric. The edges came down almost to his knees, resting against his smooth thighs.

Standing in Jim’s room, looking in the mirror, he realized he looked *ridiculous*. Like a little girl playing dress-up in her daddy’s clothes.

Even worse, the sweater *smelled* of Jim. A powerful, *manly* smell that Tyson couldn’t help but notice. Couldn’t help but feel his female body respond to, his nipples naturally hardening at the whiff of a strong man’s sweat.

But what other choice did he have? He couldn’t just stand here with his breasts on display.

Not when he knew from that thing with Sarah exactly what sort of man Jim was.

“Where was it?” His shirtless roomie called out, ducking his head under the sink.

“Where did you see it?”

“Uhh... by the shower!” Tyson called back in his high-pitched voice, before adding, “I think.”

The sight of Jim, bent over as he searched the bathroom for Tyson’s ‘spider’ was doing strange things to his new girl-body.

Without meaning to, he found himself again and again looking at the muscles around Jim’s shoulder blades, across his back, watching with greedy eyes the way they tensed and rippled as he moved.

Found himself admiring the broadness of his shoulders. The crease of his spine, lightly dimpled with shadow. The tautness of his butt as he bent over, visible through his dark sweatpants.

“Are you *sure* it was a spider?” Jim asked. “Only I can’t see one out here.”

“I’m *sure!*” Tyson snapped. “And it was big, with hairy legs and a fat body and *urrgh!*”

To his surprise, he felt his female body shudder involuntarily.

Christ, look at me! Tyson marveled, *I’m already turning into a total girl!*

“Well, it ain’t here no more.” Jim turned and planted his hands on his hips, giving Tyson a patronizing smile. “Guess the bathroom’s safe.”

Internally, Tyson felt himself scowl at his roomie’s condescension. But outwardly, he simply kept smiling.

“Hey, thanks.” He heard himself patter in Tanya’s soft, squeaky voice. “Guess I must’ve imagined it. Typical dumb blond, huh?”

He gave another overdone giggle, silently hating himself for capitulating so quickly.

For allowing simple embarrassment to force him into acting like a girl in front of Jim.

“Well, maybe not, y’know,” Jim shrugged kindly, falling back on the wholesome Midwest charm Tyson had often seen him deploy on girls. “Maybe it escaped down the sink, huh?”

He smiled and stepped slightly to one side.

“Wanna come in and check it’s gone? I’ll be right here if you need me.”

No! Tyson moaned helplessly, *no I don’t want to! I wanna get dressed and go kick Sarah’s ass, that’s what I wanna do!*

But of course, he couldn’t say that. So, with an internal sigh, he nodded his pretty little head.

“Sure, thanks for offering. Tyson has some pretty awesome friends, huh?”

At his words, Jim shrugged.

“We do our best.”

He waved inside with one large, powerful hand. Tyson hesitated, then with a mental scowl, he stepped over the threshold.

The bathroom was cramped with the two men inside it, even with Tyson trapped in his tiny new body. Jim gently closed the door as Tyson padded in and stood there, twisting the edge of his giant shirt between his fingers and feeling awkward.

“Wanna check?” Jim indicated the shower, “go ahead.”

“Uh, OK.”

Tyson gingerly leaned over, pretending to peer into the stall, searching for an invisible spider. He had to use one dainty hand to brush his long blond bangs out of his eyes, hooking them behind one ear.

Eventually, he shook his head.

“Nu-uh. I don’t see it.”

“Try over there, behind the toilet.”

For Chrissakes...

Obediently, Tyson bent down even lower, his pert little bum sticking out into the air, his heavy boobies dangling, and peered behind the u-bend.

It was *gross* back there. The floor was dusty, skanky, stained. A lone pube sat on the pipe, wiry and sticking up into the air.

Ewww... Tyson found himself thinking. *You can tell boys live here.*

He gave himself a firm little shake. Now was *not* the time.

“No,” he sighed after a second’s pretend looking. “Anywhere else you’d like me to check?”

“How about down there, by the waste bin?”

This time, Tyson let out an audible sigh.

“Look,” he said, turning round slightly, still bent forward, his tiny hands clasped against his smooth thighs, “don’t you think we’ve searched in enough...”

The words died in his throat. Trapped inside his girly body, Tyson felt his eyes go wide. His pretty, painted mouth dropped delicately open.

Of course... He thought, dumbly, *so that’s why he made me bend over like that.*

Behind him, Jim was leaning with his back against the door, watching Tyson’s pert little ass wiggle back and forth with a great smirk on his handsome features.

But that wasn’t what made the breath catch in Tyson’s throat or made him want to

scream and scream and keep screaming until somebody came running.

It was the sight of what was in Jim's *hand* that did that.

Clasped between his handsome roomie's fingers was a fat cock that was bigger than any Tyson had ever seen.

It was *huge*. A big, purple thing that had to be at least nine inches long, a great vein running down its shaft, pulsing in time to the slow, languid movements of Jim's wrist.

The shaft was thick as a club, ending in a faint blond public thatch. Two heavy balls dangled beneath it, fat and ready. The tip of the cock glistened with a tiny bead of pre-come.

It was hideous. It was disgusting. It was *awful*.

And to his horror, Tyson found that he couldn't take his eyes off it.

"Like what you see?" Murred Jim, not taking his eyes off Tyson's sweet little ass. "I knew that boob trick wasn't an accident. No chick could be *that* dumb."

"Jim?" Tyson squeaked, his voice quavering with fear. "Jim, what are you...?"

"He told you my name, huh?" Jim smiled. "Nice one. He was probably hoping I'd bump into you."

A light danced in his eyes.

"We share everything round here, y'know?"

His eyes drifted over Tyson's pert ass, down his legs, back up to his brand new pussy, hidden away by the fabric of his boxers.

"*Everything*," he whispered, meaningfully.

The blood was pounding in Tyson's ears. He suddenly realized that he was now a tiny girl with a weak, girly body, trapped in a confined space with a strong, hulking man.

If Jim wanted to, he could do *anything* to him. Anything at all.

"OK." Tyson heard himself say, primly, "I'm gonna stand up and go, and I'm gonna forget all this ever happened. And if you're lucky."

He steeled himself.

"If you're lucky, I won't call the police."

For a second, there was nothing but silence. Then Jim broke into a gigantic smirk.

"So you heard about that, huh?" He asked. "Guess we're internet-famous now. In that

case, you'll probably expect me to do *this*."

His free hand *shot* out like a rattlesnake. One thick thumb and forefinger came together on Tyson's firm butt and *pinched*, making him yelp.

He leapt to his feet as Jim laughed, angrily spinning round so his ass was facing the wall, rubbing it tenderly.

That really hurt! He thought, *That asshole, that really hurt!*

But deep down, there was another feeling, too. One brought on by Jim manhandling him. A feeling that shook Tyson to his core and made his head spin and his blood run cold with horror.

Deep down, in a place he didn't want to admit existed, a large part of him had rather *liked* Jim pinching his ass like that.

"Jim..." Tyson was backed up against the sink now, desperately looking for a way out.

"Jim, please. I'm warning you. Don't..."

"Don't what?" Jim smiled.

"Just don't come any closer!"

"What?" Jim's eyes sparked with amusement. "You mean like *this*?"

Then all of a sudden he was pushing off the door, moving forwards. Tyson just had time to yelp and raise his hands and then Jim's big, muscular body was *pressed* up against his small, girly one, pinning him to the wall.

Jim calmly took both of Tyson's raised hands and held them in one of his own. He raised them up above Tyson's head with shocking ease – so powerful that Tyson had no *hope* of fighting him – and looked deep into his eyes.

Tyson's heart hammered in his chest. He could feel Jim's fat dick pressing against his stomach, the tip resting against the fabric of his football sweater. His crotch was singing. He couldn't tell if he was afraid or horny or *what*.

With big, pleading eyes, he looked up at his roomie. At the handsome man, holding him here against his will.

The handsome man who could do *anything* to him.

"Jim..." He started to whisper.

"Shh." Jim gently pressed one finger against Tyson's pouty, bud-like lips, silencing him. "It's OK."

His face was only inches from Tyson's now. This close, Tyson could feel his hot, stale breath tickle against his cheek. See the individual little hairs that made up Jim's blond stubble. It was like watching something in HD. He realized with a start that he'd never seen his roomie this close before.

A little smile crept over Jim's lips. He gently lowered his finger and slipped his hand behind Tyson's neck. Tyson felt his fingers tenderly playing with a lock of curly blond hair, twisting it, turning it.

I've got to get out of here! He thought to himself, but it was a thought that seemed to come from far away, from someone other than himself.

Without realizing he was doing it, Tyson gently tilted his head back. He looked into his roomie's eyes, their lips almost touching. Deep within his pants, he felt warmth spreading through his new pussy. Felt his nipples hardening into little points that rubbed against the fabric of the jersey, even as he tried not to scream with fear.

A look came into Jim's eyes. A look that was tender and powerful and *hungry* all at once. He teased Tyson's curled blond hair with his fingertips, smiling at him, making Tyson feel like he was falling deep into his eyes.

"Everything's gonna be OK..."

"Jim..." Tyson whimpered.

"Hush now. No more talk."

Jim's eyes seemed to fill the world. Seemed to grow until there was nothing else to look at. With a start, Tyson realized his roomie's lips were practically touching his. He felt a strange feeling welling in his chest. A feeling of desire, of fear, of happiness...

And then Jim gave him one last smile, and suddenly the two male friends were kissing. The kissed passionately, like their lives depended on it. Jim's tongue swirled round the inside of Tyson's pretty little mouth, possessing him. Owing him.

In fright, Tyson closed his eyes and tried to whimper. But it was helpless. This feeling, of being clutched against Jim, of being pinned against the wall, horny and exposed and helpless, it was... it was...

God help him, it was *wonderful*.

For five whole minutes, the roomies kissed, Tyson gently nibbling on Jim's tongue, savoring it like a foreign delicacy. Then Jim was gently pulling back, leaving Tyson looking deep into his eyes, whimpering for more.

Quick! The male part of him called inside his brain. *It's not too late! Push him back. Start screaming. Just don't let this happen!*

The voice seemed to come from very far away, drowned out by the roar of blood pulsing through Tyson's veins.

With woozy eyes he smiled up at his former roomie and delicately bit his lower lip. He lowered his head, let his bangs tumble across his eyes. Assumed a pose he'd seen dozens of girls assume, dozens of times, when there was only one thing on their minds.

"Jim..." He whispered, secretly thrilled by the sound of his soft new voice.

"Yeah?" Jim whispered, one large hand still pinning Tyson's arms above his head, making his chest jut forward, accentuating his boobs.

Tyson closed his eyes, feeling like a man on the edge of a precipice. He knew what he was going to say. Knew he shouldn't say it. Knew he should *never* say it.

But also knowing that he was helpless not to. That whatever had caused his transformation had made him both physically and *mentally* female.

With a feeling of abandonment, he stepped over the edge.

"Do whatever you want with me," he whispered.

A light came on in Jim's eyes. He leaned forward, tenderly kissed Tyson again, making his female body melt with pleasure.

He rested his forehead against Tyson's, whispered to him in a low voice that sent chills through his body.

"You sure?"

Tyson nodded.

"Yeah," he whispered.

"In that case." Jim pulled back, smiled. "Your wish is my command."

Then he gently reached down with one free hand, tugged on the elastic of Tyson's boxers and pulled them down his hips, so they tumbled down to the ground. Then he raised one knee up, forcing Tyson's legs apart.

Tyson watched him work in a daze, his weak girl-arms still pinned above his head. He felt a bead of moisture trickle down the inside of one leg and realized with a surge of dizziness that he was wet.

With infinite tenderness, Jim placed his hand between Tyson's smooth, tanned thighs.

He gently *squeezed* the soft mound between his legs, causing Tyson to cry out – a high-pitched, feminine sound.

Then he gave Tyson one last smile, curled his wrist, and slipped a finger deep inside his cunt.

The pleasure was immediate. Intense. Tyson felt his pretty mouth drop open, head himself give a soft gasp.

He closed his eyes, threw his head back and moaned as Jim's finger slid in deeper, deeper, probing at the insides of his pussy. Pushing deep into his womb.

His pussy...

It was so wrong. So unnatural. The idea that he, Tyson, a ferociously heterosexual man, had a *pussy*. A tiny little hole between his legs that boys liked to put things in. A place for cocks to go in and babies to come out of.

It was stupid. Unbelievable. Impossible.

Yet, as he felt Jim's finger slide in ever-deeper, gently stretching the skin around his hole, sending shockwaves of pleasure through him, Tyson couldn't help but think how *pleased* he was to have a nice, tight cunt to call his own.

"You like that, do you?" Jim whispered in his ear, his lips tickling against Tyson's earlobe. "You like having something in that cunt of yours?"

Helplessly, Tyson nodded his pretty little head. He couldn't have denied it even if he wanted to. His body wouldn't let him.

His nipples were so hard they were jutting through the fabric of Jim's football sweater, two points that showed *exactly* how horny he was feeling. His crotch was warm and damp and wide, drawing Jim in deeper and deeper. His breasts were swelling slightly. Soft little whimpers escaped his throat.

It was wrong. Wrong, wrong, *wrong*. He should have been feeling long and hard, not puffy and wet. It was like he'd woken up one morning to discover he now walked upside down.

It was stupid. It was impossible. It was *wrong*.

So why did it feel so right?

Jim curled his wrist gently, letting his finger slide deep inside Tyson. Slipping it back out so its tip teased the entrance to his pussy, then gently allowing it to slip back in.

Each movement sent little shivers of pleasure running over his skin, like a million tiny

pinpricks of delight. Unconsciously, Tyson began to gently buck his hips in time with Jim's languid movements, losing himself, losing himself in this strange, sleepy pleasure.

Oh my God, that feels so good...

“Christ, you look so hot right now.”

The words were strangely pleasing, seeming to heighten his pleasure. At the sound of Jim's voice, Tyson gave a soft, girly moan and looked helplessly up at his strong male lover.

The way Jim was looking at him was so fucking *hot*. Like Tyson was suddenly the most-important thing in the universe. Like he was the most-beautiful girl on the planet. He'd never had another man look at him like that before.

Jim's eyes were heavy-lidded. A woozy, half-cocky smile stretched across his handsome features.

Without realizing he was going to do it, Tyson leaned forward and kissed him again. Kissed his roomie as Jim's finger worked his tender little pussy, slowly pushing his female body towards a gentle climax.

They kissed for what felt like forever, Jim's tongue swirling deep inside Tyson's pretty new mouth, blocking out all other feeling.

Then, abruptly, Jim pulled back. He slipped his finger from Tyson's cunt, leaving him feeling empty and unsatisfied, a strange smile on his face.

“Jim?” Tyson asked in his soft voice, a feeling of confusion rising in him. “What-?”

“I think it's my turn now,” murmured Jim.

Tyson glanced down at the fat cock poking out Jim's boxer shorts. Hesitantly, he started to extricate one hand from Jim's iron grasp, intending to reach out and touch Jim's cock, to work him as perfectly as Jim had worked his cunt...

“Nu-uh.” Jim's grip tightened, pinning Tyson's dainty little hands above his head.

Tyson blinked and looked at him uncertainly. In the bottom of his vision, he could see his big new boobs rising and falling with each breath.

“Then what...?”

In response, Jim reached out with his free hand. Clutched Tyson by one bare, curvy hip.

With gentle movements, he started to turn him round, so Tyson was facing the mirror. Through the glass, Tyson saw Tanya – cute, innocent little Tanya – look up at Jim's

reflection with growing worry in her eyes.

“Jim?” He heard himself squeak.

“No more talk now.” Jim growled. “It’s time for you to be a *good girl* and take what’s coming to you.”

He let go of Tyson’s wrists. Tyson lowered his hands, confused, then suddenly *cried* out as Jim pushed him forward.

He automatically reached out and grabbed the edges of the sink, his big boobs dangling and bumping softly against its porcelain rim. He tried to stand up, but Jim rudely planted a hand in the middle of his back, holding him in position.

Tyson was now bent over, desperately clutching the sink, his pert little ass high up in the air, his pussy wide and wet and on display.

He looked up helplessly with frightened eyes as Jim smiled down at him.

“You like cock, do you?” He whispered in his deep, manly voice. “Well then. I guess you’re gonna *love* this.”

Then he carefully angled his hips, leaned forwards, and inserted his dick deep into Tyson’s pussy.

It was the strangest thing Tyson had ever experienced.

Immediately, a hot pain flowed up inside him, making him bite down on his bottom lip to keep himself from crying out. The walls of his pussy *stretched* to accommodate Jim’s enormous girth.

It was like someone was inserting a flame inside him. It was horrible. It was painful. It was everything Tyson had feared it would be...

Then, as suddenly as it had come, the pain dissipated. As Jim’s cock slid deeper and deeper into Tyson’s brand new womb, the last feelings of discomfort ebbed away.

In their place came pleasure unlike anything Tyson had ever experienced.

With a groan Tyson opened his pretty little mouth. He gazed at his reflection and saw Tanya looking back at him through eyes half-lidded with pleasure, a smile tugging at the corners of her lips.

Fuck me, I look hot...

A sleepy warmth unrolled across his crotch, through his belly, spreading out to every single corner of his new girl body. With a happy sigh, Tyson closed his eyes, pushing his hips back, letting his pussy pull Jim ever-deeper into him.

“I knew you’d like that,” Jim whispered from somewhere behind him, “Christ, look at you. You’re such a cute little slut.”

The insult send shivers of pleasure running through Tyson’s body. His breasts were hot and swollen. His crotch felt like it was being consumed by pink fire. He felt dizzy, he felt horrified with himself, he felt strangely happy.

But most of all he felt *fucking hot*.

“Now,” Jim murmured in his firm, authoritative voice, “let’s see how the little slut likes *this*.”

And he began thrusting.

He started slow at first, his hips bucking forward in gentle bumps that made Tyson let out involuntary gasps. Then he quickly picked up speed, until he was hammering into Tyson so fast his heavy balls *thwacked* up against his roomie’s brand new clit with each thrust, his hips slapping against Tyson’s pert new ass.

For Tyson, it was like being trapped in a prison of pleasure.

Pressed down against the sink, he was powerless to move. Powerless to do anything except lie there and take what Jim was giving him.

Powerless to do anything but let out little girly gasps and squeals and beg this handsome stud to fuck him like the little bitch he was.

Jim’s cock drilled deeper and deeper into him, penetrating far inside Tyson’s new womb. Each thrust sent a bolt of pleasure through him, making him moan out loud.

From inside his delicate girl body, Tyson hazily marveled at the strange sensations coursing through his female form.

He could feel the walls of his brand new pussy *stretching*. Feel Jim’s cock deep *inside* him, trailing warm pleasure in its wake. Feel his big new boobs bounce and jiggle with each thrust, every *smack* of Jim’s hips making them wobble.

His body was wracked with involuntary spasms, bucking and writhing against Jim’s thick hand, still pressed into his back. Noises – squeals and moans – rose up unexpectedly in his throat, seeming to come from nowhere. His long, blond hair fell in streaks across his face.

As Jim’s dick lanced in and out of Tyson, he felt his eyes snap open. Felt himself watch helplessly as the girl in the mirror was roughly fucked from behind, her pretty face scrunched up, her cute little mouth dangling open in a powerless little ‘o’.

Jim thrust again, his fat balls *slapping* against Tyson's clit, sending sparks of pleasure shooting through him.

He twisted beneath his roomie's hands. Bit his lip and *moaned*. Aware something was building up in him, a vast wave that threatened to obliterate everything in its path.

"*Fuck!*" He heard himself squeak. "Oh *fuck* Jim! Oh God, you're so *fucking good!*"

He couldn't help himself. As the wave grew and grew, building up in his crotch, the world around Tyson faded. Faded until it was just the girl in the mirror, the thrumming in his crotch, and his bro's dick, powering into his helpless little female body.

He came with a high-pitched scream that seemed to echo around the house. As Jim thrust harder and harder the wave finally broke, washing over Tyson's female skin and making him shiver from head to toe.

Pink stars exploded behind his eyes. The world swam out of focus. For a long, long time there was nothing left of Tyson at all – nothing left but his girly screams, echoing from far away, and this terrifying, all-consuming pleasure.

At long last, Tyson's climax peaked. With a soft moan, he came floating back down to Earth on a pink cloud.

That was so much better than coming as a man...

Jim was still thrusting away, working Tyson's compliant girl-body. It felt weird, to finish coming and then *keep on* having sex. It wasn't something you ever did as a guy. He wasn't even sure guys *could* do it.

Just roll with it. Jim'll come any second now, and then you can-

"You're not done yet," Jim growled. "There's plenty more where that came from!"

And he raised one hand and *spanked* Tyson's cute little butt, making him cry out.

"No!" Tyson managed to squeeze out between pants. "No, Jim-!"

But Jim didn't listen. He spanked poor, pretty little Tyson again and again and again, each *thwack* of his palm sending stinging pain across Tyson's cute and perfect ass.

Tyson grit his teeth, tried to cry out, but it was hopeless.

The pain of being spanked was combining with another, darker, feeling. A joy at being treated like a *naughty little girl*. A feeling of humiliation that was combining with his pain and turning into something vaster. A huge, black wave that was delicious in its darkness. A feeling of forbidden pleasure.

At the same time, Jim's cock kept thrusting deeper and deeper into Tyson's womb. His

strong roomie raised his arm, spanked him again...

And Tyson was astonished to find himself coming all over again.

His mouth dropped open. He heard himself shouting *Yes! YES!* in his girly voice, as if from very far away. Once again his skin prickled, his body shivered and his vision went blurry.

It was like the laws of physics had been broken. It was like stepping off a roller coaster and magically finding yourself back at the top of the highest peak.

Oh God... Tyson thought, dimly, *I come like a girl now.*

If Jim wanted to, he could keep poor little Tyson trapped here all day, making him fire off orgasm after orgasm, spanking his ass, pinching his tits and fucking his pussy while Tyson screamed and writhed, at the mercy of his new, girly body.

In the end, Jim kept thrusting away until Tyson had climaxed once, twice, *three* times in succession, then he suddenly went stiff.

“Jim...?” Gaspd Tyson, unsure what was happening.

Then he felt it.

Jim gave a strangled little groan and suddenly waves and waves of hot, sticky come were flooding into Tyson’s pussy.

Without thinking about it, Tyson immediately thrust his hips back, trapping Jim inside him, drawing his come deep into his womb.

It was a strange feeling. Disorientating. The sensation of Jim’s white hot spunk flooding into him, coating the inside of his vagina.

But Tyson found he didn’t care.

Having a man come inside his tight little pussy felt *so good*.

They stood frozen there for a minute, Tyson gently working his hips to make sure he didn’t spill a single drop of Jim’s seed. Then slowly his buddy began to pull back and suddenly Tyson was leaning up against the sink alone, a craving deep between his legs, as if his body wanted to put Jim’s big dick back inside him and never let it out.

With gentle movements, he pulled himself upright. In the mirror Tanya looked back at him, a dazed and happy smile on her flawless features.

There’s no ‘her’ about it, Tyson thought, that’s me. I’m the horny college girl who just got fucked by a big, strong jock.

The thought should've made him feel sick. But it didn't. With a strange feeling of contentment, Tyson turned on his heels, his long blond hair flicking in the corners of his vision.

Jim was already pulling his boxers up, a cocky smile on his handsome male face. Tyson found himself looking in breathless admiration at his chiseled jaw, his strong pecs, his six pack.

His eyes lingered on the light dusting of blond hair on his chest, watching the sunlight play through it. Lingered on his broad shoulders and strong biceps.

At that moment, Tyson realized he was hopelessly, helplessly attracted to men in a way he'd never been attracted to women.

Look at him, he thought dreamily, he's so perfect. I wish I could go back to his room with him and lie curled up in his big, strong arms and never leave...

With a start, Tyson realized there was nothing to stop him from doing precisely that. With a smile, he crossed the room, stood up on tiptoes and gave his roomie a tender kiss.

"How was it?" He heard himself murmur in his soft, high-pitched voice.

"Not bad." Jim grinned down at him. "Tyson sure knows how to pick 'em."

He reached behind his muscular back and gently opened the door.

"Well, uh, guess I'd better be going," he said.

Tyson knew the absolute best thing to do would be to let him go. To just smile and nod then run back to his own room, get dressed and try to hunt down Sarah. To find out *why* she'd done this to him. To find out *how*.

And, most-importantly, to find out if she could ever turn him back.

But, for some reason, he couldn't bring himself to. It was like whatever voodoo Sarah had used to transform him had made him not just a sexy sorority bimbo on the outside, but on the *inside* too.

"Hey," he heard himself say.

Jim paused, regarding Tyson with hazy, cocky eyes.

"How about I come back to your bedroom for a bit?" Tyson heard himself say, unable to believe he was the one forming these words. "Have a bit of rest, then maybe later..."

He gave a girly giggle, reached out with one dainty hand and clasped the waist of Jim's

boxer shorts.

“We can do something *even naughtier*.”

He saw Jim hesitate.

“What about Tyson?”

“Forget about Tyson,” Tyson said, firmly, “he’s gone now. And...”

His eyes widened in shock as he heard what he had to say.

“...he’s *never* coming back.”

For a moment, Jim just looked at him, looked at him like he couldn’t quite figure out this strange girl stood before him. This beautiful, sexy co-ed who had appeared from nowhere and now seemed *desperate* to serve his every sexual whim.

Then he smiled. A great, handsome smile that made Tyson’s new body go weak at the knees.

“Sure. Why not?”

He held the door open with one strong hand.

“Ladies first.”

“Thanks.” Tyson smiled gratefully at his roomie, then before he knew it, he was walking down the corridor, feeling his hips curl and his naked ass bounce as he made his way towards Jim’s room, towards Jim’s bed.

This is so wrong, he thought, so wrong. I don’t wanna be Jim’s fuck-buddy! I wanna get out of here, I wanna go find Sarah. I wanna be a man again!

For a second, he almost thought he would do it. Almost thought he would turn round, tell Jim sorry, but no, take off down the corridor and escape this nightmare.

Instead, he stopped at Jim’s door, glanced back at him, naturally arranging his features into a flirty expression, his smooth and slender legs crossed, tenderly biting his lower lip.

“Here we are.” Tyson heard himself giggle. “You gonna show me what you’re made of?”

Jim smiled down at him from high up in the air, like a man who can’t believe his luck.

“You bet I am.”

And, with that, the two male friends slipped inside the bedroom and closed the door.

Five minutes later, Tyson was trying not to cry with happiness as Jim slipped his big fat cock inside his new girlfriend's pretty little mouth.

III

The taste of come lingered on Tyson's lips, making him smile a secretive little smile to himself. He curled up against Jim's strong, sleeping body, luxuriating in the feeling of his powerful arms holding him, protecting him.

Possessing him.

He was a straight man who knew what come tasted like. That thought alone should've made him sick with disgust, but on this lazy morning, it only served to make him feel calm, content, happy.

The past two hours had been wonderful. After closing the door to Jim's bedroom, Tyson had fallen into a world of pleasure he'd never even knew existed.

First he'd sucked Jim's cock, delighting in the feeling of having a man's penis fill his mouth. Delighting in the way Jim's fat balls bumped softly against his chin as he bobbed his head back and forth, back and forth.

Delighting in the manly groans of his roomie as his delicate, girly lips worked him to climax.

He'd been sucking away for nearly fifteen minutes when Jim finally came, yanking his penis out Tyson's mouth and squirting his white hot come all over his pretty, upturned face.

Tyson had leaned back, opened his mouth and smiled as Jim's come spattered on his cheeks, on his lips, in his hair. He'd hungrily swallowed everything that landed in his mouth, looking up from his position on the floor at his former bro, like a supplicant looking up at some ancient and perfect Greek god.

After that, the two male friends had collapsed in one another's arms for twenty minutes, Jim dozing gently while Tyson gently ran his dainty fingers through the hairs on his chest, marveling at how *wonderful* his roomie's body was.

Then Jim had abruptly woken up, spanked Tyson's cute little ass, rolled him on his back and fucked him so hard Tyson had thought his new girl-body was going to split in two.

Throughout it all, he'd had to keep reminding himself that this was really happening. That he, Tyson, the ultra-straight alpha male, was *really* being fucked like a little bitch by his handsome roomie.

It was incredible. Surreal. The sort of thing that only happened in your darkest dreams.

Yet there was no denying it. As Jim's cock pounded into Tyson's dripping wet cunt, making his large boobies jiggle up and down, and making his body buck and writhe, Tyson had been forced to admit that, if this was a dream, it was the best damn dream he'd ever had.

Beside him Jim murmured something in his sleep. He shifted slightly, raising one strong hand so it cupped round Tyson's breast before falling back into slumber.

Curled up in his arms, Tyson allowed a grin to split his cute features.

There was something so *wonderful* about lying in a man's arms like this. The feeling of Jim's strong chest, pressed against his own slender back, was oddly comforting. The sensation of his semi-erect penis, pressed against his hot little ass, made him feel deliciously naughty. The way Jim sleepily groped at his breasts made him feel all warm and fuzzy.

With gentle movements, Tyson raised his head and looked down at his own breasts.

They were big alright. Two large, flesh-colored pillows that hung from his chest, lying against one another on the bedsheet. From Tyson's position, they seemed to completely dominate the lower third of his vision, turning everything below eye level soft and creamy white.

Of all the things he liked about being a girl, he'd decided that having breasts was the best of all.

There was something strangely comforting about them. The feeling of them lying together. The way Jim cupped them in his sleep. The effect they had on men.

The whole time they were fucking, Tyson had noticed Jim barely ever looked at his face. His eyes were permanently focused on his big fat tits, as if they exerted some sort of hypnotic pull on him.

Tyson knew girls weren't meant to like men only focusing on their boobs. But he couldn't help it. As Tanya, he found the extraordinary level of attention Jim paid to his chest hot as hell.

There was something about their weight. Something about their shape. Something about the way they constantly *moved*, when he was walking or fucking, reminding him that he was female now. They made him feel powerful. They made him feel *sexy*.

But most of all, they made him feel like a *girl*.

That shouldn't be a good thing, the male part of Tyson's mind whispered. *We're meant to be trying to turn back into a man, remember. We're not supposed to enjoy feeling*

like a girl!

“Whatever,” Tyson whispered, quietly shrugging the voice off.

He couldn't help the way he felt, any more than he could magically change what made him laugh, or what made him sad.

The basic fact was, he *loved* the feeling of the girl-body all around him. Loved its breasts, its springy skin, its curves and its softness.

He felt at home in it. Possibly more than he'd ever felt at home inside his male body.

If Sarah really *had* done this to him, she'd done him a favor.

“Ow!”

Jim sleepily raised his head, frowned down at Tyson.

“What's up?” He muttered.

“You *totally* just pinched my boob,” Tyson whispered in his soft voice.

“Oh. Sorry.”

Jim started to lower his hand. Tyson grabbed hold of it.

“No, it's OK. I *like* you touching them. Just...” He gave his roomie a sweet little smile, “just be careful with them, huh?”

But Jim was already asleep again, his thick fingers still slowly kneading the flesh of Tyson's breast. Tyson listened to him snore with an indulgent smile.

Men... he thought to himself. *How come they always fall asleep after sex? It's like all that activity is just too much for them.*

Hardly aware he was starting to *think* like a teenage co-ed, Tyson let his mind drift back to Sarah.

Now *that* had been something he was ashamed of. Even though he pretended it didn't bother him, he always knew that deep down, hidden away inside the black depths of his soul, was a reservoir of guilt about how he'd behaved that day.

It had been so unlike him. So unlike *all* of them.

He was a jock, sure. A total bro and he knew it. He *knew* he sometimes (*often*, his brain corrected) got drunk and acted like an asshole. Hell, he even enjoyed it.

But Tyson had always been sure that he was a basically decent guy. A bit sexist. A bit prone to douchiness. But fundamentally OK.

And then he'd brought Sarah home that one night and all his decency had gone out the window.

As he lay there in Jim's arms, an image rose in his mind. Of Sarah, her eyes closed and her expression blank. Of Sarah, lying on his bed, her legs splayed and her arms weakly lying by her sides.

Of Sarah, her pert breasts filling the screen of his phone as he quietly started filming. Abruptly, Tyson sat up.

"Hey..." Jim mumbled, squinting up at him, "you OK, Tanya?"

"Fine." Tyson said curtly. "I'm just stiff is all."

A smile crept across Jim's handsome face.

"Well then..." he murmured, gently squeezing one of Tyson's dangling breasts, "maybe we can do some exercise together..."

Then Tyson stood up and his smile slipped away.

"Maybe later," Tyson said, pulling Jim's football jersey back on over his head. He searched the messy floor for his boxers, then remembered he'd left them in the bathroom.

"What's got into you?" Jim asked, sitting up.

"Nothing." Tyson grabbed a pair of Jim's from where they lay on the dresser and slipped his smooth legs into them.

"I'm fine," he repeated in his soft voice. "I just... I just need some air is all."

With that, he crossed the room, his arms crossed across his breasts, his pert ass curving with every step.

"Whoa..." he heard Jim say. "This is *nuts*... I mean, are you coming back?"

"Maybe." Tyson stopped by the door, shot one last glance at his handsome, naked roomie, his hair all tousled from where he'd run his girly fingers through it as they fucked, his big cock still half erect.

Looked back at the beautiful, strong, handsome man who'd taken his girl-virginity and was now watching him with confusion in his soulful eyes.

"I just need to get some air," Tyson lied. "I'll be back in ten minutes."

Then he slipped out the door and vanished into the depths of the house.

Tyson walked along the corridor without seeing, ignoring the way his boobies wobbled with each step, too busy wrapped up in his own little world.

Sarah...

Whenever he thought of her he got a headache. He'd behaved so badly that night, so unlike his usual self. They all had.

Getting the camera out had been bad enough. Unbuttoning her top as she lay there had been even worse.

But the lowest part had definitely come when he'd pressed the 'send' button, grinning like a fool as he did so. Grinning at Jim, grinning at what he was doing to unconscious Sarah with his hands.

Grinning at the way he was pinching her breasts, cupping them in his hands as he'd just cupped Tyson's big new titties.

Is this all part of the plan? Tyson thought uneasily as he wiggled his sexy new body into the living room, is Sarah controlling my mind too? Making me do things with Jim...?

He was so wrapped up in his thoughts that he didn't notice the two strong guys sat on the sofa until he was almost on top of them.

"Damn girl, you fine!"

"Hey, what's your name?"

Tyson blinked in surprise at Brett and Carson, watching him with identical grins on their faces.

They were sat side by side on the sofa, Carson with a bottle of beer already clutched in one thick black hand, Brett clutching the controller of their PS4. They were dressed only in boxer shorts and T-shirts, their hairy, muscular legs and bulging biceps on display.

Oh shit...

"Oh man, did you just come from Jim's room?!" Brett laughed.

He turned to Carson.

"So that's where Jim's been all day!"

The two bros burst out laughing and gave each other a quick fistbump, grinning from ear to ear. Tyson felt a sudden wave of anger rise up in his tiny, curvy body.

Hey, I'm just here! He thought indignantly. *Jesus, can't you at least wait until I'm not listening?*

A large part of him wanted to yell at his asshole roomies for being so insensitive. But another, newer, part of him held back.

It seemed like, since becoming a girl, he'd become more conflict avoidant. More wary of arguing back with men.

Especially big, strong men like Carson and Brett, who were big enough to do anything they wanted to his vulnerable, weak girl-body.

Outwardly, Tyson forced up what he hoped was a cute little smile.

"Hey guys," he gave a bright little wave. "I'm Tanya. I, uh, I stayed over with Jim last night."

"Knew it!" Laughed Carson, before turning and calling out into the corridor, "Jim you dog!"

"Awesome party, wasn't it?" Brett smiled, his eyes crawling up Tyson's bare legs, over his pert little bum. "What sorority you with?"

Fuck...

"Umm..." Tyson swallowed delicately, uncomfortably aware of the two pairs of male eyes fixed on him, waiting for his response.

Think! He urged himself. *Just say any name you can remember!*

But it was hopeless, his mind was blank. He couldn't even remember the sorority Sarah had belonged to.

"Umm... Delta Alpha, uh, Gamma?" Tyson said at last, lamely.

There was a silence in the room.

"Delta Alpha Gamma," Brett said, slowly. "Are they the guys who live on 4th?"

Tyson eagerly nodded his pretty little head.

"Yeah!" He burred, desperately wracking his brains, trying to picture the sorority on 4th. "Sure. That's us!"

Now it was Carson's turn.

"With Michelle Brannigan, right?" The handsome black man asked. "And Keri Finch, and Zoe Loman?"

“And Kat Katson?” Chimed in Brett. “And Stevie McPhearson?”

At each name, Tyson hopelessly nodded, his little heart pounding in his generous chest, his mind whirling.

The last thing he wanted was for Brett and Carson to figure out his secret. If they found out he’d done those... those *things* with Jim...

Well, his life wouldn’t be worth living.

On the sofa, Carson turned to Brett. The two bros grinned at each other.

“*What?*” Whined Tyson. Already, he was beginning to wish he’d never left the warm, comforting cocoon of Jim’s powerful arms.

“Busted.” Grinned Carson.

“She’s making it up,” agreed Brett.

Tyson’s pretty little mouth dropped open.

“Wait, *what?*” He squeaked in his high-pitched voice.

“There ain’t no sorority on 4th,” Carson said, turning back to Tyson with a smile, “and there ain’t no Zoe Loman or Keri Finch at this college.”

“No Kat Katson or Stevie McPhearson either,” said Brett with a wink.

“So guess what, girly?” Carson leaned forward. “I guess that means we know your secret.”

Tyson’s blood ran cold. He wanted to scream. To cry out. To run away.

He wanted to drop to his knees, clasp his dainty hands together and *beg* Carson and Brett not to tell anyone. Not to tell them he’d been turned into a *girl* and had sex with Jim.

Instead, he kept right on smiling, trying to keep his panic at bay.

“What do you mean?” He said in what he hoped was a confused way.

Carson shrugged.

“Simple. *You’re* not at this college, which I guess means...”

“That you’re either too old, or too young,” finished Brett.

His eyes fixed on Tyson’s sweet little face.

“And I’m guessing too *young*, right?”

Beside him, Carson nodded.

“Look at you. You’re barely 18,” Tyson’s black roomie laughed. “I bet you’re still in high school, right?”

The sense of relief that coursed through Tyson was palpable. He let out a breath he didn’t know he’d been holding.

So they *didn’t* know what Sarah had done to him. His buddies just thought he was some teenage girl who’d snuck away from mommy and daddy to go to a college party and got picked up by some big old jock while she was there.

With a feeling of gratitude that his buddies were so unobservant, Tyson allowed himself to let out a nervous little giggle.

“OK,” he threw his tiny hands up in a mock ‘surrender’ pose, “you got me. It was my 18th birthday yesterday, I just wanted to check out a real college party. I’ve heard so much about them...”

He trailed off. Brett and Carson were looking at him now with an intensity he wasn’t at all sure he liked.

“What?” He squeaked.

“Sounds like you could get in a *lot* of trouble for that,” Brett whispered.

“Yeah,” nodded Carson. “Maybe if we called your parents...”

“Or the police,” suggested Brett.

“Or your school?”

Tyson went white as a sheet. He weakly shook his head.

No... they can’t... they wouldn’t...

But he’d *seen* them with Sarah that night. Seen the things they did to her while she lay unconscious on Tyson’s bed. He *knew* what his buddies were capable of.

They could make trouble for him. Real trouble. Sure, this body didn’t actually have a mom they could call or a principal they could speak to.

But if they called the police...

If someone found out there was no record of Tanya, anywhere in the world...

If they started asking questions about how this young girl just popped into existence the same day Tyson vanished...

If they happened to talk to Sarah...

Well. Then the whole thing could come spilling out into the open.

“Well?” Asked Carson. “What d’you think?”

Helplessly, Tyson stared at his two buddies.

He desperately wanted to tell them. Wanted to shout, *it’s me, guys, stop being such dicks!* Wanted them back on his side.

But that would mean letting them know what he did with Jim. That he’d slobbered all over his roomie’s dick. That he’d let him play with his tits and fuck him in the bathroom while he screamed and begged for more.

Silently, he lowered his head, his blond bangs tumbling over his forehead.

“Please,” Tyson whispered in his soft, singsong voice. “Don’t tell them.”

He saw Brett shrug his broad, strong shoulders.

“Well, that’s up to you, Tanya. Isn’t it, Carson?”

“Damn right,” Carson smiled, his eyes hungrily crawling over Tyson’s figure.

“You do something for *us*,” Brett continued, “and maybe we can do something for you.”

“Do what?” Tyson squeaked, suddenly deeply aware that he was a beautiful young girl wearing not very much at all, stood before two strong and dangerous men.

He had a nasty feeling he knew *exactly* where this was going.

In response, Brett smiled a slow smile. He turned his handsome features to Carson and nodded.

Carson winked at him, then turned eyes that were cold and unfeeling on poor, sexy Tyson.

“Take it off,” he whispered.

For a second, Tyson simply stood there, his tiny, girl-body trembling, desperately looking for a way out.

Then, slowly, he nodded.

With gentle movements, he reached down. Grasped the edges of Jim’s smelly old football sweater between his slender, delicate fingers. Hesitated.

And then he gently pulled the whole thing off over his head.

For a second, Tyson could see Brett and Carson’s faces, lined with expectation. Then

everything vanished in a wave of yellow as he tugged the jersey over his face.

Inside this dim yellow world, Tyson could hear the gasps and chuckles coming from Brett and Carson. Could *feel* the cool air the house caressing his naked, girly body, causing gooseflesh to rise across his stomach and make his nipples go all hard and pointed.

He tugged the jersey over his head, making his hair mess-up and lie across his pretty face in streaks, and cast it to one side.

Then he slowly lowered his arms and looked miserably back at his former buddies.

Brett and Carson were staring at his tits with identical grins on their faces, like two kids at Christmas. They looked like they couldn't believe their luck, like they'd both just won the lottery *and* tickets to a Playboy mansion party all at once.

This is horrible, Tyson thought to himself, his cheeks flushing crimson with shame, *it's like I'm not even a human being to them...*

He wanted to raise his dainty hands and cover his heavy, dangling breasts. Wanted to curl up and hide away from the stares of these two alpha males.

But there was no way he could do it. Instead, he simply stood there, waiting for them to drink in their fill. Waiting for them to dismiss him like some-some low class *stripper*.

On the sofa, Brett's eyes flicked down to Jim's boxer shorts, still clinging to Tyson's waist.

"All of it."

With a helpless moan, Tyson gently bent forwards. Long blond hair tumbled across his forehead, he hooked it behind one ear with his hand. The weight of his breasts dragged down on his chest, twinging at his back.

With obedient movements, he tugged at the waistband of Jim's boxers. Felt them slip down over his smooth and slender legs and land in a pile at his feet.

He delicately kicked them away, then finally straightened back up and turned towards his former buddies.

"Not bad," smirked Carson, looking Tyson over, taking in every inch of him.

He elbowed Brett, laughter in his deep, brown eyes.

"Check it out. Shaved."

Feeling mortified, Tyson gently tried to cross his legs. Tried to make sure that his *pussy*, at least, wasn't on display for these strong and dominant men to look at...

“Don’t hide that snatch away,” Carson snapped. “We wanna *see* it.”

Tyson uncrossed his legs, the blood pounding in his ears, a feeling of utter misery washing over him.

It was like he was nothing. Just a robot Carson and Brett could program to do whatever they wanted. He was no longer a man, no longer a human.

He was an object. An object to be humiliated. An object that only existed to satisfy the whims of two dumb jocks.

It was pathetic. It was miserable. It was... It was...

It was *so fucking hot*.

To his horror, Tyson felt that strange, sleepy warmth start to radiate out of his pussy again. Felt his nipples hardening in the weak sunlight. Felt his pulse start racing, his breasts start gently swelling.

A tiny bead of moisture escaped his cunt and trickled down the inside of his leg. With a sudden feeling of abandonment, Tyson lowered his head and shot his roomies a flirty smile from under his curled blond bangs.

“Like what you see?” He whispered.

Impulsively, he reached up with his dainty hands. He hesitated for a second, unable to believe what he was about to do.

Then all his worries melted away, like snow in the sun, and he began delicately playing with his own fat titties. Gently rubbing his hands over their surface, tweaking his long, pink nipples, a faraway, blissful smile on his beautiful female features.

On the sofa, he saw Brett and Carson’s eyes go wide. They watched him in utter shock, their mouths dangling open.

Tyson let out a little giggle. They looked so *funny* like that. Under any other circumstance he would’ve fallen over laughing.

But these were no ordinary circumstances. Tyson’s delicious new female body was feeling *hot*.

And that meant he wanted to do something about it as soon as possible.

“Mmm...” He heard himself whisper, “oh fuck, it feels so *good* showing two handsome studs my pussy...”

He lowered one hand, tracing a line down his breast, down his stomach, past his belly button to his crotch.

With careful movements, Tyson planted two slender fingers either side of his brand new slit. Then he gently pulled back the skin, exposing his moist little hole for the world to see.

“I’m so wet...” he breathed, closing his eyes. He reached up and ran his other hand through his long, blond hair, trailing his fingers through his locks, stroking his own cheek.

Gently, like a girl lost in her own, perfect world, Tyson began to gyrate his hips gently. Almost dancing. Slow, hypnotic movements that made him feel sexier than ever.

“Oh *God*,” he whimpered, “oh God, you guys are making me *so fucking wet*...”

Without opening his eyes, he lowered a finger and ran it gently across his pussy.

He could feel the moisture on his fingertip, feel how *ready* he was. How *ready* to be taken by a big, strong man.

This isn't right. The male part of Tyson’s brain thought uneasily, *we shouldn't be doing this. Stop. Stop right now...*

The rest of him ignored it. His body was *way* too turned on to stop now.

Besides, he wasn’t sure he even really wanted to.

Gently, his hips still swaying, Tyson opened his eyes. He giggled softly at the sight of Brett and Carson, two bulges visible in their boxer shorts.

“You like watching me play with my pussy, huh?” He whispered. “You want me to play with it some more?”

Neither answered. It was like the sight of Tyson’s curving, flawless body had sent them both into a trance.

Tyson hardly noticed. With slow, sensuous movements, he lowered himself, bending his legs until his naked butt was almost brushing against the floor. He spread his knees, smiling hazily at his buddies.

It felt so *strange*, moving in this way. Curving his body in ways he’d only ever seen women move. It felt alien to the male part of his brain. Alien and *wrong*.

But then why did it feel so, *so* right?

“Look how wet I am for you,” Tyson heard himself whisper in his soft voice.

He ran one hand down to his warm, moist mound. He *pressed* one finger against his clit, felt his body spasm as a bolt of pleasure shot through him.

He gazed at his roomies with hungry, female eyes. Then he slipped two fingers down over his slit and slid them deep inside his pussy.

The pleasure hit him with the force of a physical blow.

The tight skin around his hole immediately *stretched* to accommodate his fingers, sending a wave of warmth unrolling over his crotch. The sensation of his fingers inside his cunt, slipping upwards into his womb, was enough to make him moan out loud.

With slow movements, Tyson curled his fingers inside himself. The tip of one nail brushed the tiny bundle of nerves at the entrance to his womb, sending sparks shooting through him.

Tyson couldn't help himself. He threw his head back and *gasped*. A loud, long, *female* gasp.

Then he began to quickly work his wrist, jerking it back and forth, sending his slender new fingers scissoring deep into his pussy.

By now, Tyson was so moist that the movement of his wrist was making wet little *thwock, thwock* noises that echoed round the room, combining with his gasps. Tyson looked wildly at Brett and Carson through eyes hazy and distant with pleasure, his hair lying across his face in streaks.

"Oh fuck, hear that..." he whimpered, "hear how fucking *wet* I am for you!"

It was so surreal, talking to Brett and Carson this way. But Tyson found he no longer cared.

His body was after only one thing now.

"God, I *need* dick!" Tyson gasped, giving his buddies a pleading look. "I need your dicks *so bad!*"

On the sofa, he saw Brett and Carson exchange a glance, as if to say *is this chick for real?*

Tyson didn't wait to see how that turned out. Closing his eyes, he began working his pussy faster and faster, rubbing the ball of his thumb against his clit as he did so, making his entire body shake and tremble with pleasure.

There was a scraping sound like a chair being pushed back. Footsteps echoed across the room.

Suddenly, Tyson was aware of two figures standing over him. With a delirious smile, he opened his eyes and nearly fainted with happiness.

Brett and Carson were standing either side of him, their muscular frames towering over Tyson's weak, girly one. But that wasn't what made the breath catch in Tyson's throat and made him moan and gasp out loud and work his new pussy harder than ever.

No, what *really* turned him on was the fact that his two buddies had unbuttoned the flies on their boxer shorts. Poking out, between the folds in the fabric, were two of the biggest dicks Tyson had ever seen.

Clutched in Brett's hand was a long, thin prick that tapered to a polite little point. It was thick enough, but it was mostly the *length* that made Tyson gasp.

That's gotta be ten inches! He marveled. *Oh God, Brett's dick is so amazing!*

He glanced over at Carson and yelped with pleasure.

If Brett's dick was like a long sword, Carson's was like a club. The black man had a cock thicker than Tyson had ever imagined was possible. It was long too, long and swollen, its dark end fat and black and already glistening with pre-come.

He'd thought Jim was big, but his other buddies were something else.

Here he was. A girl. A *horny* girl, surrounded by two of the biggest dicks on campus. Maybe on *any* campus.

And Tyson couldn't be happier.

The two men silently jerked their wrists, looking down at Tyson's poor, helpless little girl body with hunger in their eyes.

Casually, Tyson smiled up at them, luxuriating in how sexy he felt. How *female*.

I bet I look fucking hot right now... He thought, happily.

"Mmm..." he whispered in his girl-voice, "I *like* guys with big dicks. Guys like you two..."

He furiously rubbed his thumb over his clit, the pleasure so intense it was making his vision go blurry.

"Know what I like to do with big dicks?"

His two roomies shook their heads, still gently tugging the skin back and forth from the tips of their cocks.

Tyson smiled. The smile of someone who has abandoned any pretense. The smile of someone about to do something they've always secretly wanted to do.

"I like to *suck* them," he whispered. "I like to suck them like the little slut I am."

Then he abruptly pulled his fingers from his pussy, dropped down to his knees, grabbed hold of both Brett and Carson's dicks and put them both into his mouth at once.

It was a strange sensation for all three of them. Brett and Carson stood facing each other, the tips of their cocks almost touching, while Tyson knelt between them, trying to keep each man's bell in his mouth at once.

He ran his tongue across the tip of both cocks. Closed his pouty, painted lips over the end of each.

He greedily slobbered over his two friends' dicks, ran his tongue along their shafts, taking turns to pump one with his hand while he sucked at the other.

It was like he was a porn actress in the dirtiest film. A girl who'd spent her entire life learning new ways to fit dicks in her mouth.

He was a natural at sucking cock. A little sissy natural.

At that moment, Tyson realized that sucking on dicks was the best thing in the entire world.

With helpless, frantic movements he jerked his head forward, taking Brett's entire cock in his mouth as he furiously jerked Carson. Then he pulled back, kissed the tip of Brett's dick, turned and took the black man deep inside his throat, all while squeezing Brett's cock in his dainty little hands and pumping him like an expert.

It was wonderful. It was like being in a trance. Time and again, Tyson would suck on one of his roomies' dicks, tears of happiness flowing down his cheeks, delighting in the smell of their crotches, his body driven wild by their strange, musty taste.

They haven't even showered since last night, he thought in wonder, *oh my God, that's so gross...*

But his body told a different story. The sweaty, stale smell of his roomies' dicks was enough to make Tyson's pussy sing and his nipples go hard as bullets.

Then, when he'd sucked one of them so hard they were about to come, he'd abruptly pull back, turn his head and start sucking on the other man's cock.

High above him, his two roomies were groaning. They looked down at this dirty little girl with dazed wonder in their eyes, amazed that she knew *exactly* how to hold a man. *Exactly* where to press down as she jerked away.

Exactly how to suck a guy so he'd get the most pleasure out of it possible.

I'm so good at this... Tyson realized as he struggled not to gag on Carson's enormous

cock. *Maybe I'll never go back to being a man. Maybe I'll become a prostitute and just spend the rest of my life sucking dick!*

To his surprise, he found the thought filled him with dark and shameful delight.

“Oh fuck man, oh *shit*,” he heard Carson whispering, “oh *fuck*, I’m gonna come!”

Immediately, Tyson drew his head back. Carson’s dick slipped out his mouth, bobbing before him in the cool air of the house. The black man gaped helplessly down at him.

“Hey! Why’d you...?”

“You’re *not* coming yet,” Tyson said firmly, still pumping away at Brett’s dick with one tiny hand.

A look of helpless confusion passed across his black roomie’s face.

“Why not?”

“Coz I’m wet as *fuck*,” smiled Tyson. “And I want you guys in me. *Now*.”

Understanding dawned in Carson’s eyes. He laughed out loud, then gazed down at Tyson through half-lidded eyes.

“Bitch wants to fuck? Then bitch is *gonna get fucked*.”

With rough hands he reached down, grabbed Tyson by the hair and *hauled* him to his feet. It was painful, but the pain was lost on a tsunami of pleasure.

Tyson was being used and abused. Treated like some cheap, worthless little slut.

And he was loving every single second of it.

Carson dragged Tyson over to the sofa, Brett trailing behind them, still dazedly working his cock. He *threw* Tyson onto the sofa, leaving the transformed bro to scrabble up onto his hands and knees, his great boobies dangling, his pussy *dripping* wet.

In eager submission, Tyson watched as Carson walked round the back of him. As Brett walked round the front.

Felt one of Carson’s big, strong hands grip his hip, raising his ass into the air. Helplessly gazed at Brett’s cock, its tip inches from his nose.

“Now.” Grunted Carson behind him, “you’re gonna find out how we treat little sluts here.”

Then he grabbed his fat cock, pointed it and shoved it right into Tyson’s pussy.

At the same time, Brett reached out, grabbed the back of Tyson's head and stuck his dick deep into his mouth.

Tyson gasped as Carson drilled into him, the sound coming out muffled around Brett's cock. He felt the walls of his pussy stretching around Carson's *enormous* cock. Felt Brett's dick sliding into the back of his throat, making him gag.

Felt his big boobies dangling. Felt his clit thrum with fire. Felt Carson's strong hand, squeezing his ass.

"Ready, bro?" He heard Brett whisper from above him.

"Ready," Carson grunted.

"Sweet. Let's fuck this bitch."

And immediately, both men started thrusting, *pounding* their dicks into two of Tyson's poor little holes.

Trapped inside his sexy girl body, Tyson could only *imagine* what he looked like from the outside. A beautiful girl on all fours, being taken in both ends at once. A giant dick thrusting into her pussy while a strong, handsome man violated her mouth.

Her blond hair lying in streaks. Her titties *bouncing* with each thrust these two studs made. Her eyes shining with sheer happiness.

Both Carson and Brett pounded away, filling Tyson's cunt. Filling his throat. The taste of pre-come swam around Tyson's pretty little mouth, mingled with the waves of pleasure rolling out from his pussy, making him gasp and gag and want to scream all at once.

Never in his entire life as a man had he experienced pleasure like this. Even when he was fucking some hot chick who was great in the sack, he'd still been unable to completely lose himself in the moment.

Now, though, it was like his entire being had been reduced away to nothing. Like there was nothing left of Tyson but his throbbing clit, the feeling of a big dick sliding in and out of his womb, and the taste of cock filling his mouth.

The two bros kept thrusting against Tyson until they suddenly both went stiff at once.

There was a pause that seemed to last forever, a breathless moment as Tyson was held, trembling, between two frozen men.

Then both men let out a faint sigh and suddenly Tyson was being *covered* in come.

Carson pulled his dick out Tyson's tight little pussy and squirted white hot globules of

sperm across his back, across his ass, over his legs.

At the same time, Brett yanked his cock from Tyson's lips, roughly held his head in place and came all over his pretty little face.

With a surge of happiness, Tyson closed his eyes, opened his mouth and tried not to cry with happiness as Brett's come splattered across him in waves.

His come landed on Tyson's lips. Squirted up his nose. Dribbled down his chin. Got in his hair.

Greedily, Tyson stuck his tongue out and swirled it round his lips, trying to lick up as much of Brett's come as he could.

He wanted to swallow every last drop. He wanted to *drown* in it. From now on, he was nothing but a little cumslut whore who wanted to swallow *everything* a strong man gave her.

Then it was over. Brett and Carson stepped back with loud exhalations, taking their cocks out of Tyson's reach. For a second, he stayed crouched there, his mind whirling, his vision wobbling, then a tremendous urge to masturbate washed over him and he rolled onto his back.

Without even thinking about it, Tyson closed his eyes, thrust a hand between his legs and began rubbing his clit as hard and as fast as he dared.

Gasps and squeaks escaped his come-stained lips. His hips bucked of their own accord. His nipples were so hard it hurt, and still Tyson kept on rubbing.

He finally came with the force of a thousand suns, arching his back, his pretty face scrunched up, his mouth open in a wide, painted 'o' as his orgasm ripped screams out from deep within his female body.

He screamed and screamed for what felt like forever, then suddenly the feeling rushed away, his muscles un-tensed and Tyson collapsed onto the sofa, panting with exhaustion, a dreamy smile on his beautiful girly features.

Gently, he opened his eyes. Brett and Carson were grinning down at him. With a sort of detached concern, he saw Brett had a phone in his hand, filming everything.

"Like what you see?" Tyson heard himself whisper.

He let out a giggle, a bright, carefree laugh that was completely, 100 percent, naturally female.

"Come and find me," he whispered, biting his lower lip for the camera. "Come and

find me and fuck me. I'll sleep with *any* man who wants it. I'm Tanya. And I'm a *slut*.”

There was a distant, electronic bleep as Brett sent the video spinning off into the digital ether, a cruel smile on his handsome face.

With a gentle sigh, Tyson lowered himself back onto the sofa, luxuriating in the feel of his new, female body.

The warmth in his crotch. The tenderness of his breasts. The feeling of his long hair, billowing out around his head like a crown. The feeling of a pussy that's just been filled...

It was perfect. All of it. And Tyson knew he would spend the rest of his girly life thanking God that Sarah had turned him into this beautiful little whore.

The sound of a door opening made him look up. Jim was standing in the doorway of the living room, a confused look on his face.

“I, uh, I thought I heard screaming,” he muttered bashfully, trying not to look at his roomies with their cocks out or naked, come-stained Tyson, lying on the sofa.

At the sight of his other lover, a grin broke out across Tyson's beautiful face. He fixed Jim with a dazed, hungry smile.

“If you're all recovered from earlier,” he whispered, “why don't you come over here and fuck my tight little asshole?”

He giggled and smiled up at Brett and Carson, watching him in astonishment.

“In fact,” he smiled, the last traces of his male mind slipping away, “how about I let you all take turns?”

Epilogue

In her cozy bedroom, decorated with its posters of Carl Sagan and Richard Dawkins, Sarah watched the video again and smiled to herself.

“Well, well,” she murmured. “Looks like *someone’s* enjoying her new life.”

It was a whole year since she’d gotten her revenge on that jerk Tyson. A whole year since she discovered the secret gene in a rare species of frog that allowed *any* organism to spontaneously switch gender.

A year since she’d extracted that gene and turned it into a simple potion. A year since she’d convinced two of her friends to slip a little of it into Tyson’s keg at some party.

Since then, her life had been looking up.

Sarah sighed and clicked onto the next video. The title alone made her laugh out loud. It was too rich. Too *perfect*.

DRUNK SLUT HANDS IT OUT AT RAVE.

With a little giggle, she clicked play, already knowing what she was going to see, but wanting to witness firsthand her handiwork.

It was shot on someone’s phone, the screen wobbling about as it cut its way through the middle of some party somewhere. In the distance, college bros were whooping, guys were clapping.

Sarah sat back and watched, the light of the video reflecting in her thick, black-rimmed glasses. Any second now.

She wasn’t disappointed.

There, she thought, happily, as the camera cut through a dense crowd of men and focused on the dazed, drunk, bedraggled and (Sarah was forced to admit it) fucking *hot* girl in the middle.

She was young. College age. Dressed in sorority girl’s clothes. She was blond, with nails painted a lurid red. She had a dumb, open face, the face of a *total* bimbo.

But that wasn’t what made Sarah laugh out loud, what made her want to click replay on the video over and over and over again.

The girl was on her knees. The men in the circle all had their cocks out, and the drunk girl was crawling on her hands and knees from man to man, sucking on their cocks with a look of horror in her eyes.

“Suck! Suck! Suck!” The men were shouting as the girl pulled back from one, come dribbling over her lips, her face a mask of blissful misery.

“Slut!” Yelled the bro holding the phone. “Hey, slut!”

The camera moved closer, pushing itself right into the poor, dumb bimbo’s face.

“Why are you such a slut?” Its owner asked, to roars of laughter.

Onscreen, Sarah watched as the girl forced up a smile. Saw the flicker behind her blue eyes as the man trapped inside her tried to scream for help.

Then the light went out. A dumb look came into the bitch’s eyes. She sighed and smiled like the happiest girl on Earth.

“I just can’t help myself,” she said in a simpering, Valley Girl accent. “It’s like... It’s like I *have* to suck dick, y’know?”

She giggled.

“I’ve sucked nearly four thousand cocks this year,” she said directly into camera. “I let college guys fuck my pussy and my tight little asshole as often as they want.”

She dropped a flirty wink.

“My name’s Tanya, and if you want to do *anything* to my little slut-body, just send me a Tweet.”

For just a moment, Sarah could have *sworn* she saw that flicker again, deep inside Tanya’s eyes. That flicker of male intelligence. That flicker of a straight man trapped in a never-ending nightmare.

A nightmare made all the worse by the fact he was secretly *enjoying* it.

It passed quickly. Tanya blew a dumb little kiss at the camera, then crawled right on over to the next cock and started sucking like her life depended on it.

Hmm, thought Sarah, *maybe I imagined that flicker? Maybe it’s in one of the other ones.*

After all, there were over five hundred videos like this floating round the internet now. All of this same slut.

She was famous. Across the world, *everyone* knew her as the girl who got drunk and let men put *anything* in her. The whole world was laughing at her.

And there wasn’t a damn thing the stupid little bitch could do about it.

The video ended. Sarah smiled happily to herself and clicked ‘download’. She added

it to her folder. The special folder on her desktop, the one where she kept track of *everything* that jerk Tyson had been forced to suffer at her hand.

One day, she thought, one day I'll turn him back. I always meant to, after all...

But there wasn't any hurry.

Besides, she'd just heard that someone had filmed Tanya only last night, letting a bunch of jocks gang rape her in exchange for a sip of beer.

"Oh, *Tyson,*" purred Sarah, smiling at the frozen screen, "I think you and me are going to have a *lot* of fun over the next few years."

It wouldn't be forever, she told herself. Just until she'd paid him back for taking that video. For violating her at that party. She'd wait until *he'd* been violated a few times, then change him back. She would.

She promised.

Wouldn't she?

Five miles away, at a raucous frat party, Tanya lay in the middle of a circle of college bros, playing with her clit as they jerked off over her.

As jets of sperm fell on the sorority bimbo's soft, curvy body, she gently closed her eyes, smiled to herself and thought about what a *lucky* girl she was.

The End.

Like what you've read? You'll love this free extract from Lisa Change's kinky series of gender transformation and taboo sex with dominant males...

A Mile in Her Panties The room seemed to lurch round Zach, spinning and swaying. Like a drunk reeling out the open door of a dockyard bar, he lurched into the corridor, toward the stairs, towards scissors, a knife, *anything* that could cut these damned panties off of him!

Fuck, I feel weird! What's wrong? Hey! What the-?!

And then Zach felt it. Something that made his eyes go like saucers, his stomach start to flip and caused him to moan out loud.

In slow shock, praying it was all a dream, Zach looked down at the black panties, still clutched round his waist.

And screamed.

Inside the panties, his penis was *shrinking*. Where it had once been a steady 6 inches of fat muscle, it was now barely an inch long and thinner than a pencil.

Before Zach's horrified eyes, it shriveled away behind the lacy silk screen of the panties, disappearing inside his crotch.

Oh God, I'm dreaming, please let me be dreaming...!

Trembling, Zach reached out to touch the empty space where his cock used to hang. Suddenly, he gave a yell and his hands shot forward. His mouth dropped open as his fingers fumbled between his legs.

His balls had vanished. Instead of two heavy balls, he now had nothing between his legs at all. There was just smooth skin covering his entire crotch.

In panic, Zach whirled round, looking desperately for somewhere to run to. But it was too late. His whole body was twitching now. Bits of skin pulsed and quivered. Ripples of magic ran up and down his arms and legs, making him feel weak and woozy.

Then there was a flash of bright, searing hot light and Zach began to scream out loud. A raw, angry, helpless scream.

No! Oh God, no!

His body was *changing*. Before his eyes, Zach's hands were shrinking down to roughly half their previous size, the wrists narrowing, the fingers becoming long and slender.

There was a distant tinkling and the fingernails began elongating, *stretching* away, long and manicured. As Zach watched them in horror, a tiny dot appeared in the middle of each and blossomed outwards, turning his nails a deep and slutty red.

A grinding sensation tore through his torso, making him *howl* out loud. His shoulders, once broad and masculine, were now narrowing down, growing closer to his neckline, becoming slender. At the same time, his hips were *growing* outwards, pushing away from the smooth skin of his crotch and becoming curved and wide.

“What’s *happening* to me?” Zach squeaked in horror.

But the house was silent. No-one was there to explain, to cajole, to warn.

Besides, Zach had a nasty idea he already knew what fate had in store for him.

A sound like one of those wobble boards filled the air. Zach felt his ass jiggle wildly as it jumped up and filled out, becoming round and pert and smooth.

He reached behind him and clasped his new cheeks in his hands and was horrified at how *pert* they felt. How deliciously round and peach-like.

I’ve got to get out of here! He thought, wildly. *Before I – arrgh!!!*

An intense itching, unlike anything Zach had ever experienced, had taken hold of every inch of his body. It felt like worms were tunneling into his skin.

In anguish Zach looked down and was shocked to see the black hairs that dusted his chest, arms and legs were worming their way back into his body, while his pubes were shrinking into a polite little tuft.

The itching spread to his face and suddenly his beard had vanished, leaving his cheeks and chin as smooth as the day he was born.

What’s coming next? Zach thought frantically, trying to watch every inch of his body at once, *Oh God, what now...?*

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

A stinging pain in his chest made him squeal like a little girl. His nipples were suddenly growing longer, becoming pink and pointed, the flesh swelling up around them.

“No!” Zach shouted. “No, please! Anything but-!”

It was too late.

There was a feeling of intense pressure across Zach’s chest, then suddenly two big, beautiful breasts came bursting out. They swelled up quickly, getting bigger and bigger

and bigger until they filled the bottom of Zach's vision; two fleshy, pink things that wobbled gently with every movement he made.

In numb shock, Zach reached up and grasped his brand new titties with his tiny hands. Felt their firmness. How *ripe* they were.

Subconsciously, he tweaked one of his nipples and shivered. He was shocked at how *good* it felt. How painful. How *pleasurable*.

The changes were coming faster now. As Zach dazedly squeezed his new boobies, there was a click in his spine and his torso curved forwards, thrusting his chest and ass out. The fat dribbled from his sides, leaving him with an hourglass figure. His legs lost their muscle and elongated, becoming smooth and slender and *heavenly*.

In no time at all, Zach was sporting a swimsuit model's body; all curves and softness.

The box... maybe if I get back to the box...

Fuck! Where had he left it again!

The bedroom!

Trying desperately to ignore his shifting body, Zach turned and ran towards the bedroom he shared with Melina. As he ran, he became aware that the corridor was slowly getting longer. It was like he was running on a treadmill.

Oh fuck, what's happening? Zach looked around wildly and gasped. *The walls are growing!*

Then he realized it wasn't the corridor that was changing. He was *shrinking*.

In no time at all, Zach's nearly-6ft frame had dropped to a girly 5ft6. He clawed for the bedroom door handle as it rose up in his vision, terrified he'd just keep shrinking and shrinking until he vanished away into nothing.

He finally managed to open it with his new, long-nailed hands, when the changes suddenly went supernova.

In quick succession, Zach felt his lips puff up, becoming big and pouty. Felt his eyes widen until they were large and doe-like. Felt his nose shrink down to a cute little button, his jaw lose its masculine edge, becoming soft and round, and his eyelashes extend out until they fluttered in the corners of his vision like the wings of blackbirds.

With a high-pitched, girly scream that seemed to belong to someone else, Zach *burst* back into the bedroom, frantically searching for the box just as his dark hair leapt out and cascaded over his shoulders, over his forehead, past his cheeks.

It came to a halt just below his vast new breasts, its ends curled into cute little ringlets. There was a pause, and then all the color bled out, leaving Zach with long, flowing gold locks that had a shine and bounce to them most women he knew would've *killed* for.

Finally, Zach's groin began to twitch in his lacy new panties. With a feminine moan, he looked down, just in time to see a brand new slit open up between his legs.

Without even thinking, Zach plunged one long finger down inside his panties. Two moist, plump lips shivered to the touch, either side of a little hole.

To his horror, Zach was now the proud owner of a tight little pussy...

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Like what you've read? You'll love this free extract from Lisa Change's new series of gender-swap revenge and servitude...

Mail Order Husband "Which brings me to my *third* point."

Lorena smiled.

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

She glanced down at the form.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

What's happening to me?!

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

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

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

She raised her thumb and forefinger again.

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

She clicked her fingers.

Immediately, Eric leapt back with a gasp.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

She was him.

He was now Ekaterina.

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Like your gender-swap stories to come with a college setting? Try this great free extract from Lisa Change's twisted tale of college gender transformation and taboo lesbian experiences...

She Turned Him Into a College Lesbian Gemma was speaking softer now, a tender light coming into her eyes.

"I love you, babe," she said. "And I *know* that you love me. So how about we forget about all this shit, huh?"

Gently, she raised one hand and stroked a strand of blond hair away from Brett's face. She smiled, a genuine, beautiful smile. With a shock, Brett realized that his new body was head over heels in love with her.

How did I never realize how amazing she is? He wondered faintly.

"Now," Gemma's face was inches from his, a cheeky look in her eyes. "How about my hello kiss?"

And before Brett could react, before he could even *think*, they were kissing.

It was a soft kiss. Slow, sensuous. Gemma's tongue swirled round the insides of Brett's mouth, making his nipples go hard as bullets.

The two girls clutched against one another, holding their bodies tightly. Brett felt Gemma's large breasts press up against his own pert boobies. Felt her hips gently squash against his. Felt her hand run down his back, making him shiver, and clutch his sexy new bum.

Oh my God, he thought, I'm having a lesbian kiss!

But there was no time to think about it. Gemma pulled back and gave him a hungry glance, her eyes drifting down to his breasts.

"Take your top off." She suddenly commanded.

Before Brett could stop himself, he'd reached up and pulled his skimpy white top over his head. He stood there, dressed only in his bra and skirt, smiling uncertainly at his beautiful, *dominant* girlfriend.

Gemma arched an eyebrow playfully.

"All of it," She smiled. "*Bitch.*"

Don't call me that! Brett wanted to snap, but his body refused to say the words.

Instead, he casually reached behind his back, and with an expert flick of his fingers undid his bra strap. Then he was pulling his bra off over his shoulders, his new boobies dangling free and loose, their nipples already painfully erect.

“*Perfect.*” Gemma gazed at his bare breasts. Confidence was flushing into her. A sort of sexy *power* Brett had never known she possessed. With a feeling of vague fright he realized that his new body had an overwhelming desire to submit to her, to let her do *anything* she wanted to him.

“Now,” Gemma’s eyes were playful, yet also cruel. “Get those panties off.”

Obediently, Brett reached down to his skirt.

“No.” The command froze his hand. He looked uncertainly up at his girlfriend.

“Leave the skirt on,” Gemma whispered.

Understanding dawned in Brett’s mind. With slow, deliberate movements, he pulled the hem of his skirt up, exposing his lacy white panties to the world. Then he took hold of their frilly edges and slipped them off over his long, slender legs, not taking his eyes off his girlfriend the entire time.

“Good,” Gemma eyed his legs through half-lidded eyes. “Now. On the bed.”

Without even waiting for a command from his brain, Brett’s body leapt backwards onto the bed, the jump making his new breasts wobble wildly. Deep down, he knew he should be disgusted with himself. Deep down, he *knew* this was wrong. He was the man, and *he* should be the one giving orders, the one towering over Gemma as she tremblingly obeyed his every command.

But there was also another feeling stirring. One Brett didn’t want to admit existed, one he wanted to pretend wasn’t real.

He was secretly *enjoying* being the bottom in this relationship.

“Spread your legs.”

Brett did as he was told, spreading his legs wide, showing his mistress his pussy. There was a warmth already radiating through his crotch that felt so *strange*, so *wrong*, yet also so *good*.

Rather than becoming long and hard at the thought of fucking Gemma, Brett’s new body was becoming puffy and wide. He could tell without even checking that he was dripping wet.

This is wrong, he thought, dazedly. *I’m not a girl.*

But the warmth in his crotch and his tender, pointed nipples told a different story.

Gemma smiled down at Brett's trembling pussy, still partially hidden by his absurd little skirt.

"Now, *bitch*," she breathed. "Touch yourself."

For a second Brett hesitated. So far, his experiences were *just* the right side of weird. He'd been turned into a girl, and he'd had a lesbian kiss, but these were things his male brain could just about imagine.

On the other hand, if he slipped a finger inside his brand new pussy, he'd be entering uncharted territory. He would never be able to go back to being a man with normal, man memories again.

"Well?" Gemma gently folded her arms, watching him with a mocking smile. "I'm *waiting*."

It was no good. Ginny's magic had made Brett's new body *extremely* submissive, to the point that its desires completely eclipsed his male brain. With a soft moan, Brett closed his eyes, reached down, and obediently began to play with his pussy...

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Also by Lisa Change *

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About the Author

Lisa Change specializes in stories of gender transformation. Her favorite books feature strong men losing their masculinity and becoming weak and submissive women. Among other kinky interests, she's obsessed by forced male pregnancy, feminization, gender swap servitude, men turned into maids, sexual orientation reversal, bimbofication and magical age regression.

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