



Turned Into His Sister's Pussy

An erotic tale of gender swap
revenge and body part
transformation

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The nightmare started the moment Sam woke up.

He opened his eyes to find Jackie standing over him in her pink dressing gown, her long, bronzed legs poking out the bottom, an evil grin on her sculpted face. Seeing his sister lurking in his bedroom, Sam tried to cry out, to ask her what the *fuck* she was doing. But nothing came.

He couldn't open his mouth.

"Morning, brother," Jackie sneered, her ruby lips curling up in dark amusement. With her flowing dark hair, darker eyes and porn star-sized breasts, Sam's sister had always been attractive. Now, towering over him, she looked almost supernaturally beautiful. Like an evil goddess in some ancient fairy tale.

Jackie?! Sam tried to say, What the hell is going on?

But his lips wouldn't budge. He tried to move his arms, to push himself out of bed, but it was like his body had been turned to stone.

"Don't even bother trying," Jackie's eyes twinkled. "I cast a spell on you earlier. I wanted to *force* you to hear what I had to say."

A spell? Sam's mind was spinning. He didn't believe in witches, least of all witches who happened to be his eighteen year-old sister. Yet try as he might, he couldn't even twitch his little finger. Couldn't even let out a strangled groan.

It was as if his body was being held in place by magic.

"It was in that book I got off eBay," Jackie said, casually. Dimly, Sam thought he could remember it arriving. A big leather-bound thing covered in strange markings. He remembered teasing his sister about it, teasing her for believing in such nonsense.

Well, who was laughing now?

"It was right next to another spell I'm going to try out any minute now. But first..." Jackie pulled something out the pocket of her dressing gown. Trapped inside his body, Sam let out a mental groan.

"Mind telling me what this is?" Jackie asked, sweetly.

It was the remote webcam Sam had bought off Amazon a few weeks back. The one that was connected to his laptop via WiFi. The one he'd sneakily installed...

"In *my* room." Jackie arched an eyebrow at his prone form. "You've been *filming* me."

Sam's pale and half-naked body trembled under her gaze. He'd have given anything to be able to pull his bedsheet back over himself, to hide himself from his sister's eyes.

Not you. Sam wanted to shout. *Don't be gross!*

It was true, he'd brought the camera for a much more personal reason. A reason with long blonde hair, magnificently pert breasts, and a giggle that made his heart melt.

A reason called Gina.

She'd been Jackie's best friend since they were kids. Sam had had a crush on her since they first met. She was always coming round their house to bathe in the swimming pool out back, always ignoring Sam whenever he said 'hi', always smartly crossing her arms over her large breasts whenever he entered the room.

It made Sam sick with longing. So eventually, he'd decided to take matters into his own hands.

He just hadn't counted on Jackie finding the camera.

Or on her turning out to be a witch.

"I always *knew* you were a little perv," Jackie was saying, accusatively. "I bet you used to touch yourself while I was getting dressed. I bet you used to watch me and Toby when we were fucking on my bed."

If Sam could have moved, he would have shaken his head. Violently. Toby was Jackie's boyfriend. A muscled, tattooed brute who was 28 and worked in a bar.

With his big arms, sadistic grin and beady eyes, Toby was the last person Sam wanted to see naked.

Please Jackie, he tried to say, knowing it was hopeless, *I never spied on you.*

I swear!

Jackie was still talking, her arms folded across her ample breasts.

“I bet you filmed Gina, too, didn’t you. Last week when we got changed together after swimming. Oh my God, you were watching us, weren’t you?”

For once, Sam was glad he couldn’t talk. He was a hopeless liar.

“All because you’re too scared to talk to her.” Jackie shook her head. “You know what we call boys like you? Pussies. You’re a pathetic little pussy, brother. You know that, right?”

Sam gazed up at her, his insides frozen with terror.

What is she going to do to me? He wondered, frantically.

“You’re a pathetic little pussy who doesn’t *deserve* to be male,” Jackie continued, firmly. “And I have *just* the spell for that.”

Slowly, she lowered her arms and let her dressing gown fall open. With a shock, Sam saw she was naked underneath. Her large, firm breasts hung pertly from her frame. Her smooth stomach ran down, flat and perfect, ending just above a little tuft of dark public hair. From between her bronzed legs, Sam could see his sister’s pussy, peeking out.

He tried to turn away, but he was powerless to move.

“You spied on me like a little pussy,” Jackie whispered, her dark eyes flashing. “So. Let the punishment fit the crime!”

Then she whispered something under her breath, and suddenly Sam could feel his body *shifting*. As he watched in horror, his skin began moving. Rippling. *Changing*.

Above him, Jackie giggled, an evil smile etched on her perfect face.

“Oh brother,” she whispered, “you’re going to *regret* ever crossing your baby sister!”

The room was growing around Sam, becoming bigger, the ceiling getting further away. The bed seemed to expand, its edges sweeping away from him until it looked like a vast, white desert. With a jolt, Sam realized he was getting smaller.

As he shrank, he felt his limbs start to pull closer to him, to join up with his body. In horror he watched as his arms fused to his sides, then suddenly disappeared, leaving smooth, hairless skin. His legs folded up too, vanished inside him, leaving his body as nothing but a great, pink blob.

There was a terrific itching across his scalp, then suddenly dark hair burst from Sam's head. Wiry, curly hairs that sprouted and grew outwards in a manicured tuft. They swept up and away from him, then suddenly curled and fell down past his eyes. When Sam saw them he wanted to scream. To scream and keep screaming until he woke from this hideous nightmare.

His head was now covered in a forest of wiry pubes.

Sam's body was shifting now, becoming fatter around his shoulders, thinner at the bottom. All the features of his torso had vanished, leaving a strange, fleshy triangle. A triangle that looked disturbingly familiar.

No! Sam screamed to himself. *No, she can't! She can't turn me into...!*

But before he could finish his thought, a great, tearing feeling ripped through his new body. A vertical slit tore open through it, the flesh folding back and turning into two delicate, moist lips that hung trembling either side of a little hole.

There was no doubting it any longer.

Jackie was turning him into a pussy.

There was a sensation like someone was pulling at the insides of his face, then suddenly everything went dark. For a moment, Sam thought this would be it. That he would vanish forever into his new form. Then light was bursting in through his eyes as he felt his face twist and distort in strange, unexpected ways.

What the fuck is happening?! He thought, wildly.

Then he saw the folds of skin, pressing against his cheeks. The two lips, closing almost primly over him.

Jackie's spell had turned his head into a clitoris.

And still the room was growing. Jackie was now a monster, towering over him. A vast, dark shadow so distant Sam could barely make out its face.

There was only one thing he thought he could be sure of, as the last traces of his human body slipped away, as a urethra formed where his mouth should have been, and the soft skin of the labia swelled up around him.

His sister was smiling.

Then it was over. For a second, Sam simply lay in the middle of his bed, a lone vagina lost in a sea of white. Then there was a terrific flash of light. When it cleared, he was looking dazedly out at his empty bed from sitting height.

What happened? He thought, vaguely, *how did I-?*

Then he noticed the two long, smooth legs either side of his body. Felt the world lurch as their owner turned toward the mirror. Heard a distant giggle that sent a faint twitch running through his new form, making his whole body shiver.

“There, now?” Jackie purred. “Isn’t *that* better?”

No! Sam thought helplessly, *She can’t!*

But it was too late.

In the full-length mirror that he’d dressed himself in only yesterday, Sam could see Jackie smiling back at him, the sides of her dressing gown folded back to display her naked body.

But that wasn’t what interested Sam. What interested him was the part of Jackie’s body that was directly in front of him, on his eye line. The part of her body Jackie had turned him into.

“You’re going to spend the rest of your life as my pussy,” his sister whispered, her reflection grinning down at him. “I’m going to shave you and pluck you and let Toby put his dick in you and, one day, I’m going to have babies out of you.”

She paused.

“And I’m never – ever – going to change you back.”

Sam wanted to scream. To throw himself on his knees and say he was sorry and beg his younger sister for *any* fate but this one. But it was useless. He no longer had knees, and the only lips he *did* have were incapable of talking.

“Would you like to see?” Jackie asked, innocently.

Then, before Sam could even register what she’d said, the world lurched forward as Jackie stepped right up to the mirror.

His new form was now only inches from him. With a growing sense of horror, he realized he could see his new self in perfect detail.

Most of his body was taken up by two loose folds of skin, pressed together. A large dusting of pubic hair ran across the top of him (*that could really use a trim*, Sam thought with a mental shudder), while the main part of him – the part containing his urethra and clitoris, bulged out slightly in a demure line.

With a jolt, Sam realized this was the closest he’d been to a pussy in eighteen years as a boy.

“What do you think?” Jackie murmured from high above him.

“Improvement?”

She dropped a hand down, and gently ran one red-nailed finger across his clit. Sam’s entire body shivered. It was like his head had been replaced with an incredibly powerful switch. The slightest touch was enough to send bolts of electric exploding out across his skin.

“My spell erased you from history,” he heard Jackie say. “As far as everyone else is concerned, you’ve always been nothing but my pussy. I could erase your memories, too, if I wanted to.”

Sam heard a note of humor creep into her voice.

“But where would be the fun in that?”

Sam simply sat there, unable to even think. The true horror of his predicament was only just now settling over him.

He was stuck as his sister’s pussy for all eternity. He couldn’t talk to her, couldn’t beg to be changed back. Couldn’t even communicate. All he could do was spend the next eighty-odd years hanging between her legs, waiting for a man to come along and stick his dick inside him.

It was too frightening to even contemplate.

Casually, Jackie tickled his clit with her finger again, firing off more sparks through his body. Then her fingers vanished, and suddenly the world

disappeared behind a soft wall of pink.

His sister had closed her dressing gown.

“Right brother,” he heard Jackie giggle, “let’s get your first day as my pussy started!”

The world lurched. The legs either side of Sam swung back and forth, gently pressing against his sides. Jackie was skipping off back to her bedroom. Between her legs, Sam was still numb with shock.

He’d been turned into a cunt. It was more horrifying than anything he’d ever even dreamed of. It was humiliating. It was disgusting.

And, although Sam didn’t know it yet, it was about to get a whole lot worse.

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“Hi, Toby, baby?” Jackie’s voice echoed down from high above. Faintly, Sam could feel her words vibrating through his new form.

This close, his sister sounded almost alien.

“I’m *desperate* for a fuck,” Jackie moaned. “I’m so wet and wide and I just *need* your dick inside me.”

Between her legs, Sam silently fumed. His sister most certainly was *not* wet.

At least, not yet.

“Can’t you get off earlier?” Jackie pouted. “OK. Yeah, three o’clock will do. Oh, baby?”

There was a long pause.

“I can’t *wait* for you to fuck my pussy.”

There was a distant *beep* as Jackie hung up the phone. Seconds later, the soft pink walls surrounding him were thrown back, and Sam was looking up into his sister’s face.

“Did you hear that, brother?” Jackie giggled. “My man’s coming round in five hours, and I’m going to let him fuck you *hard*.”

You bitch! Sam wanted to scream. The thought of Toby’s slimy cock being forced inside him was sickening. Worse, at his tiny new size, it would be

nearly as big as him. Sam couldn't even begin to imagine how that would feel, but he was betting it would hurt.

"That's just for starters." Jackie casually wound a finger through her public hair. Sam felt a scratching, tickling sensation that wasn't exactly unpleasant.

"I've got a whole *lifetime's* worth of punishments lined up for you, my darling pussy." Jackie suddenly *yanked* a hair out, sending pain bursting through Sam's body. "By the time I'm though, you'll have had more dicks in you than the sluttiest little whore."

Sam didn't even doubt that for a second. In the half hour he'd already spent as Jackie's cunt, she'd made him feel more humiliated and unmanly than he ever had in his life.

Moments after his transformation, Jackie had padded into the toilet. Stuck between her legs, Sam had only realized where they were going when the floor changed from woven carpet to black and white tiles.

Don't! He'd furiously screamed inside his mind. *Don't you fucking dare!*

It had made no difference. He'd heard the sound of the door being locked, then suddenly he was dropping through space. Dropping as Jackie bent her legs and pulled the edges of her dressing gown up, squatting on the edge of their white porcelain toilet.

Far below Sam, the water waited patiently. With Jackie's legs and naked ass blocking out the light, the inside of the toilet was dim, dingy. Sam could just make out a loose pube stuck to one of the walls, beside the used-up freshener.

"Just a quick stop, brother," he heard Jackie call. "Just want to check the plumbing's still in order."

Then before Sam had time to react, he'd felt her *relax*.

He'd tried to fight it. Tried to pull his soft, fleshy lips closed and block it out. Tried to freeze the urine in its tracks. It was no use. Two seconds later, he'd felt his urethra – the part of his new body he vaguely thought of as his 'mouth' – open. Then a jet of piss was squirting out of him, splashing down into the toilet bowl.

It was hideous. Huge droplets of his sister's piss had exploded out of Sam,

sending drips running down between his lips. The stink had been incredible, an acrid smell that seemed to cling to every part of his new body.

Why the fuck did she let me keep my sense of smell? Sam thought, unhappily. It was just like Jackie to do something so fundamentally, pointlessly cruel.

Finally, it was over. The droplets had dried up, and Sam allowed his ‘mouth’ to close. With a start he’d realized he could still taste his sister’s piss. It was as if he’d still been human and been forced to drink a glass of urine.

If this is what it’s going to be like every time, he thought, dully, *kill me now.*

Then he’d heard the sound of paper ripping, and moments later a vast, white sheet had appeared from nowhere, clasped in Jackie’s delicate fingers. She’d dragged it along Sam’s lips once, twice, then dropped it in the toilet bowl.

To Sam’s newly-sensitive body, all made up of nerve-endings and pleasure centers, the toilet paper had felt hideously rough. He’d been pathetically grateful when his sister had elected not to wipe a second time, instead standing and flushing.

“Perfect!” He’d heard her say. “Now to test your other parts!”

Other parts...? Sam had wondered in horror. Then they were off, Jackie padding back across the landing to her bedroom, already dialling Toby’s number on the cordless phone.

And now here they were. Sister and brother, woman and her pussy, waiting for 3 o’clock to roll around and Toby to arrive.

“I’ve always wanted to fuck your friends,” Jackie was saying, still idly stroking Sam’s thick public bush. “How would you like it if I let them come inside you?”

How do you think, you bitch? Sam mentally spat.

Jackie plucked another hair out – making Sam’s new form shiver with pain – and sighed. She looked around her room, as if vaguely disappointed.

“I suppose I could have let you keep your voice,” she murmured. “It would’ve been fun hearing you cry and beg and plead with me. On the other hand, way too embarrassing if you started screaming in public.”

From his new spot between his sister’s legs, Sam kept silent. Down here,

Jackie looked less like a woman than an impressionist painting of one. If he strained to look up at her, he could just make out her stomach curving impossibly far away into the sky, and two enormous breasts dangling above, each bigger than he was. He could only really see the bottom of her face when she was looking up, and right now even that was hidden by the fingers playing with his pubic hair.

“Still...” he heard her say, “It might be nice to *know* I was humiliating you.”

Then it happened. Sam felt his sister tense, and heard her give out a tiny gasp.

“And I think,” she said, “that I’ve got *just* the thing.”

Before Sam knew what was happening, the soft pink walls were furled around him again, and then Jackie was on her feet and all he could see was the floor. His sister walked halfway across her room and stopped. There was the sound of a drawer opening, then they were making their way back towards the bed.

What has she got? Sam’s mind was racing with the possibilities, each one worse than the last. *Some tweezers? A waxing kit? A (here he mentally shuddered) tampon?*

Jackie lowered herself back onto the bed, lay down. One of her enormous hands drifted across Sam’s vision, as big as he was, and grasped the edge of her dressing gown.

Here we go...

Sam steeled himself for the worst. Steeled himself for humiliation. Then Jackie whipped the pink walls back and he gave an internal scream.

It was worse than he could have imagined. The very worst thing his bitch of a sister could have done to him.

No! Jackie, please! I’m begging you!

Inches from Sam was a long, fat, pink rubber tube. It was enormous, a thick, smooth thing that curved upwards at the end. Its tip was bulbous, swollen. On its back lay two loose, rubber tongues pinched tight together, perfect for tickling Sam’s clit with.

Jackie was going to fuck him with a dildo.

“You see what happens?” He heard her distantly murmur. “You see what happens when you’re a *bad boy*, brother? When you peek on girls? You want to act like a pussy, then you’ll get *treated* like one.”

The tip of the dildo glistened with something. Jackie had rubbed lube onto it to make it go in easier. Sam pulled away in horror, tried to squeeze himself shut. Anything to stop that- that *thing* from going inside him.

Yet, as he looked at the dildo, an odd feeling started to overcome him. There was something about its shape. Something about its rude, thrusting power. Something about the thought of Jackie’s hands, ramming it into his hole...

With shock, Sam realized he was no longer tightly closed. He was relaxed. Loose. Deep inside himself, he felt his hole start to open. Blood was rushing to every part of his body, making him feel warm, contented.

He was getting *wet*.

“You like that?” Jackie whispered. “You like the thought of being fucked like a pussy? My *word*, brother. You *are* a naughty little slut.”

No. No, it was wrong. It was so, so wrong. He couldn’t let her stick that in *him*. Couldn’t let her rob his manhood like this.

So why was his new body becoming wide and puffy just thinking about it?

Two of Jackie’s fingers came down, rested either side of him. This close they were like flesh-colored tree trunks. Gently, she prised back Sam’s lips, exposing his hole to the world.

“Don’t fight it.” He heard his sister murmur. “Trust me, it feels so good...”

Then she pushed the end of the dildo deep inside him.

At first, the feeling was horrific. Sam could feel the insides of his new body being rudely shoved aside to make room for this intruder. As the dildo sank in, scraping along his walls, he felt little sparks of pain explode inside him.

The thing was too *big*! He wanted to shout, to tell Jackie to stop, to tell her it would *never* fit. To tell her she was going to *damage* him putting that stupid thing inside his hole.

Then a remarkable thing happened. As the dildo pushed further in, Sam felt his insides lubricate themselves to help its passage. It stopped hurting. Like

magic, the pain just stopped.

In its place came an overwhelming sensation of pleasure.

It radiated out from deep inside him, a dull warmth that seemed to throb through every inch of his new body. His walls were dripping wet, puffy with desire. It was like his whole body had been rolled up inside a warm blanket. In spite of himself, Sam hoped it would never stop.

Then Jackie began to move.

She moved slowly at first, letting the dildo slip halfway out of Sam, then slowly drift back in until its tip was buried deep inside him.

With each movement, Sam felt the warmth spread further across his body. Felt pleasure tingle across every inch of his plump skin. Without being aware he was doing it, he closed his walls inside him tight, clenching them round Jackie's toy. Distantly, he heard his sister give a groan of pleasure.

"Oh *fuck* yeah." She mumbled. "That's it brother. Be a *good* little pussy."

Sam didn't need telling twice. As Jackie's wrist started to pick up speed, shoving the dildo in deeper and deeper, he began to clench and unclench in time with the rhythm. Each time he yanked his walls tight a burst of pleasure shot through him that was so powerful he nearly blacked out. Each time, his sister moaned loudly.

They lay on the bed together, Jackie grinding her hips with each thrust, drilling the dildo into him. She parted her legs wide, pulled back Sam's lips and started ramming her toy against him. Her hand jerked harder and harder. And each time her moans got even louder.

Sam's whole body was pulsing with pleasure now. It was utterly unlike any sex he'd ever had as a human, utterly unlike masturbating. Every single inch of him was filled with bundles and bundles of nerves, all of them firing pleasure signals deep into his mind. It was like his entire body was climbing towards orgasm.

Stop, oh God, please make it stop, Sam sobbed in one corner of his mind. But the rest of him didn't care. It was just too good, too *pleasurable*. As Jackie thrust the dildo in again he clenched so tightly he thought it might snap, and was rewarded with his sister giving a loud cry.

“You like that, huh?” He heard Jackie whisper. “You want more, little pussy? Try *this*.”

The two pink tongues Sam had noticed on the back of the dildo suddenly pressed up against his throbbing clit, sending a bolt of lightning through him. For one dazed second Sam wondered what was going to happen. The one of Jackie’s fingers casually pressed the ‘on’ switch.

It was like electric was exploding through his brain. The pink tongues began to vibrate, slowly at first, then picking up speed. Each touch made his clit shoot out sparks that engulfed him, turned Sam’s whole world a vibrant white. Distantly he heard his sister scream.

I can’t take any more! He sobbed. He was losing control.

It’s too good! It’s too fucking good!

Then Jackie pressed another button and the dildo’s long shaft started rotating inside him, and it got even better.

Something was building in Sam. Something strong and elemental that seemed to grow from somewhere deep inside him. It was like a tidal wave rearing up. Sam just had time to mentally grit his teeth...

...and then it hit. Sam’s entire new form spasmed, twitching uncontrollably as Jackie let out a piercing scream. Fireworks exploded over every inch of his skin, causing the world to vanish into soft pink clouds.

The pleasure peaked once, twice, *three* times, then Sam was floating back down to Earth on a gentle wind. Dimly, he was aware of Jackie pulling the dildo out, leaving a gaping hole in the heart of his new body. A hole he was desperate to fill.

And then it was over. Jackie pulled herself into a sitting position, and looked down at her brother, her eyes soft.

“Congratulations,” she whispered, dreamily. “You’re finally a *proper* pussy.”

Lying between her legs, every inch of his body tingling with electric, Sam didn’t know quite how to feel.

But his encounter with the dildo had given him an idea. In the back of his mind, a plan was starting to form.

He had a feeling Jackie would soon regret fucking with her older brother.

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The rest of the day passed in a blur of humiliations.

After using the dildo on him, Jackie had got a pair of tweezers and plucked every single hair on Sam's body out, even the invisible, wispy ones near his lips.

Each yank had sent shockwaves of pain running through his sensitive new form. But that hadn't been the worst part. That had come when Jackie showed him her handiwork in the mirror. Looking at his newly-smooth body, Sam had wanted to moan with horror.

He looked like something you might find in a porn star's panties.

After that, things had gone from bad to worse. Jackie had picked up her spell book and read one out, trying to stifle giggles as she did so.

No sooner had she finished than Sam began to feel *awful*. Not just bad. He felt sicker than he ever had in his life. A dull pain ached far back inside him, like something was twisting some hidden part of him.

What the hell has she done to me? He wondered.

Then Jackie had pulled out the tampon and he'd realized.

He was on his period.

The next three hours had been spent with a tampon stuffed deep inside him, blood leaking out from between his lips. It had been *horrible*. Jackie's flow was spectacularly heavy, and feeling it clog up the tampon inside him had made Sam want to scream and be violently sick.

At long last, his sister had got tired of being on her period. She'd read out another spell and then the pain and rundown feelings were gone.

But the humiliations weren't over yet. Jackie had tiptoed over to the bathroom, locked the door, then gently pulled the tampon out of Sam.

It had been grotesque. The whole thing was swollen with blood, and Sam could smell its sickly stench as Jackie drew it out and held it near him. He would've given anything to be able to hold his breath or wrinkle his nose, but

there was nothing he could do.

If Jackie wanted him to smell her tampon, his new body was incapable of stopping her.

“Ugh, that’s a *messy* flow,” he’d heard her sigh. “Just *look* at what you did, brother.”

Then she’d shoved the dirty tampon right up against him and forced him to drink in the smell of her blood.

After that, Jackie spent the afternoon drinking glasses of water and rushing to the bathroom to pee. By the time three o’clock rolled round, Sam had squirted so much piss out his ‘mouth’ that he thought the taste would never leave.

That was when Toby arrived.

Jackie was lying on the bed when the bell rang, her dressing gown open, one finger idly stroking Sam’s clit. As soon as she heard her boyfriend pull up, she’d leapt off the bed, grabbed some lacy red panties and yanked them on.

From his position, Sam had watched as this new, soft cage was pulled over him. It was the first time he’d been inside panties as a pussy and he wasn’t at all sure he liked it. The fabric clung too close, pressing up against and scratching his skin, making him hot and uncomfortable. Combined with Jackie’s pink dressing gown, it made it impossible to see anything beyond a vague, red-tinted blur.

Yet there was nothing he could do. Hidden away in Jackie’s panties, he waited as his sister went clattering down the stairs and yanked open the door to let her boyfriend in.

“Hey babe,” he heard Toby say in his rough voice. “All ready to have your pretty ass fucked?”

Between his sister’s legs, Sam silently fumed. He *hated* Toby. Hated him with a passion. The guy was a decade older than Jackie, and here he was, hanging around and picking up schoolgirls. It was pathetic.

Not as pathetic as filming your sister’s best friend, an unwanted voice piped up in the back of his subconscious. Sam swatted it away with a mental scowl.

“More than ready,” he heard Jackie purr. “I’m going to let you fuck my pussy until it’s *dripping* with come.”

Then suddenly something was squashing up against him, pressing the scratchy fabric of Jackie’s panties right into his skin. It took Sam a second to figure out his sister and Toby were kissing. Then they shifted and he recoiled in horror.

Toby’s erection was pressing right up against him.

At length, the kissing stopped. Then they were running up the stairs, Jackie’s thick legs pumping on the edges of his vision. Behind them he could hear Toby’s footsteps following.

This isn’t right... Sam mentally frowned. They should’ve been in Jackie’s bedroom by now. What was taking so long...?

And then he realized.

They were going to fuck in *his* bedroom.

Far away, he heard a door slam, and then the world lurched and Jackie’s legs parted. Almost immediately, Toby’s erection was back, digging into him as the two of them kissed. Jackie had leaped right into her boyfriend’s arms.

“I can’t wait to fuck that little pussy of yours,” he heard Toby growl, and the thought turned his stomach. The idea that Toby – broad, muscular, bearded *Toby* – was seconds away from sticking his slimy dick inside him was almost too much to bear.

“Then I guess you’d better get on with it, hadn’t you?” Jackie murmured. Then next thing Sam knew, a calloused, hairy hand bigger than he was had reached under the dressing gown and was squeezing him, caressing him.

It was *awful*. Toby’s big, meaty hand rubbed up against Sam’s new body, pressing the scratchy fabric of Jackie’s panties deep into his sensitive skin. Blood was rushing from every part of his sister’s body into him, making his lips go puffy. Making him ready for Toby’s dick.

As Toby’s hand moved in a jerky, rubbing motion, Sam’s brain began to sink back into the pink fog he’d felt when the dildo was in him. His skin was tingling. He wanted *so badly* to relax his hole, to invite Toby’s finger in. To

invite him to fuck him.

No... Sam thought, dreamily, *no, I have to...*

He didn't get any further. Two of Toby's fingers pinched together and *yanked* Jackie's panties off, earning a squeal from their owner. Then one stubby finger reached out, started probing the folds of Sam's swollen lips. It ran in a circle round his clit, sending shivers through him, then drifted down to the entrance to Sam's hole...

And stopped.

"Baby?" He heard Jackie say. "What's wrong?"

"Nothin'." Toby grunted. "I'm trying..."

The finger jabbed forward again. And again. It was no use.

Sam had clenched his insides so tight there was no way *anything* was getting in.

"Ow... baby, please- ow!" He heard Jackie gasp, as Toby's finger kept stabbing. "No, don't... *Ow! For fuck's sakes!*"

She took a step back and the finger vanished, slipping back through the soft pink wall. In his comfortable darkness, Sam could hear an argument brewing.

"What the fuck is going on? You're all... you're all *dry* and shit!"

"It's nothing, baby, it's nothing! I'm just-"

"Just *what?* You said you were all wet when you called. For fuck's sakes Jacks, I'm meant to be at *work!*"

"Hold on," he heard Jackie say grimly.

Then they were marching, marching back out onto the landing. Sam heard the toilet door slam closed, locking them in the bathroom. Seconds later, his lacy red cage was pulled down, the pink walls flung open, and Jackie was glaring at him in the mirror.

"What the *fuck* are you doing?" She hissed.

Sam said nothing. Instead, he clenched tighter than ever.

A faint look of pain flickered across Jackie's olive-skinned face. With almost

no clothes on and anger flashing in her dark eyes, she looked stunningly beautiful.

“Listen.” She jabbed a finger against Sam’s clit, *hard*. It hurt like hell.

“I can do shit to you you wouldn’t *believe*.” She snarled. “I’ll say a spell and give myself a period that’ll *never* go away. I’ll keep peeing all day long, and I’ll wear diapers so you have to *sit* in it. I’ll have sex with black men with the biggest dicks I can find, *understand?*”

Her dark eyes flashed, dangerously.

“Don’t think this is the worst I can do,” she declared. “I can make your life *hell*.”

There was a long silence. Then, reluctantly, Sam stopped clenching. His hole loosened. His lips started to moisten again.

“That’s better.” Jackie gave him one last glare.

“Now *behave* while I fuck my boyfriend!” She snapped.

And then they were stalking back across the landing, the dressing gown still open, Sam watching as Toby grew bigger from his position by the doorway, an erection bulging in his pants.

“Sorry, baby,” he heard his sister moan. “I’m ready now. You can do *whatever* you want to-”

Her voice stopped dead as she felt it happen. As she felt Sam relax. Toby’s eyes grew wide. From high above him, Sam heard his sister let out a terrified groan.

Cascading out of Sam’s ‘mouth’, running down one of Jackie’s naked legs and pattering to the floor, was a stream of piss.

“Stop it!” He heard Jackie yell. “Stop!”

The acrid taste bit at Sam’s ‘mouth,’ made him feel nauseous. The moisture of his lips mixed with the urine, creating a pungent smell. But he kept pushing it out, kept pushing until every last drop was gone.

It’s worth it, Sam told himself, *Anything but Toby. Anything but that.*

“Baby...” He could see Toby now, staring in shock at Jackie’s cunt. Staring

in shock at Sam. He slowly shook his head.

“This...” He mumbled. “This...”

His eyes suddenly hardened.

“This is *fucked up!*” He bellowed.

Then he was barging past and storming down the stairs, Jackie running after him, her whimpered pleas barely audible to Sam above the clattering of footsteps.

“I’m supposed to be *working!*” He heard Toby yell, “I traded Saturday night with Mike for this. I was going to the *game!*”

“Come back, Toby. *Please baby...*”

“Fuck off,” Sam heard Toby grunt. Then there was the sound of a door slamming, then silence.

For a moment, Jackie simply stood there, her legs trembling with rage. Then the pink walls jerked angrily closed.

“Right!” Sam heard his sister snap. “That’s *it!*”

The world lurched. Jackie was running, running back to her room. Hidden in his cage, Sam could only listen in mute horror as Jackie snatched her spell book up off the desk and started reading aloud.

She read for five whole minutes. By the end, Sam was almost ready to cry.

*

The next week was the worst of Sam’s life. He’d always known his sister had a temper on her, but he’d never known quite how *cruel* she could be. How willing she was to suffer herself just to make him suffer *more*.

The barrage of curses she’d levelled at him had left him a humiliated wreck. He was now permanently on his period, blood dripping out the gaping hole in the middle of him, soaking into the tampons Jackie rammed up there. He was also constantly leaking piss, a change made worse by the adult diapers Jackie now calmly wore, leaving Sam to sit in his own mess for days at a time.

She’d stopped washing him, too. Now she simply let the sweat and grime of the day accumulate, until Sam thought he might go mad with the stink. He

felt constantly dirty, smelly and sweaty, and spent all but ten minutes a day trapped in a prison of his own filth. By the second day he was ready to apologize. By the end of the fifth, he was ready to go mad.

He was no longer a man. He was just the dirty, disgusting sex organs of a sister who would keep him trapped in filth and humiliate him for all eternity.

He didn't even get time off when he went to sleep. His new form didn't have eyes to close or a brain that needed sleep. Instead, he simply lay awake for twelve hours every night, wallowing in his own misery and wishing he was dead.

Then there were the sexual humiliations. The only time Jackie let him out from his cage was to jab something into one of his holes. One day, she shoved the dildo so deep into him that Sam was sure the skin would split and they'd have to go to hospital.

The pain was unbearable. If he'd been capable of it, Sam would've responded by bursting into tears.

Finally, exactly a week after he'd made his sister piss herself in front of Toby, Sam was released from his prison. Jackie kicked the diaper off, and stood in front of the bathroom mirror, sneering at him.

"I can keep that up for the rest of my life," she declared. "And I haven't even let any big men fuck you yet."

No, please... Sam's brain whispered. In the mirror, he could see his lips were still stained with blood and piss. The thought of going back in the diaper made him want to scream.

I'll be good, he finished, humbly.

"I'm going to give you one more chance." Jackie said. "*One* more. Fuck up again and I'll swap you into the pussy of some crackhead hooker. Got that?"

For a second, Sam panicked, unsure how to communicate with his sister. Then an old memory stirred.

Once for yes, twice for no...

He gave his hole a quick, tight clench and relaxed. In the mirror, he saw his sister smile.

“Good. Are you going to give me any more trouble?”

Sam clenched twice in quick succession.

“Am I the *best* sister in all the world?”

One clench.

“Do you deserve to be turned back into a man?”

Sam hesitated.

Two clenches.

“Good answer. Are you pathetic?”

One clench.

“Am I your goddess?”

One clench.

“Can you *wait* to have a big fat dick inside you?”

...

“I know, double negative. Don’t worry about it.” Jackie smiled, the first genuine smile Sam had seen on her lips all week. “I’ll let it slide. For now.”

She idly reached down and flicked some dirt from Sam’s grimy lips.

“Gina’s coming round later,” she said, idly, “I suppose I’d better get you cleaned up...”

But Sam was hardly listening.

Gina...

Maybe this was his chance.

Before Jackie could move on, he summoned all his concentration. Focused as hard as he could, summoning up the blood. He felt his walls start to swell up, go puffy. Felt his hole start to stretch wide. Felt the pinprick of heat across the whole of his body.

In the mirror, Jackie raised one eyebrow.

“So *that’s* your game, huh?” She muttered. “Well, let me see...”

She appeared to think for a minute. Between her legs, Sam trembled with awe and fright.

Jackie was no longer his sister. She was his *goddess*. And from now on he was going to have to treat her like a *real* worshipper.

He was her slave, and he would do *whatever* she wanted.

“Yeah, I guess that *could* work.” Jackie said at last. She grinned at the worthless little pussy that had once been Sam. “You’ll have to do something for *me* of course. But why not?”

With a mental sigh of relief, Sam relaxed. The blood drained back out of him. His lips slowly tightened, closing over his clit.

If Jackie was telling the truth, then something told him tonight was going to be a very fun night indeed.

*

It was early evening when the doorbell rang.

Jackie was wearing a low-cut black dress Sam had helped pick out for her, clenching his hole for ‘yes’ or ‘no’ as she held each option up before the mirror. The one they’d settled on was gorgeous. Jackie’s large breasts were almost entirely on display, with *very* little left to the imagination. The sides clung to her curves.

More to the point, the bottom edge barely dropped below her thighs, meaning only half of Sam’s view was lost behind a black curtain.

With cat-like grace, Jackie crept down the stairs and opened the front door. From his position between her legs, Sam could see another pair of shoes step into the hallway. A tremor passed through his fleshy body.

Gina was here.

“*Gina*,” he heard his sister purr, “it’s so *great* to see you. Let’s go upstairs.”

Then they were walking back up toward the bedroom, Sam’s world lurching as Jackie let her hips sway seductively.

“That’s a *great* dress,” he distantly heard Gina say, “you look *gorgeous*.”

“You like it?” His sister replied. From his spot in the dark, Sam was forced to

imagine their expressions as they talked. He could see Jackie, smiling secretively, one eyebrow arched. He could see Gina, following her up the stairs with a faint look of awe.

“It seems a shame I’ll have to take it off soon.” Jackie continued as they entered her room, closing the door.

“You want to hit the pool *tonight*?” He heard Gina say. “It’s *freezing*.”

The thought of Gina tiptoeing to the water’s edge in her bikini, gooseflesh rippling across her delicate skin, the cold making her nipples go hard as bullets, was too much for Sam. He felt a familiar prickling of heat across his skin. Felt the blood start to stream back into him. Felt his lips start to turn puffy.

Far above, he heard Jackie give a giggle. Of course. She would be feeling this too.

The world suddenly lurched. His sister had spun around to face her friend.

“Here’s the deal,” he heard Jackie declare. “I know you’ve always fancied me. The way you watch me getting dressed when we leave the pool. The little glances you give my tits. I *know* you’ve got a gay side.”

“What?!” Gina’s voice sounded a touch too surprised, like someone putting on an act. “Jack, what the *fuck*-?”

“Shhh. It’s OK.” His sister’s voice was calm, reassuring. The voice of someone in control.

“I just wanted to let you know... well, the feeling’s mutual.” In his mind, Sam could see Gina’s face; confused yet hopeful. “Me and Toby had a fight recently. I’m feeling tired of men and I’m desperate for some rebound sex.”

“So,” his sister concluded, “what do you say?”

There was a long, long pause. Sam waited breathlessly, the blood pumping through his veins. He was wet now, his delicate lips warm and moist and trembling.

Go on! He urged. *Do it!*

At long last Gina spoke. She sounded hesitant, unsure... but, Sam thought, she also sounded *interested*.

“If you really mean that...”

Jackie sighed.

“If I didn’t, would I do something like *this*?”

The world lurched again. Jackie’s legs swung in the corner of Sam’s vision. They were across the room in two steps and then something was pressed up against him. Squashing him through the dress.

His sister was kissing Gina.

For a long moment, Gina’s body held tense. Then she *melted* into Jackie’s arms. The pressure increased against Sam and he realized Gina had pressed her own crotch right up against his sister’s. He tingled with excitement.

They were going to fuck.

“God, Jackie...” He heard Gina whisper, breathlessly, “I’ve waited so long...”

“Hush.” His sister commanded, playfully. “No talk. Just...”

“Just play with my pussy.”

There was a giggle, then a hand slipped underneath Jackie’s dress. A pale hand the size of Sam with red nails and long, delicate fingers. It reached up, pressed against him. *Squeezed* his flesh. Then one of the fingers reached up and delicately swirled around his clit.

It was the moment Sam had been waiting for. Electric exploded out across his body, making him mentally sob with pleasure. His walls were dripping wet, ready for a finger. Ready for Gina.

“Wow.” He heard Gina laugh. “You’re wet already.”

“Who can blame me?” Jackie said, distantly. “Maybe you should make me *even wetter*.”

“Maybe I should.”

The moment the words were out of Gina’s mouth, one finger darted forwards, pressed itself deep into Sam. Inside his mind he moaned loudly. He could feel the skin of his hole stretching wide, feel Gina’s finger digging deeper into him, each movement sending sparks of pleasure shooting across him.

Gina's finger swirled around inside him, filling him. She reached up with the ball of her thumb and started rubbing gently against Sam's clit. It was too much. Waves of pleasure rolled out, making Sam feel like his entire body was on the brink of coming.

She's so fucking good at this... He thought, dimly.

Then, suddenly, the finger was being pulled out. Sam watched in dazed disappointment as it retracted, vanished beyond the black wall of Jackie's dress.

"Gina...?" He heard Jackie murmur from far above.

"Shh." It was Gina's turn to hush his sister. "I have an *idea*."

Then suddenly the world was tilting. In a panic Sam realized they were falling, falling through space. With a *thump* that made his body tremble, Jackie landed on her back on the bed. For a second, Sam's mind was a whirlwind of confusion. Then the black walls surrounding him lifted up, and Gina was smiling down at him.

This close, she looked more perfect than ever. Her long blonde hair fell casually behind her ears. Her blue-green eyes sparkled above soft cheeks. Her ruby lips were pulled back into the sexiest smile.

Immediately, Sam's hole began to grow wider than ever.

Gina was looking right at him, examining him with a dazed, happy look in her eyes. Her face was bigger than Sam's whole body. She looked like a vast statue from ancient Greece or Rome. A sculpture of a perfect being.

"I've never done this before..." Gina was so close Sam could feel her breath on his skin. It made him tingle all over.

"Just try it," he heard his sister whisper. "Be a *good* girl..."

"OK." Gina smiled directly at Sam. "Why the hell not?"

Then she leaned in and they were kissing.

At least, it was the closest Sam's new form could come to kissing. Gina's pouty lips pressed hard against his, making his entire body tremble. Then her tongue delicately swirled around the edges of his hole. Gina teased it's edges with a flick of the tip once, twice, then she plunged the whole thing in.

The feeling was incredible. It was the greatest pleasure Sam had ever felt multiplied to an infinite degree. He vaguely wished Jackie would give him his voice back so he could scream with pleasure. Every inch of his skin was burning with cold fire. Further up the bed, he heard his sister give a loud groan.

Gina's tongue swirled around inside Sam, her lips puckered up against his clit. He could feel her face pressed against his body, feel a loose strand of her hair brush against his lips. He was faintly aware of clenching his hole, pulling it tight around Gina's tongue. Then Gina's tongue slid out and the tip of it was flicking against his clit, shooting bolts of pleasure across every inch of his body.

Jackie's hips began to buck, thrusting Sam closer and closer to Gina's face. With each movement, Gina pushed back, lapping greedily at Sam's juices. Licking him clean and swallowing his moisture. Inside Sam wanted to cry, the feeling was so good.

This is incredible... He thought, dimly.

Gina was licking away now, rolling her tongue around the rim of his hole, pursing her lips and sucking on Sam's clit. Jackie's hips were bucking faster, faster. Something was building in Sam. An unstoppable tsunami of pleasure was welling up in him, about to break.

He came with a shudder that seemed to tear through his whole body. Faintly he was aware he could hear Jackie screaming her best friend's name. Then Gina thrust her face forward and drove her tongue deep inside him, greedily drinking his juices as Jackie ejaculated out of him.

The waves of pleasure kept coming. Sam peaked once, twice, then three times and still it wouldn't stop. Far away Jackie was now shrieking, begging Gina to stop, sobbing that it was just *too* good.

I'm having a multiple orgasm, Sam had time to think vaguely, before another bolt of pleasure almost obliterated his brain.

Then at last, it was over. Gina retracted her tongue, pausing only to tease the edges of Sam's hole with it. Then she ran it over his entire body, slurping up the last of his juices. Finally, she planted a delicate kiss on his clit and pulled away.

For a long time, Sam was incapable of thinking. He simply lay there between his sister's legs, his mind lost in a fog of pleasure, aware of nothing but Jackie's ragged breathing.

Inches from him, Gina delicately wiped her lips and smiled at him. The sort of smile Sam had always wanted to see her give him in his male form.

The sort of smile he was willing to sacrifice *anything* for.

"Oh, God..." he heard his sister whisper. "Oh *Gina*..."

Gina giggled, not taking her eyes off Sam.

"That was amazing." She murmured. Her beautiful face split into a goofy grin.

"I fucking *love* your pussy," she declared.

At that moment, lying between his sister's legs, still soaking wet from Gina's tonguing, Sam realized how happy he was that Jackie had turned him into her pussy.

*

Five years later, Jackie stood naked in her bathroom, one finger idly running through Sam's dense public hair.

The last half decade had passed like a blur. They'd moved out of their parents' house and into a vast, suburban pad on the edges of the city. Jackie had got a job doing something or other (Sam didn't really care what), and settled into her new life.

In the meantime, Sam had lived an existence of penetrations, tongueings and periods. Locked away in the dark cage of his sister's panties with nothing but the smell of her crotch to keep him company.

But Sam didn't mind. Nowadays, it almost smelled like home.

After five years as his sister's pussy, he was beginning to forget what it had felt like to be a man. He could no longer imagine the feeling of having limbs, having a voice, having a *body*. The idea that he'd once been free to walk around on his own seemed almost silly.

After all, why would he *ever* want to spend any time away from his goddess?

“Well, brother.” In the mirror, Jackie smiled at him. “Are you ready?”

Between her legs, Sam gently gave a single clench.

Jackie nodded slowly.

“I’ll bet you are.” She murmured.

Her finger gently drifted down, began casually circling Sam’s clit. Deep inside himself, Sam sighed happily.

His sister had given him more pleasure in the last half-decade than in his entire life as a boy.

“I’ve been thinking.” Jackie hesitated. Sam waited for her to go on.

“Since this is a *special* day, I thought I should offer you something. I was thinking maybe...”

Jackie’s reflection took a deep breath, looked at him frankly.

“Maybe I could turn you back.”

There was a long pause.

“It wouldn’t be *too* difficult,” she said, “restoring people’s memories and finding a reason why you’ve been missing these last five years might be tricky. But to make you *human* again...”

Jackie shrugged.

“Easy. What do you say?”

For a moment, there was nothing. Then Sam clenched his insides *hard*.

Jackie nodded.

“OK. Just let me-”

Then Sam clenched again.

A smile spread over Jackie’s face. She raised an eyebrow at her pussy.

“Was that ‘two for no’, brother?”

One clench.

“You understand I’ll *never* offer this again, right? It’s now or never.”

One clench.

“And you’re *sure* you want to spend the next eighty years as my pussy?”

One clench.

“Alright, then.” Jackie’s dark eyes flashed with sparks. “The offer is retracted. It’s never coming back.”

From his place between his sister’s legs, Sam relaxed. For a second he’d been terrified she’d turn him back anyway.

She can’t do that, he thought to himself. *Not now I’ve finally got...*

“Gina’s going to be happy you stayed,” Jackie smiled. “She loves the way you squeeze her tongue. You know, I think she might even prefer *you* to me.”

If Sam had still had a face, he would’ve blushed.

“Overshadowed by my own pussy.” Jackie frowned. “Still, if it makes the wife happy...”

Wife. Sam still couldn’t believe it. Still couldn’t believe he was going to marry the woman of his dreams today. The thought of Gina, standing at the altar in her white dress made him giddy with excitement.

Of course, he wouldn’t actually *see* her, but, well...

There was always the honeymoon.

“I’ll tell her you’re staying after the ceremony,” Jackie drawled. “I’m glad, you know, we’ve been meaning to try out that new strap-on.”

Sam quietly shivered. He could hardly wait.

Jackie sighed and put her hands on her hips. That old, evil smile was dancing around her lips, the one Sam both dreaded and longed-for in equal measure.

“Make no mistake, brother,” she whispered, “I’m going to make the rest of your life *hell*. I’m going to let Gina fuck you with big fat dildos. I’m going to start wearing diapers again on the weekends, just to make you *suffer*. And I’m going to get pregnant and have so many kids you’ll wish you were dead, understand?”

Sam gently clenched once. He was counting on it.

“Good.” His goddess sneered. “Now come on. We’ve got just enough time for a quickie with the dildo before the wedding.”

Then she was pulling up her lacy white panties and Sam vanished back inside his cage. As the world lurched and they set back off towards the bedroom, Sam felt a wave of pure happiness wash over him.

He was going to spend the rest of his life as his sister’s pussy. Abused, bled from and pissed out of. He was going to be dirtied, humiliated and utterly robbed of his manhood.

And the best part was, he couldn’t *wait* to get started.

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About the Author

Lisa Change began writing erotica after getting frustrated with books that had no plots or characters. She's the author of several other gender-swap revenge fantasies, including [He Became Her Slave Girl](#) and [Turned Into His Sister's Maid](#), as well as the delightfully kinky [Digital Slave Girl Series](#), also available through Amazon. She currently lives with her boyfriend and their two dogs. Lisa Change is, as you may have guessed, a pseudonym.

