



Turned Into His Sister's Maid

An erotic tale of teenage gender
swap revenge and servitude

Lisa Change

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The nightmare started as soon as Chris closed the door.

He'd just seen his parents off on their weekend vacation to Costa Rica and was about to text his best friend Simon when his sister came padding down the stairs, an evil smile on her face.

"They've finally gone, have they?" Jasmine's eyes twinkled beneath her jet black hair. She was still wrapped in her fluffy blue dressing gown, her long bronzed legs poking out the bottom.

"At last," she sighed, leaning on the bannister. "Now we can get ready for my party."

"Don't be dumb," Chris glowered up at his younger sister. At 18 he was exactly one year older than her, but didn't always feel it.

"Mom said no parties." *Besides*, he added silently, *I've already invited Simon over*. A tall, blonde football player, Simon had been Chris's closest friend since they were five. With his broad, strong shoulders and winning smile, Simon was everything Chris secretly wanted to be.

"You have to." Jasmine looked down at her brother with a coy smile. "It's my seventeenth."

"I don't care," Chris shrugged. He really didn't. He was in charge for the next couple of days, and the last thing he wanted was a bunch of squealing girls hanging around, talking about hair and makeup.

Anyway, he and Simon had plans.

Since they were sixteen, the two of them had been supplementing their allowance with earnings from their YouTube channel. It was minor-league stuff: a few advertising dollars here, a donation there. But it was better than nothing and – more importantly – it was *fun*. They specialized in videos punking their schoolmates. Harmless stuff, a bit of humiliation. But guaranteed a laugh. They'd even got Jasmine once or twice.

"I'm the boss now and I say no parties." He finished, firmly.

Jasmine's eyes glinted. "No, I meant *you have to*. You don't have a choice."

She leaned against the bannister, that evil smile still on her thin red lips. Even though she was his sister, Chris was scarily aware that with her slender frame and sculpted olive face she was beautiful.

"I *knew* you wouldn't let me have a party," she said accusingly. "So do you know what

I did this morning? I made myself a cake, lit a candle and made a birthday wish.”

“So what?” Chris didn’t like the way Jasmine was studying him, like a wolf watching its helpless prey.

“Guess what that wish was?”

“I don’t give a shit.” Chris sighed, but secretly he was getting nervous. Jasmine wasn’t usually this dominant, this commanding.

This *powerful*.

“You should do.” Jasmine glanced slyly at her brother. “I wished that when I clicked my fingers, you would turn into my maid and stay that way until mom and dad came back.”

She raised her hand, thumb and finger poised together.

“How about it?” She asked, innocently.

“Give it a rest,” Chris murmured, nervously. “Birthday wishes don’t work like that.”

“Oh no?” Jasmine giggled. “Let’s find out.”

And she snapped her fingers.

For a long moment, the two of them stood there, Jasmine watching her older brother from the stairs of their large house, Chris frozen by the doorway. Then Chris finally let out a breath he didn’t realize he’d been holding.

“See?” He asked, sarcastically. “Now go back to bed, I’ve got to get the house ready for your party.”

Jasmine giggled. “What was that, big bro?”

Chris looked up at her in fright. He’d meant to say *text Simon*. Trying to conceal his mounting terror, he tried again.

“Please Jaz, go back to bed. I’m not playing your stupid games!” was what he meant to say. Instead it came out as:

“Please, mistress, go back to bed. I’ll get everything ready for you.”

High on the stairs, Jasmine threw back her head and laughed, her dark curls bouncing off her shoulders.

“Hang in there brother,” she called, “you’re in for one hell of a ride!”

Below her, Chris raised a worried hand to his throat, wondering what the hell had

happened to his voice. Then he saw the hand and screamed.

Gone was his normal, teenage boy's hand, slightly calloused and lightly dusted with dark hair. In its place was a dainty, cream white one with a tiny palm and long, narrow fingers. As he watched in horror, Chris saw the nails were growing, becoming long and dark and red.

“Jaz!” He yelled, “Make it stop!”

Above him, Jasmine shrugged.

“I can't. And more to the point,” her eyes twinkled, “why would I *want* to?”

There was a loud tearing sound and suddenly Chris was looking down at his own bare chest. His t-shirt had ripped to pieces and disappeared, exposing his skinny frame to the morning cold. As he watched his jeans also split, tearing themselves from his legs and flying away into the trashcan.

A thread unwound from his socks and they too pulled themselves apart. Finally his underpants ripped off and tore themselves to pieces, leaving Chris cowering naked before his sister's delighted gaze.

“Look at you,” Jasmine sneered. “You know, I always used to think you were too skinny and sissy to be a boy. I guess it's time we put that right, huh?”

No sooner had she spoken than Chris felt a ripple pass through his body. Looking down, he saw his hips were pushing outwards, thrusting away from his crotch with a faint grinding sensation, giving him a curved, hourglass figure. As they grew his ass suddenly began to flesh out too, become pert and round. At the same time, his legs began to slim, the hair dropping away as they grew narrow, slender, sexy. Dark spots appeared on each toenail, blossomed outwards, turning them a lurid, slutty red.

“Jaz...” Chris tried to plead again, then suddenly stopped. A tension was rising in his chest. A kind of pressure, like something was growing. Chris reached up to stop whatever it was...

And felt his hand knocked away as two large breasts came bursting out. In fright, Chris watched as his chest kept inflating, growing bigger and bigger; his nipples suddenly dark and long, pointed up towards the sky. He tried to push them back in, to do anything to stop this nightmare, but they pushed back against his palms, full and firm and supple.

There was a tingling across his scalp, like a mild electric current was passing through, then suddenly long, dark hair was tumbling past his vision. He put up his hands and it swept around them, cascading down over his shoulders, dangling above his enormous new breasts. As he held his long, flowing hair before him, he saw the hair on his arms

was retracting, worming its way back into his soft, feminine skin.

“There,” he heard Jasmine say with audible pleasure. “You’re already looking better. But you’re not done yet, big bro, not by a *long* shot!”

There was a mild feeling of pressure, then suddenly Chris’s lips swelled up, became fuller, poutier. His face softened. His jaw – never strong and chiselled like Simon’s – lost its hard edge. Long, dark eyelashes sprouted out of his eyelids, fluttered in his field of vision.

And then he felt it. A stirring in his crotch that was all the worse because he knew what it meant. No sooner had he let out a whimpered plea than Chris felt his cock shoot back into his body, taking his balls with it. For a moment there was nothing, then with a sound like Velcro ripping his skin split apart and a newly formed pussy hung between his legs, its lips already warm and faintly moist.

A final tremble passed through Chris’s body, and then it was over. With a feeling of mute terror he looked up at his smiling sister.

“What did you-?” he began, and then stopped, one hand clutched to his throat. His voice had changed, leaping up two octaves. Not only that but *everything* had changed. The way his tongue moved when he spoke, the sensation of making a sound in his throat, the way his own voice vibrated in his ears. Everything was *wrong*.

“I turned you into something more fitting,” Jasmine giggled. “But I’m not done yet. I wished you were my maid, remember? So let’s get that uniform on!”

At her words, Chris’s body trembled all over again. There was an itchy sensation, then suddenly a dainty thread began to knit its way around his crotch, weaving together at a frightening speed. As Chris watched a pair of lacy panties formed over his new pussy, delicately hiding its tender lips from prying eyes. He tried to grab, to tear them off, but instead two strings of lace leapt up onto his wrists and to his horror wove themselves into little frilly wristbands.

His new breasts squirmed, then leaped up, squashing together into a large, cream white cleavage that rose towards his chin. A push-up bra had formed across his chest, and now two sheets of black satin were unrolling from it, brushing against his delicate skin. Chris stared at them, puzzled for a second. Then a thread leapt from one side to the other and suddenly yanked them tight, painfully pulling his sides in. With a groan he realized his sister had dressed him in a tiny corset. A spotless white apron unrolled from the bottom, hanging above his new panties. He looked helplessly at Jasmine.

“Way too slutty,” she frowned. “I want a *proper* maid. On with the rest of it!”

It was like reality was obeying her every command. Immediately, a long black skirt flowed out from Chris's sides, stopped just below his pussy and wrinkled, the edges becoming laced with white satin. A black choker appeared round his neck, yanked so tight it made him gasp, then long white leggings were unrolling up his legs, coming to a halt high above his knees. There was another tingling on his scalp and a dainty little maid's cap secured itself round Chris's head, sweeping his dark hair back in perfectly sculpted waves.

Finally, there was a skittering sound and a pair of black heeled shoes flew across the wooden floor and wrapped themselves round Chris's feet, lifting him an extra two inches off the ground. He tried to kick them off, but they stuck firm. It was like his new uniform was as much a part of him as his own skin.

Trembling, he looked up at his younger sister, watching him with laughter in her eyes.

"What the fuck have you *done* to me?" He whispered, trying to ignore the feminine whimper in his new voice.

Jasmine simply smiled.

"Go on. Have a look."

She nodded through the doorway at the large mirror in the living room. Silently Chris turned... and froze.

It wasn't possible.

The girl looking back at him was gorgeous. Dark eyes sat below flowing black hair that bounced and curled over cream white shoulders. Ruby red lips sat above a narrow neckline that led all the way down to two large, firm breasts. Her narrow body was curved, sexy, her legs slender and smooth.

It couldn't be possible.

Chris raised a hand. As he watched, the girl in the mirror did likewise. He blinked and pursed his lips and was surprised to see the girl pout at him, a sexy, servile expression on her face. Impulsively, he wiggled his frame and watched in fascinated horror as the girl jiggled her breasts back at him. There was no denying it.

He was a girl.

"Not *just* a girl," Jasmine purred, suddenly stood behind him. Distracted by the mirror, he hadn't heard her come downstairs.

"A *maid*." Her voice was soft in his ear. Chris felt his new body tingle all over. "My maid. From now until mom and dad get back, you have to do *everything* I want you to.

Isn't that right, Christina?"

In the mirror, Chris saw the girl nod.

"Good. One more thing," Jasmine's reflection grinned, "When I made my wish, I wished that you would be constantly horny. Can you feel it?"

Chris nodded. Ever since his pussy appeared, he'd been aware of a warmth down there; a distracted craving at the edges of his brain, a powerful, half-hidden desire that already frightened him.

"Don't try to fight it," Jasmine advised, "the wish is too powerful. We'll try it out later. In the meantime..."

She stepped back.

"Maid," she commanded, her eyes flashing, "make me some breakfast."

Chris's new body nodded.

"Yes ma'am."

"Then get the house ready for my party."

"Yes ma'am," Jasmine bobbed up and down in his field of view. Chris realized with a hot surge of embarrassment that he'd just given his sister a curtsy, bending his smooth new legs and pulling the sides of his frilly dress up.

"Will that be all, ma'am?"

"No." Jasmine was trying not to laugh now. "First say 'I'm a little sissy'."

Chris tried to clench his teeth, determined not to give her the satisfaction. It was no use. He felt his body give a small, obedient smile.

"I'm a little sissy."

"Better. Now," Jasmine put her hands on her hips, clearly enjoying herself. "Tell me I'm the best."

"Jaz!" Chris pleaded, fighting off his body's urge to obey his sister's every command "Turn me back! If mom and dad find out..."

But Jasmine simply shook her head.

"Say it." She commanded.

Chris's shoulders slumped. He glared up at his sister.

"You're the best." He growled through pouting ruby lips.

“Haha, brilliant!” Jasmine gave a little leap, happily clapping her hands. “I should’ve turned you into my sissy slave *years* ago! Now get to work. We’ve got *lots* to do today, maid!”

And with that, she was skipping away up the stairs, leaving Chris all alone in his new body. For just a second, he wondered if he could follow her, plead with her to turn him back. But then the birthday wish kicked in and he marched into the kitchen. If Jasmine wanted breakfast, his servile new body would make sure she got the best breakfast in the whole damn world.

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By the time the doorbell rang, Chris had spent half a day in Hell.

It had taken him forever to make breakfast, his delicate new body racing around the kitchen, pulling together the ingredients for a meal fit for a queen. Twice his new heels had slipped on the tiled floor and sent him sprawling. Each time, Chris had been humiliatingly aware that his outfit had hiked up as he fell, leaving his satin-clad ass on display for the world to see.

But worse had come when he’d finally trotted upstairs, Jasmine’s breakfast balanced precariously before his outsize breasts on a large silver tray. With a simpering servility that quietly horrified him, his body had knocked delicately on her door and then stood there, still as a statue, until at last Jasmine had murmured:

“Come in.”

His sister had been lying on her large bed, surrounded by a sea of teenage mess, playing on her phone. Of the two of them, Chris had always been the clean one, and it always annoyed him no end to see how casually Jasmine could just cast dirty clothes onto her bedroom floor.

Steeling himself, he had tiptoed over, quietly placed the tray by her bedside, then stood there with his pretty head bowed and his hands clasped behind his back. In disgust, it slowly dawned on Chris that his body was awaiting orders.

At long last, Jasmine had roused herself enough to take a bite of her breakfast. As she slowly chewed, Chris had suddenly become aware of a fluttering in his stomach, of his heart pounding in his chest. It seemed his new maid’s body was so eager to please that one unkind word from his mistress would’ve made him burst into tears.

Instead, Jasmine had smiled.

“Not bad, Christina. Not bad at all.” Then she’d nodded at the mess surrounding them. “As a reward, I’ll let you clean my room.”

“What?!” Chris had shouted with horror, “Clean your own damn room!”

Yet, at the same time, he’d felt a secret thrill run through his body. An itching to get started straight away, to get tidying, to make Jasmine’s room cleaner than it had ever been before.

To be a *good* maid.

“Christina!” Jasmine had gasped in mock-surprise, eyes amused. “What’s wrong? Is my room too messy for you to dirty your pretty little hands with?”

“Jaz,” Chris had growled, fighting his body’s urge to throw itself on the floor and literally beg its mistress for forgiveness, “This isn’t *fair!*”

“You want to see unfair, brother?” Jasmine had asked, innocently. “Try *this.*”

And with that, she’d upended her breakfast onto the floor, adding to the already atrocious mess. Then she’d sank back down into the pillows and picked up her phone.

“Now get to work, bitch.” She’d snapped. “And after that you can scrub the whole house with your toothbrush.”

Teeth gritted, Chris had given his sister another curtsey, then scurried off to grab an armful of cleaning products.

Now here he was, three hours later, his dainty white hands encased in two long, yellow gloves, determinedly scrubbing at the floor of their living room with his toothbrush.

The doorbell rang again and Chris pulled himself to his feet, cursing silently. After three hours on his knees his legs and arms were killing him. Worse, his enormous new breasts were turning out to be impossibly heavy. Each time he stood, he felt his back twinge in a way that warned of months and months of future pain.

Ripping off his long yellow gloves, Chris wobbled to the front door and straightened his hair, unconsciously pulling the hem of his uniform down so it just about hid his ass. Then without realizing it, he put on an obedient smile and opened the door.

It was a bright, cool, day outside. For a moment the sun dazzled Chris, so all he could see was a shadow on the doorstep. The cool wind instantly sent gooseflesh racing up his exposed arms and made his nipples go hard as bullets, their pointed tips straining against the coarse fabric of his uniform.

Chris blinked and the shadow’s face at last began to form from the gloom. From high above his tiny new body, Mr Johnson peered down at Chris, his dark eyes puzzled at this strange new girl in her skimpy clothes. A smile danced across his face.

“Well, what have we here? Good morning, miss-?”

“Christina, sir,” Chris heard his body say, humbly, “I’m the new maid.”

“Well, isn’t that something?” Mr Johnson’s eyes prowled across Chris’s chest, lingering on the highly-visible outline of his erect nipples.

Ever since he’d moved in across the road six years back, Chris had always liked Mr Johnson. When he was still a kid, his parents had invited the handsome businessman and his wife over for dinner, and Mr Johnson had made a point of listening as Chris prattled on in the way 12-year olds do, never once patronizing him. From that point on, Chris had felt an affinity with their neighbor, considering him a “decent” adult.

Now, as Mr Johnson gazed hungrily at Chris’s chest, he suddenly wasn’t so sure. There was a look in Mr Johnson’s eyes, one he’d never seen in another man before. It was the same sort of look a cat might give a mouse.

Nervously, Chris pulled the door slightly closed, trying to angle his body behind it, out the way of his neighbor’s prying eyes.

“Can I help you?” He squeaked.

“Hmm?” Mr Johnson at last glanced at Chris’s face again. “Oh, yes. I’ve heard some rumors floating around about a party here tonight. My son is in the same class as Miss Jasmine.”

With a pang, Chris realized that to his new body, Jasmine would never just be “Jaz” or “your sister.” She would always be Miss Jasmine.

His mistress.

“I’m a little bit worried about the noise.” Mr Johnson smiled calmly. “I’m planning a quiet night in, you see. Perhaps I could come inside and discuss it?”

It was like someone had thrown Chris a lifesaver. If the party got shut down before it was even started, Jasmine would have no need to keep him as her servile little maid. Pushing aside his nerves, Chris opened the door and smiled widely.

“Of course, sir. Come right in.”

“Thanks.” Mr Johnson brushed past him and into the hall. As he did so, Chris caught an unmistakable whiff of cologne.

“Right this way, sir.” Chris prattled, scooting around his tall, broad shouldered neighbor and leading him into the living room, earning his pert ass a cheeky glance in the process. He wanted to get this wrapped up before Jasmine realized someone was in

the house and came down to argue her case.

“So,” Chris had begun, perching delicately on the edge of the leather sofa, “about this party...”

The words died in his throat. Mr Johnson was still standing. He towered over Chris, a predatory grin on his smooth, dark face.

“I called Miss Jasmine earlier,” he smiled, “To express my concerns. She told me her new maid would be willing to do anything to convince me not to shut her party down.”

“*Anything.*” He repeated, one large hand slowly unzipping his fly.

A shard of ice seemed to penetrate Chris’s stomach.

That bitch, he thought, dully.

Outwardly, he smiled nervously.

“But Mr Johnson, sir, what about your-?”

“My wife?” Mr Johnson grinned. “Well now, we’ll both just have to be careful not to tell her, won’t we?”

And then he reached inside his chinos and pulled out a thick black cock, his fingertips already working the end, pulling the skin back and forth, back and forth. Chris left out a soft moan. It was enormous. *Huge*. Like a deadly weapon that would split open and destroy any orifice it entered. It was hideous, disgusting...

So why couldn’t he take his eyes off it?

Mr Johnson’s fingers were working it faster now, pumping the blood in, making it hard as rock. From high above, he smiled down at helpless little Chris.

“I like making little sluts like you suck,” he whispered. “I like making you swallow, then thank me for the privilege. What do you say, *slut?*”

Chris swallowed nervously. He had to get out of here, before...

“Remember, whore,” Mr Johnson’s eyes were burning like fire, “Your mistress commands it.”

It was like switch had been thrown in Chris’s brain. Suddenly, he was down on his knees, his body scrabbling helplessly for his neighbor’s cock, little servile moans escaping his lips. He took Mr Johnson’s thick member in his dainty hands, looked up at him in horror.

“Well done,” Mr Johnson smiled. “Now. *Suck.*”

And then Chris was sucking.

It was a hideous feeling. Mr Johnson's dick rudely pushed apart his lips, thrust deep into his throat, making him gag. His cock felt like solid rubber against his tongue; an alien intruder forcing its way inside him.

Red lips wrapped delicately around his teeth, Chris slowly began to bob his head back and forth, back and forth, Mr Johnson's hips thrusting in time with his movements. He wanted to scream. To cry. To spit it out and beg his neighbor to stop. *Anything* to end this nightmare.

Then something strange happened.

As Mr Johnson let out a low moan, Chris realized his pussy was tingling. A faint, urgent thrumming was starting in his crotch, spreading outwards, enveloping his lower body in its warm embrace. As Chris began to work Mr Johnson's cock further back into his throat, he let a hand drop down to experimentally probe his pussy. The rough feeling of the lace on his panties made the thrumming even sharper. With fascinated horror, Chris realized he was getting wet.

The wish, he thought, dully. Jasmine hadn't just turned him into a horny little maid. She'd turned him into a horny *straight* maid.

One of Mr Johnson's thick hands reached down, ran through Chris's long black hair, then suddenly yanked tight. The pain knocked the breath out of him, fired lightning rockets to every corner of his body. It made Chris's nipples stand on end and his skin tingle. With a moan, he started bobbing his head faster, faster. As he did so, he silently slipped a finger under his panties and into his pussy.

For a second he thought it wouldn't go in. His pussy was too new, too tight. Then suddenly the lips gave way and Chris's finger plunged deep inside him.

It was like someone had thrown open a door. A doorway to a world of pleasure Chris never knew existed; one he'd never even *suspected* of existing. Waves of pleasure rolled up his body, radiated out of his crotch, making everything seem soft, everything seem good. Half in a daze, he pulled Mr Johnson's cock out his mouth and swirled his tongue around the rim, earning a low moan, before greedily plunging it back in.

As his head bobbed back and forth, Chris's finger began to pick up speed, darting in and out of him with quick, jerky movements. As he bucked against his wrist, he realized something was building. Something strong, overpowering and elemental. Something his new body had been waiting the whole day for.

And then it hit. With a gasp, Chris felt something peak inside him. Then electric waves

were washing over his skin, making him go limp, making him want to scream. The world around went dim, and then he was thrusting Mr Johnson's cock as far into the back of his throat as it would go, desperately sucking as his new body screamed with pleasure.

At last, Mr Johnson went rigid. There was a faint sigh, then a strange taste flooded Chris's mouth; salty and musty and wonderful. Without thinking twice, he greedily swallowed, then suddenly Mr Johnson was pulling out his mouth, stepping back, standing over Chris with a hazy smile on his face.

Chris's pussy gave a final tremble. He slid his finger out, gave Mr Johnson a servile smile.

"Thank you, sir." He simpered.

"Don't mention it." Mr Johnson was already zipping back up, his eyes unfocused. "That's a special talent you've got there, miss-?"

"Christina," Chris answered, pertly. For the first time since his transformation, the name felt natural on his lips.

"Well, whatever." Mr Johnson flashed him a final grin. "Tell your mistress she can have her party."

Then he was off, striding across the living room to the front door. Chris watched him go, not quite sure what he'd just experienced.

Just as he reached the door, Mr Johnson hesitated. He looked round at Chris, still kneeling before the sofa.

"Just so you know," he said, "My wife's away next week. Feel free to come round any time."

Chris gave a little nod.

"Yes sir," he said before he could stop himself.

Mr Johnson gave him a cocksure smile. Then he opened the door and stepped out into the bright afternoon, closing it with a slam.

Over by the sofa, Chris picked himself up and drifted back towards his cleaning tools. He picked up his toothbrush, crouched down, and immediately got back to work.

He didn't realize it, but as he gently scrubbed the floor, lost in a sleepy fog, he had the biggest smile on his face.

By the time the sun fell, Chris had scrubbed the whole house clean and prepared it for the greatest party in their little suburb's history. Decorations hung from the ceilings. Drinks and mixers were placed out on the table. Space had been cleared for a dance floor in the living room. Surveying his work, he felt surge of strange pride that somehow compensated for the aching limbs and twinge in his back.

Finally, with an hour to go before their guests arrived, he'd tottered upstairs to get Jasmine ready.

His sister (*mistress*, his brain automatically corrected him) was sat before her large vanity mirror, applying her makeup, her body encased in a tight blue dress. Her eyes lit up as Chris stepped in.

"Was that Mr Johnson I heard earlier?" She asked innocently, watching Chris in the mirror.

Chris swallowed. He could still faintly taste his neighbor's cum; tangy and musty. At the mere thought of it his pussy started tingling like crazy again.

"My, my big brother," Jasmine drawled. "You really *are* a slut, aren't you?"

In the mirror, Chris saw Christina nod, a faint pink blush spreading out across her china white face.

"Yes mistress," he mumbled.

"I always knew it." Jasmine slowly applied her mascara, "You used to pretend you weren't interested in boys, but I could *tell*."

Chris said nothing. In the mirror, Christina blushed an even deeper shade of red.

"Here," Jasmine held up her hairbrush, "come give me a hand."

Slowly, Chris stepped forward. His body picked up the brush and began expertly combing Jasmine's dark hair, sculpting it into waves that tumbled off her crown and coiled around her shoulders. Framed together in the mirror like that, they almost looked like sisters.

"Y'know, I always wanted a sister," Jasmine murmured, as if she'd somehow read his mind. "Someone who'd go shopping with me. Someone I could talk to about boys."

Chris nodded.

"I know." He said.

"When I made my wish, I nearly asked for exactly that." Jasmine was watching him work with a strangely open expression. "For you to turn into my older sister."

Chris avoided her gaze, absorbing himself completely in his work.

“I would’ve liked that.” He whispered at last.

“I bet you would.” Jasmine leaned forward as Chris stopped brushing, pouting at herself in the mirror. In the artificial light of her room, she looked beautiful.

“But then I suppose this is better, isn’t it?” She said at last, the old smile returning. “This way I get to pay you back for all those times you annoyed the *hell* out of me.”

Her reflection shot Chris a playful look.

“Take your panties off.”

In the mirror, worry stole across Christina’s face.

“M-mistress?” Chris stammered.

“*Now*, maid.” Jasmine’s eye flashed dangerously.

He had no choice. With a small moan, Chris reached under his skirt and slowly pulled his lacy panties down, over his long white leggings, over his high black boots. He carefully stepped out of them then them up for his mistress to see.

“Good.” Jasmine smirked. “Now turn around and bend over.”

Silently, Chris obeyed. Placing his hands on his smooth thighs, he slowly bent forward until his dress rode up, exposing his naked ass and trembling pussy to the world.

Behind him he heard Jasmine giggle.

“OK, that’s enough.” She said.

Chris obediently straightened up and turned back to his sister, hands laced obediently behind his back. Jasmine had turned her attention back to her makeup now, applying red lipstick with expert precision.

“Don’t worry,” she smiled. “I’m not into girls. Even though in your new body it wouldn’t *technically* be incest. At least, I don’t think so.”

She leaned back to admire herself, winked at him.

“I just want you looking your best for my party.”

The color drained out of Chris’s face. A cold finger wormed its way into his heart, sending chills through his body. All this time, he’d assumed Jasmine would keep him out the way during her party, keep him hidden. The thought of all the kids from school seeing him like-like *this* made his old feelings of horror come flooding back.

“Jaz,” he croaked. “Please, you can’t...”

“I can do whatever I like.” His mistress declared, “You’re *my* maid, remember? And I want you at my party.”

Her eyes twinkled at him.

“I’ve invited *everyone*.” She purred. “I want the whole school to see you like this. I want you to remember forever when the whole world saw you as my slutty little maid.”

“What do you think, Christina?” She tilted her head. “Good idea?”

No! Chris wanted to shout. *It’s a fucking terrible idea! You’ve gone too far, Jaz!*

Instead, he simply felt his body bow its head.

“Yes, mistress,” he said, humbly.

“Excellent.” Jasmine finally stood up, gave herself a twirl. “What do you think?”

“You look beautiful,” Chris whispered. He really meant it.

“I know.” Jasmine shrugged. “You’re not bad yourself. *Huge* improvement on your boy body. Some of the girls might even fancy you now.”

Chris wasn’t quite sure how to respond to this. In the end he said nothing.

“Now come on, maid,” Jasmine swept past him, out onto the landing, “let’s get my party started!”

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It was the strangest night of Chris’s life.

From the moment the first guests arrived, he was thrown headlong into his role as Jasmine’s maid. Every time the doorbell rang, he dropped everything he was doing and scurried over, opening it with a big, servile smile. In between he mixed drinks in the kitchen, then carried them round the house on a large silver tray, offering them to his unsuspecting classmates with a flutter of his eyelashes.

At first, Chris was terrified someone would recognize him. That his new life as a compliant, busty maid would be exposed for the entire school to see. But as the night wore on, it dawned on him that not only would no-one ever guess this attractive girl was Jasmine’s scrawny brother, they simply didn’t care.

He was all but invisible.

It was at once a great relief and a deeply unnerving experience. As he threaded his way through the crowds, drinks tray grasped before his gigantic breasts, no-one gave him a second glance. He was just a servant, hired in for the night by Jasmine to give the party

some extra pizzazz. To these carefree, middle class kids, he was no more a real person than the coat stand in the hallway.

Well, that wasn't *strictly* true. As a person, he might be invisible. As a sex object, it was like someone had thrown a spotlight onto him. Whenever he crossed a room, his shapely ass wiggling under his uniform, boys would nudge each other, point at him behind his back. Whenever he bent over to give someone sat down a drink (something he tried to do as little as possible), he felt a dozen pairs of eyes crawling over his bare backside. Stepping up to a crowd of guys, tray in hand, was to invite a sea of faces to instantly glance down at his breasts.

For the first time in his quiet life, Chris was suddenly worth looking at.

Even weirder was the way the girls treated him. When he opened the door, he saw a strange, defensive look come into their eyes. No, not quite defensive. It was a look that seemed at once threatened and threatening. A look that seemed to say *Yes, you're hot, and I kind of wish I looked like you. But you know what? You're still a servant.* They seemed fascinated and weirdly repulsed by Chris's breasts, his legs, how much flesh he had on display.

Nonetheless, he thought at least of couple of them were weirdly turned on, too.

As the night wore on, it became apparent that Jasmine really had invited *everyone*. A good two hundred people spread through the house, spilled over into the large garden. There were faces Chris knew from school, faces he knew from around town. There were even a couple of college kids, clearly revelling in their status as the oldest, and therefore coolest, guys around.

At one point, as Chris went outside to pick up some ice from the garage, he heard a voice behind him.

"Hey. What's your name?"

Turning round, Chris was mortified to see Tommy Ouellet lounging against the wall, his features half-hidden in the dark.

Chris had never liked Tommy, and knew for sure the feeling was mutual. A large, handsome jock, he seemed to find Chris's scrawny presence offensive. Whenever their eyes met in the corridor, Tommy would have a repulsive sneer etched across his lips. He was the one person in school Chris had been careful to never openly mock on their YouTube channel.

Now, however, the sneer was gone. Tommy was watching Chris with a casual smile, his dark eyes dancing over his figure. His heart skipped a beat, and Chris realized with

horror that his new body found Tommy incredibly attractive.

“Christina, sir,” Chris mumbled.

“That’s a pretty name.” Tommy took a casual sip of his beer. “Did Jaz’s parents hire you?”

Chris nodded. Tommy was the last person he wanted to find out the truth.

“That’s cool. My mom would shit her pants if she saw someone dressed like you round our place.”

What’s wrong with the way I’m dressed? Chris half-wanted to say, but it seemed redundant. There was *plenty* wrong with the way he was dressed.

“So, I was wondering,” Tommy leaned forward, bringing his face closer to Chris’s. Annoyingly, Chris felt his heart flutter again.

“What time do you get off?” Tommy asked, his voice low, masculine. His eyes slid down to Chris’s breasts. Instinctively, Chris wrapped his arms across his chest.

“N-not till late,” he stammered. “I’ll be busy all night. Sorry.”

“Shame.” Tommy towered over Chris, a small smile playing on his lips. A mental image rose up in Chris’s mind of Mr Johnson, smiling in the same way, unsheathing his thick cock from inside his pants. With an effort, Chris pushed the image away.

“Guess I’d better be off.” Tommy straightened up, casually. Then suddenly his hand shot under Chris’s skirt and grabbed his naked pussy. Chris gave a squeak.

“Nice and wet.” Tommy’s face was only inches from his now, his slightly sour breath hot and damp against his lips. His large, calloused hand rubbed against Chris’s crotch, making his pussy tremble.

“I could fuck you right now,” Tommy murmured. “I could fuck you right against this wall and you’d let me, wouldn’t you, you little slut? You’d *enjoy* it.”

“I have to go,” Chris whispered, trying to ignore the faint, warm waves of pleasure already beginning to radiate outward from his crotch. “I need to get ice.”

For a second, he didn’t think Tommy would listen. That he’d simply smile then order Chris to get against the wall, and his stupid, horny body would obey.

Then at last, Tommy removed his hand. Straightened up.

“Whatever.” He said. Then he immediately turned around and drifted back toward the party, Chris already half-forgotten.

“Whore.” Chris heard him mutter as he left.

For a long moment, Chris simply stood there, trying to control his ragged breathing, unsure if he was frightened or angry or horny or all three. Then he picked up his bucket and went to get ice.

Back inside, the party was in full swing. Drunken teenagers snogged on the stairs. Jocks poured gallons of beer into one another. Girls danced in groups. Chris threaded his way through to the kitchen, trying not to think about the amount of cleaning he’d have to do tomorrow.

“Brother! *There* you are.”

He span round to see Jasmine leaning against the countertop, smiling at him through half-closed eyes.

“For fucks’ sakes, Jaz!” He hissed. “Not *here*!”

Jasmine silently arched one eyebrow at him. Chris sighed.

“I mean: please mistress,” he mumbled demurely, “not when people are around.”

Jasmine nodded, satisfied. Then she turned to gaze at the moving mass of faces all around them.

“They don’t give a shit,” she smiled. “It’s just Jaz being weird. Watch.”

She reached out and grabbed a passing girl’s hand.

“I want you to meet my brother Chris,” she said, brightly. “I used my birthday wish to turn him into my busty little maid.”

Chris’s insides froze. The girl looked strangely at him for what felt like an eternity. Then she seemed to mentally shrug, gave Jasmine a polite smile and disappeared back into the party.

Jasmine turned to her older brother.

“See?” She drawled.

“Please Jaz,” Chris pleaded, “Enough already. Turn me back. Or at least let me go hide upstairs.”

“Not a chance.” Jasmine replied, airily. “I’m having *way* too much fun.”

Then she grinned evilly at him.

“Kiss my feet.”

“Jaz. I’m *begging* you...”

“Do it.” Jasmine’s eyes burned brightly. “Get down on your knees and kiss my feet.”

He tried to fight it. He really did. But it was no use. With a moan, Chris lowered himself onto the floor. He crouched on all fours, his uniform riding up, exposing his bare ass and pussy to the party. Then he leaned forward, pursed his lips with a feeling of nausea and gently brushed them against Jasmine’s foot.

A nasty, leathery taste stung at his lips. Behind him, he heard a girl giggle. He was uncomfortably aware that half the kitchen was watching. Yet his servile body forced him to keep his lips pressed there for a full ten seconds.

At last he straightened up, looked helplessly up at his younger sister. Jasmine tilted her head.

“What do we say?”

“Thank you, mistress,” Chris mumbled. Somewhere, he heard that wretched girl giggle again.

“Good.” Jasmine smiled at him, then she crouched down on the floor, bringing herself to Chris’s height.

“You’ve done a good job, tonight,” she murmured. “Really. I’m having the best time in my life. The party’s great, all my friends are here, and it’s just *perfect*.”

An odd feeling of pride began to swell in Chris’s chest. He smiled back at his sister, unconvinced.

“Do you really mean that?”

“Of course.” Jasmine reached out tenderly, stroked a lock of Chris’s hair back behind his ear. “You’ve been awesome tonight, Chris. Seriously.”

She suddenly took his hand and pulled Chris to his feet.

“Come on.” She said decisively, pulling him toward the living room. “I’ve got something for you.”

She dragged Chris through the party by the hand, like two sisters about to share a confidence. She finally stopped over by the wall, and turned to him, a tiny glint in her eye.

“Has anyone fucked you yet?” She asked.

Chris’s jaw dropped open.

“Jaz-!” He began, but his sister cut him off.

“That’s a no, then.” She glanced around the room, as if looking for someone. “Tell me. Do you want them to?”

No! Chris wanted to shout, *I want you to turn me back!*

Instead, he shuffled his feet in silence, strangely aware of a red hot blush spreading across his features.

“And that’s a yes if I ever saw one.” Jasmine smirked. “I bet you’re desperate to try out that new pussy of yours.”

Once again, Chris’s blush answered for him, turning his features a deep, brick red.

“Thought so. In that case…” Jasmine’s eyes settled on something. “Look over there.”

Obediently, Chris turned to look.

And froze.

Across the room, Simon was lounging against the mantelpiece, a young blonde girl chatting to him. He was dressed in a tight fitting t-shirt that seemed sculpted to his muscular torso, his strong legs encased in a pair of jeans. As the girl chatted away, he kept glancing around the room, as if looking for someone.

Chris turned back to Jasmine. The blush was gone. His face was white as a sheet.

“No. Please…” he whispered.

She couldn’t make him. Not with his best friend. It was too weird. Too disgusting. Too *wrong*.

But it was too late. Jasmine straightened up. The old, commanding look came back into her eyes. The old, cruel smile crept across her face.

“Maid.” She said, firmly. “I *order* you to fuck that boy.”

It was like something clicked in Chris’s brain. A switch had been thrown that meant the decision was no longer his to make. His body existed only to obey Jasmine’s wishes.

“Yes mistress.” He whispered.

Chris turned and gazed hopelessly across the room at Simon. From his place by the mantelpiece, his best friend caught his eye. Smiled.

“Good.” Behind him, Jasmine could barely control the mirth in her voice. “Tomorrow you can *thank* me.”

*

I'm dreaming.

The thought echoed around Chris's mind as he slowly led Simon up the stairs, the two of them slipping past couples, drunks, exhausted dancers.

I have to be dreaming.

It had been scarily easy to seduce his best friend. After Simon had caught his eye, Chris had silently drifted across the room and taken his hand. For a moment, he'd been aware of the blonde girl glaring at him, then he'd leaned forward and kissed Simon and the world had vanished. By the time he opened his eyes, the girl was gone.

Some dream.

The kiss had been like falling into a trance. Simon had held Chris's small, feminine body close to his and drank him in. His rough stubble had brushed against Chris's face as his tongue swirled round the insides of his mouth, sending fireworks exploding through the far corners of his mind. Chris had pressed himself hard against Simon's torso and been rewarded with the unmistakable feel of an erection digging into his stomach.

And that had been it.

After checking Chris's room and finding it full of smooching couples, Chris quietly led Simon into Jasmine's room and locked the door. In the half-light of the streetlamps, he could see Jasmine's bed, soft and still ruffled from where she'd lain on it that morning, watching Chris clean the room with a mocking smile. Up here the noise of the party was distant, muffled. More a feeling deep in your gut than an actual sound.

"Seems like this might be a good time to ask your name," Simon grinned, pulling his shirt off. His torso was muscled, dusted with light blonde hair that led in a trail down to his bellybutton. The sight of it filled Chris with a strange, sweet longing.

"It doesn't matter," he said, turning away. In the vanity chest mirror, Christina pouted back in her skimpy little maid's uniform, Simon a dark, masculine shadow behind her.

"Fair enough," Simon was unbuckling his belt now, his thick cock already straining against the denim of his jeans.

"Friend of Jaz's?" He asked, pulling his pants down.

Chris nodded, watching Simon's reflection, his mouth suddenly dry. He delicately licked his lips.

“Something like that.”

“Great.” Simon was carefully peeling his socks off, putting them to one side. There was something strangely prissy about the way he did it that almost made Chris giggle. But then Simon spoke again and the words died in his throat.

“I’m friends with her brother. Chris. Ever met him?”

Chris hesitated, then shook his head. His dark curls flicked back and forth across his field of vision.

“Too bad. He’s a nice guy. Bit of a weed though.” At last, Simon stood up straight again. He was completely naked. Two strong legs dusted with fine hair sat underneath a large, swollen cock. Chris’s heart caught in his throat. In this half-light, Simon was more than simply handsome. He was gorgeous. With a frightened start, Chris realized his pussy was already drenched.

Impulsively, he turned and looked at his best friend.

“Here’s the deal,” Chris heard himself say, not sure if it was Christina forming the words or him, “For the rest of the night, I’ll be your slave. You can fuck me however you like, in any hole you want. I’ll moan and crawl on the floor and be your little bitch. All you have to do-”

He hesitated.

“All you have to do is call me Chris.”

For a long time, Simon simply looked at him. Chris’s heart thudded in his ears. His legs long legs trembled.

I’ve blown it. He thought.

Then finally, Simon nodded.

“OK.” He smiled uncertainly. “OK, Chris.”

It was like a ball of twine that had been winding tighter and tighter in Chris’s chest for the last five minutes suddenly went slack. He smiled gratefully, then impulsively sat back on the vanity chest, spreading his legs so Simon could see the dark shadow of his pussy. He bit his lower lip and eyed his friend hungrily. For the first time since his transformation he felt fully female.

The confidence was flooding back to Simon. Looking at Chris’s sexy new body was making him go rock hard, his cock jutting up in the air like a pillar of granite. He grinned.

“OK, Chris. Get your cute little ass over here.”

Instantly, Chris was on his feet, padding over to Simon. He stopped before him and bent his legs slightly, shooting Simon a coquettish smile.

Simon reached out and grasped one large, strong hand round the shaft of his cock. Not taking his eyes off Chris, he started pumping.

“Get on the bed,” he whispered.

With a servility that both frightened and exhilarated him, Chris leapt onto his sister’s bed. He spread his legs and pulled his uniform up, keeping his eyes on Simon’s gigantic cock. Watching it swell larger than ever, the tip turning bulbous and purple.

“Now play with your pussy.”

Silently Chris obeyed, sliding a hand down his torso, running a finger across the lips of his crotch. He was so wet his finger slid in without meeting any resistance.

As Simon watched, he began to gently buck his hips, driving his finger in deeper, deeper. Each thrust sent a new wave of sleepy pleasure out across his body, making his skin tingle, making his nipples go rock hard. Without being aware he was doing it, Chris began to moan softly.

“Faster.” Simon hissed. “Make yourself ready for your master’s cock.”

His words alone were enough to send electricity running along Chris’s spine. Impulsively, he slipped another finger inside himself and gasped. It felt wonderful.

Why has no-one ever told me this? He wondered in the depths of his pleasure-fogged mind. Why has no-one ever said how incredible this feels?

No, incredible was the wrong word. It was more than that. More than just a feeling of pleasure. It was like he’d solved a problem in nature itself. How to plug that hole. How to make his girly body feel complete.

How to become a *woman*.

Simon was pumping his cock harder now, his face contorted in concentration. Chris thrust his fingers in as deep as he could and heard a cry escape his lips. He was moaning now, moaning like he’d heard girls moan in porn movies. Not caring how loud he was, if people could hear. Moaning for Simon’s cock.

And then it happened. Simon suddenly barked at him to get on all fours, and next thing Chris knew his face was pressed into the pillow, his dripping pussy raised high into the air. For a second there was nothing but his ragged breathing, then he felt the bed bow

as Simon hoisted his powerful frame onto it. There was a pause that seemed to thrum with tension, and then Simon thrust his cock deep into Chris.

Chris couldn't help it. He cried out. He could feel the walls of his pussy stretching, stretching to accommodate Simon's gigantic cock. He whimpered helplessly, terrified for a moment that there'd be blood. Then the pain passed. In its place came a feeling of pleasure so pure that Chris cried out all over again.

"Look at your ass," he heard Simon whisper breathlessly, "you've got such a perfect little ass."

Then he brought his hand down on it with a sharp crack that made Chris scream and little sparks flash through his body. He buried his head in the pillow and began to cry out.

"Fuck me! *Please* master, fuck me!"

His pleas earned his ass another smack, then another, then suddenly Simon was thrusting, drilling his cock deep into Chris with hard, powerful movements. A strong arm dropped down onto his back, pinning Chris to the bed. Then Simon fucked him, fucked him like the sissy little maid he was.

When he thought about it later, Chris struggled to remember exactly what had happened. Time seemed to slip away in the darkened room. The world seemed to narrow down until it was just the fire in his pussy, and Simon's cock, sending waves of electric washing over his tender female body. At some point, Chris heard himself beg Simon to say his name.

"Chris..." He heard Simon whisper, "Oh *Chris*..."

Then he felt it. Building up inside him. A tidal wave of pleasure that was all-consuming. Unstoppable

It hit with enough force to take his breath away. Chris's entire body gave a spasm, seemed to sink into a soft cloud of fire. Dimly, Chris was aware he was screaming, then the feeling peaked, before dropping away, bringing him slowly back down to Earth. Seconds later he heard Simon grunt, then felt him pull out and drops of sticky goo splatter all over his back. Hardly aware of what he was doing, Chris turned round, parted his lips and took Simon in his mouth, sucking him clean. He could taste himself, taste his pussy and the thought filled him with a strange delight.

Then it was over. Simon pulled out Chris's mouth and collapsed on the bed beside him, breathing hard. He held out his arm, and Chris obediently curled up beside him, the masculine scent of his best friend's sweat making his pussy tingle all over again. He

placed his head on Simon's broad chest.

"Thank you, master," he heard his body whisper.

Beside him, Simon laughed.

"You know something, Chris?" He asked. "You make one *hell* of a maid."

And in that moment, Chris realized just how happy he secretly was that Jasmine had got her birthday wish.

*

The next morning Chris woke up to find Simon still asleep, his powerful erection jutting up into the sky. Without thinking, he sleepily rolled over, parted his lips and took Simon fully in his mouth, bobbing his head up and down until Simon woke with a gasp and that strange, salty taste flooded Chris's mouth again. Then Simon had plunged a hand into Chris's crotch and worked his pussy until he screamed all over again.

After that, they'd lain curled up together for a while, until Simon was ready to go once more. Then he'd thrown Chris onto his back, pulled his legs open and fucked him until Chris had wanted to cry, to beg, to do *anything* to ensure he never stopped. When Simon finally came, he'd crawled forwards and sucked him clean again, delighting in the acrid taste of his own pussy.

All this time, there was only one thought on Chris's mind. How natural it all felt. How *right*. For the first time in his life, Chris realized he felt completely comfortable.

Eventually, though, it had been time to go. After a final fuck by the vanity chest – during which Chris had watched his girlish body in the mirror with secret delight – Simon had gotten dressed and the two of them had tiptoed out the room, through the detritus of the night before.

It had been some party. Bottles had been smashed, drink spilled and carpets ripped. There was vomit in the corners and dropped marijuana buds trodden into the rugs. It was going to take *forever* to clean. But Chris didn't mind. Nothing could penetrate the warm fog of happiness enveloping him right now.

At the door they shared one last kiss. Then Simon had hesitated and pulled Chris close.

"Call me," he whispered, his blue eyes making Chris's knees go weak. "When all this is over... call me."

And then he was gone, out the door, leaving Chris stood in the hallway with a goofy smile on his face.

“Have fun last night?”

Chris turned and looked at Jasmine, stood on the stairs with an inscrutable smile on her face. He nodded, suddenly bashful.

“Thanks, Jaz.” He smiled.

“Don’t mention it.” Jasmine looked at him, slyly, “Anything to spice up my brother’s sex life.”

“Yeah, well,” Chris shrugged, unable to get that goofy grin off his face, “It was a fun one-off.”

“One off?” Jasmine giggled. “I don’t think so. After your performance last night I’d be shocked if he didn’t come back for more.”

Chris frowned slightly.

“What do you mean?” He asked.

“*I mean*,” Jasmine swung against the bannister, eyeing her brother with a mischievous look that was somehow terrifying, “I think Simon’s gonna want some more of my brother’s ass, even when he’s male again.”

That cold shard of ice was beginning to worm its way back into Chris’s chest.

“Why do you think that?” He whispered.

“Why do *you* think?” Jasmine was laughing now. “I told him. While you were out there getting felt-up by that douche Tommy, I told Simon *everything*. He knew it was you all along. But how could he say no when you look like that?”

A creeping sense of horror was climbing up Chris’s back, making the world seem suddenly very cold and dim.

She can’t. He thought, helplessly, *There’s no way Simon can know I did that to him.*

“I actually told quite a lot of people,” Jasmine was saying now. “It was all part of my wish. That people would know what I did to you, and that they’d find it *hilarious*. Now everyone at school is going to know what a sissy you really are.”

“You *bitch!*” Chris suddenly screamed. “Why did you do that? You-you fucking *bitch!*”

Jasmine looked at him with a dark smile.

“Because I can.” She said, cruelly. “Like I can do this.”

She straightened up.

“Piss yourself.” She commanded, eyes flashing.

And immediately Chris felt something warm and wet trickle down the inside of his leg, dribbling onto the laminated floor. He let out a moan and looked down in horror at the rapidly-spreading puddle, then up at Jasmine watching him impassively from the stairs.

“Now lick it up.”

Chris tried to fight it, clenching his teeth, tensing his muscles. But it was no use. His body obediently lowered itself to its knees, then leaned forward and started lapping the urine off the floor. The taste was acid, hideous. The rough grain of the floor rubbed hard on the tip of his tongue. It was disgusting. Nauseating.

And the worst part of all – an aspect so humiliating that it eclipsed all other feelings – was that his body was *enjoying* it.

Lost in disgust at his pathetic new body, he didn’t even notice Jasmine come down the stairs. Didn’t notice until she was towering over him.

“Until mom and dad get back, you’re *my* maid.” He heard her say. “And you will do *whatever* I want you to. Got it?”

Still running his tongue over the floor, Chris miserably nodded his head.

“If I want you to lick my asshole, you’ll lick my asshole. If I want you to lick up piss, you’ll lick up piss and then thank me for it. I’m your mistress. Everything I do is right, understand?”

Tears pricking at the corners of his eyes, Chris nodded again. He could still feel the pee on the inside of his leg, turning cold in cool morning air.

“Say ‘yes mistress’.”

“Yes, mistress,” he whimpered, trying not to cry.

“Perfect. What are you?”

“I’m pathetic.” Chris whispered, tears rolling down his cheeks. “I’m a pathetic little slut who deserves to be punished.”

“Good.” There was a silence, then the click of heels on wood. Jasmine was walking away, back to the stairs.

“There’s some more piss round here somewhere,” she called back, “I want you to find it and lick that up too. Then clean the house with your toothbrush. I want everything spick and span by the time mom and dad get back.”

“Yes, mistress.” Chris whispered. Then he gratefully placed his lips back into the

stinking pool of urine on the laminate floor, and started greedily licking again.

*

Chris was on all fours in the upstairs bathroom, grimly cleaning the toilet with his toothbrush when he heard the car pull up. Immediately he got to his feet, straightened his uniform in the mirror, then skittered out and down the stairs to get the door.

It had been another day in Hell. After licking up his own piss, Chris's body had forced him to crawl around the house on all fours, sniffing out spillages and licking them up. Each time, he'd felt his pussy tingle faintly and been mortified at how servile he'd become.

He only existed to please Jasmine. If Jasmine wanted him to lick up piss, his maid's body was determined he enjoy it.

Finally, after crawling over the entire house like a dog, his body had consented to let him stand again, and his cleaning mission had begun. As he was mopping the living room floor, Jasmine had come in with a smirk on her face and a large glass of milk in her hand.

For a long time, she'd simply stood there watching him, until Chris had finally growled at her.

“What?”

“Just admiring your handiwork,” Jasmine shrugged. “You're such a *good* maid. It almost seems a shame you'll soon turn back.”

Chris nodded, grimly. The one thing that had kept him going after Jasmine dropped her bombshell about Simon knowing was the memory of what she'd told him right after his transformation. That her wish was only valid so long as mom and dad were away.

In other words, that he'd soon change back.

“Of course, it won't be permanent,” Jasmine's eyes were twinkling again, “My wish specified I'd be your mistress so long as they were away. Next time they go on vacation, you'll go right back to being my maid.”

Chris merely grunted. This was bad news, but his parents rarely went away. He'd just have to try and make sure he wasn't in the house next time. He only had to keep it up for a year, after all. Then he'd be off to college and free of Jasmine's spell.

He hoped.

“I was on Twitter earlier,” Jasmine was gloating now. “You're trending in our area,

you know? Lots of goss about how you let Tommy Ouellet fuck your asshole by the garage. Everyone's laughing at you."

That fucking Canadian shitbag Chris snarled mentally. Outwardly, he kept silent.

"I'm going to miss this," Jasmine sighed. "It's so much fun having you like this. I get to pay you back for all the times you were a shitty older brother to me."

"Like when?" Chris demanded, unable to let that one go.

"Like *when*?" Jasmine's eyes widened. She folded her arms, and for the first time gave him an utterly frank look.

"You mean you don't remember?" She asked, quietly. "You don't remember when I was fifteen and had a crush on Simon, and you got him to ask me out then posted the call on your stupid YouTube channel? You don't remember telling everyone I'd let Tommy Ouellet feel me up at that party? Or that little video you made saying I'd sucked our neighbor off so he'd keep quiet about my sixteenth birthday party?"

Her voice was softer now, almost cracking under the weight of half-repressed memories of humiliation.

"You don't remember calling me a slut, making everyone at school *laugh* at me?"

Chris stopped cleaning. He leaned against his mop, looking at his sister.

"Is that what all this is about?" He asked, quietly.

"Maybe." Jasmine shrugged, her old demeanour suddenly flooding back. "Or maybe it's just because I'm an evil bitch with a dominatrix streak. Or maybe I just secretly knew what you wanted all along and was kind enough to give it to you. Which do you think is more likely?"

Then she frowned and nodded at a patch of floor near the TV.

"You missed a spot."

"Where-?" Chris turned round, baffled.

The glass of milk smashed down by the TV, sending shards of glass spinning. Chris turned round in anger just in time to see his sister stalking off, her head held high.

Now here he was, six hours later and the house was finally clean. Just in time, too. He could hear his parents' voices as he wobbled down the stairs, hear the soft click of keys in the lock. He ran forward, grabbed the door handle-

-and his mom stepped in, laughing at something his dad had just said.

“Mom!” Chris had never been so happy to see his parents in his life. As the words left his mouth, he knew the wish was over. His voice was deeper again, more masculine. With a feeling of relief, he realized he could no longer see long hair in the corners of his vision, or feel the cravings of his constantly horny pussy. The nightmare was over.

“Chris.” His mom smiled, then blinked. “What on Earth are you wearing?”

As in a dream, Chris looked down at the sexy maid’s uniform still clinging to his newly-returned male body. Then he heard a stifled giggle and looked up at Jasmine, watching him from the stairs again, tears of laughter rolling down her cheeks. A phone was clasped in her hand, and Chris had a horrible feeling the video was about to appear on YouTube.

Slowly, he turned back to his bemused parents.

“Um.” He said.

*

A week later, Chris came into the kitchen to find his parents and Jasmine sat around the table, talking about something. As he entered, his sister flashed him the old evil grin that still gave him chills.

It had been a horrible week. At school random kids kept coming up to him and shouting “Sissy!” or asking if he’d *really* let Tommy Ouellet fuck his asshole. Simon was avoiding him, and one morning he’d opened his locker to find a pink maid’s feather duster jammed in there.

Throughout all this, he’d just had to keep reminding himself: *Just one more year.*

“Chris!” His dad smiled, “Take a seat.”

Obediently, Chris dropped into a chair. At least he had his old body back now, although there seemed to have been a mix-up or two somewhere. His cock was at least an inch smaller than it used to be, and his wrists still looked suspiciously dainty. He also had to keep fighting an annoying urge to call his sister ‘mistress.’

At least I turned back when I did, he thought. Half of him was certain that if he’d spent more than a week or two as Christina he’d have been trapped that way forever.

“We’ve just been telling your sister all about our plans,” his dad smiled at Jasmine, who looked like a kid at Christmas. A particularly evil kid, it had to be said.

“You know how we said we were going to Costa Rica for a vacation?” His mom asked.

Chris nodded.

“Turns out we might have lied just a little bit.”

“Lied?” Chris wasn’t sure he understood. Why?

“Only a smidgen,” his dad said, airily.

“You see,” his mom continued, “we did go to Costa Rica, but not for a vacation.”

She paused, waiting for his reaction.

“We went to buy a house.”

“A *house!*” Suddenly Chris could see why his sister was so pleased. “You mean we’re moving to Costa Rica?!”

Inside, he gave a little cheer. Soon he’d be a thousand miles away from all this crap; in a new climate, a new school, a new culture...

“Not quite.” His mom gave him an apologetic glance. “You see, it’s too early to take Jaz out of school, and you’ve got all your friends here. So, we were wondering what to do...”

“When Jaz told us how well you’d taken care of things while we were away,” his dad jumped in. “Which gave us an idea...”

A familiar trickle of ice was beginning to make its way up Chris’s back again.

“What idea?” He whispered.

“Oh, it’s simple.” His mom smiled at him. “We’ve decided *we’ll* be going out there next month. You can stay here and look after Jaz until you go to college, and then she’ll be old enough to look after herself.”

“You mean,” Chris could barely breathe, “that for a whole year it’d be just the two of us?”

“That’s right.” His dad smiled. “What do you think?”

Chris looked from his mom to his dad, then at his younger sister, watching him with her amused, predatory smile. For a second, he thought of his face pressed against the wooden hallway floor, miserably licking up his own urine.

Then another image rose in his mind. Of Simon standing over him, his rigid cock clasped in his hands, as he Chris lay on Jaz’s bed, his fingers in his pussy. Of Mr Johnson towering over him, slowly unsheathing his fat cock. Of how *right* it had all felt.

His family were still waiting. This was his chance. His chance to scream *No!* and beg his parents to stay. To threaten to leave school if they went, to abandon Jaz and run away, to do anything to stop his nightmare from continuing.

Instead, he gently swallowed. He looked his sister right in the eye, and caught a glimpse of that old mischief shining back. Of his cruel and wonderful mistress...

“I think it sounds perfect,” he said at last.

And he really meant it.

Epilogue

The month passed with frightening speed. The last traces of September's heat blew away and were replaced with a gentle chill. The leaves turned brown and tumbled from the trees. And then the day was here. Chris helped his parents carry their cases to the car. Then he stood on the doorstep and waved as they drove away, away to their new lives.

He stayed there, watching until the car vanished around the corner. Then he turned and stepped back inside the house, back into his own new life.

His mistress was waiting on the stairs, a cruel smile etched on her perfect features. As soon as Chris closed the door, he felt the change begin. Felt the pressure as his chest swelled back up. Watched as long dark curls tumbled past his eyelashes. Felt the distant tearing sensation as his moist pussy reappeared between his legs.

Looking down at his curvy body, clad in its skimpy little maid's uniform, Chris suddenly felt like someone who has just come home after a long journey. He reached up and grasped his breasts, enjoying their firmness. Then he turned and pouted at himself in the mirror, thrilled by how sexy he looked, how servile.

"Come here, maid." Jasmine commanded.

With an obedient smile, Chris went and knelt before his mistress, feeling a secret thrill at her power. At her utter, complete control over every aspect of his life.

"I'm having some girlfriends over tonight," his mistress said, coldly, "I need you to get the house ready and serve our drinks. Got that?"

Chris nodded his pretty little head.

"Good. But first I need you to go across the road. Mr Johnson's worried about the noise. I said I'd let him fuck your sexy little ass if he didn't call the cops. No lube. He wants to hear you *squeal*."

"Yes mistress," Chris murmured. He could already feel his pussy start to tingle.

"Perfect."

Jasmine seemed to hesitate for a second. At her feet, Chris watched his mistress in silence. Ready to do anything, anything she wished.

"I'm going to make your life hell this year, older brother" she smiled at last. "You'll be kissing my feet and licking up piss and letting strange men fuck your little pussy like the

slut you are. I've invited Tommy Ouellet over tomorrow to do whatever he wants to you. Understand? Your life is going to be *Hell*."

Chris nodded demurely. He was counting on it.

"Excellent. What do we say?"

"Thank you, mistress."

"Good." For a second, Jasmine smiled down at him. A smile Chris hadn't seen on her face since they were kids and used to play together. A genuine smile. A smile of love.

"Now get to it," his mistress suddenly snapped, turning on her heel and stalking up the stairs. "I want this house spotless by the time our guests arrive. Then scrub yourself up too. Simon's coming over, and he doesn't want to fuck you unless you're looking *perfect*."

"Yes mistress!" With a thrill, Chris leapt to his feet, ran for the kitchen and grabbed an armful of cleaning products. The toilets needed scrubbing, his pussy needed shaving, and he couldn't *wait* to get started.

The End.

Read on for a kinky extract from Lisa Change's darkly sexy novel of gender swap servitude and humiliation *He Became Her Slave Girl...*

Charley leaned back with a look of satisfaction.

“Well?” She asked, “Are you happy with our new arrangement, darling?”

No I'm not! Harry wanted to scream. *What the fuck have you done to me you crazy bitch?!*

Instead though, he simply knelt there in silence, his body betraying no outward sign of the anger engulfing him.

“No?” Charley asked, “I thought you’d be enjoying yourself. After all, you used to take such delight in treating *me* as your slave. Telling me to clean the house. Making me cook your dinner every evening. Making me suck your pathetic little cock.”

A pause. Harry waited, his eyes level with Charley’s pussy. Her lips were still swollen from the tonguing he’d given her. With a sharp kick of revulsion, he wondered if she was about to make him lick her out all over again.

“So here’s the deal,” she said at last. “From now on, you’ll be my slave, OK? You’ll cook for me, clean for me and pleasure me. And if you’re a good little slave, maybe I will one day let you go. How does that sound?”

She tilted her head. “You may speak.”

It was like Harry was suddenly back in charge. In an instant, all the venom, all the rage he’d felt building in him since leaving Rebecca came exploding out.

“For God’s Charley! That sounds *horrible*.” Harry glared up at his wife “You can’t keep me here forever. I’ve got a job. Friends. *A life*.”

Charley yawned theatrically.

“I’m serious!” Harry could feel the blood pounding through his ears. “You’re not *Marie Antoinette*! You’re not a queen and I’m not your slave! I’m a-”

“A what?” She asked, innocently.

“Well, err,” Harry faltered, feeling self-consciously silly in his dainty little bow-tie, his cock dangling uselessly between his legs. Then he snapped out of it.

“A *man*.” He answered, firmly.

“Oh dear.” Charley lent back, looked at him pityingly. “Oh deary, deary me. And I suppose as a man you *shouldn’t* be living like a slave?”

“That’s right.” Harry felt on firmer ground now. He was going to say his piece, whether

she liked it or not. “Making dinner, scrubbing myself up, doing that-that *thing* you like... it’s not *natural*. It’s *wrong*.”

He expected her to laugh. Or use the ring. Or do something. She didn’t say a word. Just looked at him, lost in thought.

“I shouldn’t have sent that picture,” he carried on, the confidence coming back to his voice, “that was wrong of me. But Rebecca...”

“I *had* to do it. Don’t you see?” Harry gestured, hopelessly. “We hadn’t fucked properly in *years*. It’s different for you. Women sometimes go five, six years without a screw. But for us it’s, well, it’s *impossible*.”

Charley closed her eyes. She pressed the bridge of her nose between her forefinger and thumb and sat there, thinking.

“So the *only* reason you treated me like your servant,” she said at last, “the only reason you fucked that little slut is because you have a cock?”

Harry shifted uncomfortably. “Not *just* a cock,” he mumbled.

“And the *only* reason you object to being my little slave is because of your Y chromosome?”

“Yeah.” Harry nodded, suddenly feeling stronger. “Yeah, that’s right.”

“Well then,” Charley’s eyes flew open, alive with amusement, “I guess we’d better do something about that, hadn’t we?”

And she pointed her ring finger right at Harry and whispered something under her breath. Instantly, Harry’s bowtie detached and fluttered down to the floor. He watched it fall with a feeling of release. The nightmare was over.

He realized he could stand again. He picked himself up off the floor, got to his feet.

“Thanks...” he began to say, then stopped. There was something wrong. Something different. Something...

“Oh Harry,” Charley tittered gleefully, “You’re going to regret ever opening your stupid big mouth.”

Then Harry saw it. His feet were shrinking. Slowly at first, but picking up speed. Becoming smaller, daintier. The wiry hairs that graced his toes were coiling back into his body. With a feeling of horror, he held up his hands-

-and saw they were shrinking too. His large, calloused palms became pale, soft. His fingers narrowed, became thinner. His closely-cropped nails elongated. A dot of red

appeared in the middle of one and began spreading, turning his nails a dark, shiny red.

“What did you *do*?!” He squeaked in horror. Charley laughed.

“You’ll figure it out soon enough, baby. But for now...” She folded her arms. “I’d advise you to just sit back and enjoy the ride.”

Harry watched in terror as his sturdy forearms seemed to ripple, then contracted, becoming thin and elegant. His large biceps, remnants of a time when he hit the gym at least three times a week, suddenly deflated like popped balloons. With a shiver he felt his shoulders tug inwards, closer to his collarbone.

He felt something stirring in his chest. A strange, twisting feeling, like something was fighting to get out. With a strangled groan he looked down...

...and saw two large, beautiful breasts come bursting out. As he watched they inflated like balloons, pushing away from him, the nipples becoming long, pink and erect. He tried to stop them, to push them back in, but they swelled up even larger. He gave Charley a horrified look.

“*Relax*, baby,” she smiled. “The best bit’s yet to come...”

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About the Author

Lisa Change graduated college with an MA in English Literature. She began writing erotica after getting frustrated with books that had no plots or characters. She's the author of the novel-length gender-swap revenge fantasy [He Became Her Slave Girl](#), also available through Amazon. She currently lives with her boyfriend and their two dogs. Lisa Change is, as you may have guessed, a pseudonym.