

A young woman with long dark hair is sitting on a wooden park bench. She is wearing a white long-sleeved shirt with dark blue stripes on the cuffs and collar, a dark blue pleated skirt, black tights, and black Mary Jane shoes. Her hands are clasped near her face. The background consists of green foliage and a yellow curb.

LISA CHANGE

My New
Life as a
School
Girl

(one boy's taboo journey from
alpha jock to teenage beauty
- a transgender romance)

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Chapter One

The gunmetal gray clock ticked off the minutes in the waiting room. I sat below it, strong hands clasped between my knees, wondering for the millionth time how I'd managed to get into this mess.

It wasn't supposed to be this way.

I was a good kid, the kind parents hope their little boy is gonna grow up to be. Sporty, but clean cut. Good at math and all that, but not a hopeless nerd. Friends with a good crowd, occasional dates with the pretty girls, sometimes drinks but not too often. An all-rounder.

I know other moms used to get jealous.

"Eliot," I'd sometimes hear them say, "he's such a good kid. I don't know how you do it, Sharon. My Dwight's a nightmare..."

And my mom would just get all coy, and act like it was no big deal, but you could tell. You could tell she was proud of me.

Heck, I was proud of me. I'd see other boys my age, struggling to survive high school, and I'd be quietly pleased that none of this shit was touching me. I had a good life, good friends, a good future.

Until It happened.

Tick, tock... tick, tock...

The minutes slipped away. I stared at the white tiled floor, trying not to look around the waiting room. I didn't wanna see all those other faces around me, just like mine. Pale. Gaunt. Terrified of the punishment that was awaiting them.

Terrified of no longer being male.

I didn't want to admit it, but I was terrified too.

The worst part was how unfair it all was. I'd had the bad luck to do It just as the new laws came in. They were a pilot scheme in our area, not yet ready to be rolled out across the rest of the country.

You probably remember all the arguments on the internet. I hadn't paid much attention to them, coz our house fell *just* outside the catchment area. What I hadn't realized was our school had voluntarily signed up to it.

Voluntary. That's the part that gets me, even now. If our board had been less crazy, maybe I'd still be me. But no. They had to go ahead and sign up for it. Even when It

happened, even when my parents pleaded with them, hell even when *Jasmine* pleaded with them, they still sent me to the clinic.

And now here I was, in some anonymous government building on the other side of town, preparing for the last phase of my punishment, the one the doctors had been preparing me for all week.

Preparing to be turned into a *girl*.

The thought made me feel dizzy. The waiting room slid out of focus, like I was in a dream and about to wake up. I clung to that feeling, but I knew it was hopeless.

This couldn't be real. And yet it was.

Because of what I'd done to Jasmine, the government was gonna forcibly change my gender.

Tick, tock... tick, tock...

The clock counted off my last few minutes as male. I wanted to scream, but I was already screamed out. Instead, I just clutched my hands tighter and stared at my feet.

Deep inside, I was trying to hold onto the memory of what it felt like to be me. To remember forever how it felt to have these big, calloused hands. How it felt to have these hard muscles, and this teenage stubble scratching at my cheeks.

How it felt to have this thing between my legs, this thing that made me a man.

Tick, tock...

As I sat there, I heard quiet footsteps. A door open. I could sense the other boys around me, looking up, but I didn't move. It was like I could just tell it was for me.

"Mr. Eliot?" The female voice asked. "It's time."

I could've ran then. Started shouting. Pleaded with them. Anything.

But I was meant to be a *good kid*. Even now, 18 and disgraced, I still felt like that was what I was. So I got to my feet, smiled politely to the dark-haired nurse and let her lead me through to the Transformation Room.

Forty minutes later, when I stepped back outside, I would no longer be Eliot. No longer be a big, strong boy.

I'd be beautiful, female *Ellie*.

*

"Did it...?"

"What?"

“You know. Hurt?”

I gently shook my head, not wanting to meet my mom’s eye. I dug my long, pink nails into my soft new palms and tried not to register how *different* I felt. How *wrong*.

Beside me, I could sense my mom groping for the words. We were in the parking lot, outside the gray government clinic. I was dressed in my new clothes, the ones my mom had picked up at the mall and insisted I bring with me to my transformation.

I’d had a hell of an argument with her about that. There’d been nothing I could do to stop myself becoming female, but I’d wanted to look and act like as little of a girl as possible.

In my mind, I was gonna come out that clinic with my hair cut short, wearing guy clothes and walking and acting like as much of a guy as my new body would let me. In my more hopeful moments, I’d pictured myself looking in the mirror and seeing a kinda... *ugly* girl staring back at me. Not, y’know, like *ugly*, ugly. But boyish. Flat-chested. Sorta dyke-y looking. The kind of girl who, especially at my age, can pass for male.

Some hope that was.

As my mom tried to think of what to say, I forced myself to look straight ahead, out the window at the rows of cars.

I didn’t want to see the long, blonde hair falling in straight lines either side of my soft and pretty face.

Didn’t want to see my long, slender legs, poking out the bottom of the little skirt mom had bought me.

And, most of all, I didn’t wanna see my brand new tits, poking straight out in front of me.

They’d been the first thing I noticed when the dark-haired nurse revived me. Even before that weird emptiness between my legs, or the way my whole body felt *lighter*, like my bones were hollow.

After thirty minutes in the tank, floating in the pitch black in that strange fluid, feeling half-asleep as that weird tingling washed over my body, I’d been done. The moment the fluid had drained and the door had opened, I’d instinctively looked down at my chest, hoping to see two small little nubs, or maybe a perky pair of A-cups at worst.

Instead, the exact opposite had happened.

Attached to my chest had been the biggest – and I mean the *biggest* – pair of boobs I’d ever seen.

They were *huge*. A big pair of pink, fleshy things that dangled from my frame, their nipples pink and pointy. In horror, I'd raised two newly-dainty hands and grasped them, disgusted to feel how... well. *Pert* they were.

I'd find out later that they were a DD-cup. Easily the biggest pair of tits I'd ever had the chance to touch, bigger even than Anna-Marie's, and those puppies had been huge. And now here I suddenly was, touching the best-stacked girl I'd ever met.

Only she was *me*.

Naturally, I'd shouted at the nurse. Asked her *what the fuck?!* Begged her to put me back in the tank and reduce me down to something like a normal size, but she'd just shaken her head, all polite and professional.

"I'm sorry, Miss Ellie, but we don't choose your new body. Federal guidelines make clear that tampering with the transformation process would violate ethics clauses."

She'd given the tiniest smile at this point, like she was hoping to be encouraging, but it came off almost mocking.

"The machine turns you into the girl you *would've* been if you'd never been male. If you're worried about your new body, I suggest you take it up with your genetic code."

You can imagine how *that* made me feel. Talk about bad, dumb luck. My mom is kinda slender with I guess what you'd call a small chest, and I'd have given anything to take after her.

Instead, it looked like I'd picked up my Aunt Helen's chest, somehow. Only even bigger.

And the worst part was, that wasn't even the worst part.

"Ellie..." My mom started, tenderly.

"Don't call me that!" I yelped, hating the high-pitch of my new voice, hating how squeaky it sounded now I was upset. "I'm still *Eliot!*"

The act of turning to face her set off a dozen tiny cues, forcibly reminding me of just how *wrong* that statement was. The way my long hair flicked in the corner of my vision. The way my seatbelt suddenly pulled painfully tight across my new boobs. The way I found myself on my mom's level, instead of looking down at her like I was used to.

They were tiny things. Things you'd ignore if they were happening in your body, just as you probably ignore how it feels to run a hand over your chin, or the way your hair moves in the wind.

But, when you're not used to all that shit, lemme tell you that you notice it like *hell*.

"It's bad enough that you dragged me here to get turned into... into *this*! You can't let me keep my *name* too?"

To my ears, I sounded like what I now was. A spoiled, stropy teenage girl. It must've sounded that way to my mom, too, coz she had to fight to keep a smile down.

"I'm sorry, Ellie, it's just... well, you remember what we talked about." She tenderly touched one of my newly-slender arms. "The legal stuff. Your dad and me could get a fine if we don't accept your new identity."

"*Accept?!*" I gestured my hideous new body. "Mom... *look at me!* I've... I've got *tits*. I'm your *daughter* now."

I looked miserably down at myself. At my new curves. At my slender new frame. At my white tank top, tiny skirt and cute leather boots.

"Why the hell would you wanna *accept* this?"

"Ellie." My mom's voice was steady, "I know it's hard. Trust me, I had those same hormones whizzing round my head when I was your age. But there's nothing we can do, OK. You... you *hurt* Jasmine."

Her fingers gently squeezed my arm.

"Can't we just be *glad* you're still able to live at home with us. Even if it's as Ellie."

I bit my lower lip. Gave a jerky nod. For some reason, I suddenly felt like crying.

"Good girl." My mom turned, started the car. "Now let's get back. I need to show you what we've done with your room."

I nodded again, forcing my girl body to hold back its tears.

"Mom...?"

"Yes, Ellie?"

"What were you gonna say?" I swallowed. "Y'know, before I jumped down your throat."

"Hmm?" My mom put the car into reverse, looked over her shoulder. "Nothing much."

"*Mom...*"

"Oh, it's just that I thought..." She gave a sigh, smiled at me. "I just wanted to say you look cute, is all."

In silence, I glanced in the rearview mirror. At the blonde girl looking back at me with her soft cheeks, round face, tiny button nose and pouty, pink lips. At the baby-faced *girl*

I was now stuck as.

As we drove away from the clinic, out towards the interstate, I realized the worst part was that she was right. I'd been fairly good-looking as a boy, but I was something else as a chick.

As horrible as it was to admit, I was probably gonna be the cutest girl at school.

*

My "homecoming" – if you could call it that – was all sorts of fucked up. My dad greeted me with a hug which only served to make me realize that I was now a good six inches smaller than I'd previously been. And, instead of talking to me about the game that was on last night, that I'd missed in the clinic, he complimented me on my hair.

"Dad, it's not even *my* hair," I groaned.

He gave an absent sort of shrug.

"Maybe not, darling, but it still looks *swell* on you."

After that, it was a long march upstairs, making awkward small talk in my high-pitched voice while I nervously waited to see what else had changed.

It was a condition of the treatment that my home life be altered to fit my new body. That meant no more pictures of me as a boy. No more boy clothes. And a bedroom altered to fit a teenage girl.

As we climbed the stairs, I had horrible visions. Of a room that was filled with explosions of pink and decorated with princess pictures, like I'd been changed into an 8-year old girl, rather than an 18-year old.

So it came almost as a relief when I stepped in the door and saw... a normal teenage girl's bedroom.

Don't get me wrong, it was still *horrible*. But at least it was tasteful. One wall had been painted a kinda bubblegum pink, but the others were cream. There were some fairy lights strung around, and a brand new vanity chest with makeup on the top. There was a full-length mirror next to a closet practically overflowing with girl clothes and shoes.

In short, it was as normal as such a totally non-normal thing could be.

"What do you think, honey?" My dad casually asked.

Slowly, I stepped into the room. Looked around it, my brain registering all the missing bits of male stuff. All the traces of my past that had been taken away and burned.

My parents were waiting, smiling but so obviously anxious. I could've told them I

hated it. Yelled at them to bring my boy-stuff back. God knows I felt like it.

But I'm a good kid, remember? And it seemed my girl-personality was no different.

"It's... it's OK," I mumbled. "No, seriously. It's better than I expected."

I stopped by the vanity chest, picked up a tube of pink lipstick. It looked weirdly big in my slender new fingers, the same color as my long new nails.

I'm gonna have to wear this stuff... I remember thinking.

I turned back to my folks.

"I mean, I guess I can live with..."

And then I saw them. The packs and packs of them, neatly stacked one side of the bed, where you couldn't quite see them from the door.

The three dozen bras, ranging in size from AA to GG.

"I, uh... didn't know what size you'd be," my mom said, trying to keep her smile going, "so I thought I'd best get a selection."

She hesitated, then smiled again.

"Same with your dresses."

It was just too much.

Suddenly, it hit me all over again that I was a *girl*. That I was *Ellie*. That I was supposed to wear dresses and bras and giggle when boys talked to me and bleed out my snatch every month and one day grow a baby in my womb.

I sank down onto the bed, those stupid tears making my vision go all blurry again.

"Ellie?" I heard my dad say, "Hon, are you...?"

"Please," I remember whispering, "please, just... leave me alone."

There was an awkward pause, then I heard my mom whisper something to my dad, and then the door gently shut, and I was all alone in Ellie's room.

I don't wanna go into what happened next too much, but I remember crying for what felt like forever, curled up in a ball on my bed, hating the way my long hair kept getting in the way. Hating the way my brand new tits rested gently against one another, as if trying to remind me of their existence.

Hating the fact that the sobs escaping from my pouty lips were the soft, plaintive cries of a girl.

When I'd finally cried myself out, I sat up and looked at myself in the mirror. My skin was all blotchy and red and some mascara the machine had added to my wide blue

eyes had run, making me look both emo and stupid.

Shit, I need to remember about makeup... I remember thinking, as I wiped my eyes with the back of one hand.

And so the evening went, me trying to deal with my stupid new body while my parents tried to pretend there was nothing messed up about this at all.

Some highlights.

I took a shower, letting the hot water cascade down my narrow back, closing my eyes and trying to pretend I was still a boy. Only it didn't work, coz I had to keep thinking about things like did I need to wash my snatch, and was it OK to get water up there?

I'm gonna have to look this up on the internet, I grimly thought, but couldn't think what the hell I'd type into Google to find out.

Later, mom showed me how to dry and style girl-hair, which turned out to be *way* more complicated than boy-hair.

I sat before the mirror, watching as she demonstrated with the hair-straighteners she'd bought me, and realized with a sinking feeling that I was now living out the experiences I would've had at like age 13 if I'd really been born a girl.

Then I realized I was gonna need some help when my first period started, and the thought of asking my mom about how to stick a tampon up my new hole made me wanna throw up.

Anyone but her, I thought with a shudder, *I'd rather ask Jasmine first!*

At one point, mom lowered the straighteners and smiled at me in the mirror.

"There," she whispered, touching my bare shoulders, "isn't that better?"

And I'd looked at the made-up girl sat in the mirror, with her perfect, straight hair, and been forced to admit that mom was right.

If I'd still been me, I'd have wanted to get in Ellie's pants no matter what it took.

Finally, when I was sure my parents were safely downstairs, watching some dumb shit on Netflix, I quietly locked myself away in my room and tried to masturbate.

Yeah, I know. But c'mon, like you wouldn't.

I mean, this was the one thought that had kept me going since I first stepped out that tank and saw my stupid new boobs. That at least I was gonna get to play with those babies, and no-one could stop me.

Throughout the whole horror of my first evening as a girl, I kept promising myself that I was gonna end the day by stripping off, touching those titties, and having the sort of

jerk that most guys can only *dream* about.

Only, it didn't quite work out.

I tried. I really did. I tiptoed in front of the mirror, smiled at my reflection and saw gorgeous Ellie smiling back at me. I slowly pulled my tank top off, like this was a private strip show and I was paying to see Ellie get undressed, then undid my bra, letting it tumble to the floor.

In the mirror, I stared at my new breasts as they dangled free, willing myself to get turned on, trying to think of them as some hot girl's tits that I was allowed to touch.

I reached up and clasped them. Gave them a squeeze. Gently pinched their nipples, like Anna-Marie had told me girls liked. Jiggled a bit for myself in the mirror, watching them bounce up and down. Forced a sexy smile onto Ellie's face and made her giggle.

In short, I tried to make my new reflection act like the hottest, sluttiest stripper on Earth.

But, no matter what I did, my brain just flat-out refused to get aroused.

Just try to imagine my frustration. I had a hot-ass girl I could do whatever I wanted with. I still had my boy brain. One look at my new body topless should've been enough to get my new pussy all wet and dripping.

Except the tank must've messed with my mind, too. No matter how much I wiggled my torso, no matter how often I made Ellie rub her hands seductively across her tits, I didn't get even slightly aroused. I could no more get wet from looking at Ellie than I could've got a boner off my old boy body.

By now, I was getting desperate. It was like I *needed* to come, to break my new body in. I gave up on the mirror, crawled onto the bed, grabbed my brand new, pink-cased cell, shoved my hands inside my panties and desperately tried to get off.

Bad move.

I flicked through pictures of naked girls, through swimsuit slideshows, stuff I'd jerked off to thousands of times before. I rubbed my fingers crudely over my new pussy, trying not to think about how weird it all was.

And nothing happened. I'd find myself looking at a picture of the *hottest* chick and not feeling much of anything.

Eventually, the horrible truth dawned on me.

Ellie was the girl I would've been if I'd been born female. In my real life, I was a straight guy.

And that meant that, in my new body, I was a *straight girl*.

Finding out my sexuality had been switched should've been the freakiest thing ever. But by now I had such a strong craving inside me that I'd have jerked off over a horse if I had to.

With a little frustrated growl, I grabbed one of my pillows, shoved it between my legs and rolled on my front, my movements guided by instinct.

I flipped over to a gay porn site and, before my male brain could get a hold of my new body, clicked play and started watching two guys fucking.

It was the first time I'd ever watched gay porn. The first time I'd ever tried to make myself look at a man in a sexual way.

The guys onscreen were these big, beefy dudes with huge biceps and these crazy tattoos. I watched one fuck the other's asshole, gently moving my hips, grinding my new cunt up against the pillow, trying to ignore the waves of shame washing over me.

The movement seemed right, but the video was somehow wrong. It took me five gross minutes of watching those guys screw to realize I was still thinking about this like a dude. I'd just automatically gone to a gay porn site when I realized my new body was interested in men.

But I guess not so many girls are turned on by gay porn. I know I wasn't. So, still grinding with my hips, I flipped back to a mainstream site.

I was getting crazy by now, both my body and my mind awake and desperate to get off. I clicked the first video I came to, with this guy with a hairy chest bending some blonde over a desk, and started watching.

Immediately, I could tell I'd made the right choice.

There was something about the... *helplessness* of the girl that my body instantly responded to. Like, I could've watched this video as a dude, and the sight of the chick moaning and her big tits bouncing could've made me come.

As a girl, though, it was different. I was still watching the same show, but my mind was processing it in a whole new way.

Reluctantly, I realized I was imagining *myself* lying across that desk, helplessly whimpering as some big stud violated me and used me for his pleasure.

That image was all it took.

As the couple on the screen fucked faster, I started frantically rubbing myself against the pillow. I'd once talked to Anna-Marie about female wanking, and been surprised when she said she just used a pillow. I'd always thought girls did it by lying on their

backs and slipping fingers inside themselves, just like in pornos.

But now I *was* a girl, that just seemed like too much hassle.

I was hot. I was horny. And I wanted to come as soon as possible.

For five whole minutes I lay there, grinding away, my eyes slightly fogged, watching that poor bitch get used and imagining I was the one being raped. My nipples got hard until they scratched against the sheets. I felt my boobs swell up. This strange stickiness seeped through my panties.

Little moans started to escape my lips. Tiny little gasps that I was powerless to hold back. As my cunt got wetter and wetter I started to gasp louder, not sure if this was just what girls did, or if I was just subconsciously copying what I'd seen in pornos.

Then, suddenly, it happened.

The guy in the video gave the girl's ass a ringing *slap*, I imagined *I* was the one getting spanked for being a naughty girl, and then suddenly I was coming.

For the first time as a girl, I opened my mouth and let out a high-pitched gasp. I closed my eyes and bit my lower lip, and felt that strange warmth suddenly radiate out from my pussy, making my whole lower body go all tingly.

I came for what felt like forever, my face buried in the sheets, feeling this strange emptiness rush through me, making me feel wonderfully faint.

I watched the world slip out of focus and then come back, leaving me at last lying helplessly in a tangle of sheets, a pillow jammed between my legs, and my panties *stinking* of snatch.

I must've laid like that for a good minute, wordlessly staring at the ceiling, unable to believe how intense girl orgasms were. And that was just from wanking. Who knew what it'd be like to *fuck* a du-?

Then reality came crashing back down, and I saw myself as I really was. A straight dude, forced into the body of some stupid-hot chick, touching himself over guys and getting all wet and sloppy at the thought of being spanked and having dicks inside him.

A horrible feeling of shame rose up, a piercing guilt like a million red hot needles lanced into my soul.

What the hell had *happened* to me?

I'd just jerked off, while imaging a *man* was *raping* me. To my disgust, I realized my nipples were still kinda hard. There was a warm dampness between my legs.

I quickly tore my panties off and chucked them in the little wicker trashcan beside my

bed, as if worried the smell of cunt would infect the entire room and everyone would know what I'd been doing. Then, not wanting to look down at my hateful new body, I angrily pulled on a pair of flowery pajamas my mom had left out and crawled into my new bed.

I lay there in the gloom, waves of shame and misery washing over me, threatening to sweep me away into a whirlpool of darkness.

What's happening to me...? I remember thinking. *Oh God, what have they done to me...?*

Outside a wind blew through the trees, casting these strange, twisting shadows on the ceiling. Shapes that formed and twisted into something else, like little shapeshifting goblins, looking down and mocking me.

Somewhere downstairs, I heard the TV crackle with audience laughter. My dad laughed at something. My mum's voice came up, low and distorted.

It was like so many evenings I'd spent at home, when I was tired after gym or exam cramming and needed to hit the hay. Lying here, in my warm bed, listening to my parents, listening to the life of the house, thinking vague thoughts about school.

So similar, yet so completely alien.

With a faint, soft sigh, I rolled over on my side. Curled up into a ball. Clutched my knees against my heavy breasts.

I couldn't be a girl. This all had to be some crazy dream. Any minute now, I'd wake up and I'd be Eliot again. Strong, good-looking Eliot with his biceps and his cock and his winning smile. Handsome, friendly Eliot who all the girls loved.

Even Jasmine... I thought, dazedly, to myself. But the thought faded before I could chase it any further.

Thirty seconds later, I guess I was asleep. I don't remember much about that night, except that I kept dreaming I was in a nightmare, but that when I woke up it'd all be OK.

When I was finally woken by my alarm eight hours later, I was heartbroken to discover I was still a girl.

Chapter Two

“Hey guys.”

Three pairs of eyes turned to look at me. Three male faces creased into smiles.

“Hey there...” Dwight pushed himself off the fence, crossed his large black forearms.

“What’s your name?”

“Dude. It’s *me*. Remember?”

“Met before, huh? Nah, I don’t believe it. I’d *definitely* remember a girl as cute as you.”

I gave a tiny sigh. Dwight was pulling the moves, even as his eyes slowly drifted over my body, lingering on my tits. I needed to stop this before it got any weirder.

I pointed up at my face.

“Dude, don’t be a creep. It’s me. Your *friend*. Eliot.”

“Eliot...?”

Dwight looked into my eyes. For a moment, I saw something terrifying in there. The hungry, cocky look of a guy, faced with a hot-ass girl.

Then suddenly his eyes cleared. His mouth dropped open. Around me, I heard the other guys give low whistles.

“Oh *fuck*. Eliot!”

A hot flush of shame was creeping up my neck again, making my cheeks go rosy. I felt both angry at Dwight for acting like a total dude bro, but also – weirdly – angry at *myself* for letting him look at me like that.

I desperately tried to force my blushes back down, to act like it was no big thing.

“Yeah, I’m back. I got out the clinic yesterday. It was no big deal.”

The moment I’d said those words in my stupid high voice, I felt like a dumbass. No big deal? The last time these guys had seen me, I was a sporty guy. Now I was a top-heavy girl with a pert ass and long legs.

Of *course* it was a big deal.

The guys were all silent, confused looks on their faces. I hurriedly tried to force some conversation before we had time to think about just how *fucked up* this was.

“So. What’s up?” I asked, swinging my bag off my shoulder and dropping down onto

the wooden table top, my legs dangling. At the last second, I remembered I was wearing a skirt, and hastily pulled its hem down.

The last thing I wanted was to have my bros getting an eyeful of my panties.

“I feel like I’ve been away *forever*, you know. There’s no internet in that place and they took my cell away... I’ve missed *everything*.”

Silence. Long. Uncomfortable. I flashed Dwight what I hoped was a pally smile.

“Dwight. Dude. What happened with that whole Charley thing? Last I remember, you said you’d fingered her at Steve’s party...”

The harsh bro-talk I did with Dwight sounded odd coming out of my polite, good boy mouth at the best of times. Coming out in my silly girl voice...

...it sounded *ridiculous*.

I could tell all the others thought so, too. Joe was looking at his feet, letting his mop of dark hair drop across his eyes. Tyrone was playing on his cell, as if unaware of all the conversation flowing around him.

But what could I do? I *had* to keep this up. Had to keep acting normal. Else...

...else I’d have to think about the fact that Eliot was dead, and I was now trapped as his female double.

“...you ever get to home base with her? She was fucking *hot*...”

“Ellie.”

The sound of my female name coming out Dwight’s mouth made me stop my constant stream of chatter. I gently shook my head.

“Dude, I’m not Ellie. I’m-”

“Yeah, I know.”

Dwight was avoiding my eye. He wasn’t even looking at my female body, which was like the least-Dwight thing *ever*.

“Guys?” I looked round at Joe and Tyrone. “Hey, guys. I know it’s weird, OK? I mean, do you think I *wanna* be a-?”

That was as far as I got.

Dwight suddenly pulled himself up straight. He nodded at Joe and Tyrone, who also picked themselves up.

“Dwight...?”

“Sorry, Ellie,” my former friend muttered. “They told us. Rules.”

“*What* rules?” I jumped off the table, my heart suddenly fluttering in my chest, trying desperately to ignore the way the action made my big tits bounce around. “Guys, please...”

“Sorry, Ellie.” Dwight gave my chest an almost wistful glance. “Gotta go. Maybe we can talk when you’re acting normal, yeah?”

“*Normal?! Dwight, you can’t...*”

But it was all too late.

With a wave of one thick, black hand, Dwight turned and made his way across the yard toward the school. Tyrone followed him without even looking at me. Joe lingered behind for a moment.

“Joe?” I whimpered in my trembling girl-voice. “Bro, you have to tell me what’s...”

“You gotta hang with the girls now,” he said, still looking at his feet. “They said, if we treat you like a guy then it might not work and we’ll have wasted all the money they spent on you.”

I felt like I was about to throw up.

“Joe. It’s *me* in here! Eliot. You remember...”

“Course I remember.” Then, suddenly, Joe was looking at me from under his mop of hair with those dark, intense eyes of his and I felt strange little chill run through my body.

“Jesus, Eliot,” he muttered, looking at me in wonder. “You look... I mean, dude, you’re...”

“I know,” I said, bitterly. “I’m hot. You don’t need to say it.”

Joe’s eyebrows raised a fraction of an inch.

“I was gonna say, you’re just like your aunt. Only, y’know, prettier.”

What was I meant to say to *that*? I’d never had a guy call me pretty before, especially not a guy I knew, and I wasn’t at all sure I liked it.

I forced out a laugh.

“Dude, you’re making me feel weird...”

“Sorry. But you gotta admit you-”

“Joe!”

Across the yard, Dwight raised one powerful arm. Joe gave him a quick wave.

“He’s right, I gotta go. Don’t wanna get sent down the clinic too.”

I blinked.

“Wait... they’re threatening to send *other* people to the-?”

“I gotta go Eliot. Ellie. Whoever you are.” He gave me one last, anxious smile. “It was good to see you again, dude. Maybe another time.”

Then he was off, trotting after Dwight and Tyrone, leaving me all alone in the yard, feeling like the biggest loser at school.

For like the longest moment, I just kinda stood there, wishing none of this was happening. Wishing my life would start making sense again.

At last, I turned and looked at the tables filled with girls. With the gender I was now *supposed* to make friends with.

If you’re a guy you probably don’t know this, so lemme tell you now that teenage girls – when *you* are a girl – are just about the biggest bitches you’ll ever come across.

As I slowly walked towards those benches, I felt like a bazillion eyes crawling over me. Judging me. Taking in my big tits. My clothes. My makeup. The way I’d done my hair.

I could already tell that they were picking out faults, cataloguing all the little bits of girl-stuff that I’d somehow got wrong that morning. In no time at all, I was starting to wish I’d gotten up earlier.

But how was I supposed to know that getting ready as a girl is 100 times more stressful than getting ready as a dude?

After waking up and showering – trying to ignore my new body the whole time – I’d gone to the closet and discovered to my horror that I had no clue what to wear.

I mean, I’d *never* cross-dressed as a dude. Not even for a dare or at a party or anything like that. And even if I had... how the hell would knowing what looked kinda OK on my guy body help me know what to put on my girl body?

I found myself pulling out pairs of stockings, holding up stupid skirts and staring at tank tops, trying to figure out if they were *meant* to leave some stomach on display, or if I was just too big for them.

It didn’t help that all my new shit had been bought by my mom. All of it either looked *way* too young for me, like something a 14-year old might wear to the mall, or totally mom-sy. Dresses with flowers. Big, floppy brimmed hats. The kinda stuff that looked cool if you were born in like 1975.

Listen to me... I remember thinking as I dug through those clothes, *I’m even thinking like a chick now...*

It took me so long to settle on a simple white tank top and a denim skirt that I barely left any time to do my makeup.

I'd almost considered going without, but something made me hesitate. A weird sort of primal fear inside me, a horror at the thought of people seeing my plain face and judging me.

It was stupid. I *knew* Ellie was hot, even without makeup. And yet...

So I rushed over to the vanity chest and started digging through those stupid little bottles.

Man, there were *so many* of them! I wound up throwing on some concealer I wasn't sure matched my skin tone, tying my hair back into a plain ponytail, and quickly adding some lip gloss.

It was the bare-bones minimum I could get away with, but it had to do. And the worst part was that it *worked*. Even dressed down, wearing almost no makeup, I could tell the girl watching me in the mirror was *gorgeous*.

But that was me, thinking about it with my guy brain.

The girls at these tables were examining me like they would another girl. And that meant my less-than-perfect makeup job was no way gonna fly.

"...look at her. God, she's totally caked that foundation on..."

"...like, seriously think she can get away with those boots? She's so tragic..."

"...did they *need* to give her tits like that? It's like she's *begging* the guys to notice her..."

I moved between the tables, hoping to see a friendly face, trying to ignore the whispered comments, the negative looks.

As a sporty guy, I wasn't used to people talking shit behind my back. And, when they did, I liked to confront them. Not violent, or nothing. Just look them level in the eye, show them I wasn't scared, that I could defend myself if I needed to.

Faced with all these whispers and comments, though, I was lost. What was I meant to do? I couldn't pick a fight with a *girl*, that wasn't right! Even if I did, who's to say they couldn't hurt me as much as I could hurt them? I'd lost my natural advantages of height and strength along with my dick.

The only thing worse, I thought, than being a dude who fights girls, would be being a dude who fights girls and loses.

So I just kept on walking, trying to make like I couldn't hear them. Besides, with all my

testosterone gone, I felt less like making a scene and confronting people than I normally would have.

It was like my girl body was *desperate* to avoid conflict at all costs.

I was thinking these thoughts, keeping my head down in a private universe of misery, when I finally heard her.

“Ellie. Yo, Ellie! Come sit with us!”

I was so pathetically grateful to hear those words that it took me a moment to realize who was saying them. Then the redhead girl waving her hand in the air swam into focus and I felt dizzy all over again.

“C’mon, girl!” Anna-Marie called. “Get your butt over here!”

For a moment, I hesitated. Anna-Marie wasn’t just some random girl. She was a girl who I’d made out with at parties, who I’d been going steady with for most of last year. She was a girl whose tits I’d touched, whose wet pussy had been ground against my strong hand. The thought of her seeing me as a *girl* was enough to make me feel like crying.

But I needed to make friends. It wasn’t like I could just spend all year running away from my transformation, could I?

So I went over. Lowered myself onto the free bit of bench. Gave the assembled female faces an uneasy smile.

“Everyone, this is Ellie.”

I weakly waved, trying to keep smiling.

“Uh, hey. Me and Anna-Marie used to-”

Go out was what I was gonna say, but something stopped me. All this talk of rules. The worry that I could get in trouble or get someone else in trouble by talking about my old life.

“We’re friends is all,” I finished, lamely. “Y’know, from before.”

Out the corner of my eye, I saw a girl I vaguely knew as Cho rolling her eyes at a brunette I’d never met before. I felt that hot, embarrassed flush rising again.

Anna-Marie was looking me up and down, as if appraising my new body. I was so used to her looking at me with a kind of... lust, I guess, that this new, clinical look made me all uncomfortable again.

“*Damn*, Ellie, you sure got lucky.” Her eyes took in my new breasts. “What are those, Double D?”

“Yeah,” I nervously laughed, looking at my stupid boobs. “Even bigger than yours.”

A kind of wave of dumbstruck expressions rolled round the table. I saw Cho’s mouth theatrically drop open.

“Uh, gee, thanks.” Anna-Marie shot the rest of the table a small smile. “Glad to know you’re still thinking about my rack.”

Oh, fuck. I’d gone and screwed up again.

“Sorry, I’m just... whatever,” I hurried on, “I’m still trying to get used to it.”

A thought occurred to me.

“Hey, Anna-Marie, can you maybe help me...?”

“Sure, Ellie. Why not? What’s a pretty gal like you need to know?”

Anna-Marie’s voice was friendly, but it was also... well, wrong. With a sinking feeling, I realized she was acting different around me, now, just like Dwight and the others.

But where the guys were sneaking glances at my rack and trying not to flirt with me, Anna-Marie was now talking to me like just any other girl. I was no longer a guy she fancied, a guy she had a history with.

I was just a blonde bimbo with no friends. A girl she might compete with, or undermine, or even become besties with. But not someone she was gonna look up to, or flirt with, or go out of her way to help.

And you wanna know the *really* worst part? I was looking at *her* different, too. Against my will, I could feel my female brain taking in her chest and vibrant hair and sharp cheekbones and getting jealous at how well-put together she was.

How much better than me she looked.

“You know what... don’t worry,” I said at last. “Maybe some other time.”

I quickly turned to one of the other girls, desperate to get some normalcy going.

“Hey, I *love* your dress. Where’d you get it?”

“Oh, this?” The girl – I thought maybe her name was Dixie – looked down at her dress. “I’ve had this *aaages*. Got it at the Gap in like, tenth grade or something.”

“Well, it looks *awesome* on you.” I gave a light little laugh. “I’d *never* be able to pull off something like that, but you’ve got just the figure for it.”

With each word, I was desperately trying to keep the girl-talk going, to not slip up and embarrass myself again. I knew chicks liked to compliment each other and do

themselves down, but beyond that I was groping in the dark.

If I'm gonna do this... I thought to myself, as Dixie smiled and told me I looked just so cute in that skirt, I'm gonna do it properly. No more feeling like a weirdo, at least, until I...

And then I saw her.

She was crossing the school yard, a tablet in her hands, reading something as she went. Her dark hair fell like a waterfall down her back, coming to rest against a simple blue dress.

She was tall, with long legs and olive skin. Each step she took seemed to radiate confidence. She was perfect. She was beautiful. She was...

"Jasmine!"

Dixie blinked, a kind of *WTF* expression on her pretty features. But I was too busy to care.

"Sorry, I just saw someone..." I hastily explained, grabbing my shit and getting to my feet, "I, uh, I gotta go!"

I was running across the yard before either Anna-Marie or Dixie could say a word. Running on my weak girl-legs, trying to ignore the way my ponytail bobbed behind me. Trying to ignore the pain in my chest as my tits bounced and jiggled.

"Jasmine! Jasmine!"

She looked up. I saw doubt flicker across her face, an attempt to place the girl running towards her.

And then her dark eyes went wide, and I realized she'd figured it out.

"Jasmine..." I stopped just before her, gasping for breath. My girl-body was no way *near* as athletic as my boy body had been. With each sharp intake of air, my stupid-big chest rose and fell in the bottom of my vision, but I was past caring.

"Eliot...?" Jasmine whispered, looking like she couldn't believe her eyes.

I smiled unhappily into her perfect face, with its dark, seductive eyes, sculpted cheekbones and tiny little button nose. The face I'd once lusted so helplessly after.

"Jaz... Oh man, am I glad I saw you."

She was still looking at me all dazed, like. Gently, she raised one hand. Hesitated. Then she was touching my cheek, looking deep into my eyes.

"Oh, Christ, El, what have they *done* to you?"

We were stood close at that moment. Almost kissing close. Only now it was all different. At 5ft10, Jaz was a good three inches taller than me. I felt a pang in my heart.

“I-I know,” I said. “It’s crazy... It’s like...”

“It’s like I’ve died,” I confessed, my voice suddenly rising in pitch. I was annoyed to realize I was edging towards tears again. “They took my body, and killed me, and stuck me as this... this...”

“This *girl!*” I finished with a wail.

For a moment, I could tell Jasmine was as upset as I was. She gently bit her lower lip.

“I’m sorry, El. Oh fuck, I didn’t... I didn’t *ask* for this.”

“Jaz, I know. But please, you gotta help me. I’m sorry for what I did, I’m sorry I...”

But even as I was saying the words, I could see the change coming over Jasmine. The way she took a little step back. The way her eyes got a little harder, a little more shut-off.

Now her initial shock was over, she was remembering just what I’d done to her.

“Jaz...”

“El. No. Just... stop it.” She held up a hand. “Please, just...”

“Please...”

“Don’t talk anymore, OK, Ellie?” Jasmine suddenly snapped.

She took a deep breath.

“Look, I’m with you, OK? It sucks what they’ve done to you. But, I mean...”

“What?”

She gave me a defiant look.

“You did kinda *deserve* it.”

I felt like I’d just been slapped. Throughout everything that had happened, even at the darkest points in the investigation, I’d been able to count on Jasmine to beg the governors to go easy on me.

I threw my arms wide. Pleading. Panicking. I don’t know.

“But, at the hearing, you said...”

“I know what I said.” Jasmine said. “And I stand by it. It *is* fucked up what they’ve done to you.”

She hesitated.

“But, know what? What you did to *me* was fucked up, too.”

She looked my new figure up and down, a small smile climbing onto her supermodel features.

“And I guess this is the perfect punishment, isn’t it? After all you did to me... and look. Now *you’re* the one with the big boobies and the soft little puss-puss and the *cutest* little butt.”

I didn’t say anything. There was nothing I could say.

Jasmine shook her head. The smile faded.

“I’m sorry, El, I really am, but don’t come crying to me, OK? You did this to *yourself*, remember?”

“Jaz, *please*. Can’t you just talk to them...?”

But she was already walking away, turning her back on me. Turning her back on the helpless girl before her.

“I don’t think so, El. I mean, maybe it’s for the best this way. Maybe we’ll all be happier.”

“*Happier?! Jaz*, honestly, I’m begging you...”

She was already halfway up the path, heading towards school. She didn’t even turn as she called back to me.

“Later, *Ellie*. Have fun being the new girl!”

And then she was gone.

I stood there for a long time, looking helplessly after her. At the girl whose life I’d ruined, but I still wanted to save me.

She was right. I *did* deserve this. After what happened that night.

There was no *way* I deserved to be a man anymore.

With a heavy feeling, I turned back to Anna-Marie and her crowd, trying to stifle my tears, trying not to let the feelings of hopelessness suffocate me.

Oh. Great.

They were gone. All of them. Anna-Marie, Dixie, even Cho. The table where they’d been sitting was empty.

So that was it, then. Jasmine wasn’t gonna help. My guy buddies were refusing to speak with me. And now even the girls I knew had decided I wasn’t worth the effort.

And I still had to deal with my first day at school as a chick.

For the second time in twenty four hours, I suddenly found myself in tears again.

*

The rest of the week passed in an unpleasant, sucky blur.

I had to attend all my old classes as normal, only now I was the center of attention in the worst way possible.

I mean, it would have been bad enough, going back to school as a girl, even if I'd just been cursed by a witch or something and nobody knew who I really was.

But, of course, *everyone* knew me.

They knew me from the shit that happened with Jasmine. They knew me from the news reports on the government's controversial clinic.

So when a dynamite girl named Ellie turned up in Eliot's old classes, pretty much the whole world knew it was me trapped in there.

I can't even begin to describe how horrible it was.

There were guys who I'd once played sports with, who were suddenly winking and nudging each other as I passed, checking out my butt and boobs.

There were girls I used to flirt with, who were suddenly giggling whenever they saw me, almost like they were delighted by my forced gender-swap.

There were younger kids who used to be wary of me, but who could now walk past me and whisper "*nice tits*" and laugh and there was nothing I could do about it.

Like I say, it sucked.

There was shit with the teachers, too. My history lessons, with Mr. Barter, were like a living Hell.

I'd always heard the girls say he was a bit of a creep, but I'd never paid much mind. He'd just struck me – male me – as a loser.

But now I was trapped in the body of a hot-ass girl, I began to realize what they meant.

Man, his eyes were on me *all the fucking time*. I'd be reading my history textbook and look up to see him glancing hastily away from the outline of my boobs. Whenever he asked a question, he'd always use the sea of hands as an excuse to scan the class and let his eyes come to rest on my pretty new face.

In my Wednesday class, I dropped my pen and had to bend over to pick it up. While I was scrabbling for it, I got this strange sense that someone was watching me. I turned and saw Mr. Barter glancing at my ass with a little smile on his lips.

By the time the bell rang for the end of his classes, I was glad to get outta there.

Not that the rest of the school offered any respite.

I was stood at my locker one afternoon when Anna-Marie's jock-ex Doug – the guy she'd been seeing before she got with me – came swaggering over to talk.

At first, I thought he was just saying hi. Doug and me were never friends, but we'd never got mad over the Anna-Marie thing. We both played soccer, so it was easier to just get along. So, when he came over, I talked to him.

It was only as we were talking that I realized what was going on. The way he was looking at me. The way he kept trying to make me laugh with these dumb jokes my new body couldn't help but giggle at.

Doug was *flirting* with me.

The moment it all clicked, I wanted to be sick. Doug knew it was me in here. There was no way he couldn't.

Yet, he was still trying to pick me up. To tap this pert ass of mine. To make me fall for him like so many girls did.

Maybe he just thought I was hot. Or maybe it gave him some weird, alpha male kick to think that the guy who stole his girlfriend was now a silly little girl who found him irresistible.

Coz the worst part was, he *was* kinda irresistible.

I'd never noticed it before, but he had these great shoulders, really broad, really muscular, that just made him look so... so *manly*.

His forearms, too, were like a magnet for my eyes. I kept being drawn back to them, studying their shape, their obvious *power*.

As a guy, I'd noticed shit like shoulders and forearms approximately zero times. As a girl, though, the sight of Doug, all strong and manly like that, made my mouth go dry.

I found myself absent-mindedly playing with my hair, giggling at his jokes, biting my lower lip and feeling all warm and fuzzy as we talked.

At one point, Doug had suddenly leaned forward until his lips were almost brushing my ear. I could feel his warm breath on my cheek, on my neck. A strange thrill ran through me that I was powerless to stop.

"I got an idea," he'd murmured, his low voice making the downy hairs rise on the back of my neck. "How about you give me your number and I call you later, after school."

He winked at me.

“We can talk.”

The moment he said that, I got a sudden, powerful image in my head, like a vision.

It was dark. I was in my new bedroom, naked except for a pair of white ankle socks and a lacy pair of panties that had been yanked to one side so my wet cunt was exposed. I was on my back, whimpering, while Doug roughly hammered his big cock deep into me, each thrust making my big tits bounce and jiggle.

“*You like my cock, huh?*” Doug was whispering in my daydream. “*Little Eliot loves dick like a bitch, does he?*”

And then he *thrust* his dick deep into my womb, making me squeal. And I wrapped my slender arms around his powerful shoulders, and I moaned and nodded and whimpered helplessly that I *loved* his dick, that I loved being fucked just like a slut.

“C’mon, Ellie,” Doug was whispering in my ear. “Just a little number. How about it?”

Dazed from my vision, my pussy suddenly feeling all sticky again, I nearly said yes. Nearly resigned myself to letting Doug win me over. To let him seduce me.

To maybe even become his girlfriend.

God, imagine how fucked up that’d be. Me being Doug’s *girlfriend*.

Luckily, I got back control at the last moment. I shot him a smile, involuntarily laying one dainty hand on his big, strong arm.

“Maybe another time,” I managed to get out. Then I was shutting my locker and walking away as quickly as possible, trying to ignore the feeling of Doug’s eyes on my ass, trying to ignore the overwhelming urge to masturbate rising up inside me.

Trying to pretend everything was still normal.

Bad as that was, though, it had nothing on my Friday nightmare.

Gym class.

At first, I’d been kinda relieved when I realized it was on my schedule. After getting a chick-boner over *Doug*, I was wanted to be away from men for a while, so training and working out with the other girls seemed ideal.

Even if those other girls were *total* bitches. Since my girl-talk failure on Monday, both Dixie and Anna-Marie were ignoring me, and Cho was going out of her way to whisper comments behind my back, and give me these evil stares in the hall.

Whatever, I naively thought. I was just gonna concentrate on enjoying the *shit* outta that gym class.

The best part was, I was expected to use the girls’ locker room. It was part of my

rehabilitation program. I was gonna get changed surrounded by the hottest chicks in my year. I was gonna *shower* with them.

How many guys have dreamed of doing that? Of becoming a girl for a day and getting to watch all the cheerleaders get their tits out and parade around all naked?

I was determined to enjoy this. Determined to let my male brain have its fun after a week in Hell.

Well, you can probably guess what happened.

At least, the first part.

There I was, surrounded by chicks in their panties. Chicks wearing nothing but a towel. Girls who were hot and sweating from exertion as they pulled their clothes off. Girls who were naked and showering, the hot water cascading over their breasts and down their curvy figures.

I was allowed to be there. No-one was stopping me. If I wanted, I could've stood and openly stared at them as they trotted off to the shower, pert butts curving with each dainty step.

And guess what?

I wasn't even the *slightest* bit interested. Nope. Any more than I used to be when I was showering with the guys.

Even when I *forced* myself to sneak glances at Cho's perky little tits, or to watch Anna-Marie as she showered, soap suds running down her soft, toned belly to her pubic thatch, I felt nothing but clinical detachment.

It was the perfect punishment, in its way. Eliot, the pervo, the jock guy who chased after women, suddenly surrounded by naked, hot-ass chicks and unable to do anything about it.

Unable to even *want* to do anything about it.

It was cruel beyond belief.

Not that the real girls knew what was going on in my head.

As far as they knew, I was still horny old Eliot, only with the outward appearance of a girl.

Which I guess may go some way towards explaining what happened next.

"Hey!" I blinked at the sound of Cho's voice. "Are you looking at my tits?"

We were stood across from each other in the showers, separated only by a haze of steam. The moment Cho opened her bitch mouth, a dozen other girls turned to watch the

drama, their eyes alive with excitement.

I shook my head, my wet hair trailing out in rat tails around me.

“What? No *way!* That’s gross.”

“You were staring. You were *totally* staring at me.”

She was right, of course. I’d been watching the water run over her nipples out the corner of my eye, trying desperately to feel *something* in that horrible space between my legs. But I wasn’t gonna admit that.

Since I wasn’t getting turned on, it didn’t feel *fair* to get caught for peeking.

“I *wasn’t!*” I protested. I looked helplessly around at the female faces looking at me, at the naked girls trying to decide whose side to take.

“I-I’m just showering, Cho.”

“Yeah, right.” A sneer crossed Cho’s pretty face. “Stop trying to act like a girl, Eliot. Just coz you’ve got that shiny new bimbo body doesn’t mean you’re one of us.”

Some of the other girls were murmuring in agreement. I felt my skin flush red with shame.

“Cho... I didn’t... why would I...?”

I looked helplessly to Anna-Marie, but she was standing with Cho, a look on her face I’d never seen directed at me before. One she reserved for girls who were younger than her, or uglier than her, or just losers.

You’re a piece of trash, it seemed to say, *and I want the whole world to know that.*

As I stood there in helpless silence, Cho suddenly took a step forwards. With slow, movements, she crossed the showers until she was stood right in front of me.

With a little jolt of shock, I realized that she was taller than me now. Probably stronger, too.

“Just look at you,” she whispered, her upper-lip still creased. “Mr. Jock man Eliot, still trying to act like a guy. Still trying to check us out in the showers.”

She put her hands on her hips.

“Is this what you wanted to see, huh? You wanted to look at my tits, asshole?”

Suddenly she reached out and *grabbed* hold of my new boobs.

I let out a scream, tried to push back, but she dug her fingernails into the soft flesh around my breasts, gripping me tight.

“You think coz *you’ve* got bimbo tits you can do what you like, huh? Well, guess what,

pervert? We're *not* your toys."

She moved her hands, deliberately making my big boobs jiggle. I crossed my arms over my chest and stepped back against the wall, mortified at what was happening to me. I wanted to run, but there was a circle of girls around me now, all looking at me with hostile eyes.

Cho smiled sweetly at my obvious fear. Shook her head.

"God, to think I used to have the hots for you." Her eyes drifted over my new body again, taking it in, analyzing my naked form. "Now look at you. You're a little bitch, aren't you, Eliot? A little bitch who thinks she can get away with anything just coz she's got a puss-puss now."

She shot a hand out, grabbed my cunt. I squealed, tried to shrink away. The other girls laughed.

"What? Isn't this what *you* like to do?" Cho asked, *pressing* her thumb against my clit so hard it hurt. "Isn't this what you did to Jasmine?"

One of her fingers pushed against my slit, jabbing at my hole. A sharp pain filled my crotch, so sudden it nearly took my breath away.

"*Please...*" I whimpered, not caring how pathetic I was acting, not caring how much of a little bitch I was being. "It hurts..."

Cho smiled.

"Good."

She dug her finger in further, further, making me gasp with pain. Violating my little hole, penetrating me against my will, making me wanna be sick...

Then suddenly she was letting go of my snatch, stepping back. I cringed up against the wall, one arm wrapped across my tits, one hand protecting my sensitive little mound. The pain in my pussy lingered, shot through with an awful streak of shame.

It felt a thousand times worse than I could ever have imagined.

"Stay outta my way from now on, got that?" Cho whispered, her eyes deadly. "Or I'll slap you so hard I'll break that stupid little nose of yours."

I gave a pathetically submissive nod.

"Good." She surveyed me, calmly drinking in my humiliation. "You're a bitch now, Eliot. A whimpering little *bitch*. And we're gonna make your life *hell*."

She laughed, turned to the other girls.

"C'mon, bitches, let's leave this dumb little cunt to have her cry."

Then she was gone. Some of the other girls went with her. Others gave me one last look, of contempt, of pity, of curiosity, and turned back to their showers.

Only Anna-Marie stayed behind, watching me with a weird kind of smile.

“Anna-Marie,” I whimpered in my soft new voice, still cringing from Cho’s brazen assault. “Don’t...”

“Jesus, Ellie,” she whispered. “What happened to you?”

She shook her head.

“I never believed it, you know. What they say you did to Jasmine. But seeing you just now... you didn’t even *try* to argue...”

Her voice hardened.

“Don’t talk to me no more, OK? You’re not Eliot. Eliot’s dead to me. And you? You’re just some *loser dyke* who looks like him.”

And then she was gone, too.

I stood there in the showers, all alone, feeling the hot water cascade down my back. Feeling it dribble in little droplets over my breasts, to dangle from my nipples.

Felt the pain in my snatch. The dull throb of violation. The pangs of sick humiliation threatening to drown me.

I stood there for what felt like forever. A poor, lonely, abused girl. Then, slowly, I turned the shower off, padded back into the locker room and started to get dressed.

And so ended the absolute worst week of my life.

Chapter Three

“You’re not going out dressed like *that!*”

“Da-ad!” I gave him a look of horror. “What the hell is *wrong* with you?”

“Wrong with *me?*” I’ve never seen my dad look so outraged before. “You’re dressed like a... a...”

“A *what*, dad?”

“A *slut*,” he said, at last.

It was Saturday night, the end of my first week as a girl, and I was about to go out and meet someone special.

It hadn’t been my idea, obvs. I’d been planning to just hide away inside the house, hide away and never come out so long as I was still female.

But then that text arrived. Late on Friday night. The slightly drunken one, telling me what I needed to do.

And now here I was, about to head out and do something that could change my life forever.

If only my dad would stop ragging me about the clothes I was wearing.

“Dad, for fuck’s sakes, it’s no big deal...”

He raised an eyebrow, pointedly looking at the clothes I was wearing.

At the tiny, tight, dark top clinging to my boobs, leaving my belly and a whole lotta cleavage on display. At the cut-off denim shorts that hugged my midriff, making my bum look even curvier than it naturally did.

At the dark fishnet stockings encasing my long, slender legs. At the dark, heeled leather boots. At my red nails and pierced naval.

He was right, of course. I *did* look like a slut.

But I couldn’t get changed, not now.

After all, looking normal wasn’t part of the plan.

“You never made a fuss over my clothes when I was a guy,” I said, accusingly. “This is so unfair!”

“We didn’t *have* to worry about what your brother was wearing,” my dad said, firmly – that was what he always called my old-self now, my ‘brother’, like we’d really been

two separate people – “because he was a *he*. Boys can wear what they like.”

He spread his arms.

“Girls like you... you could... well, you know.”

“Dad...”

“For God’s sake, Ellie, you could get *raped!*”

That I was even having this conversation made me feel all sorts of sick inside. This wasn’t *normal!*

“It happens.” My dad was saying. “Now you’re a girl... remember what happened to Ja-?”

He caught himself just in time.

The silence that followed was one of the most-awkward I’d ever had with one of my folks. At long last, I nodded.

“What happened to Jasmine?” I asked in my soft, high-pitched, *female* voice. “Yeah, I *think* I remember. Big news, wasn’t it?”

There was the sound of a car horn outside.

“That’s my ride.” I picked up my handbag, turned away, “later, dad.”

“Ellie... Listen, don’t be like-”

If he said anything more, I lost it behind the slamming of the door.

It was dark outside, a cool, clear night. I made my way down the path, my slender arms clutched across my torso for warmth, hating my stupid clothes, hating my stupid female body, hating everything that had happened to me this past week.

Maybe I should’ve just gone to jail... I thought. *Could it be any worse than this?*

I shook the thought away. Jail could last years. My private little Hell might be over any day now.

The figure in the car smiled cockily as I approached, opened the door. I slid into the passenger’s seat, feeling the cool leather through my fishnet stockings. I automatically crossed one slender leg over the other, turned to my driver.

“I didn’t think you were gonna call,” the male shadow smiled. “You seemed... I dunno.”

“Kinda freaked out?”

“Sure, why not.”

“I changed my mind,” I said, looking quickly away from his dark eyes, from eyes my new body was irresistibly drawn to.

“I’m glad.”

We sat there like that for a moment, in darkness, just shadows beside one another.

Then, at long last, I felt him start the car. The engine hummed. The vibrations shot through my body, making everything seem horribly real.

“Where to?” My date asked.

“Anywhere,” I whispered.

*

I know what you’re thinking. Trust me, I hadn’t expected to be in that car either. But then I’d got that message from Jasmine, the one that made everything just so horribly simple.

HERE’S THE DEAL, it had read, I WANNA HELP YOU, BUT YOU REALLY HURT ME. SO I NEED TO MAKE SURE YOU’VE LEARNED YOUR LESSON BEFORE I BEG THEM TO TURN YOU BACK.

I was lying in my room at the time, trying to sleep. I’d just rubbed myself off against the pillow again, and, to my horror, had been unable to stop images of men flashing through my mind. Of big, strong studs who tied me up and took turns raping me and spanking my ass like the dirty slut I was.

ANYTHING, I wrote back, I’M SO SORRY, JAZ. ANYTHING YOU WANT.

GOOD, came the reply.

Then a long pause, with only the three little dots that mean ‘the other person is writing’. I stared at the glowing screen, waiting impatiently.

But when the message came, I’d felt like screaming.

I WANT YOU TO HAVE SEX WITH A MAN. It said. ANY MAN. DOESN’T MATTER.

LET HIM USE YOU AND FUCK YOU LIKE A LITTLE BITCH. LET HIM HURT YOU.

Another pause. More blank, glowing screen. Those dots again.

AND THEN WE’LL TALK.

I’d stared at that screen for what felt like forever, an involuntary little whimper escaping my throat.

I didn't want to have sex with a *dude*. No matter what my female brain was making me fantasize about, the thought of actually having a-a *dick* inside me was enough to make me barf.

The thought of being some guy's compliant little bitch and letting him fuck me and touch my titties and leave his sticky wet spunk inside my womb was utterly humiliating. It was awful!

And that was why I deserved it.

OK, I wrote back with trembling fingers, BUT YOU GOTTA PROMISE.

PROMISE, came the reply.

I nodded. Then I opened my cell's contact list. Flipped through the names. I paused over JOE, images rising up in my mind.

Images of myself, looking into those dark eyes of his as he touched me down *there*. Images of his lips closing over one of my nipples, of clutching his head to my chest as he worked my tits, making me moan with pleasure.

It'd be weird with Joe. Weird as fuck. But there was something... *comforting* about him. He was a nice guy. The whole time we'd been friends, he'd never messed around a single girl.

You could trust him. Plus, since our awkward talk on Monday, I'd come to realize just *how* cute he was.

It'd be good with Joe. It would be gentle. Nice...

But I didn't deserve *nice*. I hadn't deserved nice for some time now.

So instead, I scrolled back up. Stopped at a familiar name. Pressed call, held the cell to my ear, praying they'd pick up.

"Anna-Marie, it's me. Don't hang up," I said as quickly as I could. "I need a favor."

I bit my lower lip. Closed my eyes.

"I need you to give me Doug's number."

*

The moon was bright in the night sky, so bright it burned a pale halo onto the crashing waves. Sat in Doug's car, way up on the bluff, I could almost imagine I was flying.

"It's great up here, isn't it?" Doug murmured beside me.

A pause. I sensed his shadow turning to look at me.

"You look amazing like that."

His words made my heart sink. They were exactly the sort of crap I'd pull on some bimbo if I was only looking for a one-off fumble.

At the same time, though, part of me – the female part, or maybe just the gullible part – wanted to believe them. Wanted to think this new body of mine looked great.

I shuffled uneasily.

“You’re just saying that.”

“No way.” He reached up with one thick finger, gently curled a loose strand of hair behind my ear. “I thought so the moment I first saw you. That you were the most-amazing girl I ever laid eyes on.”

“Doug. Dude. You do know...” I swallowed. “You do know it’s *me* in here, right? I mean, I’m not a-”

“You sure *look* like a girl to me.” A note of humor entered Doug’s deep voice. “Sides, we’re a true-blue state. I’m just as forward-minded as the next guy about this sorta thing.”

His fingertips were teasing at the nape of my neck, even as his words teased my soul. I forced myself to relax. I still couldn’t figure out if this was some twisted shit Doug was into, or if he just didn’t care what a hot girl was like on the inside so long as she would put out for him.

“Can I ask you something.” Doug’s voice hesitated, grew softer. “What’s it like? Do you get to...?”

“It’s my body. I can do whatever I like.”

I stopped myself. I was trying to build a mood, here. No need to get too matter-of-fact.

“I mean, sure, it’s... *interesting*, I guess.” I looked down again at my alien body, at the female form I’d never get used to so long as I lived. “I get to soap myself in the shower. Get to touch my... well, my *pussy*.”

Just saying the word out loud made me feel like I was going mad.

“Have girl orgasms. They’re fun. Better than boy orgasms.”

A slight movement. Doug had moved closer. Almost without me realizing it, he had an arm around my shoulders, holding me.

Making me *his*.

“What about that rack of yours?” He whispered. “Sorry, I mean *breasts*. I guess you must’ve had some fun with those, huh?”

“Kinda.” I squeezed my arms together, hiking my cleavage up, squashing my boobs

together in their bra. “I mean, it’s not like... it’s not like touching a girl’s rack. I mean, as a guy. They’re... *nice* to touch, I guess, but...”

“But what?”

I swallowed.

“But I’d much rather have a *guy* touching them.”

For a moment, Doug was startled into silence. Then I felt his hand slip down, slip past my shoulder, across my sternum. Felt his strong, calloused fingers hesitate above my cleavage.

I breathed in, closed my eyes. This was it. The reason I was all the way out here, wearing these stupid clothes.

“Go on,” I whispered.

I could sense Doug smile beside me. His fingers delicately tiptoed across my skin, sending little pinpricks of pleasure through me, hesitated above my neckline...

...and then his hand was squeezing my breast, fingertips gently kneading the flesh, his thumb and forefinger playing with the nipple. Exciting me. Arousing me.

Almost immediately, a strange warmth seemed to flood across my skin, a feeling of pleasure rising up in me. I threw my head back and groaned, the sound coming out soft and feminine.

I wasn’t sure what it was, but having Doug touch my tits was like *magic*. At his masculine touch, something had activated inside of me. A nerve center that was now letting waves and waves of pleasure unfurl across me.

This was nothing like the time Cho had grabbed my tits in the showers. Nothing like when I rubbed my own boobs while masturbating, trying to give an extra little spark to my fantasies.

This was like I’d discovered a whole new way of getting off, all concentrated inside my chest.

“Like that?” Doug whispered in my ear, his sour breath hot against the nape of my neck. I tried to mumble something, but then he pinched my nipple again, and it just came out as a kind of happy whimper.

As Doug worked his fingers, I began to gently spread my legs. I could feel that marshy dampness in my slit again, that seductive warmth slowly building. Instinctively, I squeezed my thighs together and was rewarded with another wave of sleepy pleasure.

“Oh Doug...” I heard myself whisper in my female voice. “Oh Jesus, Doug...”

Tenderly, Doug kept working my breast, tweaking my nipple until both of them were hard as bullets, the free one scratching at my top, making me feel wild and crazy and sexy.

How was it possible to feel this *good* from having your chest touched? As Doug tweaked and pinched and teased, I let my pink, pouty lips drop open, let a gasp escape from deep inside me.

“Oh yes baby, oh that’s it...”

A fog of pleasure seemed to be swirling around my mind, drowning out the male part of me that was watching what was happening in horror. The darkness of the car felt softer now, comforting, like it was slowly draining all my inhibitions.

Like it was making Eliot fade away, and leaving only beautiful, ridiculous, *horny* Ellie in his place.

I glanced down at the outline of Doug’s leg. Faintly, in the darkness, I could see something long and thick and hard jutting down the inside leg of his pants.

Without even thinking about it, I reached out with one dainty hand and grasped the outline of his cock through his jeans. Doug gave a little grunt.

“Here,” I murmured. “Let me give you a hand, baby.”

And then I was moving my wrist, stroking my palm slowly against the tip of Doug’s dick, making his cock swell up harder than ever, and we were both being swept out to sea on a tsunami of pleasure.

I felt movement, something brushed against the side of my face. I automatically leaned my head away, and then Doug was kissing my bare neck, his lips brushing against my female flesh, kissing me with expert precision, making me go dizzy with desire.

What are we doing? I heard a voice inside me plead, *this is Doug. He’s an asshole! We can’t be making out with him, we can’t!*

But the voice was faint, barely able to make its case above the hum of pleasure emitting from every part of my body. From my breasts, from my neck, from my tender little pussy.

The shape of Doug’s cock was now incredibly distinct against my palm. I had a sudden, strange desire to hold it in my hand, to feel its *strength* clutched between my fingers.

It wasn’t fair, Doug working me like this when all I was doing was gently stroking his prick. I mean, I knew touching a cock would be *gross*, but I should at least...

And then I was undoing Doug’s belt with one hand, unbuttoning his fly, reaching into

his pants and grasping what I found there. Pulling it out into the moonlight, gripping it and working it with my wrist, enjoying the sensation of it. Enjoying its raw *power*.

“Ah, fuck. Ellie...”

Doug’s free hand brushed my cheek, his touch soft but firm, incapable of being disobeyed. I obediently turned, and suddenly found myself looking into the dark pools of his eyes, only inches from my own.

“Doug, baby...?” I just had time to whisper.

And then Doug leaned forward, I tilted my head back, parted my pouty lips...

...and we were kissing. Two boys locked in a passionate embrace, our lips pressed together, Doug in his strong man-body, and me in my weak little girl-body.

We kissed for what felt like forever. I could *feel* Doug’s tongue in my mouth, swirling round inside me, dominating me, making me his property.

His teenage stubble scratched against my cheeks, making me feel all giddy and feminine. His strong hand held my head in place, forcing me to keep kissing him, whether I wanted to or not. Forcing me to respond to his desires with soft whimpers and parted lips.

It was crazy. It was like the weirdest dream. I was kissing another boy. *French kissing* him. And that boy was my old girlfriend’s ex. It was *Doug*.

The thought should’ve made me push back. Should’ve made me stop this whole charade and call Jasmine up and tell her the deal was off, this was *too* sick.

But instead, it made me feel even hotter. It was like something had been released in my mind. Like, now this taboo had been broken, I was powerless to escape its grasp.

Instead I kissed Doug back, clutching his dick tight in my hand, feeling the juices starting to flow in my virgin pussy and thinking about how *right* this all felt.

We kissed for what felt like forever, my tits gently swelling, my new hole loosening. At long, long last I pulled back. I put a hand to Doug’s chest, felt his incredible strength, his *power* coursing through my veins.

“Doug...” I whispered, breathless with pleasure.

“Yeah?”

“This...” I swallowed. “This is wrong, isn’t it? I mean, we can’t just...”

“We can.” Doug’s voice was firm, commanding. “We can do *whatever we want*.”

Then he let go of my breast. I felt a hand on the back of my head, pushing me down, down toward his lap. For a second, I wondered what was happening...

...and then I realized and almost felt like screaming.

No! I wanted to shriek. No, I can't do that! That's wrong, it's unnatural!

But it was like my body refused to speak. Instead, I let Doug gently lower my head until it was level with his stomach. Pulled his shirt up with one free hand and started helplessly kissing his strong abs, his hips, his groin.

I kissed all the way down to the top of his pubic thatch. And then I slowly, lazily, parted my lips. Kissed the tip of the big, hard thing in front of my face. Let it run over my soft pink lips.

And then I opened my lips, leaned forward, and took Doug's cock deep in my mouth.

It was the strangest sensation *ever*. Doug was so big his cock forced my jaw open, like some alien invader. His skin felt like rubber, like something that should never go inside your mouth.

The strange, funky taste of dick flooded my mouth, making me think I was gonna retch. I nearly gagged.

At last the feeling subsided. I gently tugged a long strand of blonde hair back, hooked it over one ear. With slow movements, I began to bob my head back and forth. And then I was giving Doug a blowjob.

I don't know if what I felt is the same for all girls, or if it was just something about my specific transformation, about how submissive my girl-body was. Maybe some chicks reading this will disagree.

All I can say is, at that moment, having Doug's dick in mouth was the greatest feeling in the history of the world.

There was something about the darkness, about the smell. About the way I was eye-level with Doug's crotch, watching helplessly as his fat prick slid in and out of my mouth, in and out. The way he clutched my hair with one hand. The way he started giving these faint groans.

It all combined to make me wetter than I'd ever been since becoming a girl.

As I bobbed my head, I slipped my spare hand into my tiny shorts. Balled it into a fist. I could *feel* the juices of my cunt, seeping through my lacy black panties. I pushed my fist up against my clit, until it was *just* where I liked the edge of the pillow to be when masturbating.

Then I slowly began to buck my hips, almost like I was just lying in bed at an awkward angle and trying to rub one out. At first, the small space in the car meant it didn't really work. But as I kept on sucking and Doug kept grunting, I suddenly found my clit coming

to life again in a way that made me want to moan and gasp and scream and never, ever stop.

“Ellie... Oh, fuck... oh, Jesus...”

The sound of Doug’s voice made me more determined than ever to give him pleasure. I bobbed my head forward, and this time made sure it went as far as it would go.

Before my eyes, Doug’s cock slipped deeper and deeper inside my mouth, until my lips were finally pressed against his pubic thatch, his balls touching my chin.

With a start I realized I was deep throating. Somehow, I was better at sucking dick than any chick I’d ever known.

For some reason, the thought made me feel all warm inside. I kept Doug’s prick deep in my mouth for as long as I could, before slowly pulling back until it slipped out from between my lips, sticking up hard and strong in the darkness of the car. I flicked my tongue across the tip, feeling hotter than I ever had in my life.

I was just about to try deep throating again – why not, huh? – when suddenly I heard something that made my blood freeze.

“Ellie... oh man, oh I’m gonna come...”

Instantly, I stopped working Doug’s dick. I pulled myself upright.

“No way,” I hissed at him. “You’re not gonna fucking nut, asshole. Not yet.”

Even in the darkness of the car I could see the whites of his shocked eyes.

“Ellie, what are you...?”

“You’re not gonna come,” I said firmly in my soft and girly voice, “until you’ve given me a *proper fucking*.”

For a moment, Doug seemed dazed. Then a slow smile spread across his handsome, square-jawed face. He grabbed me and kissed me roughly, pulling me against his chest, even as his free hand clawed at my shorts, tearing them from my tiny body.

We fell backwards until we were lying over the seats, my head resting up against the doorframe. Doug pulled my shorts off and sat up, panting, looking down at me.

“Ellie wants to be fucked by a big strong man, huh?” He grunted in the darkness. “Then try *this*.”

And before I could make sense of what was happening, Doug was clasp something hard and thick in his hands, pulling my legs apart, raising my ass up so my dripping wet cunt was angled towards him.

With one hand, he roughly pulled my soaked panties to one side so they bunched up

against my inner thigh. Then he leaned forward, angled his hips...

...and then his big cock was plunging inside me. Penetrating me. Violating me. Entering my womb.

As I felt the walls of my pussy *stretch* to accommodate his enormous girth I closed my eyes, grit my teeth and let out a squeak.

Jasmine... I whimpered to myself. *I'm sorry. Now I know how it feels...*

And then Doug started thrusting and I thought no more.

With harsh, rhythmic movements, Doug pounded his big dick into me, each thrust making my big fat titties wobble and bounce and making me gasp and scream with shameful pleasure.

It was like the sounds were being torn out of my soul. I couldn't have kept quiet even if I wanted to. All I could do was lie there helplessly as my ex-girlfriend's lover fucked me like a little bitch, squealing and crying and whimpering over and over again that I was sorry, I was so *sorry!*

"You like my cock, huh?" Doug whispered as he thrust deep into my womb. "You like being fucked with a *big, fat dick?!?*"

"I love your cock!" The words were out my mouth before I could stop them, high-pitched, breathless. "Oh *God*, Doug, I *love your fucking cock!*"

It was just like my daydream. I was the slut, and Doug was using me like the whore I was. Only now it was *real*. Only now I *really* had another man's dick inside me. Only now I really *was* screaming and pleading him to call me a slut, to *hurt* me, to do anything to make me feel these never ending waves of pleasure.

Then, finally, it happened.

With a growl, Doug *shoved* a free hand under my ass. Grabbed my cheeks, pinching them so hard it hurt. I felt the nub of a finger press against my asshole, and suddenly something was building in me. Something unstoppable, something that would completely destroy me.

Doug gave another thrust and then I was coming. With a scream I sat up, bit into his bare shoulder, and then my entire body was shuddering from head to toe as a tidal wave of concentrated pleasure washed over me, obliterated me.

This was nothing like guy coming, it wasn't even like masturbating as a girl.

It was like my entire world had been consumed in pink fire, leaving nothing behind but Doug's thrusting dick, the pressure on my asshole and the tingling fire deep inside my new cunt.

I dunno how long I lay there like that. I came once, twice, maybe three times, my face all screwed up, babbling girl *nonsense* into Doug's ear, unable to help myself.

Then, at long last, the feeling began to ebb. My orgasm drifted away and I returned to Earth, almost startled to feel Doug was still thrusting away, my body still responding.

As a guy, I was used to coming and being overcome with sleepiness. But as a girl I could just carry right on fucking if I wanted to.

In the end, though, I didn't last much longer.

A few thrusts later, Doug gave a loud grunt, then his entire body went stiff. For a moment there was nothing, and then I felt waves and waves of hot, sticky come flooding into me, soaking my womb.

Dazedly, I clutched myself tighter to his strong, masculine body, whispering affectionate words as his sperm flooded inside me, not a single drop going to waste.

Then Doug slowly pulled out, leaving a faint craving between my legs, and it was suddenly all over.

The world was silent except for Doug's low pants and my last little gasps. Gently I pulled myself upright and was surprised to discover the passenger's seat was soaking wet.

I hadn't realized it while we were screwing, but my new body was apparently a squirter.

I pulled my dumb, tiny shorts back on. I could still feel Doug's spunk inside me, now cooler and clammier, kinda sticky. I wasn't really sure what to do about it. Me and Anna-Marie had always used condoms, so I didn't know if I was meant to leave it in there or try and get it out or what.

We're gonna have to go to the Planned Parenthood clinic tomorrow, a little voice whispered in my head, unless you wanna spend the next nine months carrying a little Doug around inside you.

To my disgust, a large part of me didn't find this concept totally unappealing.

In the driver's seat, Doug was zipping himself back up, pulling his shirt back on. He shot me a devilish grin.

"You liked that, huh?" He gave a snort of laughter. "Man, I remember when you used to steal chicks from me. And now here you are."

Another laugh.

"Sucking my fat cock."

I didn't know what to say. As the last waves of my orgasm rolled away, as my last traces of arousal vanished, my horniness was being replaced by a much, *much* worse feeling.

What had I *done*?

“Want me to drive you home? Or are you still not done being my little bitch?”

Familiar pinpricks of shame were crawling over my skin, making me dizzy. The heavy feel of Doug's sperm inside me was suddenly making me nauseous.

I'd just had sex. With *Doug*. With the biggest alpha male douchebag at school. Worse, I'd enjoyed. *More* than enjoyed it.

Getting roughly fucked like that had been, horribly, the best sex of my life.

Why didn't I go with Joe?! I found myself thinking. Jesus, why Doug?

But I already knew.

I'd assaulted Jasmine at that party. In a moment of macho stupidity, I'd drunkenly grabbed her pussy, tried to force her to kiss me. And, when she'd pulled back and yelled, I'd called her a slut.

I wasn't a good kid, no matter what they said. No matter what I thought.

I was a bad person. I was an attacker. An asshole. A sexist douche. A guy who deserved to be punished.

And now, thanks to Doug, I'd learned to suffer for my sins.

The humiliation creeping over me was suffocating. I was in horror at myself, at my body, at the sick and shameful pleasure I'd gotten from our screw.

As Doug backed the car onto the road and turned back towards town, I closed my eyes, wishing the ground would swallow me up. Wishing I'd never gone to that stupid party.

Wishing I was still a good guy.

“If you get another craving for dick,” Doug suddenly said, his voice alive with amusement, “gimme a call, yeah?”

I could feel him smiling at me, even in the darkness behind my closed eyes.

“That bimbo body of yours is *fuckin' hot*.”

Epilogue

And that's my story.

Well, not all of it, obviously. Plenty of shit happened after that, some of it major, some of it just little, day-to-day stuff. Tiny heartbreaks. That sorta thing.

But all the properly important stuff?

Yeah, that's over now.

So, what's left? Well, Jasmine was true to her word. After it got out around school that I'd let Doug fuck me in his car – like a *total* slut – she started speaking out. She told the local paper what the government had done to me was wrong, that you couldn't tamper with nature that way, that I'd suffered enough.

She wrote letters to the board of governors, made calls to our Representatives. Way more than she had to.

She was one of the good ones, all right. A good person for *real*. There was no way I deserved all that help.

Not after what I did to her.

While all that was going on, my school life carried on as normal. Well, as normal as it *could* be when I was trapped as a girl and hated by half my classmates.

Cho never missed an opportunity to intimidate me or make me feel like a dumb bimbo bitch. When she heard about Doug, Anna-Marie hated me even more. And those two were friends with, like, half the girls at school. I became an outcast. A super-pretty girl who nonetheless had to keep her head down wherever she went, just in case someone kicked her ass.

As for Doug... well, you probably won't believe this, but I wound up seeing him again. We met three more times for sex, and each time it was wild and awful and...

...and just really, really *great*.

I guess that's what sex is all about, really, isn't it? Chasing after the thing that makes you feel ashamed. Working through your fear and anxiety and feelings of shame inside a little fantasy.

And for me, that meant becoming Doug's bitch. At least, for a while. Each time he left me, I'd feel so fucking ashamed. Like I was the biggest slut in the world. Like I was a dumb bitch that deserved everything that happened to her.

But then, when I was lying all alone in bed, on the cusp of sleep, I'd think back to the

way he held me down, or taunted me, or spanked my ass and made me squeal, and I'd feel so horny I'd have to shove the pillow between my legs and grind myself to climax all over again.

In the end, though, I couldn't face it anymore. What I did was awful, but there's only so many times you can punish yourself. Jasmine thought I'd done enough, so who was I to argue?

So, I stopped meeting up with Doug for sex. And, instead, I did something totally unexpected.

I found myself a boyfriend.

You probably remember him from chapter two. Joe, my dreamboat of a friend, with his floppy fringe and dark eyes and nervous way of talking. We got together not long after I broke with Doug, about three months after I became a girl.

Don't worry, he knows about me writing this. He's cool with it, even with all the detailed sex descriptions. He knows I've got a story to tell, and that I need to explain something.

Coz now, after a year as a girl – after a year of periods and getting leered at in class and putting up with asshole guys and estrogen – I've come to realize something.

I'm kinda *glad* they forced this new body on me.

Don't get me wrong. I *loved* being a dude. If my lawsuit succeeds on the 9th Circuit, I'll happily go back to being Eliot again. I've talked about it with Joe. We both think we could be a gay couple if that happens. It'd be *gross* at first, but I've done weirder stuff this last year. And, besides, we're in love.

But I've also seen another side to life, a side most guys normally don't get to see. And it's changed me, y'know? Looking back now, I can't even understand why I grabbed Jasmine like that. It's like an alien action.

All I know is, if I ever become a guy again, I'll be *way* less of a douche around women.

That's all in the future, though. For now, I'm still beautiful, bimbo Ellie with her big tits and unenviable reputation. Still teenage Ellie, settling into her role as woman in this bizarre little world.

And who knows? Maybe I'll lose the case and be forced to stay this way. Maybe I'll be Ellie now until the day I die.

In some ways, I kinda hope that's what happens. The longer I stay as a girl, the more I wanna have a normal girl-life. Marriage. Babies. All that shit I never thought twice

about as a man.

So yeah, that's my twisted little story. And you know the weirdest part?

I wouldn't change it for the world.

*The End **

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FREE Short Story: Gender Swap Day Decades later, they'd celebrate the date when It happened.

There would be global parties, the kind that go on till the early hours and leave you drunk and lost, blearily trying to make your way home at 3am. Presidents would gather to shake hands and make speeches commemorating it all.

But at the time, things were very different. For those of us who were there, the Great Swap was *terrifying*.

I was in London when it happened. If I close my eyes and try, I can just about remember what I used to look like. Short, close-cropped blond hair. A square jaw. A young, muscular body.

In short, very different from how I look now.

I was in Britain as a student, doing some dumbass degree and trying to soak up as many British parties as possible. I'd been there for, like, 5 months and got pretty settled. I'd even had a British girlfriend for a while, a cute blonde called Sofia with a soft, pretty face and a curvy body, the sort guys like me used to go wild over.

Strange as it is to say now, I actually thought what happened was her fault. Like, at first. We ended on pretty bad terms. I kinda screwed around behind her back, and when *It* first happened, I panicked and worried that she'd found a genie or something, and made a cruel wish to get back at me.

Yeah, right. Like I was ever that important.

Still, at the time, it *coulda* been true. I was in class when It happened. Or rather, I was *meant* to be in class, but I'd wandered off to the restroom.

Yeah, I know. The biggest thing that has happened in human history and I basically missed it. No stories from me about the giant flash of green light everyone saw in the sky. No stories from me about turning to the people stood beside me and watching as they started to *change*...

Nah, if you want that stuff, you can go elsewhere. Trust me, there's *plenty* of books on it. Me? I was just washing my hands and thinking about Sofia – again – when I suddenly felt It.

If you're old enough, you probably remember It. Wasn't nice, was it? That weird feeling that started in your gut, like you were about to be sick.

I remember even now that I doubled over the basin, just in case I was gonna spew. I

heard later that the nausea wasn't so bad for everyone, that it had some weird, genetic component to it. I felt worse than others.

But everyone felt what came next. When the sensation passed out your gut and into your skin.

The feeling that your entire body was starting to *change*.

If you didn't live through it, you'll have a hard time imagining it. Imagining how it felt to see your skin start twitching and rippling.

Imagining how it felt to have your bones suddenly start shifting and twisting.

Imagining how it felt to suddenly look up from the sink you were trying not to barf into, and find someone else's face staring back at you.

OK, yeah, I know. It's not really someone else's face. It's *my* face now, has been for most of my life. I'm so used to seeing its high cheekbones, tiny button nose and wide, innocent blue eyes that I barely even register them anymore.

But at the time...

Well. You can imagine how I felt. How panicked I was.

To my horror, I was clearly, visibly, starting to transform into a *girl*...

*To keep reading this **free** TG short story, follow [this link](#) to Lisa's blog. No registration, no fees, no tricks.*

Like what you've read? You'll love this free extract from my other tale of high school gender swap romance...

The Boy Who Became a School Girl “Holy *shit!*” Myra breathed. “It’s working!” Noah couldn’t respond. Now he had started speaking, it was like he was locked into the spell. Like he couldn’t stop, even if he wanted to. Gripping the book tight, he yelled the words. Yelled them as the world trembled around him and electricity danced across his skin.

Oh my God, is it really gonna...?!

Then, suddenly, it was over. The last, strange word left Noah’s mouth. The wind died down. The book slipped from his fingers and tumbled to the floor.

In the silence that followed, Myra looked around, a faint expression of disappointment on her pale features.

“Huh. I guess maybe it didn’t...”

And then she turned to Noah and her eyes went wide. She raised one trembling hand, pointed at him.

“Noah... you’re... you’re-!”

But Noah didn’t need her to finish. Already, he could feel his skin start to twitch and writhe. Feel the magic, traveling over his body.

“Oh no...” he whispered, helplessly, looking down at himself. “Oh *God no!*”

His body was *changing*. Before his eyes, his skin was starting to twist and warp, tucking in here, pushing out there.

In panic, Noah raised his hands up before him. He felt his stomach drop out.

His hands were *different*. Where only moments before they’d been kinda slender and suspiciously dainty, but very much *boy* hands, they were now two small, delicate things, with long fingernails painted a bright, bubblegum pink.

“Oh *shit!*” Squeaked Noah. “Oh *shit!*”

As he watched, his wrists narrowed down, his arms shed muscle, and suddenly all the thin dark hairs that had recently started dusting his forearms were gone, leaving him with two slender, willowy things.

A feeling of horror rising up in him, Noah looked at Myra.

“The book!” He squeaked. “Quick... the book!”

But Myra was rooted to the spot, her eyes wide, one hand pressed over her mouth. Unable to do anything but look on in horror as her bestie swapped his gender right before her eyes.

There was a creaking sound, like the hull of a wooden boat expanding, and suddenly Noah could feel his hips *pushing* outwards, growing larger until they protruded from either side of his body like two handles.

At the same time, his shoulders – never broad like Caden’s – began *pulling* inwards, losing what little masculine shape they had and becoming narrow and slender.

A magical tremor ran around Noah’s midriff. With a yell, he yanked his shirt up and watched, goggle-eyed, as the skin across his belly rippled and twitched. Suddenly, there was a feeling like someone was *yanking* a belt tight around him and his sides collapsed inwards, leaving him a waist so narrow you could almost fit your hands round it.

“Wha-what’s *happening?*” He yelled, not caring who might hear him.

Myra slowly shook her head.

“I think...” she whispered, “I think you’re...”

“*What?*”

His best friend shrugged, a helpless look in her eyes.

“Turning into a *girl*...”

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Enjoy tales of teenage gender-swap revenge and erotica? Check out my tale of an 18-year old high schooler forced to become his worst enemy's girlfriend...

Swapped at the Prom For a long, long moment the two girls stood in silence, Ryan staring into the mirror with a look of horror on his pretty face, Charlie watching him with a smirk on hers.

Then, finally, Ryan let out a long, loud moan.

“Oh *God!*” He screamed in his dumb, Valley Girl accent, “Oh *fuck*, no! You can't. You can't turn me into a-!”

“Into a what?” Asked Charlie, still grinning away.

“Into a *hot piece of ass!*”

It was *horrible!* The girl in the mirror had exactly the sort of body and face combo that Ryan would go out of his way to tap, the sort of girl he'd chat up at prom then try to feel up in the back of Chester's car.

Even now, even when he *was* her, he couldn't stop his male mind from thinking an endless stream of dirty, sexist thoughts about her.

Look at those lips, his mind darkly whispered, *perfect for giving a blowjob... Oh man, those fuckin' titties. I'd love to cum on them... Man, that ass would be perfect for fucking. Maybe I could get her to do anal...?*

With a cry, Ryan threw the mirror away, burying his beautiful new face in his tiny hands. Dimly, he heard the sound of glass shattering as the mirror impacted the floor.

“Hey, douchebag, that was my mirror!”

But Ryan didn't care. Didn't care about anything except blocking out the world and trying to pretend this nightmare wasn't happening.

I can't be thinking that about myself! He sobbed. *I just can't! It must be a dream... I'm still a bro really!*

Deep down, though, he knew it wasn't true. Even with his face buried in his hands, he could still *feel* the cool air around his bare legs from where his dress was too short. Still *feel* his big boobies, rising and falling in time with his breathing, snuggled safely in their bra.

Still *feel* the forlorn little hole between his legs, waiting to be filled.

“That's seven years' bad luck, you know, asshole?”

“So fucking *what?!?*” Ryan screamed, not pulling his hands away from his face. “You’ve already turned me into a fucking *girl*, you-you *witch!* What else could go wrong?”

There was a pause, then footsteps. Seconds later, Ryan felt two cold hands gently grasp his wrists.

“OK, come on Rachel, cool it, OK?”

“That’s not my name,” Ryan sniffed, but he didn’t fight. Slowly, he allowed Charlie to lower his hands away from his face, realizing as she did so that she was probably now slightly stronger than he was.

“Calm down, huh?” Charlie was saying, “I know you just got a massive estrogen dose, but really? Screaming and crying is *not* a good look.”

“Like I care,” Ryan scowled at her, slightly-shocked to notice he really *was* crying, dainty little girl-tears running down his cheeks, smearing his makeup.

“Yeah, well,” Charlie replied, “You’re not the one who wasted some of her magic doing your makeup, only to see it all go panda eyes.”

When Ryan simply blinked at her she sighed.

“Your mascara, dum dum. Tears.” She mimed weeping. “It’s running.”

“Oh.” Ryan sniffed. “Right.”

He took a tissue Charlie offered him and dabbed at his eyes, slightly embarrassed at how little he knew about being a girl.

“Look,” Charlie said when he’d stopped crying, “I wasn’t gonna say this since you were such a douche earlier, but...”

She hesitated, then saw Ryan’s pathetically-eager face, desperately hoping for some good news, and sighed.

“The spell isn’t permanent,” she muttered, looking down at her feet. “There’s no *way* my coven would let me transform someone without their consent for longer than a day or two, just to teach them a lesson.”

Her voice suddenly hardened.

“And you sure needed a lesson after what you did to Jack earlier.”

Ryan couldn’t believe his ears. It was like he’d been drowning and someone had just thrown him a lifesaver.

“I did!” He said, eagerly clasping Charlie’s hands in his slender ones, trying to ignore the way his breasts nearly fell out his top as he bent forwards, “and I’ve learned it, trust me! I-I...”

He shook his hesitations away. He *had* to say this.

“I was a *dick* by the lockers,” the words sounded strange in his Valley Girl accent, but he plowed on, “I shouldn’t have done it. But *look!*”

He gestured his new body, with all its horrible curves and soft bits.

“I’ve learned my lesson! I’ve been humiliated, too. If-if you turn me back now, I promise I’ll *never* be a douche to Jack, ever again!”

An idea came into his mind.

“I’ll even help him find a date for tonight! Tyson’s sister Ceri...”

“Bullshit.” Charlie snorted. “Even if you really mean that, there’s no *way* any girl will want to go with Jack after seeing that video of him getting wedgied.”

Ryan shrugged helplessly. There wasn’t a lot he could do about that!

“So here’s the deal.” Charlie folded her arms, giving Ryan a hard look. “Part one of my plan was to humiliate you like you humiliated Jack. I’ve already done that. But part two...”

Her voice dropped to a whisper.

“Was to get him a date.”

Ryan clasped his hands together, pleadingly.

“I already said I’ll *try*,” he squeaked. “Like, maybe I can ask those junior chicks to do me a favor, or...”

“I had something *easier* in mind,” Charlie said. “Did you think to wonder why I turned you into a total hottie? It would’ve been just as easy to turn you into a nerdy, bullied girl, y’know?”

Ryan hesitated. Now that he thought about it, it didn’t seem to make much sense.

“I did it,” Charlie went on, “because I wanted to make Jack feel good about himself. He’s basically the only guy here who doesn’t give me shit for looking like a lesbian, so I want his prom to be *awesome*. That means finding him a date who *isn’t* me and *isn’t* troll-faced, and *isn’t* just there to do some douche jock a favor. In other words...”

Her eyes twinkled.

“Someone like *you*, Rachel.”

“What?!” Ryan yelped, jumping backwards as if stung by a wasp, “you want *me* to go to the prom with *Jack*? You gotta be kidding me! That’s, like, *so gross!*”

Charlie gave him a smile that was cold and lifeless.

“Maybe, but that’s the deal. You go to the prom with Jack, let him hold your hand, let him dance with you, and pretend like you’re into him, and I’ll turn you back.”

Her brow darkened.

“On the other hand, you refuse and I’ll make the spell *permanent* and you’ll be stuck as that hot piece of ass *forever...*”

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Also by Lisa Change *

The Gender Swap Games In a world dominated by women, men have been reduced to oiled, unthinking slaves. Those who rebel against female rule are forced to participate in the Gender-Swap Games, a weekly tournament where men must battle to retain their bodies... or risk **being turned into girls!**

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Swapped at the Mall All his life, 18-year old Liam has known there's something wrong. Something about his male body that doesn't fit. Something about the feelings he has for his hunky best friend Ryan. But Liam has never dared express these desires... until now.

On the day of their birthday, Liam's twin sister Alex makes a careless wish that will change both their lives forever. From a shy and lonely boy, Liam finds himself magically transformed into a cute teenage girl named Lily. For the next 24 hours, he'll be able to live his life as he always wanted: as a carefree, beautiful girl.

But Alex has special plans for her new sister. Plans that involve meeting Ryan at the mall, and introducing him to 'Lily'. Will Liam wind up being outed in front of his best friend? Or will their meeting be the start of a taboo romance as exciting as it is heartbreaking?

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About the Author Lisa Change specializes in stories of gender transformation. Her favorite books feature strong men losing their masculinity and becoming weak and submissive women. Among other kinky interests, she's obsessed by forced male pregnancy, feminization, gender swap servitude, men turned into maids, sexual orientation reversal, bimbofication and magical age regression.

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