



Turned Into His Wife's Teenage Daughter

(Gender swap revenge
and age regression)

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I

“You stupid *bitch!*”

A dark flush crept across Jo’s cheeks. She glanced furtively round the restaurant, her blue eyes embarrassed.

“Hank, baby,” she whispered. “Not here. *Please*. People are staring.”

“I don’t give a shit.” Hank’s heartbeat pounded in his ears. Pinpricks of heat crept their way across his skull.

“Let them stare,” he snapped. “Let them see what a dumb cunt you are!”

Across the table, Jo shrank into her chair. She looked like she wished the ground could swallow her up.

Well good, Hank thought, dully. He hated it when his wife got like this. *Maybe it’ll teach her to keep her stupid trap shut.*

They’d arrived at the restaurant in good enough spirits. It was Jo’s birthday, and Hank had been promising for ages that he’d take her somewhere special. He’d made the arrangements last week, pleased with his unbeatable sense of romance.

They’d been having a rough time lately, but this was sure to patch things up. In his mind’s eye, Hank had pictured the meal they’d share together, the meal that would eat deep into his wallet. Pictured the way they’d laugh over wine. Pictured how proud Jo would look when he casually dropped in his promotion at work.

Then he’d pictured them going home, having a proper fuck for the first time in *weeks*. Jo’s big titties bouncing as he drilled into her from behind. The perfect ending to the perfect night.

And then that dumb bitch had gone and ruined it all.

“Why don’t you admit it?” Hank folded his arms, gave his wife a contemptuous look.

“You wanted to fuck him, didn’t you?”

“Hank, for gods’ sakes...!”

People were turning around to look at them now. Couples out on a romantic date. Families celebrating a kid’s graduation. One lone girl with red hair and dark glasses who was reading from an old book.

Hank ignored them. It didn’t matter what anyone else thought. What mattered was that his wife was *lying* to him.

“I could tell,” he sneered. “The moment you laid eyes on him, you were thinking about his cock.”

Him was their waiter, a good-looking teenager with blue eyes and casually tousled

blonde hair. He'd come over to introduce himself as Mike, and Jo had given him a flirty look that just made Hank's blood boil.

"Just like always." The sight of Jo's crumpled face made his heart beat even faster. "You're a fucking *slut*, aren't you, Jo? You always were and you always *will be*."

Jo burst into tears. Big, salty drops rolled down her soft cheeks. Her enormous breasts heaved, rising and falling beneath her long, blonde hair.

She'd always been stunning to look at. Even now, the sight of her looking so wounded and-and... *womanly* turned Hank on. But he would never let her know that.

"Christ you're a mess," Hank whispered. "Pull yourself together."

"Leave her alone!"

Hank turned, wondering which asshole would *dare* interrupt him during dinner. A few tables away, he saw the redhead glaring at him over her book.

"She's crying you *dick*."

The girl was around twenty five. A skinny little thing with pert tits and a serious expression, like a sexy librarian. Ordinarily, Hank would've enjoyed mentally undressing her, picturing her moaning as he forced his massive cock up her ass.

But tonight wasn't an ordinary night.

"You'll be crying in a minute, too." Hank could feel the blood rushing through his ears. How dare this four-eyed bitch talk to him that way?

The girl's eyes narrowed.

"Is that a threat?"

"Too fucking right." Hank sneered. "Now back off you ugly dyke."

Usually when Hank told people to back off, they backed off. He might be hitting middle age, but he still had the body of an amateur boxer. Even now, he took great delight in watching younger men eye him warily, as if scared of his strength.

The girl did none of these things. Instead, a slow smile crept across her face. The smile of a predator.

"You're going to regret calling me that," she whispered.

There was something in her expression that froze Hank to the bone. He shifted in his seat and glanced uncomfortably around him.

The whole restaurant was silent. You could hear a pin drop.

Then Jo's sniffs broke the spell and Hank span back to her.

"Listen to you!" He half-shouted. "That's disgusting, people are trying to eat."

He pulled himself to his feet.

"Get your stuff, we're going home."

In silence, people watched as they gathered their stuff, Jo's pretty face still streaked with tears. Hank turned and gave the redhead girl one last look.

"*Cunt.*" He spat.

And then the two of them were out the door, heading for the car.

"I'm sorry," Jo whispered as they crossed the dark parking lot, Hank's fingers gripped tight around her arm. "I'm so sorry, baby."

"Shut up." Hank grunted.

In his mind's eye, he was already picturing what he was going to do to his sniveling wife when they got home. How he was going to smack some sense into her pretty little head, then hold her down on the couch and rape her.

That would teach her to ruin his big evening.

They were almost at the car when they heard footsteps, running behind them.

"Must've forgotten something," Hank muttered, turning to the waiter with a cool smile. Then he stopped and the smile drained from his face.

The waiter was nowhere to be seen.

In his place stood the redhead girl, her chest rising and falling from exertion, that old book clasped in her arms.

Up close, Hank could see it was a battered, leather thing covered in strange writing. It looked like it was a thousand years old.

Hank glared at the girl.

"What do *you* want?"

"Don't worry," the girl spoke to Jo, ignoring Hank. "I'm here to help. I don't usually do this, but you seemed so upset..."

"She's fine." Hank took a menacing step toward the girl. She ignored him.

"I had a boyfriend once who acted like a teenager," she said to Jo. "In the end I found a *perfect* cure. I thought you could use it, too."

What does that bitch mean, 'cure'? Hank thought, furiously.

"I don't know who you are-" He started.

"Me?" The girl at last turned to him, that predatory smile back on her face. "I'm a witch. And *this* is my spell book."

She yanked the old book open and smiled evilly at Hank.

"And *you* are about to get exactly what you deserve."

Then she was reading, whispering something under her breath. There was a distant flash of lightning and a wind picked up, blowing leaves across the parking lot.

For a moment, Hank was frozen to the spot. Then he laughed nervously.

“Listen to this dumb-” he started, turning to Jo.

Then he saw his wife and stopped in horror.

Jo was now his height and growing taller, looking down on him with an unbelieving expression on her face. With a start, Hank realized he was shrinking. He turned back to the girl with a feeling of panic.

“What did you do you *bitch?!?*” He yelled, then clamped his hands over his mouth.

His voice had changed. Gone was its deep, masculine bass. In its place was something soft and high-pitched and-and...

...*girly.*

The girl threw back her head and laughed, her dark red hair bouncing off her shoulders.

“You were acting like a spoiled teenage girl.” She smiled. “So I decided to turn you into one.”

Hank’s clothes were growing around him, becoming vast sheets which dwarfed him. His jacket hung from his frame, his shirt draped loosely off his skin. He threw Jo a pleading look.

“Jo!” He squeaked in his newly-feminine voice, “make her stop!”

But Jo hesitated. As Hank watched, she folded her arms across her enormous breasts and gave him a peculiar smile.

“I don’t know, honey,” she said. “I want to see where this is going.”

There was a flash of light and suddenly Hank was naked, cowering under the gaze of the two women. He instinctively wrapped his arms around his body, and then he felt it.

His body was *changing.*

A ripple passed through Hank’s flesh, like a wave passing under his skin. His strong pecs collapsed and deflated, the hair on his chest sucking back into his body with an unbearable itching. At the same time his middle-aged paunch hauled itself up and vanished inside him, leaving a flat, smooth tummy.

Hank watched in fascination as the fat dropped away from his sides, wriggled down to his waist and formed around his hips. There was a feeling of pressure and his ass leapt up and filled out, and suddenly Hank was the proud owner of a sexy, hourglass figure.

He squeaked in horror, and was rewarded with a shiver in his chest. Two big and beautiful breasts came bursting out, pushing away from his frame, the nipples dark and long. Hank reached out a terrified hand to stop them, and felt one grow to fill his palm, pert and firm and smooth.

There was an unpleasant grinding sensation, and Hank’s shoulders began to tug in towards his body, becoming narrow and slender. The muscle collapsed from his arms and drained away, leaving only two delicate, hairless things. For a brief moment, his

large, masculine hands held on, then they gave a shudder and contracted, becoming small and dainty and girly. As Hank watched, his nails turned pink and sparkly with nail polish.

“What do you think?” Hank heard the girl shout over the wind to Jo. “Improvement?”

It was too noisy for him to hear the reply. But as Hank shot his wife a terrified glance, he saw something that sent a jolt through his stomach.

For the first time in months, Jo was smiling.

The changes were getting faster now. In quick succession, Hank’s feet shrank, his legs shed their hair and muscle, becoming long and smooth, his lips puffed out.

An incredible itching gripped his face, so intense it made him want to scream, and when it was over Hank’s beard had vanished, taking his masculine jawline with it. In its place was a soft, round, girly face.

Hank reached up a trembling hand to touch his new cheeks. There was a feeling like electricity passing through his scalp, then waves of long, blonde hair were falling from his head, sweeping over his upraised hands. He stared at his new hair in shock, and then he felt it.

The moment he’d been dreading.

A tremble was passing through his cock. It started pulling back into his body. Hank reached out and grabbed it, holding it in place. For a split-second, he thought he’d done it, then his crotch gave a spasm and his dick snapped off in his hand.

For a horrible second, Hank looked at penis, lying uselessly between his dainty new fingers. Then it crumbled into dust and blew away on the wind.

Finally, there was a terrible, loud sound like Velcro ripping and pain briefly flared between Hank’s legs. He lowered his eyes and goggled at his new pussy, its lips plump and tender.

Then it was over. There was another flash of light and Hank was wearing his clothes again. Only they weren’t *his* clothes...

“Not bad.” Hank looked up in fright, the girl was watching him with a smirk. “You’ve certainly got an... *interesting* fashion sense.”

A pair of tight black pants encased Hank’s slender legs, clinging to his curves, showing off his bum. His large chest was hidden inside a simple, skimpy white top that left his cleavage on display. Over that he wore a short denim jacket, the sleeves rolled up to his elbows. Bracelets clattered on his wrists. Looking down, he saw his feet were encased in a pair of high-heeled boots.

There was a feeling of weight on his head. Hank reached up. A fashionable hat perched there, its brim angled away from his forehead. He dropped a hand to his ears and was horrified to feel earrings there.

He turned to the girl.

“What did you *do*?!” He whimpered, hating his soft, girly new voice.

The redhead witch shrugged.

“Exactly what I said I would.” She smiled. “I turned you into a teenage girl. Go ahead. Look.”

Hank scampered over to his and Jo’s car, gazed into the wing mirror. The reflection was distorted, but it was enough to make him want to scream.

Gone was handsome, powerful Hank. In his place was a young teenage girl with a soft face and shy eyes hidden behind too much makeup. She was dressed in a self-consciously adult way that made her look even younger, like an 8-year old playing dress up.

But worse than that, she looked somehow *familiar*. With her big breasts, pleasantly chubby face and blonde hair. She looked like someone he knew. She looked like...

Then the penny dropped. Hank’s insides froze.

No. She couldn’t, he thought helplessly. *She wouldn’t...*

But already, he knew it was true.

The witch hadn’t just changed him into a shy, fashion-conscious teenage girl. She’d turned him into a teenage girl who looked just like her mother. Who looked just like...

He turned to Jo with a horrified moan. There was a strange look in her eyes.

“Mom?” He whispered.

II

The moment he said it out loud, they both knew it was true. Hank was gone. Vanished on the wind. In his place, Jo had been given a brand new daughter.

Hank span round to face the witch, the blood pounding in his ears.

“Turn me *back!*” He squealed, stamping his foot. “Turn me back you... you *asshole!*”

“Hannah!” Jo’s stern voice cut through Hank’s rage. He saw the witch’s eyes twinkle.

“Say you’re sorry.”

“But *mom!*” Hank moaned.

“Apologize.” Jo said, firmly. “Or you’re grounded for a week.”

Hank gaped at his wife. She was joking. She had to be.

But he could tell she wasn’t. Suddenly, tiny, demure Jo loomed over him; bigger, older, stronger. She watched him with a stern expression, but was that a smile tugging at the corners of her mouth?

“I mean it, missy.” Jo arched one eyebrow at him. “If you want to dress like a grownup, you’ll have to *act* like one.”

The smile tugged stronger.

“Or I’ll throw out all those clothes of yours and have you back in pink dresses.”

An icy chill gripped Hank’s heart.

No, he thought, weakly, *please, no...*

The idea of being made to dress like some-some *child* filled him with horror. Deep down, he was vaguely aware his new body was terrified of being laughed at by other girls, by cute boys.

All of which would *definitely* happen if Jo (*mom*, his brain automatically corrected him) gave him his punishment.

“Well?” Jo folded her arms. “I’m waiting.”

With gritted teeth, Hank turned and scowled at the witch.

“I’m sorry I called you an asshole,” he mumbled in his soft new voice, staring at the floor.

The witch smiled.

“There. Better already. I think you’re going to make a *great* daughter.” She looked to Jo. “Can we talk?”

“You bet. Hannah?” Hank turned and looked sullenly up at his wife. “Go wait in the car. The grownups have to talk.”

“But I *am* a-!”

Grownup, he'd meant to say, but Jo had cut him off.

“You'll be grounded if you don't hurry up, missy. Now *move* it.”

And like the stroppy teenage girl he was, Hank stormed over to the car, climbed in the passenger's seat and angrily slammed the door.

He sat there, his dainty hands balled into fists, trying to control his breathing. Outside, he could hear snatches of conversation between his new mom and the witch. It sounded like Jo was asking a lot of questions.

“The spell changes history,” he thought he heard the witch say at one point. “As far as the world is concerned, she's *always* been your daughter.”

Daughter.

It was such an ugly word. So *wrong*.

Hank snarled. He wasn't a daughter. He was a *man*. A big, strong man who other men were scared of. A man with a big dick and a wife to fuck—

That was as far as he got. As soon as he tried to imagine Jo bent over, his dick pounding into her as she moaned softly, a feeling of violent nausea rose up in him.

“*Gross*.” His body muttered, batting the image away. Now Jo was his mom, the thought of her naked was enough to send shivers down his spine.

He reached up, grabbed the rearview mirror and angled it towards his new face. Studied it in the dim light of the car.

Hannah peered back from inside the narrow glass rectangle, her bottom lip stuck out in a childish pout. Seeing how young sulking made him look, Hank took a deep breath and tried to assume a neutral expression. It helped, but not by much.

There was no changing the fact that Hannah was *young*. Certainly not 18. Probably 16, but Hank thought she looked even younger than that.

He glanced from the mirror, down at his new body. His breasts wobbled gently at the bottom of his vision, still slightly undeveloped and yet to reach their full size.

His new form was so *delicate*. He looked like a gust of wind might break him. Like one of those tweens he sometimes saw hanging around on main street, trying to act adult as they talked about boys and makeup.

Well, now he was one of them.

He was a teenage girl.

The driver's door opened and Hank gave a guilty start. He looked up as Jo climbed in and took her seat behind the wheel. There was a strange look in her eyes, one Hank had only rarely seen before.

Jo was *happy*.

“Well, *that* took a while,” she murmured as she put her seatbelt on. “She explained it all, though.”

She turned and gave her daughter a frank look.

“The spell is permanent. She says she couldn’t change you back even if she wanted to. I told her I wish she’d asked me first, but she said it’s the best thing for both of us. I’m inclined to believe her.”

Hank barely heard her. His mind was reeling.

Did she say permanent? He thought in fright. The idea of spending eternity as shy little tween was almost the worst thing he could think of.

“She also said she altered history,” Jo continued. “Hank never existed. You’ve always been Hannah. Just now, we left the restaurant after a blazing mother-daughter row. Apparently, you’re *still* a handful.”

Hank wasn’t about to let that one go past.

“I was *never*-!”

“Ah-ah.” Jo held up a finger. “Not another word. You were a shit husband and we both know it. Not that I would ever have said so to your face. But now *I’m* in charge, you better buck your ideas up, missy, or there’ll be hell to pay.”

In his seat, Hank grumpily crossed his arms and seethed.

The idea that his wife would *ever* talk to him this way was enough to make him mad. Normally, he would’ve told her *exactly* what he thought about this.

But the spell seemed to have altered more than just his body. Jo was calmer and more in-control than ever before. And Hank. Well... Hank was as secretly scared of his mom as any bratty teenage girl.

“Right.” Jo started the car, gave the witch one last wave out the windscreen. “Let’s go. We need to get you home in time for bed.”

The old indignation rose up in Hank again. He had a *bedtime* now.

“Why do I need to go to bed?” He protested. “You’re *so* unfair!”

“Why?” Jo turned to him in surprise. “I would’ve thought it was obvious.”

“*What’s* obvious?” Hank snapped.

Jo smiled. A smile Hank had never seen on his wife’s face before.

The smile of a woman with *power*.

“Why, Hannah,” Jo said sweetly. “It’s Thursday tonight, isn’t it?”

“So?” Hank sniffed.

“*So.*” Jo put the car in reverse, looking behind her to make sure they didn’t back into

anything. “That means you’ve got school tomorrow.”

The expression on Hank’s face made her laugh so hard she nearly crashed the car.

*

That evening was the weirdest of Hank’s life.

They drove home in silence, Jo concentrating on driving while Hank frantically wracked his brains for any excuse to stay home tomorrow.

I can’t go back to school, he thought desperately, *not looking like this!*

He’d loved school as a kid. He’d been one of the big jocks all the other kids make way for, who have their pick of the girls come prom. But that had been when he was a boy.

The idea of going back to school as an attractive *girl*, of having all the big jocks salivate over *him* was enough to make him feel ill.

Try as he might, though, he couldn’t think of a way out of it. If he faked an illness, Jo would know why. If he tried to run away, she’d simply call the police.

And they’d find him. They’d track down this spoilt teenage girl, too young to be out on her own.

Then they’d take him to school.

Hank was in a foul mood by the time they got home. The moment Jo stopped the car he leaped out, slammed the door, and ran up the stairs to his room, tears streaking down his face.

I don’t wanna be a girl! He screamed silently as he clattered up the steps, two at a time. *I want to be a man!*

He crashed into his room and threw himself face down on his bed, burying his face in the pillow. Hot, salty tears pricked at his eyes. A feeling of helplessness engulfed him.

“It’s not *fair!*” He sobbed in his high-pitched voice, hating both its girly quality and its childishness, “it’s not fair!”

Stop crying! A voice barked deep inside him. *You’re a man, aren’t you? Act like one!*

But it was like he couldn’t stop. Hank bawled into his pillow until he was all cried out. Then, sniffing pathetically, he pulled himself into a sitting position and looked around his room.

He hadn’t realized it as he ran up the stairs, but he’d automatically gone and thrown himself down in the spare room. Only it wasn’t exactly a ‘spare’ room anymore.

The walls were pink, leftovers from only a few short years ago when Hannah had still been a child. His bed still had a couple of soft toys balanced on it that Hannah was evidently too nostalgic to throw away.

Overwhelming all this, though, were the signs of his teenage life. Posters of attractive

men in their twenties – *boys*, Hank thought dully – covered his walls. He knew he vaguely recognized some of them from TV, but he had no idea who they were or why a teenage girl might like them.

A well-thumbed copy of *Twilight* lay on his bedside table, beside a scented candle doubtless used to cover up the smell of illicit cigarettes. There was a guide to One Direction half-hidden beside it, as if Hannah was embarrassed about it. Across the room, a vanity chest was decorated with boxes of makeup. Jewelry lay in a pile beside the mirror.

It was a typical teenage girl's bedroom.

Worse than that. It was *his* bedroom.

“Knock, knock.”

Hank looked up to see Jo standing in the doorway, a tender expression on her face. She smiled softly at him.

“How you doing, kiddo?”

“Like you don't *know*,” Hank spat, defiant.

“Easy, tiger.” Jo folded her arms. “I've made some dinner for us. Wanna come join me?”

“I'm not hungry,” Hank said, automatically. It wasn't true. He was *starving*. But Hannah seemed oddly reluctant to admit this.

“Your choice.” Jo shrugged. She lingered in the doorway for a minute, as if something was on her mind.

“I've been thinking,” she said at last. “I've decided I'm going to make this work. I know you probably hate me right now, and that's fine, but I'm your mom now. And I love you.”

Hank didn't want to hear this. He folded his arms angrily and turned away, his blonde hair flicking in the corner of his vision.

“And like it or not,” Jo continued, “I know you love me too.”

She paused. A mischievous smile spread across her face.

“*Daughter.*”

Hank turned and glared at her, a glare powerful enough to melt steel. Jo laughed.

“Oh Hannah, you make such a *good* teenage girl, you know?”

Then she was out, her footsteps descending down the stairs.

“Get some sleep, you've got a big day tomorrow,” she called back. “And be careful with your makeup next time you cry. Panda eyes.”

Then she was gone.

Hank waited until he could hear his mom in the kitchen, then swung off the bed and went over to the mirror. His makeup had run, leaving black trails down his soft new cheeks.

Just you wait, Hank thought furiously, *I'll show her*.

Then, without being fully-aware he was doing it, he plucked a tissue from the vanity chest and started dabbing at his spoiled makeup.

There was no way he was going to start school tomorrow looking like *that*.

III

“*Fuck!*”

Hank stamped his foot, the white hot rage flaring up in him. In the mirror, Hannah stamped in time, a pouty, childish expression on her face.

It was the next morning, and Hank was already having a bad day.

He'd been woken up at 6.30am by Jo rapping smartly on his bedroom door. When he rolled over and tried to go back to sleep, she'd come marching in and wrenched the curtains open, flinging arrows of sunlight into Hank's eyeballs.

“Morning, sunshine!”

He'd protested, told her it was *ages* until he had to go to school. But Jo had simply arched an eyebrow at him.

“Go back to sleep if you want,” she'd said sweetly, “but you'll be the girl walking in with last night's makeup still smeared on. How do you think your schoolmates will react to *that?*”

A memory had floated up in Hank's mind. Of him and his jock buddies back at school, whooping at girls who looked too made-up, or not made-up enough, or just ugly. Jo was right.

He didn't want to be *that* girl.

So here he was, two hours later, his long hair still wrapped in a towel, trying to do his makeup.

It wasn't going well.

“Fuck, fuck, fucking *penis!*”

Hank glared at Hannah in the mirror. It was hopeless. Every time he tried to put his lipstick on, it came out all wiggly. He looked like a whore too drunk to tart herself up properly.

It wasn't the only way this morning was conspiring to stress him out.

Hannah's closet was an explosion of clothes. As a grown man, he'd had a selection of jackets for work, some collared shirts, a few pairs of pants, and some casual wear for the weekends.

Hannah, on the other hand, owned such a huge stockpile of dresses, skirts, shorts, jeans, tank tops, hats, shoes, and unidentifiable accessories that he didn't know where to start.

At first, he'd tried pulling outfits from the closet and holding them up before the mirror. Then as time went on, he just started grabbing stuff randomly. After what felt like

forever, he'd managed to squeeze his teenage body into a white top that hung loosely from his frame, showing off a pale shoulder, and combined this with a pair of tight shorts that hugged his ass and showed off his legs.

It was a skimpy outfit, alright, but Hank didn't know what else to wear. He didn't want to just cram into jeans and a t-shirt and come across as some frumpy bitch.

Deep down, on a level he didn't even want to admit existed, he kind of liked the idea of looking pretty.

Kind of liked the idea of boys lusting after him.

Finally, he'd tackled the eyeliner, foundation and lipstick.

Although his new body seemed to automatically know how to do *some* female things – like holding in a pee by crossing its legs – others had been left up to Hank. And Hank had never worn makeup in his *life*. In ten short minutes, he'd managed to stab himself in the eye with the pencil, smear his lipstick and cake on so much foundation he looked like something from a horror movie.

It had taken him nearly the whole morning to get his face looking vaguely normal, and even now he couldn't do his lipstick.

“That's *it!* I give up!” He shouted at last, annoyed at the way Hannah's reflection moved her mouth in time with him. He *hurled* the lipstick across the room, wrenched the towel off his head and stormed out the door.

Jo was waiting at the foot of the stairs as he came clattering down. She took one look at him and sniggered.

“You *sure* you want to go in like that, darling?”

“Like it makes a difference,” growled Hank, pulling on his boots. They were little leather things with raised heels. Even in his angry state, Hank was vaguely aware the female part of him was *ooh-ing* over how cute they looked.

“Suit yourself,” Jo shrugged. She held up a bag.

“I made you lunch.”

“What is it?”

“Some chips, some chocolate, a tootsie roll...”

“*Mom!*” Hank looked at his former wife with an expression of utter horror. “Are you *trying* to make me fat?!”

Jo frowned for a moment, then giggled.

“Wow,” she said, “that spell really *did* change you, didn't it? My darling girl's not going to develop anorexia, is she?”

Hank glowered at her. He hated the way the magic interfered with his mind. Made him say and do things he would normally never even *dream* of.

“I’ll buy something in school,” he muttered, sullenly.

Deep down, he still couldn’t believe this could really be happening. But it was.

He was a schoolgirl and he was about to go to school.

He pulled himself upright, and Jo bent forward to kiss his head. As her lips brushed Hank’s forehead, he felt a strange thrill pass through him. Not the thrill of a man being obediently kissed by his servile wife.

This was the thrill of a daughter getting a tender kiss from her wonderful mother.

“Be a good girl.” Jo said, handing Hank the bag. “Enjoy your first day and I’ll see you later.”

Good girl. I’ll show her. Hank snarled inside his mind, but he took the bag anyway, then opened the door and dutifully trotted out to his first full day as a schoolgirl.

*

By the time he reached the school entrance, he knew he’d made a mistake.

Walking in, all the other kids had turned to *stare* at him. The girls with incredulous expressions on their faces, the boys with mocking grins.

At first, Hank had shrugged it off, reminding himself that he was a fully-grown man and didn’t give a shit what a bunch of teenagers thought.

But, as he got closer and closer to school, a surge of hot embarrassment had started to creep over him. He began to dread walking past groups of girls, knowing he would hear a chorus of stifled giggles. When gangs of boys whooped at him from across the road, he bowed his head, letting his hair fall across his vision, like he was trying to disappear.

It seemed Hannah was *terrified* of sticking out.

When he got to the school, it only got worse. As he crossed through the gate, he saw an older girl look him over with a sneer.

“*Slut,*” she muttered as Hank passed her.

Hank wanted to spin around, grab her by the throat, raise his fist and yell *say that again, bitch!*

Instead, he just kept on walking, tears of shame pricking at the corners of his heavily made-up eyes.

Why was this happening? His makeup was a bit off and his hair wasn’t brushed, but he couldn’t look *that* bad, could he? Hank’s heart started to flutter in his chest. He balled his hands into little fists, angry at the world for judging him. Angry at himself for breaking rules of teenage conduct he didn’t even *know* existed.

“Hannah? Hey, Hannah!”

The male voice cut through Hank's reveries, making him stop. He turned round just in time to see a teenage boy with tousled blonde hair and piercing blue eyes come running up to him.

Hank blinked. He was sure he knew this kid from somewhere.

Where have I seen him before? He wondered.

"At last!" The boy grinned as he jogged up to Hank. He was tall, handsome, his young face naturally attractive. To his disgust, Hank felt his knees go weak at the sight of him.

"I've been calling you for like two blocks," the boy said, "thought you were ignoring me."

Then he looked down at Hank's chest and his smile turned into a thoughtful expression.

"Wow." He said. "What, uh, what are you wearing?"

Hank rolled his eyes and scowled up into the tall boy's face. It was strange experience, being smaller than everyone.

"What's *wrong* with what I'm wearing?" He asked in his spoilt, girly voice.

The boy raised his eyebrows.

"You serious?"

Then, when Hank didn't reply, he gestured the glass entrance door. With a sigh, Hank turned and looked at Hannah's reflection.

"What?" He asked, taking in the young, pretty girl with her long legs and blonde hair. "I don't see anything..."

He stopped. In the glass door, the color drained from Hannah's face.

Oh God, Hank whimpered in his mind, *how could I be so stupid?*

In his haste that morning, he'd forgotten to put on a bra. In the sunlight, his white top was so thin he could see his pert, teenage breasts through it. Their nipples stood out, hard and dark, poking against the fabric like they were teasing him.

Hank reached up. Grasped Hannah's breasts in his hands. His nipples were like bullets. They must've been visible to *everyone* on his walk in.

He let out a loud, horrified moan. Some girls giggled as they passed him, but Hank didn't care.

No wonder that girl called me a slut, he thought, thickly. *Look at me!*

Combined with her wild, uncombed hair and streaked makeup, Hannah's exposed breasts and ass-hugging shorts made her look like a teenage prostitute. Hank stepped back from his reflection, a tide of fear rising up in him. He whirled round to the handsome boy.

"I can't go in like *this!*" He squealed, "They'll-they'll suspend me!"

The thought of going home and telling his mom (*wife!* He thought, furiously) that he'd been suspended was enough to bring him out in cold sweat. It seemed the magic had given him teenage priorities.

"OK, calm down," the handsome boy said. "We'll get you back home and changed."

He reached out and grabbed Hank's soft, girly hand in his big, strong one.

"C'mon."

They were back out the school gate and heading up the road before Hank realized what they were doing. In a flash he snatched his hand away and stared up at the boy.

"Hannah?" The handsome boy moved close to him. Hank took a step back.

"Hannah, what's up?"

Who is he? Hank wondered, his head spinning. *How do I know his face?*

"Come on Hannah," said the boy, a look of hurt confusion on his face. "It's me. Mike."

"Mike?"

Then it all came flooding back and Hank wanted to scream. The tousled blonde hair above those electric blue eyes. The charming teenage smile. Mike standing beside their table, introducing himself as their waiter for the evening.

No, Hank thought desperately, *she can't. Please. Anything but that.*

But he knew what Mike was going to say even before he said it. Even before he reached out and placed two strong hands on Hank's narrow, girly shoulders.

"I'm your *boyfriend*." He said.

And suddenly a wave of Hannah's memories rose up in Hank's mind. He and Mike, strolling hand-in-hand back from school. The two of them kissing on Hannah's bed together, Mike clumsily fumbling with Hank's bra strap.

The first time they had sex, at Adam's party two months ago. How Hannah had gasped and tried not to cry when Mike gently penetrated her for the first time, his big dick splitting her hymen and causing blood to spatter on the sheets.

He looked up into his boyfriend's piercing blue eyes and felt his knees go weak with desire.

There was no denying it.

The witch hadn't just punished him for embarrassing Jo for talking to the teenage waiter.

She'd turned that waiter into his *boyfriend*.

IV

“Mom?”

Hank gently pushed open the door to their house. He glanced nervously round the empty hallway.

“Mom?” He called in his soft, feminine voice. “Are you home?”

Silence.

Behind him, Mike leaned forward and peered into the house.

“I don’t think she’s in,” he murmured.

Carefully, Hank stepped through the door. Mike came in after him and closed it gently. Then he turned and gave Hank a devastatingly handsome grin.

“Guess it’s just the two of us.”

“I guess.” Hank smartly folded his arms across his teenage chest. He didn’t like the way Mike’s eyes kept dropping down to examine the outline of his boobs, to take in the points of his erect nipples.

No, that wasn’t entirely true. He, Hank, the man who’d shouted at his wife last night, *he* didn’t like it. Didn’t like it at all.

But the growing part of him that was Hannah more than liked it.

Every time Mike looked at her like that, she blushed red and wanted to giggle.

“I’m gonna go get changed,” Hank said uneasily. Mike was still giving him that weirdly seductive grin. Deep in his crotch, Hank felt a strange warmth starting to spread.

For Chrissakes get a hold of yourself! He raged. *He’s a kid, barely sixteen. You’re a grown man, remember? A grown, straight man.*

If that was true, he certainly didn’t feel like one. That morning in the shower, he’d barely noticed Hannah’s curvy body, beyond a faint repulsion at his newfound femininity.

Looking at Mike now, though, he could feel his stomach flutter and his heart beat faster. He was so handsome, like a movie star. The way he looked Hank right in the eye when he smiled, the way sunlight caught playfully in his blonde hair...

Stop it! Hank scolded himself, *you’re starting to think like a teenage girl now!*

“You wait down here.” Hank had meant to say that firmly. Instead, it came out in a quaver. Hank swallowed. His mouth was dry.

“I’ll be back in a minute,” he mumbled. Then, quick as a flash, he turned and trotted up the stairs, uncomfortably aware of the way Mike was watching his ass bounce inside his tight shorts as he ran.

Three minutes later, Hank was in his room half-naked, desperately searching for a bra. He'd ripped his top off in embarrassment as soon as he stepped through the door and hurled it onto a pile of washing. Now his teenage tits hung loosely from his frame, wobbling in the bottom of his vision as he frantically searched through Hannah's closet.

He'd been digging away like that, getting increasingly angry, his blonde hair lying in streaks across his face, when he heard the voice.

"Just watching you work."

Hank gave a girly scream and span round, quickly clasping his hands over his boobies. Mike lounged against the closed door, a casual smile on his face.

"You're hot when you're pissed."

"Mike." Hank worked his mouth frantically, trying to think of something to say, anything to get this-this *man* out of his room.

"Shh." Mike pushed off from the doorway and slowly walked over to Hank. He stopped in front of him, then reached out and closed his fingers round Hannah's wrists. He winked and Hank's heart started hammering in his chest, his body filled with longing.

"Show me." Mike whispered.

For a moment, Hank wanted to lash out. To punch Mike and flatten his nose and tell him *that's* what you get for sneaking into girls' bedrooms!

The feeling passed. As if in a dream, Hank slowly lowered his hands. He stood there awkwardly, his arms at his side, his breasts hanging free in the mid-morning sunlight.

Mike glanced at them and a wide grin split his handsome face.

"Awesome." He gave Hank a playful look. "Can I touch them?"

Hank hesitated. Deep inside him, a male voice was screaming. Screaming for him to say no.

Then it passed, and Hank gently nodded his head.

A second later, he felt Mike's strong hands grip his boobies. Felt Mike squeeze them, knead the flesh with his fingers. Felt him pinch Hannah's nipples and squash her tits together.

But Hank saw none of this. He was focused entirely on Mike's blue eyes.

They stayed fixed on Hank's face. Seemed to drill into his soul, getting bigger even as Mike continued to play with his soft, supple teenage breasts. They grew even as Hank felt a warmth flow through his crotch, radiating out to every part of his female body.

Mike was standing right in front of him now, their lips almost touching. Hank looked longingly at his strong, youthful features, not caring that he was a straight man trapped

in a girl's body. Not caring about anything but feeling his boyfriend's lips pressed against his.

"Mike..." he whispered in his new, soft voice.

"Shh," Mike shushed him again. "Everything's OK."

Then he leaned forward, and they were kissing.

It was a kiss unlike anything Hank had ever experienced as an adult. Dimly, it reminded him of kissing girls when he was sixteen. How he'd swirl his tongue deep into their mouths. How they'd cling to him, like they were trying to drink each other in. But this was so much better.

Mike's lips pressed hard against his. His tongue darted into Hank's mouth, making him go limp. He leaned forward and pressed against Mike's strong, youthful body, enjoying the way his large hands caressed Hannah's breasts, making his nipples go hard as bullets.

They kissed for what felt like forever. The sort of dreamy, romantic kiss that makes everything else in existence fade into nothing.

When Hank finally pulled away, he was astonished to realize he was panting, his crotch drenched and soaking wet and eager for his boyfriend's touch.

In silence, he took Mike's hand and led him over to the bed. Then he impulsively jumped up into his arms and then they were falling together – falling through space – and then they landed with a crash on the bed.

They kissed again, a long, lingering kiss. Then Mike sat up and pulled his top off and Hank gave a low moan.

His chest was beautiful. Strong, but youthful. A faint dusting of blonde hair between his nipples. It made Hank's insides ache. It made him want lie back and obey any command Mike gave him.

Most of all, it made him *glad* to be a girl.

Mike reached into the pocket of his jeans, held up a condom.

"Want to do it for the second time?" He asked, his teenage awkwardness making Hank's heart melt.

Hank bit his lower lip and pictured himself for a second as he was now. As teenage Hannah, lying on her bed with the handsome boy she loved. Ready to take things to the next level.

For a moment, he thought he heard a voice inside him. A man's voice, begging him to stop. Begging him not to do this.

It passed. Silently, he nodded.

"OK then." Mike smiled, unbuttoned his fly. Hank watched with a thrill as he pulled

something out of his pants, something long and hard and thick.

Two minutes later they lay on the bed, Hank almost unaware of the loud, girly moans tearing out his mouth as Mike held him down with his big strong hands and used him like the naughty schoolgirl he was.

*

“Why weren’t you at school?”

Hank froze by the fridge, trying to ignore the images that flooded his mind. Images of Mike, his strong chest naked in the sunlight. Images of Mike, bending him over.

He shook his head, long blonde hair flicking at the corners of his vision, chasing the images away. Then he turned and gave his mom a sweet, innocent smile.

“It was Kirsty,” he explained, the lie sounding strangely natural on his lips. “Her mom’s bulimia came back so we had to go over and take care of her.”

“Oh, really?” Jo gave her daughter her trademark eyebrow raise. “Then can I ask who Kirsty is? Or who this ‘we’ is?”

“She’s my friend,” Hank shrugged, like it was the most-natural thing in the world.

He wasn’t even lying. After he and Mike had shared their romantic morning, they’d called up a couple of the names in Hannah’s phone and asked if they wanted to hang out. It turned out the witch had been kind enough to give Hank some friends in his new life.

“And *we* are me, Mike, Kim and Angela.” Hank dropped into a chair opposite his mother, Coke clasped in one hand. “Y’know, friends. From school.”

Jo shook her head, her eyes bright with amusement.

“Look at you,” she said. “Twenty four hours ago you were a total asshole, and now you’re-”

“What?” Hank frowned.

“Nothing.” Jo smiled. “It’s just that, well... you’re a *girl* now. I don’t just mean your body. I mean it’s like you’re a *proper* teenage girl.”

“Must be the magic,” Hank said, carefully avoiding his mother’s eyes. “That witch gave me some fun friends.”

She really had. Hanging out with Katie, Kim, Angela and Mike had been *wonderful*. They’d told stupid jokes, gone to the park and shared an illicit beer swiped from Jo’s fridge, feeling like the biggest rebels in the world. After, Hank, Katie, Kim and Angela had talked about girly things like it was second nature.

At one point, Mike had casually reached out and clasped Hank’s delicate hand in his own, and Hank had felt his heart just *melt*.

“You’re not the only one.” Jo smiled kindly at him. “I’ve got a job now, y’know?”

Publisher. I get to go hang out with all these author types. I checked my bank account today, too. *Wow.*”

Hank shrugged non-committally. Stuff like bank accounts and jobs were alien to his young brain. He knew he’d have to care about them one day, but for now they barely stirred his interest.

“Hey, mom?” He suddenly piped up. He liked the way the phrase sounded. Already, the idea of calling Jo his wife seemed both ridiculous and pretty gross.

“Yes, honey?”

“I’ve been thinking,” Hank took a swig of coke. “We should hang out. Get to know our new lives.”

“That’s a great idea, Hannah.” For the first time since they were dating, Jo looked genuinely pleased with him. “How about tomorrow? My treat.”

“Sounds great.” Hank nodded, then glanced at his phone. He leaped out the chair.

“Gotta go! Katie’s trying to call.” Then he was running upstairs, taking the steps two at a time.

“Hannah! Not during dinner!” He heard Jo call behind him, but he could tell she didn’t really care.

She was enjoying their new lives.

Hank ran into his room and shut the door, then jumped backwards onto the bed, a goofy grin on his youthful face. He picked up the phone, held it to his ear and closed his eyes.

“Hey, handsome,” he said in his girly voice.

“Hey you,” Mike’s voice was deep, amused. “Your mom wasn’t angry then?”

“Nah,” Hank giggled. “She’s happy I’m making friends.”

“Sure.” Mike paused for a moment. “She sounds really cool.”

“She is.” Hank said without thinking. And then it hit him like a shock.

He really meant it.

V

The next day was one of those cool autumn days weekends are just *made* for.

The sun was bright, shining high in the sky. A faint wind blew through the trees. Beside the lake on the edge of town, Hank walked silently beside his mom, feeling happier than he had in years.

That morning, Jo had gently taken him into her room and showed him how to do his makeup like a pro. Then she'd helped him pick an outfit for this chilly weather and showed him how to do his hair.

Sat in front of the mirror, watching Jo carefully run the brush through his long, blonde hair, Hank had realized something important. Something he *needed* to tell Jo.

But it wasn't quite the time yet.

Now here they were, mother and daughter, out for a walk together. Jo had promised Hank she'd take him shopping later, and Hank couldn't *wait*. That morning, he'd spent two happy hours online, scrolling through fashion websites, thinking of all the clothes he could buy.

Deep down, he knew this was the magic, altering his mind to think like a sixteen year old girl. He knew this, but he didn't care.

He was enjoying his new life *way* too much.

"It's strange." Jo said as they walked. "It's been less than 48 hours, but it's like I'm already forgetting, y'know?"

Hank nodded beside her. Only that morning, as he lay in Hannah's bed, he'd tried to remember what it was like to be a man. What it had felt like to have broad shoulders and a fat dick.

His mind had drawn a blank. The idea that he hadn't *always* had a pussy, an hourglass figure and breasts seemed faintly ridiculous.

Jo stopped and dropped down onto a bench with a sigh. Hank sat primly beside her, and the two of them gazed out across the vast lake, watching the sunlight play on its surface.

"So I got a call from Katie's mom last night," Jo said at last. "The moment I heard her voice, it was like I'd know her for years. Anyway, she didn't mention anything about you guys going round there yesterday."

A chill crept up Hank's spine. He felt his heart fluttering in his teenage chest. Nonetheless, he kept a perfect straight face.

"No?"

“No she didn’t.” A faint smile was tugging at the corners of Jo’s mouth. “I asked her if she knew where you’d been and she said you were probably off somewhere with Michael.”

She turned and gave her daughter an appraising glance.

“Any idea what she means?”

A crimson blush swept across Hank’s cheeks. He lowered his eyes, embarrassed.

“No idea,” he mumbled, unconvincingly.

Jo threw back her head and laughed, long and loud. Then she reached out and put an affectionate arm round her daughter.

“Don’t worry, kiddo,” she smiled, “you don’t have to tell me. I just wanted you to know that... that I’m *proud* of you. And that I hope he’s good enough.”

Hank closed his eyes. Images rose up of Mike with his shirt off, Mike unbuttoning his pants. Mike fondling Hank’s teenage breasts. The two of them, lying on the bed together, feeling like everything was wonderful.

He gave a small nod.

“He is.” He whispered.

“Good.” Jo leaned back, sighed. “I’m not going to pry into your life, Hannah, I want you to know that. But I *am* going to be here for you. Forever. No matter what you need to say, I want you to be able to say it to me.”

Hank turned and looked at his mom. Looked at her kindly face, at her tired and proud eyes. Looked at the woman who had held him for nine months then nursed him as a child.

He felt a surge of emotion deep within his new body. And then he realized.

Now. Now was the time.

“Mom...?”

“Yes, Hannah?”

Hank took a deep breath.

“I just wanna say...” he looked her right in the eye. “I love you. I love you, mom. Even when I’m being a handful. I always will.”

For a moment they just sat in silence. Then Jo’s face split into a smile that glowed like the sun. She reached out and pulled Hank into a hug, a hug unlike any he’d ever had when they were man and wife.

A hug between a mother and her daughter.

“I know you do, hon,” Jo whispered in his ear. “And I love you, too.”

A tear pricked in the corner of Hank’s eye and he clumsily brushed it away. He knew

he was a spoilt little girl. He knew he could be bratty. But he knew something else, too. He was going to grow up to be the *best* daughter in the world. A woman who would always take care of her momma.

“There’s something else,” Hank whispered in his girly voice, enjoying how soft it sounded, how feminine. “Something I wanted to tell you.”

A smile crept across his youthful face.

“I’m so happy we met that witch. I’m so happy I’m your daughter.”

Beside him, Jo nodded.

“Me too, Hannah. Me too.”

For a long moment, they simply hugged. Then at last they let go. With a shock, Hank saw his mom’s eyes were slightly wet.

“Right,” his mom said, wiping away her tears. “How about I take my baby girl shopping, treat her to something *nice*?”

“*Mom.*” Hank rolled his eyes. “I’m not a *baby* anymore.”

But deep down, he was secretly pleased she’d called him that.

The two of them got to their feet. Hannah and Jo. Mom and daughter. Then with a smile, Hannah took her mom’s hand and they began their long walk back into town.

The End.

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She Turned Him Into Her Little Princess

"Look, sweetheart," Vicky whispered, nodding over his shoulder. "Have a look!"

Wrapped up with his transformation and being carried around, Rob hadn't realized where they were. Now, with a sinking feeling, it hit him. He looked down and saw from the position of the carpet far below him that they were stood at the head of the table, near the sideboard.

Which could only mean one thing.

"Go on, princess," Vicky said, the humor flooding back into her voice, "don't be shy. Look! Look what mommy's done for you!"

No. Please don't make me...

But Rob knew it was useless. He'd have to look sooner or later anyway, and there was no point in making Vicky angry. Not when she could smack his bottom, or send him to bed without any dinner.

So, with a feeling like a man stepping off the edge of a building, he looked round.

The first thing he realized was that he'd been right. Vicky had picked him up and carried him over to the large, gold-leaf mirror that stood on their sideboard, too high for a kid to see.

This only registered briefly. It was something else that made Rob's breath catch in his throat. Made his tiny heart beat faster in his flat and narrow chest. Made him want to scream and keep on screaming until he finally dropped dead.

In the mirror, looking back at him, was the most *adorable* little poppet in the entire world.

She was slender, with wide, innocent blue eyes and a round little face, decorated with a little button nose. With a start, Rob realized she had a tooth missing at the front where her adult teeth were coming through, the gap serving to make her look even cuter.

Freckles dusted her nose. Her long blond pigtails dangled either side of her head, so utterly *gorgeous* that they practically begged young boys at school to pull them.

Dressed in her princess outfit, the little girl in the mirror looked like one of those 1940s child stars. The kind of syrupy sweetie pie women over a certain age go doo-lally for. The sort of girl any mommy would be proud to walk down the street with.

"Look." Vicky's voice was high-pitched in his ear, like she was talking to a baby. For one bizarre second, Rob felt like shouting at her: *don't talk like that! I'm not a baby. I'm seven!*

"That's *you*," Vicky continued. "That's *you*, Annie. Aren't you just so *sweet*? Aren't

you just so *adorable*?”

She hugged Rob tighter, her eyes locking with his in the mirror.

“Aren’t you just mommy’s *darling* little princess?” She whispered, savagely.

For a second, Rob could only stare at the mirror. Stare at what he’d become. Stare at the little girl he was fated to live as for the next 365 days.

Then the events of the evening, the stress of it all, finally caught up with him. In the mirror, he saw the poppet’s face crumple. Saw her eyes start to shine. Then suddenly he was bawling. Big, salty, girl-tears running down his hairless cheeks, spattering onto his princess costume.

“Aww, *baby!*” Vicky exclaimed, hugging him closer. Without even thinking, Rob buried his tiny face in his mom’s shoulder and bawled louder than ever.

It’s not fair! He sobbed to himself. *I don’t wanna be a girl. I don’t wanna be a princess!*

But underneath, there was another aspect to his shame, too. One which barely registered, but was there nonetheless.

Rob was ashamed because, at 7, he was a big girl now. And big girls weren’t supposed to cry in front of mommy. That was for *babies*.

“You poor little thing,” Vicky sighed in his ear. “Don’t worry, I’ve got just the thing to cheer you up.”

“Y-you do?” Rob whispered, leaning back. Through his tear-stained eyes, his new mommy was little more than a blur. He couldn’t remember the last time he’d cried so openly, with such passion.

“Of course.” Vicky playfully tweaked his nose. “After all, it’s my baby’s new birthday today, isn’t it? Her first day of being an *adorable* little girl!”

A smirk twitched at the edges of her lips.

“So guess what mommy did earlier? She threw out *all* your man clothes and replaced them with princess costumes.”

Her smile widened.

“So my little girl can be a princess for the *rest of her life!*”

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About the Author

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

*

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