



LISA CHANGE

A Mile in Her
Panties I:

Becoming Zoe

(a gender transformation
tale)

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I

It was just past 8am when Zach found the panties that would change his life.

He'd been awake since 6, when his girlfriend Melina had left on another of her business trips. They'd had a furious row the night before that had culminated in the leggy blond screaming at him:

"For fucks' sakes Zach! I'll only be gone *three days!* Man the fuck up already!"

"What's that supposed to mean?" Zach had demanded. The blood was pounding in his temples, making him feel hot and angry and irrational.

This isn't how it was meant to be, he thought, furiously. *We were meant to be happy!*

Across the room, Melina had shook her head at him, her long, golden hair swishing out behind her. They'd both been getting ready for bed when the argument erupted, and she was wearing nothing but a tight-fitting t-shirt that barely covered her large breasts and a pair of lacy white panties.

"What do you *think* it means?" She'd sighed. "You always get like this when I'm about to take a trip. Why not show some stoicism, just for once?"

Zach had laughed unconvincingly.

"You're talking shit, Melina," he'd said, "I *am* a man. A *proper* man. Just look at me."

He'd gestured his hairy, muscular chest, his strong biceps, and the fat cock tucked away inside his pants.

"I'm just worried about you is all," he'd added, trying to sound magnanimous.

But Melina hadn't heard that last part. After Zach had said he was a *man*, she'd simply raised one perfectly-sculpted eyebrow.

"I'm not so sure," she'd said at last, her voice tinged with regret.

They'd slept in separate beds that night. When the Uber cab pulled up outside their home at 5:30 to whisk Melina off to the airport, Zach had pointedly stayed in the spare room, pretending to be asleep.

Pretending that he hadn't been lying awake all night long, cursing the day he met his aggravating, beautiful fiancée.

We should never have done it, Zach was still raging as he paced around the living room, over two hours later, a coffee mug clasped in his large hands. *We should never have moved in here!*

'Here' was the polite, suburban home they'd moved into when Zach first asked Melina to marry him. It was large enough for a family, had a nice, big lawn, and was in an area many young couples were moving to.

It had been perfect, the first step towards starting a family.

And then Melina had suddenly found her mysterious new job – the one that involved lots of travel – and everything had gone to hell.

Zach stopped pacing by the large, living room window and peered out between the net curtains, frowning at the street.

It was a bright, clear Friday morning. The sun already casting sharp shadows. Up and down their little road, kids were heading out for school. Their parents were getting geared up for work.

Zach saw Dwight Fontaine, the handsome, muscular black guy from across the road, heading back from the park.

Dwight had some job involving working out – Zach thought he might be a coach – and worked odd hours. He looked like he'd been down the park since dawn, probably leading a morning session. He walked with a spring in his step, his tight exercise clothes clinging to his body, showing off his bulging muscles. Between his legs, Zach could make out the faint bulge of his crotch.

Is that what she wants me to look like? Zach wondered, with a faint pang of jealousy. *Like some musclebound hulk?*

Zach was handsome. Zach was strong. But he was no Dwight. The black man stood at 6ft6 to Zach's relatively-puny 5ft11. His arms were like tree trunks.

He was less a regular man than a pure, Adonis-like monument to muscle.

Abruptly Dwight jerked his smooth, shaved head round in the direction of Zach's house. A smile broke out across his handsome face. He raised one strong arm.

Shit.

Zach hurriedly pulled the curtains closed, plunging the living room into gloomy darkness. Then he stood there with his heart pounding in his chest, and a feeling of shameful cowardice washing over him.

He didn't want to see Dwight. Not today. Not when his fiancée thought he wasn't a man.

No, the powerful black stud was the *last* person he wanted to say hi to.

Is that the sort of guy she wants? Zach thought irritably as he made his way back toward the kitchen. He needed a second cup of coffee before he could even *think* about facing work today.

Maybe she secretly likes black men... Maybe that's where she's going every weekend. To suck some black guy's cock! Maybe that's what she...

And then he saw it.

It sat on the side of the kitchen counter. A tiny pink box, wrapped in pink ribbon done together in a gorgeous bow. There was no card, no name. No nothing.

Zach looked around uneasily. He could have *sworn* the box hadn't been there when he made his first cup of coffee.

He picked it up. It was light. Not much bigger than his hand. It felt almost empty.

What is this? He thought, *some sort of make-up gift?*

Melina had never gotten him a gift after an argument before. And if she had, why would she wrap it in pink?

It was the sort of thing men were supposed to do for their wives after a fight. Not the other way round.

Yet there didn't seem to be any other answer. After all, the box couldn't have just appeared there by magic.

Could it?

For a long, long moment, Zach hesitated. Frozen in the doorway of his kitchen, a dark silhouette against the morning sun.

Open it, his brain urged him, It's probably from Melina, some dumb little gift she got to make you smile and forgive her. Who else could it be for?

But something still made Zach linger for a moment. A feeling that opening this box could upend his life. Could shake up his entire existence.

The feeling passed. Setting his coffee cup down, Zach carefully opened the box.

It was expensively wrapped. The pink bow was made of silk. Under the lid was a sea of pink paper Zach had to fight his way through.

What the hell's she gotten me? It can't be a DVD, it's too light for beer...

And then he pulled the last piece of paper aside and felt his heart stop.

At the bottom of the shallow box, nestling in a hollow of crinkled pink wrapping paper, lay a lacy pair of see-thru panties.

They were undoubtedly expensive. Black, silk, and trimmed with lace, they had little floral shapes running over the front and back, the edges delicate and patterned. They were tiny, the front barely wide enough to slip over a woman's pussy, the back guaranteed to cling to her ass and show off her curves.

These weren't panties for everyday use, for feeling sexy. They weren't even for spicing up your sex life with your fiancée.

They were the sort of thin, lacy things women wore during smoking hot sexual encounters. Panties you were meant to rip from their bodies while they writhed and moaned. Panties to be discarded beside expensive hotel beds.

Panties to wear while seducing a forbidden man.

Outside, a cloud passed over the sun, making the kitchen go dim. Zach stared down at the panties, his vision becoming like a tunnel. His fingers *gripped* the edges of the box, his knuckles going white.

So that's it then, he thought, thickly. His breath was ragged, his entire body prickling with little hot needles of anger.

Melina had ordered these panties so she could wear them today. On her ‘work’ trip. So she could slip slowly out of them before some grinning man a thousand miles away.

Only, by chance or accident, they’d turned up late.

“You fucking *bitch!*” Zach growled. A million images crowded his mind. *Who was it?*

He saw Melina, on all fours, begging to suck the cock of some strapping, muscular man. Saw her, her face buried in the pillows of some hotel room as the stranger drilled into her from behind, while he, Zach sat at home, thinking she was working.

Saw her, smiling in ecstasy, as Dwight slipped his long, black cock deep inside her cunt, both of them laughing at Zach’s ignorance.

“You *bitch!*”

With a roar of anger, Zach grabbed the panties and *hurled* them across the room. His brain felt like it was on fire. He wished Melina was there with him right now so he could confront her with the evidence. So he could *scream* at her.

But, of course, he couldn’t. Melina wasn’t there. She was somewhere on a plane, tens of thousands of feet above the surface of the Earth, her phone switched off, her mind wandering.

Even if Zach had done everything in his power to let her *know* he’d blown her cover, contacting her would have been physically impossible.

For a long moment, Zach simply stood there, his mind whirling, *glaring* at the crumpled panties on the floor.

Then, gently, his breathing slowed. A thought flickered across his mind. A savage grin started slowly crawling across his face.

With deliberate movements, Zach went and grabbed the panties. He held them bunched up in his fist, a mocking light dancing in his eyes.

“Lover boy bought you panties, did he, Melina?” He asked the empty room. “Well, let’s see how you like them when *I’m* through with them.”

With that, he turned and marched up the stairs, his mind buzzing like it was full of flies. An erection was already growing in his pants. He felt like laughing.

If Melina wanted to keep secrets, maybe *he* would, too. Maybe *he* would be the one to put these panties on, laughing to himself as Melina nonchalantly searched the house, looking for them with growing desperation. Laughing out loud as he finally took off his pants in the evening and Melina saw them and realized the game was up.

It was a weird way of catching her out. Underhand. Unmanly.

But then again, Zach smiled to himself, *that’s exactly what you think I am, isn’t it, Melina? You don’t think I’m a man at all.*

He couldn’t help but laugh. Weird as his plan was, he was going to *enjoy* seeing Melina’s face crumple in horror as the penny dropped.

It was only later, when Zach was lying on his back, trying not to scream as a fat dick pounded into him, making his big new boobies jiggle and his clit thrum with shameful pleasure, that he began to wish he'd never noticed that stupid pink box.

II

Five minutes later Zach was naked upstairs, the panties clasped gleefully in his hands.

He'd never done anything like this before in his life – he wasn't a fag after all – and the prospect filled him with a strange sort of glee.

“OK then,” he smiled at his reflection in Melina's body-length mirror, “let's see what all the fuss is about.”

Raising first one strong, hairy leg and then the other, he stepped into the pair of black, lacy panties.

The sensation was strange. Unnatural. As he tugged the panties up his legs, he couldn't help but notice how *well* they fit. The silk lining slipped across his skin with ease, sending a little shiver of gooseflesh running down his back.

That's weird... Zach thought, *they should be really tight on me. I'm much broader than Melina...*

He shook the thought away. There was probably just something in the elastic of women's underpants or something. It wasn't like anyone could have bought these panties specially for him.

Could they?

Moments later, Zach stood up and smiled at himself in the mirror. He turned around and struck a mincing little pose, surprised by how much fun he was having.

There. They fit perfectly!

The panties clung to his hips, looking utterly bizarre at the top of his strong, manly legs. His cock bulged out the front, its outline visible though the fabric.

Oh man... I look hilarious!

Zach laughed at his own reflection, pleased at how absurd he looked. It vaguely reminded him of how his football buddies in high school would sometimes put on a dress before a night on the town, as a drunken dare.

Zach had never joined in with those games, but hadn't he always secretly *wanted* to?

There was something about girls' clothes that had always made him... not *jealous* exactly. Curious. That was it. Just as a joke. Just curious to experience it once, and make himself laugh.

Just like he was doing now.

“Well, Melina,” he said to his own reflection, “I can't *wait* to see your face when you catch me in these.”

His brow darkened slightly.

“Just like I can't wait to hear your excuse.”

He cast his thought out to his fiancée, flying over the country, oblivious to his plan, and suddenly

his mood started to sag.

Best not to think about it, his brain whispered. *She won't be back till Monday. We can take these off for now, wait till then...*

"You're right," Zach muttered to himself. There was no way he was spending all weekend in panties, funny as wearing them was.

No, he'd get some beers in after work tonight, put on a game and keep drinking until Monday rolled round and it was time for him to surprise Melina.

He gave the panties one last, regretful look. It seemed a shame to get out of them now, especially when there was no-one around. Especially when they looked so damn *cute*...

Zach shook his head.

Wait, he thought, uneasily, *did I just think they were 'cute'...*?

No. He couldn't start thinking like that. Not like a – a *queerboy*.

Zach's skin prickled with faint worry. That hadn't felt like him. It was like an alien thought had risen in his mind. A signal from a woman's brain, somehow transported into his man's one.

Gently, he clasped the edges of the panties in his hands.

"Maybe this wasn't just a good idea," he muttered, pulling them down.

And then he stopped. A frown crossed his masculine features.

"What the-?" Zach whispered.

He pulled. And then he pulled again.

Finally, he *pulled* with all his might, the tendons in his arms *straining*, his face going red.

At last he stopped, his eyes wide and face white with fear.

Hey, what's happening?

Somehow, against all the laws of nature, he couldn't take Melina's lacy panties off.

It was like they were now as much a part of him as his cock or balls.

The room seemed to sway. Zach turned his dazed eyes toward the mirror. His reflection stared back at him, a shocked look on its pale face.

Something's wrong here...

Around his waist, the panties sat, still snugly fitted to his body. It was like a terrible magic was holding them in place. Far away, like in a dream, Zach thought he heard a woman cruelly laughing.

"Come on," he grunted, tugging at the panties again. "Come ON!"

It was no use. No matter how hard he tried, he couldn't take off the lacy panties.

Oh Jesus, how did they get so tight?! A knife... I'll go grab a knife...

There was a sound like distant bells tinkling. The room seemed to lurch round Zach, spinning and swaying. Like a drunk reeling out the open door of a dockyard bar, he lurched into the corridor, toward the stairs, towards scissors, a knife, *anything* that could cut these damned panties off of him!

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

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

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

And screamed.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

No! Oh God, no!

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

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

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

"What's *happening* to me?" Zach squeaked in horror.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"No!" Zach shouted. "No, please! Anything but-!"

It was too late.

There was a feeling of intense pressure across Zach's chest, then suddenly two big, beautiful breasts came bursting out. They swelled up quickly, getting bigger and bigger and bigger until they filled the bottom of Zach's vision; two fleshy, pink things that wobbled gently with every movement he made.

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

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

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

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

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

Fuck! Where had he left it again!

The bedroom!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Then it was over. Just as Zach came stumbling to a halt in the bedroom, he heard a distant tinkling and the magic stopped.

For a long time, Zach simply stood there, his long new bangs dangling over his forehead, covering his eyes, afraid to look in the mirror.

Everything was *different!* As he looked down at his feet, he had to struggle to see past the plump new breasts suddenly dangling from his frame, their nipples pink and pointed. Buried deep in the carpet his toes wiggled, their nails now painted a lurid red.

His body felt lighter. The way his ragged breathing sounded in his ears was all *wrong*, too high-pitched and feminine. The weight of his breasts, tugging at his back; the way his body naturally stood with a kink, highlighting his curves; the feeling of the cool morning air, caressing his pussy...

Everything was *wrong!*

This isn't happening... Zach thought to himself. *This can't be happening...*

But it was no use. Even he didn't really believe it was a dream.

Somehow, against all the laws of nature, putting on Melina's panties had turned him into a *girl*.

The mirror, his brain whispered, an alien part Zach had never heard before, *we have to look in the mirror...*

No! Zach recalled from the thought in terror. *No... I-I can't...*

You'll have to eventually, the voice said, firmly. *Come on. Let's see how bad this is.*

Reluctantly, Zach turned to face the mirror. His hair still hung over his eyes. With a feeling like a man about to step off a cliff, he daintily swallowed, then he reached up one slender arm and *threw* his hair back over his shoulders in one spectacularly girlish movement.

The ends of Zach's long, golden locks fell down his back, tickling at the skin between his shoulder blades. But their new owner hardly noticed.

He was too busy staring at the *gorgeous* girl in the mirror.

The girl looking back at Zach looked like a supermodel. She was slender, with a pretty baby face and large, blue eyes that radiated innocence. Her lips were plump and glossed with pink lipstick, her long hair wavy and shiny and *radiant*.

Trembling, Zach looked down at her slender body. At her flat stomach and curvy hips. At her big, ripe breasts hanging heavy against her delicate frame. At her long, slender legs; the sort of legs men turned to watch when they passed on a beach.

She looked about 18. Young and sweet and innocent. But there was something else in her eyes too. A tiny spark, a longing for a good time.

Zach was willing to bet this was a girl who'd sucked a *lot* of cocks.

No, this has to be a dream...

Slowly, Zach shook his head. To his horror, the girl in the mirror shook her head in time with him, a dazed expression on her beautiful face.

That can't be me...

Then Zach suddenly sneezed. The girl in the mirror sneezed with him, letting out a dainty *achoo!* She looked at him with blue eyes, wide with fright.

Frantically, Zach raised one hand. The girl did likewise. He stuck out his tongue, grabbed his breasts and made a *parrp* noise, and felt his heart sink as the girl dumbly mimicked his movements.

There was no doubt about it.

She was him. He was her.

He, Zach Beaufort, was now a beautiful 18-year old girl.

"How...?" Zach weakly asked, then snapped his mouth shut tight. In the mirror, the girl clamped

one dainty hand across her lips in horror.

His voice had *changed*. Where it had once been deep and low and confident and manly, it was now soft, high-pitched and musical. A sweet, innocent voice. The feminine, singsong voice of a girl barely out of high school.

“Oh *God!*” Zach squealed, watching the girl’s face crumple. “I sound like a Valley girl!”

He looked unhappily down at his new form, naked except for a pair of lacy black panties. Looked down at the girl’s wide, child-bearing hips, and her nice, tight pussy, shaved and barely hidden inside her pair of-

The panties. Of course!

With urgent movements, Zach grabbed hold of the expensive black panties. To his surprise, they pulled easily away from his skin, no longer held there by magic.

Oh, thank God...!

Frantically, Zach *yanked* down the panties, kicked them off his feet. Then he span back round to face the mirror, searching hopefully; searching for the first signs that he was transforming back into a man again...

In the mirror, the young girl looked back at him with frightened eyes. Nothing twitched. Nothing moved.

Whatever magic had animated the panties and made their spell work was gone.

Zach was now stuck as a beautiful young girl.

III

An hour later, Zach sat, curled up on his bed, trying not to cry.

The last sixty minutes had been the worst of his life. After realizing he was stuck as a girl, he'd run downstairs to find the box, desperately trying to ignore the way his big boobies jiggled and bounced with each step. Trying to ignore the dull ache in his breasts.

I need to get a bra, he'd found himself thinking numbly, horrified that the idea had even been allowed to cross his mind.

Downstairs, he'd searched frantically for the pink box with its ribbon, checking in cupboards, under the sofa, everywhere he could think of.

Finally, it had dawned on him with a feeling like ice trickling up his spine.

Just as magically as it had arrived, the box had vanished.

With a soft moan, Zach rolled onto his back. He lay with his head on one pillow, his blond hair spread out around him like a fan and stared up at the ceiling. Gently, his tiny hands started to twist at the fabric of his long nightshirt.

How had this happened?

He'd changed into the shirt after sloping back upstairs. The sight of his naked, girl body had begun to make him feel depressed.

Trying not to look down, he'd taken one of Melina's nightshirts out the walk-in closet and slipped it over his head. It had fallen loose against his body, long enough to hide his pussy from his own eyes, and loose enough to disguise the prominent bumps of his new chest.

Then he'd crawled over to the bed, rested his head on the pillow and burst into tears.

He was shocked at first. It had been like someone had thrown a switch, like his body was just leaking for no discernible reason.

Then something had twitched in his brain, a memory, and he'd realized what was happening.

He hadn't just changed into a girl *outwardly*. Every single part of him had been transformed. He now had a womb, ovaries, and a girl's brain, locked away behind his pretty features.

A brain that was now *swimming* in estrogen.

The thought that he was a girl in mind, body and soul had sparked him off crying all over again. Big, salty tears had rolled down his cheeks, sinking into Melina's pillow and making it damp.

How do girls live like this? He'd wondered despairingly as he cried.

As a man, he'd responded to problems by (so he told himself) trying to think logically of a way out of them.

As a girl, he seemed incapable of doing anything but bursting into tears.

Now, half an hour later, he was all cried out. Looking at the ceiling, he sniffed delicately, and

tried to figure out what the hell to do.

He couldn't call Melina. It was painfully obvious to him now that the panties hadn't been hers, but he still couldn't call her while he was trapped as Zoe. She'd think he was a random mad woman. Or, worse, she'd think that Zoe was his lover; an airhead teen he'd picked up and fucked and was now calling his fiancée to crow.

Zoe... He thought, numbly, *what sort of a name is that for a man?*

He'd discovered his new name when he'd called up his boss.

He'd finished crying long enough to realize he was both late for work, and incapable of going in at all in his new body. So instead he'd taken out his phone, cleared his throat, and dialed Jason's number.

"Hello?" Jason's deep voice had slipped into his ear, still tinged with its faint British accent even after all these years in the States. It seemed to caress Zach's female body, making him shiver.

Here goes...

"I – I'm calling about Zach Beaufort," he'd heard himself dimly say in his Valley girl voice, "he's sick, he can't make it in today."

Or maybe ever, he'd added silently.

There had been a pause on the other end of the line. His heart thudding in his generous new chest, Zach had been able picture Jason exactly as he would be at that moment. Dark-haired, athletic, dashing Jason, sat at his desk, trying to figure out who this strange girl was.

That's weird, he'd thought to himself, *I've never thought of Jason as handsome before...*

He shuddered slightly. For some reason, the thought of Jason was making him feel all warm inside.

Then the voice had come back and completely derailed his train of thought.

"Who is this?"

Zach had felt his breath catch in his throat. He'd urgently cast around for an excuse.

"M-me? I'm... I'm..." Suddenly it had hit him. "I'm Zoe. Zach's niece. I'm visiting him and Melina and..."

"Yeah, OK, whatever." Jason had sighed. "Tell him I'll see him Monday. Thanks for calling, love."

Then he'd hung up, leaving Zach slack-jawed with amazement.

Love?! He'd thought, furiously. How dare he call me 'love'?!

It was a term he'd heard Jason use with women before. A friendly term, but one that was wholly dismissive. One that seemed to belittle them gently for being *less* than men. For being just silly women. Until that moment, Zach had never thought twice about it.

But now he was one of them.

He, too, was a silly woman.

“Zoe...” Zach rolled round the name on his tongue as he stared at the ceiling, trying to ignore his soft, feminine voice. “Hi, I’m Zoe...”

The moment he’d said it, he’d known it was his name, just as surely as he knew his male name was Zach. It was like the magic hadn’t just altered his body.

It had transformed every single aspect of his entire life.

“Well, Zoe,” Zach muttered to himself, twisting the nightshirt in his hands, “how are we gonna get out of this one?”

There was nothing he *could* do. All he could think of doing was going to sleep and hoping when he woke up he’d find it was all a dream. But that wasn’t much of a plan.

Besides, lying here he could feel the faint yearning of the new hole between his legs. Feel the soft weight of his oversized boobs on top of his chest. Feel the newly-found lightness of his girl body, so much smaller than his boy-body had been.

No dream was *that* detailed.

Come on, think! Zach urged himself. *You’re trapped as a smokin’ hot blond. What do you do?*

For a moment, he just lay there in despair. Then, suddenly a strange look crossed his soft, beautiful features.

Gently, Zach pulled himself into a sitting position. Glancing down, he slowly raised his dainty hands until they hovered right before him. He hesitated for a moment. Then he clasped his brand new breasts in his hands and started to play with them.

The flesh was soft, tender. Even through his loose-fitting nightshirt, Zach could feel their weight, their size. Gently, he kneaded the flesh, feeling little shivers run through his body.

With his left hand, he delicately tweaked at one of his nipples and was astonished at how *good* it felt.

As a man, he’d never considered his nipples erogenous zones. As a girl, it was like they were two nerve endings, alive with pleasure.

For the first time since his transformation, a smile crept across Zach’s new, girly face.

“What am I gonna do while I’m a girl?” He asked himself in his soft voice. “Hmm... Lemme see if I can’t think of something.”

Then he started to laugh, a happy, girly laugh. The laugh not of a man transformed and humiliated, but of a woman who has just won the lottery.

This is my body now, is it? Zach thought to himself with a cheeky smile. *Then maybe it’s time I had some fun...*

*

Five minutes later, Zach was stood in the bathroom, watching Zoe smile at him from the body-length mirror.

On the edge the sink lay a carefully placed little plastic tube he'd dug out from the back of Melina's drawers. It shone slightly in the sunlight, making Zach shiver.

I've always wanted to try this... He thought to himself.

In the darkest depths of his private fantasies, Zach had occasionally found himself wondering what it must be like to be as pretty as his own fiancée. To feel men turning to *stare* at you as you walked down the high street. To be confident in your own *sexiness* – that peculiarly female quality men didn't really possess.

To experience all the pleasure a woman's body had to offer, and not feel the slightest twinge of guilt.

In the mirror, Zoe smiled coquettishly at him. Zach impulsively fluttered his eyelashes and was surprised and pleased to watch Zoe flutter hers right back at him, a hungry smile on her beautiful young face.

Zach could tell she wanted him.

"Zach, is it?" He said in his girl's voice, watching Zoe's lips moves. "I'm Zoe, pleased to meet you."

Gently, he leaned forward. In the mirror, Zoe's body curved, the loose nightshirt dangling from her frame, a perfect view of her cleavage on display.

"Don't talk much, huh? That's a pity," he said, biting his lower lip. "You're such a *fucking stud*."

As Zoe's lips moved in the mirror, Zach felt a faint warmth stirring in his new crotch. It was different to the feelings of arousal he used to get as a man, but not unpleasantly.

A grin tugged at the corners of his lips. He'd soon find out what this new cunt of his was good for.

With a deep breath, Zach steadied himself. In the mirror, he saw Zoe take a deep, calming breath, her large breasts still dangling heavily from her frame.

"What's that?" Zach could feel his lips moving, but the question seemed to come from the girl stood in front of him.

It was like he was watching his own private strip show, one in which the hot young girl was *desperate* to fuck him.

"You want me to do *what*?" Zach raised his eyebrows, watching with secret delight the expression of surprise on Zoe's soft face. "Mmmm... *anything* for a man as hot as *you*, Zach!"

He dropped his reflection a flirty wink, a wink Zoe sent right back at him, her hands clasped between her thighs. Stood like that, she looked *stunning*, like the perfect little whore.

And the best part was, Zach still didn't really believe she was him. To the instinctual side of his brain, it was simply like having a beautiful female roomie who copied his every move.

Take it off, he commanded, silently.

He twitched the muscles of his face and saw Zoe glance down at her top, then back at him with

wide and innocent eyes.

“But Zach...”

You heard me. Take it off. NOW.

He raised one dainty hand to his lips. In the mirror Zoe giggled.

“Yes master,” he said, willing himself to believe Zoe was saying it of her own accord – that she was a real woman, separate from him. “Whatever you say.”

Slowly, he straightened up. Then he looked his reflection right in her eye, and lifted Melina’s nightshirt up.

For a second Zoe vanished behind a wall of fabric. Zach cursed as he yanked the top off over his head, feeling a button get caught in his long, blond hair. Feeling the cold air caressing his new breasts, making the nipples go hard and pointy.

Being reminded of his new body was too much of a distraction. If he allowed his rational brain to start thinking about it, he’d just end up screaming.

Then the top was off and discarded, and Zach was face-to-face with a topless Zoe.

Whatever else the spell had changed, it certainly hadn’t changed his desires. At the sight of this vulnerable girl with her dangling boobs, Zach felt the warmth in his crotch begin to spread. Felt his clit begin to gently tingle.

With a feeling of delirious surprise, Zach realized he was getting turned on by *himself*.

The arousal of his female body was weird. Zach felt his breasts swelling slightly. Felt a strange feeling in his crotch as his hole began to gently open. An invisible bead of moisture ran down the inside of one leg.

Where he should have been long, hard and thick, he was now puffy, wide and wet.

C’mon, Zach murmured to himself, don’t let this distract you...

He raised his hands. In the mirror, Zoe gently clasped her big breasts, a naughty smile on her teenage face.

“You want me to play with these, master?” Zoe whispered as Zach moved his jaw in time with hers. “Well, if you insist...”

Then he arranged his face into a hungry, sultry expression, and began to play with his tits.

The sensation was like a double-whammy of pleasure. In the mirror, Zoe slowly massaged her boobs, squeezing the flesh between her fingers, pinching her nipples and *moaning* in a way that sent the male part of Zach’s brain wild.

At the same time, the feeling of his slender fingers, caressing his large new breasts was pleasurable enough in itself. Each squeeze made the warmth between Zach’s legs spread further, become more intense. Each pinch of his nipples shot tiny pink fireworks deep into his brain, making him involuntarily gasp in his female voice.

This wasn’t just like a private strip show. It was like – *somehow* – visiting a strip club and being

both the female stripper *and* the male client.

That's it, bitch, Zach dreamily thought in his male voice, *play with those titties*.

In response, he heard his body give a loud moan. His hands immediately started pinching, kneading harder, injecting a tiny current of pain into his pleasure. In the mirror, Zoe half-closed her eyes, obediently playing with her tits like her life depended on it.

"Oh Zach..." Zach briefly closed his eyes, reveling in the horny female voice whispering his name. "Oh Zach *baby*..."

There was a sharp craving coming from between his legs now. A desire to put something into his tight little hole. A finger. A dildo.

A nice, fat cock.

Zach opened his eyes. Zoe was looking at him through a pleasure-fogged dazed, a vacant smile on her lips. A pink cloud seemed to enclose his mind entirely, making him feel safe and warm, and – and...

...and *desperate* to play with his new cunt.

"You want me to play with pussy?" Zach's reflection asked him. "Hold on, baby..."

Feeling like a man in a weird and wonderful dream, Zach gently let go of his breasts. He placed a hand flat on his belly and let it slowly run down to his crotch.

He felt the smoothness, the springy quality of his 18-year old skin beneath his fingertips. Felt the way his crotch now curved inwards where it once used to jut outwards, hard and proud.

In the mirror, Zoe bit her bottom lip, her blond bangs tumbling over her blue eyes, and smiled.

Zach's finger drifted down to the top of his pussy. He delicately probed the top of his slit with one fingertip and was astonished to feel how *wet* he was. His new cunt shivered to his touch, making goosebumps rise up across his belly. For a second, Zach felt himself hesitate.

Am I really gonna do this?

The thought of being a man who knew what it felt like to have a finger in his *pussy* was a disturbing one...

Then Zach caught sight of himself in the mirror again. Of Zoe, her expression dazed, her long hair lying in streaks across her face, her fingers playing at the edges of her moist little hole, and he decided not to think anymore.

With a feeling of pleasure mingled with horror, Zach slid one finger down to his pussy. Gently, he pressed against the folds of skin covering his entrance.

Then he closed his eyes and *pushed*.

"Oh *fuck!* Oh fuck *yeah!*"

The sound of his female voice (*of Zoe's female voice*, he quickly corrected himself) startled him. His eyes flew open.

I didn't mean to say that... He thought uneasily. And then he felt his finger slide further in, and all his hesitations were washed away on a tidal wave of pleasure.

The feeling was *incredible*. Pink stars exploded and fizzed behind Zach's eyes, making his body involuntarily squirm and gasp. His nipples went rock hard, as hard as bullets, as pleasure coursed through his veins, to every corner of his skin.

As a man, he'd only felt pleasure this intense when he'd been fucking for *ages* and was on the brink of coming.

As a girl, he was drowning in pleasure after only just starting.

In the mirror Zoe's face creased as she opened her mouth. A sharp little gasp escaped, the high-pitched moan of a woman in the throes of ecstasy.

Without stopping to think, Zach began jerking his dainty wrist back and forth, back and forth. His finger slipped in and out of his pussy, sliding up into his womb, making him groan, then back out again to tease his lips.

Each jab brought its own little burst of pleasure. But it also added a tiny drop to something else. A vast reservoir of feeling Zach realized would burst all too soon.

"Oh *God* master," he made Zoe moan, looking right at him, "Oh *fuck* Zach, play with my cunt. Play with my *fucking* cunt!"

The sound of his new voice, wild and high-pitched, made Zach jerk his wrist even faster. Without thinking, he slipped another finger inside his pussy and began scissoring the walls, moaning out loud. Not caring how female he sounded. How female he *felt*.

Caring about nothing but the warm, wonderful feeling in his crotch and how he could make it even bigger.

In the mirror, Zoe was leaning back against the wall, her eyes wide, her mouth dropped open in a helpless 'o'. Her legs were spread, her fingers darting in and out of her hole.

Her long blond hair was tangled, in disarray. Her huge boobs wobbled and jiggled with each thrust of her little wrist.

She looked fucking *hot*.

That's me... Zach thought, dazedly. *That's not some girl I'm looking at... I'm looking at myself. I'm the fucking hot girl!*

The thought was strange, threatening to break the final barriers of his sanity. Zach quickly shook it away.

With his free hand, he reached out and grabbed the little plastic tube off the sink. The one Melina had bought three years ago, saying they could use together. The one that had vanished to the back of her drawer and Zach hadn't seen since.

Oh God... he whimpered to himself, clutching it in one dainty hand, *please let this work. Please don't let the battery be flat...*

He pressed the button on the top with one long-nailed finger. Then he broke into a smile as

Melina's bullet whirred to life, vibrating wildly in his hand, buzzing like an angry little bee.

Oh fuck... oh yeah! Oh God, let's see how this works...

Dazed, his entire mind lost in pink fog, Zach forced up a smile and watched as Zoe returned it, looking as out of it as he felt.

Then he gently lowered the buzzing vibrator between his legs and pressed it against his brand new clit.

The pleasure was like nothing he'd ever experienced. At the first touch of the bullet, his clit sent a spark shooting through him that made his female body jerk and writhe and squeal out loud.

It shot electric to every inch of his skin. It made goosebumps travel up and down his arms.

Desperately, Zach scissored at his cunt, trying not to scream, trying not to cry.

Trying to do nothing but ride this wave of pleasure into the black seas of eternity.

Suddenly a feeling rose up in Zach. His eyes went wide. He gaped at his reflection and saw Zoe suddenly screw up her face and start to *shriek*.

OhmyGod, I'm gonna-!

Then it hit him and he couldn't think anymore.

As the vibrator buzzed against his clit, Zach felt himself pushed up, up, *up!* to the brink of orgasm. He screamed, and then he was suddenly falling, falling, falling into an infinite sea of cozy pink fog.

He came with the force of a thousand suns, his entire body wracked with spasms, gooseflesh racing across his flat and girly stomach, his clit humming with desire.

Something squirted out his pussy, dribbled down his fingers, but Zach didn't even notice.

He was too busy lost in the heart of his neverending orgasm.

At long, long last, the feeling began to subside. Zach's mind seemed to come rushing back into his body and he found himself no longer standing, but sat on the floor, his long, blond hair lying across his face in streaks, his fingers buried deep in his cunt, staring dazedly at his own reflection.

In the mirror, Zoe looked back at him. A dreamy smile flitted across her beautiful features.

There's no 'her' about it... Zach thought. She's me. Those are my beautiful features...

Gradually, his breathing slowed. His chest was rising and falling, making his already-large new breasts seem to swell with each inhalation. Zach slipped his fingers from his cunt – an action that made him shiver slightly – and turned the bullet off.

Then he raised one hand and gently swept the long blond hair out his eyes. He smiled at the supermodel in the mirror.

"You know something?" He murmured, his high-pitched voice making him smile, "maybe being stuck like this for a while isn't going to be so bad after all."

His reflection smiled back at him. Zoe dropped him a flirty wink Zach felt his own face reciprocate.

But underneath his pleasure, he still felt a gnawing sense of doubt.

Where had those panties come from? And why – and *how* – had they changed him into a girl? Would he ever turn back into Zach?

After all, no matter *how* much fun he'd just had, he didn't want to spend the rest of his life as beautiful, 18-year old Zoe, *no way!*

Then Zach laughed and shook his head and the doubts were swept away.

He'd worry about all that when Melina came back.

In the meantime, he was trapped as a beautiful, horny girl with amazing tits, a fantastic ass, and a deep-seated desire to have her pussy violated.

For the rest of the weekend, he decided with a smile, he was gonna have some *fun*.

Outside, Zach could hear his neighbor Dwight calling out to someone, his voice low and deep and *sexy*. A thought entered his newly-female brain; a naughty, dirty thought that made the male part of his mind gasp in shock, but made the rest of him start smiling hungrily.

He suddenly knew *exactly* what he was going to spend the rest of the day doing.

It looked like his adventure as a horny teenage girl was only just beginning.

To be continued...

*Part II of A Mile in Her Panties – Dressed to Screw is available **now!***

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follow her [Amazon page](#).*

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Without a word, Dwight gently closed his fingers round the bottom of his t-shirt. Then he pulled the whole thing off over his shaved head, and Zach heard himself gasp out loud.

Dwight's body was *magnificent*. His torso was like that of a God, an Adonis, sculpted from black marble and meant to be worshipped.

He had a visible six pack, muscular pecs, and shoulders that were so broad and powerful they made Zach in his little girl-body feel like fainting. His biceps were enormous, the veins in his arms standing out like dark cords wrapped around his muscles.

It was the body of a *real* man. A man who could make women do whatever he wanted them to. The sort of man Zach could never have been.

And the sight of it made him feel *extremely* glad he'd been turned into a girl.

Without being aware he was doing it, Zach gently raised one long-nailed hand. He placed it, palm flat, against Dwight's powerful chest, feeling the black man's raw *power*. Let his fingers drift down over his torso, his mouth suddenly dry.

Between Zach's legs, a tiny bead of moisture trickled out his wet cunt. In his bra, his nipples were hard as bullets.

Dear God, he's so fucking hot...

"Like what you see?" Dwight's deep voice seemed to vibrate in the pit of Zach's stomach, making him shiver. "White girls usually do."

"What about..." Zach swallowed. His mouth was dry. He was dizzy. He couldn't think straight.

It was like the sight of male flesh was sending his girl-body crazy.

"What about the rest of it?" He whispered at last. He slipped his hand hopefully inside the elastic of Dwight's sweatpants.

Oh fuck... I could touch his dick right now if I wanted to. I could take it out and put it in my mouth and he wouldn't even try to stop me...

Dwight grinned down at helpless little Zach. He slowly shook his smooth, shaved head.

"Not yet," he whispered.

Zach had to stop himself from moaning out loud in despair. He'd *never* felt this horny in his life before. Never felt this much trepidation.

The smell of Dwight's sweat was in his nostrils, confusing him, making his body come alive with female, animal passions. If the black man were to suddenly turn him away now, he thought he might go mad.

Instead, Dwight reached out. His two large, thick hands settled over Zach's curvy hips. With remarkable ease, he gently pulled Zach towards him. Pulled him closer until their bodies were touching. Until Zach's face rested against his powerful chest, and he could feel Dwight's erect penis pressing into his soft belly.

With woozy eyes, Zach looked up at the strong, powerful man holding him. Felt his rough, thick fingers, gently kneading the flesh of Zach's pert little ass. His heart hammered in his chest.

"Dwight..." he managed to squeak.

"Shh." The black man responded.

Then he gently leaned forwards, and suddenly they were kissing.

It was the first time Zach had ever been kissed by another man before. Dwight's tongue swirled around the inside of his mouth, rudely pushing his pouty lips apart, possessing him, making him *his*.

Zach gently nibbled on it, devouring it like a foreign delicacy, shocked at how *good* it felt. How incredible it felt it be roughly kissed by a strong and dominant male.

Why did no-one ever tell me this? He thought, wildly, *why did no-one ever tell me how amazing men are? I would've gone gay years ago!*

At last, the two men pulled apart, their breathing ragged. Zach looked up at Dwight through eyes fogged with pleasure, taking in his handsome face, his muscular chest, the vast erection straining at the fabric of his pants.

Between Zach's legs, his pussy had opened its hole nice and wide. His panties were soaked through, and his cunt was *desperate* for dick.

"Now." Dwight growled, his eyes alive with fiery passion. "Take it off."

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She Changed Him Into a Bridesmaid

"You OK in there, babes?"

From his position in the toilet cubicle, Drake raised his tear-stained face, and shouted:

"Fuck off!"

The sound of his voice, so high-pitched and female set him off sobbing all over again. He buried his face in his newly-dainty hands, trying to ignore the way his expertly-curled blond hair fell down the side of his face like a beautiful waterfall. Trying to ignore the wailing, feminine sobs erupting from his chest.

Trying to ignore the high heels pinching at his feet, the tight dress clinging to his skin, and the way his generous new cleavage rose and fell with every gasp of air.

It's not fair! His mind wailed, *she can't do this to me. She can't turn me into a-*

But he shrank away from even thinking it. Even now, a half hour later, it was too impossible. Too weird. Too fucking *sick* to think about.

Yet there was no denying it.

Holly really *did* have magic powers. And she'd used those powers to turn him into – into a...

"Well, you better hurry up," Holly's voice echoed through the wooden door, alive with amusement. "We're supposed to get started any second now!"

She stifled a giggle that Drake could still hear even over his own, female sobs.

"After all, it wouldn't do for me to get married without my maid of honor present, would it?"

At the words *maid of honor*, Drake started bawling all over again. He couldn't help himself. His body was suddenly *flooded* with estrogen, and on top of that, he was supposed to go out and parade his curvy new form around in front of Holly's family and her new husband!

There was a faint sigh from the other side of the door.

"OK, take your time, babes." Holly said. "*But*, I should warn you that I've still got my powers."

Her voice lowered itself to almost a whisper.

"And if you don't come out in the next five minutes, I'll use them to turn you into something *much worse*."

From his perch on the toilet seat, Drake let out an involuntary laugh; high-pitched, girlish. He looked sadly down at his curvy new body through eyes blurry with tears, at his wide hips, his big bust and his long, slender legs.

How could she possibly turn me into anything worse than this? He marveled.

Then a thought rose in his mind and made him shudder and want to scream and cry and be sick all at once. A memory of the new face Holly had given him. The one he'd glimpsed in the mirror.

The face he'd last seen scrunched up with shame and desire as he violently fucked the girl it belonged to, listening to her scream his name.

Just as he'd grunted hers in his old masculine voice. Even now he could remember how he'd snarled it out as he came, even now he could remember saying...

"Anyway, *Hailey*," Holly crooned through the door, "aren't you *happy* to be my girlfriend now?"

The young, busty blond bridesmaid who used to be Drake Templeton couldn't help herself. She burst into tears all over again.

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Turned Into His Best Friend's Bride

"Jesus Emily, what's wrong?"

Matt stopped screaming and backed up against the door, his heart pounding in his chest, one delicate hand held up to ward off his husband.

He didn't want to be married to *Will*! They were best friends. They'd known each other since high school. The thought of being Will's sexy little housewife, making him meals, cleaning up after him, riding his dick and carrying his babies was – was...

Well, it was *wonderful*.

Matt moaned softly. Alex's spell had altered his mind. Already, he could feel his eyeballs sliding down against his will, appreciatively taking in Will's strong torso and powerful arms. Already, he could feel an urgent longing deep inside his womb.

A powerful, almost overwhelming desire to have Will's long black cock inside him.

He mentally shook the visions away, forcing himself to focus on the present. Will was coming over to him, a look of concern on his face, and he *had* to tell him what had happened. He *had* to!

Before...

"Emily, babe, you're freaking me out."

"Stay away!" Matt squeaked. "Just... stay away from me!"

A look of hurt crossed Will's eyes. To his horror, Matt realized he was no longer looking at his friend as he would another man.

He was looking at him like a girl who *desperately* fancied him.

"Emily..." Will began.

"No!" Matt shrieked. "No, I'm *not* Emily! Damnit, Will, I'm M-!"

The word died in his throat. Frantically Matt wracked his brains. A feeling of ice trickled down his spine.

She's taken my name!

Alex's spell had wiped his male name from his mind, scattered it like leaves on the wind. He thought it probably began with 'M', but beyond that he had no idea.

Will was still waiting, watching him with concern in his eyes. An unwanted thought bubbled up in Matt's new, female mind, making him angry.

He's so handsome when he's worried.

“I’m... I’m *Emily*,” he finished, lamely.

Will took a cautious step toward his new wife.

“You had a *lot* of wine earlier,” he said, slowly. “Sure you’re feeling alright?”

Matt stamped his foot in frustration. It was *just* like Will to blame his problems on something like wine. *Just* like Will to treat him like some *silly little girl*. Just because he was a woman...

He caught himself just in time. He was starting to *think* like a wife now. A wife having an argument on her honeymoon.

“I know this is weird,” Matt said, his soft voice grating on his ears, “but you *need* to listen. I’m *not* your wife. I’m your best friend. We went to school together! We used to-!”

Again, his mind hit a blank.

He *knew* they were school friends. But it was like his memories were disappearing behind a thick fog. In their place were clearer, unreal ones of Matt hanging out with his girlfriends, of Matt learning to put on makeup, of Matt getting his first bra.

Of his life as a *girl*.

Will took another, cautious step toward him. Matt raised his hand to thrust him away, but it was a half-hearted gesture.

What’s happened to me? He thought, miserably.

Everything was gone. The name of the school he and Will went to. The name of the company they’d worked at. Even the name of his ex-wife, the woman who’d wished him to turn into Emily, was gone from Matt’s mind.

But at the same time, enough of him was still there to know that he had been born a *man*. And that the last thing he wanted was to be his best friend’s wife.

“Babe...” Will whispered, stepping closer. “Babe, it’s OK.”

Gently, he took Matt’s delicate little hands in his strong, black ones. Matt lamely tried to pull them back, but it was no use.

Far from running away, his body was sending him urgent signals to fall into his husband’s strong arms.

Will clasped both of Matt’s hands in one of his own, then slipped his other arm around Matt’s waist, pulling him closer. Through the fabric of his bridal dress, Matt could feel his best friend’s strong torso, pressing up against his soft, girly body. The breath caught in his throat. He lowered his eyes, blinking back tears.

“It’s OK to be nervous on your wedding night,” Will said. The deep bass of his voice vibrated through Matt’s whole being, raising goosebumps on his skin.

How did I never notice how sexy he sounded? He wondered, vaguely.

He could feel Will’s crotch pressing against him through the folds of the towel. Feel his big dick becoming long and hard, poking against his belly. He was mesmerized by it, by its power. By

what it could do to his fragile new body. By what it could do to his *pussy*.

Will leaned down and rested his chin on top of Matt's head. It felt deeply weird, his best friend now towering over him, bigger and stronger than he could ever hope to be. It also felt *good*. Matt was the girl now. And Will was the *man*.

Matt looked wordlessly up into his best friend's dark eyes. Will was watching him with a kind smile. The sight of his lips sent urgent signals firing through Matt's brain. Deep within his bra, he felt his nipples go hard and pointed. Felt a warmth spread through his crotch, fogging his mind in clouds of pleasure.

Slowly, Will leaned toward him, his eyes half-closed. Matt raised his lips, trembling, waiting for the kiss that would seal the spell. The kiss that would blow away all traces of his male life. The kiss that would signify he was now Will's faithful wife...

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She Turned Him Into a College Lesbian

Gemma was speaking softer now, a tender light coming into her eyes.

"I love you, babe," she said. "And I *know* that you love me. So how about we forget about all this shit, huh?"

Gently, she raised one hand and stroked a strand of blond hair away from Brett's face. She smiled, a genuine, beautiful smile. With a shock, Brett realized that his new body was head over heels in love with her.

How did I never realize how amazing she is? He wondered faintly.

"Now," Gemma's face was inches from his, a cheeky look in her eyes. "How about my hello kiss?"

And before Brett could react, before he could even *think*, they were kissing.

It was a soft kiss. Slow, sensuous. Gemma's tongue swirled round the insides of Brett's mouth, making his nipples go hard as bullets.

The two girls clutched against one another, holding their bodies tightly. Brett felt Gemma's large breasts press up against his own pert boobies. Felt her hips gently squash against his. Felt her hand run down his back, making him shiver, and clutch his sexy new bum.

Oh my God, he thought, *I'm having a lesbian kiss!*

But there was no time to think about it. Gemma pulled back and gave him a hungry glance, her eyes drifting down to his breasts.

"Take your top off." She suddenly commanded.

Before Brett could stop himself, he'd reached up and pulled his skimpy white top over his head. He stood there, dressed only in his bra and skirt, smiling uncertainly at his beautiful, *dominant* girlfriend.

Gemma arched an eyebrow playfully.

"All of it," She smiled. "*Bitch.*"

Don't call me that! Brett wanted to snap, but his body refused to say the words. Instead, he casually reached behind his back, and with an expert flick of his fingers undid his bra strap. Then he was pulling his bra off over his shoulders, his new boobies dangling free and loose, their nipples already painfully erect.

"*Perfect.*" Gemma gazed at his bare breasts. Confidence was flushing into her. A sort of sexy *power* Brett had never known she possessed. With a feeling of vague fright he realized that his new body had an overwhelming desire to submit to her, to let her do *anything* she wanted to him.

"Now," Gemma's eyes were playful, yet also cruel. "Get those panties off."

Obediently, Brett reached down to his skirt.

“No.” The command froze his hand. He looked uncertainly up at his girlfriend.

“Leave the skirt on,” Gemma whispered.

Understanding dawned in Brett’s mind. With slow, deliberate movements, he pulled the hem of his skirt up, exposing his lacy white panties to the world. Then he took hold of their frilly edges and slipped them off over his long, slender legs, not taking his eyes off his girlfriend the entire time.

“Good,” Gemma eyed his legs through half-lidded eyes. “Now. On the bed.”

Without even waiting for a command from his brain, Brett’s body leapt backwards onto the bed, the jump making his new breasts wobble wildly. Deep down, he knew he should be disgusted with himself. Deep down, he *knew* this was wrong. He was the man, and *he* should be the one giving orders, the one towering over Gemma as she tremblingly obeyed his every command.

But there was also another feeling stirring. One Brett didn’t want to admit existed, one he wanted to pretend wasn’t real.

He was secretly *enjoying* being the bottom in this relationship.

“Spread your legs.”

Brett did as he was told, spreading his legs wide, showing his mistress his pussy. There was a warmth already radiating through his crotch that felt so *strange*, so *wrong*, yet also so *good*.

Rather than becoming long and hard at the thought of fucking Gemma, Brett’s new body was becoming puffy and wide. He could tell without even checking that he was dripping wet.

This is wrong, he thought, dazedly. *I’m not a girl*.

But the warmth in his crotch and his tender, pointed nipples told a different story.

Gemma smiled down at Brett’s trembling pussy, still partially hidden by his absurd little skirt.

“Now, *bitch*,” she breathed. “Touch yourself.”

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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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