

A woman with long dark hair, wearing a white strapless wedding dress and a long white veil, holds a bouquet of pink roses. She is looking directly at the camera with a neutral expression. The background is a dark, textured grey.

LISA CHANGE

Turned into Her Bride

(the man who became a
virgin wife - a
transgender fantasy)

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Turned into Her Bride

The wedding party was over. As the last guests tipsily made their way out the grand wooden doors, Chloe came and sat down beside Frank with a happy sigh.

“God, I thought they’d never leave...” she murmured, gazing after the women tugging on their fancy coats by the doorway. “I mean, I love having them here, but...”

She drunkenly squeezed Frank’s knee. A mischievous grin flitted across her face.

“Well. We’ve got more *important* stuff to do. Right?”

Beside his new wife, Frank forced up a smile he hoped to God looked genuine. A pretty, simpering smile that suited his new face.

“Yeah. We do,” he said in a voice that wasn’t his own.

In response, Chloe leaned forward. Took one of his soft cheeks in her free hand. For a moment, Frank could only look dumbly into her twinkling green eyes, and then the two of them were kissing, Chloe’s tongue swirling around the insides of Frank’s mouth as he whimpered softly.

They had to be soft whimpers. Any louder, and Chloe might have decided that he wasn’t into this. That he was still harboring negative thoughts.

And if she told Queen Lucy of her fears, and Queen Lucy decided to look inside Frank’s mind, and saw he didn’t want to be married to this gorgeous woman, didn’t want to be stuck inside this body...

Well. She might decide to find Chloe a new partner.

And that meant Frank might wind up just like Michael.

At long last, Chloe pulled back from their kiss. Rested her forehead against Frank’s, one hand idly playing with his long blonde hair.

“God, you’re beautiful.”

“Thank you, mistress,” Frank felt himself reply automatically. He blushed a deep shade of pink. “I-I mean, thanks.”

He wondered how Chloe would react to his slip of the tongue. Felt that old fear rising in him, the fear that had been drilled into every single man in Sissyville ever since their Queen arrived. The fear that you would say one wrong word or think one wrong thought and find yourself turned into-

But Chloe just giggled, leaning back in her seat to look at him. Her flowing dark hair framed her pale face perfectly, made her green eyes seem to glow like a cat’s. Its tips were dyed purple, resting against the dark, masculine suit that hid her A Cup breasts from sight.

She was as beautiful as Frank had always found her. Even before.

“No more *mistress*, OK? You’re not my maid anymore. You’re Francine...

...my *wife*. Officially, legally, till death us do part.”

Her eyes drifted hungrily down to Frank’s chest.

“And, by the way, you look *gorgeous* like that.”

Like that was the expensive looking wedding dress Queen Lucy had magicked Frank into after Chloe prayed to her, with its low neckline, elegant curves, open back and long train of the purest white that flowed away from his body over the wooden chair. The dress all the real women had commented on, saying how wonderful it looked.

But *like that* was something more, too.

Like that was also the body their Queen had magicked Frank into five years ago, when she first seized control of the town. The petit little body that barely came up to Chloe’s chin, with its slender, smooth legs, its tight little pussy and its soft, innocent babyface.

The petit little body with its big, heaving breasts and wide, childbearing hips. Perfect for motherhood.

Chloe was waiting for an answer, so Frank forced up another nervous smile. Looked down at his own body. Directly below his chin, a vast sea of cleavage rose up, his gigantic, Double G breasts squashed together in a fancy, lacy white push up bra.

“Thank you mis... thank you,” he corrected himself. “Queen Lucy sure did a good job.”

“Of course she did,” Chloe frowned. “Why? Are you saying she sometimes *doesn’t* do a good job?”

Ice gripped Frank’s heart.

“NO! Never! She’s *wonderful*. Please, I don’t wanna be like...!”

Then he saw Chloe’s cruel little smile and realized she’d just been screwing with him.

“God, you’re cute when you get spooked like that...” his new wife giggled. “The way it makes those big boobies of yours jiggle is just...”

She leaned forward, impulsively kissed Frank again. His heart was still hammering in his generous chest.

“Don’t worry, darling,” Chloe whispered between kisses, “I wouldn’t report you to Her, not tonight. Not when we’ve still got so much to do.”

She squeezed Frank’s slender leg again, this time letting her hand pull up the hem of his short dress, letting her fingers delicately drift up towards his inner thigh. Frank shivered at her touch, unsure if the Queen’s magic was forcing him to get turned on, or if it was just happening naturally.

At least it’s working, he thought with a mental shudder, *imagine if I couldn’t, on tonight of all nights...*

No. It didn’t bear thinking about.

“If you’re a good wife,” Chloe was murmuring, “I promise you’ll never have to worry about Her again. Never have to watch your thoughts. I’ll protect you. She’s my friend, remember?”

Another kiss, this one little more than a brush of their pouty lips.

“Agree?”

Frank nodded. Shot his wife what he hoped was a dazzling smile.

"I agree." His normally high-pitched voice was even higher than usual.

"Excellent."

Chloe lazily turned from him, clicked her fingers impatiently.

"Bitch?" A pause. "Now, bitch!"

There was a *rata-tat-tat* of stiletto heels against the ancient floorboards. One of the maids on standby, a dark-skinned girl with a slender body and a frightened, teenage face came running over, the frills of her tiny, satiny uniform fluttering as she did so.

"Yes, ma'am?" The frightened girl breathed as she came to a halt and dropped into a curtsy. She shot Frank a quick smile. "Miss."

Frank weakly smiled back at her. Just three days ago, he'd have been the one in her place, running around in a headless panic, trying to please the endless demands of the real women.

If Chloe hadn't gotten it into her head that she wanted a wife. And not only a wife, that she wanted...

"Get our coats," Chloe snapped, "and tell the driver we'll be out in five."

"Yes, ma'am," the girl gave her a panicked smile that didn't reach her eyes. "Will that be all, ma'am?"

"Well, now you mention it..."

Chloe dropped Frank a sly little wink the maid couldn't see. Frank smiled weakly back, but his insides were like ice.

He could remember only too well how the tipsy whims of a real woman like Chloe could lead to nightmares for a gender swapped maid.

Unconsciously, he dug his long, painted nails into his girly palms.

Just like Michael...

"What's your name, maid?" Chloe was saying.

"A-Amelia, ma'am."

"*Amelia*. What a pretty name. And your name before that?"

"Ma'am?"

Chloe let out a tinkly little laugh.

"Before she transformed you, silly. When you were still a nasty old man. Who *were* you?"

The panic in Amelia's eyes had turned to naked fear now. She shot Frank a pleading look, but he quickly glanced away, a nervous smile still on his own beautiful face.

"I... we..." She cleared her throat delicately, "we're not allowed to talk about that, ma'am. It's the--"

"The rules?" Chloe shrugged. "Who gives a toss about the rules? It's *my* wedding and *I* want to know your old name. Now."

A note of steel entered her voice.

“Tell me.”

Stood there, trapped in her silly, sexy maid’s uniform, Amelia began to cry. Even as she kept her big smile plastered to her face, tears began to roll down her dark cheeks.

“*Please*, ma’am. If I say, Queen Lucy might...”

“If you *don’t* say, I’ll tell the Queen how disobedient you’ve been. Right now. I’ll pray to her and let her know what you’ve done.”

“But *ma’am!*”

“No more buts.” Chloe snapped. “Tell me *now*, or you’ll be in trouble. My wife wants to know, don’t you darling?”

Another sly wink, to let Frank know she was joking, that he should play along and they should both have a laugh at this silly maid who used to be a big, strong man.

Only it no longer felt like a game. No longer felt like a big joke.

As Frank tried to keep his own smile fixed to his pretty face, he began to feel like this little display was really a kind of warning.

“Miss...” Amelia was shaking as she gave Frank a pleading look. “Miss, please. You... you know what it’s like...”

“What’s that, bitch?” Chloe snapped. “Are you implying my *wife* used to be a worthless maid like you?”

BUT SHE DID! Frank could almost see the howl flash through Amelia’s poor, bimbo brain. ***I RECOGNIZE HER!***

But there was no use appealing to logic, not in Sissyville. Not when Queen Lucy could think one of her special thoughts and turn you into anything she fancied.

Don’t take the bait! Frank wanted to scream at Amelia. ***You’ve survived this long! You must know!***

Outwardly, he gave what he hoped was an imperceptible shake of his pretty little head, even as he pretended to be enjoying the maid’s discomfort.

After all, it wouldn’t help anyone if Chloe decided he was a disloyal wife and reported him, too.

After a frozen moment that seemed to last forever, Amelia shook her head. Shot Chloe a supermodel smile.

“F-forgive me, ma’am. Of course she isn’t. Your wife is beautiful, and I’m just a dumb little bitch.”

Chloe nodded.

“Correct. And your name?”

The maid hesitated. A helpless look flitted across her face. Then she bowed her head, closed her eyes, as if expecting a lightning bolt to obliterate her at any moment.

“Andy,” she whispered.

A deathly silence fell across the room. Over on the far side of the ornate hall, Frank saw the few remaining guests freeze. One of the other maids dropped a silver tray with a hollow *clang*.

Sat in her chair, one hand still resting on Frank’s leg, Chloe narrowed her eyes at Amelia.

“Did you just use your *male* name, maid?”

This’ll be it, Frank thought, dully. *Surely, this will be the moment when she snaps...*

But Amelia didn’t shout, didn’t scream. She just nodded silently, her head still bowed, her long, shimmering black hair falling either side of her face like a veil separating life from death.

“What a naughty little bitch you are,” Chloe breathed softly. “I think I’ll have to report this.”

With slow, deliberate movements, she clasped her hands as if in prayer, ready to send a signal to their terrible, vengeful Queen.

“Since it’s my wedding, maybe I’ll ask for a present. Maybe I’ll ask her to take away that pretty face of yours and turn it into something more fitting. Something like...”

Her eyes flashed. Chloe clapped her hands with delight

“Something like a *butt*! How’d you like to spend eternity shitting out that face of yours, hmm?”

A strangled sob escaped Amelia’s throat. But she didn’t move. Didn’t look up.

There was nothing she could do, and she knew it.

“Yes, that sounds like a good idea. Well then.”

Chloe closed her eyes, clasped her hands in prayer.

“Dearest Queen Lucy,” she called out in a mocking, formal voice, “I beseech you, oh Goddess. Please turn this maid’s face into a-!”

“Stop!”

The air seemed to freeze, the silence itself become sharp and jagged like ice. Amelia was no longer breathing. Slowly, Chloe opened her eyes, narrowed them.

“What was that, *dearest*?”

“I told you to stop.” Frank’s words seemed to be coming from very far away, from somewhere outside himself.

He was sat on the very edge of his seat, his long nails dug deep into his palms. Barely breathing. Unable to believe what he was doing.

“I-it’s my wedding, too. And I *don’t* want it spoiled by... by...”

Chloe was watching him closely, her hands still clasped together. Amelia looked like she might faint.

All it would take is for Chloe to keep talking... all she’d have to do would be say “I meant turn my wife’s face into a butt!” and Queen Lucy would do it...

A shudder rose up in Frank, a desire to scream. He squashed it back down, praying to a God that hated him – that hated *all* men and former men – that his fear wouldn’t show.

“Please, honey,” he said, gently laying a hand on Chloe’s arm, “can’t we just go home, huh? I’m not in the mood for this. I’m... I’m in the mood for...”

He swallowed.

“For whatever *you* wanna do. Y’know. In bed together.”

By this point his voice was trembling, its pitch so high it sounded more like a girl’s than a woman’s. Whatever toughness he’d had when he’d started speaking was gone, replaced by pathetic whimpering.

I’m dead, he realized with sudden clarity, *I’m a goner. She’ll finish wishing Amelia’s punishment, and then she’ll wish mine as well...*

There was a split second where he really thought Chloe was going to do it.

But then she was lowering her hands, her hard expression softening. She smiled at him, like an indulgent mother might smile at a silly, petulant daughter. Touched one of his cheeks.

“You really are cute, aren’t you?” She murmured. “God, I can’t say no to you when you’re like this.”

She kissed the tip of his nose.

“I was *joking*, baby. Of course I was. But we can still go if you want to. It’s your big night, after all.”

She was talking to him like he was a child, using that syrupy, lovey voice that Frank had once used on girlfriends he thought were bimbos when they had a tantrum. A type of voice he *hated* hearing back at him.

Not that he showed it. Instead, he forced up the cutest smile he could, gazed out at Chloe from underneath his blonde bangs with those big, blue eyes of his. Aware his only survival method in this sick, nightmarish world was to act as cute and dumb and helpless as possible.

Just like those bimbos used to...

“I’m sorry. I’m such a... such a *silly girl* sometimes.”

“Nah, you’re not silly,” Chloe stroked his hair, “beautiful. Naïve, maybe. But not silly.”

She took his hands in hers, her strong fingers lacing through Frank’s weak ones. He dumbly looked at her.

“C’mon, how about we get outta here?”

Chloe started to stand, but the way she did it was so slow, so deliberate, that Frank realized she was waiting for some acknowledgement of what a *good* “husband” she’d been. With an internal sigh, he stopped her, took her face in his hands, and gave her the most passionate kiss he could force himself to muster, hoping it was enough.

“You’re amazing,” he said, playing the part of the grateful bimbo as best he could, “you’re so, so, so amazing.”

Then, the awful words he knew would seal the deal.

“I can’t *wait* to have your babies.”

Chloe smirked at him. Kissed him back. They were both playing this game, and both of them knew it.

Queen Lucy might have been able to eradicate gender from Sissyville, to turn every man into a bimbo, but she hadn't been able to wipe out gender roles just yet. Hadn't been able to stop ex-men like Frank from learning that they needed to act feminine to survive, hadn't been able to stop real women like Chloe from taking the masculine role of power and dominance.

Maybe she never intended to. Maybe this is all part of your punishment...

If it was deliberate, then for a former macho man like Frank, Queen Lucy had picked his punishment extremely well.

"Let's get you home. *Wife*." Chloe turned back to Amelia, glared at her. "I believe I asked for our coats, *bitch*."

"A-at once, ma'am!"

Amelia gave Chloe the most absurdly over the top curtsy, pulling up the hem of her satiny skirt and bending her legs so she bowed deep. She shot Frank a terrified look – of thanks, of fear, of loathing, he couldn't tell – and then she was running off across the hall as fast as her heels could carry her.

Chloe watched her go with a smile, turned back to Frank.

"You know," she said carelessly, "a bimbo like that really *does* need to be taught a lesson. Maybe sometime next week I'll pray to Queen Lucy and give that bitch a butt for a face after all."

"Whatever you want, mis... *darling*," Frank smiled back, doing his level best to make sure it reached his eyes. "You know best."

There it was again, a little warning. A reminder that he wasn't in charge. That Chloe could still get her way if she wanted.

That he, Frank, was the weak and helpless one completely at the mercy of his new wife.

"Not always, sweetie," Chloe got to her feet as Amelia came scuttling back over. "You're a clever girl too."

A mock frown.

"Just don't go thinking you can boss me around at home. I want a wife, not a ballbreaker."

"Yes, ma'am." It was all Frank could think to say.

Luckily, Amelia handed him his brand new mink coat at that exact moment, and in the fuss of them leaving, the evening's unpleasantness was almost forgotten.

As they walked out the ornate doors into the magically warm November night, Chloe took one of his hands. Gave it a tight, almost vicious squeeze.

"Just you wait till we get home," she growled in his ear. "I'm going to fuck you so hard you won't be able to sit down for six weeks."

Frank squeezed her hand back with his tiny fingers. Summoned up a look of lust. Of happiness.

What else was he supposed to do?

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The carriage ride home was as surreal and horrifying as their wedding had been.

As the leather-clad female driver whipped the oiled, unthinking muscle men pulling their silver ride through silent streets that had once been alive with traffic, Frank laid his head gently on Chloe's shoulder and watched his hometown go drifting by.

It was hard to believe that this was still the same town that he'd grown up in, all those years ago, back before he became Francine.

There was the drugstore he used to go in on cheesy dates, sitting at the retro soda fountain and pretending like it was still the 1980s. Only now the Formica counter and swivel chairs were long gone, replaced by a strange erotic temple where real women like Chloe could buy bulging, gigantic strap on penises to fuck their wives with.

There, where his old high school had once stood, there was now a vast, glittering golden pyramid where the people of Sissyville went to make offerings to their goddess.

And there – there, in the park – where a statue of George Washington had once gazed somberly over the landscape, there was now an enormous carving of Queen Lucy, her cape thrown over her shoulders and teenage lips curled in a sneer as she raised one stone eyebrow and transformed some unfortunate soul.

As always when he passed the statue, Frank gave a little shiver.

He could still remember when that lip had curled at him, when that voice had said *It's time for you to change, mister!* Still remember the way he'd screamed for mercy as his bones started popping and cracking and rearranging.

Still remember the chilling laugh the Queen had given as his chest expanded into a ripe pair of breasts, as his voice shot up in pitch and his dick split open and became a pussy.

As his body transformed into that of a tiny, sexy maid and he became permanently, irreversibly *female*.

"Are you cold?" Chloe whispered in his ear, wrapping her arms tighter around Frank's tiny girl's body.

He shook his head, then realized he had no other explanation for shivering and said, "maybe a little."

"Aww, my poor baby. Here." Chloe pulled off her coat, handed it to Frank, who took it with the sort of big, fake smile that seemed permanently etched to his face these days.

"Thanks." He settled back down into Chloe's arms, annoyed that she was the one who comforted him now, who took the male role, but also secretly enjoying the feeling of lying in her arms of being protected.

Had his brain really changed that much in five short years?

It had been an ordinary town once. Just like he had been an ordinary man. As snow began to fall over their carriage in the shape of little penises, Frank pulled his new coat tighter around his

revealing wedding dress and tried not to think about all that had been lost.

Tried not to think about his previous life as Frank Field, the middle aged manager of the town's big name chain store. Tried not to think about his wife, Linda, who now lived like a princess surrounded by mindless muscle man servants, or his two little boys who were now both little girls.

Tried not to think about the surly, college age employee who he'd once deliberately given endless grief for being both so beautiful and so useless. The female employee he'd quietly harassed, using his minor power over her and the difference in their ages to make her feel confused, make her feel cheap, make her feel worthless because she was a woman.

Young Chloe Morganton. The employee who'd been friends with Queen Lucy before she got her powers. Chloe Morganton, who'd prayed to their new goddess to turn her tormentor first into her maid, and then into her-

"Wifey?" Chloe delicately tapped Frank's pretty little head, bringing him out of his reveries.

"Francine? Do you fancy swinging by the square, baby?"

"Tonight...?" Frank crossed one slender leg over the other, annoyed with himself for the *femaleness* of the action, made himself pout. "But baby, we just got *mah-reeed*..."

"Just quickly. Two minutes." A wink. "I promise. Driver?"

Up front, the Amazonian woman nodded her stately head, then let out a *YAH!* and whipped her men harder than ever. The carriage turned, heading towards the old market square.

As they went, Frank quietly rummaged in his bag, pulled out a tiny mirror and started pretending to do his makeup. From the silvery depths of the glass, a babyfaced 18 year old Marilyn Monroe lookalike stared miserably back at him, her gorgeous face pensive.

She was beautiful. A 4ft11 blonde pixie with outsized breasts, a waist that was forever tight, and a torso that most real women could almost break in two with their bare hands.

She was tiny, delicate, and cute. The sort of girl he'd have wanted to bone – to degrade – even as he felt he had to protect her. A girl whose body was 18, but who would forever be as petulant and spoiled and innocent and afraid of the world as a child.

And she was him.

He hated looking at his new face. Even now, after five years. *Hated* it, hated what Queen Lucy had forced him to become.

But still, he thought as he pretended to redo his lipstick (something he was getting very good at), better than seeing what was in the square.

"Here we are," Chloe murmured. "Driver. Stop please."

The carriage came to halt as snow swirled around them. Frank kept his eyes fixed firmly on the girl in the mirror, the innocent virgin girl he still couldn't believe he really was.

"Three new ones today," he heard Chloe sigh. Then, in with a smirk in her voice, "don't you wanna see, cutie...?"

"No." Frank murmured.

And he really thought he didn't. But, as they kept sitting there, and sitting there, he felt his eyes start to get drawn over to the square, like a scared child trying to ignore a horror movie. He resisted as long as he could, but it was hopeless.

As horrible as it was to admit, he really *did* want to see.

At the click of his pocket mirror closing, Chloe slipped an arm around his waist. Pulled him closer to her, squeezed him tight.

"There. Not so bad, is it?"

Speak for yourself...

The old town square, a leftover from the days of the Thirteen Colonies, was doused in harsh light, like it always was these days. On the stage a group of shadowy figures shuffled and moaned, surrounded by a small crowd of women who watched them with morbid curiosity.

They were Lucy's grotesques, the people who'd displeased the Queen so much she'd transformed them to set an example.

All day and night they were forced to stand there, watched and mocked by a jeering crowd, taking it in turns to be at the front and face the brunt of it.

Right now, a very familiar figure was at the front. With what appeared to be the head of a gorgeous 18-year old girl with flowing blonde hair and tear-stained sky blue eyes.

Only where her body should have been, there was the body of a mangy dog, crouched on all fours. An enormous, two foot dick bobbed under its belly, its swollen tip all shiny and dribbling come. Six heavy, human breasts dangled from its frame, jiggling and swaying with each little movement the sobbing creature made.

A sign hung from its neck that read, in cheerful, joined up writing:

I CALLED QUEEN LUCY AN UGLY BITCH. SO NOW I'M THE UGLIEST BITCH IN THE WORLD.

The girl's face was unchanged since the day of her transformation, five long years ago. Back when she'd been a schoolmate of Queen Lucy's. Back when she'd still been a *he*, a big jock who thought he was the biggest deal on Earth, when he wasn't helping out at the big chain store on the edge of town.

Hello, Michael, Frank thought, numbly, *nice to see you again...*

The sight of Michael's tear-stained girl-face made a tremor of sickness pass through him, like it always did.

He could still remember when the two of them had been alone in the store together, talking football and making crude jokes about the girls like Chloe.

And her ugly little friend Lucy.

"Ugh, they're just showing the same old again," Chloe sighed. "Where are the new ones?"

As if on cue (and it was totally possible Queen Lucy had overheard one of her chosen ones complain and arranged things that way) a dark figure grabbed a chain around the Michael-creature's neck and yanked it out the way. Three new figures were pushed forward out of the

shadows. Frank heard himself let out a gasp.

Two of them were people he'd only known vaguely. One of them was a maid he'd been forced to share a bed with at sissy training school for about a week after his transformation, Sandy or something.

Only where he dimly remembered Sandy having fiery, flowing red hair, she now had dozens and dozens of long, thick penises growing from her crown, each one twitching and dribbling come onto her curvy maid's body, even as she wept with humiliation.

More surprisingly, another was a real woman he'd seen around town before, who'd obviously fallen out of Queen Lucy's favor. She'd had all of her body magicked away except her face, which was now growing between one of her maid's legs, right where the poor girl's vagina used to be.

As the newly wedded couple watched, the real woman opened her mouth to let out a moan of shame, only for a cascade of her embarrassed-looking maid's urine to come dribbling out.

But the third victim...

The third victim was...

"*Amelia?!!*" Frank heard himself squeak. He tried to get up, to get out their carriage, but Chloe's hands held him in place, gently but firmly.

There, on the stage, the black young maid who had once been a rich white man named Andy stood with her face bowed towards the ground, just as she'd stood at their party not 30 minutes ago.

Or rather, what used to be face.

There, beneath her long, black hair, Frank could see that Amelia's face had vanished. In its place, two fleshy cheeks hung either side of a tight and puckered asshole.

Just as Chloe had wanted, Amelia's face had *turned into a butt*.

As the women below jeered at the three monstrosities, Frank saw Amelia's shoulders start to shake, like she was crying. But rather than sobs, her new face instead let out a loud, wet fart that made the entire crowd roar with laughter.

Back in their carriage, Chloe calmly turned to face her new wife. Frank looked at her with horror.

"But... *why?*"

"Because I felt like it." Chloe shrugged. "And to show you what happens when you try to play the bossy bitch with me."

Frank's aghast eyes turned back to poor, quaking Amelia, to her horrible new form.

"B-but I'm your *wife*. It's our *wedding!*"

"Like that changes anything." Chloe snorted. "You were lucky, got that? Only, like, five percent of maids ever get to become wives. That could just as easily be you right now."

She gestured the stage. As if on cue, Amelia's butt-face farted loudly again.

“You were one of the fortunate ones. I decided I wanted babies, and now you’ll live a life of luxury. Everyone knows Queen Lucy doesn’t transform wives unless they *really* deserve it. And I *will* take care of you.”

Her nails were digging into Frank’s arm now, making him want to cry out. He kept his pretty little mouth pressed shut.

“But if you ever, *ever* try to challenge me in public again, I’ll beg Queen Lucy to make you swap places with Amelia. Then *you* can be the one who has to shit out of her face and get laughed at by everyone. Understand? You’ll only be my wife so long as you do your duty and *obey* me.”

At that last word, she gave Frank’s arm such a vicious pinch that he started crying. Chloe sneered at him.

“God, you’re ugly when you’re crying. Just a dumb, ugly bitch. That’s what you used to say to *your* wife, isn’t it?”

When Frank didn’t answer, instead turning away and daintily pressing the back of one limp wrist to his lips, she sat back with a contented sigh and nodded to the driver.

“Take us home.”

As the carriage lurched away into the night, the snowflakes continued to fall. Only now they appeared as little female figures, pointing and laughing at poor, frightened Frank.

*

“Dah-da-da-*dah!*”

Frank sniffed back the last of his tears as Chloe carried him across the threshold into his new home, the gigantic mansion Queen Lucy had magicked up for them the night they announced their engagement.

He felt so silly like this, all small and weak and helpless, his arms clasped around his wife’s shoulders, his feet in the air and his long train trailing out behind him.

He should be the one doing the carrying! *He* should be the one singing the little tune, the one in charge, the strong one, the big one, the...

But then he thought about Amelia, and Michael, and everyone else who had been transformed these last five years, and was forced to admit the world had now changed for good.

“Dah-da-da-*dah* Dah-da-da-*dah!* Da... whoops!”

Chole dropped him onto the sofa with a giggle. Frank landed with a *flump*, and then his new wife was on top of him, kissing his neck, pinching his ass, running her hands roughly through his hair.

“God, you’re so fucking fit...” Chloe’s breath was hot on his ear, “just look at you...”

Frank whimpered. In his new body, he was at least 8 inches shorter than Chloe and younger and weaker too. Having her lie on top of him was to be completely at her mercy.

Even as unhappy squeaks escaped his throat, Chloe kept kissing him, her lips greedily sucking on his elegant neck, biting at his flesh, kissing his enormous cleavage.

With giggly, drunken movements, she removed his veil and flung it across the room. Yanked

down his dress and started squeezing his breasts between her fingers, squashing them together, pinching his nipples.

Squirming beneath her, it was all Frank could do not to burst into tears. He hated having his tits touched, *hated* it! All it did was remind him how female he now was.

“Chloe...” he moaned. “No, Chloe...”

“Shh...” Chloe giggled, put one finger against his lips. “Or I’ll ask Queen Lucy to take your mouth away and replace it with a *pussy*. Now how do you...? Aha!”

The clasp gave way on Frank’s lacy push up bra. He gamely tried to cling it against his chest, but Chloe ripped it away and started kissing his tits, even as she kept working them with her fingers.

To his annoyance, Frank started to feel his body getting aroused. He lay back on the ornate sofa, tried to focus on the distant ceiling, but he couldn’t help but get all wet and horny at what Chloe was doing to him.

“Baby, stop. I need to... *ow!*”

A gasp escaped his throat. He looked down and saw Chloe biting at one of his nipples. She gave him a cheeky look, then slipped the other in her mouth and started sucking on it as hard as she could.

Frank couldn’t help it. He closed his eyes and let out a soft, feminine moan. Spread his legs slightly. Almost immediately, Chloe slipped one of her hands between his thighs and started rubbing his mound.

“Ah... oh God...”

He could feel how wet and sloppy he was down there, the moisture now making his lacy white panties all damp and sticky.

On the one hand, the feeling made him cringe with shame – he was a *man*, damnit! He shouldn’t know what it was like to get wet at a woman’s touch!

On the other, the sensation of Chloe roughly rubbing his slit was enough to make him dizzy with lust.

“Mmm... look at you,” his new wife breathed, “all *wet* and desperate for *dick*.”

She squeezed his pussy harder, rubbed the ball of her thumb against his clit. A jolt went through Frank’s body, making him gasp out loud.

“I bet you’d love it if I had a cock right now, wouldn’t you? I bet you’d love to be *fucked*.”

At the word *fucked*, she tore at his dress, pulling it further down his body. Frank’s top half was completely naked now, the cool air of the vast mansion caressing his pale skin.

Instinctively, he clasped his arms over his tits, gave Chloe a pleading look.

“Please, Chloe, it’s too much. Ah... God! I’m serious, can’t we...?”

But Chloe simply giggled, reached up, and plucked his weak little arms away from his breasts, lay them gently above his pretty head.

“You can cover up when you’ve done your wifely duty. Now, let me...”

And she was burying her face between his breasts again, kissing wildly at his tits, even as she kept massaging his cunt.

Frank tried to resist, tried to remain angry and detached and scared, but his body soon betrayed him, and he found himself running his hands over the side of his tits, through Chloe's hair, holding her against him like a drowning woman might cling to a lifesaver.

It was the first time he'd had sex, as a woman. First time he'd done anything except sulkily masturbate in the dark of his little maid's cot, hating himself for rubbing his pussy up against the bunched up sheets, but desperately in need of release.

It was one of Queen Lucy's rules. Real women could do whatever they wanted. Maids had to be chaste and pure, or face transformation. And wives...

On their first night, wives had to *virgins*.

These thoughts flitted through Frank's beautiful head as he rubbed his slit up against one of Chloe's legs, his transformed mind swirling with desire.

"You're amazing..." he heard himself gasp, "oh my God, I love you. I love you. I love you..."

Part of him was aware that it was just Queen Lucy's magic, forcing him to act like this. But another part of him was equally aware Chloe really *did* know how to work a girl, and yet *another* part of him couldn't help but feel all warm and special that she'd chosen him to be her wife.

Him! Silly little Francine, the bimbo maid who'd served her patiently for five years, cleaning up after her, washing her clothes, fixing her meals, wiping her bottom, doing *everything* for her. When Chloe could have married any *real* woman she wanted!

Stop... This isn't love, it's abusive. She's just manipulating you, making you feel special. Just like you used to manipulate Linda, and Chloe, and all the girls who worked for you. Just like Andy used to manipulate his wife.

Just like all of us men used to manipulate women...

He couldn't help it, though. He really *was* in love with Chloe. And this pathetic way he let her abuse him, talk down to him and treat him like dirt for some reason only made his stupid female body love her more.

As the two women kissed on the sofa, Chloe pulled the last remnants of the wedding dress off Frank's petite form. She plunged a hand into his panties and started fingering him. In response, Frank bucked his hips and moaned and clutched himself against her.

"Ah! Oh, yes baby! YES!"

Chloe grinned down at him.

"You like having stuff in your pussy, huh? You like getting fingered like a horny *girl*?"

Frank nodded up at his ex-employee helplessly. There was no denying it.

Right now, he felt hotter than he ever had in his life.

"Look at you. So cute. So *female*. So obedient." Chloe sighed. "And you've got such sweet titties. I almost wish I was a man, now."

At her words, Frank let out another gasp and writhed on her fingers. He could feel Chloe's fingers, *inside* of him, stretching his pussy, scissoring his slit and it was driving him nuts. He closed his eyes again, aware he looked utterly gorgeous at that moment even as he hated himself for thinking that.

"Me too." He moaned.

"Well guess what?" His new wife whispered.

And then the feeling in his crotch stopped, Chloe's fingers no longer moving. He felt her leaning down over his naked form, the fact that she was still clothed making him feel so much more vulnerable, so much sexier. Her breath tickled at his ear.

"I am."

Frank gently opened his eyes. Looked right at Chloe's mischievous expression.

"Huh?"

His wife giggled.

"Not literally. Queen Lucy wouldn't allow that. But in the way that matters..."

She suddenly *yanked* her fingers out his slit, making Frank gasp. Jumped up off the sofa, gestured the grand marble staircase leading upstairs.

"C'mon. Let's go to the bedroom."

Frank staggered to his feet, went to kick his heels off, but then decided to keep them on. Chloe winked at him.

"Ladies first."

The moment he was past her, she gave his naked ass a stinging slap.

"OWWW! Hey..."

"What? You've got such a cute little ass, I couldn't help myself."

But I don't want to have a cute little ass! Frank felt like saying. And I definitely don't want you to slap it like I'm just some piece of meat!

But he also knew to spoil Chloe's good mood now would be to condemn himself to a fate worse than Amelia's.

So he reluctantly giggled, then bent forward slightly and wiggled his ass, hating himself for doing stuff he didn't want to. Chloe gave his bottom three more ringing slaps, the last one hard enough to almost bring tears to his eyes.

"There. Now hurry up, wifey. I wanna show you my surprise."

So Frank took his wife's hand and let her lead him through the house into the bedroom.

The new bedroom their Queen had given them was almost the size of Frank's old house. A sweep of marble flooring dotted with antique furniture led to an enormous four poster bed resting atop a pedestal made of solid gold.

Chloe smirked at Frank's expression.

“You coulda had all this too, y’know, if only you’d been nice to Lucy before she got her powers. Well, I guess you kinda *do* have it now. So long as you’re nice to me.

Now, get on the bed. *Wife.*”

Without thinking, Frank obediently jumped backwards onto the bed, landing in a way that made his big boobs jiggle and his body let out another giggle. He lay dazedly on the sheets, watching as Chloe started to slowly undress before him.

“Close your eyes,” his wife told him as she draped her suit jacket over the back of one ornate chair, “I’ve got a surprise for you.”

“I don’t *like* surprises,” Frank pouted at her.

Nonetheless, he obediently closed his eyes, now more confused than ever at the way his body was making him act.

Only three days ago, he’d been a maid, hardwired to obey Chloe’s every command. If she said “close your eyes”, his eyes would automatically close before he had a chance to think about it.

But ever since she’d prayed to Queen Lucy and asked her to upgrade her maid to a wife, he’d been given a strange new freedom in his actions. Almost as if he no longer was being *forced* to obey Chloe, but still couldn’t bring himself to disobey her, either.

How do the vows go again? To love, honor and obey... I guess that’s my new role...

He was just thinking these confusing thoughts when he heard Chloe say “OK, open them.”

So he did.

And immediately felt his blood run cold.

Chloe was stood at the edge of the bed, completely naked, her small breasts on display beneath her flowing dark hair.

Not that Frank noticed any of this.

He was too busy *staring* at the dildo now strapped around his wife’s waist.

It was enormous, a 12 inch thing that bounced and swayed in the air before her, thick as a club, a fake rubber vein running down one side.

Its head was bulbous, powerful, designed to ram its way inside tender holes. A heavy pair of rubber balls nestled below Chloe’s cunt, round and mesmerizing.

As Frank felt his pouty lips drop open in shock, Chloe let out a sigh and began stroking her new cock with exaggerated movements, smiling at him the whole time.

“What do you think? I treated myself to one at the temple before our wedding. A little gift to help me... *break in* my new wifey.”

She stepped up to the edge of the bed, her rubber dick wobbling before her.

“Want to suck it first, or shall I go straight to fucking you?”

Frank’s lips were dry. He hesitated, forced up an ingratiating smile.

“It’s... it’s *wonderful*,” he breathed, fluttering his eyelashes at Chloe. “But, don’t you think it’s a

little...”

Big, he’d meant to say, but it seemed so redundant. The dildo before him was gigantic! There was no way he’d ever fit it inside himself.

In fact, just thinking about it was making him tremble. He was a virgin, as a girl. Chloe’s two fingers just now were the most he’d ever had inside his pussy. To go from a pair of fingers to *that* thing-!

“It’s the smallest size they had,” Chloe shrugged. “Besides, I don’t recall men ever caring much about how women felt, getting violated on their wedding nights.”

She let out a giggle.

“It’s like we’re living in the Victorian era all over again, isn’t it? Only now it’s the *men* who are blushing virgin brides, quaking at the thought of cock.”

A sly grin.

“And us women who get to *fuck* them.”

Chloe nodded at him.

“Now, darling, I suggest you do as Queen Victoria advised and lie back and think of England.”

She snapped her fingers. Instantly the lights went off. In the blackness that suddenly enclosed him, Frank let out a pained whimper.

He could hear the rustle of sheets in the dark, as Chloe crawled onto the bed. Feel her breath as she came over to him, feel her presence over him, her stronger body blocking his every exit.

There was a tickle as her dark hair brushed against his breasts, making his nipples go all hard and pointy and a shiver run through him.

He felt her lips press against his, forcing him to kiss her. Then she was pushing him back, pushing him until he was lying down in the tangle of sheets, squeaking with terror as she loomed over him.

He could smell her sweat, driving his female mind wild. Smell his own pussy. He spread his legs, grit his teeth, knowing how much this would hurt but unable to do anything about it, unable to do anything but keep playing the role of obedient wife that had been forced on him.

Not unless he wanted to end up like Michael.

Something hard and thick pressed up against the entrance to his pussy, resting against his dripping hole. One of Chloe’s hands clasped his narrow shoulder, holding him in place. Frank heard himself let out a squeak, suddenly no longer caring what their Queen did to him. *Anything* to avoid experiencing this!

“Wait! Chloe, *please*, can’t we just...?”

“Ah, ah, *ah*.” He felt Chloe pinch his lips closed, harder than was strictly necessary. “You don’t want to go back to being a maid, do you? You don’t want to end up like Amelia? No. Then be a good wife and *do your duty*!”

And with that, she took hold of her enormous rubber cock, and plunged it deep into Frank’s

virgin mound.

The pain was incredible. It was like someone had reached deep inside Frank and was trying to split him in two. He let out a pathetic wail as Chloe pushed further and further inside him, tears pricking at the corners of his eyes.

How could women *stand* this?! He could feel his pussy stretching to accommodate the dildo's impossible girth, to accommodate this thing that was invading him, hurting him.

He grit his teeth, screwed his eyes tight shut. His tiny hands clenched into fists.

I won't scream... he promised himself, silently, *I won't scream...*

There was a faint bump as the dildo's base came to a rest against his crotch. With a feeling of nausea, he realized the entire 12 inches of Chloe's cock were now inside him.

The worst part was that he could feel it. Like a parasite, burrowing inside him. Feel its hard shaft, its thick rubber head, bruising the walls of his womb.

He wanted to cry. This was the most horrible thing that had happened to anyone in the history of ever.

As he was thinking these thoughts, he felt Chloe's lips against his, and then his wife was kissing him. Kissing him even as she lowered her own body down to lie atop Frank, pressing him against the sheets, trapping him beneath her frame – a frame he could have once crushed beneath his big, man body, but which now seemed impossibly strong to his weak, 4ft11 girl-body.

"*There,*" Chloe whispered, savagely, "does Mr. Fields like having a cock in him? Does it make him regret perving on me like that when he was still a nasty old man?"

She drew her hips back slightly, held them poised in mid-air.

"Does it make him feel like a *wife*?"

At the word *wife*, she drove her hips forwards, sending the dildo lancing deep into Frank. He let out a helpless, girly wail, tears pricking at the corners of his eyes.

"God, that's such a turn on," Chloe growled, *gripping* Frank's blonde hair tight in her fingertips, pulling on it so hard it made him wail all over again. "Hearing you get what you *deserve*."

She pulled back and *thrust* her hips forward again, her fake rubber balls slapping against Frank's exposed asshole.

"Know what I'm gonna do?" Chloe growled, her lips still touching Frank's. "I'm gonna fuck you like this, every morning and every night from now until the day you die. And I won't stop until you love being fucked like a bitch more than you've ever loved anything."

She pulled at his hair again.

"Tell me you love it!" She snarled. "Now!"

What else could poor little Frank do?

"I love it!" He screamed in his female voice. "I love being fucked!"

He grabbed Chloe's face in his hands, started wildly kissing her, feeling the last remnants of his sanity go slipping away.

“Fuck me!” He begged, “please, Chloe, just *fuck me!*”

“Your wish,” giggled Chloe, “is my command.”

And she pulled back her hips and started thrusting into Frank as hard as she could, and then the two women were fucking.

As Frank lay there helplessly beneath his dominant wife, wailing and crying, he slowly became aware that he was no longer in pain.

No, that wasn't quite right. Chloe's rubber cock was *very* big, and if he concentrated, he was only too aware that his poor pussy was in agony.

It was just that the pain wasn't quite so *painful* anymore. In fact, it was starting to feel a whole lot like *pleasure*.

As Chloe thrust roughly away, the sensation of cock sliding in and out of his dripping wet cunt sent warm waves of pink unfurling over Frank's soft skin. He gasped and writhed, his hips automatically bucking, inviting his wife in deeper, pulling her further inside himself.

A tingle passed through his limbs. He squealed, then realized Chloe's pubic thatch was rubbing up against the sensitive nub of his clit, making him go all shivery. He clutched his wife closer to his body, feeling their breasts press up against each other's – his all ripe and heavy, Chloe's small and pert.

He was now simply a toy in this woman's hands, a thing she was using for pleasure. Each buck of Chloe's hips made the pain of being violated mix with this profound pleasure to produce something almost religious (or maybe sacrilegious).

A pink fog grasped Frank's mind, made the room seem to fade away. He was barely aware of the way he raked his long nails down Chloe's back, making her gasp out loud.

Barely aware of the way his wife grabbed hold of his round, peach like bum, squeezing his cheeks, the tip of one of her fingers resting against the nub of his anus. Barely aware of how his cries of pain and turned into cries of female lust.

No, the only thing Frank was aware of was the insane pleasure he was feeling.

It radiated out from his crotch, from his clit, from his womb. Different sensations that joined together to overwhelm his virgin mind, making him wail and cry out, making his nipples go hard as bullets.

At some point, as Chloe thrust, she started biting at his tits, gently at first, then so hard that Frank thought he was going to faint. Instead, he grabbed his big new boobies and squashed them together, pushing them towards Chloe's face, begging her to hurt him.

They fucked like that, in the dark, for God knew how long.

At some point, Frank found himself sat astride Chloe, looking dazedly into the faint shadow of her face as he bounced up and down on her gigantic erection, his mind lost in fog.

At another, he came to to find he was on all fours, his cute little bum pointing up into the air as Chloe rammed him from behind, each thrust of her hips making Frank's big boobies bounce and jiggle.

The only constant was the feeling of being filled, of the hole between his legs finally being completed with the sensation of having something hard and big inside it.

As Frank lay on his back, his smooth legs in the air, his tits bouncing and hopeless moans escaping his throat as Chloe roughly fucked him, he realized he had never felt anything like this before in his life.

This was the first time sex of a wife who has always been a virgin, and finally discovers on her wedding night that she loves dick more than anything else in the world.

“You look so *fucking hot* like that,” Chloe snarled down at him, “Your tits are amazing. God... I never want to stop fucking you...”

“Then don’t.” Frank heard himself gasp, before his eyes rolled back in his head as another wave of pleasure swept over his body, making him arch his back and groan. “God I *love* you...”

To his male mind, it was incredible. He was having sex, as a girl. *With* another girl. More than that, a girl he’d once been the superior of, a girl who’d used her friendship with Queen Lucy to have him turned first into her maid, and then into her wife!

Yet his female body no longer cared. No longer cared about Amelia’s cruel fate, or the way their town had been sealed off from the outside world for half a decade, trapped at the whims of a cruel teenage goddess.

It only cared about getting as much pleasure on its wedding night as physically possible.

He was back beneath Chloe, lying in her arms when it happened. One minute, he was being screwed like normal, the next there was a crescendo of pleasure rising in him, obliterating everything, making him scream out loud.

OhmiGod, I’m gonna-!

He came with a squeal, shivering from head to toe as his virgin pussy squirted around Chloe’s rubber dick. Came and kept coming as his wife continued to thrust away, his mind blank with pleasure.

“Oh great and wonderful Lucy!” He heard his wife crying, “please make this little bitch keeping on coming until I say stop!”

Frank tried to focus on the words, but his mind was too fogged. All he knew was that there was a tinkling of windchimes, and suddenly his orgasm was at full peak again, getting sharper and sharper as Chloe grinned down at him and kept right on thrusting.

I can’t stop coming! I can’t stop! I... ahhhh!

In the end, he came for what felt like forever. For hours, trapped at the peak point of orgasm until Chloe finally stopped thrusting.

His magically enhanced climax receded on slow waves, lapping back in and out, peaking then dying again as Chloe left him on the bed, turned the lights on, and watched him writhe with a demonic grin on her face. As she took the dildo off and started masturbating as she watching him, a dazed look of lust on her gorgeous face.

Finally, finally, three hours after they’d stopped fucking, Chloe whispered *stop* and Frank felt his senses slowly return.

His vision was blurred. His breathing ragged. His body slick with sweat. The bedsheets beneath him were *soaked*, either because he'd squirted so much or because he'd wet himself, he didn't know.

As his body at last returned to normal, he gave Chloe a goofy smile.

"Thank you..." he managed to breathe.

The twenty two year old girl winked at him, at the fifty two year old man permanently trapped as an 18-year old girl.

"Don't mention it." She smiled down at the dildo. "Was *that* ever value for money."

On the bed, Frank barely heard her. He was too busy lost inside his own confusing feelings. That strange shame mixed with lust, mixed with dark abandonment and twisted desire that had marked his last few days as a bride and a wife.

Beside the bed, Chloe had dropped down onto her knees. Laced her fingers together. Frank dazedly watched as she began to pray.

"What are you doing?"

"Whaddya think? Making sure it works." Chloe winked at him, then closed her eyes and assumed a serious expression. "Oh wonderful Queen, please, I beseech you to fulfil my desires and make my wife into what I want her to be.

Make her a *mother*."

There was a moment's pause. Frank glanced doubtfully at the icon of Queen Lucy carved into a niche by their door, wondering if their Queen was listening.

His doubts didn't last long.

There was another sound of windchimes on the air. Frank gave a gasp and grabbed hold of his stomach.

"Oh my God, what the fu-?!"

For a moment, he thought he was about to vomit. But something even stranger happened.

Beneath his dainty hands, his flat stomach started to swell. It swelled up and up and up as Frank watched in shock, until it was a gigantic thing that hung over his crotch, all big and swollen, its skin stretched taut.

At the same time, his boobs painfully inflated until they were Double H cups and all sore and tender. A shiver passed through Frank's tits, and suddenly a little droplet of watery milk seeped out one nipple, dangled from the end.

As Frank's cheeks got rounder and rosier, he suddenly clicked where this was heading.

With a feeling of embarrassment, he realized he was now *pregnant*.

Just when he thought he was about to explode, his belly stopped growing. With a feeling of numbness, Frank gazed down at his magically-altered body.

His stomach swelled out before him like a flesh colored dome, his belly button suddenly popped out by the baby now growing inside him. His tits dangled from his frame, bigger and juicier than

ever.

With a jolt, Frank felt a little kick *inside* himself.

That's my baby... he thought numbly.

Chloe gently unlaced her fingers, smiled at him.

"There. You're now nine months pregnant. With *triplets*."

"I am...?"

Frank looked at himself in wonder. In horror. With a cascade of feelings he couldn't identify.

He cleared his throat.

"When am I...?"

"Due?" Chloe snorted with laughter. "Not for a *looong* time yet."

Her green eyes twinkled as she grinned at him.

"Pregnancies in Sissyville last a thousand years. That's a thousand years of being all big and heavy and *pregnant* like that for you. A thousand years of leaky tits and crazy cravings and feeling like you're about to pop. But for me..."

A blissful sigh entered her voice.

"That's a thousand years of having a gorgeous, petite, pregnant wife to look after. To help carry things for. To treat like a helpless little thing made of glass. To show off to strangers and have all those other real women feel jealous of.

Seriously, it's everything I *ever* wanted."

As she finished talking, Frank touched his swollen belly in wonder, his mind seeming to float high above his body.

He was a woman now. He was pregnant. He knew what it was liked to be fucked by a dick. He was going to have *babies* one day.

In a thousand years...

"So it's true," he whispered in his squeaky, feminine voice, "we really are trapped here forever."

"You bet." Chloe climbed up onto the bed next to him, dropped down beside him and wrapped her arms around his pregnant form.

She delicately kissed his head, brushing his curly blonde locks with her lips even as one of her hands gently clasped his belly, started tenderly rubbing its surface.

"Forget your old life, Francine," she whispered, "she's God now. Don't you get it? She's literally God, and she wants all this to last forever.

Me and you, everyone in Sissyville, we'll never get old, never die. We'll live for billions of years. It'll be *paradise*.

So long as you learn to stop fighting it. In here." She delicately tapped Frank's forehead with one finger. "Give up, OK? And try and enjoy life."

Easy for you to say... Frank thought bitterly, but of course he didn't say that.

“Sure thing, Chloe,” he simpered, squirming in her arms in what he hoped was a realistic simulation of happiness, “gosh, you’re so good to me.”

“I know.” Chloe kissed his nose. “Now, how about I fix us a drink?”

A savage grin.

“After all, we don’t want you exerting yourself in *your* condition.”

Lying in the arms of his tormenter, Frank weakly nodded, that uncertain smile still on his impossibly cute face.

So this was how it was going to be, for all eternity. For lengths of time he couldn’t even begin to imagine.

He was going to be a *wife*. A *mother*. He was going to be forced to simper around Chloe, and act like he couldn’t understand the simplest things, and stroke her ego by letting her take care of him and treat him like a cross between a child and a pet.

He would exist only to look pretty on her arm and make the other real women jealous. Exist only as a sweet piece of ass she could fuck whenever she wanted, able to tell herself that his not saying no meant he really did want it.

He would exist purely to carry her babies around for her. To suffer the pain of childbirth, just to give Chloe three new daughters who would qualify as real women and grow up to enjoy all the rights and advantages he could never have.

And if he ever, *ever* did anything to complain, or upset Chloe, or try and make his life better for himself...

...well, then he’d feel the skin on his face start to warp and change. Feel it swell up and split into two pert cheeks, his features disappearing even as he screamed and begged for mercy, screams that would become farts as the transformation became complete.

And Chloe would laugh and ask Queen Lucy to replace him with someone else. And she would. And he would spend the rest of eternity with a butt for a face.

So what? An angry, male part of him cried. *You’re not a coward, are you? Stand up to these bitches, just once! Give Chloe a slap and tell her what you really think of her. You might wind up like Amelia, but at least you’d go out like the man you really are!*

Chloe was smiling at him still, watching him closely, trying to gauge his reaction.

“Well...” she murmured at last. “What do you think...”

Wife?

“I think...” Frank started, his hands bunching into little, dainty fists, “I think...”

His fingers relaxed, his knuckles untensed. His expression cleared. He turned to Chloe with a dazzling, love-struck smile.

“I think that sounds *amazing!*” He lied.

At his words, Chloe grinned. Leaned forward, kissed him on the lips. As Frank closed his eyes and kissed her back, he felt her grasp one of his heavy breasts. *Squeeze* it as hard as she could.

Pinch his nipple and give it a savage twist.

She must have known how much it hurt him. Must have known what a nasty little pinch it was. Must have known it made him feel like crying all over again.

But if she did, she didn't show it. Nor did Frank. After their long kiss ended, he lowered his head and gave his new wife a cute, coquettish little smile from underneath his curly blonde bangs.

"You're amazing," he whispered, humbly, "you really are. I'm... I'm...

I'm *so glad* to be your wife."

"I know you are," Chloe whispered back.

She gave his nipple one last twist so savage Frank had to bite down on his lower lip to stop himself from screaming, even as the pain made his pussy get all wet again.

"Right," his wife said, pulling herself to her feet, "how about I fix those drinks for us?"

Then she was off, padding across the cold marble flooring with her bare feet, leaving Francine all alone.

The tiny, gorgeous blonde watched her new wife go with a smile that refused to meet her terrified, miserable eyes. When she was sure she was gone, she let out a little sigh and lay back on the bed, rubbing her pregnant belly as she did so.

"I'm happy," she said to no-one in particular, "really, I am. So, so happy."

A tear rolled out one of her eyes, slipped down the side of her pretty, innocent face, leaving a tiny little dark patch on the white cotton sheets.

"Really," Francine repeated. "It's everything I always wanted."

She'd get used to her new life. Of course she would. Eternity was a long enough time to get used to anything.

She just needed to make sure she kept thinking about what a *lucky* girl she was.

*

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*

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Lisa Change's new tale of gender-swap revenge and forced pregnancy is a kinky delight. It follows Dan on his path from macho man to pregnant woman with a perfect eye for detail.

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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.

If you've ever wondered what it would be like to feel your masculinity slipping away as you slowly transform into a beautiful, obedient woman, these books are for you...

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