

**ALLY TURNED HER HUSBAND
INTO A SEXY COED!**



BOOK ONE

VICKY INNES

Ally Turned Her Husband Into A Sexy Coed!

(A Gender Swap and Age Regression Sissy Fantasy)

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Book 2

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Sneak Peek!

“Oooh! Aren’t we sooo cute!” Ally exclaimed as she entered the washroom and took a look at her husband who was now eighteen years old. Brody bit his lip nervously. He wasn’t cute! He was strong, manly, and anything else other than cute.

“This is gonna be a great change for you honey. It’s what the doctor ordered. And I’ve got just the right clothes for you. Oh my god! This is gonna be ah-mazing!” Ally beamed as she fussed with her husband’s blonde hair and checked out his new body.

Brody pushed his wife away. “You...You did this to me?” he exclaimed desperately.

“Now sweetie, relax,” Ally put her hands on her hips. “I know this is going to be a big change for you, and it must seem really sudden right now, but that’s okay. I’ll help you get through it. We can do it.” Ally clenched her fist enthusiastically.

Brody’s mind spun. No, this was all wrong. It wasn’t supposed to be like this. He was the man of the house, and he did what he wanted. “I... I... No. I won’t do it! This is crazy! You’re crazy! Change me back, right now. I mean it,” Brody begged. To an outside observer, it would’ve looked like a college aged girl was having a temper tantrum and fighting with her mother. There were no signs of the power play that was truly going on.

Ally laughed. “You are adorable when you’re angry, do you know that?” she said, mockingly. “Hun, there’s no way I can turn you back now,” she continued as she saw the fire in Brody’s girly new eyes. “This is who you are now, and you’re gonna learn to love it.”

Brody barely heard her. Nothing made sense. It was impossible. He shrieked loudly like a true young woman. He wanted to hit Ally or strangle her stupid neck. That’s what he would’ve done if had still been a man. It’s what he would’ve done if he still had a ton of testosterone flowing through his body. It’s what he would’ve done if he still had a big cock and the temper of a bulldog.

But he had none of those things. Instead he had breasts and slender feminine muscles. His masculinity had been stripped from him in just one night. So instead, he did what any feminine girl would’ve done when faced with overflowing emotions and an incomprehensible situation: he cried. More than that, he bawled his eyes out on his wife’s shoulder as she patted his back and kept the hair out of his face. Life as he knew it had changed drastically.

The crying session helped Ally bond with her new daughter. She explained that if he was a really good sissy girl, then maybe she would try to find a way to change him back. But for now, he was going to have to live in her house, and under her rules. That meant Brody was going to have to attend his senior year of school, and get good enough grades to go to college. He would have to be home by eleven every night, and always tell Ally where he was.

Brody accepted her rules half-heartedly. It didn’t appear that he had many other choices. He desperately wanted to become a man again, and it seemed like the only way to do that was by appeasing his wife. He would put up with her games for a short while, how hard could it be?

He knew Ally better than anyone, and she would crack once her girlfriends asked where Brody was or a neighbor asked who the sexy blonde was that lived with her now. She simply didn't have it in her to be downright cruel for any extended period of time. By the end of the weekend he would be back in his normal body and he'd be at work on Monday.

What Ally didn't tell him, was she wasn't even sure if she could change him back. Even if she could, why would she? Dressing him up and teaching how to be a woman was going to be more fun than they'd had together in years!

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He took a deep breath as he pulled the dress over his femininely shaped figure. He looked absolutely stunning in the mirror. Ally was thrilled, but Brody less so. This was the kind of girl that he cat called and insulted when they rejected him. This was the kind of girl that had been out of his league for so long until he'd gotten older and bought a convertible. Fuck. What if someone treated him like he had treated so many of those *sluts*?

The dress was short and his legs were undeniably sexy. His wife handed him some nylon panty hose and a designer handbag, just like the one she had. He struggled to put on the panty hose and almost ripped them with his sharp, long fingernails. Being a girl took some delicacy. That was going to take some getting used to.

"What's with the bag?" Brody asked sassily in his new girly voice. Hearing his own voice was still a shock. He sounded like a valley girl!

"Oh, it's for your things dear. Finish getting ready soon, or we'll be late for school," Ally said from the washroom. She was packing up some hair brushes and tampons for him.

Brody knew his wife was just messing with his mind now. Clearly was more capable of evil than he'd known. "Ally," he said as seriously as a sexy young blonde could. "It's Sunday. There's no school today. Nice try though. You can't trick me like that, you cruel bitch."

A pit wallowed inside of Brody's stomach as his wife stomped back into his new bedroom with a purpose. He looked up at her tentatively, unsure of how she would respond. *Wham!* Her hand came down hard and fast on Brody's rosy cheek. He squealed in shock and nearly fell to his knees. She had hit him! How dare she?

"Listen to me sweetheart," Ally reverted back to a perfectly motherly tone. "That kind of language will not be appropriate in this house, do you understand?" She towered over him.

Pain washed over Brody. He had taken punches in the face that had hurt less than that, but that was when he was a man. It seemed like he had lost nearly all of his masculine pain tolerance. Tears welled in the corners of his eyes. He let out a meek "yes," and tried to hide his face.

"And," Ally continued. "You will stop calling me by my first name. I'm your mother now; your legal guardian. So get used to it," she grinned.

"Oh, and it is Monday by the way. You slept for a bit longer than anticipated, but that's okay. I've already called the school and told them you'll be late. They're expecting you sweetie. So trot your hot little ass down there and be a good girl."

Brody picked himself up off the floor, his face still stinging. His wife had won, for now. There had to be something he could do to get his manhood back. It was only a matter of time until someone at work realized he was missing. He had to get back at her somehow.

Later...

Brody resigned to the fact that he wasn't going to be smart in his new body, and started daydreaming. He wanted to be a man again so badly, and all the respect that came with it. He needed to get his cock back. Mmm... cocks. He wondered how they tasted, and if he would look good with one in his new sexy mouth. Probably, he was hot. No, not probably, definitely. He was a babe. Brody smiled at Mr. Daley, who was explaining some complex math thingy. Mr. Daley probably had a big respectable cock.

Noticing a wetness dripping out of his panties, Brody snapped out of it. What the fuck!? He was a man and he definitely didn't want to suck cock. That was ludicrous! He turned his attention to Mandy and Elaine, who seemed to be gossiping about one of the other girls in the class.

"Who're you guys talking about," Brody whispered as he twirled his shiny blond hair.

The two girls looked at him with disdain. "Are you serious right now?" Mandy said with a scowl on her face. "You know... the pop star," Elaine looked at Brody like he was having a stroke.

"Oh..uh, yeah," Brody mumbled, embarrassed. Woops. He had made a faux pas about the pop star du jour. There were going to be a lot of things he had to learn in order to fit in with this crowd.

The girls didn't let him get off that easy though. "So why'd you join here halfway through the year? Did you get kicked out at your last place for being a slut?" Elaine smirked.

"Oh no, she's not a slut," Mandy continued without missing a beat. "She's not even wearing any make-up! Ha-ha! Look at those polka dots. That's so *adorable* girlfriend. What, did you mom dress you this morning?" Mandy mocked.

Ally Turned Her Husband Into A Schoolgirl!

Brody sighed as he rolled up the windows to his car. He had always tried to be a good husband, whatever that meant. But when it came down to it, he could seemingly never control himself. There was always a way to justify his sleeping around. Sometimes he told himself that he had a sex addiction, or other times that his wife deserved it. His wife, Ally, always demanded so much. On top of Brody's stressful responsibilities at work, he was expected to dote on his wife and buy her whatever she desired. He was the one busting his ass to pay the bills and save for retirement while Ally sat around and gossiped with her girlfriends all day.

Those were all good excuses, but the reality was that Brody simply loved fresh pussy. Now in his late forties, Brody had an insatiable appetite for college girls, and they were more than willing to reciprocate his needs. Ally had been a bust in the bedroom the past couple of years, after it was proven without a doubt that Brody was the reason they weren't able to have kids. Being infertile was hard to grasp at first, but he had slowly come to terms with it. Ally, on the other hand, was devastated. The couple's marriage had never been the same since her realization that her dream of having a daughter was never going to be realized.

The silver lining, of course, was that Brody could whore around all he wanted to without worrying about knocking up some random college slut who'd forgotten to take her birth control. Kids were expensive anyways, and Brody didn't have time for that. Now, the only things he had to worry about was one of his mistresses falling in love with him or his wife finding about his illicit activities.

He'd come close to getting caught a couple of times. Young women these days seemed to have a penchant for texting him naughty pictures at the most inopportune times. And the photos were incredibly revealing. Skimpily dressed party pictures and underwear selfies made their way to Brody's phone at least a couple of times a week.

Unfortunately, Ally had started to notice the massive erections that Brody sometimes got when he looked at his phone. He was going to have to get better at hiding what he was doing, or he would have to face the wrath of his wife.

Ally was undoubtedly a sweet heart, but Brody had been exposed to her tough inner core on some occasions. Two years ago, on their anniversary, Brody had showed up to the restaurant reeking of booze and gasoline. He had spilled some gas on himself purposely, to try to hide the scent of flowery perfume. Needless to say, Ally was not impressed. Brody slept on the couch for a month after that incident.

Ally grew up in a blue-collar house with three brothers. Brody could always judge how upset she was by how often she swore. He still laughed when he thought of the waiter's reaction to the classily dressed, attractive blonde swearing at her husband like a soldier on deployment. But no matter how much he messed up, she always forgave him. That was the thing about Ally that Brody counted on. She came from a religious family and divorce was not an option.

Brody loosened his tie as he stepped out of his car. His erection was already building as he walked towards the strip club. When he wasn't fucking younger woman, he still liked to watch them do their thing. It was art, in his opinion. Nothing was better than a couple of cold beers and beautiful woman prancing around half naked. Lap dances were his salvation from a bitchy boss and a wife who was never satisfied.

Ally swirled her remaining drops in her wine glass before throwing the red liquid at the back of her throat. The crying was all done, and all that was left was the drinking. Her girlfriend re-filled her wine glass with a look of pity on her face. All of these years, and he had just thrown it away. How could he be so cruel to her, Ally implored her girlfriend. After all she had done for him and Brody brazenly romped around town sticking his dick in anything that moved.

She had the sinking feeling that she was the last one in the whole goddamn city to know that Brody was cheating on her. Ally had suspected it before, sure, but actually hearing it come from one of her girlfriend's lips suddenly made it feel all the more real. For years, she had cooked and cleaned and done god knows whatever else he wanted. She held the waterworks back as she wondered how many girls he had slept with. How many college sluts had been fucked by her man?

Even the infidelity scare hadn't been a death sentence to their relationship. It had been shocking, but the doctors all said that they could keep trying. They could've done in-vitro, or anything else, but Brody seemed to stop caring once he knew there were problems. Instead of trying like a sensible human being, Brody stopped fucking his wife in favor of the tight college girls that showered him with adoration.

Ally was still in her mid-thirties when they got the news that it wasn't working. He had wasted her prime bearing years, and now she wasn't going to get the offspring she had always longed for. Because of him, and his useless cock, Ally would never get to bond with her daughter over pedicures and long island ice teas. She felt doomed to be an old maid; a disgrace.

More than ten years his junior, Ally had been attracted to Brody because of his strong manly presence and stubbornness. But once she'd gotten to know him better, she knew that he was really a softie at heart. Some of her friends had tried to warn her that he was a womanizer, and couldn't be trusted, but Ally didn't listen. How could she have been so stupid?

Despair turned to outrage as Ally thought about her husband's stupid grinning face chowing down on cheerleaders who had now idea that he was married. Brody would pay for what he'd done, Ally said determinedly as she slammed her wine glass down. She didn't need alcohol anymore; it was a false comfort. The only thing that would alleviate her anger would be seeing some sort of justice for Brody's inability to keep his cock in his pants. A pathetic loser like that didn't deserve to call himself a man. There had to be something that Ally could do.

When Brody stumbled home later that night, he didn't even bother trying to sleep in the master bedroom. He knew that his wife would've locked it when he wasn't home by midnight. He went straight to the guest room, and satisfied from a good night's fucking, fell promptly asleep. He was too drunk to realize that the décor of the room had changed dramatically. Like a princess, he cuddled up with his pink blankets, lay his head down on his fluffy hot pink pillow, and fell soundly asleep.

Hungover in the morning, Brody slouched off the bed, but it seemed like the drop to the

floor was a little bit higher than it usually was. He confusedly made his way to washroom and took his boxers off to start peeing. What happened next would've made Brody have a heart attack if he hadn't been so groggy and hungover. He tried to grab his cock and start peeing, but there was nothing there! His reliable, meaty member was replaced by a sleek nothingness. His hand grazed over his new pussy as his mouth hung open in shock. No! It couldn't be! What the hell happened to him? This was impossible.

Turning to the mirror, Brody stood in horror as he looked at a complete stranger. He felt up his flat, toned stomach and squeezed the breasts that weren't his. They felt so sensitive; he didn't know it was possible for them to feel that tingly at such a light touch. His tits were well sized and firm, but proportionate to his now slender frame. Not only had he shrunk six inches, he was thinner and curvier in more ways than one. His ass was plump and round, and his hips wider than his waist.

Something had gone dreadfully wrong. This was not who he was! What had happened to his muscular torso and wide shoulders? Everything about his body had shifted, and given way to a new reality. Even his bone structure had changed. His face was more oval and feminine. High cheekbones accentuated what looked like a natural red-ish blush underneath his dazzling new blue eyes. He blinked a couple of times, batting his large girly eyelashes. He looked almost doll-like, with flowing blonde hair curling down to his breasts. It was almost too much to take in. He had gone to bed as his normal alpha male self, and woken up in some bizzaro body switch horror movie.

He felt the skin on his long, slim legs. It was perfectly smooth and soft. Even the wrinkles and blemishes on his old man face had disappeared and left no trace behind. Yes, it was true. Not only had he transformed into a hot woman, he had also regressed in age by more than twenty years. He now had the tight body of an eighteen year old girl, just like the ones he had loved to seduce over the years.

Brody pouted his full lips, and looked up at his new body in disgrace. But why? How? What had he done deserve this fate? Everything had been going so well for him as a man. He didn't want to go back to his college years! Nobody would take him seriously in this body. Hell, he couldn't even take himself seriously! How was he going to explain this to his boss at work?

Brody's heart pounded in his chest. Overcome with shock, he let out a high pitched squeal. He sounded like a sissy girl who'd just seen a spider on her dinner plate. He couldn't move, so he just stood there frozen while he heard his wife come running.

Oh, his wife. His lovely, doting wife. Surely Ally would be able to snap him out of this change, or wake him up from whatever nightmarish hell he was currently in. She'd always been there for him, and he expected nothing less for when he needed her most. It had to just be an illusion, or hallucination of some kind. Had one of those sexy girls drugged him last night?

"Oooh! Aren't we sooo cute!" Ally exclaimed as she entered the washroom and took a look at her eighteen year old husband. Brody bit his lip nervously. He wasn't cute! He was strong, manly, and anything else other than cute.

"This is gonna be a great change for you honey. It's just what the doctor ordered. And I've got just the right clothes for you. Oh my god! This is gonna be ah-mazing!" Ally beamed as she fussed with her husband's hair and checked out his new body.

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change for you, and it must seem really sudden right now, but that's okay. I'll help you get through it. We can do it." Ally clenched her fist enthusiastically.

Brody's mind spun. No, this was all wrong. It wasn't supposed to be like this. He was the man of the house, and he did what he wanted. "I... I... No. I won't do it! This is crazy! You're crazy! Change me back, right now. I mean it," Brody pouted. To an outside observer, it would've looked like a college aged girl was having a temper tantrum and fighting with her mother. There were no signs of the power play that was truly going on.

Ally laughed. "You are adorable when you're angry, do you know that?" she said, mockingly. "Hun, there's no way I can turn you back now," she continued as she saw the fire in Brody's girly new eyes. "This is who you are now, and you're gonna learn to love it."

Brody barely heard her. Nothing made sense. It was impossible. He shrieked loudly like a true young woman. He wanted to hit Ally; to strangle her or fuck her in the ass. That's what he would've done if had still been a man. It's what he would've done if he still had a ton of testosterone flowing through his body. It's what he would've done he still had a big cock and the temper of a bulldog instead of a breasts and slender feminine muscles.

But he had none of those things. His masculinity had been stripped from him in just one night. So instead, he did what any feminine girl would've done when faced with overflowing emotions and an incomprehensible situation: he cried. More than that, he bawled his eyes out on his wife's shoulder as she patted his back and kept the hair out of his face. Life as he knew it had changed drastically.

The crying session helped Ally bond with her new daughter. She explained that if he was a really good sissy girl, then maybe she would try to find a way to change him back. But for now, he was going to have to live in her house, and under her rules. That meant Brody was going to have to attend his senior year of school, and get good enough grades to go to college. He would have to be home by eleven every night, and always tell Ally where he was.

Brody accepted her rules half-heartedly. It didn't appear that he had many other choices. He desperately wanted to become a man again, and it seemed like the only way to do that was by appeasing his wife. He would put up with her games for a short while, how hard could it be? He knew Ally better than anyone, and she would crack once her girlfriends asked where Brody was or a neighbor asked who the sexy blonde was that lived with her now. She simply didn't have it in her to be downright cruel for any extended period of time. By the end of the weekend he would be back in his normal body and he'd be at work on Monday.

What Ally didn't tell him, was the she wasn't even sure if she could change him back. Even if she could, why would she? Dressing him up and teaching how to be a woman was going to be more fun than they'd had together in years!

Ally threw open the dresser in the guest room to show off an expansive wardrobe. She had been prepared for her husband's sissification. Firstly, Brody slipped into a silky pair of pink panties. It felt weird not to have anything in between his legs, but also oddly freeing. Ally smiled widely as she found a red and white polka-dot dress in the back of the closet. "This! This will look great on you. It's absolutely adorable," Ally said as she held it up for her girly new daughter. It pained him to see Ally clearly enjoying his humiliation, but that was what it was going to take.

He took a deep breath as he pulled the dress over his femininely shaped figure. He looked

absolutely stunning in the mirror. Ally was thrilled, but Brody less so. This was the kind of girl that he cat called and insulted when they rejected him. This was the kind of girl that had been out of his league for so long until he'd gotten older and bought a convertible. Fuck. What if someone treated him like he had treated so many of those *sluts*?

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"Oh, and it is Monday by the way. You slept for a bit longer than anticipated, but that's okay. I've already called the school and told them you'll be late. They're expecting you sweetie. So trot your hot little ass down there and be a good girl."

Brody picked himself up off the floor, his face still stinging. His wife had won, for now. There had to be something he could do to get his manhood back. It was only a matter of time until someone at work realized he was missing. He salivated at the thought of punishing Ally for what she had done to him.

Brody had butterflies as he entered a classroom for the first time in years. He had always hated school and Ally making him go back to one was the worst thing she could've thought of. It was a horrible, petty place the first time he had been eighteen, and he didn't expect it to be any different now that he was there again.

He felt every single eye in the classroom beating down on him as he took his seat, late on the first day. The men wanted to fuck him right there, perplexed by his wiggling ass. He could feel them undressing him with their eyes. Even the instructor, Mr. Daley, couldn't stop himself from peering down Brody's revealing dress as he walked by.

But at least the men smiled. The women glared at him with contempt as he unpacked his

textbooks from his fancy designer bag. He was undoubtedly one of the hottest girls in the room, and they were all jealous of them. Oh god, this was going to be worse than he thought. This was going to be torture.

He introduced himself as Brienne to the two girls he sat beside, Mandy and Elaine. They seemed like nice, respectable girls, but they didn't go out of their way to be friendly to the new girl. Brody sat there in silence for most of the first period, trying to take notes on algebra. It was so easy, simple math. But for some reason it was difficult for his little girly brain to understand. When Mr. Daley asked him a question, Brody balked. How could he be so stupid! He had known the answer back when he was an older man!

Brody could hear the snickering in every row of desks. Embarrassment washed over him as he stumbled on his words and admitted that he didn't know simple equations. He must've looked so ditzzy in front of his new peers! He tried to remain calm, and tell himself that it didn't matter anyways. He would be a man soon again. But it all seemed so real and personal. He had to find a way to win the favor of the students. If he wasn't popular, his life as a young woman was going to suck even more.

Brody resigned to the fact that he wasn't going to be smart in his new body, and started daydreaming. He wanted to be a man again so badly, and all the respect that came with it. He needed to get his cock back. Mmm... cocks. He wondered how they tasted, and if he would look good with one in his new sexy mouth. Probably, he was hot. No, not probably, definitely. He was a babe. Brody smiled at Mr. Daley, who was explaining some complex math thingy. Mr. Daley probably had a big respectable cock.

Noticing a wetness dripping out of his panties, Brody snapped out of it. What the fuck!? He was a man and he definitely didn't want to suck cock. That was ludicrous! He turned his attention to Mandy and Elaine, who seemed to be gossiping about one of the other girls in the class.

"Who're you guys talking about," Brody whispered as he twirled his shiny blond hair.

The two girls looked at him with disdain. "Are you serious right now?" Mandy said with a scowl on her face. "You know... the pop star," Elaine looked at Brody like he was having a stroke.

"Oh..uh, yeah," Brody mumbled, embarrassed. Woops. He had made a faux pas about the pop star du jour. There were going to be a lot of things he had to learn in order to fit in with this crowd.

The girls didn't let him get off that easy though. "So why'd you join here halfway through the year? Did you get kicked out at your last place for being a slut?" Elaine smirked.

"Oh no, she's not a slut," Mandy continued without missing a beat. "She's not even wearing any make-up! Ha-ha! Look at those polka dots. That's so *adorable* girlfriend. What, did you mom dress you this morning?" Mandy mocked.

Elaine burst out laughing at Mandy's remarks and Mr. Daley's booming voice asserted that they be quiet in the back row. Brody felt like he'd been stabbed. That was so mean! He tried to hide his face as the other two girls continued to giggle. It was true; they definitely looked more womanly than him. They wore short skirts and revealing blouses. "Pantyhorse?" Mandy mouthed silently at Brody. "What are you, my grandma?" the two girls giggled loudly again.

It was all too much. Brody's emotions boiled over and he could feel himself getting teary-eyed again. It didn't matter; none of it mattered. He was a man, really, and shouldn't care

about what those bitches thought about him. But his new body didn't listen to reason. He had to get out of there, out of that room and away from those horrible girls. He gathered his things into his purse quickly, and hiding his face, made a beeline for the door. He could still hear their snickering as he ran out of the classroom.

Brody found an empty hallway and wept openly in a corner. He couldn't hold it back anymore. Being a girl was so hard! He was going to have to do some research on pop stars and modern music just to try to keep up with everyone else. He had no idea what was popular or cool these days. He couldn't wait to get home so he could get out of his stupid polka-dot dress. All the other girls wore miniskirts or jean shorts. He couldn't believe he had let Ally dress him. He'd been so stupid. Even he should've known that he looked ridiculous with his pantyhose. That was what his wife wore to work for chistsakes!

He was going to have to ask Ally for help with make-up. He had an idea of how to dress better, but make-up was an entirely different story. These other girls around him had been practicing for years, and he'd never even put on lip gloss. How was he supposed to fit in here when he was so obviously an outcast?

Brody felt a hand on his shoulder, and turned to see Mr. Daley. He blushed, embarrassed that the teacher had found him hiding.

"Are you okay?" Mr. Daley asked. "I know it's got to be hard coming to a new school. But don't worry, the first day will be the toughest. It will get better from here on out, I promise." He said sincerely.

Brody didn't know what to say. He was just happy to have someone be kind to him, and so he hugged Mr. Daley with both arms. "Thanks sir. That means a lot to me," he said cutely.

It had just been an innocent hug, but Brody had felt Mr. Daley's erection grow during their brief embrace. "It's just those girls. They were being mean to me. But don't worry, I'll handle it," Brody said, confidently. The last thing he wanted to do was be a tattletale. That was no way to win friends.

Mr. Daley had broad shoulders and a deep voice. He said something about he was always there if Brody needed someone to talk to, but Brody wasn't paying attention. There was a new feeling spreading in his legs, up to his crotch. He wondered how big Mr. Daley's cock was. It certainly felt massive. Brody couldn't really remember how big his had been anymore, and part of him didn't really care. All he knew was that he needed to attend to the warmness that was starting to gush between his legs.

Brody felt himself buzzing as he headed for the ladies room. He was ready to rip his pantyhose off and rub his clit like crazy. There was just something about Mr. Daley. He was so respectable and strong. No one ever questioned him; when he made a decision, it was final. And he looked so good in his dress suit and pants. He looked like a real man should.

A boy stopped him and introduced himself as Trevor by the lockers. He was nineteen and although not as filled out as Mr. Daley, he was definitely on his way. Captain of nearly all the sports teams in school, or at least the ones worth playing as Trevor had put it, he just wanted to stop by and welcome Brienne to the school. The butterflies return to Brody's chest. This guy seemed popular.

"Oh well thank you very much, you seem like you would be a good tour guide," Brody teased.

Trevor smirked. "Oh, well there would be no-one better, really," he said as he eyed Brody's long legs. Brody's gaze remained transfixed on Trevor's manly hands. They were so big and strong. He was getting wet just thinking having Trevor's hands touching every inch of his tight eighteen year old body.

"I think you'll have to prove it to me," Brody twirled his hair playfully. He could do this. He could flirt with this stud.

"Well then. Right this way ma'am," Trevor held out an arm and Brody instinctively grabbed on to it.

The two laughed as Trevor showed Brody around the building like a proper tour guide. Brody swooned, but managed to keep up the banter. This guy really was funny. Brody got more worked up every time Trevor playfully held open a door for him or made up a ridiculous joke about the school's history.

"And what's this room for?" Brody asked jokingly as they entered the gym.

"Oh, this is the stable, where we keep the horses," Trevor replied sarcastically. "You look like you could ride pretty well," he said as he eyed Brody's fertile body up and down.

Trevor had caught Brody tongue-tied. He didn't know what to say. Just a couple of days ago, he would've found Trevor's jokes ridiculously uncultured and pathetic. But now, he held on to every word the athletic stud said. Before he could reply, Trevor placed his hand on the small of Brody's back and leaned in for a delicate kiss.

Brody closed his eyes and instinctually raised one of his feet. The butterflies skittered in his stomach, he was so nervous. He couldn't believe it. He was experiencing his first kiss as a young woman.

Part of him knew that he could still turn back. Brody was a man inside, not some daft blonde babe. But Brienne wanted it, and she wanted it so bad. Trevor's hands fell down to his firm, supple breasts, and Brody forgot he had ever even cared about his stupid boss, or what Ally would think. They were sensitive like nothing Brody had ever felt before. And Trevor's hands were like magic, spreading pleasure throughout his body. In a fit of passion, Brody stood on his tiptoes and threw his arms around Trevor's neck. He stuck his tongue inside Trevor's mouth and tried to get as much as he could.

Trevor's stubble grazed in contrast against Brody's smooth skin. It was a rough, new sensation but Brody found that it turned him on immensely. In his fit of lust, Brody wasn't concerned with becoming a man again. He was a sissy, girly little slut. He was a cock-hungry college whore, just like the ones he used to fuck, and he didn't care. None of that mattered if he could get Trevor to scratch the itch that was burning inside of him.

Brody grabbed Trevor's wrist and guided him down to the bottom of his skirt. Trevor seemed surprised, but didn't need to be told twice. He teased Brody's pussy through his pantyhose and panties, and Brody bucked in pleasure. It felt so fucking good! He could feel his wetness seeping out now and drenching his panties. He closed his eyes and bit his lip. His body was so sensitive and he was ready for the athletic stud to take him hard.

But then the pressure in his panties stopped. He looked up, exasperated. What the fuck? Trevor was smiling from ear to ear. Was he being teased? Fuck! No! He needed it now. But in a second it all made sense. Brody found himself flung over Trevor's back like a ragdoll. Woah! He had not been expecting that. Gracefully, Trevor had picked him up and placed him down on the bleachers.

Brody caught his breath. Holy shit! That had been so hot. He'd never been picked up like that before. He couldn't believe Trevor was that strong. It seemed like he had moved him so effortlessly. The tension in Brody's body built again as Trevor got on his knees and started kissing Brody's legs. Goddamnit, he wanted to be touched on his clit so badly. Moaning, Brody threw his head back like his wife used to do. Giving into his feminization felt dirty and incredibly hot. He breathed in sharply with each kiss as Trevor slowly worked his way upwards to Brody's naughty box.

"What the hell is going on in here!?" Brody heard a voice rumble through the entire gym as the lights flicked on. Oh fuck! He threw his dress back down and stood up curtly. Trevor did the same while trying to hide the massive erection in his pants. Brody's heart sunk. They had been caught, on his first day at school, too. This was horrible!

Brody now recognized the voice as Mr. Daley's as the intimidating man appeared before them. He cast his eyes downwards. No! He couldn't believe that he had been so stupid, and so slutty. Now he had totally embarrassed himself in front of his new favorite teacher.

Mr. Daley repeated his initial question, causing the two students to squirm with fear. "Sorry sir. You see, I was just showing Brienne here around our school on a tour, and she want—" Trevor started to say before being interrupted. "I know *precisely* what you were doing," Mr. Daley bellowed. "And I must say that I'm ashamed. Brienne, I had such high hopes for you," He looked pitifully at the sopping wet blonde with messy hair.

"Well then why'd you ask what we were doing if you already knew?" Trevor pushed back, causing Mr. Daley to scowl.

That had been the wrong thing to say. Mr. Daley raised his voice and swearing, called Trevor by his last name. Trevor practically ran out of the gym, but not before turning and winking to Brody. Brody blushed profusely. He had a feeling he was going to regret getting worked up and hooking up with the first young stud that he'd met. He was a beautiful woman! He should've held out for someone who'd deserved it. Someone really sexy...like Mr. Daley.

Mr. Daley noticed Brody's swooning embarrassment. "Looks like you got a little carried away," Mr. Daley looked down at Brody's torn pantyhose. Brody wanted nothing more than for Mr. Daley to rip it off of him and smack his bare ass. Every fiber in his body wanted to be taken hard by his teacher and punished like the girly little slut that he was. He pouted his lips and tried to put on as innocent of a face as he could. He knew that Mr. Daley secretly wanted him.

"Listen, get yourself cleaned up and go home. You've had enough excitement for your first day. I don't know what kind of educational institution you came from, but this kind of behavior is not acceptable here. I know it's your first offense, but we have zero tolerance for skipping class and 'hooking up'," Mr. Daley chastised his newest student.

Brody spread his legs obviously, trying to stir something in Mr. Daley. He'd been watching the older man's waistline ever since he'd come in the door. He needed that monster cock. But the next sentence drew a knife through his heart.

"I've already got a meeting scheduled with your mother for tomorrow. We were just supposed to discuss your integration into campus life, but you've left me no choice. I'll have to let her know of your ill-advised er... extra-curricular activities," Mr. Daley deadpanned.

Brody's heart sank. No, no, no! That was going to be bad news. The last thing he needed was Ally sticking her nose in everything he did. When he was a man, he barely told her what'd

been up to or who he'd been hanging out with. He didn't want her to get her hands over everything in his life.

Dejected, Brody tiptoed out of the gym. To his surprise, he looked up and saw a window filled with mostly male faces. His jaw dropped. Oh my god, how many people had seen him and Trevor hooking up? Good thing they didn't actually have sex or he would've been known as the biggest slut in town! He saw Trevor up there, high fiving some friends. He knew he shouldn't care, but Brody was embarrassed. Trevor was probably boasting about how much of a ladies man he was, and how stupid Brody was. Goddamnit, he didn't want to be just another conquest for some asshole jock. He lowered his head and tried to get the hell out of there.

The next morning, Brody got up early to get ready. He remembered that he was supposed to be a man, but found that the specifics of his old life were slipping away from him. He had more important things to worry about, like looking good in class and being popular. And his mom was meeting his teacher today. Oh god, that was not going to be fun.

Today, Brody slipped on a pair of yoga pants. His ass looked truly amazing in them. He admired it for a while in the mirror, and snapped some pictures of his half naked body. He figured he might as well have some fun with it all. On top, he wore a white see through blouse, with a low neckline and a matching bra. He tied up the bottom of his blouse in a cute way so he could expose his sexy flat stomach.

He asked Ally to come help him with some of the girly things. He had tried to avoid her mostly after school. He had stayed in room and explored his new body, thinking of all the guys at school. Brody had only come downstairs for dinner, which Ally served to him very happily. It was the happiest he'd seen her in years. But he didn't want to contribute to that if he didn't have to, so he tried to ignore her, like a real girl would. He may be stuck in this body, but she couldn't force him to spend *all* his time with her.

Reluctantly, he explained to her that he needed some assistance with his make-up. Ally beamed, and Brody felt sick to his stomach. He didn't like obliging her sick fantasy, but he needed to look good for school. He needed to look sexy and womanly. How else would impress Trevor or Mr. Daley?

The two girls did their make-up side by side in the washroom, starting with foundation. Brody didn't really need much considering how smooth his skin was, but Ally explained that it was important to always get a good base down. Ally handed him a tube of mascara and showed him how to apply mascara. Brody had seen her do it a million times, but it was still a challenge. He scrunched up his face and made an O with his mouth. It was difficult, but magical. He watched his lashes double in size before his eyes. He could hardly believe it and told Ally as such. He batted his eyelashes in the mirror, admiring how much of a difference such a simple product made. Brody looked simply stunning, like a glamor model. He smiled at his mother. Maybe he would enjoy this after all.

Next, he applied just a bit of blush and passed on the eye-liner. He didn't want to overdo it on his first day wearing make-up. He would have lots of time to experiment and get it right, the older woman explained. That was true, but he wasn't done yet. Brody wanted a hot red lipstick for his full, sexy lips. He had amazing, what he used to call, 'cocksucking lips', and he knew it. To his wife's surprise, he took one of her lipsticks and applied it expertly. Any guy would be incredibly lucky to have his luscious crimson lips wrapped around their cock.

To top off his make-over, Brody enlisted his wife to straighten his blonde hair. He knew that he couldn't do it every day, because that would damage it, but he wanted to look hot today. And he did. He nearly got wet just looking at himself in the mirror. He looked like he was older than eighteen – he could've easily passed as being in his early twenties. He joked to Ally that maybe he would go to a bar after school for some fun, but was met with a serious look. His mother explained that there was to be exactly no alcohol consumed by him until he was twenty-one. Brody laughed. A beautiful girl like him would find a way.

Thanking the older woman for her help, he donned a fashionable pair of black flats and left for school. He had desperately wanted to wear heels, but Ally talked him out of it. That would look super slutty, she assured him. And heels larger than two inches weren't allowed in the dress code anyways. It wasn't fair! She got to wear a different pair of fancy heels every day when she went out. Brody made her promise that he could borrow any pair of hers that she wanted if he went out on the weekend. He jumped with excitement when she said yes. Although she could be a hard ass, living with Ally was going better than Brody thought it would. They agreed on way more than he initially thought they would.

The word of Brody's sexy escapade had gotten around quicker than he'd thought. It seemed like everyone knew, and everyone was gossiping about it. He could tell by the way people exchanged laughter in the halls when he walked by. He didn't mind too much, but it was embarrassing. It didn't help that he stood out so much today. With his lipstick and straightened hair, he was easily one of the hottest girls in the whole school. He couldn't walk past a guy without being ogled.

He didn't mind the stares. It was nice, in a weird way, to be rewarded for looking so good. Every long stare from a guy meant an equally long look of jealousy from a girl, and that made him feel good. It turned him on so much to know that he was wanted by practically everyone.

There wasn't a person in the school who didn't know his name now, but he wished it hadn't happened in such an abrupt and polarizing way. To many of them, he was known as a slut for hooking up with a guy on his first day. Trevor didn't seem to get any flak though. As far as Brody could see, he was getting good recognition all over the place. He tried to avoid Trevor as best he could. He wasn't shy, but wasn't sure how their next conversation would go. Awkwardness was definitely not sexy.

Two people he couldn't avoid were Elaine and Maddy. Their looks of disdain hadn't appeased today, even though his outfit fit-in much better. They too, had heard about Brody's hookup, and mocked him mercilessly for it.

"I guess you couldn't wear your pantyhose today, huh? I heard Trevor ripped it into eight pieces," Maddy giggled.

Brody cringed. Why were girls so mean?

"Sounds like you bitches are just jealous," Brody flipped his hair.

Maddy scrunched up her face and looked away. Maybe he had been right, and these good looking girls were just envious of him and his hookup with one of the hottest guys on campus on his first day.

"Been there, done that," Elaine laughed. "Yeah... we are so jealous that you kissed Trevor," She continued sarcastically.

"What a loser," Maddy chimed in. Brody wasn't sure if she was talking about him or Trevor. Maddy made a face like she was sucking and choking on cock, mocking Brody for his

promiscuity. Elaine laughed heartedly. “What a pathetic cum slut. Well at least it looks like you’ve dressed the part more today,” Elaine raised an eyebrow at all the skin Brody was showing.

Brody wanted to cry again. It seemed like there was nothing he could do to avoid being ridiculed by these sassy bitches. Self-consciously, he pulled down his blouse to avoid showing so much of sexy toned mid-section. He fixed his hair. Ally had been teaching him how to do proper ponytails and braids. It was simple stuff, but it helped. Deep down, he knew he was beautiful. He didn’t care what stupid Elaine and Maddy said. It was almost lunchtime; the day would be half over soon.

He liked being a girl, but it was so hard sometimes. Had this been his wife’s plan, to humiliate him? He struggled through the day, and couldn’t stop thinking about touching himself when he got home. Last night, he had gotten so wet and worked up when he was trying to sleep. He hadn’t been able to stop thinking about Trevor’s hard cock pushing against his smooth legs. But when he stuck a finger down his panties, his wife burst through his bedroom door to “see if he was going to be able to sleep okay as a woman.” She explained that girls need a lot of beauty sleep, and shouldn’t touch themselves. That was something disgusting that only gross old men did. Brody agreed with the older woman. Ally had barely stopped talking before he had fallen asleep a top his mountain of pink, fluffy pillows.

He wanted to be a good girl, and please his ex-wife. That meant not fucking every boy in the school, not getting into fights with girls, and doing everything Ally asked. That included not touching himself and getting his beauty sleep. That was what a proper princess would do. And that was the only way he would ever get turned back into a man.

But as he sat outside Mr. Daley’s office, all Brody could think about was touching himself. Ally was inside, discussing his assimilation into school life with the sexy, authoritative Mr. Daley. He was so bored waiting for her, but he couldn’t go home without her. After all, he didn’t have a driver’s license or a car anymore. It seemed like his attention span had shortened since he became a hot eighteen year old. He listened through the door of Mr. Daley’s office. All he could hear was Ally laughing. His heart sunk; he knew that laugh. That was what she had sounded like when he had first wooed her in college.

Mr. Daley was making his mom laugh? That didn’t seem right. He was so strict and serious in the classroom. He wished that Mr. Daley would make him laugh. The more he thought of it, the more his insides started to tighten up. Surely he would have time to get acquainted with his new body. The real adults were taking *so* long talking about whatever they were talking about in there. He pictured Mr. Daley in a tank-top on the beach, outside of his usual classroom element and licked his full, red lips.

Ugh! Why was this meeting taking so long? Brody couldn’t ignore the itch burning side of him anymore. He didn’t care if anyone walked by his seat outside of Mr. Daley’s office and found him. He could feel his sweetness getting wetter as he pulled down his tight yoga pants. They were halfway down to his knees when he first rubbed his hand down the front of his vulva. He shuddered with pleasure.

He stuck a finger inside of himself, feeling his warm tight hole. It was too tight for two fingers, so he plunged deep with one. His legs jolted with electricity. Like most girly princesses, he had long fake nails. He stuck his finger in his mouth which he had never done before. Fuck,

his wetness tasted so good.

Brody held back the hood of his clit and gave it a couple of flicks. He gasped like he had been shot. He didn't remember the last time he was this horny, this was crazy. He touched himself and thought of Trevor's muscular shoulders and Mr. Daley's ridiculously toned forearms. Ugh. He wished he could see Mr. Daley fucking Trevor. That would be hot. He sucked on his fingers again, but he wished it was a cock. Where was Trevor when he needed him? He would do anything to devour that stud's meaty member right now.

His clit felt like a lightning bolt it was so sensitive. He took sharp breaths as he rubbed it hard, back and forth. He was such a slut, doing this in the middle of the hallway, after hours. His pussy had made a damp spot on the seat. It would douse his panties and yoga pants if he pulled them back up. God, the scent of his sex could probably be smelt down the length of the hallway. It felt so good though; he couldn't stop. His sex purred. He wished class was still in session so all the men could've gangbanged him right there. Trevor, Mr. Daley, he wanted to fuck any of them. Even Maddy and Elaine would be amazing to have sex with. They would hold him down like a slut and take a strap-on to his fresh pink pussy. Brody just wanted to be used like the pathetic sissy bitch that he'd become. Was that too much to ask for?

He threw his head back and let out a long groan. He had fully caved into his fantasy, Ally's wished be damned. He let all of his inhibitions go as he imagined Mr. Daley fucking his face with his thick hard cock. He grabbed his breast through his uniform with his free hand. He was incredibly sensitive all over his body. His hips spasmed up and down before shooting upwards to the sky. His back arched and he moaned effeminately. (*Aaah!*) He was cumming so hard.

Brody took a couple deep breaths. It looked like he had just run a marathon. Giddiness overcame him and he started laughing and giggling like the sissy slut that he was. He had never had an orgasm that big before. It was incredible. He sucked on his fingers again; he had to get more somehow. Brody basked in the warm afterglow, his mind hazy from the pleasure. He was still sitting in a sticky pool of his own wetness when the door opened.

"Are you okay? We thought we heard screaming! Oh. Oh my..." Brody's wife was shocked as Mr. Daley kept her upright and helped her to avoid fainting.

"You see ma'am, this! This is exactly the kind of behavior that we were discussing. It is simply not tolerated in our facility," Mr. Daley furrowed his brow.

"Just what do you think you were doing miss?" Ally yelled as she regained her composure.

Brody didn't know what to say. He was still sitting in a pool of his own wetness, dazed from the power of his first full body orgasm. He stared up at them meekly, his beautiful feminine face begging for mercy. He could see Mr. Daley's cock growing in his pants. He salivated like a cock hungry whore as Ally berated him publicly. His brain had mostly shut down from all of the pleasure it had received. He barely remembered what was said on the car ride home.

The next day was a Saturday, and Brody woke up feeling refreshed and sexy. He felt comfortable in his womanly body for the first time. He lay in bed and squeezed his breasts. Smiling, he thought about how he had always wanted to fuck titties when he was a man. Now he had a pair of his own! As a man, he had been caught wearing his wife's panties a couple of times. He couldn't really explain it; it had always just felt like the right thing to do. Maybe there was something inside of him that knew he was destined to be a girly sissy slut for longer than

he'd known.

He got up and straightened his long blonde curls. Brody's appetite had mostly disappeared since he'd become a girl. Ally said that was natural. It was normal for a pretty sexy thing like him to want to be as thin as possible. He didn't need to eat breakfast right away anymore. He smiled, admiring his natural beauty and perfect teeth. He didn't even need to make-up to look like a hot babe.

Brody went to the washroom. Sitting down to pee, he suddenly had a longing for something that was long gone. In a brief moment of clarity, he remembered what it was like to not only have a dick of his own, but the masculinity which came with it. As a man, he'd used to be able to walk into any restaurant and get service immediately. People respected him. Now, he had to wait for his mommy to drive him somewhere, or take the bus. He missed being able to speak up in a room and everyone turning to pay attention to him. As Brienne, he was just a slutty cum crazed bimbo. No one listened to anything he said when he raised his hand.

And honestly, he had been a woman for long enough. Hadn't Ally proved her point? Hadn't she gotten what she wished for? His punishment had been thorough and degrading. He knew what it was like to be a pretty college thing now and have men view him as an object. Stepping lightly down the stairs, he found his wife and care-taker sipping her morning coffee. She looked more content than she'd ever been when Brody was a man.

"Hey Ally, Uh, I mean.. Mum. Listen. I was thinking that I'd been a girl for long enough, and really I think it would be great if you could turn me back now," he batted his eyelashes.

No sooner had the words left his pretty girly mouth than had Ally risen out of her chair and across the kitchen. In a flash, her hand rose and struck Brody across his rosy cheek. The sexy young schoolgirl, stumbled backwards, aghast and confused.

"You disobey my rules *and* you think you deserve to be changed back now? Honey, you've got a long way to go," Ally raised her voice.

"I... I just miss being a man," Brody whimpered in the corner.

"Well it didn't seem that way when you were knuckle deep in your pussy in the middle of the hallway yesterday, now did it?" Ally snapped.

Brody didn't know what to say. His face still stung horribly. He hoped it wouldn't leave a mark. He wasn't sure he knew the proper make-up to use to cover it up completely.

"You're gonna be a pathetic girly loser and you're going to like it. The only time I will ever *consider* changing you back into a man will be once you've fully committed to enjoying life as a young woman. Do you understand?" Ally raised her hand again.

"Yes! Yes I do," Brody begged.

"Good. Now you've got a lot of work to do to make up the ground you lost yesterday. If I see you touching yourself again, there will be consequences," Ally glared at her former husband. "Good princesses don't play with themselves. Now, if you want to redeem yourself, get ready to go to the mall. We're going to try to have a fund day."

At the mall, Brody walked diligently behind the older woman. No one walking around thought anything odd was happening. To outsiders, they were just two glam woman looking to blow some cash and dress up. And once they were inside the stores, Brody's raging feminine hormones took over. He chatted up all of the female sales clerks but got nervous around the male ones. He sorted through racks of revealing clothing, trying to find items that fit his slender frame.

Ally insisted on him trying on a miniskirt, but she didn't have to. Brody had already taken numerous brands into the change room. They slipped over his tight buttocks and exposed his long, sexy legs. He got wet just looking at how good his legs looked. The skirt was so short that the only thing hidden was his crotch.

Smiling, he knew he looked damn hot. All of the men in the store took a glance over at him when he emerged from the change room to Ally's delight. He twirled, showing off his pink short skirt. Those bitches in class would have nothing on him now. Brody looked like a goddess. He didn't have a manly thought in his mind. All of that had disappeared once he got into the mall. This was the good life. Being feminized was the best thing that had happened to him, and his memories of being a man were starting to slip further away. Maybe his vapidness came from the fact that he was eighteen. Eighteen year olds weren't supposed to be smart.

But he had to get one more thing on the way out of the mall, a bikini! Summer was coming after all and he needed to show off his sexy new body. What kind of woman would be caught dead without a bikini on a hot summer's day? Walking confidently into the swimwear store, he didn't need the attendant's help to find his size. He realized that his good looks allowed him to do anything with apparent confidence. People just assumed that he was an authority on beauty.

Brody did however, need his mom's help to pick out a style of bikini for him. He first tried on a simple butterfly bikini and a bandeau. The bandeau was really hot; Ally said it looked great on him. But it didn't quite show enough cleavage as it went straight across. The butterfly top was a super cute dark red, but it was so plain! Brody wanted something more adventurous and girly, something made for a super-hot eighteen year old!

Ally helped him pick out a thong bikini, but Brody was distracted by a micro bikini. It was even thinner and skimpier than the thong! When he tried it on, he knew he found the one. His firm round ass showed almost everything in it. It was really glamorous and the men would love it. Brody practically jumped up and down in glee as the cashier rung it up. He was so excited to get home and try it on.

At home, Brody giddily got into his bikini and sat outside to sun bathe. The miniskirt would have to wait for a school day. He oiled his body with tanning lotion as took in the sun rays. As a man, he had seen Ally do it a million times. It always seemed boring as she was just sitting out there in the hot sun and staring into space at nothing. Brody had always much preferred to stay in the shade and read a book, or hell, stay indoors and watch TV.

But now, he felt truly at home on the sun chair. He had large pink glasses on covering his face and he made sure to turn over every twenty minutes. Brody didn't have to worry about getting a bikini tan as his micro bikini exposed almost all of his smooth skin.

Unfortunately, lying alone and doing nothing led Brody to daydream. And there was only one thing he could think about: cock. He knew he wasn't supposed to touch himself, Ally disobeyed that. It wasn't what a proper young woman would do. She had gotten so mad at him the last time she'd caught him that she'd slapped him across the face. And it had hurt! He never knew his wife could hit that hard. He never wanted to face her wrath again for fear that she would never turn him back into a man again.

But his newfound lust was so intrusive! Brody lay on his stomach and got wet while thinking about Mr. Daley taking him from behind. God, he was so strong. That man would fuck him ruthlessly and slam his head repeatedly into the sun chair. He could feel himself

wetting his new bikini. He tried to move around on top of the chair, stimulating his clit. He was humping slowly like a truly pathetic sissy slut. He didn't know if it would work, but it did! Fuck, it felt good. Brody had no doubt that he could come from his make-shift grinding. He was so sensitive and it didn't take a lot for him to cum.

No one would see! He was alone in the backyard and Ally was probably watching one of her reality shows on the television. Brody had totally soaked his bikini bottom. It just felt way too good. He needed attention on his clit now, cock or no cock, rules or no rules. He wished he had a cock so badly. He closed his eyes in pleasure.

"Get the hell inside this instant Miss!" Ally bellowed from the backdoor. Brody hadn't even heard it open. Shocked, it took him a couple of seconds to process what was happening. He meekly stopped his masturbation and sauntered over to his wife with his head down, blonde hair blowing behind him.

"That's it! You knew the rules, you filthy slut. Proper young ladies do not touch themselves! Not in my house," Ally exclaimed as she grabbed Brody by the back of his head. She dragged him, half standing, into the living room.

A sense of helplessness came over Brody. Holy shit, he had fucked up. And not only that, he had disappointed Ally! There was no way she was going to turn him back into a man now!

Brody knew his wife had taken on a cruel side, but he did not expect what happened next. He found himself bent over on the couch, his bare ass exposed as Ally pulled aside his thin micro bikini.

"You want a cock? I'll give you a cock, you pathetic loser," his wife taunted him.

Brody gasped when Ally pulled out a massive strap-on dildo, over eight inches long. They had never played with any toys when he'd been a man. He would've been thinking about that if he had any extra brain cells. But they were all occupied thinking about how that thick cock would feel inside of his tight, virgin pink pussy.

"Suck it you sissy whore," Ally said as she slapped his ass hard. It stung like crazy, but also felt good in some mysterious way. Obliging, Brody took the dildo in his pretty mouth. He had waited so long to put something like that in there, and it felt great. He wished it was Trevor's cock, but this would do. He didn't mind lubing it up if it meant it got in his pussy faster.

"Repeat after me," Ally started. "Proper young ladies don't touch themselves," she said.

Brody started to repeat the phrase with the dildo in his mouth but found eight inches shoved down his throat the second he started to say it. His eyes watered and he choked hard. Fuck! That was a lot of dick to take in his small mouth. Ally laughed at him as he struggled to regain his breath.

Again, she prodded him to repeat the phrase, and again he started to say it with a mouthful of dildo. Maybe he had forgotten what was in his mouth? He wasn't too bright. And again, Ally jammed it deep down his throat before he could get the word "proper," out.

The punishment just made Brody even more wet. He didn't mind taking some abuse if it meant he could finally get his pussy filled with that thick fake dick. It itched deep down inside of him, and he needed to be filled. He didn't care what else happened.

But when Ally started fingering his asshole, he knew something was wrong. He'd never put anything up there before, as a man or woman. It puckered as his wife ran her finger over his tight virgin hole.

"What, did you think I was going to lick your clit and make you cum?" laughed Ally. "No,

this is your punishment sweetie. You should've been a good girl.

Brody clenched the couch with both hands as Ally entered him from behind. His eyes rolled back into his skull as she slowly entered him, expanding his tight asshole. When Brody thought it was all the way in, it kept going. He sucked in air when he remembered to breathe, surprised at how much cock his ass could take. Slowly, Ally withdrew from inside of him, before slamming it in hard again.

Brody moaned effeminately. It felt uncomfortable at first, but then gave way to something more pleasurable. He had given up all control to his wife and it felt good. She plunged his ass repeatedly, and hummed like the little school girl slut that he was. His mind was blank as he received his pounding of a lifetime. All he could do was grip on to the couch cushions and take his wife's long thick dildo.

Ally lifted up Brody's head from behind for a second before slamming it down into the couch. Brody felt his pussy explode with wetness from being dominated. He bit into the couch and grunted like only a sexy girl could. Pleasure released throughout his entire middle section as Ally smacked his ass again. He loved being used and humiliated. Getting fucked in the ass felt just as amazing as he imagined getting fucked in his pussy would be.

Brody would later reflect on this moment as when he had truly and hopelessly become feminized. He barely wanted to turn back into a man anymore after being degraded and fucked by his wife. He would be content with his new place as her understudy. Being a woman just felt so good, and being fucked felt even better.

"Oh my god, you actually like getting fucked in the ass. You filthy pathetic loser!" Ally screamed at her husband. "I knew you always wanted a big meaty cock in your ass you disgusting slut!" She exclaimed as she rammed hard into him.

Pleasure jolted through his hips and lower body. He didn't know if it was possible, but he felt like he was going to have an orgasm from purely anal stimulation. Ally slammed his head into the couch again, and that was the last straw. Throbs of pleasure intermixed with pain released throughout his lower body. Brody's hips started gyrating, as they were out of his control. Ally smacked his ass and tried to stabilize him, but he was experiencing a massive full body orgasm.

Moaning profusely, he continued to cum for some time as Ally plundered his ass. He barely registered what had happened, but he knew that he'd liked it. And if it felt that good coming from a woman, he couldn't even image what it would feel like if he had been ravaged by a real man. One thing was for certain, he was very far away from being a real man himself, and Ally made sure he knew that.

She turned her sissy boy over on the couch and slapped him on his pretty face. Ally made sure that he knew who was in charge, and that he had fucked up. He hadn't been a good girl, in fact, he had been the very opposite. She made it very clear to him that his next punishment would be something that he wouldn't enjoy nearly as much as this one.

The next morning, Brody was slow to dress and get ready for school. He lay on his pink sheets, his asshole still gaping from the abuse he'd taken. He had learned a hard lesson, but was still in good spirits. After all, today he was going to be able to wear his skirt! He was so excited that he was getting wet just thinking about all the looks he would get from the guys.

He was getting better at putting make-up on. He knew now how not to apply too much. Or

rather, he still applied the same amount, but it looked like he had less on. It was a valuable skill, and he was still learning. This morning, he even experimented with some eye-liner. It was dazzling really, it made his eyes pop! To top it all off, he donned a white bow on his head. Ally had picked him out for him on their shopping trip, and it was super cute. The bow stayed on as he twirled in the bathroom, his long blonde hair flowing behind him. It really tied together his whole schoolgirl look. He flashed his perfect white teeth in the mirror, happy that his ability to accessorize himself was improving. He grabbed the new cell phone that Ally had bought for him and was ready for class.

Trevor approached Brody right after first period ended. Brody instantly felt the same butterflies return to his stomach. They hadn't talked since their hook-up on Brody's first day, and Brody was dying to redeem himself and his image. Trevor wore a polo shirt and had short, spiked up hair. His big arms barely fit through the sleeves. He was the kind of guy that Brody hated back when he was a man. But now, his feeble knees wobbled in weakness every time the young stud walked past him.

"Hey, Brienne, uh. How's it going?" Trevor cleared his throat.

Brody batted his eyelashes. He still couldn't believe that Trevor was talking to him so casually. How's it going? Oh my god! What was that supposed to mean? "Uh, good," Brody squeaked out.

"I guess you got the rest of the tour without me, huh?" Trevor smiled

"Haha! Yeah I guess so," Brody laughed, feeling relieved. He still felt light headed; just being near a stud like Trevor was getting him all hot and bothered.

"So do you like it here or...?" Trevor asked.

Brody blushed. "Oh, it's okay, y'know. The teachers are, like, hardasses and the boys sometimes don't talk to you after kissing them, but it's better than my old campus," Brody said playfully as he twirled his hair. Being a sassy teaser came naturally to him, as it did to most stunningly hot women. And besides, he knew how guys like Trevor worked. They wanted someone who put up a challenge and played hard to get. Of course, Brody would roll over and take everything given to him if there was a chance he could get some dick, but it was the illusion that counted; never mind that they'd already kissed.

"Well, I suppose the guys around here aren't used to girls as pretty as you," Trevor said confidently

Brody bit his lip. His tongue was tied and he didn't know how to continue the banter. He could feel his panties getting damp as Trevor looked him up and down. Brody's miniskirt suddenly felt very short. He knew Trevor was already fucking the living hell out of him in his mind. Brody laughed nervously.

"Say, want to hang out sometime? Y'know, at the park or something?" Trevor stretched his muscular forearms.

"Yes! I mean, yah, um, maybe. I'll have to check what I'm doing. We'll see," Brody turned bright red and giggled like a true schoolgirl. He couldn't believe this stud was asking him out! The snake in Trevor's pant was bulging out, and Brody was already salivating at the thought of taking it deep in his mouth. Ally had said nothing against dating men; surely that wasn't against her stupid rules.

They exchanged phone numbers, and Brody sauntered off confidently. All the ladies in the school were desperate to hook up with Trevor and he was actually going to make it happen! He

didn't care what Elaine and Maddy thought. He was way hotter and better than those nasty bitches anyways.

Nothing could bring Brody down for the rest of the day. He felt like a million bucks. Sure, he missed the advantages that came with being an older man, but being a schoolgirl was incredibly fun, even though it was new and scary. He had just been asked out by the hottest stud in the school! Sure, he didn't have many girlfriends but life was still exciting and sexy.

He thought about his relationship with Ally and how it was changing. He truly missed what they once had, as a husband and wife. He would never be able to see her in the same loving way again, and vice versa. It was hard to come to terms that she would have so much influence in his life now. As happy as he was to be a sissy, feminine girl, he resented Ally for taking away his control in life. Everything he did now had to be approved by her.

But today was a happy day, and Ally would be thrilled about his first date. What would he wear? Oh my god, maybe Ally would offer to do his make-up for the date? He hoped that she would. It would make him feel much more comfortable about the whole ordeal. And he would have to go shoe shopping before it happened. The shoes he wore to school were black and only gave him a small lift off the ground. He was going to need something much sexier if he was going to seduce Trevor. Or maybe Trevor would seduce him? His hips pulsed from just thinking about Trevor's wide frame and manly voice. How was he going to avoid touching himself before he met up with Trevor? He felt like he could be discreet but Ally always seemed to catch him. Maybe he should text Trevor and tell him that they should hang out, like, soon. Oh my god, so many things to think about! It was overwhelming, really.

Brody opened the door and called out to his ex-wife to tell her that he was home. She didn't respond, so he gushed into the kitchen. He couldn't wait to tell her the big news! But what he saw there shocked him.

"Hi Brienne. Your mother tells me that you've been very naughty at home," Mr. Daley said from the seat where Brody used to sit as a man.

Brody's mouth hung open. Mr. Daley was here, at his house? And why now? What was happening?

"But don't worry about that," Mr. Daley laughed. "I'm just kidding you. That's not why I'm here. Ally invited me over for dinner and I couldn't say no. She's very convincing," he twirled his wine glass and smiled at Ally.

Brody didn't know what to say. He felt sick to his stomach. Ally looked at him, eager to help.

"Are you okay, honey? Was there something that you wanted to tell me?" Ally said with just a trace of mocking in her tone.

His wife had shattered all illusions that she'd be turning him back into a man anytime soon. Brody couldn't believe what had happened. She had invited over his instructor, and made him dinner? He couldn't remember the last time that she had made him dinner. She was wearing the diamond earrings that Brody had bought her for their anniversary. She looked good; stunning even. But Brody knew she hardly ever wore make-up like that. His stomach churned. Could Ally really be so cruel? What the fuck was happening? Was she trying to seduce Mr. Daley? He couldn't allow that to happen in the house that he'd bought with his own money.

Brody wanted to rage and punch his wife. She couldn't do this to him! But they would see

it as a schoolgirl's angst, and only punish him more. There were two of them, and they were so much stronger than him. He wanted to yell and scream, and tell Mr. Daley what was really going on. He had to tell the truth! But nothing came out of his mouth. The girly part of his brain took over as he noticed Mr. Daley's growing bulge.

"I... Uh. I've got a date, with a guy," Trevor said like a young woman truly relieved to get that off of her chest.

The two older adults beamed at him profusely.

"See, I told you she'd make friends," Mr. Daley said as he raised his glass again.

"Oh my god! That's great honey!" Ally's eyes twinkled.

Find out what happened next! Book 2 available in May 2015!

Book 2 is available! [Read it now!](#)

Vicky's Spotlight

GENDER SWAP ALL OVER HIS NEW FACE

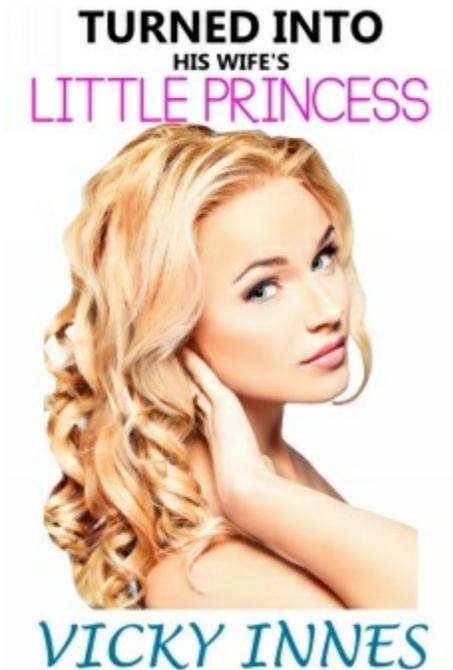


VICKY INNES

[Gender Swap All Over His New Face](#)

Good morning Samantha, my new girlfriend! I hope you're enjoying your new body, asshole. Sleeping with my best friend was the last straw and now it's time for you to walk a mile in my heels. If you ever want to have your party boy lifestyle back again, you need to fuck 25 men before next Sunday. That's right darling, pucker up. I hope you enjoy being slammed into by the hordes of disgusting douchebags on campus. And that's not all. Every single one of them has to cum on your beautiful new face, or else it doesn't count. Remember when you wouldn't kiss me after cumming in my mouth? Hehe :) Sounds like you're gonna be a busy little slut. Love ya babe – Andrea xoxo

Sam's heart sank. No, fuck no. This was very bad. He wasn't attracted to men! [Read Now!](#)



[Turned Into His Wife's Little Princess](#)

Jason cheated on his wife with her gorgeous younger sister, taking her hard and unprotected. That was the last straw, and he woke up the next morning in the body of a little girl. Will the adorable new princess with blonde hair and rosy cheeks learn how to behave properly? Maybe Jason will enjoy being helpless and learning how to paint his cute little nails. Or will he act out and get punished by his mommy? [Read Now!](#)

[Luke's Pink Pacifier](#)

This is a short story about a man who reluctantly gives his wife total control over his life. Diane stumbles upon Luke sucking on a pacifier and decides that if he secretly wants to become helpless and diapered, then she'll oblige him. Better yet, she'll turn him into a girly little princess and dress him up in pink jewelry and nail polish. Will Luke be a good, obedient little princess? Or will he wet his diaper, giving his mummy no choice but to punish him by penetration? [Read Now!](#)

[Jen Feminizes her Step](#)

The woman Dan **grew up with**, Jen, is one of the hottest cheerleaders in town and catches Dan eavesdropping on a naughty conversation. Embarrassed about his obvious arousal, Jen decides to punish Dan by turning him into a stunningly hot blonde. He'll need to do everything the powerful brat tells him, or else she'll never turn him back. She'll make Dan submit not only to her, but also to her male lover. And she'll make him beg for it every step along the way... [Read Now!](#)

[Punished By Gender Swap](#)

Matt's newest secretary, Lisa, has plans to enact revenge on him for his systematic harassment of all the hot women in the office. Matt first shrinks between his legs and finds himself growing breasts. But he deserves much worse than that for what he's done. By the end

of his slow transformation, he'll be a sex crazy slut with a need to be filled in all of his tight new holes. Lisa will make sure that he gets absolutely dominated and degraded by a group of his former business executives. Reluctantly, Matt will have to come to terms with the fact that he's been humiliated and turned into a helpless, feminized little whore. [Read Now!](#)

[Turned Into His Wife's Daughter](#)

Jack is transformed into a darling little princess by his lovely wife. For 18 months Sara had sat at home, waiting for him to return from his overseas deployment. She had wasted her prime child bearing years only to find out that he'd been cheating on her the whole time. Jack quickly finds out that Sara isn't going to take that kind of misbehavior from a little girl. She makes it clear that any naughtiness will result in a swift spanking for the adorable new toddler. And when Jack's mistress comes to the couple's house in search for him, Sara hatches a plan to humiliate him even further... [Read Now!](#)

[Under His Spell](#)

A hot young couple decides to treat themselves to an expensive night out at the XXX Hypnotist show. They didn't plan for themselves to be the live entertainment! At least the effects of hypnosis would wear off when they got home, right? [Read Now!](#)

[Changing Jen: Back to Prom](#)

[A 5 star review by an Amazon Customer:](#)

“I don't normally buy such short stories but the premise seemed interesting. And I don't regret it at all. The story is about Jennifer, an older woman with nice curves who is drugged and hypnotized to, upon hearing a trigger phrase, turn back and forth between being an eager-to-please girl with a crush on Ryan who thinks she's got the body of teenager, or her usual self, but a little more obliging to her husband. It's a very hot story, and strangely enough for this kind of story, no one is really humiliated by the situation. Everyone gets something out of it. Even Amanda, Ryan's girlfriend.” [Read Now!](#)

[Gender Swapped And Dominated](#)

Christian cheats on his wife for the last time, and Lindsay enacts brutal revenge in the form of a full body transformation. As a woman, Christian will need to conform to every one of his wife's wishes, or she'll never change him back into a man. He'll visit the salon, wear make-up, and even try walking in heels for the first time. But that's not enough punishment for what he did. He'll be totally humiliated by two dominating biker studs, and taken in all of his tight, new holes. The studs will be as relentless as Christian is insatiable. And Lindsay will make him beg for it every step of the way... [Read Now!](#)

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