

Knockout Casting

Farleven



Knockout Casting

An Erotic Transgender Transformation Adventure

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Knockout Casting

“Have you managed to acquire one of the tears of Aneazs?” Jacob asked as I entered his lab. I could feel the power of his latest work pulsing through the room. The small glowing green orb at the center of his casting circle seemed ridiculously mismatched with the energy flowing all around it.

“Sorry, I went through every stone shop on the north shore. No one has one. I was going to check online again to see if I have more luck.” I explained. A tear of Aneazs was simply a fancy name for a piece of amber with a very specific insect sealed inside, one that had long since died out. It was a key ingredient in many spells, which made it rare and hard to come by, but it was a fact known only to the various orders of mages. That didn’t stop their hunts for the rare stones from driving up the price of them. Many were held in private collections simply for the raw monetary value, but that meant that the collector circuit often offered the best chance to find them short of mining.

“Very well.” Jacob nodded and turned back to the spell he was working on. It was always a strange sight to see a guy wearing a pair of jeans and a T-shirt playing with magic at his level. Most mages still liked to play up the robes and wands angle, a bit of traditionalism. Jacob had come of age too recently, and felt the look had turned into a modern mockery.

I wasn’t sure I disagreed, and certainly never did where he could hear. Jacob was only five years older than me, but he’d been a prodigy and was working as a Master while I was still only an assistant. Honestly, as strange as he was, it was an honor to have managed to get him to take me on as a student, and I’d learned a lot in the two years I’d spent here. I never imagined that I’d learn more in a six months in this old brownstone than the years I’d spent at MIT getting a Master’s degree.

I looked carefully at the magic swirling in front of me. Many of the projects he worked on were beyond my ability to grasp. This one was little different. I could see some of the intent, but I couldn't understand enough to piece together what it was supposed to do.

"Is that an energy tap?" I asked. At least I recognized that much.

"Crudely so. I'm trying to tap into the commonwealth vein to give me enough power to sustain a realm portal. I'm still not sure I have enough energy to manage that." Jacob spent much of his time trying to find a more permanent way to access the other realms. They were something like parallel Earths, with varying access to magic and technology, but all with resources that mages could trade for or exploit. Unfortunately, portals were incredibly hard to create, and tended to suck up lots of power before destabilizing. Jacob had been working on creating a stable portal, and exploit it.

"But, I've done all I can stand for today. I think it's time for a drink." He waved his arm and everything seemed to dissipate in a moment. All that energy simply flowed back to the normal paths without even a slight rush of air. "Can you prepare the fifth and seventh sets of Ryold's charms for me. I wanted to modify some of the stability spell tomorrow."

"Sure. I'd be happy to." I nodded, biting my tongue. That would mean working well into the night. Ryold's charms were basic but time consuming magic, just the kind of thing an assistant got asked to do.

"Wonderful, Alan, I'll be back late. Be sure to set the wards if you finish before then." Jacob smiled, pulled on a jacket and was out the door before I could say anything else.

I pulled out my phone and dialed up Turner. He picked up on the third ring.

"Don't tell me, working late again?" Turner laughed. It was no surprise to my old friend that I couldn't get away. It was hard enough not telling him exactly what I did, but I was often forced to cancel

plans at the last minute. It wasn't like I could say no to Jacob. I wouldn't ever get to be a full mage if I didn't put myself at his disposal.

"Yeah, special project with a tight deadline. How about we reschedule for next week?" I offered.

"Man, that sucks, I even managed to get Stephanie to talk her friend into coming. I heard she was just your type. You're never going to meet a girl if you keep bailing on us!" Turner replied. "I'll see what I can do next week. Later!"

I put down the phone and fell into a chair. He was right after all, I was spending so much time here, that the rest of my life was being left in the dust. On the other hand, I wasn't going to give up the chance to have real magic. I'd been lucky enough to stumble on that first spark of magic as a kid and brought into the fold. I couldn't walk away now.

I shook it off and started on with my work. I wouldn't be able to finish early enough to go out, but I could probably manage to get to bed before dawn if I didn't dawdle. The hardest part of working the charms was just setting them up. After that they needed to be monitored and adjusted when the forming magic tried to twist in improper ways. That didn't take much work, but I had to check every twenty minutes or so till they were done, which meant I had to stick around.

After I finished setting them up, I plopped down in one of the lab's chairs. I had a whole evening to kill now, aside from the occasional breaks to check on the magic. It was hard not letting my thoughts drift towards more radical solutions to my current problem. Well, honestly, I had a lot of problems, but probably the one I most had issue with was the lack of a girlfriend.

Jacob always said that magic could solve almost any problem. Sure, we kept it under wraps due to all the ways things could go wrong, but once you were on the inside, you had a lot of flexibility in what you chose to do with the power. I hopped up and started looking through

Jacobs collection of texts. He had most of the great books of magic here, and a nice selection of the lesser known titles.

The biggest question is what to do. I could use various enchantments, but those all came with lots of trouble. Sure, you could magic a girl into infatuation or even make them love you, but that was just cruel. Much less, the magic was difficult to get right, and other mages didn't look kindly on those who used magic to get women in that fashion. One thing I knew for sure was that you didn't want to piss off the guild. They had a knack for creatively dealing with those who stepped out of line.

The other consideration was just what I wanted. Honestly, as a guy in my mid twenties, I really didn't want a relationship, at least not a serious one. That opened up a few options. I could just summon up a girlfriend. I cringed a bit at the idea, but it had a lot of appeal just the same. It wouldn't be a real girl, more like a lifelike animated blowup doll. Just the thing for a simple one night stand. It certainly would be an improvement on the normal self love approach.

So I went to work finding Jacob's books on summoning and golems. It didn't take me long to find what I was looking for. Usually these types of things were used for labor or as guards, but it didn't take long for me to find just the spells I would need. Over the next hour I switched between preparing the spell and doing my other work.

I had to admit it was kind of fun. Here I could do anything I wanted, make the perfect fantasy girl. Once I'd summoned her once, I'd be able to do it again with far less effort. She'd only last a few hours before the magic powering her would run out, but it would help me hone my summoning skills, so that was almost a bonus.

As I got the basics down, I had to turn towards the details. First, red hair was a must, with a cast of freckles on her otherwise smooth skin. Big sparkling blue eyes and a cute nose on a round face. Then she'd have a somewhat short frame, not too much, but a good several inches shorter than me. Her breasts should be nice and perky while also being big enough for a nice full squeeze. Finally,

she'd get a shapely figure with nice legs and a soft ass, hairless below the neck except for a nice tuft of fuzz over the top of her pussy. On top of that, she'd be a spunky little sex kitten with a love of doing the nasty with an eagerness to please along with enough of a submissive side that she'd enjoy being told just what to do.

Now, I just had to keep all of this in my head while I worked up the summoning spell. It was almost ten before I got it all put together. Then I waited until after my next check on the charms before starting the summoning proper. In a few minutes I'd be enjoying a much more pleasurable evening.

It was a lot of work pulling in this kind of magic. That was why it took most Mages several years working as an apprentice before they could step out and work on their own. I still wasn't at the level to be on my own, but this spell was mostly power and not as much on the nuance. I could feel it swirling together, working around the summoning circle as I concentrated on the ebb and flow of things, and weaving my instructions into the power around me.

I was nearing the end of it when I felt it was not quite right. I'd done summonings before and there was something off. I tried to put my finger on it, but just as I was about to abort the process, the magic twisted and slammed into me. I felt the power flow through me tickling my toes and sending strange little sparks out my finger tips.

Then everything went quiet. I took a moment to breath. That was all abnormal. Usually a destabilized spell would just bleed off, or at worst, maybe cause a little explosion. I could feel a lingering tang of magic through my joints, but I didn't feel anything else from it. I scratched my head. I'd never had trouble with this kind of summoning before. Sure, I'd never quite done anything as complicated as a human, but I didn't think it would be that different.

Aside from the slight buzz in my body, everything else had returned to normal, and I decided to drop it for tonight. I still had to finish up the charms and I was getting hungry. The promise of sex had made

me willing to forgo dinner, but now that that was off, I decided to get something out of the fridge.

The rest of the evening was uneventful. I wondered just what had gone wrong with the spell, but I couldn't figure it out. I just gave up and watched a bit of TV while finishing things up. Unfortunately, my optimism was unfounded on the charms and it was well into the next morning before I managed to finish them up. I was just about to set the wards and go back to my apartment when Jacob pushed the door open.

"Ah! Good morning!" Jacob smiled. No doubt he'd enjoyed his evening out. "I can see from the look in your eyes that the charms are finished. Thank you, Alan! Now, go sleep it off, I'm a bit concerned that you've grown a bit too experimental when you get sleepy."

"Experimental?" I asked. Certainly he couldn't tell that I'd tried to do a summoning. He was good, but even he wasn't that sensitive, especially since it didn't work. It wasn't like he would have minded either. He encouraged me to practice my magic, and hell, I'd seen the pin-ups in his room.

"Well, I'm not one to judge, but I don't think red it quite your color." He smiled. "Up to you, of course, I've seen worse."

"Red?" I quickly turned to a mirror and fought down my shock. I could clearly see several streaks of bright red hair mixed in with my normal brown. It looked like a punk hair style except the red really didn't work. I blushed a bit. Somehow the spell must have blown back on me more than I realized.

"No worries, I'm just surprised that you could style it so cleanly. Just work a bit more on your color selection." Jacob laughed and pointed towards the door again. "Now, you should probably catch up with your sleep and I have work to do."

I stumbled out onto the street as I watched him close the door behind me. He just figured I was tired, and that was true, but I was also concerned. If my failed spell had affected my hair, what else could have changed? I could have just walked back in and asked Jacob, but I didn't want to admit to having messed up a rather simple spell. It'd probably be easy enough to fix once I got some rest and made a try of it.

I made my way back home, but not before stopping off for a doughnut. It was bad enough having to stay up all night, at least I could get a fresh one on the way home. It was still early enough that the shop wasn't busy. It was always hard to decide, but I settled on something simple today.

"One chocolate glaze with sprinkles." I coughed a bit, my voice sounded off. Like it was almost a bit too high, which was probably just the exhaustion getting to me.

"Sure, miss." The clerk turned and grabbed one from the rack behind him. I was about to correct him when a chill went down my spine.

What if my hair wasn't the only thing changing? Jacob hadn't seemed to notice anything else, but I didn't want to make a scene here either.

"Thanks." I tossed him some money and grabbed the bag he handed me before darting off to the bathroom.

Sure enough, I could see that more had changed just since I'd left the lab. My hair was now more red than brown, and my skin had turned a bit lighter. More disturbing still was that my nose had shrunk and my stout face was now a lot rounder and there wasn't even a hint that I'd not shaved in almost a day. I still looked mostly like myself, but the changes were plain as day just the same.

I gave myself a quick pat down. For now, nothing else was changing, but I knew I'd better get a full check done as soon as possible. I braced myself and left the bathroom. I didn't slow down to see if

anyone noticed me. I just hurried my way out and then headed to my apartment as fast as possible.

Luckily, I only lived a block away and was safely locking the door behind me before I ran into anyone I knew. I wasn't up for explaining all of this. I headed straight for the bathroom again, this time shedding clothes as I went.

I tried to brace myself for what I was going to see, but still cringed as I caught my reflection. In just ten minutes, my hair had not only gone completely red, but it was starting to grow as well, and was almost shoulder length. My face was now even more feminine, my eyebrows had thinned and my eyes looked like sparkling blue saucers.

I looked down reluctantly. I'd lost what little muscular definition I'd had in my chest and arms, but even the general bulk of everything had decreased. I had to admit, I looked more like a flat chested girl than a guy at this point, androgynous at best. My stomach was flat too, probably the one good point to all the changes. The slight paunch I'd been working on was gone, but that only drew my attention down further.

My crotch hair had gone red as well, and while my cock was still trying to hold on, it looked much smaller than it had been last I checked. There was also a greater curve to my hips and I could feel my ass had grown softer as well.

The changes weren't stopping. I watched as my cock continued to shrink. I couldn't really feel it changing, but it was more like a growing absence as my balls seemed to pull up into me, and my diminished cock followed. For a few moments, it looked simply like I was a boy again, but then everything seemed to be reshaped. My balls lost their hair and seemed to split apart, forming what I could easily recognize were the outer lips of a pussy. My cock kept shrinking, until it seemed to disappear between the front of those lips, and I felt a shudder roll up my spine.

There was no way to deny that I had just acquired a pussy, and a sudden discomfort started working up between my legs. Little by little I knew I was growing a vagina and all the rest of what usually rested between a woman's legs. The feeling of it was so strange, first just being empty between my legs was odd enough, but now there was a depth to it that was disturbing.

"Fuck..." I said out loud as I looked at the pixie of a girl in the mirror. I could see my nipples already poking out lewdly from my chest, but the rest of me looked wickedly feminine. All the rest of the curves were there, and the sweet freckled face was just a frightening topper. My voice matched the image perfectly, light and clearly feminine, youthful and sexy to boot.

The breasts were the final touch, and I could feel my chest starting to grow as I watched. Little by little the flesh under my nipples bulged, until I could actually feel the weight of my new breasts as they hung before me. True to the spell, they were comfortably large, more than big enough to be playfully squeezed while still round and perky.

I felt a weird quiver up my spine as I looked at myself. This was not supposed to happen. I'd been trying to summon up a one night stand, not become one! I stood there not quite knowing what to do next when a wave of dizziness hit me. Suddenly, I felt my lack of sleep hit me like a ton of bricks. The shock of being changed had caught up with me, and now I was just exhausted.

I worked a couple of spells to check myself out none the less. I could see the last wisps of my failed spell dissipating now. It had finished its work, and at least I could be safe to assume that nothing else would change. I yawned and looked down at myself. This was all so crazy, and yet I was so tired! I had to get some sleep. Maybe I could think of a quick way to reverse this tomorrow, if not I'd have to humble myself and show Jacob just how much of an idiot I could be.

I decided to skip the shorts I'd normally wear to bed, nothing would probably fit right anyway. Then I slipped under the covers and drifted off to sleep as soon as my head hit the pillow. I don't think I'd slept

so deeply in ages. It wasn't till I heard the honking of afternoon traffic that I came back to my senses.

The first thing that hit me was hair, just hair all over my face. I pulled back the wild mess and spit out a few lingering strands. It took me a moment to track what was happening. Usually I kept my hair short, and now I seemed to be surrounded by it. Then came the strange feelings of jiggling from my chest and the familiar feeling of pressure from my bladder.

The next few minutes were a mix of confusion as I woke up and took care of business amidst the reality that I'd become a sexy redhead. Luckily, I remembered to sit before hitting the bathroom and avoided a nasty mess I wouldn't have wanted to clean up.

Then it was time to shower. Strange magic or not, I couldn't ignore the basics. At least that's what I tried to tell myself. The truth was, I was terribly curious about my new body. If the magic had done things right, I was now as much a girl as anyone born that way. It certainly looked like it, right down to my bare mound. About the only big difference was that little note from my spell, I really was hairless everywhere else below my head. At least I wouldn't have to worry about shaving.

The hot water felt great. I usually enjoyed my showers, but my new body seemed to like the feel of warm water flowing over my soft curves more than I expected. I'd been a moderately hairy guy to boot, and now everything was just so smooth. I luxuriated in the sensation as I soaped up all my soft curves and rinsed them off.

I managed to distract myself from the details while I did that basic work, but I couldn't keep myself from doing the full inspection. Honestly, most things felt much the same, sure I was a bit softer, and the boobs felt strange, but otherwise, it wasn't that different from being the old me. That was all with one big exception. I slipped my hand between my legs and bit my lip a little at the oddity of the feeling.

It was hard to ignore the emptiness between my legs, especially when the water was flowing over me, but cupping my new mound only emphasized it all the more. The lack of a cock was strange enough, but the feeling of my fingers sliding over the fleshy bare lips of my new pussy lips was sending sparks straight up my spine. It felt a bit like touching my cock, but different, and instead of that familiar throbbing hardness, I seemed to only get softer. That and a warm wet heat started to build up inside me.

I pressed my fingers into that soft valley between the fleshy lips and stroked back and forth. It felt even better here, especially when I lingered towards the front. I had to play it carefully though, pushing hard in one spot while only lightly rubbing another. In an instant I understood just how frustrated a woman could get when a guy didn't know how to touch her. Even with the instant feedback, I knew it would take some time to figure out just how I'd like it.

All the while, playing with myself was only making me hotter. I could feel an ache growing between my legs, and realized that this was how it felt to be aroused as a woman. I could feel the increasing need, a yearning for something inside me, and I slid a finger in deeper. The sensation was awkward, and yet nice. I pushed a bit harder and whimpered at the rush of feelings. Still, stroking myself was only seemed to make things worse. I didn't know how to bring myself to any kind of release, even after trying harder and harder.

Something was missing. I knew it, and yet didn't quite want to admit that to myself either. I knew I didn't really need a guy to get off, lesbians managed just fine after all. Even toys were optional. That was all true, at least in theory, but as soon as my mind drifted to the idea of a big hard cock thrusting inside me, I felt a deep longing quiver slide all the way through me.

I tried to shut that down, but the thought lingered, and I knew I couldn't just push it out of my head. That was enough for the shower. I shut it down, dried off and tried to ignore that fact that I now had a sharp craving for dicks.

I also tried to ignore the fact that the spell had followed my directions on the perfect body for my little sex toy quite precisely. It wasn't untrue, but there had also been a mental aspect of my instructions and I was trying hard not to think about any of that. If I'd messed up this badly, it was entirely possible that I'd ended up not just making myself into a sultry redhead, but one who loved to get fucked and be dominated all at the same time.

Clothes were my next challenge. It wasn't like I had an ex-girlfriend's wardrobe to work with or anything. It was just my normal guys stuff. That meant no panties, and no bra for starters. At least it was well into fall, so I could add a couple layers to mask the fact that I didn't have any underwear.

I quickly learned why girls shirts had a different cut. As oversized as my shirts were, they all emphasized my chest and even squeezed things a bit more than I'd have preferred. Still, it was all I had, so I pulled on the T-shirt and followed that up with a fleece zip up and a light jacket on top. I'd still feel things jiggling, but they wouldn't show much.

I managed to get a pair of my boxers on over my hips, against they were tight and loose in all the wrong spots, but it would keep me decent. My normal pants just wouldn't stretch over my hips though, and I had no choice other than to pull on some sweats. I knew I'd be giving everyone a good view of my now much rounder ass, but I didn't have any other choices.

Working through my hair was another tough one. I didn't have any brushes, and with hair down past my boobs, it took a while to get everything combed out to a reasonable degree. Then I scrounged up a rubber band and tied everything back into a pony tail to keep all the flowing mess out of my face. Even that took a few tries since far too much wanted to escape out the edges.

When, I finally checked myself in a mirror I winced. God, I was hot! Like sexy hot in the worst way, even dressed down with no makeup, any straight guy would die for me to do a suck and fuck. I didn't

really want to linger on that thought, but I couldn't deny it either, or the hungry quiver from between my legs.

Now, I had to decide what to do. First was food! Now that I was dressed there wasn't anything to distract me from the grumbling in my stomach and I remembered the doughnut I'd bought that morning. It wasn't fresh any more, but it tasted good just the same.

With that emergency handled, I tried to do a little investigation into my situation. The spell that had backfired yesterday had been for summoning, not transformation. At least that was the basic idea. I had meant to transfigure some magical energy into a body, but I hadn't managed to get that far into the spell before everything fell apart. I tried to follow the lingering trails of energy that had worked up, but it all seemed rather superficial.

I hated to admit it, but it looked like I was going to have to prostrate myself before Jacob. It always amused him when I messed something up, but this was a screw up of epic proportions. He'd probably think the whole summon a love doll was funny enough, but for me to end up stuck in the body I designed would be a topper.

So, I made one last attempt to do a simple spell reversal. Maybe I could manage to get back to normal myself. I pulled the magic in and let it swirl up around me. It was wild, and I could feel the energy sparking as it tried to work its way into me, but at the same time it was being repelled. Every time I thought I'd found some way to power a reversal it just seemed to get worse. I grumbled and then let the magic fall away again.

That was it. I had to go out like this. I did one last check to make sure I was as decent as possible and then set out. At least Jacob's place wasn't too far away. I could survive a few blocks in the open.

I managed to sneak out of my place without getting noticed by my neighbors, and after that I was basically anonymous. At least that was how I felt before guys started walking by. It wasn't hard to notice

that almost every one of them was trying to check out my ass or my legs, or well something.

I wanted to think it was terribly uncomfortable, and it was. Yet, there was something else there as well. I'd not been able to keep from checking them out either. Somehow, the masculine form had a new appeal to me. As soon as I realized it, I tried to focus on anything else and sped even faster over to Jacob's place.

At least I remembered to tweak his wards before just bursting in, so he would know I wasn't hostile or anything. I flew through his door just the same and closed it a bit more brusquely than normal and winced as the bang echoed through his place.

"Well, a bit early today, Alan!" I heard him call from the other room. "I figured you'd be sleeping off last night till tomorrow."

That was true. I usually didn't pop in the day after an all-nighter. I decided not to reply, not being able to trust my voice not to give me away. It was probably best to let the surprise be visual, so I walked towards the next room.

Jacob was deep into one of his large tomes when he looked up at me in surprise. He kept his home warded so that he'd know when strangers arrived. Only those close to him knew how to adjust them for a friendly entrance. Anyone else would set off the warnings. So looking up at a girl he'd never seen before was immediately alarming. Under normal circumstances that meant either his wards were down, or he was dealing with a mage powerful enough to bypass them without setting them off.

"Sorry, Jacob, I had a little bit of trouble." I gave him a shy smile as he struck up a defensive pose. I could sense him summoning up his defenses. This was his home after all. Any trespassing mage would not have an easy time if they meant him harm.

"And who are you?" Jacob looked at me quizzically. His eyebrows raised and I could feel an investigative spell flow through me. Even

transformed it should have been able to identify me. I waited for it to finish, but was surprised when his eyes grew even more focused, and his defenses started to come alive.

“I... I’m Alan! Don’t hurt me or anything!” I started to wince as I could feel the energy being drawn in around me. I didn’t want my essence spread across five dimensions or anything worse.

“Alan? I don’t think so...” His eyebrow furrowed as he glared at me.

“No... it’s me. I was making you a set of charms last night, and well, I thought I’d try to summon up a little feminine entertainment and well...” I tried to shrug disarmingly. We both knew all too well that cute and inoffensive things could easily be dangerous traps, but it didn’t hurt to try to calm him down.

I felt another wave of energy hit me, this one was clearly a much deeper scan. I didn’t resist, he was right to be wary after all. It wasn’t common for mages to go after each other, but when they did, it could go really bad, really fast. Jacob wasn’t about to let himself be fooled.

His focus was almost like a light burning ache rolling through me, inch by inch. I could feel it moving across my whole body.

“Well, that is interesting.” Jacob finally seemed to relax and I could feel the tension start to leave his defenses. “You really seem to have done a number on yourself.”

“Yeah, you’re telling me.” I nodded, fighting down the urge to cough from the strange way I sounded. It was far too high pitched, and my instincts told me I had something in my throat. “Can you help me undo it?”

Jacob smiled. “Well, maybe, but I’m not sure you’re going to like it.”

That was certain to be an understatement. If there was one thing I’d learned from my last attempt, there was something really strange

about this transformation, far more than an ordinary bit of magic.

“Yeah, I kind of thought so, what’s the solution?”

“Well, if it was just a physical transformation, it’d be no problem, however, you added in a mental component.” Jacob replied. “So, sit down over here and clear your head.”

Jacob motioned for me to get into one of his more comfortable loungers and I settled in and went through a mind clearing exercise.

You couldn’t work your way up to being a master mage if you couldn’t focus your thoughts.

“Now, I want you to think about sex. Consider all the different things you can do, and then tell me what is the hottest part, and be honest.” Jacob instructed.

It was a strange instruction, but given the circumstances, I wasn’t going to object. I thought it over, flowing through a lifetime’s viewing of porn and the real thing and fantasies as yet unrealized. Every consideration had its effect, but by the end there was no dispute about the answer, and I started to blush as soon as I realized I had to say it.

“Ok... well... it’s having a big hard cock shoved up my pussy and filling me with cum.” I turned about as red as a light skinned girl could. It was so not what I wanted to be true, but even just thinking about it was giving me that warm squishy feeling between my legs.

“Right, and you were straight before right?” Jacob asked.

“Yes.” I nodded. There wasn’t any doubt about that.

“And do you still like girls?” He continued. I gave it a moment to think about it. I knew I had to be careful to separate my memories of feeling for what I really felt now, but even after doing that the answer was not in doubt.

“Yep, still like girls.” I nodded, feeling a bit oddly relieved. It was strange enough adding in these new feelings, I was just glad not to have lost my old attractions.

“Ok then. I think there may be a way to reverse your spell.” Jacob sat back and failed to hold in an amused grin.

“Don’t tell me...” I blushed again.

“That you’ve got to give into your new girly side for some hot passionate sex? Seriously, when you look like that, how could I resist?” Jacob laughed.

“Come on, isn’t there another way?” I squirmed in my chair, trying to deny the fact that his suggestion was getting me a little excited. It had been too long since my last tumble in the sheets as it was, and that pent up desire was only making things worse.

“Maybe, but that would take some serious research. Basically, we need a way to activate the mental changes that your spell inflicted on you, and since those changes were all about your love doll’s sexual preferences, we’ve got to get you to basically live out her fantasy.”

He explained. “I could try and find another way, but I’ve got a backlog of big work already, so we’d be talking about weeks or months before I could help you, and it might not work.”

“I see.” I knew he was right about that. Part of why I didn’t have a life was due to how much assistance he needed so that he could keep up with all his work. Could I really spend weeks or months like this?

That was just crazy!

“Now, don’t worry, it doesn’t need to be with me. I just need to cast a little monitoring spell on you.” He held out his hand and made a simple casting that I felt tingle in my scalp. “Once you’re done, I can use that to see exactly how to unwind things and then change you back.”

“Great... I mean, not that you’re not attractive or anything.” I wasn’t quite sure how I should express my immense relief that he wasn’t going to try to push me that way.

“Oh, that’s all right. I have all the lovers I need as is, not that I wouldn’t mind a taste, you did an excellent job on the look after all.” Jacob laughed, and I blushed again. “Now, I have to get back to work, you can let me know when you’re ready for my help. Otherwise, I’ll see you tomorrow for work.”

Just like that, he turned back to his book and I was left standing in my oversized clothes. I knew from the way he dismissed me that I wouldn’t get anything else from him today. I had to make my choice. Wait for weeks before I could even know if Jacob could find a fix, or do the crazy thing and turn back right away?

It was hard not to think about just what the crazy way was with all the squishy, intimate details. I found myself squirming on a park bench just thinking about those wicked little notions. I had to admit just thinking about sex as a girl was getting me hot. That didn’t even take into consideration the whole curiosity factor. Maybe that was the best way, to just do it and get it over with.

That presented its own problem. If I was going to have sex, just who should I go after? As a young and single guy, I had more than a few friends who would gladly do just about anything for a chance to hop into bed with the new me, especially if they didn’t know who I was. Of course, there was no way I was going to tell them. Not that they’d even believe me without some serious convincing. My normal friends didn’t even know magic was real.

Still, that was bordering on way too weird. I mean, I knew those guys, and hung out with them. I wasn’t sure I could stay friends with someone I’d had sex with like that, it would just be too awkward, and they’d never know why. Still, I didn’t like the idea of just picking up a random stranger. First, there were way too many creepy types out there, and even if the new me had some kinks, I didn’t want to end

up really trapped by some jerk trying to keep me as a love slave or something.

There was one quick way out. I pulled out my phone and started texting. Turner knew people that were outside of my normal circle. I just told him I had a cute cousin coming into town for a visit and that she wanted someone to show her a good time. It felt a bit crazy sending him my selfie so that he could help hook me up, but he said he'd get back to me. Well, he did after he virtually kicked me for not introducing him to my cute cousin while he was still single.

At least I could trust him not to set me up with some creep. I went for a walk around the public garden while I waited for him to get back to me, and he didn't disappoint. He knew a guy who was free and single and sent me a picture to pass along. I took a deep breath before pulling up a picture. I felt that devilish quivering between my legs as I took in the shot, he was hot! It took me a moment to pull myself back, and then I waited a bit longer to fake the lag there would be if I was passing things along. Then I set things up. Tomorrow night, we'd meet up and I'd get to find out just what it was like to be a girl.

That left me only one day to get ready. First, I had to get something to wear. While I had to admit the sweats and the ill fitting shirt thing was kind of sexy in a way, it also wasn't quite the look I wanted to present.

Luckily, there were plenty of clothing shops downtown for me to browse. Unfortunately, I'd never imagined having so many choices. Skirts, pants, dresses, blouses and all of that just flew past me as I looked things over.

"Hi, I'm Jill. Can I help you?" A lovely shop attendant slid up beside me as I stared helplessly at another rack of clothes.

"Yeah, I guess I'm just looking for, well, everything." I motioned towards my bumbled outfit and smiled.

“Oh my, did something happen?” She gasped. Clearly, I was looking out of sorts, and dressed as I was made me look like some kind of refugee.

“Just a little laundry mishap and some lost luggage. I kind of have a date tomorrow and just want something that will make me look good.” I explained.

“Ok, well that shouldn’t be too hard.” She smiled. “Can you tell me what kind of a date?”

“One where we both wind up very happy.” I blushed a bit, but I think it conveyed the basic idea.

“Okay, then I think a bit of classy but sexy works for that. Do you need any lingerie?” She asked as she directed me towards the dresses.

“Uh... yeah.” I blushed again.

“No problem. I’ll get you everything you need.” Jill giggled and then took me on the whirlwind shopping trip that I’d never forget. I quickly realized that dresses were a strange mix of exposure and allure, but I couldn’t deny that I felt oddly sexy wearing them. Just the way that my legs were bare all the way up to my crotch was enough to get me going a little.

It was a bit interesting finding the right mix, a sexy bra and panties combo that worked well with a short sleeved dress that showed off my ripe cleavage. I wanted to show him that I was up for plenty of hot fun, but I wasn’t just a tramp. It took a few tries, but eventually I fell into the right set, a stylish black dress that only seemed to emphasize my fiery red hair and curves.

“I think this is going to work, I smiled as I checked myself out in the mirror.” It was so strange looking at the new me and all that went with it. I really was hot, even if my hair was still pulled back in a pony tail, the dress was perfect.

“Great, now how about I book you for a little salon time tomorrow afternoon, that way you can get your hair fixed too.” Jill smiled. I couldn’t argue with that.

That was all it took and I was free again, back in my disheveled and ill fitting outfit, but with dripping hotness contained in the bag I carried home. It was already far too late and after a night of shopping I collapsed on the bed and slept through well into the next morning.

I tried my best to keep relaxed once I got up, but I had to admit a growing sense of anxiety and anticipation. This whole plan was just crazy. I was just going to have sex with a guy I’d not even met yet, and as a girl! There was nothing about this that wasn’t nuts. Still, I knew I had to go through with it, and I had to admit I was kind of looking forward to it as well. It was hard to simply pin down all my feelings.

I managed to get myself dressed and made it back to the salon for my next new experience.

“So, what are you going for? The note we got said you needed a pretty solid bit of work.” The stylist asked as she sat me down. “So how about the hair?”

“I just need to look good for a date. No big cutting, just spruced up, ok.” I think I could have shrunk into my seat. I knew that women could go all out on this kind of thing, but I didn’t even know where to start.

“Sure, I’ve got a few ideas, and your hair is just wonderful.” She smiled and went to work.

She started with a wash, and I never realized how long it could take to wash long hair. Still, it was relaxing as well, having the water run over my scalp and then soaped, rinsed, conditioned and back to the styling. It went on for a while and we chatted as she brushed and coiffed and sprayed. Finally, I was ready to go.

“How do you like it?” She asked. I was honestly at a loss for words. My new hair perfectly framed my face, and that innate cuteness was now cast as within a wild flow of red. It was almost too much, but at the same time perfect.

“It’s wonderful, thank you so much.” I beamed, then paid and headed off. I never expected how good it would feel to get dolled up. As a guy, I’d always felt it was kind of a chore, but now it was actually kind of fun. Even the glances from passing men didn’t bother me as they checked me out. It was kind of a strange power trip in a way. That I could now summon so much interest just by walking by, was oddly thrilling.

It was almost time for my encounter. I made my way over to the bar that I’d picked out. It was close enough to home that we could basically indulge ourselves whenever we were ready. My stomach churned as I picked out a seat at a small table. I felt like I was going a bit crazy, but I managed to hold myself together until I saw him come in.

My heart must have skipped a beat, and I had to admit that his picture had barely done him justice. That or I was just so tuned up that any guy would get me going. It didn’t really matter, the effect was the same either way. He was tall and well toned. Turner had told me he worked out, and it showed. His brown hair was cut short, and he had a firm chin, but most of all, the way his eyes sparkled just seemed to melt a part of me.

“Hello, I’m Turner’s friend, Bradley.” He held out his hand as he walked up. I took it and he gave me a polite shake.

“Glad to meet you, I’m Sofi.” I blushed a bit as I saw him checking me out. I could see him working hard to keep from grinning ear to ear. No doubt he was pretty happy with how things had turned out as well.

“So, what brings you to town, Sofi?” He asked and I went on about an appreciation for Boston. It wasn’t all untrue, but it was a bit hard

to play a fake tourist.

“So it’s not just the lobster you’re after.” He smiled after I ran through my ‘trip’ on the Freedom Trail. It wasn’t hard to get me talking about history, it was one of the things that led me into discovering magic after all. There were more than a couple mages among the founders.

“You have lobster here?” I giggled in mock surprise, and he laughed.

“No, I’m just looking for a little fun, but it’s been a long day. My cousin’s out for the night. How about we continue this over at his place?”

“I’d love to.” He replied and then managed to get us out of the bar and on the way faster than I would have thought possible while still managing to appear gentlemanly.

“It is a lovely night.” I sighed and pulled up to him. I realized I’d wrapped myself around his arm only after I got a whiff of his cologne. I had caught myself drifting into my role more and more through the evening. It wasn’t just that I was hunting for a night in bed, I was really getting into being a girl. It all just slipped in so naturally. Even my attraction for Bradley felt real, not just something tacked onto my brain.

“And good company.” He replied as I snuggled in a big closer. It felt oddly right like this. Still, my mind was already racing about what I was going to do with him once I got back to my place. I’d somehow managed to keep those thoughts in check before leaving the bar, but now they were on full tilt. All my wickedest porn fantasies were rolling through my head in a perverted reverse, with me as the girl. Strangely enough, it was all still so hot, that I couldn’t wait to see just what he do with me.

We headed in and I directed him to the couch as I grabbed a couple glasses of wine. I wasn’t much of a drinker, but a little indulgence seemed the perfect way to set things up.

“Your cousin has good taste.” Bradley said as he took a glass. He was looking around my rather bare apartment. Honestly, I’d barely decorated. There were only a few cheap art pieces hung up on the walls. Of course I could see how someone would think it was a kind of artistic minimalism.

“I’m sure he’ll be glad to hear that.” I giggled. “From the guy his cousin had over and all.”

“You did just invite me over to critique his art choices, right?” He smiled as I slid up closer. He was being very careful, letting me set things up. I could feel him getting ready to pounce. All I had to do was spring the trap.

“Well, maybe there were a few other things I thought we could do.” I grinned and slid up next to him, with my hand, making a suggestive slide up his thigh.

“Well, now...” He leaned down until I was looking deep into his eyes. I could see our desires reflecting in those sparkling pools. My hand kept sliding up. There was nothing to stop me from just diving in.

I tilted my head and pushed up just enough to kiss him. I had to do it, not just to sate the raw desires building up inside me. I had to keep ahead of the voice in the back of my head telling me this was all crazy. If I didn’t dive in, I was afraid I’d run away.

Our lips pressed together for a moment before he wrapped his arms around my shoulders and pulled me in closer and started to kiss me deeply. Rational thought was quickly slipping away as his tongue started to dance with mine. I could feel him so close now, my breasts pressing into him felt so strange and yet proper.

My hand hadn’t stopped its exploration either, and I was now cupping his eagerly throbbing hardness. It was crazy to think he was so excited over me, but even stranger to know that my new pussy was already eagerly wet for him. I’d never felt this kind of raw aching

desire before, and yet it was impossible to ignore the demands of my flesh.

I blushed as I felt his hand sliding down my side. It was a strange intimacy having someone accentuate curves you never had before. I let out a little moan as he slid over my soft rear and gave me a firm squeeze. My new body was so sensitive, and I had to admit I liked it! The fact that I was so far gone was only pushing me further. Why not just give in. There was just so much possibility in this moment, and I couldn't think of a reason not to just let go.

That was when his hand slid under my skirt and cupped my quivering mound firmly. I squealed in surprise as his fingers pressed into my crotch. The feeling of hand down there was so weird, cupping the emptiness between my legs and the rude directness of it sent a shudder up my spine.

"So, how do you like things? Tender..." He whispered as he gently let his fingers trace the outline of my pussy lips through the thin crotch of my panties.

"Or rough?" He pulled his hand back and then gave me a hard smack on my ass. I squealed again, even louder as the sudden shock made my pussy squeeze down excitedly. I drew back a little, panting from the sudden assault, and yet felt myself getting even more turned on. I looked up at him and blushed, not sure I wanted to admit the feelings he'd just sparked inside me, and yet strangely eager at the same time.

"Maybe... just a little rough?" I knew I was turning red again, and he just smiled and then swept me up. For a moment he was holding me in mid air. It was a shock, remembering just how small I was now, and that I could be manhandled so easily. Then he flipped me around and planted my butt firmly on the couch.

It was a power play and I hated to admit it worked. In one move, he'd asserted his control of the moment, and showed me just how strong he was. Now, I was under him, staring up at his muscular frame as

he grabbed hold of my legs and pushed them up, exposing my upper thighs and lace panties and leaving me fully exposed. His eyes looked down at me with a hungry fervor that just made me quiver.

Then he reached down to drop his pants and I was staring at his eager cock, throbbing hard right in front of me.

I squirmed on the couch, but he grabbed me again before I could do anything. Just the sight of his manhood was making me crazy. On the one hand, my pussy was aching with need for something and on the other, I was suddenly slamming into the reality that I was about to really be fucked. That may have been what I knew this was all leading up to, but now there was no doubt about what was happening.

"Get ready." He grinned and then pulled the crotch of my panties to the side and then dove in. I felt the tip of his cock press between my legs for a moment, and then my flesh parted.

"Oh, god..." I gasped as I suddenly felt myself being impaled by his hardness. I was so wet that even squeezing down on him did nothing other than make it feel like he was stretching me to the limit. The wicked feeling of fullness was driven so deep that I was left simply gasping on the couch.

He didn't give me a chance to catch my breath, as soon as I felt his balls slap between my legs he pulled back and thrust into me again.

My whole body shook from the force of it, but it was nothing compared to the bizarre pleasure of feeling his cock plowing into my flesh and stretching me open as he filled me again. I just moaned shamelessly as he stuffed me full. Any reluctance just melted away as he throbbed deep inside me.

"I knew you'd like that." He smiled and then started pulling my dress off. I wiggled and squirmed, trying to help him undress me while keeping that wonderful cock stuffed firmly up my cunt. The dress and then my bra went sailing over his shoulders and I was left with my ass pressed deep into my couch and my pussy stuffed full of throbbing cock.

"Ready for more?" He smiled as he reached up and started to play with my breasts. His finger dug into me and I moaned again, loving the abuse of my soft mounds. When he pinched my nipples I cried out in surprise at the twisted mixture of pleasure and pain. All the while, I could feel him inside me pressing far into my depths.

"Yes... oh god... fuck me!" I managed to say between all the impossible sensations. He nodded and I shuddered as I felt him moving inside me again. I was at his mercy and it felt amazing. He pulled his cock back until the bulging tip slipped out of me and nestled at my steaming entrance.

"My pleasure." He grunted as he filled me again. And again. And again.

His thrusts were hard and fast, and I love it. Somehow it was just what I needed, to be drilled like this, and I grabbed hold of his hands and pressed them hard against my boobs as he kept fucking me. His cock was hammering into me, stretching my tight pussy while his hands squeezed at my tits. It was wonderful, and all I could do was writhe and moan under his assault.

All of the feelings were just impossible. I was so horny, but my relief was coming from the hard cock plunging into me, filling me in a way that was insane, and yet perfect. I was under him, dominated completely, and that only seemed to make me hotter, and wetter. Most of all, he was doing all the work, pushing me towards a massive orgasm and all I could do was squirm under him.

"Yes! Yes! Harder!" I cried as he drilled me and then I felt him drive himself even deeper and faster. I cried out, feeling a rush of pleasure explode inside me and then a hot flood came from him as well. I knew he was coming inside me and that just sent me over the edge completely.

"I'm cumming! I'm cumming!" I squealed in helpless delight as he did the same. I could feel my pussy clamping down on him, squeezing

his seed from his hard shaft. I felt so crazy and yet the rush of pleasure left me limp for a moment.

Bradley grunted as he finished shooting off. He smiled and gave my boobs another squeeze before he pulled back and then fell onto the couch. I whimpered as I felt his cock slide out of me, and watched as it softened. It was dripping with our juices, and I just stared at it, hardly believing that it had just been inside me, and surprised at how much I wanted it again.

He looked over at me and smiled. "Well, are you going to just look, or are you going to clean me up?"

I looked up at him in shock, and yet felt my pussy quiver excitedly at the same time. There was something in his tone, the way he made this into a casual command that just made me shudder. I'd never really thought about clean a guy's cock before, and yet as suddenly as he'd suggested it, I couldn't get over how hot the idea suddenly made me.

I slipped off the couch and knelt between his legs. The raw scent of sex mixed with his masculine musk in my nose. I hesitated for just a moment, almost overcome by the circumstances, and yet drawn to him at the same time.

He sighed as I started licking. The taste was so strong it almost overwhelmed me. The sweet tang of pussy mixed with the salty thickness of semen. All that combined with the fact that I was running my tongue over a cock! It was all sexy and hot and crazy, and I just couldn't stop. I couldn't explain it, but that twisted flavor started to grow on me, and when his cock started to recover, I started to wrap my lips around it to help speed it along.

I kept it up as he grew hard in my mouth. The very thought that I was making him hard again was turning me on. My tongue slid over his throbbing length, sliding over the thick veins and around the bulging head as I worshiped at the altar of his manhood.

It was in that moment that I realized just how deep the spell had hit me. Even turned into a woman I wouldn't normally have considered doing this, but my spell had turned me into a sexually submissive and eager slut. I shuddered again, sliding a hand between my legs to start stroking my hot pussy. That realization didn't change my current reality, and I couldn't deny how aroused, I was or how much I wanted to be fucked again.

"You really do know how to use your mouth." He smiled and patted my head as I looked up at him. "Now, why don't you get up here, kneel on the cushions and lean over the top."

I scrambled up and did just that. Now, my ass was thrust out into the air and I spread my legs a bit. I could feel the coolness of the room teasing at the hot lips of my pussy as I grabbed onto the back of the couch.

"So, do you want more?" Bradley asked as he stepped up behind me. He gripped my hip with one hand as he started rubbing the tip of his cock into my wet nether lips. I squirmed as he pressed against me. There was only one answer I could give.

"Yes... Please!" I whimpered as he teased the opening of my pussy with his thickness.

He grunted and thrust hard. I cried out as I was filled full of delicious cock again. I couldn't deny that this felt better than anything I'd ever felt before as a guy. Then he slapped me on the ass and I squealed.

"Jacob told me you'd be a good little slut." Bradley laughed and then slapped me again. I cried out in shock, not just from his glorious thrust, but the revelation that he had laid on me.

"What?" I gasped as he started in with long, deep thrusts that made my knees want to give out beneath me.

"You think you're the first assistant that got a little bored in the lab?" He laughed as he leaned over my back and grabbed onto my

dangling breasts and squeezed until I moaned. “Jacob filled me in. I just had to wait until the real Bradley came by, used an illusion spell to make myself look like him and sent him on his way.”

I gasped as his balls slapped between my legs again. The hard cock inside me made it hard to think straight as it stretched my wet folds to the limit. The way his hands were working my breasts made it even harder. Still, I somehow managed to flush from embarrassment for a moment as I moaned.

“Don’t worry, I’m just here to enjoy the evening and collect what we need to change you back, if you still want that.” He continued as he pounded into me with a wonderful rhythm that made my toes curl.

“If I want...” I moaned as he twisted my nipples deliciously again. I loved the abuse and felt myself cum a little just at that. The wicked truth of things was only serving to make me hotter. I wasn’t just being dominated by some guy, it must be another wizard, who knew what I was and somehow that made it even hotter.

“Or you can stay the hot slut. I can assure you, I’d be happy to give you plenty of attention. You can even continue your work, if you can keep your panties on.” He grunted as he gave me another series of soul piercing thrusts.

I moaned and writhed under him. With every thrust that idea was sounding better and better. I’d never enjoyed sex this much when I was a man. The full depth of sensation and the wicked feeling of impalement were hard to deny.

“Don’t worry too much about it, you’ve got all night to think it over.” He grunted and then started pounding into me so hard that all I could focus on was the pleasure coming from between my legs and holding on to the couch.

I wish I could say that I did think about it through the evening, but in truth, I was too busy getting thoroughly fucked. He pushed me into one position after another, filling me again and again. Every time he

shot off, I would clean him and up and keep licking and sucking until he was ready for more. We kept that up until we collapsed together on the couch in one naked pile of panting flesh.

I woke up sometime the next afternoon. My whole body ached like I'd been working out, but I was still basking in the afterglow of the best sex I'd ever known. I was still on the couch, but he'd gotten a blanket to cover me. He'd left, though, and I turned to look at my coffee table. I could see a note sitting between two piles of clothes.

I opened it up and read it. It was essentially an offer. I looked at the two sets of clothes more closely now. On the one side was my dress from the day before, neatly folded with my bra and panties. On the other side were a trench coat and a collar, nothing else. The implications were crystal clear.

I managed to grab something to eat and thought over the choice. It was crazy, and yet, my pussy quivered just thinking about it and what had happened last night. It was as much as choice as it wasn't. I sat back on the couch for a while and just stared at the two piles, mulling things over.

Then I reached for the collar, and shuddered all the way down to my core. This was going to be interesting...

The end.

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Tau Geta Delta, now that was the fraternity for me. Sure, I'd been down on the whole frat thing when I started college life, but at a tech school with three guys for every girl, I'd started to come around. Taus had the best parties, and seemed to attract the hottest women. They even had better than average job placement after graduating, what wasn't to like about that.

They did have a reputation for having the hardest initiation, only about half the pledges made it through and joined up. That wasn't about to dissuade me, though. I was up for the challenge. Or at least I thought I was. I expected a little hazing, but I didn't expect to get turned into a girl!

To get through the week, I had would have to live as an elfin brunette with nice curves and discover all the pleasures of being a coed. It sounded crazy until I bumped into Tom and found out that I was swimming in womanly needs that he was more than happy to help me enjoy. Now all that's left is telling the story of my crazy sexy adventure!

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What we needed was to get someone inside, deep inside, all the way to his inner sanctum, where his personal data could be accessed.

That's where my assignment came in. They needed someone who knew all of his deals, and everything else about him, and after five years, I was the person. The only problem was, to get in that deep, they needed a woman, and since I wasn't one, they were going to make me a woman. A little nanotechnology went a long way, and I was soon on my way to being just the kind of brunette that Oswald swooned after.

There was just one more thing I needed to do before starting my new mission. One night of wild passion to prove that I'd have what it takes to succeed. The whole feminine side of the equation was new to me, but with the right man, I soon learned just how much I could enjoy this assignment.

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From the Author

I've enjoyed writing stories from a very young age and as I grew older it only seemed natural to expand my writing into more adventurous realms. I grew up a child of the eighties and weaned on rerun tv and well stocked local library that stoked a love of adventure in me.

As a youth, I was drawn to mind control and transformation. The ability to be whatever you wanted to be or have complete control over your domain were both compelling. Of course, as I grew older, the relative innocence of these interests gave way to an ever growing kink that eventually exploded into my writings. To my surprise, I discovered that the opposite of complete control, the notion of being completely dominated, held an almost equal power over my fantasies. In both ways one can give into pleasure without reservation.

It is that energy that I try to weave into my work. A passion for pleasure, even when it may not have been requested, in the end it is begged for. For sometimes only in darkness can a single light shine brightest.

As always I enjoy feedback, no adventure is complete if walked alone.

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