

GENDER SWAP SUPER BUNDLE

**BEST OF
2015**



VICKY INNES

GENDER SWAP SUPER BUNDLE: BEST OF 2015

(18 Humiliating Feminization Stories)

Copyright 2015 Vicky Innes
All Rights Reserved

This eBook is licensed for your personal enjoyment only. It may not be re-sold or copied in any way. Thank you for respecting the work of this author. This story is a work of fiction and any resemblance to any person, place, or event is coincidental.

Letter from the Author

Hi Everyone! I hope you enjoy this HUGE bundle of sexy stories. I am offering this bundle at a **cheap, extremely discounted price for a limited time** as a thank you to my readers for a wonderful year! This bundle features eighteen deliciously humiliating stories with topics including: transformations, gender swaps, femdom, feminization, sissification, and adult babies/age regression, to name a few. There's something for every sissy to enjoy here, and I hope that you do. I've also written some fiction this year that I could not include in this bundle. You can read [“Joel's New Life as His Wife's Little Girl”](#) separately or in a bundle titled [“Men Turned Into Little Girls”](#). Here is a short little teaser:

Kate and Joel take a romantic trip to Budapest for their anniversary. But their quest for a change of perspective becomes literal for Joel when a gypsy curses him. As a little girl, he'll have to deal with brushing his hair and painting his nails, all while trying to turn back into a man. But his masculine tendencies and personality slowly disappear, leaving Kate with the daughter she'd always dreamed of having. Will she keep desperately trying to turn Joel back into the man she loved? Or will she give up and seek a new male role model for her precious princess? [Read Now!](#)

Anyways, I hope you enjoy this bundle! My favorites in this include [“Brody Becomes A Schoolgirl!”](#), for that classic schoolgirl fetish you losers love, [“Amy Diapers and Feminizes the Man of the House”](#), for that touch of femdom and regression, and one of the first titles I wrote [“Gender Swap: All Over His New Face”](#), just for the fun, gooey details.

NEED MORE VICKY?! Wow – 18 stories and you slutty sissies just can't get enough. If you really need more super sexy feminization in your life right now, check out this new reluctant gender swap tale. [“Dan's New Life As A Cheerleader”](#) is available [NOW!!!](#) You wish that could be you in the story, I know. If you keep reading and crossdressing enough, it can be!

As always, you can check out my author page here: <http://www.amazon.com/VickyInnes/e/B00PKZCPIA>. If you enjoy my works, I would love it if you could leave me an honest review. Join the mailing list at: <http://eepurl.com/8zdcr> and follow me on twitter [@VickyInnes](#) Cheers! Onwards and upwards for 2016! Xoxox –Vicky

Table of Contents

1. [Cam Walks A Mile In Her Shoes](#)
2. [Brody Becomes A Schoolgirl! \(Part 1\)](#)
3. [Brody Becomes A Schoolgirl! \(Part 2\)](#)
4. [Brody Becomes A Schoolgirl! \(Part 3\)](#)
5. [Jen Feminizes Her Step](#)
6. [Luke's Pink Pacifier](#)
7. [Punished by Gender Swap](#)
8. [Tess Turned Her Husband into A High Priced Call Girl](#)
9. [Gender Swap: All Over His New Face \(Book 1\)](#)
10. [Gender Swap: All Over His New Face \(Book 2\)](#)
11. [Gender Swap: All Over His New Face \(Book 3\)](#)
12. [Swapped and Dominated](#)
13. [Magic Mask Super Feminine Transformation](#)
14. [Gender Swap: The Cuckold Joins In](#)
15. [Tim Turns Into A Sexy Schoolgirl](#)
16. [Femdom: Grant Gets Feminized in Diapers](#)
17. [Zack Becomes A Sissy Schoolgirl \(The Schoolgirl Curse\)](#)
18. [Amy Diapers and Feminizes the Man of the House](#)
19. [Vicky's Spotlight](#)
20. [About The Author and New Releases!](#)

Sneak Peek! (Jen Feminizes Her Step)

Dan's heart dropped like a stripper's ass on a pole. Ryan had always bullied Dan and joked that he was going to fuck his stepsister, "just for fun and to fuck with him." But to actually here it come from Jen's mouth was something completely different. He was completely crushed. Jen knew that he hated Ryan, but she had fucked him anyways. Dan didn't have the energy to move so he sat on the ground in shock.

He hadn't realized that he had gasped loudly, or that a group of hot cheerleaders was now confronting him, their hands on their hips and his stepsister at the front. Oh fuck, he had been caught eavesdropping.

"What the hell are you doing here?" Jen demanded.

"What? I uh. I have a game tonight! I was just warming up," Dan shuffled his feet and tried to hide his obvious erection.

"Well that's not what it seems like to me, does it girls?" Jen flicked her hair and the other cheerleaders murmured in agreement. "It looks like you were spying on us, hiding behind the bleachers," Jen stated sassily as she batted her eyelashes.

Dan tried to protest, but he just kind of fumbled around with his words. It did look like he had been spying on them. He didn't know what to say.

"And, you've got an erection!" Jen made a sour face and pointed. "Really, Dan? That's what makes you hard? You like hearing about your stepsister gargling big cocks?" the other girls laughed as Dan's face turned beet red. "You could've just asked, you know. I would've told you all about it," Jen grinned devilishly.

Dan was totally embarrassed. He hadn't been spying on them! And how did he get this erection anyways? Ugh. He tried unsuccessfully to tuck it up under his belt. God, this was horrible. Jen was being such a bitch! Any chances he had with the other hot girls on the cheerleading team were totally ruined. A dreadful feeling washed over Dan as he realized how pathetic he must look.

Sneak Peek! (Gender Swap: All Over His New Face)

Looking in the mirror, Sam almost had a heart attack. He hadn't been turned into just another girl; he was the most stunning, beautiful woman he had ever seen. My god, his face was so defined it looked like it was sculpted. His lips were red and full. He had high cheekbones and his eyebrows were perfect. He was literally an archetype: a flawless woman with big blue eyes and shiny blonde hair. He had slept with a fair number of hot women, but none as drop dead gorgeous as this.

The pearl necklace on his smooth, rich skin caught his eye. It looked expensive and it was the only thing on his otherwise naked body. Sam wasn't just sexy now. He was sophisticated, classy even. This was the type of high class girl that dated CEOs and professional athletes. He turned in the mirror and admired his incredible firm ass. Maybe being a woman wouldn't be so bad after all.

A pink note on his desk caught his eye. It was his girlfriend's handwriting:

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!

Sneak Peek! (Cam Walks a Mile in Her Shoes)

“Shut the *fuck* up,” Lindsay retorted. “I know it’s true. I’ve seen the pictures on your phone. Hell, I saw you dancing with other models all night long! So don’t even try to dispute it. Enough of the lying. Now, you need to listen to me.”

Cam sat up and looked at his beautiful girlfriend. It was true, he’d been cheating on her. That must’ve been why she slipped him that pill last night. It had to have been some sort of magical hormone thingy. He felt his chest. Oh god, was he growing breasts?

“You’re now going to be a woman, and you’re going to do everything I say. If you can do everything I say, maybe, just *maybe* I’ll feel like turning you back into a man again. But until you learn some respect, you’re mine. Don’t worry, maybe you’ll even like it. Now put on the panties, girlfriend,” she motioned to them.

Cam held them in his hand. He felt so powerless. Just yesterday, he’d been king of the club, fucking bitches and popping bottles. Everyone loved him; the male him. Now he was supposed to wear panties? It wasn’t right!

But he remembered how much the slap from Lindsay had hurt and he slowly took his boxers off. His dick had receded, and in its place was a sleek nothingness. It felt... wet. He was turned on? It didn’t make sense. He was attracted to hot, busty women. Putting on a sexy pair of silk panties shouldn’t make him feel hot. But it did. Oh god, it did. No longer did he have the thighs of an athlete. The hair he had on his legs was all gone as his new panties tickled his smooth, clear legs as he pulled up his new panties. In his head, he knew it was wrong. But it felt so good, and sexy, like home. He looked up at Lindsay again, who was beaming at him. Shit.

“Come on hun, come check yourself out in the mirror.” You look marvelous, Lindsay extended her hand.

Cam noticed that his hand looked a lot like hers now. He had long, slender fingers and beautiful long fingernails. It was bizarre, really. How was this even possible? He thought maybe he was still dreaming. But if he had been dreaming, that slap from Lindsay surely would’ve woken him up.

Lindsay pushed him in front of the mirror and Cam’s heart dropped. He was stunning. His entire body had changed. Not just his breasts, or long flowing hair, but his bone structure and physique. His cheekbones were high and his face was a nice perfect oval. He had curves to die for, all the way from his plump, firm ass and up the hourglass. And he had shrunk! Holy shit! He looked over at Lindsay, who he was used to towering over. Now they were about the same height, which meant he was 5 foot 10, instead of the 6 foot 3 that he was yesterday. He was aghast. This was insanity!

His girlfriend stood behind him now, and brushed his shimmering blonde hair. He wanted to strangle her for changing him like this, but her touch felt so good. He closed his eyes as she groomed him. Cam now looked like the kind of girl that he was used to fucking. He didn’t ever want to *be* that girl though! He was the kind of babe that was so hot and played hard to get, but never could resist a guy like him. Millions of men would fight over themselves just to get a

chance to talk to a girl that was as beautiful as him. But it wasn't right! He should be on the other side of the equation, fucking whichever hot women he pleased. He closed his eyes. Maybe it would just all go away. Maybe when he re-opened his eyes he would be back in the club with his crew in the VIP section.

No, it couldn't be! Sparkling, feminine blue eyes stared back at him. The person in the mirror was exquisitely sexy, but it wasn't him.

"You need to change me back!" Cam started to turn around to face Lindsay.

Sneak Peek! (Luke's Pink Pacifier)

“Wake up sleepy-head! I’ve got your diapers!” Diane pulled back the curtains in the guest room. “I’m going to the hardware store today to, so we can paint you walls pink! It’s gonna be great!”

Luke groggily opened his eyes. He sparsely remembered the night before. He had been drinking with his friends and had come home to watch TV and then... Oh god. Oh no. His heart sank. He had been completely humiliated by his wife. She had forced him to crawl around like a baby and dress in all pink like a girl. What the fuck had been wrong with him? Why hadn’t he put a stop to that nonsense?

He raised his hands to his face, and brushed the sleep out of his eyes. He suckled on the pink pacifier that was still in his mouth before realizing what he was doing. Fuck, he had forgotten about that. He had found all of his wife’s girlhood treasures and tried on her frilly, girly clothes and jewelry. He still had her bright pink charm bracelet on his wrist. Luke tried to unclasp the bracelet, but it wouldn’t budge. His hands seemed so feeble and weak.

“Don’t take that off sweetie, that’s your little girl charm bracelet! Now sit up, let’s get you into a diaper. You don’t want to have another accident now do you?” Diane grinned at him knowingly. She was wearing such a revealing blouse. Luke thought about how nice it would be to graze on her full breasts... They looked so much nicer to suck on than his pacifier.

His wife pulled back the covers and revealed a big wet spot that spread from his pink panties down to the sheets. Damnit! It must’ve been all that beer that Luke drank. He cowered under the blanket as he expected the worst from his mommy.

“You wet the bed again dear? Come on, I thought we talked about this...”

Luke regained his composure. He wasn’t a little girl. He didn’t have to deal with this bullshit. It wouldn’t have happened if she had gotten him the diapers earlier!

“I’m not a little girl!” Luke screeched. “Take this bracelet off so I can be a man!” He hadn’t realized how high his voice could be before.

“Now honey, I know you’re not a little girl. You’re a big girl. But you’re not allowed to act like a man while you have that bracelet on. And I won’t allow you to speak like that to your mommy. In fact, I think you need to be punished for yelling at your mommy like that.”

Luke hid under the covers again. Shit, he had really done it now. He should’ve just done what she had asked and she would’ve let him act like a man again. How could he have been so stupid?!

Diane stepped away for a second before returning with a rather large dildo and a box of diapers. Luke withered in the bed at the sight of her toys. His wife had always been so pleasant and accommodating. Now she was totally dominating him. Luke wasn’t entirely sure how he had gotten to this point, but it seemed like there was nothing he could do about it. Diane smiled that evil smile, and Luke could feel himself getting hard.

He had a thick, hard cock. Or at least he used to. It didn’t seem to be getting as long as it used to be, even though he was fully erect. Diane took off his pink girly undies with motherly precision, and helped her big baby get into a diaper. Luke tried to escape at first, but only half-heartedly. Part of him knew that diapers would be good for him. It would allow him to not wet the bed, and he could go about his day normally with the added protection.

The diaper had pink and green flowers around the top edge of it. It was very feminine, but Luke didn't mind. In fact, his dick was harder than it'd ever been. Part of him loved his wife telling him exactly what to do. Pleasing Diane made him feel all tingly inside. He was a good boy and always did what his mommy wanted.

"See? It's not too hard to listen to my instructions dear, is it?" Diane pulled his diaper to the side, exposing Luke's bare skin.

She spit on her finger, and slowly twirled it around Luke's tight hole.

Sneak Peek! (Tim Turned Into A Sexy Schoolgirl)

Something happened inside of Tim and his hands never made it to Kirsten's shoulders. He looked at his fiancée and his eyes widened in shock. He could feel his body transforming, his insides twisting and turning. He looked down at his chest and... it, it was growing! The rest of his body was shrinking, but his breasts were growing! No longer was he a two hundred pound masculine hunk of chips and protein shakes. He looked up at Kirsten in horror, who could only grin back at him.

He felt his waist, which had shrunk significantly. He had hips! What the hell was happening to him?! This was crazy! He must've been dreaming or something. He was a man, a real man who played football in college and fucked his fiancée all the time. He didn't have breasts and long hair. This was all wrong! Tim didn't believe in magic or anything like that, but there was no other explanation.

"Ooooh, aren't you precious?" Kirsten said happily. "You're so cute!"

Cute? Tim wasn't cute! He was strong and manly! He was supposed to be the exact opposite of cute!

"What?!" was the only phrase he could manage to mutter from his mouth, but it sent him into a frenzy. Why was his voice so high? That wasn't who he was. For fuck's sake, his voice sounded even higher than Kirsten's! There was no way this was possible.

"I said, you're so cute!" Kirsten gushed. "Here, let me show you," she said, leading Tim to the mirror by her closet.

What Tim saw nearly gave him a heart attack. His face was still changing in front of his eyes, which were now a deep blue. His big obnoxious nose was now gone and the bones making up his facial structure had totally shifted. He didn't only look like a girl; he looked like a damn hot one! His cheekbones were high and his eyebrows were well-defined. His hair was long, luxurious, and very blonde. He could barely breathe he was freaking out so much. Who was this woman looking back at him in the mirror with the long, sexy legs, petite frame, and generously sized breasts? He smacked his lips. He used to dream about banging a girl this hot; but not about being one!

His mouth hung open and he turned back to his fiancée. He wanted to cry.

"What... what happened?" he said in his new girly voice.

"Sweetie, it's okay. I knew that this was a possible side effect but... wow. I didn't expect this! This is great. You're now a nineteen year old girl, how does it feel?" Kirsten asked smugly.

"You... you did this?" tears welled in his eyes. He felt so betrayed. Kirsten had been the love of his life.

But now, Tim wanted to attack his fiancée. He had loved her so much! They were just about to get married! And now she did this to him?! That stupid bitch! He wanted to tear her head off her stupid body that fucking cunt! He knew that he'd been a bit of a loser but he didn't deserve this! He wanted to pound her into the ground!

But his new feminine body couldn't handle all of its new emotions. Instead of getting angry, all he was able to do was cry, and so cry he did. The tears came quickly down his soft feminine skin, and he buried his eyes in his hands. It wasn't fair! He wailed in terror. He wasn't

supposed to be a girl!

Kirsten embraced him in a big hug. “There, there sweat heart, it’s okay. I think we’re gonna get along just fine like this. It could really help our relationship,” she smiled.

Tim couldn’t believe it. How was she taking this so lightly? This could save their relationship? But what about his manhood? He had dreams and aspirations, he had friends and family that all knew him as a man, He couldn’t just walk away from that all just to please some psychotic witch of a fiancée!

Tim regained his composure. He exhaled sharply and dried his eyes. This wasn’t right; he wouldn’t take it so easily. “You have to turn me back!” he demanded. He was a good couple of inches shorter than Kirsten now. He put his hands on his hips, trying to be assertive.

“Now sweetie, I know this is a big change, but you’re not thinking clearly right now. Why do you go to sleep and we’ll see how you feel in the morning. This can be a good thing,” Kirsten said patronizingly.

“No!” Tim screamed. He aggressively approached his fiancée and put his hands on her shoulders. He wanted to shake some sense into this cruel bitch. How could anyone be so mean to the person they loved?

Smack! Tim felt a lightning bolt across hit him across his face and he recoiled in horror. He stood aghast, his mouth hanging open. He looked up at his loving fiancée. Had she just hit him?

“You have school tomorrow honey, you should get a good sleep,” she put her hand on Tim’s shoulder.

Table of Contents

1. [Cam Walks A Mile In Her Shoes](#)
2. [Brody Becomes A Schoolgirl! \(Part 1\)](#)
3. [Brody Becomes A Schoolgirl! \(Part 2\)](#)
4. [Brody Becomes A Schoolgirl! \(Part 3\)](#)
5. [Jen Feminizes Her Step](#)
6. [Luke's Pink Pacifier](#)
7. [Punished by Gender Swap](#)
8. [Tess Turned Her Husband into A High Priced Call Girl](#)
9. [Gender Swap: All Over His New Face \(Book 1\)](#)
10. [Gender Swap: All Over His New Face \(Book 2\)](#)
11. [Gender Swap: All Over His New Face \(Book 3\)](#)
12. [Swapped and Dominated](#)
13. [Magic Mask Super Feminine Transformation](#)
14. [Gender Swap: The Cuckold Joins In](#)
15. [Tim Turns Into A Sexy Schoolgirl](#)
16. [Femdom: Grant Gets Feminized in Diapers](#)
17. [Zack Becomes A Sissy Schoolgirl \(The Schoolgirl Curse\)](#)
18. [Amy Diapers and Feminizes the Man of the House](#)
19. [Vicky's Spotlight](#)
20. [About The Author and New Releases!](#)

Cam Walks a Mile in Her Shoes

Cam looked down at the pile of liquor bottles and cigarette butts on the floor of his high rise condo. His head swirled so he just sat at the edge of his bed drinking a flavored sports drink. Fuck, that must've been some kind of party! He didn't remember all of it, but he remembered having a shit-ton of fun.

"Crazy party, huh babe?" Cam pulled back the bed covers on the side where his girlfriend, Lindsay, slept.

The bed was empty. That was strange. Sometimes she slept over at her friend's house if they were in a fight or something, but everything had been going well lately. He remembered they had been at the club, downing bottle shots, and she was grinding up against him, hard. Fuck, she was so hot. Lindsay had laser black hair and a plump ass that looked way too big on her thin waist.

Of course, features like that were expected for glamour models like Lindsay. Cam didn't remember a time when he didn't date beautiful women of all types, usually models or other athletes like himself. As a college sports phenom, he was considered a disappointment among his peers because he didn't make it pro. But he pivoted, and his career as a high flying stock trader meant his access to beautiful women never experienced a lull. God, it was the good life. He loved models.

Lindsay had looked *spectacular* on the runway last night. He had wanted to fuck that ass so badly. Surely he did? Oh shit! Now he remembered! She had kissed him, and given him some pill. God that was so hot when she gave him X like that. But he didn't remember feeling high or anything. Whatever, Cam shrugged. He was sure Lindsay would show up. She probably just crashed at her sister's place or something. It wasn't a big deal.

Cam thought about texting her but couldn't find his phone. He guessed that it was somewhere under the pile of garbage on his floor. He could deal with that later. Fuck it, Lindsay would probably clean it up when she came home. He lounged on the couch; it was time to watch sports highlights.

He sat, dazed for some time. He usually felt tired after a night of drinking, but this was different. He was exhausted.

"Hey baby," Lindsay stood with her arms on her hips, looking down at Cam who had snoozed off on the couch.

"Hey..." he muttered. "Oh wow, you really cleaned the place up, hey?" Cam pulled himself up.

"Yup," Lindsay said, as a matter-of-factly.

"You're a great girlfriend, thanks babe," Cam yawned and stretched his arms out.

"I know," Lindsay walked into the other room.

"Hey, where you goin? What even happened last night? That shit was crazy, huh?" Cam called after her.

"Oh, I just wanted to show you the new underwear I bought," Lindsay said as she walked back into the living room, holding a pair of lacy pink panties.

Cam got aroused instantly. He wasn't sure if it was because Lindsay looked amazing or

because she was talking about something sexual, but it didn't matter. Dating a supermodel meant he was aroused almost constantly.

"Wow Linds." Cam held his hands up in amazement as Lindsay sexily sauntered towards him. "Damn, you're gonna look so hot wearing those."

"Oh, I know," Lindsay straddled her boyfriend with her long, sexy legs.

"Fuuuck," Cam let out a groan and tossed his head back. There was nothing better in life than partying hard and fucking great pussy. If he had learned one thing from his days as a college athlete, it was that nothing could make a hangover disappear faster than a beautiful girl on his dick. He grabbed on to Lindsay's firm tits like a wild animal.

"But I was thinking they might look even better on you," Lindsay deadpanned.

Cam jerked back and tilted his head. "What did you just say?" Maybe he hadn't heard her right.

"You heard me," Lindsay smirked. "I think these cute little pink panties are gonna look so good on your fresh new feminine body," she stood up, and tossed the panties in Cam's lap.

They landed on Cam's boxers like a pile of bricks. He wasn't touching those. "What the *fuck* did you just say to me," he raised his voice.

"Oh sweetie, it's okay. I know it's gonna be a big change for you. But don't worry, I'll be here to guide you along," Lindsay said with fake sincerity.

Cam's mouth hung open.

"Don't believe me? When was the last time you looked in your boxers? I could tell as soon as I sat on your lap," Lindsay smiled playfully.

Cam's heart was beating a mile a minute. What the fuck was his girlfriend talking about? Pink panties? Lacey, cute, sexy pink panties, for him, Cam? He was a man! He wore boxers and watched sports all day! He didn't wear panties! He gulped hard as he felt his cock.

But only his cock wasn't there. Or at least, not much of it was left. How the fuck had he not noticed that? When had that happened? How the *fuck* was that even possible? He had so many questions, but all he could do was look at Lindsay with a crazy, possessed look in his eyes.

Suddenly, the rage overtook him, and he lunged at his girlfriend. He grabbed her by the shoulders. "What the fuck!?" he screamed, before getting slapped hard across the face. He recoiled in pain. Ow, fuck, that had hurt! He couldn't believe Lindsay had slapped him, oh my god. He had so many emotions going through his brain; he couldn't process all of them. He collapsed back on the couch. Why had that even hurt so much? He'd taken punches much harder than that in the schoolyard.

"Now listen carefully, sissy," Lindsay stood over him. "I know you've been cheating on me. What do you think, I'm an idiot? Half the world knows you've been cheating on me you piece of shit," she said, disgusted.

"No baby, it's not true," Cam protested meekly.

"Shut the *fuck* up," Lindsay retorted. "I know it's true. I've seen the pictures on your phone. Hell, I saw you dancing with other models all night long! So don't even try to dispute it. Enough of the lying. Now, you need to listen to me."

Cam sat up and looked at his beautiful girlfriend. It was true, he'd been cheating on her. That must've been why she slipped him that pill last night. It had to have been some sort of magical hormone thingy. He felt his chest. Oh god, was he growing breasts?

“You’re now going to be a woman, and you’re going to do everything I say. If you can do everything I say, maybe, just *maybe* I’ll feel like turning you back into a man again. But until you learn some respect, you’re mine. Don’t worry, maybe you’ll even like it. Now put on the panties, girlfriend,” she motioned to them.

Cam held them in his hand. He felt so powerless. Just yesterday, he’d been king of the club, fucking bitches and popping bottles. Everyone loved him; the male him. Now he was supposed to wear panties? It wasn’t right!

But he remembered how much the slap from Lindsay had hurt and he slowly took his boxers off. His dick had receded, and in its place was a sleek nothingness. It felt... wet. He was turned on? It didn’t make sense. He was attracted to hot, busty women. Putting on a sexy pair of silk panties shouldn’t make him feel hot. But it did. Oh god, it did. No longer did he have the thighs of an athlete. The hair he had on his legs was all gone as his new panties tickled his smooth, clear legs as he pulled up his new panties. In his head, he knew it was wrong. But it felt so good, and sexy, like home. He looked up at Lindsay again, who was beaming at him. Shit.

“Come on hun, come check yourself out in the mirror.” You look marvelous, Lindsay extended her hand.

Cam noticed that his hand looked a lot like hers now. He had long, slender fingers and beautiful long fingernails. It was bizarre, really. How was this even possible? He thought maybe he was still dreaming. But if he had been dreaming, that slap from Lindsay surely would’ve woken him up.

Lindsay pushed him in front of the mirror and Cam’s heart dropped. He was stunning. His entire body had changed. Not just his breasts, or long flowing hair, but his bone structure and physique. His cheekbones were high and his face was a nice perfect oval. He had curves to die for, all the way from his plump, firm ass and up the hourglass. And he had shrunk! Holy shit! He looked over at Lindsay, who he was used to towering over. Now they were about the same height, which meant he was 5 foot 10, instead of the 6 foot 3 that he was yesterday. He was aghast. This was insanity!

His girlfriend stood behind him now, and brushed his shimmering blonde hair. He wanted to strangle her for changing him like this, but her touch felt so good. He closed his eyes as she groomed him. Cam now looked like the kind of girl that he was used to fucking. He didn’t ever want to *be* that girl though! He was the kind of babe that was so hot and played hard to get, but never could resist a guy like him. Millions of men would fight over themselves just to get a chance to talk to a girl that was as beautiful as him. But it wasn’t right! He should be on the other side of the equation, fucking whichever hot women he pleased. He closed his eyes. Maybe it would just all go away. Maybe when he re-opened his eyes he would be back in the club with his crew in the VIP section.

No, it couldn’t be! Sparkling, feminine blue eyes stared back at him. The person in the mirror was exquisitely sexy, but it wasn’t him.

“You need to change me back!” Cam started to turn around to face Lindsay.

“Careful!” Lindsay pushed him back into place. “Your hair is almost done,” she said, resuming her combing.

“How do I turn back?” Cam’s voice squeaked as he turned to face forward again. Oh god! Even his voice had changed! He didn’t even recognize it. It was so... foreign, and girly. Christ,

he sounded like a valley girl!

“Easy,” Lindsay said, pleased with her boyfriend’s straight, healthy hair. “You just have to do exactly what I say. Stand still and close your eyes,” she moved around the front of Cam’s new body.

Cam recoiled when he felt something on his face. “Oh my god!” he exclaimed. Wow, his new voice was going to take some getting used to.

“It’s just some mascara, honey, relax,” she said determinedly. “A girl as beautiful as you can’t go out on the town without some make-up on.

Out on the town? Cam’s spirits dropped. Holy shit, what did she have planned for him? Cam froze. She wanted to put make-up, on *his* face? He wasn’t comfortable with that. That was disgusting!

“Come on, here we go,” Lindsay motioned for her boyfriend to step closer to her again.

Cam gulped. He hated the idea of having make-up on his face, and how happy it would make Lindsay, but not as bad as he hated the idea of being stuck as a girl forever. If it meant that he could reclaim his manhood, then he would have to do it.

“You’re so pretty,” Lindsay hawed as she drew out Cam’s long thick lashes.

Instinctively, he batted them and blushed a little bit. It felt right, somehow. Maybe a girl as hot as he was should wear make-up. He took no solace in the fact that it somehow made him feel good. It was unacceptable.

“Come on, let’s get you dressed,” Lindsay said excitedly as she ran towards the bedroom. Cam felt horrible that he was actually a little bit excited to dress himself up. “Here, you can wear a couple of my things while we take you out.” she said.

“Shopping?” Cam asked. His mind trailed off. He was supposed to meet his buddies today for a game of catch on the beach and some beers afterwards.

“Yes, of course hun. Don’t worry, you’re gonna love it!” Lindsay exclaimed.

Cam put on a pair of jean shorts and picked out a blouse with a deep neckline with Lindsay’s help. He borrowed a bra from Lindsay too, but it didn’t quite fit him. His firm tits spilled out the top of it.

“You have great tits,” Lindsay adjusted the pink lacey bra on her boyfriend’s breasts.

Cam didn’t say anything. She was right, of course, but he’d rather he had no breasts at all. He pulled up the jean shorts over his big ass. He had amazing proportions, but it just felt so alien. He looked in the mirror and didn’t recognize himself. Cam looked like a beach babe, or some sort of fantasy girl that lined the posters of college dorms. He was the kind of girl that most people only saw on TV. But here he was, in real life.

Cam followed his girlfriend out of their penthouse suite, and didn’t second guess it when she got in the driver’s seat. Normally he would always be the one driving, but now Lindsay was in charge.

“A girl’s day out! I’m so excited,” Lindsay said as she applied some make-up at a traffic light.

Cam wasn’t sure what exactly to expect. Men held the door for him as they entered the boutique, upscale shopping center. The muscular dudes were not shy about gazing up and down his tight body. Suddenly, Cam wished he had worn something that was more concealing. He wasn’t used to getting that kind of attention everywhere he went. He felt so weak in his

new body, both emotionally and physically. All he knew was that he was willing to do whatever it took to re-gain his male body back.

Lindsay took him into a fancy salon. It smelled like flowers and femininity in the store and it made Cam feel uncomfortable. At home, he could barely stand Lindsay's scented candles and soaps.

"Hello, my *friend* here has an appointment booked," she winked at the beauty attendant behind the counter.

"Of course," the black haired sales associate said.

Cam sat down. It was so crazy that the employees at the store were treating him like a real woman. He could tell the sales associate was intimidated by his beauty. Women were usually frightened of him, but this was different. It was kind of funny in a way. He closed his eyes and tried to relax as the woman filed down his nails and started rambling about celebrities. His feet soaked in a tub of hot water and his worries started to drift away.

When he opened his eyes, the girl had painted three different shades of pink on his nails.

"Which one would you like?" Lindsay asked him.

Cam hummed and hawed. Was his girlfriend really making him make this decision? It was torture enough that he was in the salon in the first place. He bit his lip, thinking. If he was here anyways, he might as well try to appease Lindsay.

"The bright one, I think that'll look best," Cam stretched out his fingers, and closed his eyes again. "Thanks doll," he added to the sales associate.

Before he knew it, Cam had multiple girls attending to his nails, hair, and make-up. He was going to ask Lindsay why, but the beauty girls surrounded him. He was getting really dolled up. The team on his hair was curling it, and doing some crazy shit. He didn't even know what it was, but it looked good.

One girl was applying foundation to his face, changing its tone. He wasn't sure why he needed that but he didn't protest. Another one was doing some fancy eye make-up, eyeliner and something else he wasn't sure what it was called. A third one was giving him color options for a lipstick. He tried a couple of them on, and *goddamn* did they make him feel sexy. His lips were luscious, full, and red. Cam could sense how envious the girls that were tending to him were. Another woman he couldn't see sprayed some perfume on him from behind.

"Lindsay, I thought we were just going shopping?" he asked giddily.

"No, no. You've got a show tonight!" Lindsay giggled back at him.

Cam wasn't sure he heard her right. A show? Like a fashion show, similar to the ones that she did, for her job? Cam's mind was racing. Holy shit, he wasn't ready for that! He was a man! He didn't know how to walk down the catwalk, or the runway, or whatever the fuck it was called.

The throng of beauty attendants pulled him up in front of a mirror. He looked incredible. He knew that if he told any of the girls that he didn't know how to walk on a runway they would've laughed at him. That was practically home for models like him! He nervously glanced over to Lindsay, who was enjoying his discomfort tremendously.

"Well, can I at least pick up some new bras and panties before we leave?" Cam tilted his head.

He didn't even get to go home. Lindsay explained that the show started promptly at 7 p.m.,

and he needed to be there three hours early. When pressed for details, she didn't say much. Only that Cam had better do everything asked of him if he wanted to change back into a man again.

Cam was anxious as he got backstage. He didn't even know what kind of clothes he would be showing off! Sure, he'd seen girlfriends of his perform at hundreds of similar events over the years, but he'd always been focused on how hot they looked, or his phone, or whatever. How was he supposed to learn how to walk in heels in just three hours?!

He took deep breathes as one of the organizers walked towards him. He could do this. If he could broker power deals while on the toilet, and do an eight minute keg stand, he could do this. How hard could it be, really? All he needed to do was look good; it didn't take any real *talent*, like all his other accomplishments in life. And he already looked the part.

"Carmen Estrada?" A bald headed, brute of a man asked Cam. "The pleasure is all mine," he said, kissing Cam's extended hand. "The name's Greg"

Cam swooned, and cleared his throat. He knew him! Shit, for a second he had forgotten how much he hated this guy. Greg was a well-known event organizer and always ignored Cam at parties, even telling a few girls that he was a douchebag. Not that that ever stopped them from begging for his dick. The guy was a bonafide buzzkill. All he talked about was lifting weights and the cool celebrities he knew. Cam had even almost fought him on a couple of occasions.

He knew that Lindsay had signed him up under a fake name, but he wasn't sure what it had been. "Carmen", well, that was nice enough.

"Oh, please" he replied. He was starting to get the valley girl voice inflections down.

"If you'll follow me, we have a lot to discuss," he said, leading Cam to a backstage room.

"So you're a friend of Lindsay's? That's nice. I'm a *huge* fan of her work," he said with a wink.

It was true, Lindsay did have a major following. She was very successful, and being Lindsay's friend put a lot of high expectations on Cam. He followed Greg into a small room that only had a mirror on it. He was surprised by how... hot Greg was? How had he never noticed before how manly and strong his forearms are? He couldn't take his eyes off Greg's hands either; they were so much bigger and rugged than his petite pianist fingers.

"So wardrobe is on this side of the stage," Greg said, pointing at a piece of paper. "Pretty basic stuff, you're going to model three bikinis and one *special* summer outfit. Step up here, proceed through this hall, and..."

Cam tried to pay attention, he really did. All of this stuff was crucial information, and was way more complicated than he ever could've imagined. There were so many steps to the process! But Greg's wide frame was so appealing. He just wanted to throw his arms around Greg's neck and be taken away. Dear god, the man was a sexy beast.

Shit! Cam tried to cut those thoughts short. No! That was all wrong. He was a man, he wasn't attracted to low-level studs like Greg. And he had to perform this catwalk to perfection or else Lindsay would never let him turn back into a man again.

"A pair by *Gregor Isman*, a pair by..." Greg was talking about something fashion related. It was all so confusing.

Wait, fuck! Was he talking about heels? Did girls wear heels on the runway, even when modelling swimwear? Cam wasn't sure if that seemed right. He hoped not. He didn't know

how to walk in heels!

Cam jumped as he felt a warm hand on his lower back legs. His heart raced a mile a minute. Holy fuck, Greg had just started feeling him up. Every tiny feminine hair on his body was standing up right. His initial instinct was to slap the big man's hand away. He wanted to yell at Greg how it was all Lindsay's fault, and that he wasn't really a woman. But it felt good. Cam was surprised by how goddamn good it felt to have a rough, bearded man feeling up his thighs. His mouth opened, and he pouted a bit to show his appreciation. He felt something stir in his loins. He wanted this. He wanted Greg's big meaty cock. And he wanted it all more than anything else in the world.

Butterflies fluttered in Cam's stomach as the intimidating man grabbed him by the waist, holding him close. Cam instinctively closed his eyes and met Greg with a passionate kiss. The stubble on Greg's face was like nothing he'd ever felt before, but it was so good. He moaned effeminately as the older, stronger man grabbed the back of his hair, exposing his neck. As a man, Cam had never been one for much foreplay. But as a woman it felt nothing short of torturous. Greg's soft bites on his neck sent instant wetness to his fresh, pink pussy. Emotion and sensual feelings were building up; he didn't know how much longer he could take the suspense.

Cam felt Greg's throbbing member up against his waist and it turned him on like he never could've imagined. He knew it was wrong. He didn't like cocks; he wasn't gay! That was so gross! But his body had different ideas. He tentatively reached for Cam's stiff cock, grabbing it through the big man's pants. It was rock hard before he even touched it. He guessed that his hot female body had that effect on men.

"No teasing," Greg mumbled and pushed his hand on Cam's shoulder.

Cam found himself suddenly pushed down to the ground, on his knees and eye level with Cam's monstrous one eyed snake.

"Lindsay said you were eager," Greg flopped his member out in front of Cam's wide eyes.

Cam gulped. This was it. Here he was, facing a cock. He supposed he didn't need to postpone it any further. Greg would probably start face fucking him if he hesitated anyways. Tentatively, he firmly grasped the cock in one hand, and slipped his mouth over the big mushroom head.

Instantly, Greg felt a rush of wetness in his pussy. God, this was so hot. He couldn't believe that he was being such a girly slut, and that it felt so good. He pushed and pulled with his mouth and hands over Greg's cock, causing the big man to moan. He never imagined that causing a man to groan like that would make him feel so turned on, but it did. He could feel his nipples getting hard under his blouse. Ugh, he wanted Greg to rip off all his clothes right there and make him feel like a real woman.

Greg's dick was huge, both in girth and length. Or at least it seemed that way. Cam wasn't sure if it just seemed big because his feminine mouth was so small, or if it really was much bigger than his had been. And surprisingly, it felt really good to suck a cock. He'd thought that it might be hard to breathe or that it would be gross and wet, but it wasn't at all. It was easy! He held it, jerking it with his hand. Maybe he could even take the whole thing?

Cam slowly tried to deep throat the cock, working his way down the shaft and breathing through his nose. He suppressed his gag reflex, and dragged his thick, lipstick covered lips closer and closer to the base of Greg's dick. Wow! He couldn't believe it, he actually did it! Proud of

himself, he looked up at Greg and batted his eyelashes. He felt the cock rumble in the back of his throat. Tee-hee, Greg really liked that, he could see it in his face. He bet that he could make this cock cum pretty soon if he tried.

But Cam never got that chance. Before he could withdraw from Greg's dick, Greg grabbed him by his soft blonde hair, and pushed him back down hard. Cam took all of Greg's massive dong deep in his throat at once, and gagged hard. Holy shit! He couldn't breathe! Greg had both hands on his head now and was fucking him forcefully. Cam put his hands up on Greg's leg, but there was nothing he could do.

Cam expected to feel nauseous or out of breath, but surprisingly he didn't. The overwhelming emotion that he felt while he was getting fucked in his feminine mouth occurred in his panties. It was so fucking hot. And the fact that he enjoyed being taken and pushed down on Greg's cock made it feel even more sexy and taboo. He couldn't breathe, his mouth was down to Greg's stomach, but he loved it. His pussy ached with desire. It was turning him on so much. Holy shit, he needed this cock inside of him.

Suddenly, he felt an explosion, and Greg's cock rippled throughout his mouth, shooting thick cum into the back of his throat. Cam was shocked; he didn't know how to react. Greg took the cock out of the beautiful woman's mouth and continued coming all over Cam's exquisite, feminine face. Cam closed his eyes and accepted ropes of the big man's seed all over him. It was sticky and warm. Greg groaned like a mad man who'd just had the most satisfying release, and shook the last few drops out of his cock and into Cam's waiting mouth. He was covered in cum.

Greg fell back, momentarily exhausted. Cam's pussy was humming like crazy. He needed some attention on it. He ripped off his shorts and spread his legs. He took some of the cum off of his face, and shoved it on his clit. His legs jolted like they'd been shocked. It felt incredible.

"No time for that now slut, it's show time," Greg said. He lifted Cam off the floor, and pushed him to the door. "Remember everything we discussed. Good luck!"

Cam looked at the time. Oh shit! The show had probably already started. He rushed to wardrobe. Immediately, three women surrounded him, taking off his clothes and sizing him up. They gave him discerning looks. Cam wasn't sure if that was just because he was late, or if they had heard Greg's explosive orgasm in the other room.

His blouse was off and one of the women was tying up a triangle shaped, pink and orange bikini. Even just her touch on his breasts made him feel horny. He could even see in the mirror that his nipples were showing through his bikini. God, he looked like such a slut. The bikini bottom was a thin strip of pink fabric. Cam wasn't sure what that kind of design was called, but to him it looked like more of a thong than a swimsuit!

Another woman attached some black high heels to his legs. He had to admit that they looked marvelous, but they were rather tall. He would be lying if he said that he wasn't nervous. He looked over to the other side of the backstage and saw two hunky dudes. He felt weak in the knees right away. He wondered if he could make the cum as fast as he made Greg cum. Most men came very easily when tasked with fucking a superhot model like him.

"What are those guys doing here?" he asked one of the wardrobe girls, trying to feign innocence.

"There's a male show, after we're done," the girl replied, visibly judging Cam.

"Oh..." Cam's train of thought drifted as he lost himself in the muscular frames of the two

bodybuilders wearing tight underwear. This wasn't fair. His sleek pussy hummed along, desperate for action. How was he supposed to concentrate like this?

"And... you're on," An older woman with a clipboard shoved him towards the curtain, and he stumbled through it and onto a long stage. Shocked at first, he put his hand up to shield his eyes from the blinding lights. Then he remembered what he was supposed to be doing there, and quickly tried to recover.

Tentatively, he took deliberate steps in his high heels. He kept his chest up, and tried to walk confidently. Surprisingly, he didn't fall over. He was a natural! He made his way towards the end of the stage, with a saucy, sexy look on his face. He could do this. Hell, he could do anything in this body. He felt like sexuality itself.

With a flick of his hair, he turned and sauntered back towards the curtain. His heavy, firm breasts bounced their way in front of him. This swimsuit was really quite nice, he decided. It was something that he himself would wear, on a trip to the beach or whatever. It made him feel sexy.

He caught a few glances from the crowd. Men and woman alike had their eyes glued to his hotness. It felt so good to be admired and desired at the same time. Women wished they looked half as good as he did in a bikini.

Showing his body off was making him even more wet. He hoped that nothing would spill out of his bikini and down his leg, but the thought of that happening actually turned him on even more. He turned, admiring some of the hot guys in the audience. Mmm... so sexy. One of the guys wiped his face, as if to say, "you got something here."

Shit! That was when Cam nearly had a panic attack. Did he still have cum on his face? No! Oh my god, that was so slutty! He wanted to wipe it off, but that would look really unprofessional. He was instructed to only walk with his hands at his sides. He was almost back to the curtain and his heart was racing. He walked confidently, smiling. He had to. He didn't want to draw any more attention to the wet sticky semen on his face.

He got backstage, and ran to a separate room with a mirror. Oh my god! He rubbed his hand on his face. It wasn't as bad as he'd thought. There was still a bit of cum on his cheek, but hopefully it hadn't been too noticeable. But still, Christ, he probably looked like such a slut. In fact, he was such a slut. He couldn't believe it. Even just thinking about how slutty he was turned him on even more.

He pushed aside his bikini and spread his legs on the couch. The wardrobe girls would be looking for him now. He still had three more outfits to show off. He didn't care though. He needed to cum, now. His body demanded it. He slipped his fingers into his wetness, and he moaned loudly. Oh my god, it felt so good. Like he hadn't had water for days and just got his first sip. Mmmm... *yes!*

As if on cue, the two jacked body builders entered and closed the door.

"You sounded like you need some assistance in here," one of them said.

Before he knew what had happened, Cam was on his knees with a cock in his hand and other in his mouth, going to town on them. He couldn't get enough of their big meaty dicks. Oh god yes! He shoved them deep in his throat and jerked them off at the same time. He just couldn't get enough. The dudes were so hard and he looked gorgeous with dicks in his mouth. He could see it in the mirror, he was a true supermodel.

For a second, Cam thought about being a man. He almost had second thoughts, but it was

so hard with these thick dicks right in front of him. He knew, deep down, that he was a man and that he shouldn't be sucking cock. But he was so overcome with lust when presented with these two muscular studs.

They were so strong, and one of them tossed Cam's weak, feminine body up on the couch. It felt so good to be absolutely manhandled. These guys knew what they were doing and they were in charge. Cam wanted a dick inside of him so badly.

And he got his wish. A cock entered his tight, virgin pussy slowly. Cam felt himself expanding to accommodate the girth of his partner. He gushed wetness all over it. Yes! He moaned loudly as the cock pushed further and further inside of him. Oh god, yes. It was like he'd had some hole, that needed to be filled, and he hadn't known it before. It was an itch that was finally getting scratched. Yes! Fuck me! He screamed. And the man obliged.

Cam continued to moan loudly, but that was stopped when the other guy stuffed his dick down Cam's throat. It felt so good to be desired by two guys at once. Hell, the entire audience had wanted to fuck him tonight. Feeling that dick sliding down his throat just made him wetter and wetter. The guy grabbed his tits at the same time. Cam never knew that they could feel so sensitive. It was amazing.

He felt a pulsing building in his pussy. Waves of pleasurable sensation moved outwards from the giant cock inside of him. Just the imagery of him taking these cocks was making him crazy. He could see himself in the mirror, a superhot blonde in a sexy bikini, getting taken by two jocks. It was insane! Just yesterday he'd been a masculine, proper man's man, and an athlete. Now he was taking dicks like the slutty supermodel that he really was, in the backstage of a fashion show.

Suddenly, he was whipped around, and Cam found himself on all fours. He couldn't see it happen, but he felt a finger get stuck in his ass. Oh god. He hadn't expected that, but there was nothing he could do now. Cam was so wet that his pussy juice had dripped down to his ass and was making it easy for a dick to enter him. He had never stuck a single thing in his ass as a man before, and it was an entirely new sensation. And it was so fucking hot. The dick in his mouth was amazing too, he loved it. He knew that with a little practice he'd be a great cocksucker. Cam moaned passionately. Everything felt so good, better than he'd ever experienced as a man.

The cock in his pussy and finger in his asshole made him buck like crazy. He loved getting fucked doggy-style. The man behind him grabbed his shoulder and pounded into him, fucking him hard. Oh god yes! This was what he needed.

The dick that he'd been sucking now joined the man that was behind him. Oh my god! Something entered his asshole that was a little bit bigger than the finger that had been in there. Oh fuck, it was a cock! Cam screamed with a mixture of pain and pleasure. His tight, warm asshole was being taken over. These huge jocks were fucking him so hard. The sensation in his ass burned, and then started to feel good, like he needed it there. It was another hole he'd be unaware of, but now he needed it filled.

With two huge men behind him, Cam was screaming for joy. They smacked his ass, causing him to jump. Yes! Abuse me like that! He loved it. One guy grabbed his hair from behind, pulling him up. Cam felt helpless, and hornier than he'd ever been in his life. Usually, as a man, he'd always dictated the sex. But now, these guys were in control and it felt so good.

He thought of Lindsay and how proud she would be of him right now. The imagery of how

crazy his situation was made Cam wetter than ever before. His hips spasmed uncontrollably, and his back arched. His breasts rose pointedly to the sky and his legs shook up and down. He was cumming so hard, harder then he'd ever done as a man. His eyes wide and his face covered in cum, pleasure hit him like a lightning bolt as he had a full body orgasm. The two jocks fucking him managed to hold his legs down but his upper body slim stomach still spasmed wildly. They pumped his ass and pussy full of thick cum. Cam moaned the entire time. He was a true sissy cum slut.

He'd been used up in so many good ways. His pussy was finally satisfied, and he made a great model. Cam lay on the couch, playing with the cum in his mouth. The men had already left, but he lay there, giddy. There was no way he had enough strength left in his legs to stand up. He looked up to see Lindsay enter the room with a big smile on her face. It felt so ridiculous. He started giggling. Maybe he liked being a woman.

The next day, Cam woke in a daze. Had it all been a dream? He felt between his legs, maybe his cock was back. Fuck! It wasn't there! He honestly wished that he could have his cock back and never worry about being a girl again. He didn't care if Lindsay dumped him, he just wanted his masculinity back. He sighed and brushed his hair out of his face as he got out of the bed. Hadn't he been through enough torture already? He wanted his old body back.

He put on a pair of panties, what else could he do? His old boxers would've dropped right off of him. He tried to relax on the couch and catch up on the sports that he'd missed, but he found his mind kept wandering. He thought about shopping, and skirts. He didn't have any of those, but he was sure they'd look great on him. He thought about shoes. If he was going to continue to be a woman then he was going to need a bigger shoe selection.

What was happening to him? Why could he no longer focus on sports? He thought Lindsay had said something about him being able to change back into a man. He'd served his punishment! But why couldn't he even remember the rules to the game that was on TV? Something about throwing a ball? Ugh, it was so boring. He felt his legs. They were still smoother than they'd been as a man, but he'd have to shave them in a day or two. A hard cock felt much better on freshly shaven legs... Mmmm, he salivated about the thought of cocks. It had been at least twelve hours since his last cock and he was getting horny. Cam wondered how soon he would be able to get his fix, if he tried really hard.

Brody Becomes A Schoolgirl! (Part 1)

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 refilled 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 no 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.

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 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 he 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 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 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*?

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 other room. 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 hot 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 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 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. "Pantyhose?" 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 warmth 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 build 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 threw 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 eyeliner. 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 midsection. 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 cootch.

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 superhot 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 eyeliner. 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.

Brody Becomes A Schoolgirl! (Part 2)

In the past couple of weeks, Brody's life had been turned upside down. He had gone from cheating on his wife and doing all sorts of drugs, to being home for his early curfew and blushing when the boys hit on him in class. As a sexy eighteen year old woman, he found he could no longer be brash and loud. People expected him to be suave, stupid, and shallow. And his wife, Ally, had some very strict expectations for the new young lady. Brody, or Brienne as he was called in school, was in no way allowed to touch himself on his new girl parts. Masturbation wasn't appropriate for hot schoolgirls, explained Ally. And she had punished him ruthlessly when she caught him trying to sneak a self-love session. He got wet when he thought about what happened. Ally had fucked him hard in his ass, degrading and humiliating him while still not allowing him to cum no matter how much he'd begged.

So it was with extreme caution that Brody slipped his fingers down his silky pink panties in what had used to be the guestroom. He felt so naughty doing it, but he needed it so badly. His girly hormones were in overdrive, and a rush of blood headed to his nether regions as he pulled aside his panties. He could hear his wife laughing in the other room. He touched himself tenderly as he listened to his teacher, Mr. Daley, tease and flirt with his wife.

He had been pretty embarrassed when he came home after school and found his instructor eating dinner and drinking wine with his wife. A big man with a bald head, Brody had felt Mr. Daley's massive cock on his miniskirt last week when the older man had given him a hug. Brody had been crying in the hallway, upset at the bullying he endured from some of the girls. But Mr. Daley had been there to help him through his first day and had given him a shoulder to cry on. He was always looking out for Brody, guiding him in his integration into school life. And now Mr. Daley was going to fuck his wife.

At first, Brody had been outraged. How dare Ally flirt with other men in front of him, so soon after his transformation? She had promised to turn him back into a man if he'd been a good girl! But those feelings of hatred soon gave way to jealousy, and an incredible burning itch between his knees. Mr. Daley was a man of power, a real man, and just thinking about his large muscular frame made Brody hot and bothered.

He knew the feeling was mutual. Brody could see it in the way that Mr. Daley looked at his long blonde hair and slender exposed legs. Brody was younger, fitter, and hotter than his wife. Why did Ally get the pleasure of hooking up with such a stud? She could have anyone else in this world, so why did she have to choose Brody's instructor? Was it just to humiliate and emasculate him even more? That was such bullshit!

Brody had to find a way to seduce the older man. He couldn't give Ally the satisfaction of fucking and dating the man that held so much power over Brody. But mostly he just wanted to taste Mr. Daley's meaty cock in his thin eighteen year old mouth. He had never sucked a cock before and had been thinking about it so much lately. Ally said that was normal for young women, and that he should find a real cock to ease his craving. Trevor, a guy that Ally had hooked up with in school, was a candidate. And he was hot too. But Mr. Daley was so much more authoritative and strong. And his cock was probably bigger than Trevor's.

Brody licked his lips and flipped his long hair behind his head. He was supposed to be doing homework but couldn't stop thinking about cock. He withdrew his hand and pulled up his jean shorts as he heard the two older adults come up the stairs. He opened up his closet and pretended to be picking out an outfit for tomorrow. Since his transformation, Ally had bought him a whole new wardrobe. The guestroom had been entirely re-done with pink décor and girly posters and pictures of hot men lined the walls. It was like he was and always had been a true woman.

He heard the smack of his wife's ass as the couple walked by his room and then some more laughing as they stumbled into the master bedroom. Brody suddenly felt sick to his stomach. He couldn't believe that Mr. Daley was going to fuck his wife in the house that he'd bought, in his bed. In a moment of clarity he remembered his old life as a man, and felt truly humiliated. How had he let Ally do this to him? He was eighteen years old and he was an independent woman! He didn't have to take this crap. If Ally wasn't going to turn him back into a man then he should move out and live his own life.

Brody remembered that he didn't have any money to move out as he heard Ally moaning through the paper thin walls. His best bet was still to try to appease her and hope she turned him back into a man in due time. Brody's sleek new girl parts started flowing with wetness again as he heard Mr. Daley sloppily eat up his wife's pussy. Maybe there was a way he could get back at his wife and force her to turn him back into a man. If he could steal the older man away from his wife maybe that would give him the leverage he needed to make her turn him back.

He felt a mixture of guilt, shame, and horniness as his instructor railed into his wife from behind. Brody hated Ally for embarrassing him like this, but couldn't help but feel turned on by her fucking Mr. Daley. Ally screamed in pleasure as the big man entered her repeatedly. She had never done that when Brody had fucked her. What did she have that Brody didn't?

Brody flicked his clit passionately as he heard Mr. Daley grunt on the other side of the wall. He didn't want to be a girl, but if that was his destiny then had to satisfy his feminine desires. He put his fingers in his mouth, tasting his sweetness and imagining they were Mr. Daley's thick cock. He moaned as he felt shockwaves spread through his lower body. It felt so fucking good to be a girl. Instinctively, he pressed on, his bedsheets becoming soaking wet under him.

In the other room, Ally took it hard and fast from her 'daughter's' teacher. Brody moaned in tune with his wife, imagining that it was him who was receiving such a thick dick in his pussy. He had never been fucked in his pussy, only in his ass by Ally. He needed to have it filled, and soon. He imagined going in to his old bedroom after Ally fell asleep, and taking Mr. Daley for himself. He knew it would be risky and would jeopardize his schooling, but there had to be a way he could get filled up in his tight new holes.

Ally came enthusiastically as Mr. Daley continued to shake the house with his shattering thrusts. Brody squirmed and twisted in pleasure. It felt so wrong to get off to his wife, the love of his life, getting fucked, but he couldn't help it. As much as he wanted to stop what they were doing in the other room, he knew that he couldn't and that made him even more wet. His wife was fucking a true, real man now and there was nothing he could do about it.

But Brody couldn't cum from touching himself. Exhausted, he slumped down onto his neatly made bed. His thoughts were all tangled up and confused. He hated his wife for cheating on him but was envious of her at the same time. He wanted to become a man and reclaim his

old life, but not as much as he needed to get some cock. It was the only way he could achieve orgasm. He nodded off to sleep, dreaming of cock as his wife came again in the other room. She was so lucky to have such an attentive stud for a lover.

The next day at school, Brody tried to avoid Mr. Daley. He wanted to sleep with him, but was just so embarrassed that his instructor had fucked his wife. Every time the older man looked at him, Brody had butterflies in his stomach. He couldn't even think straight in class as he was just watching Mr. Daley's pant bulge all the time. And when he got called on to answer a question, he couldn't even answer because he was so nervous.

How was he supposed to seduce Mr. Daley if he was such a nervous little schoolgirl around him all the time? The teacher undoubtedly wanted a mature woman, and Brody had to prove to him that he wasn't just some stupid girl. His girly hormones made it so hard to talk to hot men like that though. He could barely look at him without blushing and wetting his panties. And the looks Mr. Daley gave him didn't make it any easier. They were so serious, but knowing at the same time. He couldn't believe that this man had just fucked his wife silly and didn't even acknowledge it to him.

The two sassy bitches that sat next to Brody hadn't cooled down at all. Brody couldn't tell if Elaine and Maddy were giving him the silent treatment, or were just envious of how hot he was. He had hoped to make them jealous by hooking up with Trevor, but it seemed like he had been a little late to that party. These sluts had already hooked up with the athletic stud.

"Are you girls going to the dance tonight?" Brody said like a true valley girl. He was getting used to his voice.

Maddy and Elaine stared at him coldly. "Uh, duh. Who the hell do you think we are," Elaine finally replied with a stiff upper lip.

"You're going, really?" Maddy said with a look of disgust on her face. "Who're you going with, yourself? It's not like you have any friends," she laughed.

Brody blushed. It was true, he didn't have any girlfriends. All the girls hated him for coming to school late in the semester and being the object of all the boys' desire.

"Actually, I'm going with Trevor," Brody replied as he flipped his hair behind him.

"Oh my god," Elaine gushed. "You little slut. You think he actually likes you?" She said with disdain.

"Don't get too attached dear," Maddy said condescendingly. "You're not the first blonde haired bimbo that he's fucked and chucked."

Brody fumed. How dare they talk to him like that! He was going on a date with one of the most popular jocks in school, and they have the nerve to give him that kind of attitude?

"You're just jealous," Brody raised his voice. "You stupid bitches. I bet you don't even have dates."

"Jealous? Jealous of what? You're whore make-up and oversized bra?" Maddy laughed. "Get a grip you pathetic slut," she nearly spat on Brody.

"I look like a slut?" Brody raged. "Have you looked in the mirror today hun?"

That was when Brody heard it, from the other side of the room, Mr. Daley's voice boomed in stark contrast to his high pitched squabbling. "**Hey! Watch your mouth young lady!**" The instructor didn't have to yell to be louder than all of the students in the room. Brody felt like he'd swallowed his heart. He couldn't look up at the intimidating older man as each step Mr.

Daley took towards him felt thunderous.

"I won't have that kind of language in my room," Mr. Daley crossed his arms.

Brody felt tears coming to his eyes. He was so much more emotional as a girl and he couldn't control it. But Elaine and Maddy would mock him mercilessly if he cried in class, so he had to hold it in. Innocently, he looked up at Mr. Daley and made his big puppy dog eyes.

"Do you understand, Brienne?" he asked sternly.

Hearing Mr. Daley say his new girly name made the butterflies come back; he pronounced it so sternly and sexily. "Yes Mr. Daley," Brody batted his eyelashes profusely and looked up at the towering teacher. The rest of the class, 30 people, all had their eyes on him as he cowered under Mr. Daley's stature. He bit his lip and hoped all the attention would go away soon. All the men staring at him, mostly Mr. Daley, was bound to make him wet sooner than later.

"Good. I won't ask nicely again," Mr. Daley walked back to the front of the lecture room.

Maddy and Elaine smirked out of the corner of Brody's vision. How had those girls not got in trouble? They were swearing just as much as him! That was so stupid! It was like because he was so beautiful that he couldn't get away with anything. People expected him to be so ladylike and proper. Those stupid cunts; he was sure they were just jealous. They'd get their just payback, Brody vowed.

After school, Ally helped him get ready for his first date, the big dance, with Trevor. Brody didn't mention anything about the other night, all though he desperately wanted to hear how good the sex had been. But that was not an appropriate thing for him to ask an older woman. Besides, once he started dressing up and thinking about his date he almost forgot about how cruel Ally had been.

She picked out a stunning floral summer dress for him. Brody was giddy the first time he saw it. He quickly tried it on and started jumping up and down and clapping his hands. He looked so good in a dress! Why had he never worn one before? Trevor was going to be enamored with him, if he wasn't already. He twirled, showing off his feminine figure in the mirror. Oh my god, he looked so good!

Wearing a dress meant he had to shave his legs. But the old razors he used to use weren't appropriate anymore. Instead, Ally gave him his first pink razor, and showed him how to carefully get the peach fuzz off his legs. Brody ran his hands down his smooth legs afterwards and got a little bit turned on when thinking about a man touching them. They were so slender and feminine; everything a man could want in a hot college aged girl.

Next, he needed a bit of a manicure and his make-up done. He'd been getting better at applying make-up, and did most of it himself this time. He wanted to look really pretty for his date with Trevor, and adding a bit of extra girly perfume and make-up would do just the trick. He planned to get Trevor's cock that night, and needed to look like he wanted it.

Ally did his nails. He was so lucky to have her as she was always looking out for him and helping him with girly things that he didn't know how to do himself. She even straightened his long blonde hair for him. Being a sexy girl took a lot of work, and was so different from getting ready as a man. But Brody was getting used to it, and it was worth it to look good. His nails had grown, and were nice and long now. A little clear polish, and then a pink layer on top made them look very good. He smiled at his wife and thanked her for her help. He was sure he was going to get lucky tonight.

Ally drove Brody to the dance, and gave him advice for hooking up with guys on the way. Brody was mostly worried about the dancing. He had never danced before as a man! And everyone would be looking at him on the dancefloor, and expecting him to be a good dancer. He tuned Ally out; he knew how to kiss a guy! He just didn't know how to fit in and dance like a hot slutty woman. But he was excited to try! Deep down, he knew that he would fit in and Trevor would love his tight little ass bouncing up and down on the dance floor.

The butterflies came back as they pulled into the parking lot. He was meeting Trevor there, and was so nervous. Oh my god, what if Trevor didn't like his dress, or noticed that he wasn't a good dancer? What if Trevor was going to make some big joke out of it, and was actually going with Maddy or Elaine? Everyone would laugh at him for being such a fool! There was no way a hot guy like Trevor had actually asked a sissy slut like him to the dance, was there?

Ally bade him farewell and kissed him on the cheek. "You're going to do great sweetie!" she said as Brody closed the car door. Fear and an impending sense of humiliation came over him as he waited near the dance entrance for his date. Maybe Trevor just liked to be fashionably late? That was probably it. What if today was the day that everyone found out that he wasn't a real sexy woman, and that he was supposed to be a man? They would make fun of him forever! It seemed inevitable. He didn't truly know how to flirt, kiss, or grind while dancing. He was going to look like a 45 year old man trying to dance!

The other people glared at him as they entered the dance. He shuffled his feet and continued to wait for Trevor. At least he looked good with his sexy black heels and shaved legs. He had wanted to wear flats for dancing, but Ally had insisted he at least wear some sort of heel. It looked way better and that was what all proper young ladies do, she explained. Oh god, Brody could barely walk in heels, let alone dance.

But his dancing partner never showed up. It was an hour past the start of the event and he still stood outside, dejected. How dare Trevor stand him up like this! He wasn't some sort of joke! He was a hot young woman, and he demanded to be taken seriously. Tears started to well up again, he couldn't control his emotions. His night was ruined! His first big dance as a woman, and his night was totally ruined. He was so mad at Trevor. Where the hell was he? How would he ever explain what happened to Ally?

Just when he thought his night couldn't get any worse, it did. Elaine and Maddy emerged from the dance with their dates around their arms. Leaving their men behind them, they swarmed Brody with big smiles on their faces.

"What's the matter, Brienne? Trevor thought you were too slutty for him?" Elaine laughed.

"No, I don't think it's that," Maddy piped in. "I think he just realized what a big mistake he made by asking out a girl with no friends!"

Brody frowned and cast his face downwards. He knew that being a girl was going to be hard, but these bitches weren't making it any easier. Deep down, he felt like crying again, but he knew that wasn't an option. They would just mock him even more for that.

"Oh yeah? Brody chirped. "Well I'd rather have no date than those two limped dick losers you guys are with," he scowled his pretty face."

"What the fuck did you just say to me," Elaine stepped closer to Brody. "I know you just didn't say what I think you said you pathetic loser!"

"I think it's time for you to get the hell out of here," Maddy crossed her arms. "Get out of here and go back to whatever loser town you came from. Nobody wants you here you stupid

skank!”

Brody had enough. He shrieked, and in a fit of rage he pushed Elaine away from him. His puny girl muscles couldn't do much damage, but he successfully knocked the snooty cheerleader off balance. The men that they were with rushed over to break up the cat fight, but not before Maddy took a swing at Brody. She clipped him in the face with an open hand, slapping him hard. Brody recoiled, shocked at what had just happened. The two women spat on the ground as their men led them away, leaving Brody alone and upset once again.

He reeled in horror as a group of his classmates laughed at him from a distance. This was so embarrassing! He held his cheek; it hurt so much. He didn't remember exactly, but he was pretty sure he'd taken harder punches than that as a man. It seemed like his pain tolerance had gone down and he could barely handle a slap to the face now.

The fragile starlet decided that was enough, and he had to leave. But Ally wasn't going to pick him up for another hour! Maybe he could hitchhike home or something. He had to get out of there. And when he got home he would call Trevor and yell at that pathetic excuse for a man. What an asshole! He couldn't believe that Trevor had totally humiliated him, and ruined his night. Now everyone knew him as a stupid loser who couldn't get a date.

Brody had barely made his way back to the parking lot before he was stopped by Mr. Daley. If Trevor hadn't liked him, then there was no way a real man, a stud like Mr. Daley would. He felt useless and stupid as he looked up embarrassed at the older man. He was pretty sure that his cheek was still red from the slap he'd taken.

“Young lady, I heard you were involved in an incident tonight?” Mr. Daley stopped Brody from leaving the property.

“I uh... , no! It was all those stupid girl's faults. They were making fun of me!” Brody pleaded.

“Maddy and Elaine are upstanding citizens of this establishment. You, Brienne, have been nothing but trouble since you've got here. I trust their word more than yours.” Mr. Daley crossed his arms, his biceps bulged.

“No! Ask my mother! I swear it wasn't me!” Brody begged

“You think just because I am on good terms with Ally, that I'll give you special treatment?” Mr. Daley growled. “This is a zero tolerance institution for violence, you know that. I heard it from everyone that you were the instigator, and that you pushed Elaine. Now you have to deal with the consequences of your actions,” Mr. Daley said sternly.

Brody sighed. Ally was going to kill him! How could he have been so stupid? He'd let his emotions get the better of him, and now Ally was never going to turn him back into a man! He had to be a proper princess to win her favor, and that seemed so hopeless now. Why couldn't he just be a normal beautiful girl and be popular with other girls and have a stud boyfriend? The water came back to his eyes. It wasn't fair!

“Come with me, I'm calling Ally to pick you up. You're punishment will be decided in the coming days,” Mr. Daley motioned for Brienne to follow him.

Inside, Mr. Daley's office, Brody couldn't help but get all bothered and hot. It was just him and Mr. Daley now, and it was like his pussy knew that they were all alone. If he could have this stud to himself, than that would instantly fix his night. It was all he ever wanted.

When Mr. Daley turned his back and picked up the phone, Brody hiked up his dress and

felt his sopping wet pussy. He didn't care if Ally found out that he tried to seduce Mr. Daley, it couldn't make anything worse. He was already going to get in so much trouble for pushing Elaine. He didn't have a chance at Trevor's cock tonight, and he needed a strong cock so badly.

The older man turned around as the phone was ringing and saw Brody knuckle deep inside of himself. Brody let out a moan as Mr. Daley's mouth hung open. It felt so good to get seen by his instructor. He wouldn't let Mr. Daley ignore him sexually anymore, he was a sexy woman and he wanted Mr. Daley to recognize that fact.

"What do you think you're doing?" Mr. Daley dropped the phone.

Brody squirmed in pleasure as he sat on the desk. "I want to suck your cock," he gave Mr. Daley his bedroom eyes.

"I don't think that's appropriate," Mr. Daley started to say as the bulge in his pants grew.

Brody didn't say anything, he just moaned louder as he rubbed his pussy. He wanted Mr. Daley to take him hard like he'd done to Ally. He was sexier than Ally and he needed validation from a strong older man. Mr. Daley didn't have to be asked twice.

In an instance, Brody found himself flung off the desk and turned around. He gasped as Mr. Daley bent him over against the desk and held up his dress. With one hand, Mr. Daley grabbed both of Brody's feeble feminine hands and pinned them against his back. Brody fell face first into the desk. His pussy gushed in response; yes this was what he wanted.

With his other hand, Mr. Daley held up Brody's dress exposing his firm bare ass. Brody squirmed, trying to get free, but it was just for show. He only wanted to see how strong Mr. Daley really was. Mr. Daley pinned him down, and Brody could feel his wetness running down his inner leg. His pussy ached for cock so badly. He had an insatiable itch that needed to be filled and he needed it right away.

"You've been bad," Mr. Daley said before smacking Brody's ass hard. Brody gasped again. The pain felt so intense, like he never could've imagined as a man. But it also felt so incredibly good. "You're a stupid slut, you know that?" Mr. Daley said as his hand came down again on Brody's exposed ass. Warmth spread through Brody's lower body. He loved being degraded and called names like that. He wasn't sure exactly when it had happened, but he was a true pathetic sissy whore now.

Being dominated by Mr. Daley was the best thing that Brody had ever felt as a woman. He didn't have to think, and he couldn't move. All he could do was stay there and take his punishment. The older man smacked his other ass cheek, leaving a red mark. Brody moaned as the side of his face was pushed into the desk. Yes, this was what he needed.

"Get on your knees," Mr. Daley said as he released Brienne and undid his belt. Brody eagerly dropped to the floor, his ass cheeks still ringing. He pulled out Mr. Daley's cock and felt it expand in his hand. Oh my god! It was way bigger than his had been when he was a man. He tugged on it with one hand, in awe of its size.

He had been craving cock for weeks, and now it was finally in front of him. But he was second guessing his ability to take it in his small, feminine mouth. Tentatively, he licked the underside of the shaft, all the way up. When he got to the head of the dick, he took it in his mouth and looked up longingly at Mr. Daley with his big blue eyes. The big man groaned and grabbed a hold of Brody's shiny blonde hair. With his instructor's guidance, Brody took the massive cock in his mouth, slowly but surely.

Brody had never dreamt of cock as a man, but now it felt so good to have one in his mouth. He edged it deeper and deeper into the back of his throat, his red lips pressing against the shaft. His pussy was wet and warm. Brody was dripping in anticipation. He could hardly wait to get this big meaty member inside of him. It was going to feel so fucking good.

Brody finally got almost to the end of Mr. Daley's thick cock. Yay! He couldn't believe that he actually had been able to deepthroat on his first try! But no sooner had he gotten down all the way than did he start to gag. He threw his hands up and tried to withdraw the thick cock from his mouth, but Mr. Daley grabbed the back of his head and pushed even harder!

He struggled for a second, but soon found himself becoming even more wet. Choking on a big meaty dick was actually turning him on even more. He found himself giving in and wanting to be used because it felt so fucking good. Mr. Daley was fucking his mouth aggressively now, pumping in and out. Brody could barely breathe, and he loved it.

When he was finally allowed to take a break, Brody slobbered all over his teacher's meaty dick. He panted rapidly and looked up at the older man who grinned down at him. Here he was, finally acting like a real girl and sucking a cock. Ally would be so proud of him, and so insanely jealous. He was a true cum slut now and it felt so good. For a brief moment, he never even wanted to be a man again. All he wanted was thick bulging cocks and if that meant being a woman than that was okay.

Before he knew it, Brody was thrown face down, leaning over the desk again. Mr. Daley was so strong, and could just toss Brody around whenever he felt like it. It felt good to be dominated and wanted by such a strong older man.

Brody didn't need any more warming up. He could feel Mr. Daley's beefy dick going up and down his pussy lips from behind, teasing him slowly. He wanted it so badly, more than anything he's wanted in his entire life. But instead of receiving that full dick inside of him, Brody received another hard slap on the ass. Mr. Daley was playing with him.

"Please... fuck me," Brody begged.

He barely got the words out of his mouth before Mr. Daley's hand came down again, harder. He winced in a mix of pleasure in pain.

"Please fuck me, sir. I need it!" He begged again, his body laid out on the desk.

He felt Mr. Daley near his feminine entrance, and pushed back so that his cock would enter his pussy. Brody immediately felt relief and pleasure. He felt himself expanding to accommodate the big man as he slowly entered the sexy student, taking Brody's virginity.

Brody grabbed the desk with his hands, holding on as Mr. Daley entered deep inside his pussy. He moaned as he drenched the cock in his wetness. Mr. Daley was so big, and although it felt good, it was a lot to take for his first time. Mr. Daley started slowly at first, but worked his way up and was now fucking Brody steadily. The older man grunted with pleasure as he invaded the tight pussy.

Pleasure spread through Brody's legs and lower body as he took that big cock from behind. Finally, he was the cum slut that he'd always wanted to be. It felt so good to be filled and dominated by his teacher. Arching his back, he repeatedly took that big member in his tight virgin pussy. His breasts rubbed against the desk. He never knew they could be that sensitive before. His entire body felt like it was on fire.

Mr. Daley grabbed Brody's hair from behind, and Brody felt a rush of pleasure in his loins. His legs jolted with electricity as he started to cum hard on the older man's thick cock. He

moaned loudly and effeminately, as his girly body took over and started convulsing. Still, Mr. Daley continued to pound him from behind.

His orgasm lasted for a long time; longer than Brody knew was possible. He lay there, taking his punishment as his body twitched in pleasure. His mind blanked out, and he reveled in the fact that he was truly a pathetic sissy loser. That was until he felt a thick creamy substance filling up his pussy, and Mr. Daley groaned in satisfaction above him. He stuck a finger between his legs and found that he was dripping with white cum.

He put the finger in his mouth and swirled the cum around. A vapid smile spread across his mouth. He was so happy to have made Mr. Daley cum; he finally had the cum he desired. And he bet that he was a better lay than Ally. Oh my god! Ally was going to be so mad! He caused a disturbance at the big dance and then fucked her new boyfriend. The semen was thick and salty. He swallowed it down. Was he going to get pregnant?

Brody Becomes A Schoolgirl! (Part 3)

Brody's first dance had almost been a huge disappointment. Those stupid bitches Molly and Elaine had mocked him mercilessly in front of the whole school. But what was even worse than that was the fact that he had been stood up by his date, Trevor. The whole night he had waited there for Trevor, wanting to see his eyes sparkle when he saw how good Brody looked in his dress. His mommy had done his hair and make-up and he had been the sexiest babe at the dance! Trevor had to ruin it all!

Brody's life as a school girl had been full of ups and downs. Mr. Daley had been crushing on Brody's wife whom he now referred to as 'mommy', Ally, right in front of him. It was like he almost didn't exist to the older adults. To make matters worse Mr. Daley was in charge of remediation at the school and Brody was always getting in trouble. Ally had been rubbing it in Brody's face that she was fucking his instructor every chance she got. The woman that he'd loved humiliated him and fucked Mr. Daley in the house that he'd bought!

After his embarrassment at the dance, Brody decided he needed to take matters into his own hands. If Ally wouldn't turn him back into a man, he needed to start using his new feminine body to play her game. In Mr. Daley's office, he started caressing his fresh, tight pussy. The older man couldn't resist his firm, supple breasts and toned stomach. Brody was *so* irresistibly hot as a woman that he made Mr. Daley's massive cock grow and become full sized in seconds. He had been daydreaming about cocks ever since his transformation... licking them, playing with them, taking a wide behemoth in his tight holes.. ugh.

But Brody was nervous for his first cock, and Mr. Daley was overcome with desire. The older man didn't give the sassy lass much time to settle in. His new pussy expanded to accommodate the large man's girth and Mr. Daley fucked him hard. But to Brody's surprise, his pussy grew wetter with each time Mr. Daley smacked his ass or pulled his hair. For the first time in his life, it felt *right* to be dominated by a big stud of a man. It wasn't long before Brody's pussy gushed with wetness and a huge orgasm overtook his entire body; his first as a woman.

So yes, his first school dance had been a success. He had originally wanted to fuck Mr. Daley to get back at Ally for taking a new lover. Well that, and the insatiable eighteen year old feminine hormones coursing through his body that made him wet just thinking about cock. But that had been secondary reason, he told himself. Other than a good excuse to explore his body,

he had fucked Mr. Daley to gain some leverage on his wife. He needed to turn back into a man, and appeasing Ally wasn't getting him anywhere, especially with her myriad of rules. He hoped that by fucking her new boyfriend it gave him an extra card to play, a bartering chip to use in his quest to gain back his manhood.

But that orgasm had felt really fucking good. He dreamt about Mr. Daley's strong hands and sturdy cock as he drifted off to sleep after the dance. Maybe Brody wasn't so sure that he was ready to leave this life as a smoking hot schoolgirl behind, even if he could.

In the morning, Ally made Brody breakfast like she always did. After all, he was her little girl and she had to take care of him.

"Good morning sweetie! How was the big dance last night?" Ally poured herself a cup of coffee. Brody didn't get one though, coffee was for older people.

"It was good mom" Brody picked away at his single egg on toast. He hadn't been eating much lately. Maybe it was his new hormones but he found that he didn't need the calories as much as a girl. And it would help keep his petite figure looking good.

"That's great! So did Trevor just *adore* your dress, or what?" Ally sat down at the table with the man who had been her husband just days ago. It seemed like so much longer though.

"He didn't show up," Brody cast his eyes downward.

"WHAT?" Ally almost spit out her coffee.

"Yeah, he wasn't there," said Brody.

Ally got up and put her arms around Brody from behind. "Oh honey, I'm so sorry. Men can be so cruel sometimes," she said as Brody pushed her away.

Brody wasn't an idiot. He could hear the tone of revenge in her voice; the *schadenfreude* was thicker than her big bouncy tits. She thought he deserved the embarrassment. Trevor not showing up was part of his punishment for being such a shitty husband in the past. He had been really excited about a relationship with a guy and then he got stood up in a shitty way. He didn't need Ally to rub it in.

"So but you still had fun, though? Did you make some new girlfriends and dance your cute little but off or something?" Ally tried to hide in her smile of contempt.

Brody swallowed some egg. He couldn't believe that Ally was being such an asshole about this. Not only had she turned him into an eighteen year old school girl, she was making fun of him when he got stood up by date to the dance. He hadn't planned on dropping his only weapon, but he felt a burning desire to wipe the smirk off of his wife's face.

"I fucked your new boyfriend," he giggled like a true school girl.

Ally almost exploded. “Are you fucking kidding me, you little *slut*?!” She stood up and grabbed breakfast table.

“No, and it was great. His cock was so big and meaty. I slobbered it deep in my throat. And then Mr. Daley held me down with his big muscles and fucked me like the slutty girl that I look like,” Brody batted his eyelashes. For so long, Ally had held the upper hand, holding the keys to his transformation, and his life as a woman. She controlled not just his gender, but his curfew, his wardrobe, and everything else. It felt so good to see her get angry for once. Brody had already lost everything masculine – what else could she do?

Slap! Ally’s hand reached out across the table and struck Brody hard in his feminine cheekbones. He recoiled in shock, holding his face. God that had hurt so much. He had forgotten how much everything hurt as a woman. He had gotten used to his wimpy, feminine voice, but his lack of strength was still surprising sometimes. He couldn’t open jars, lift heavy things, and taking a slap in the face felt like getting hit with a 100 mph baseball.

“You’ll pay for that, you bitch,” Ally frowned. “You think I’m going to turn you back into a man now? After you sleep with my fuck-buddy?”

“That’s fine with me. Maybe I like being a sexy school girl. I’m way hotter than you are,” Brody sassed. “Mr. Daley and I get along great. I’m eighteen, I sleep with whoever I want. Mr. Daley and I are going to run away, and live happily together. Somewhere far away from you,” Brody crossed his arms.

It was all a lie. The sex was great, and he was developing an affinity for cocks, but he couldn’t imagine being locked in a girl body for the rest of his life. Hope of changing back into a man had been all that kept him going the past week. But maybe, just maybe, he could convince Ally to turn him back into a man in order to have Mr. Daley all for herself.

Before he knew it, Ally was behind him with a fist full of his luscious long hair. “You think you can play games with me, slut? That’s my man and I’m gonna make him your Daddy. If you ever lay a finger on him again I swear to god I’ll lock you in chastity for the rest of your pathetic girly little life,” she said, almost at a whisper.

Brody knew she was serious. In the past, he’d always taken his wife’s threats as empty and meaningless. For years she had said she was going to divorce him, and he just kept hooking and boozing his way around town. But as evidenced by his stunningly sexy figure, the bitch had grown to have some follow through. He could tell by her voice that she meant every word she said.

She traced a finger along his neck, still standing behind him. “Or maybe I’ll do something really cruel... Do you think Trevor would still like you if you were four hundred pounds

heavier? I wonder what the girls at school would have to say,” she laughed.

Brody cringed. Life as an undeniably sexy schoolgirl was a challenge, but he couldn't imagine what it would be like to be obese. The insults the other girls would throw at him would be horrendous. Instantly, he would become even more of an outcast than he already was at school.

“I promise I'll never fuck Mr. Daley again,” Brody looked up at his wife with his big blue eyes. “If you turn me back into a man.”

Ally pulled his hair again. “You fucking loser. You think you can just blackmail me like that? That's it, get the fuck over here,” Ally pulled her husband off the chair by his shiny blonde hair. Brody protested but Ally was too strong. She dragged him, kicking and screaming, into the living room. “You're a slutty girl, and that's what you'll always be now. Get used to it,” Ally said as she retrieved a massive strap-on dildo.

Brody's legs instinctively opened up as his wife rubbed his pussy through his pink panties. His loins instantly gushed with wetness. He was so overly sexualized as a young woman, and ready to go all the time. Not to mention that Ally really knew how to press his buttons. She held his hands down and flicked his clit with her fingers. Brody moaned effeminately. It felt so good to have some attention on his girly clit. As much as he hated his wife for what she did to him, she was so sexy and knew exactly what he wanted. And what he wanted was to be held down and brought to orgasm.

Ally slapped Brody's breasts and he recoiled in a mixture of pleasure and pain. His tits were so sensitive; more than he ever could've imagined as a man. They were so firm and round. He wished someone would suck on them. It had been so hot when Mr. Daley did that. But Ally was just pinching and hitting them; teasing him profusely.

Brody stretched his arms and arched his back as Ally turned him over to the position that she preferred. How could he have been so stupid to think that he could actually trick Ally into turning him back into a man. His new eighteen year old girly brain wasn't that smart it seemed. Ally twirled her finger around Brody's tight, tender asshole. He squirmed in anticipation. This was where he belonged. He wasn't a man – he was a fuck toy, a hole for someone to fuck and degrade. How had he lost sight of that. He needed to be filled up in his leaky pussy, and he needed it soon.

“I'm in charge,” Ally said as she smacked his cute, plump ass.

Brody recoiled. It felt so wrong, but so good. He should be in charge, demanding that Ally turn him back into a man, but instead he was on all fours ready to take it from her in the ass. In truth, that felt way better and sexier than standing up for himself did. Now Ally could make all

the decisions. All he had to do was lie there and take it.

“Aren’t I?” Ally said, bringing her hand down again.

“Yes!” Brody squealed! “Yes mummy!” He added, before she could reprimand him.

“Good,” Ally said.

She slowly brought her thumb up to Brody’s clit, and circled around it. Oh god, it felt so good. Brody’s hips immediately bucked with pleasure. He wanted to hate his wife. She was an evil witch and had made him into something he wasn’t. She had ruined his life! But his girly hormones were so intense. It didn’t matter who was touching him, he was paralyzed in pleasure by a touch on his soft clit.

“Fuuck,” he moaned, and instinctively pushed his lower body into Ally’s thumb. He was close. He needed just a little bit more pressure there...

“Not today, slut,” Ally said as she withdrew her hand. She cracked an evil smile and left the room.

Brody was left exasperated, panting on the couch. Fuck! He had been so close to orgasm. He needed to cum so badly. Oh god. He touched himself, sending shocks up his spine. Christ, he was so wet, he hadn’t even noticed. He pulled that hand up to his firm breasts, getting them wet. They were so hard and sensitive. This was so hot. He started thinking about Mr. Daley fucking him last night and rubbed his clit even harder. He needed that big manly cock again. He felt empty without it. If only Ally would come back with a strap-on. That might partially fulfill him.

But no matter what he did, he couldn’t quite cum. Damnit! Had his wife put some spell on him or something? He was still gushing wet, but couldn’t quite relieve the pressure in his loins. It was torture, really. Disgruntled, he pulled his green, lacey panties up. His clit still tingled, like a constant reminder that it needed attention. Fuck, he was going to have to find some cock.

Brody went up to his room and shaved his legs before changing into a short skirt. His legs felt so smooth and creamy now. It was majestic, really. If he had been a man, he would’ve been really turned on feeling nice legs like his. His short black skirt would go well with the new blouse that his mom bought for him. It was a little revealing, but that was what he was going for.

He admired himself in the mirror for a bit, before tweezing his eyebrows, applying some make-up, and trying to decide which shoes to wear. He supposed it didn’t really matter. As a man, he’d hardly noticed which shoes women were wearing. But still, he wanted to be as cute as possible. He didn’t want to take any chances. He was going to get some cock tonight, and his three inch heels were going to help him do it. He just *felt* so feminine in them. They gave

him a lot of confidence, so it was the right choice to make.

Finally, he applied just a hint of flowery perfume, and straightened his hair. His clit was still tingling in his panties. It was a lot of work to look as good he looked, but it was going to be worth it. Men were going to be falling over him for a chance to talk to him. He would have his pick of big, reliable strong cocks.

He planned it all out. He was going to Mr. Daley's neighborhood, to try and scout out the house where his stud teacher lived. Brody had a general idea where it was. If his teacher saw him dressed like this... the older man would fill his pussy up to the brim in record time.

Failing that, Brody had a good idea of some nightclubs that he could hit up. Not the usual, greasy ones, but something with a little bit of class, where he could find a real man. The only problem was that he needed to be 21 to get into those types of places, and he was only 19. But goddamnit if he didn't look older than 19 when he dressed up so sexily and walked the way he did. All the hip places wanted good looking girls in their clubs. He wasn't anticipating getting in to cause him any trouble. And if it did, he was sure there was some other way he could find cock in this city.

Ally glanced out the window and watched Brody confidently walk down the street in his fashionable high heels. She smiled to herself, satisfied. It was almost too easy. Earlier in the day Brody had been trying to blackmail her into turning back into a man, and now he was strolling the streets looking for cocks. He's such a slut that all she had to do was give his clit a bit of a tease and it made him forget about ever wanting to turn back into a man.

It would be nice to have him out of the house tonight. Mr. Daley was coming over for a candlelit dinner. She couldn't wait to see the pictures he had taken of him slamming Brody's tight cunt. It had all been planned. They would laugh, and drink, and laugh some more. Then they would have amazing sex, like Brody was dreaming of.

It seemed like Brody had accepted his new life as a superhot, slutty schoolgirl. More or less, anyways. As more days passed, he would slowly forget what it felt like to be a man. His hormones were already changed, but his brain hadn't fully accepted his new reality yet. As that happened he would truly become his feminine self, and there was nothing he could do to stop it.

Ally was looking forward to her new mother-daughter relationship with him. Shopping, trying on clothes, gossiping about boys. It was all going to be so much fun once Brody really accepted his new body. With any luck he would also accept Mr. Daley being his new father figure. Ally licked her lips. It would be nice to have a real man around the house. He certainly

wasn't afraid to punish Brody if he got out of line.

A couple of months later, Brody woke feeling sick in the morning. Ugh, it had been a crazy night. He had taken so many cocks... wow. It had to have been a new record. He glanced over at the clock. Shit, he was going to be late for school.

He sung in the shower, his feminine voice was so beautiful. He noticed his tits looked a little bit larger than usual, and then he glanced down at his usually firm, tight stomach. Oh my god! Was he pregnant? ---end--- See Vicky's [entire catalog](#) now!

Jen Feminizes Her Step (Taboo Gender Swap Humiliation & Revenge)

Dan found himself alone during his lunch break. Most of his friends had already left for college, and here he was still stomping around the same old school yard. He used to be popular, sure, but that was a couple of years ago. Now, it seemed like all the cool people avoided him. He told himself that he didn't care, and that he was still an athlete on the basketball team, so that had to count for something.

But that didn't change the facts that his college friends rarely came home to visit him. Why would they anyways? They were off fucking sexy college chicks and partying seven days a week. They didn't have time for a has-been like Dan. He could hardly blame them; he would do the same thing. And he would, once he got accepted to his dream school and got the hell out of his stupid small town.

It was all made more bittersweet by the fact that his stepsister, Jen, had suddenly become so popular. Having turned eighteen, she was a textbook late bloomer. When they were kids, Jen was always the ugly duckling and Dan the athletic and funny popular guy. But now, Jen sported generously sized breasts and a super thin waist line. She'd somehow even joined the cheerleading team! Goddamnit! Nothing made Dan more jealous than everyone on the basketball team ogling his hot sister. They'd always asked how she got all the hot genes. They didn't even look alike!

The worst of them all was the captain of the team, Ryan. He'd make crude jokes and call his sister a slut right in front of Dan, and there was nothing he could do. Ryan was the captain, and was respected by the whole school. Dan just had to sit there and take it while the more popular sibling strutted her stuff on the side of the court; half the eyes in the stadium glued to her bouncing ass.

Dan brooded over his misfortunes and tried to mentally prepare for the big game he had later in the day. All he needed to do was get in position to take a couple of open shots, and he would make them. Of course, that would be easier to do if he could get off the bench for once this season. It seemed like the coach had something against playing seniors.

He just needed to warm up, that was all. Walking into the athletic center, Dan headed to the practice court to start some stretches. He loved going in early and having the entire floor to himself. The peace of mind it gave him was invaluable. But as he was stretching out his legs, he heard some whispering from behind the rafters. He didn't think there was anyone else in the gym, but maybe they hadn't heard him come in. Either way, it was quite odd.

Curious, Dan crouched behind the bleachers and listened. It sounded like a bunch of cheerleaders. They weren't being very discreet as they giggled and laughed every couple of seconds. Whatever they were talking about was very naughty sounding. Stupid cheerleaders,

thought Dan. it was like they were trying to fulfill their stereotype.

Dan was just about to get back to his warm up, but he heard his stepsister start talking. Oh god! She was talking about fucking boys! Gross! Dan's stomach twisted as Jen described someone ripping off her cheerleading outfit, and how wet she had been in the back seat of this guy's car. The other girls were giggling, but Dan felt like he was going to be sick to his stomach. It was too much, he didn't need to hear this shit.

But like a deer caught in headlights, he couldn't turn away! He stood and listened as he heard Jen describe how big her lover's cock was by saying it was "*this big!*" How big had that been, wondered Dan? For some reason he really wanted to know. And who was she talking about anyways? He didn't know if she had a boyfriend or not at the moment. The thought of Jen sleeping around was making him light-headed. He needed to get out of the gym.

Dan started to slowly retreat. He would just walk out the front door like he had come in, and none of the girls would notice. They were clearly too interested in their gossip. But that was when he heard it. He heard it come out of his own sister's mouth. She said that it hadn't just been any cock that she'd been sucking and deep throating that night. It had been Ryan's, the captain of the team. And he had fucked her mercilessly in the backseat of his dirty car, taking her sweet virginity.

Dan's heart dropped like a stripper's ass on a pole. Ryan had always bullied Dan and joked that he was going to fuck his stepsister, "just for fun and to fuck with him." But to actually here it come from Jen's mouth was something completely different. He was completely crushed. Jen knew that he hated Ryan, but she had fucked him anyways. Dan couldn't move; he was devastated.

He hadn't realized that he had gasped loudly, or that a group of hot cheerleaders was now confronting him, their hands on their hips and his stepsister at the front. Oh fuck, he had been caught eavesdropping.

"What the hell are you doing here?" Jen demanded.

"What? I uh. I have a game tonight! I was just warming up," Dan shuffled his feet and tried to hide his obvious erection.

"Well that's not what it seems like to me, does it girls?" Jen flicked her hair and the other cheerleaders murmured in agreement. "It looks like you were spying on us, hiding behind the bleachers," Jen stated sassily as she batted her eyelashes.

Dan tried to protest, but he just kind of fumbled around with his words. It did look like he had been spying on them. He didn't know what to say?

"And, you've got an erection!" Jen made a sour face and pointed. "Really, Dan? That's what makes you hard? You like hearing about your sister gargling big cocks?" the other girls laughed as Dan's face turned beet red. "You could've just asked, you know. I would've told you all about it," Jen grinned devilishly.

Dan was totally embarrassed. He hadn't been spying on them! And how did he get this erection anyways? He tried unsuccessfully to tuck it up under his belt. God, this was horrible. Jen was being such a bitch! She just totally ruined any chances he had with the other hot girls on the cheerleading team.

"Well... I uh," Dan rambled as he backed up towards the gym door. That was when he used the only card he knew he had left. "Well you know what, sis? You're not even related to me. You were adopted!"

The cheerleaders had stopped laughing at him. Now it was Jen's turn to feel embarrassed. Dan hadn't actually meant to say that, but somehow it had still come out. The girls turned to Jen, who had fire in her eyes, while Dan bolted out of the gym. It was a family secret that Jen had been adopted, and even he wasn't supposed to know. He promised her parents to never tell her, but every man has their breaking point. And she had totally humiliated him in front of all those girls! If anything, she deserved it for how cruel she'd been to him.

Back at home, Dan worried about what he had said to his sister. He hadn't meant to hurt her feelings, but she had been so mean to him. They used to get along nicely when they were young, but had drifted apart in recent years. Dan remembered how he used to pretend that Jen wasn't his sister in front of the rest of the school. He had practically disowned her for being so unpopular and ugly back in the day. He had tried to forget about how brutal he had been, but clearly Jen had never forgotten.

One thing that had never changed, however, was his borderline obsession with Jen's clothing. Not a week went by without him "borrowing" a pair of her panties, or bra. Something just felt so much better about women's underwear. The material was more comfortable and the designs were way cuter. Dan never really questioned it: crossdressing was just something that he did for fun once in a while. It was a thrill, and a damn good one at that. Nothing made him cum harder than a pair of pink lacey panties.

Dan didn't expect to hear from Jen again from the rest of the day. In fact, he anticipated getting the silent treatment. So he was surprised when she knocked on his door and let herself into his room.

"Hey Dan, we should probably talk about what happened at school," Jen said as she stood at the edge of his bed. Dan felt his erection growing as he saw Jen's sexy flat stomach. Oh fuck, she was down to her sports bra now for christsakes. Was she that oblivious or was she just trying to tempt him?

"Uh, it's okay. We don't have to if you don't want to. I'm sorry I said that thing about you," Dan gulped.

"That's okay. Actually, I already knew that I was adopted. But there's something else that you don't know." Jen smiled playfully and teased her hair. "I have magical powers, and you're going to be my sissy little slut."

Dan didn't know what to say. He laughed. What the fuck, magic? Had his sister gone totally insane?

"Um yeah okay, whatever sis-" Dan started to say, but he stopped abruptly when he noticed his voice had gotten a full octave higher. His eyes widened and he looked helplessly at Jen. She said something about how she had always wanted a sister, and that having a brother was such a waste of space. Dan barely heard that as he was reaching down to feel his breasts grow before his eyes. Wait, his breast? Yes, his breasts! Firm and supple, they were almost as big as Jen's. He squeezed them in shock but then recoiled. They were so sensitive!

"What the fuck are you doing to me?" Dan shrieked in his new girly voice.

"Oh come on honey, it's simple. I already explained it. When I turned eighteen I got magical powers, as my birthright. Now it's time for a little payback for all the bad things you've done to me over the years. It's time for you to see what it's like to be a ugly nobody, like I was." Jen laughed as she touched Dan's growing hair.

“What, that’s not right,” Jen scowled. “You’re supposed to be a brunette, not a blonde! That wasn’t how the spell was supposed to go.”

Dan felt his hair. It was down to his breasts now and was shiny and beautiful. It was like a real woman’s! Jen stormed out of her stepbrothers room and muttered something about fixing the spell. Dan was left by himself as he rapidly transformed into a stunning blonde woman.

His waist shrunk under his hands just as quickly as his hips widened. And his legs, oh god, his legs! They were smooth and hairless, and they seemingly went on for miles. He stepped in front of the mirror to get a better look at himself. His new feminine mouth hung open. He barely recognized the person in front of him. Dan’s facial structure had changed. No longer did he have an athletic boy mug; his jawline was less pronounced and his cheek bones were higher. Holy shit, he actually looked good.

Dan wasn’t sure if he passed out from shock or exhaustion, but the spell had certainly taken a toll on him. He collapsed on his bed and was out for the night.

When Dan awoke the next morning, he had almost forgotten about Jen’s spell. Magic? That had to have been a dream. But when he stepped out of his bed, he realized that much more than his body had changed. The spell seemed to affect everything. His sheets were pink and green and he had posters of hot men on his walls. His heart sunk. This wasn’t right! Maybe he was still dreaming.

He opened up the closet to find thirty pairs of girly shoes all lined up perfectly in a row. Pink and red lined his extensive wardrobe of skirts, blouses, and thongs. Jen had changed everything. In awe, he walked into the bathroom and found oodles of make-up appliers, creams, and lotions. He didn’t even know what to do with this stuff! This was crazy, he wasn’t a girl! He needed to find a way to get turned back into a man and soon.

“Oh, I see you’ve already found your make-up, that’s great,” exclaimed Jen as she entered Dan’s washroom.

Dan looked at his sister meekly. He had to make his stand. “Listen Jen, I can’t do this. I don’t know what the hell is happening, but if this is a bad dream or something, I need you to end this. It isn’t right,” Dan said as convincingly as a cute girl could.

Jen laughed in his face. “Let’s be clear here. You’re a woman now, and you’re going to behave like a proper young lady, understand? You’re going to do everything that I say, or else I’ll never turn you back into a man. You pathetic sissy. You don’t even deserve to have a cock,” she said as she looked at him in disdain.

Oh no! His cock! Dan reached down only to come up empty handed. He gasped in horror. His reliable, meaty member had always been there for him. But now it was gone, replaced by a sleek nothingness, and his sister seemed absolutely delighted about that. Tears swelled in Dan’s girly face. He never cried as a man, but they came much easier as a girl. His cock was his manhood, it defined him; he was nothing without it.

The two sisters embraced as Jen held Dan’s hair out of his teary eyes. Dan wanted to punch her, or yell at her, or something; anything! But his body didn’t want to do anything but cry. He couldn’t control his emotions anymore, they were overpowering.

“There, there sweetie. It’s okay. Look, stop crying, It’ll ruin your pretty face. I promise I’ll be here for you, as your sister now, okay? I’ll protect you and help you be a good little sissy slave, okay?” Jen patted her on the back.

Dan felt a little bit better. Truth be told, he was always a little bit jealous of Jen's curvy, womanly body. Maybe the reason he hadn't get any luck with the ladies when he was a man was because he secretly just wanted to be one. Dan shook his head. No, that was crazy! That was just some more stupid magic working on him. He was a man through and through, and he needed to do everything he could to become one again.

Jen, sensing his fear, shoved him in front of the mirror. "Now be a good girl and put on your make-up, okay? If you do everything I say, maybe I'll have mercy on you and turn you back. The school bus comes in half an hour. Be there you pathetic slut," Jen slapped her sister's firm ass and left him standing there alone in the washroom.

Dan stood there with a brush in his hand for a couple of minutes before recovering. This was okay, he told himself. He could do it. How hard could it possibly be to be a girl for a day? He would play along with this stupid game and then be back to his normal self in no time.

He had half an hour to get ready, holy shit. He had seen Jen get ready a million times, in fact he had always enjoyed watching her routine, but to do it himself was a totally different ballgame. He went into overdrive and scrambled, brushing his hair and teeth at the same time. He didn't really need make-up, but it was the girly thing to do. Jen would expect it. Reluctantly, he tried to apply some mascara. It took him a while, but he only had a couple of lumps. Batting his eyelashes, he realized how much sexier he would look with a hot red lipstick on. Jen would surely be impressed, so he might as well do it. He pursed his lips like he had seen her do, and soon he had beautiful full red lips for himself. Perfect. Dan looked super cute.

Dan slid on a polka dot blouse and a skirt. Jen wanted girly? He would give her girly. He went downstairs to eat some breakfast and it seemed like the rest of his family didn't even notice his change. The spell must've changed all of their memories. He had a light breakfast. After all, he had to count calories now. But when Jen came downstairs, she was not impressed. She made it clear that his skirt was in no way short enough, and his blouse was cute, but not appropriate. Quickly changing, he threw on a purple miniskirt and a top that was much more see through and revealing. It even showed off his toned core section. He hands felt up his smooth legs and flat stomach. Dan donned some stunning earrings and a couple of bracelets that he found lying around. He took a couple of seconds to admire himself in the mirror before his sister yelled that they were going to be late. He looked exactly like one of those cheerleading sluts, and he was strangely satisfied with that.

At school, Jen introduced him to her group of friends as her vising relative, Danielle. Dan blushed and played the part when her girlfriends insisted that they never knew Jen had such a cool relative. It seemed like the other cheerleaders new, but Dan wasn't sure. All of the teachers greeted him as Danielle right away, so something was up. Everywhere he went the boys ogled him. He was a hot new piece of ass after all. On more than one occasion did he almost slip over his heels and had a boy rush up to him and help him regain his balance. Now *that* was embarrassing!

A lot of the other, less pretty girls, seemed to distrust him almost immediately. He barely talked to them before they would turn their nose up at him. Either they hated him or were just intimidated by his slutty outfit and good looks, he couldn't tell. The men loved it though. He even caught male teachers glancing down his blouse a couple of times. That was really distracting!

What was worse was it seemed like he was also getting less intelligent. In the period before lunch, a teacher asked what the capital of Minnesota was. Raising his hand, he confidently answered that it was Canada. The class snickered around him as the teacher took pity on him. He could've sworn he was right! He gave a dirty look to the basic bitch next to him. People needed to learn to respect him around here.

Half way through the class, the two boys next to him would not stop snickering. They kept glancing over at him and staring, and then passing notes or something. Dan tried to ignore them, but they would just not cut it out. He would have to remember to wear something less showy the next day, if Jen would allow it. It just drove to much attention to his tight body.

One of the boys started laughing out loud and Dan had had enough. He went into full bitch mode and crossed his arms. "Do you mind?" he said as meanly as he could. The two guys looked like deer caught in a headlight. Dan looked down and saw that they each had burgeoning erections before turning away disgusted. Christ, couldn't he get through one class without taking this kind of abuse?

The teacher had caught on and came over to investigate. At least the teacher always had his back when he was a pretty girl. It was going to be easy to become a teacher's pet in his new body. The teacher grabbed the notes away from the boys and opened up the piece of paper exposing a crude drawing.

About a third of the class could see what Dan saw in those couple of seconds. The men, obviously talented artists, had drawn a giant breasted bimbo creature that looked exactly like him! He was being ravaged by four cocks in the picture that seemingly weren't attached to any bodies. It was horrid! There was a caption coming that talked about how dumb and slutty he was. Tears welled in his eyes. Oh no!

The classroom giggled at the depiction of Dan as he sobbed uncontrollably. He had to get out of there. He tore out of the room, leaving his purse behind and covered his face as he ran to the door. He just had to get out of there.

Luckily, he ran into his sister in the hallway. Jen condoled him in her arms as the two sexy sisters hugged. Jen was superhot, so how come no one ever drew fucked up shit about her? It was all just too much. Dan needed to go home and get his old body back. He couldn't take school anymore.

Jen, ever the optimist, had another idea. "I know what will cheer you up," she said as she fixed Dan's make-up. He had actually done a pretty decent job at it, he just needed some reapplication of his lipstick and eyeliner.

Jen led him into the gym where the two sat on the bleachers and looked in each other's eyes. Knowing what her sister wanted, Jen wasted no time kissing Dan passionately on the mouth. Butterflies in his stomach erupted. He couldn't believe that his stepsister had just kissed him, and he was kissing her back with his super feminine lips and gorgeous make-up.

Something stirred between his knees, something he had never felt before. He was hesitant at first, and Jen fingered him on top of his pink girly panties. She called him a little sissy slut as she made him coo and moan for each touch of her well-manicured fingers. Dan couldn't believe that this was really happening to him, he had wanted it for so long.

He threw his hair back as he took off Jen's bra and licked her glorious nipples. Every day for the past year he had gone through her drawers to find out which bras she had worn and he

imagined how good she looked in it. Sometimes he even tried them on, just to imagine being her. He had been jealous of her because he could never have her. But now her luscious breast jiggled in front of him. It felt so taboo, so wrong. But in that moment he knew that it was everything that he wanted.

Well, not everything. Dan looked up from his stepsister's breasts to see the basketball captain, Ryan. Dan immediately felt a surge of wetness in his panties. He had admired Dan as an athlete, but told himself it never went beyond that. Sometimes he secretly wondered if he was jealous of the girls that Dan had fucked, and imagined being held down by his brute force.

But that was different; now Ryan was actually here in front of him and Dan was in the body of a tight, saucy cheerleader, just Ryan's type. "I thought I might find you girls in here," Ryan's touch took Dan's breath away.

Part of him wanted to run away, and believed that this was still some sort of crazy dream. He was a man! An athletic stud! He shouldn't be fucking guys or sucking cock. This was beyond insanity; it was ludicrous. He wondered if he ran away maybe the spell would go away. There had to be another way to get his body back. Magic wasn't real!

Jen sensed his apprehension and slapped him playfully across the cheek. Ow, that had actually hurt him a little bit. All of the pain tolerance he had as a man was gone. "Be a good sissy and maybe I'll turn you back later. If you still want to be turned back," Jen laughed. "Now get on your knees and suck Ryan's cock you pathetic excuse for a slut," she demanded.

Dan needed no further encouragement. Perhaps he had secretly wondered what it was like to suck a cock before. On his knees, he took Ryan's meaty dick in his hand. Holy shit, it was big. He knew what his sister had been talking about, it was almost as big as her forearm! Deliberately, he licked Ryan's shaft and the big man swelled up. He wondered how long Ryan would be able to last with two superhot cheerleaders. He wasn't sure, but definitely was ready to find out.

Jen got down on her knees as well and Dan smiled. The two cheerleading sisters, sucking cock together like it was meant to be. What a sight! Jen coached him and slowly taught him how to deep throat. Dan took Ryan's cock in his mouth and looked up at him with his big pretty eyes. He batted his eyelashes and gagged. Somehow choking on Ryan's dick made him even wetter between his legs. Just a couple of days ago he had hated Ryan with a passion. And now here he was choking down his monster dick, just like his sister had done.

"That's a good little cumslut," Jen cooed as she slammed Dan's head into Ryan's big cock again. Dan took a deep breath in again when he could and his wetness started trickling down his legs. It felt so good to be used like a stupid cheerleading whore. Now he knew exactly why his stepsister had been sleeping around so much! It felt great to be disrespected and humiliated by powerful men. And Ryan certainly was powerful. Other than being an absolute stud, he was the douchiest guy on campus – he always got his way.

It was almost too much to handle. "Please, fuck me!" Dan exclaimed as saliva and pre-cum spilled down his cheek.

Jen grabbed him by the back of his flowing blonde hair. "I knew you always secretly loved cock you faggot. Now beg for it like the slut that you are," she rubbed his clit causing Dan to gasp.

"Please! I need it. Take me!" Dan said as he spread his legs.

"What's that you need, you sissy man loving loser?" Jen asked as Ryan slapped Dan's raw

ass.

“Cock! I need cock! Fill me up and fuck me!” Dan whined insatiably in his high pitched girly voice.

Pleasure exploded though Dan’s body as Ryan entered him. He could feel his tight virgin pussy expanding to accommodate Ryan’s girth. He moaned loudly as his most hated enemy pummeled his sweet pink pussy. Fuck, it felt so wrong to take Ryan’s veiny dick but there was nothing else he could do. It just felt too fucking good! Dan squealed with delight as Ryan entered him again and again. He truly was a cheerleading slut.

His stepsister mounted him and sat on his face. The familiar scent of Jen’s pussy washed over him. Dan had been sniffing her panties for years! And now her pussy was finally in reach. He wanted to service it gently, lick it, and treat it well. But Jen had other ideas. Forcefully, she made him stick out his tongue and she rode it on hard with her clit.

Getting fucked like the sissy slut that he was caused Dan’s hips to start bucking. He was just so absolutely stirred up inside of his new pussy and he didn’t know how to handle getting fucked and used like a girl. Ryan held him down and continued to give it to him hard. After all, that was what Dan really wanted.

Fucking too amazingly hot cheerleaders proved to be hard, even for Ryan. With a manly grunt he pushed his cock even deeper into Dan and started to cum. Dan moaned in surprise, before his sister used him for herself again. Thick steamy cum filled up Dan’s tight virgin pussy, and overflowed into his labia. Pleasure rose throughout his entire body; it felt so good to know that he had been able to satisfy Ryan, and so quickly.

As soon as Ryan’s thick member was out of his pretty pussy, Jen had donned a strap on with a big black cock. Dan, still feeling hazy from his fucking, obediently turned over when she instructed him to do so. For as long as he could remember, Dan’s fantasy’s centered around him fucking his stepsister or pleasing her with his mouth. But now, she was the one fucking him.

The strap-on entered his ass and Dan’s girly little mouth gasped with a mixture of surprise and excitement. He had never stuck anything up his ass before; he had always thought that was for gay people. He wasn’t gay, so why did it feel so goddamn good to get fucked by his sis? She ravaged his tight hole and grabbed his long blonde hair from behind. As much as he wanted to be a man, in that moment he couldn’t have imagined being anything other than his stepsisters sissy fuck toy.

Jen smacked his ass hard, and Dan moaned. Pleasure spread though his entire body as Ryan played with his clit. Now he knew what it was like to be a little slut and be abused and used up by hung studs. He gripped the bleachers with both hands to avoid being pulled away like a fuck toy. Ugh! His step sister kept fucking him mercilessly and called him names. Fuck, that was so hot! Yes, he was a whore. He would be whatever Jen wanted him to be! He loved when he demeaned him and humiliated him.

His body convulsed as he experienced his first full body orgasm as a woman. Jen didn’t relent. Rather, she kept fucking him forcefully and grabbed his neck from behind. Real woman were able to take a good fucking, she said. Dan barely heard her. His mind was short-circuiting as he came hard on the strap-on in his ass. He loved getting fucked there like a faggot sissy boy! The pleasure was real, and incredible. He screamed loudly as his stepsister culminated his girly initiation.

Dan lay in the stands of the bleachers, quivering in pleasure. He had been fucked ruthlessly not only by his stepsister, but her lover. He knew now that he wanted to be a good girl. Even though he had just been fucked, he couldn't help but think about his next cock. Maybe he could seduce the entire basketball team into fucking him. Those douchebags would do anything a hot girl like him told them to do. Being a cum whore was much better than being a man.

As he looked up, he saw one of Jen's cheerleading friends with a video camera in her hand a massive smirk on her face. That was weird. He didn't remember ever seeing anyone else come into the gymnasium. He didn't really care though: he was a proud sissy slut now.

Jen stood some ways away, talking to Ryan. She didn't want to go near her filthy sissy of a stepbrother anymore if she didn't have to. She couldn't believe that she had actually tricked him into thinking he was a girl for the last couple of days. It was hilarious really! Some people will truly believe anything if you help them, she pondered.

She walked over to her stupid sissy step and kicked him in the side with her heel. Cum leaked out of his asshole. Ha! Ryan had fucked him in the ass and he actually thought it was a real pussy; not a man pussy. What a useless piece of shit. She left him there, naked and shaking. He had been in a man's body the whole time.

Luke's Pink Pacifier (Diapered Feminization and Femdom)

Luke stumbled on the steps leading to his house and crashed into his front door. Groggily, he picked himself up and fumbled around for his keys. He managed to open the door and lumbered inside. It had been a rowdy night out with the boys, one of many in the past few months. Luke and his wife, Diane, had moved back to Luke's childhood town. It had been his idea, and he couldn't have been happier with how it turned out.

Luke had been very busy "reacquainting" himself with friends from his past. Diane had put up with it at first, but was starting to get frustrated. Luke was acting like he was twenty two again. Diane simply wouldn't stand for excessive drinking, especially during the week. But Luke hadn't heeded her warnings, and continued to get bombed with his old buddies practically every night. He didn't really care what his wife thought about it. What was she going to do, divorce him? Ha! His drinking was a mild annoyance from his point of view. The two were deeply in love, and always would be.

Falling on his face again, Luke tried to regain his composure. He may have been drinking like a young man, but his body certainly couldn't handle liquor like it used to. He made his way to the kitchen and searched for his favorite drunk time snacks. Goddamnit! Diane had forgotten to get him some more chips. That stupid woman was always forgetting to get things that he asked for. What the fuck was he supposed to eat now?

He made his way to the living room, disgruntled. Work started in less than 6 hours, but he didn't care. Fuck work, he would rather watch TV. He drunkenly turned on the TV and the sound blasted towards him. Hurriedly, he tried to down the volume. He could already hear Diane moving upstairs. Luke was going to be pissed off if she came downstairs and yelled at him again. He muted the volume, and tried to listen carefully. It didn't sound like she was coming. Perhaps she was just tossing and turning in bed.

Taking a chug of his beer, Luke tried to refocus on watching TV. The picture was a little bit blurry, and he couldn't make out exactly what was happening. He hated when that happened. He made a mental note to limit his drinking. He needed to at least be able to tell the score in the football game.

Something grabbed his attention, a pink box in the corner of the room. He didn't remember ever seeing it before. I mean, shit, it wasn't like he paid a lot of attention, but he was pretty sure he would've noticed something like that. Luke got on his knees and examined it. It was pink, frilly, and had small gemstones enraging in it. Curious, he took the small key on the floor and used it to open the box.

The first thing he noticed was the silky red bra. He held it. It felt so nice in his hands. It was a little bit small for Diane though. He figured it must've been from when she was younger. In fact, it looked like most of the stuff in the box was for a young girl. He knew Diane wasn't pregnant; so why did she have a box of her old stuff by the TV?

There was a night dress, pink and slim. It was made of very good quality material and Luke could see why she'd be attached to it. It was obvious why she hadn't thrown this stuff out. He held it up, silhouetting his body. Something stirred inside of him. He had tried on his wife's

panties once before, but this was different. He could feel himself getting stiff between the legs at the thought of being a pretty young girl.

He kept digging, and found a pacifier. Whoa, was this really his wife's old pacifier? It was pink and green, and had her name on it, so it must've been. It felt so... forbidden that he was looking at all this stuff. Why had she just left it in the living room? It seemed all very private, not stuff she would want to share.

Luke thought about it for a couple of seconds. Did he dare put the pacifier in his mouth? It hadn't been used in years, and it clearly wasn't supposed to be for him. Something inside him made him want to do it. Maybe it was the liquor, or all the relationship stress, he wasn't sure. But he did it; he put the pink girly pacifier in his mouth.

He bobbed it in his mouth like a baby would, and he instantly got hard. He couldn't explain it. It felt so peaceful. Luke sat on the floor, legs crossed, with a baby's pacifier in his mouth for a couple of minutes. He had a bit of a rough childhood, and to be honest he didn't really remember most of it. What if he could go back and do it all over again, but as a little girl?

It would be nice if he didn't have to make all the decisions in his relationship with Diane for once. He always decided where to eat, what brands of clothes and cars to buy. Hell, he even decided that they were moving back to his hometown. The grind of everyday decision making weighed him down heavily.

That was a silly fantasy though. There was no way he could go back and be a completely helpless infant again. He was a man; he had to lead his family. And more importantly, he had to be strong and infallible. Luke couldn't imagine the shame he would feel if Diane found him like this, pacifier in his mouth and sitting on the floor. He would rather die than look her in the face.

Luke sighed, removing his pacifier and placing it back in the box. He went to close the box but a sparkle caught his eye. It was a pink bracelet, with dangling charms. It didn't look like it would fit around his wrist, but he imagined it did. It was certainly very cute. He wondered if maybe it was Diane's favorite. He played with it in his hands. Being a little girl or boy would be so much easier than his current life.

"What the fuck?!" Diane stood in the doorway.

Luke jumped like a frightened cat. Shit! He thought his wife had been sleeping. He didn't even hear her come down the stairs! Fuck!

"Uuh. Uhh. How long have you been standing there for," Luke stuttered, still drunk.

"Long enough," Diane crossed her arms. "It's bad enough you woke me up. Now you're going through all my childhood girl clothes?"

Luke didn't know what to say. Had she seen him with the pacifier in his mouth? That had just been a couple of minutes ago. What was she thinking, seeing him giddy over all these girly clothes? He looked up at his wife again and bit his lip nervously. He didn't know what to say. She towered over him. He had never been afraid of Diane before, but he was now.

Humiliation washed over him as he realized that he was wearing the red bra. Fuck. He hadn't even planned on trying it on. How did that happen? The small cups size fit his manly chest. He stared down in horror. He must've sat there cross-legged on the floor for some time with his mouth hanging open, because Diane spoke next.

"Well, are you gonna try it on?" She had a sly smile on her face.

Luke looked up at her again, confused. Was he going to try what on? He already had the bra on. In fact, why had he not taken it off once he realized that he was wearing it? Then it

dawned on him... He still had the pink bracelet in one hand, and the pacifier in the other. He couldn't believe what he was hearing. Was his wife really encouraging him to try on this super feminine, girly bracelet?

Diane nodded slowly, and Luke took a big gulp. The bracelet didn't look like it would fit, but it somehow did. He clamped it snug around his wrist and then brought the pacifier to his lips. He had to admit that it was very pretty and girly. Suddenly, he felt exceptionally weak. He tried to stand, but couldn't. His legs wouldn't do what he was instructing them to do. Was he just drunk? Or had something else happened?

He looked up at his wife again. She looked so far away, and he could've sworn that she was laughing. Luke tried again to stand up, lifting up his right knee and then putting his hands on top of it. But his muscle memory wasn't there, and he fell flat on his face. Why was this happening to him?!

Luke lay on the floor for what seemed like a long time, as he tried to comprehend what had happened to him. He put the pacifier in his mouth and the next thing he knew it was like his arms and legs were totally useless. Droll dribbled down his chin. He felt... different. What the fuck was going on here?

"You'll have to crawl, darling," Diane said condescendingly.

The news hit Luke like a ton of bricks. He would have to crawl?! Like a baby? He tried it, extending his arms and pulling himself along the living room floor. It was so degrading. He crawled along the floor while his wife watched and laughed. But it was also oddly satisfying, like he was proud that he was using his body to move.

He got to the stairs and scampered up them like only a big baby could. Luke started to crawl to the master bedroom, but Diane diverted him.

"Here sweetie, you can sleep in the guest bedroom tonight." Diane opened the door for him; there was no way Luke would've been able to reach the door handle from the ground.

"We'll have to paint the walls a nice bright pink if you're gonna be a cute little girl from now on," Diane said as she prepared the bed for baby Luke.

Luke was confused. He wasn't sure if he was entirely role playing his actions, or what. He seriously could not stand up properly. There was no simple explanation. It must've been magic, or witchcraft, or something. He didn't understand how something like this could happen.

It felt good though, in a weird way. Diane was in control now, and all he had to do was follow her lead.

"There you go dear, the bed's all ready for you," Diane patted him on the head.

Luke wanted to tell her to stop, that this was crazy. It was one thing to mess around and pretend, but this was taking it too far. Instead, only one thing came out of his mouth, "Thanks Diane."

Diane turned and waved her finger at him. "No, no. Not Diane. You call me mommy now." She said, looking down at him.

Luke didn't like it when she talked so condescendingly to him. It was one thing to act like an infant, but did she really have to speak in that *tone*? It was like she was talking to a newborn, or a puppy, or something. Ugh. All these thoughts were going through his head, but he couldn't articulate them.

"Yes mummy" Luke looked up at his mommy in earnest.

"We'll have to paint the walls pink in this room if you're going to keep acting like this. Blue

is just not a good color for a proper little princess,” Diane hummed and tucked her baby into bed.

Luke got situated in his new girly bed. He scrunched up his face as Diane pulled the covers over him. Something didn’t feel right.

“What’s wrong sweetie? You’re a big girl. You can sleep the night without mommy.”

Luke twitched in his underwear. “I... I made a boo-boo.” He sucked enthusiastically on his pacifier.

His wife pulled back the covers, revealing his wet crotch. “Did the big girl wet herself? Oh, that’s okay honey. That’s okay.” Diane cooed. She moved swiftly to help him take his wet undies off. Luke immediately got hard. He couldn’t explain it, but his wife cleaning his cock like it was just another household item was intensely and oddly sexy.

“I really thought you would be potty-trained by now sweetie,” Diane said as she helped clean up her husband’s mess. “Can’t you hold it in like a big girl?”

Luke didn’t know what to say. He wasn’t a little girl. He was a full grown man who could control his bladder. Why was his body not working properly? He was so confused. It had just sort of happened... he felt a little tinkle in his bladder and the next thing he knew he was wetting the bed. It was like he really was a little boy... or girl, or whatever. Fuck. Everything was so strange. He could feel tears welling in his eyes as he looked up, scared, at his wife. His emotions started to boil over. His lip curled and the tears started to roll down his cheeks.

“There, there, sweetie. It’s okay. Mommy didn’t mean it like that. It’s normal for big girls like you to wet the bed sometimes,” Diane embraced her husband and patted him on the head.

His mommy’s touch made him feel better. Something about her arms around him made him feel like everything was going to be okay. He wished he had some diapers though, that would’ve given him a lot more confidence to last through the night without going pee. It was strangely satisfying to give into all of his wife’s demands. And maybe it was only temporary. Surely he could carry on as a man again tomorrow.

“We’ll have to get you some diapers tomorrow, but this will do for now,” Diane pulled up a hot pink pair of panties over Luke’s raging cock. “There you go! Now you’re cute like a little princess,” Diane smiled.

Luke resented Diane for putting him through this ordeal, but he couldn’t deny how good the smooth panties felt on his cock. Diane was laughing at him. Her smile was more evil than he remembered; she was clearly enjoying his regression to a helpless infant.

“Thanks mummy,” Luke managed to spit out. He couldn’t believe that he had wet himself. But at least now he had some girly panties. He would have to be extra careful not to make a mess in those as well. That would be super embarrassing. And he didn’t want to upset his wife either. He felt bad when he disappointed her. And he definitely did not want to see her get angry.

Diane kissed him on the cheek and patted him on the forehead. Luke closed his eyes and all the stress and confusion instantly went away. He drifted off to girly, childlike dreams with a smile on his face.

“Wake up sleepy-head, I’ve got your diapers!” Diane pulled back the curtains in the guest room. “And I’m gonna go to the hardware store today to, so we can paint you walls pink! It’s gonna be great!”

Luke groggily opened his eyes. He sparsely remembered the night before. He had been drinking with his friends and had come home to watch TV and then... Oh god. Oh no. His heart sank. He had been completely humiliated by his wife. She had forced him to crawl around like a baby and dress in all pink like a girl. What the fuck had been wrong with him? Why hadn't he put a stop to that nonsense?

He raised his hands to his face, and brushed the sleep out of his eyes. He suckled on the pink pacifier that was still in his mouth before realizing what he was doing. Fuck, he had forgotten about that. He had found all of his wife's girlhood treasures and tried on her frilly, girly clothes and jewelry. He had to take this damn bracelet off. Luke tried to unclasp the bracelet, but it wouldn't budge. His hands seemed so feeble and weak.

"Don't take that off sweetie, that's your little girl charm bracelet! Now sit up, let's get you into a diaper. You don't want to have another accident now do you?" Diane grinned at him knowingly.

His wife pulled back the covers and revealed a big wet spot on his pink panties and on the sheets. Damnit! It must've been all that beer that Luke drank. He cowered under the blanket as he expected the worst from his mommy.

"You wet the bed again dear? Come on, I thought we talked about this..."

Luke regained his composure. He wasn't a little girl. He didn't have to deal with this bullshit. It wouldn't have happened if she had gotten him the diapers earlier!

"I'm not a little girl!" Luke screeched. "Take this bracelet off so I can be a man!" He hadn't realized how high his voice could be before.

"Now honey, I know you're not a little girl. You're a big girl. But you're not allowed to act like a man while you have that bracelet on. And I won't allow you to speak like that to your mommy. In fact, I think you need to be punished for yelling at your mommy like that."

Luke hid under the covers again. Shit, he had really done it now. He should've just done what she had asked and she would've let him act like a man again. How could he have been so stupid?!

Diane stepped away for a second before returning with a rather large dildo and a box of diapers. Luke withered in the bed at the sight of her toys. His wife had always been so pleasant and accommodating. And now she was totally dominating him. Luke wasn't entirely sure how he had gotten to this point, but it seemed like there was nothing he could do about it. Diane smiled that evil smile, and Luke could feel himself getting hard.

He had a thick, hard cock. Or at least he used to. It didn't seem to be getting as long as it used to be, even though he was fully erect. Diane took off his pink girly undies with motherly precision, and helped her big baby get into a diaper. Luke tried to escape at first, but only half-heartedly. Part of him knew that diapers would be good for him. It would allow him to not wet the bed, and he could go about his day normally with the added protection.

The diaper had pink and green flowers around the top edge of it. It was kind of girly, but Luke didn't mind. In fact, his dick was harder than it'd ever been. He loved his wife telling him exactly what to do. Pleasing Diane made him feel all tingly inside. He was a good boy and always did what his mommy wanted.

"See? It's not too hard to listen to my instructions dear, is it?" Diane pulled his diaper to the side, exposing Luke's bare skin.

She spit on her finger, and slowly twirled it around Luke's tight hole. He cringed in shock,

surprised at the new sensation he was feeling. Luke had never put anything in his asshole before. He always thought it was a little bit gay to do that, and he certainly wasn't homosexual. He had always been in charge of sex in the household. If he wanted a blowjob, or doggy-style sex, that's what he got. The couple didn't stray too far from the tried and true, classic sex positions.

But now, Luke had his mommy's finger up his ass and a scared expression on his face. It felt good; like a massage on his private parts. He also knew that it was his punishment, and Diane might be forceful if she wanted to be. He didn't want to upset her any further. She held his throat with her other hand, forcing her big baby to take every inch of the finger that she was giving to him.

A pressure was building inside of Luke. He didn't know exactly what it was, but it felt very good. His mommy bit his nipples and he let out a moan of pleasure. He didn't know his tits could be that sensitive! Luke looked up at Diane, who was in total control of his every sensation. She must've felt sympathetic to her sissy little husband, because she grabbed his rock hard cock in her other hand, and stroked it thoroughly. Luke instantly felt like he was going to orgasm. His throbbing cock felt incredible in his wife's soft hands. He groaned as she violently shook his member up and down.

All of a sudden, she stopped her jerking motion. She slid up to Luke's ear, "No. Not yet. Sissy sluts like you cum from your man-pussy, not your pathetic little dick."

Luke sighed. He had been so close. When he opened up his eyes again, he saw Diane had a strap-on with a massive black dildo. Fuck, he had been prepared for a little dildo, but not this! This was going to wreck his tight virgin asshole!

Diane pushed away her husband's diaper and prepared to enter him with her huge strap-on cock. Luke lay, helpless. She moved it in a circle on the outside of his hole, teasing him. He threw his hands up like a little princess and his pink bracelet shimmered and made a jingling sound. His arms and legs had the strength of a little girl, he wouldn't have been able to stop her even if he had wanted to. He loosened up his butt. Luke felt very feminine, more than he ever had before. He wanted his mommy to fuck him now. He needed to be punished like the sissy little slut that he was.

His wife finally entered him, stretching out his tight asshole. Luke squealed in a combination of pain and pleasure. The first couple of thrusts felt uncomfortable. He had never been pegged before, and his ass needed to expand in order to accommodate the large dildo that his wife was fucking him with. He didn't dare move as she penetrated him for the first time, feeling every centimeter of his insides. Luke inhaled sharply with each thrust, unsure if he could take it deeper and deeper each time. Diane was in total control, dictating the length and power of each thrust.

Luke looked down at his pink and green patterned diaper in time to see Diane thrust a whole six inches deep inside of his bum hole. He screamed out like a little girl; in anticipation but then joy. He bit down hard on his pacifier. It felt so good to be fucked like a little sissy slut. This was exactly the punishment he needed. He could feel a ball of power building up inside of him, waiting to be released. It was something he had never felt before, and it scared him. But he didn't have a choice. With each thrust of the dildo, the ball grew, and spread through his entire body.

He could feel it first in his lower stomach. A vibrating twitch, and then a convulsion in his

legs as his wife hammered away at his tight, wet man-pussy. He gripped on to the bed sheets with both of his weak, girly arms. He looked up at the ceiling in ecstasy and bit hard on his pacifier as his insides were about to explode.

Suddenly, Luke's mommy slapped him hard across the face. He recoiled in surprise. It took him a moment to figure out what had happened. Luke had never been slapped like that before, and it didn't make any sense to him. At first he was disgusted, because he was being such a slut. But then, the mark across his face started to sink in, and it felt so good to be dominated by his mommy. As the blood was returning to his face, she smacked him again, this time on his other cheek. Fuck! He was being fucked and abused like a sissy little slut, and he liked it! Just yesterday he had been a strong, proud man. And now his wife was ploughing away roughly at his ass and slapping him around like a plaything. Everything Diane did felt so wrong, but good at the same time. He needed her touch, her approval, and her punishment. The pain in his cheek melted away and only made him feel very, very good. He wanted her to smack his ass too. She could totally go off on him right now and he wouldn't mind.

His mommy fucked him hard, and Luke's legs spasmed beneath him. Diane kept pumping him full of thick hard cock, and grabbed his exposed neck with her other hand. Luke's whole body shook, as he entered a state of violent orgasm. It was like nothing he had ever felt before. His butt shook up and down uncontrollably, making Diane enter him even deeper. He gripped the bed sheets and screamed out in pleasure as the ball of energy inside of him exploded. It ripped through his lower body and up to his throat that Diane still had a hold of.

He slapped him again and he squealed like a little girl. It was the best he had ever felt in his entire life. Luke didn't know that he was a sissy little baby before, but he did now. It was incredibly satisfying. He felt like he had found his place in life, as his mommy's submissive sex toy. All he wanted to do was please her and get fucked by her for the rest of his life.

Luke lay on his back, totally incapacitated. His legs were still twitching randomly. It had been an amazing physical, sensual experience. He was still so sensitive. The tail end of his orgasm fizzled slowly. Diane grinned and covered up his bum-bum with the diaper again. Luke was so exhausted, he couldn't think straight. Hell, he could barely think at all. He stared like a stupid baby at his wife, with a blank look on his face and pleasure still ringing throughout his butt hole.

Diane, laughing, patted him on the head. She slid up to her sissy little princess with her breasts exposed. Habitually, Luke started to nuzzle on her tits. Diane let out a sigh of relief. It felt good to finally have a proper little girl to graze on her titties. Luke sucked on his mommy's breasts without a thought in his mind. It didn't even occur to him that he could ask to stop being a little girl now, and go back to being a man. The pink bracelet was still tight around his wrist, and his diaper was snug around his bottom. He suckled contently at his wife's breasts. They were way better than a pacifier. Luke felt at ease. He didn't need to worry about a thing. Diane's thick milk came through her breasts and he happily gulped it down.

"That's a good little girl..." Diane squeezed her breast, filling Luke's mouth. It was sweet and deliciously intoxicating. Luke suckled on her large tits. He smiled a milky, dazed smile. Content, he drifted back into his sleep. Getting fucked in the ass was a lot of work for him, and big babies need a lot of rest. He fell asleep peacefully, with his mouth still full of Diane's breast.

Diane pulled open the curtains, waking her cute little girl from her slumber.

“Nappy time is over, sweetie! Wakie time!” Diane pulled back his covers kissed him on the forehead.

Luke groaned and turned in his bed. Adult babies like him could be grumpy sometimes. Luke sat up and brushed some of the sleep out of his eyes. Some milk had dribbled down his chin and dried there.

“Now let’s get you cleaned up so we can go to the store honey. We have a busy day ahead of us and we can’t stay in bed!” Diane got a wet cloth and wiped the dried milk off of her helpless husband’s chin.

Luke sat still and let his mommy do what she wanted to do. He was done fighting her over every little thing. It just wasn’t worth it and a part of him hated to see her disappointed in him. Deep down, he wanted to please her, and make her happy. That’s all he ever wanted, really.

Diane changed Luke’s diaper, he had wet it again. But that was okay; that’s what diapers are there for. It’s okay if he still needed to use them sometimes. She pulled up his pink diapers and snapped them in place. Her husband made for a great little girl – he was much better at it than being a man.

She pulled a bright pink shirt over Luke, and he didn’t resist. In fact, he was starting to like the color pink. It was so homely, and safe to him now. The pacifier, the diaper, shirt, and the bracelet were all pink. If he was going to be a little girl, he might as well do it properly. And little girls liked the color pink, he knew that for a fact.

And besides, it was just easy to let his wife dress him. She always knew what was best for him. Before, he would’ve had to dictate everything about their day, from coffee in the morning to what they were having for dinner at night. But now he just sat back and sucked on his pacifier. Nothing else was important, really. And if it was, he was sure that Diane could handle it.

Everything was going smoothly until Diane stood him up and walked him out the front door. Halfway to the car, Luke realized that he was in public wearing a pink diaper and sucking on a pacifier. Mortified, he stood in shock as the neighbors opened their door.

“Come on Sweetie,” Diane beckoned to him to get in the car from her spot in the front seat.

Luke realized that he was about to be seen and ran around to the passenger side door. He didn’t mind acting like a baby in the privacy of his own house, but this was different! The neighbors were people who respected him, and they knew friends of his. He could never live it down if his hometown buddies found out about his mommy’s little game!

He pulled on the door to open it, but it was locked. He motioned for Diane to unlock the door, but it didn’t budge. She made a frown on her face, and then pointed at the back seat behind her.

“Little girls sit in the back seat, you know that.” Diane rolled down her window.

Luke begged her to let him in, but he was too late. He could tell by the look on his wife’s face that the neighbors had already gotten a look from behind him. Humiliated, he turned around and looked them in the eyes. They quickly looked away, and hurried to their own car.

Head cast downwards, Luke walked ashamedly around the car to the spot behind his mommy. He got in obediently and did up his seat belt. He couldn’t believe that he had just been spotted wearing diapers in public. His mommy seemed pleased though, so at least he had that. Hopefully he would get over his humiliation sooner rather than later.

“Mommy, where are we going?” Luke strained his neck from the backseat to get a view of the road

“I told you sweetie. We’re going to the mall” Diane chuckled as she looked at Luke in her rear view mirror.

“Oh. Are we there yet?” The trip seemed to be taking an awfully long time.”

“Just about honey, just about. Try to be patient. That’s what big girls do.”

The couple stopped at a red light and Diane pulled out a tube of red lip stick. She slowly and expertly applied it to her thick lips. Luke watched intently in the mirror. She looked so good with that make-up on. He could feel himself getting hard through his diaper. Luke wondered if he would be good at applying lip stick. He licked his lips. But even if he was it wouldn’t look as good as Diane’s. Mmm... She was so incredibly sexy.

“We’re here!”

Luke gulped. Fuck. How the fuck was he actually doing this? He was at the mall in his childhood home, dressed up like a big baby sissy! He had family and friends that went to this mall all the time. Not to mention his co-workers and bosses... Shit! There had to be another way.

“I’m... I’m not going” Luke crossed his arms as he sat in the car.

Diane opened up back door to the car and undid Luke’s seatbelt. She made a slight frowning face, mocking him before pulling him by the arm. His mommy’s tug brought him right out of the vehicle. Luke seemed so much weaker than he used to be. He was a full grown man, but for some reason he couldn’t say no to his mommy.

The sun shone brightly down onto Luke’s bare legs as he walked with his pink diaper and blouse to the mall entrance. He followed behind his mommy, embarrassed, but strangely proud. He certainly didn’t want to see anyone that he knew, but he was happy to make Diane happy. It would all be worth it if she rewarded him with some of her sweet milk.

His mommy pulled him into a nail parlor, and Luke’s heart sank. He was the only male in the shop, and was getting strange looks from everyone else. Of course, that might’ve been because he was wearing a ridiculous girly diaper. But Diane certainly seemed to be enjoying herself. She walked right up to the counter with a smile on her face and asked for a manicure for herself and her little girl.

Luke sat, waiting to get his nails done with his mommy. On one hand, he was terrified that someone would recognize him and nervous that he didn’t know how to act properly in the nail parlor. On the other hand, he was kind of happy to get his first manicure ever. All proper little girls had to have pretty fingernails.

The nail attendant came over and started talking to the two about the treatment they wanted. Luke wasn’t sure what he wanted to get. He thought of maybe getting a bright, bubblegum pink, but his mommy had some other good suggestions. He settled on a pink and white stripe pattern. It was going to be fabulous, really. Luke was very excited.

The attendant started scrubbing his nails and Luke relaxed in his chair. All of his worries melted away once the manicure actually started. It felt like a massage on his hands. He looked over to his mommy, who also had her head back and was relaxing with her eyes shut. This was a very special bonding moment for mother and daughter, and it was something that Luke could get used to. He felt totally at ease, and very pretty as he received the first clear coat of polish over his nails. Maybe he would even relieve himself in his diaper while he was getting attended

to. He was very comfortable, and he didn't care if anyone recognized him.

“Oh Luke honey, your nails are gorgeous!”

Luke smiled. Gorgeous, yes. That was him. He was very pretty.

Punished by Gender Swap (Lisa Feminizes and Humiliates her Boss)

There was nothing inherently sexy about being a secretary. The day to day grind featured highlights such as redirecting phone calls to the appropriate executives and taking the outgoing mail to the mailbox. It was simple shit and it needed to be done. So that's why Matt hired for looks. It was a basic job, but he didn't want any basic bitches working for him. Fuck that! He wanted the sexiest, sluttiest, 1950's bend-ya-over and fuck you right there on the table kind of girl. He had worked hard to build up his business and make it the success it was today, so he deserved to have some eye candy work for him.

And look wasn't the least of what he did. He was paying these hot women good money - really good money for how easy their job was. So sometimes, Matt took more than a couple of long gazes down his secretaries' shirts. When he wasn't crossing the line with his flirting or veiled insults, he was outright aggressive in his demands for sex.

Matt had gotten rid of his last secretary. She gave good head, but she stopped dressing down so slutty when some of the salesmen heard about her escapades. That had baffled Matt. She should've been proud that she was sucking his cock. He was a powerful man, after all. At the end of the day, he tired of her complaints so he made a decision to let her go. Surely he would be able to find a younger, hotter, and even more eager worker bee whore who was just absolutely clamoring for some CEO dick.

He chuckled to himself in his office. And so right he had been! At least, he hoped. He had high expectations for his newest hire, Lisa. She was pretty and sassy; two things he loved. There was nothing better than making an otherwise dominant woman submit to his every need. In fact, that's what he fantasized about most of the day. The corporation mostly ran itself by now anyways, so he spent his time teasing Lisa and thinking about what he was going to do to her once he broke her down.

Matt had always loved a challenge. She looked absolutely stunning with her long black hair straightened past her firm, respectably sized breasts. He knew without a doubt that she had put some extra time working on her make-up this morning to look that good.

"So, Lisa. Can you guess how I like my wine?" he grinned devilishly.

"No sir, I can't," Lisa responded coyly. She batted her long eyelashes upwards at him and Matt got hard in his pants. He loved to play this game.

"Just like I like my women. You have to let it breathe a little bit," Matt laughed as he tugged up on her blouse, untucking it from her skirt.

Lisa grabbed his wrist and twisted hard, causing Matt to recoil unexpectedly.

"You, know. I've heard a lot about you Mr. Schilling," Lisa said as she tilted her head. "But that won't be acceptable to do around here anymore. Do you understand?"

Matt too his hand back, shaking his wrist. What the hell had happened? He was the CEO! Basic bitches weren't supposed to do this to him.

"Please call me Matt. I think we're gonna be friends Lisa," He winked as he retreated back to his office. Whatever, that was no big deal. If anything, her reluctance was going to make his

eventual win that much sweeter. He loved to conquer, and conquer he would. It didn't matter how much she refused him now, she would be begging for his cock in a few short week! He stretched out his wrist again and took a deep breath. This is what he lived for.

The next day, Matt took his fresh three piece suit out of the bag from the dry cleaner and got ready for a challenging day at work. He didn't remember the last time he was this excited. A challenge was always better than an easy conquest, and Lisa was a babe! She was basically asking for it the way she had dressed on her first day anyways. He wanted to jack off. Damn, he couldn't wait to see the look of hopelessness when she finally gave in and he penetrated her with his seven inches of power.

Fuck it, he was the boss! He could go in late. He would just masturbate for a little bit and go into work when he felt like it. It wasn't like anyone would say anything. And it would give him the focus he needed to demean his sexy whore of a secretary. Ha! He knew she was such a whore. She was the kind of girl that partied out at the clubs and fucked a different guy every weekend. It would only be a matter of time until he showed her who the boss really was.

But when he reached down between his legs he noticed immediately that something was wrong. His usually reliable member simply wasn't as big and thick as it had been before. Nonetheless, he stroked it and thought of Lisa's wet, sultry lips. He just wanted to jam his cock right in there. He'd fuck her throat mercilessly. But all of the sexy thoughts he could muster couldn't get his dick hard. He had never had any problems before. Why was this happening to him?

Matt flicked his limp dick, frustrated. He started to put on his baggy boxers but noticed something even more peculiar. The hair on his legs was gone! They were smooth and silky and... oh! Matt gasped, not only were his legs hairless, but they were thin, long and feminine. What the fuck was happening to him? He looked in the mirror. Nothing else had changed. His upper body was still as ripped as ever, and his classic good looks hadn't changed a bit. It was just below his waist that was a mystery.

His hips had widened out while his waist had shrunk, almost like a woman. He quickly realized that his boxer briefs were not going to work today. They kept falling off his waist every time he pulled them up. Matt hemmed and hawed, but eventually he made a decision. He was going to have to borrow his wife's panties, just for the day. He would book a doctor's appointment for this afternoon, but he was going to have to make it through the first part of his day without boxers.

Matt finally left the house two hours late, wearing some surprisingly baggy suit pants overtop of his wife's pink, frilly panties. His cock had seemingly shriveled up, so he wasn't too worried about not giving it support. He regretted it, but it was his only choice. No one would know.

Spending the first couple hours in his office, Matt poured over financial reports. It was so unlike him, but he didn't feel like doing much else. His initiation of Lisa was going to have to wait, at least until he got his situation under control. Luckily, he was a wealthy man and could employ the best doctors in the country. They would fix him up quickly and he'd be on his way.

Matt was so busy actually working that he hadn't noticed that his dick was still shrinking, or that Lisa had brought his lunch into his office. He always got catered food; it was one of the perks of being the boss. Today Lisa had left him some steaming pink salmon and a spinach

salad. During her training, he made it abundantly clear with Lisa that there was to be no fish in the lunches that she ordered. Frustrated, he munched on some salad, which he also was not a fan of. How hard was it to be a stupid secretary? Surely she can at least take a lunch order!

“Lisa, would you get in her please,” the boss called her via the intercom.

She walked confidently in her high heels, turning heads as the mostly male staff ogled her. “Yes, boss, what can I do for you?” Lisa bit her lip knowingly.

“I uh. I thought I made it clear. No salads and crap for lunch around her miss!” Matt’s voice cracked higher on the word salad, but he recovered. Why did his voice seem higher? He hadn’t had a voice crack in 20 years? Whatever, he needed to put Lisa in her place.

“Make a note of that and don’t mess it up again,” he instructed.

“I’m so sorry dear, it won’t happen again,” Lisa said patronizingly.

A frog got caught in Matt’s throat. Was she mocking him? What was wrong with this secretary? Wait, had she called him dear? Wow, this bitch really liked to play hardball, thought Matt.

“You’re godddamn right it won’t,” he grumbled. “Now get back to work.”

Lisa had other ideas. In a flash, she pushed him down into his office chair and stood over him. “I don’t think so, you sick piece of shit. I think it’s time for a few changes around here,” she said as she pushed her high heel into his chest.

Matt winced in pain. He was a strong man, so why had that hurt? He had wanted to fuck this broad since he first laid eyes on her, but not like this. He was going to be the one to tell her how it was done. The CEO struggled in his chair and tried to push her heel off of him, but he couldn’t. He glanced down in despair at his arms. His once muscular pillars of strength were rapidly receding before his eyes. He felt weaker than he ever had before. He looked up at his captor with helplessness on his face.

“Let’s get one thing straight here,” Lisa continued as she jabbed her foot into her bosses’ chest. “I’m in charge now, and there’s nothing you can do about it. You’re gonna be my little cum slave, and my new receptionist in training. Does that sound good you pathetic sissy?”

What the fuck was happening?! Matt was the founder of this company! She couldn’t treat him like this! This bitch should be begging to suck his cock and order his lunches. Maybe she was just testing him. He needed to re-gain control.

“No, it’s not fucking alright!” He yelped in his high-pitched voice, exasperated. Good thing his door was closed. “Get the hell off of me and go back to your desk. Or you’re fired!” Matt continued nervously. He didn’t know if that would actually work. After all, he was still her boss.

Smack! His secretary’s hand came down and whacked him hard across the face. Holy shit, that had hurt! Matt was stunned. Had his employee really hit him? And why did it hurt so much? He had taken punches harder than that in his days, surely he could take a little bitch slap. It seemed like his pain tolerance was totally gone. His head still turned sideways, a tear rolled down his cheek. Jesus Christ.

“It seems you don’t understand honey. Let’s get it straightened out, shall we?” Lisa ordered her new sissy slut to undress himself as she locked the door. She was pleased to see that Matt obliged. Obedience was supposed to be increased with the hormones that she was feeding him, but she expected him to have difficulties listening to her at first. That was why his initial indoctrination was so important.

“Ha ha! Wow, would you look at that! You’re wearing panties already!” Lisa exclaimed. The founder of the entire company was standing in his office naked except for an exceptionally girly pair of pink panties. “That’s the spirit sweetie, it seems like you’ve already gotten started without me,” Lisa laughed as Matt fidgeted uncomfortably. He couldn’t believe that he was being humiliated by his sexy secretary who was 20 years his junior. But he didn’t really have many other choices. There was no way out now.

“Do you even still have a cock under there, you pathetic sissy boy?” Lisa asked as she smacked Matt’s crotch, where his dick should be. He winced in surprise. Yes, he did still have a cock down there, of course. He was a strong man and he had a strong cock. What kind of question was that?

But when his mistress moved away his feminine panties, Matt could see that his cock was nothing more than a shriveled up sausage. It was more of a clit than anything. “That’s a shame you don’t have your pussy yet,” Lisa said with legitimate excitement. “But at least you still have your man-pussy.”

Oh no. Oh god no. Matt had never put anything up his ass. That was off limits! There was no way he would allow it. The face he had made probably made it clear to Lisa how much he was dreading the prospect of losing his anal virginity. He looked up at her and quivered in fear.

“Turn over, sweetie. It won’t hurt. Well too much, anyways. I promise.” Lisa said with a smile on her face.”

Matt wanted to protest. He wanted to tell this bitch to get back to work and leave him alone. This wasn’t even possible; she should be sucking his cock right now! But he couldn’t find the words. All of his thoughts had gotten all jumbled up and dumb. For some reason, it seemed like maybe not so much of a bad idea to let her stick a finger up his butt. After all, he had already worn the pink panties to work today. Maybe he had secretly wanted this all along.

“Do it now, you sissy slut. Or I’ll never let you turn back into a man again. Is that clear?” Lisa demanded.

Matt obeyed and turned around on his office chair. If it would mean reversing this crazy gender swap that was going on with his body, then he would do it. After all, it was just a little anal, it couldn’t hurt that bad. And he desperately wanted to get his manliness back. If taking his secretary’s finger up his ass meant getting his cock back, by god he would do that a million times over. He was going to fuck her so hard once he got his dick back...

Matt yelped in surprise. Lisa had entered his butt with a monster strap on dildo, pushing into his ass for the first time. She called him a little sissy boy, and part of him liked hearing that. His superhot secretary was banging him with a fake cock, so he must be a sissy after all, right? She slapped his ass and he moaned. He wasn’t sure if it was pain or pleasure. God, he was such a slut.

The founder of the company tried to dig his hands into his desk chair to hold on tight. His ass was being pummeled like one of the bitches he used to fuck, and he needed to grab on to anything to stabilize himself. Lisa grabbed him by the back of his neck when she saw what he was trying to do.

“Good little sissy faggots are roped up when they’re fucked,” Matt heard Lisa saying. Before he knew what was happening, he found bondage over his small, girly wrists that were tied to his office door. He couldn’t even struggle to get free now if he wanted to. With a smirk, Lisa re-entered him and plunged into his asshole. He grimaced as he realized Lisa had total

control over him. He was totally helpless to her whims in that moment.

Cum started to dribble from his pathetically small man clit as Lisa continued to pound him in the ass. He was embarrassed to feel this good about being used and abused, but he couldn't help it. A new feeling washed over him as his mistress slammed his head into his desk chair from behind. Was he cumming? He didn't know, but it felt very powerful. This was how it felt to be a worthless slut, used up for nothing but his holes.

Lisa smacked his ass again and pulled out. Matt lay there for some time, unsure if it was over. He had been totally degraded. His asshole was still stretched out from the behemoth that Lisa has pillaged him with. It was going to take him some time to recover from this fucking, but part of him had liked it. That's what scared him the most. But he didn't have the frame of mind to start thinking about his life as a sissy. All he could do was roll around on his office floor, covered in his own pre-cum.

When he finally left the office, Matt looked worse for wear. His employees eyed him as he made his way out the back door, walking slowly to avoid hurting his buttocks. But Lisa watched gleefully and made sure to cancel his appointments for tomorrow. He wouldn't need to attend them. Oh, except for one. Maybe he should still go to the executive meeting she thought as she giggled to herself.

The next day, Matt woke up earlier than his alarm clock. That was good, he had important meetings today anyways. He was going to need to be at the top of his game. He would have time for an extra cup of coffee while he reviewed his notes, and then he would be ready to wheel n' deal.

His face dropped as he looked in the mirror. No, fuck! Oh god, no! He thought the entire last day had been a dream. There was no way it could've been real, it was all too messed up. But here he was, looking in the mirror at a stunningly gorgeous twenty year old girl. He touched his body carefully. He pinched his cheeks. How was this possible?

Matt's facial structure had entirely changed. What was once ruggedly handsome was now feminine and exquisite. His cheekbones were higher and his Adam's apple was gone, not to mention all of his muscles! He was a shell of the man he used to be. No, he wasn't even a man at all anymore! Somehow he had shrunk, and now stood at a modest 5 foot 6. What was that, magic? He pinched himself again. No!

He heard his wife stir in bed as he had let out a girly gasp. Oh god, he had to get out of here before his wife woke up. Worst case scenario, she would think that he was one of the girls that he had been cheating on her with! This was crazy. This was totally insane. Who had done this to him, Lisa? That fucking bitch! Matt needed to go confront her about this right away. She had gone too far. Hey, he loved kinky shit. He was into all that power-play stuff but this was just absolutely nutso. He needed his body back.

Matt grabbed one of his wife's skirts and went to pull it over his panties, but something stopped him. His cock was now totally gone! His heart beat rapidly as he felt over where his reliable, manly member used to be. He gulped hard. In its place was a sleek nothingness, he felt empty. Fuck! He heard his wife stir again and bolted out of the house, half naked. He put on his blouse in the car, but it was a too big for him. He looked ridiculous.

Matt hid in his expensive European car and hoped that no one would notice that young girl

in the trunk. When he saw Lisa arrive to work, he practically jumped her in the parking lot. Her reaction was genuine shock. She hadn't expected his transformation to happen that quickly, or for him to be that hot as a woman.

Laughing, Lisa implored Matt to come into the office building. "Don't worry! I thought this might happen. I've got some extra pairs of clothes for you. Haha, you look ridiculous. Come on in, and I'll help you dress like a proper, professional girl. You'll look just how you used to like them," she winked.

Matt hesitated, but didn't see any other options that he had. Lisa held the key to turning him back into a man, and he was going to have to play by her rules. And he needed to turn back into a man as soon as possible. He had important business to conduct, and if he went looking like the he would get laughed out of the room! No-one would believe that it was actually him with his girly voice and pantyhose. Or worse, what if they did? He'd get laughed out of town. His business would be ruined!

In the washroom, Lisa brushed and then straightened Matt's hair. He hadn't realized before, but he was a total blonde babe. His hair was silky smooth and went past his breasts. He even had the dazzling blue eyes to match. He stood and stared as Lisa worked diligently, with a huge smile on her face. At least she seemed to be enjoying herself. Other woman came in and out of the washroom. Some gave him a bit of a double look, but for the most part they let him be to receive his make-over.

"First of all honey, that skirt is way too long. Is it your wife's or something? Good grief. You work here, remember? You're gonna need to look way sluttier than that. I've heard your boss likes it," she joked as she slapped his ass. His ass was firm and round, like a cheerleader's. Lisa pulled up his black miniskirt and got him to twirl around in front of the mirror. Matt groaned. He looked like a stripper! There was no way he could work like this.

"Lisa, okay. I know you've had your fun but I need you to turn me back. Do whatever you want with me but I have an important meeting this afternoon I need to be a man again by then," he said as convincingly as cute feminine girl could.

Lisa laughed in his face. "Ok sweetie. If you listen to me I'll see what I can do," she said as she readied the make-up. In reality, there was no way that she could turn him back before then. She would need at least a couple of days, or maybe even weeks to reverse what the hormones had already done.

She handed Matt the mascara and he stood there slack-jawed. Lisa smiled and gave him some encouragement. "You're a girly sissy now, honey. You need to learn proper make-up and how to do it yourself."

Begrudgingly, Matt took scrunched up his face and tried to imitate what he saw his wife do every morning. How hard could it be? He made an oval with his mouth and leaned forward to the mirror. All the while Lisa was giggling behind him at how pathetic of a loser he really was.

"Ok, you slut. That was a good try. I'll do the rest for you," Lisa said.

A bright red lipstick followed. Matt popped his lips together just like Lisa taught him. Part of him was proud of how stunning he looked. He looked ah-mazing! Any man would be begging to have his cock sucked by Matt's luscious red lips.

"Okay, that's good," Matt said as he batted his eyelashes femininely.

"No, I don't think so," Lisa grinned. "Remember? I said your boss likes his secretaries to be slutty."

Next, Lisa applied the foundation, and the eyeliner, and the god knows what else. Matt lost track. The only thing he knew was that he looked incredibly sexy, and that was a going to be a good little cum-whore. He was even getting wet just looking at how hot he looked in the mirror.

The final touch was a pair of classy red heels. Matt's feet had shrunk and he fit Lisa's shoes perfectly. He wanted to protest. Surely, it would just be simpler for him to wear flats on his first day as a woman? Heels were totally unnecessary, torturous even. But when Lisa presented them to him, he licked his lips. All that came to his mind was how the color matched his hot lipstick. "I'll do my best," he told Lisa.

The two attractive ladies sat together at Lisa's desk, and the time just flew by. Doing administrative tasks was boring, so the two gossiped about the men in the office and Lisa showed Matt her shopping list. She was sure that Matt was going to make a great girl in the long term. He just needed to get himself a wardrobe and learn how to walk and talk more ladylike.

For lunch, they ate Lisa's special salad again. After all, it was the healthy thing to do. Matt's waistline was already impeccably thin, but he could risk making it bigger at all. It just wasn't worth it. He needed to be as attractive and fresh as possible as Lisa's secretary understudy.

By the time Matt's afternoon meeting came around, he was in full on girly mode. The hormones were really starting to take over. He told Lisa that he was just going to have to skip out on the meeting. Instead, the girls should go shopping or do something else less stressful. He would have to avoid all work related things until he was turned back into a man. All of that stuff was just too hard for a pretty young thing like him anyways.

But Lisa insisted. He should at least introduce himself to the executives as the new secretary. They have a right to know who is working for them. All he had to go do was say hi and tell them that he would be sitting up with Lisa from now on.

Begrudgingly, Matt agreed. And with a click-clack of his heels, he and Lisa were off to the penthouse boardroom. He didn't know why, but he was a little bit nervous. He had never been nervous before when he was a man. It wasn't in his instincts. Maybe it was his shoes. He was still tentative walking in them; focusing on one foot in front of the other. Or maybe it was that he was meeting his bosses for the first time. Right, that was probably it! That ought to give any girl the butterflies in her stomach.

Lisa knocked on the door and Matt's heart sank. Why did men have to be so intimidating! He knew that he used to be one of them, but this was different. They would be seeing him in a totally different light now. He knew the kinds of nasty things his partners said behind closed doors. Hell, he used to be one of them, and he used to say those kinds of things about bitches like Lisa!

"Hey guys, this is our new hire. Her name's Maddy and I'm just introducing her around," Lisa said professionally. "Maddy, come on, get in here."

Matt appeared and curtsied meekly. That was stupid! Why had he done that; who the hell curtsied these days? The other executives, Paul and Bryan, stood up and shook his hands. God, he could feel them undressing him with their eyes already. In their minds they were already force feeding him their monster cocks. Oh... cock. The thought of a big meaty cock caused something to stir between Matt's legs. Mmmm... what was that? He blushed as the

men introduced themselves to him.

“Say, where’s Matt today, Lisa? He should be here. This is important,” expressed Paul. He was a big man with a bald head. The director of sales, he could sweet-talk a customer in one second and then intimidate them into purchasing the next.

“Oh, Matt couldn’t make it,” Lisa made a pouty face. “But Maddy here is his new secretary. She’ll be sitting in on the meeting and taking notes to relay to Matt.”

“That’s a shame. He really should be here,” said Bryan without taking his eyes off Maddy. If he meant it, the pig faced executive didn’t show it. He was busy salivating over the sassy young secretary who looked thirty years his junior.

“Yes, well don’t worry. Maddy is here. Don’t go easy on her,” Lisa chuckled. “I’m throwing her into the lion’s den here so she can learn by fire.” She said as she turned to leave the room.

The executives laughed and Matt gazed around nervously. Well at least he was in the meeting. But the whole time he’d been a woman he’d had Lisa by his side. He felt a little bit uncomfortable to see her go. He turned back to face the men who were once his peers. He could do this. How hard could it be to be a secretary? He would take out his notepad and make confused faces and laugh at their stupid jokes. Ha! It was the easiest job in the world. That was why he always hired for looks.

Matt suddenly felt something on his shoulder. “Welcome to the firm, Maddy,” Bryan said as he plopped his thick cock down beside the saucy college-aged secretary. Matt gasped at first, like a true woman, and then turned to see the well-sized dong for himself. His heart raced and his mouth hung open. He had never sucked a cock before. This was crazy! After all, he was a man inside. Could he even take that big boss dick in his pretty girly mouth?

He didn’t have to wait long to find out. Paul grabbed his hair from behind and threw him onto Bryan’s meat. Matt’s hot red lipstick slid over his boss’ member three quarters of the way down. He threw up his well-manicured hands in surprise. He looked amazing with a dick in his mouth. And truth be told, he should’ve expected this. When he was a man he always let the other executives fuck his new secretary; it was practically part of the job description. It’s just that usually he was there participating as a man, and on the giving end.

Back and forth, Paul pushed Matt’s ditzzy little head on his partner’s cock. Ugh, these men were totally reprehensible. Bryan’s cock was salty and gross; like the gross old man that he was. Really, it was no dick for a sexy model thang like Matt. But for some reason, he was becoming incredibly turned on by having a cock in his mouth and being dominated. Something had switched in his mind, and he wanted these men to just absolutely ravage him.

Paul ripped his thinly veiled blouse, while muttering something about how the company would pay for a new one. Fuck, Matt had practically been asking for it with his tits exposed the way they had been. And, oh god, how miraculous did his tits feel! They were firm and round, just a little larger than Lisa’s. She had been kind enough to loan him one of her sexy pink bras and Matt was forever grateful. His breasts had just pillowed over the top of it when he had it on, so it was such a relief when Paul tore it off.

Matt had no idea that breasts could be this sensitive. He moaned loudly with Bryan’s dick in his mouth as Paul played with them. Paul pinched them and squeezed them. It felt so good, but also shockingly sensitive at the same time. It was almost too much, but he wouldn’t ask his business partner to stop. It just felt too good.

Bryan said something about thanking Matt, and how he couldn't believe how Matt kept finding the hotties. That was seconds before he withdrew his cock and slammed a load of thick cum all over Matt's face. Matt didn't realized what happened at first, as he was still getting his breath back from the throat fucking that he took. But a second later he could only see out of one eye, as he was absolutely drenched in semen.

He didn't know how to feel. Should he feel proud that he made Bryan cum that quickly? He had never seen that happen to him before! Or should he be mad that Bryan ruined his make-up? He was going to have to get Lisa to re-do it all over again! But those thoughts briefly passed through his mind as streams of cum continued to land on his face. Matt couldn't focus on those thoughts; the only thing that mattered was the tingling between his legs. With each drop of hot cum that landed on his face the longing where his sissy dick had used to be only grew more powerful.

In a flash, he took off Paul's pants and lay down on the conference table. His wetness was dripping through his panties as Paul threw them off and entered his pulsing wet pussy. He moaned out in pleasure as he lost his virginity as a woman. Each thrust felt amazing; something he had never experienced before. Paul took him deeper and deeper inside and he could feel himself expanding to accommodate his well hung business associate.

He couldn't be a cock-teasing, beautiful woman. No, he was a cum-whore, and he needed to be filled right now! But his play time was over, and Paul started to get rougher. He pounded Matt's tight fresh pussy *hard*, causing Matt to scream out. Surely half the office could've heard that. But Matt didn't care. This was what his body needed. He was being fucked mercilessly by Paul while he still had Bryan's cum all over his pretty feminine face. He could barely see, but he knew he looked hot as hell and all that mattered was getting filled up in his pink little cunt.

Suddenly, Paul flipped Matt over to his back. These men were so much stronger than he was as a feeble, thin girl. Paul was taking him from behind now, and harder than ever. Pleasure spread through Matt's whole body. It was like nothing he had ever felt before. It was so good to feel this desired by these two hunks of men. *Smack!* Paul hit him on the ass hard, and Matt jumped. He had not been expecting that, but it felt strangely good. Yes, he wanted to be used up like that; like a pathetic girly toy.

Next thing he knew, Matt was taking Bryan in his mouth again. The salty taste of cum pushed down his throat as he was being choked again. God, he must be superhot for Bryan to be hard again already. While Paul smacked his ass, Bryan fucked Matt's throat like his life depended on it. Matt had been curious to know whether he could deep throat, and he definitely knew the answer now! As he gasped for breathe he felt his wetness gushing over Paul's cock. Choking on cock only turned him on more! Goddamn, he was such a pathetic little cock whore.

Paul withdrew from his pussy and entered Matt's ass, soliciting a squeal from the tight hot secretary. Paul plunged with his full girth and length, and Matt could feel himself almost pass out from being dominated again. Lisa's stap-on was one thing, but this was a full sized cock! Luckily, Bryan seemed to realize Matt's desire to be filled in his pussy again, even though he couldn't vocalize it. Bryan pushed into the space where Paul had just been, and Matt got his first taste of being doubly penetrated.

It was almost overwhelming at first, but in a good way. There was nothing more satisfying

than being filled to the brim with cocks for a cum-whore was taking them honorably in his tight virgin holes. He tried to grab on to the conference table, but he was just being fucked to mercilessly by the two executive studs.

The pleasure mounted in his clit, and quickly spread through his whole body. One of the men had grabbed Matt's shiny blonde hair and choked him from behind. Convulsions were spreading out through his lower body and soon he was spasming uncontrollably. His first female orgasm was further compounded when one of the men slammed his pretty, cum-covered face aggressively down into the table. He moaned loudly throughout the whole ordeal, or at least he thought he did. Matt's brain shutdown and he was having an intense full body orgasm. The men lifted his head up for a second, letting him breath briefly before slamming it down, and again he came all over Paul's thick cock.

He felt fucking amazing and degraded at the same time. He had learned to love his humiliation as the men held his convulsing body down throughout his long orgasm. With a grunt, they finished in his pussy and ass, giving more cum to the sexy cock whore that was secretly their business partner. Paul and Bryan had executed an excellent fucking, and felt great after using up Matt's new secretary. They couldn't wait to tell him all about it and laugh about how the bimbo slut had cum like crazy when Bryan came on her face. She just seemed insatiable when it came to being fucked like a cock-teasing little whore, which Matt was.

The men left Matt lying on the conference table, sticky and wet, his mind in the clouds. He had been used and abused by his two executives, and he had loved it. Bryan had even cum in his pussy. If his brain had been functioning properly he might've wondered if it was possible for him to get pregnant. Lisa of course, knew the answer was yes. She waltzed in, laughing at her pathetic boss who was a mess on the table. She smeared the cum on his face and took some pictures. What a pathetic feminized little whore.

Tess Turned Her Husband into High Priced Call Girl

George woke up seeing red. Rain splattered him from above as he lay face down in the gutter. Groaning, he turned over and held his head. It didn't feel like a normal hangover. What the fuck had happened to him last night? He looked down at his watch but realized it was gone. Fuck, he didn't even know what day it was. His wife was going to be so mad. He had promised Tess that he'd be home for their anniversary, and he didn't even know where he was.

He gathered himself and stood up slowly. He looked up into the sky and saw familiar buildings, but from a perspective he'd never seen before. Fuck, he couldn't find his wallet or keys, or phone. How the hell was he going to get home? Stumbling, he managed to find a familiar sight: the casino. The escapades of the previous night came rushing back to him in full. Shit, he wasn't supposed to go to the casino. Tess usually didn't let him party with his friends anymore; it usually got out of hand.

But last night wasn't just a party. George sat on the sidewalk as he remembered the events that transpired. Images of strippers, drugs, and blackjack flashed through his mind. He had been having such a good time, so why'd he end up in the alley? His stomach churned and he thought of those vodka shots he'd almost forgotten about. He wanted to puke, but couldn't. Ugh, that was how his night had turned for the worse!

He remembered drunkenly telling his friends how he sometimes tried on his wife's clothes, when she wasn't around. God, that had been a bad idea. Instead of talking about fetishes like adults they had all laughed at him and joked about telling Tess. What could he say, his friends were assholes. But over the course of those shots it had suddenly turned into something more sinister. They kept telling him to bet more and more money, or else they'd tell Tess.

George grimaced as he thought about the fateful bet that had done it all: \$700K on red; His life savings. Actually, that was more than his life savings. How had he convinced the casino boss to let him bet that much? Upon losing he was ordered to pay up, and wired the casino all he had. But he was 400K short, and the pit bosses took exception to that. He felt the massive bruises on his arms, and his swollen black eye.

The reality of the situation finally hit him. He had just gambled away his entire life savings in a single instance, and he could never get it back. Moreover, it wasn't just his savings. Tess had actually contributed most of that money. His heart sank. He had no idea what he was going to do. His relationship was already less than perfect. This was definitely going to test it.

Upon arriving home, George grabbed a pack of ice and collapsed on the couch. He didn't even know what day it was. His boss was going to kill him if he missed work. He heard the garage door open to let Tess' BMW in.

"Where have you been? I've been worr-Oh my god, are you okay?" Tess ran over to George to mend to his wounds. "What happened sweetie?"

"I'm fine, fine," George rolled over. He was so ashamed of himself. He could barely look

his wife in the eye.

A look spread across Tess' face and she crossed her arms. "Were you gambling again," she said, aghast.

George looked up at his wife and then down into the couch pillow. He'd never been a good liar.

"Goddamnit, really? On our anniversary?" Her sympathy turned into disgust. "How much, George? How much did you lose?"

George wanted to sink into the pillow and never come out. He loved his wife but this was it. He was fucked. He was going to have to move to Mexico and live the rest of his life on a shipping boat.

"... All of it," he muttered. He didn't dare look up at his wife. Tess stormed off, presumably to check the balances of her investment account. He sat on the couch, cleaning his wounds. After a couple of minutes he heard her BMW peel out of the driveway. She was pissed, and she should be. But what was done was done, and they could save the money up again, in ten or twenty years. Tess just got a raise and a huge promotion at work. They would be okay,

A knock on the door stopped George from nearly dozing off. He felt like he hadn't slept in weeks. He limped to the door and neglected to look through the peep hole. It was probably those damn salesmen anyways.

"Where's the money?!" A stout Russian looking man spouted off before the door was fully open.

George instinctively tried to close it, but was too slow. Before he knew it the door was wide open and two muscular looking dudes had him cowering in the foyer of his house.

"Four hundred grand." George jumped as one of them smacked the hall table loudly. "Where the fuck is it?"

"I... I don't have it," George muttered.

"Don't play games with me, little man. This house is worth at least four hundred grand." The man ran his hand over a painting in the hall.

"No it's not. Well it is, but we have a mortgage!" George squeaked. The two bald men didn't seem to think of that as an acceptable answer.

"You think that's funny?" One of the men stepped towards George. "Four hundred grand, or else we start getting creative. You know, your paintings, your liver. You have more than you think," he grinned.

"Okay, okay! I can't get it all right away. I'll need a payment plan!"

The two men looked at each other. "Yeah, okay, fine. One hundred grand by Friday, or you're dead. How's that for a payment plan?" they chuckled.

George gulped as the two men left the house. Maybe Tess had some cash left. If he had a good run at the casino he could easily get back up to a hundred grand by Friday. Shit, they probably wouldn't let him play there anymore though. And it didn't seem like Tess was likely to give him any more money anyways. She seemed pissed. Where did she go anyways? Good thing she wasn't there when those gangsters came. Maybe George was going to have to accelerate his trip to Mexico.

He racked his mind for answers but was too tired and beat up. There had to be some way he could go back and undo what he did. He knew he was an idiot, but he still felt sorry for

himself. One stupid night had ruined his marriage and his life. He drifted off into an uncomfortable sleep.

“Hey, wake up you sissy slut!” Tess was standing over him again.

“What?” George opened his eyes momentarily. Everything was spinning again. Ugh, he had fallen asleep on the couch.

“Listen, Tess, I’m so sorry – “ George started to say, but he stopped short. His voice sounded different. It was higher pitched and girly. His eyes widened. What the fuck happened?

“I know you’re sorry, but that’s not enough. No, no. that’s not nearly enough. You have a debt to repay, and not only to those Russian crooks, but to me.” Tess said.

George heard her talking but it barely registered. He looked down at his body and saw totally different clothes. His entire body had transformed, and he was wearing a white satin blouse. His mouth hung open as he touched his breasts for the first time. What the fuck! He was wearing a bra, this was crazy.

He looked down at his arms and saw that the bruises were all gone, and with them, his large muscular frame. Fuck, this wasn’t right! He was a man, a strong provider and tough guy, not some chick with puny arms! In fact, his whole figure had transformed. He felt himself up straight from his long, skinny legs to his wide hips and firm, supple breasts.

“Hey, pay attention!” Tess swatted his hands away from his sensitive tits. “You’re a woman now, and you’re gonna earn your keep. They’ll be plenty of time to play with your new body later.

George finally realized what was happening. “What?! You did this to me?” he nearly screamed at his wife. That new voice was going to take some getting used to.

“Yes, I did. And you’re gonna be a good pathetic whore and do what I’ll tell you, or else I’ll never turn you back.” Tess said confidently.

George’s head spun again. No, it couldn’t be! This wasn’t possible. This was the kind of shit that only happened in movies and in sci-fi. There was no way he could just magically wake up as a girl somehow! He knew Tess had resented him for some time, but this was downright evil. He felt between his legs, but his hand grasped at nothing. Oh god, no! He had jean shorts on his new body and there was no bulge, no balls, no nothing! There was just a sleek emptiness where his manhood used to be. Anger built up inside of him. He wouldn’t let her control him like this. It wasn’t right!

“Turn me back, right now!” George stood up and lunged towards Tess.

Tess grabbed her husband by the arms and confidently placed him back on the couch. George was aghast. His big, manly muscles were all gone. Estrogen pumped through his pathetic girly arms. For so long he had been the stronger one in the relationship, the true man of the house. But now Tess was simply stronger than him.

“No. Bad girl. You don’t get to turn back. You’re going to stay like this and learn to love it. You have a big debt to repay to the mob, and I’m putting you to work. It’s about time you earned some money for this family instead of ruining it. Now come with me for your training,” Tess walked towards the bedroom.

George couldn’t believe it! He didn’t want to be a woman; he wasn’t a woman! And now he was supposed to take orders from Tess? And what the hell did she mean about being an escort? He wanted to punch his wife, and throw things at her. But she was so much stronger

than him. There was nothing he could do. A sense of helplessness washed over George as tears slipped from his eyes. He had never cried as a man, but he was just so emotional now. He couldn't control it. His transformation hadn't only made him girly on the outside; he had female hormones making him all weepy and feminine.

Tess called him from the other room and George quickly ran to her attention. He wiped his eyes and tried to smile for her. He didn't want to be a woman, but maybe he could please his wife. If he was nice to her then maybe she would see the reason to turning him back. He could sort this out as a man if she gave him the chance.

She pulled George in front of the mirror and his heart dropped. He was the most stunning woman that he'd ever seen. He had long, flowing blond hair that went down to his perky breasts. He had sparkling, deep blue eyes. He batted his long, thick eyelashes, in shock at what he was seeing. It seemed like his entire facial structure had changed. His cheekbones were higher; his lips fuller and red. He didn't know what kind of magic or craziness Tess had pulled to change him into this, but he couldn't find the words to ask her. This was insanity.

Tess was good looking and had kept her good looks into her late thirties. But she was nothing like George. George looked pristine in comparison. He didn't have a single wrinkle. Tess fussed with his hair but George was still staring at himself. She expected him to be a call girl? Goddamn, he should be a movie star. He was way too hot to be some random whore.

His wife did his nails with a clear polish, and then put some classy fake nails on him. She also painted his toenails, which was an odd sensation. George had tried on women's panties before but getting dolled up was totally different. He felt so relaxed and... content? Like all of his money worries had suddenly gone out the window.

Tess went to the closet and returned with a stunning black dress. Clearly she had been planning this for some time. With an open neck, the bardot dress showed plenty of cleavage. It didn't look too classy until George tried it on. An adorable high waisted bow wrapped around his midsection as a belt. The way it clung to his hips showed off his feminine figure perfectly. He felt the fabric and knew it was expensive. Goddamn, he looked like a woman of exceptional taste.

George blushed as Tess did his make-up. A little bit of mascara and eyeliner, he didn't need much. He had become so girly in such a short period of time. He couldn't believe that Tess was doing his make-up, and he was letting her! But part of him didn't mind. He looked so pretty with it on, anyways. He looked like a glamor model.

George had a brief moment of clarity as Tess went to the closet again. "But why? Why are you doing this?" He asked innocently.

"I told you already sweetie," Tess said from the other room. "You have a date tonight. And you're gonna make back every cent and more of that money you gambled. I'm going to see it."

A date? George wondered who it was with. This didn't seem right. He wanted to tell Tess that he could easily solve this problem in a man's body. But when she entered the room again carrying a pair of hot red heels, all of George's doubts vanished.

"Oh my god!" George gushed, before catching himself. "I mean, are those mine? I can wear them?" he asked excitedly.

"Yes, of course honey. They're just for you," Tess beamed at her sissified husband. He was coming along so well. Tess slipped his feminine feet into the sexy four inch heels. George stood up. He was almost as tall as he'd been as a man with these heels on! Well, almost.

But he took a quick step and stumbled. He would've fallen down if Tess didn't grab his arm. "I'm here for you honey," she said. The gorgeous blonde fixed his dress and got ready to try again. He took a smaller step this time, just a couple of inches. "Good!" his wife cooed. George kept going. This wasn't so bad after all! Truth be told, he had secretly wanted to try wearing heels for some time, but his feet were always bigger than Tess'. But now he had heels of his own! And they were so stunning.

He twirled, admiring the way his long legs and firm ass looked in these heels. Tess smiled at her husband, she couldn't have been happier with his transformation. Of course, that had been the easy part....

The time had flown by, and before George knew it, it was already time for his date. Tess took him to the BMW and got in the driver's seat. George had always driven when he had his old body, but now it was different. Instead, he was in the passenger seat with a black clutch and some make-up. Tess had given him a purse, but she said he wasn't going to need it. It was just for appearance.

The car stopped at a fancy hotel in the downtown core, and George got the butterflies in his stomach. He didn't know how to act womanly! Whoever he was meeting here was surely going to see that he was a fraud. Tess, sensing his anxiousness, calmed him down and handed him a tube of sexy red lipstick. For some reason, George felt better holding it in his hand, like it was the right thing to have in his hand. He scrunched up his lips like he'd seen Tess do so many times, and applied a thick layer before smacking his lips. He could do this. He was gorgeous. Men would bend over backwards to do his bidding.

The duo got into the hotel elevator when George started getting nervous again. "Are we going to a hotel room? I thought I was going on a date?" he batted his eyelashes at his wife.

"A date? Honey, please. You're going to be on your knees sucking and fucking cock from all angles. If you want to call that a date then sure, do it," Tess laughed before adding, "And you better be good for the price they're paying."

George gulped as he imagined a big cock pushing its way into his mouth over his luscious lipstick. Then there was suddenly another feeling; a rush of wetness between his legs. Oh god, he was getting turned on. For so long he had wanted to experience sex as a woman, and he might finally be getting that chance. Thinking about big cocks in his girly mouth was just making him buzz with anticipation.

Tess opened the door and George saw two large, intimidating men. Whatever doubts they had about paying a high price for an escort vanished when they saw George's innocent look and classy style. Tess took the payment and ushered her husband in before closing the door. George watched her leave. His own wife had betrayed him! He had loved her so much and this was his repayment.

The men introduced themselves as Taz and Horatio. They kissed his hand respectfully and said it was nice to meet him. For a second, George thought that maybe it wasn't going to be a dirty cock crazed gangbang. Didn't some men get escorts just to talk to them? Taz moved around behind George and tenderly kissed his neck before taking off his pearl necklace. George's panties were soaked. That was when he knew he needed to be filled up, and soon. He hoped these two cocks were going to be enough for him.

George relaxed as Taz massaged his upper back. The large hands of a man felt so right on

his tender feminine body. His hands were so strong and big, he could cover the width of George's entire shoulders. George's pussy squirmed in the lingerie he was wearing under his dress. He wondered what those magic hands could do to the spot between his knees that was humming insatiably.

He opened his eyes with surprise when Horatio kissed him squarely on the mouth, before quickly closing them again. The rough stubble on the big man's chin brushed against his smooth skin. It felt so different than anything he'd ever experienced before. Horatio kissed his full red lips slowly and passionately. George felt amazing. It seemed like these two studs were really going to treat him well, like the classy, sophisticated socialite that he was. Women like him demanded respect and he was going to get it.

Or at least it seemed that way until Taz stopped massaging his neck and pulled up George's dress from behind. George felt a smack as the older man's hand came down hard on his tight ass. He yelped in his new, feminine voice, caught off guard. He hadn't been expecting that. He was thinking about turning around, and telling Taz to play nice like his friend Horatio. But at that time Horatio grabbed his neck from the front, and pulled him in closer.

George felt a wetness gush through his loins as Horatio's big strong hand wrapped around his small neck. For some reason it felt so right to be wanted and taken by these hunks that George didn't even know. Being desired by them just turned him on even more. He gasped for air as Taz smacked him hard again on his ass. It felt so good. As a man, he'd never been choked or smacked around before. It was an entirely new feeling; a scary one to experience with two strangers but that just made it even hotter.

Both of his ass cheeks were red with pain as Horatio finally released him and went in for another kiss. George couldn't believe that the man who'd just held his neck like that was suddenly back to kissing him passionately again. Horatio tongued George's beautiful feminine mouth, he couldn't get enough. George bit the man's lip playfully, to show that he wasn't afraid of giving some tough love back. While he did that Taz smacked his ass again, even harder, causing George to jump. These studs were not there to play. They wanted their exquisitely sexy call girl, and they wanted her their way.

With that last smack Taz pushed George on to his knees, still facing Horatio. George gulped. He may be ridiculously beautiful, like a model, but he had never sucked a cock before. Did these guys even realize that he was a virgin? He hoped they would break him in gentle; his fresh pink pussy had never even seen a finger before.

Nervously, he took Horatio's thick meaty cock in his feminine hands. He stroked it fully, and slowly licked the underside of the shaft. With a sense of duty, he took the big man's head in his mouth, surrounding his full red lips around it. Patiently, he bobbed up and down slowly on the head. He wasn't sure if he could take the rest of it in his small girly mouth. Horatio shuddered with pleasure above him. He continued to slowly stroke the big man's shaft with his hand and move with his mouth on the head of the cock. He must've been doing something right as the hung man groaned in appreciation.

"No more teasing," Horatio grabbed the back of his hair. He had to admit that he probably looked really good at the moment. He would've killed to get a blonde this hot to suck his dick when he'd been a man. The big man guided George down onto his meaty member, and George obliged. He couldn't believe that he had such an amazing thick dick down his throat! It felt so good, and his pussy was trembling. He couldn't wait to have it inside of him. He had taken

most of the cock down. He couldn't believe it! He had deepthroated on his first try! He pursed his red lips down near the base of the cock and was ready to take it out of his mouth for a breath. But Taz pushed him from behind, and George took the rest of Horatio's giant cock down his throat. He gagged, but Taz kept him there. He could hear Horatio moaning in pleasure above him. At first he tried to pull away from the cock in panic, but then he realized that gagging on Horatio's massive dick was actually making him even more wet. Something about being abused, in his mouth, or his ass, just turned him on so much. There was nothing better than knowing that this big stud needed him all the way down on his fat dick.

When he finally withdrew, George gasped for breath. Immediately he felt Taz's cock on his shoulder from behind. It was easily as long as Horatio's, although maybe not as veiny and thick. He took it his free hand, pulling it firmly. He thought about Tess and how just yesterday he had been a man, a masculine guy who was the decision maker in his family. Now he was just some cumslut, on his knees and taking two cocks at once. He wasn't a woman! He didn't love cocks! And yet here he was, gargling down on them and stuffing his face. Where did Tess go? This was so wrong! There had to be a way out of it. He could just explain to Taz that this was all just a big misunderstanding, and that that his wife would refund the money. Surely if he told them that he was actually a man they would no longer want to have sex with him.

He realized that he couldn't say anything with Taz's cock in his mouth, so he took it out for a second. Suddenly, he found himself being picked up by the strong Horatio, and thrown onto the hotel room bed. In a flash, his expensive, glamorous dress had been ripped off of him and he was down to his lacey pink panties. Horatio smacked his ass and came up behind him. George had already assumed the position on all fours. His pussy was dripping wet. He felt Horatio's cock rubbing him, teasing his clit and his body nearly shook in pleasure. Oh god, that felt so good. The first time his clit had ever felt something. In that moment he knew that he didn't want Tess to come back, and he didn't want to be a man. He was a true sissy little whore, and that's what he was meant to be. He needed this cock inside of him.

Taz came around the other side of the beautiful, exquisite blonde, and shoved his cock in George's girly mouth. George could barely focus on sucking cock as his clit was just ringing with sensations that he never knew were possible. Horatio was holding his cock and rubbing it up and down on George's clit, flicking it. Pleasure spread through George's body. It was an amazing feeling to have a cock in his mouth and the concentrated full bore pressure on his clit. But it wasn't enough. George's insides ached to be filled up, and he needed the big, veiny, meaty cock inside of his tight virgin pussy.

"Fuck me," George moaned semi-coherently with a cock in his mouth. He didn't have to ask twice. Horatio obliged him and pushed his thick dick into George's tight, fresh opening. George hummed as he felt himself expanding to accommodate Horatio's impressive girth. The cock plunged deeply into his fresh, virgin pussy. George squealed in delight and surprise as it went even deeper than he'd anticipated.

Horatio withdrew and entered him slowly again. It was every bit as pleasurable as the first thrust. Again, he felt himself expanding. He wondered how he had lived his life so far without a pussy to fill up with big dicks. He was more satisfied and content now than he'd ever been in his whole life. Horatio filled him completely, and made him whole again. Taz was holding his luscious blonde hair and thrusting diligently into George's sexy mouth. He could hear Taz groan happily as the powerful older man fucked his throat. He was being used like a sexy toy, and

George loved it. There was nothing better than for his holes to be filled up repeatedly by these two giant studs.

Taz grabbed George's firm supple breasts and George moaned in response. His tits were so sensitive and full. He'd never felt anything like it. Taz pinched George's nipples and shoved his cock down George's throat. He felt his pussy gush over Horatio's cock in response. It was almost too much for George to handle; it just felt so fucking good to be overloaded. Horatio started fucking him harder, and George squealed in delight. The big man was fucking him good now, and smacking his ass hard from behind.

Taz took his cock out of George's mouth and George finally took a breath. This was way hotter than any sex he'd had as a man and he hadn't even come yet. These studs were just dominating him and putting him in his place. He was a sissy little cum whore, and he was where he belonged.

He felt Horatio withdraw from his pussy and Taz take his place. He didn't care whose cock was in there, as long as he had one. Taz gave him a firm smack on his round ass for good measure, and George moaned. His clit tingled in pleasure. God, that felt good.

George's eyes widened as he felt pressure on his tight little virgin butthole. Horatio's finger slipped inside of it. George had never stuck anything in his ass; that wasn't something that real men did. But now he was a woman, and these studs wanted to take him in the ass. George relaxed his sphincter and realized how good Horatio's finger felt. He hadn't been sure about vaginal intercourse, and that had turned out amazing. Maybe anal would be the same way.

The head of Horatio's throbbing monster cock entered George's tight asshole and the super sexy blonde woman screamed at the top of her lungs. Horatio was so big; it felt like he was getting an exorcism. But the big man went slowly, and George came to appreciate the huge cock in his ass. He gripped onto the bedsheets and held tight. The hung stud penetrated his asshole, opening it up for the first time. George's mouth hung open and his loins gushed with wetness as Horatio's dick went deeper.

George threw his hair back and started to move with the men's motion as the two giant cocks filled him with pleasure. It felt so good to be wanted and filled up by these studs. Taz, still fucking his pussy ruthlessly, grabbed George's hair from behind and pushed his face into the bed. George could barely breathe as he was ravished hard from behind. Horatio smacked his ass loudly as Taz held his head down, barely letting him breathe.

Pleasure spread through George's entire body as Horatio reached down and flicked his clit. He was a sissy little whore, and being dominated by these two manly men was the best thing that'd ever happened to him. Suddenly, he felt his legs quiver and he moaned loudly into the bedsheets. His core muscles contracted and pleasure spread out from his loins. His lower body convulsed rapidly as he came hard on the men's dicks. His whole body shook as he experienced his first full body orgasm. It was more powerful than anything he'd ever experienced as a man. It shook him deep through his core and was still lasting.

George had been cumming so hard that he'd barely noticed that Horatio had sputtered thick white cum in his asshole. The big man had groaned and filled up his tight virgin asshole with his thick man juice. There was so much that George felt it exploding out of his ass and onto his ass cheeks. There was something that felt so good about knowing that he had satisfied that hunk of a man.

Taz kept pumping away at his pussy as George moaned and continued to cum. Suddenly,

George saw Tess in front of him with a devious smile on her face.

“I can come in her mouth, right?” Taz asked?

“Oh hun, for that price? I told you, you can do anything,” Tess laughed.

George looked up into the eyes of the woman he'd love. He'd come so far in such a short time. He could barely believe that he was here, taking hard dicks in all of his holes. How could Tess have been so cruel, yet so understanding to turn him into a sexy woman? How had she known that it was his calling in life to get ravaged by studs in his slender, feminine body? He didn't care about any money he owed any more. She was laughing in his face, but George still loved her. He hoped she would be able to get him more dicks to fuck once these were used up. Well, once his asshole recovered from the pounding it took.

George winced as his beautiful face was covered in hot, thick man-cream. He hadn't notice Taz stand above him and unload his plentiful stream of semen onto his amazing girly face. He licked some off his chin; his first time ever tasting cum. Mmm... It was salty, like he expected, but good? He smiled as he batted his eyelashes and looked at his wife again. She was so happy to see him like this, eagerly accepting another man's seed. His two studs pulled up their pants, satisfied, leaving the smoking hot blonde on all fours on the bed, leaking cum out of every whole. George was left drooling, a cum crazed whore.

“Alright don't get too comfy there, Tess said. You've got another appointment in an hour.” Do you think that's enough time to have a shower? Wow those studs really gave it to you...you lucky little slut. Ok we at least have to get it off your face,” Tess said as she wiped her husband's face down with a towel.

She took him into the washroom and started to re-do his make-up. George would be looking magnificent and classy again in no time. She fussed with his gorgeous hair, trying to get the cum out. “Hopefully the next customers don't mind. I mean they're paying top dollar but you are a whore after all. They should expect *some* cum in your hair,” Tess said.

“More customers? Today?” George said, his mind still in the clouds from the earth shattering orgasms he'd received.

“Oh yes, Sweetie. But don't worry we won't have to go anywhere too far. They're just in another hotel down the street. Let's get your heels on again on we'll be off. We don't want to be late!,” Tess bent down to help her husband with his high heels.

“Oh... Okay,” George giggled. More cocks, great. He could handle that. Cocks loved him. And he loved cocks. Mmmm.,, He couldn't wait. “Did we make money?” he asked innocently.

“Yes, dear, we did. About twenty grand... Well we still have a long way to go, so you'd better get used to it,” Tess fixed his dress. “And maybe once you've paid me back, you'll love it so much that you'll want to keep going! It's about time you actually earned some money for once in your life anyways,” Tess laughed.

Tess left the room, her purse stuffed with cash. George followed behind, his purse full of make-up and tampons. The only thing on his mind was wondering how big these next cocks were going to be. Would they do anal? How could they not when they saw how tight his asshole was...

Gender Swap: All Over His New Face (Book 1)

The ball twirled around in the red party cup, slowly descending through the beer foam like a basketball around a hoop. A saucy young brunette leaned over, pursed her lips, and tried to blow it out. Sam loved it when she did that, he could see down the cheerleader's entire front. Her cleavage was incredible and she knew exactly what she was doing. Everyone knew it was just for show but the crowd loved it.

"Blow harder! Don't let it fall in!" they screamed over the house music. With a plop that nobody heard, the ball finally sunk into the cup. "Ooooh and Ahhhs" arose from the crowd. Sam had won the beer pong game and he grinned at his drunken opponent.

"Guess you're just shit at beer pong, hey?" he said, teasing her. The girl walked over to him confidently, her heat shaped ass swaying with each step. "Yeah, that's too bad. We did say it was strip beer pong, right?" She raised her eyebrows seductively. She was wearing a fair bit of make-up, but no more than the average cheerleader at Sam's party tonight.

Sam eyed the gorgeous brunette, his girlfriend's best friend. "Uhh yeah, I suppose we did."

"Well then, what do you want me to take off?"

His gaze drifted down to her toned core section. She had a sexy belly button ring dangling down her flat stomach. What he really wanted to do was get inside her taught pants and rip off her thong with his teeth. He wanted to bite into her luscious neck and pull her hair like he was starting a lawnmower. He leaned in and let his teeth rest on her earlobe for a second. The familiar scent of a horny cheerleader washed over him. *(What do you say we find somewhere more private and you take it all off?)*

Sam swore he could feel her getting wet right in the middle of the party. She stepped back and bit her lip, egging him on. He couldn't wait to rip apart her tight pussy and cum all over her slim body. The girl turned and grabbed his hand, leading him out of the party. He grabbed what he had left of his liquor and finished it on the spot. He liked his girlfriend, Andrea, well enough. But pussy this prime didn't come around all the time.

Well it did actually, for Sam. Every weekend he had one of Andrea's cheerleading friends wanting to fuck him. At first he resisted, but he was only so strong willed. And when Andrea didn't dump him the first time it happened, that only further encouraged him. This particular escapade was going to be quite the conquest.

The two fell drunkenly on to a couch and stuffed their tongues down each other's throats. Sam's big dick was already rock hard in his pants. The slutty party girl ground on top of it like she was a professional stripper. Sam sat mesmerized by the girl's hour glass figure as she bumped up and down in his lap. He bit into her generously sized tits. He had wanted them all evening. That was the last thing Sam remembered doing as a man.

Music interrupted Sam's deep sleep. Fuck, who the hell was playing music on a Saturday morning? Wait, was he sure that it was a Saturday? His head rang with seven hells. Somehow he had made it back to his own bed. What the fuck had happened last night? It had been a crazy party, that he knew.

Disoriented, he reached over to the table by his bed and grabbed his phone. Surely one of his buddies would be able to tell him about all the awesome things they'd done the night prior.

Maybe they'd gotten arrested again or something equally as hilarious.

Sam tried to unlock the screen on his smart phone, but he couldn't. His nails were too long. Wait, what the *fuck*? He held out his hands in front of him. They were so much smaller now than they used to be. They were woman's hands and his fingers were well manicured with a pretty coat of clear nail polish.

He panicked. This was crazy! He looked down at the rest of his body. His heaving, hairy chest was gone, replaced with firm round tits. His body was slim and he was laying half way down his bed. He must've gotten shorter. His hips were wide and his broad shoulders were gone.

Sam closed his eyes. It was all just a bad dream. There was no way that he actually turned into a young woman overnight. That was some science fiction type of shit, and he hated science fiction. He took a deep breath and muttered (*Oh my god*) under his breath. But it wasn't his voice that came out. It was a much higher pitch, angelic almost. This wasn't him!

Tears welled up in his eyes and he hid under his bed cover. He hadn't cried for years but this was rattling him. It was just so unexpected. What would his girlfriend think? What would his friends think, or his parents for christ'ssakes. He couldn't just disappear and change into a woman. This was truly horrible. Maybe it was just some sort of prank. He looked at his phone, but it wasn't April Fool's Day. Fuck.

His smooth moisturized hands made their way down his flat stomach and to his groin. He took a deep breath in. FUCK. His reliable six and a half inch cock was gone, replaced by a sleek nothingness. He grazed his fingers over his new pussy. The new sensations startled him. But he didn't want to have a pussy. He wanted to be the one fucking girls, not being penetrated and made to expand. This was oh so wrong and depraved.

Somehow he summoned the courage to stand up. His supple, full breasts flopped down in front of him. No matter where he looked, they were in his perception, reminding him that he was a woman. They were firm and high up on his stomach. The type he would've liked to titty fuck as a man. He grabbed them and squeezed his sensitive new body parts. Well, at least that was fun.

Looking in the mirror, he almost had a heart attack. He wasn't turned into just another woman; he was the most stunning, beautiful woman he had ever seen. My god, his face was so defined it looked like it was sculpted. His lips were red and full. He had high cheekbones and his eyebrows were perfection. He was literally an archetype: a flawless, woman with big blue eyes and shiny blonde hair. He had slept with a fair number of hot women, but none as drop dead gorgeous as this.

The pearl necklace on his smooth, rich skin caught his eye. It looked expensive and it was the only thing on his otherwise naked body. It wasn't just that he was sexy; he looked sophisticated, classy even. This was the type of high class girl that dated CEO's and professional athletes. Maybe being a woman wouldn't be so bad after all.

Sam found a pair of jean shorts and a form fitting white blouse in his closet. He had no choice but to wear women's clothes now, not with his hourglass figure and long legs. He would've looked ridiculous wearing his usual hoodies and sweats. At least whatever hells had changed him into a woman had the decency to leave him some clothes as well.

He put on some women's sandals that he found in the closet and opened up his bedroom

door. Not wanting to wake up his roommates, he inched slowly towards the front door of his apartment. Surely none of them would be awake early on a Saturday morning.

“Whoa, hi. Who are you?”

The peach fuzz on Sam’s arms rose. Fuck. He hadn’t wanted to wake up any of his football playing roommates. His new body was going to raise a lot of attention. Looking over at the couch he saw Tyler, one of his bros, with a drink still in his hand and his jaw on the floor. It looked like the first time Tyler had ever seen a woman.

“Yeah, I was just leaving,” Sam said, his new voice surprising him again. It was so clear and proper. It would definitely take some getting used to.

Sam tip toed past some broken beer bottles towards the door. He could feel Tyler undressing him with his eyes with every step he made. He wished his jean shorts were longer, Tyler probably saw most of his ass! When the door closed behind him he heard an instead *BOOYAA* from inside the apartment and Tyler running back to Sam’s room.

“Sam holy shit, you banged that girl!? You son of a bitch! ... Sam?”

Arriving at the mall, Sam was ready to shop. He realized that there were no pockets in these shorts, and he didn’t have anywhere to put his credit cards and other stuff like... make-up, if he ever bought any of that. He walked confidently over to Louis Vuitton. Never one to enjoy shopping, he was always uncomfortable in malls. But now, with his new body, he felt like deserved a lot more respect. People would just assume he knew what he was looking for because he looked like someone who shopped a lot. His long blonde hair flowed behind him as he inspected a few handbags. He didn’t know how to tie it up or anything so he just let his straight hair do its own thing and hoped it would stay out of his way. He decided on an appropriate handbag, a black one with a gold logo, and purchased it. His new body demanded class, and he had to look the part.

He headed over to the shoe store feeling saucy. Men stopped and stared at him in the hall, gawking at the mere sight of him. It was truly an incredible feeling to be wanted by virtually all of an entire gender. Smiling at the assistant, he told her he needed help finding some shoes for a party. The first pair he tried on was a pair of pumps, red with a gold pattern on them. He nearly fell on his face when he took his first step in them. That would’ve been a shame, his new face was gorgeous and he couldn’t risk any injury to it. He finally got the feel of walking in them, but didn’t feel totally comfortable.

The next pair were stilettos, and he looked excellent in them. They accentuated his ass marvelously and showed off his long, lean legs. He looked so damn hot in the shoes that he could feel his wetness start to tingle between his legs. It was such a weird, foreign sensation but it felt so good. Fuck, he realized he wasn’t wearing any panties! He had to get some of those. He must’ve taken some time to look at his plump round ass in the mirror, because the sales assistant was looking at him funny. She was really cute herself, he thought. He’d love to see her in these shoes. Slowly, he realized that he was still attracted to women. Even though his body changed, his mind still craved tight hard bodies and firm tits. He looked down and saw a wet patch in his shorts. Quickly, he took the black stilettos off and purchased them. He didn’t want to make a scene his first time shopping as a woman.

His first instinct was to leave the mall and gather his emotions. This was all so sudden and he needed more time to reconcile it in his brain. But on his way out a dress store caught his eye. He just had to see how good his sexy new body looked in an expensive evening gown.

Inside, he saw a little black dress. It was expensive, made of satin and sleeveless with a bare neck. There'd still be plenty of room to show off his excellent cleavage. He picked what looked like the right size and headed to the change room. His pussy was already dripping with anticipation. When he first put it on, he was stunned at how marvelous he looked. Simply elegant, he looked like a woman out of a fashion magazine. Never in his wildest dreams had he dreamt of seducing a top class supermodel like the one that stood before him in the mirror.

An itch burned deep inside of him, something he had never felt before. With his perfectly manicured, womanly hand, he hiked up his dress and stuck a finger down the front of his pussy. Electricity jolted through his legs. He took his finger out and put it in between his luscious lips. Fuck, he tasted so good. His pussy was so fucking prime – pink and fresh, he'd never tasted any pussy this good before.

He posed a bit, watching himself. Wow, he looked spectacular from every angle. He looked underneath the dressing room door and could see people walking around. God, he was so turned on. He was so hot that he wouldn't have been surprised if half the customers in the store were trying to get a sneak peek at him.

He hadn't meant to get carried away, but the girl in the mirror just looked so fucking good. He rubbed his hand over his wetness. Fuck, his clit was so sensitive. He flicked it and his legs lifted up on their own accord. He knew girls loved their clits, but he hadn't expected it to be this powerful. Sitting, he watched the beautiful woman in the mirror rub away at her clit. Pleasure rolled through his legs and into his lower back. He felt amazing. How long had it been, 15 minutes? He didn't care, he just kept flicking away at his clit.

All of his efforts were in vain though, as he simply could not cum. He sat panting in the dressing room dripping wet, but he didn't know how to have an orgasm. Frustrated, he let out an audible, "AAH!" Oh shit, everyone must have heard that, he thought. Practice would make perfect, but he didn't have time to learn how to be a woman now.

Embarrassed, he got a hold of himself and returned to the shop floor to purchase the dress. A pair of dangling diamond earrings caught his eye, so he bought those too. Hell, why not? It would be weird for a woman as good looking as him not to have nice clothes and accessories like these. The clerk had given him a bit of a knowing look, but he didn't mind. He could do anything with this new body and people would just bow before his beauty.

As soon as he got on the crowded bus to leave the mall, he knew it was a mistake. He winced as a man grabbed his ass when he tried to make his way to the back of the bus. At first he thought it might've been a mistake, but he was so wrong. Three other college guys had taken a piece of him by the time he got to the very back of the bus. Sam sat, shocked and disgusted. Now he knew what it felt like to be a woman. One of them rubbed down his silky smooth legs with his greasy hands. Sam shuddered, it was so gross. He tried to take a deep breathe but he couldn't, he had been violated and there was nothing he could do about it.

Standing at the back of the bus, Sam tried to keep his distance from all of the college bros. But it seemed like whenever he took a step back, they all gravitated towards him. They made absolutely no effort to give him any personal space whatsoever. He could've sworn one guy behind him was just trying to smell him and take in deep breaths of his womanly fragrance. Oh god, this was no way to live. He shouldn't have worn the dress and heels on the bus. What was he thinking! He looked way to high class for public transportation.

Suddenly, he felt an icy cold hand on his buttocks. But this one didn't move after a couple seconds like the others. Instead, it pinched his round, firm ass and then lingered there. That was the last straw. He turned, with fire in his baby blue eyes, and smacked the guy's hand away.

"Do you *mind*?" He said, in a tone of voice he didn't know he had.

The guy acted like nothing had happened and got off at the next bus stop. A man offered Sam his seat, and Sam accepted it. There was nothing else could do.

But he could still feel the stares on his chest and he could hear the commentary by some who had clearly enjoyed the show. (*She's even hotter when she's mad*), he heard one of them say. Fuck. It was only a couple of more stops until his. He tried to just ignore everyone and keep to himself but it wasn't mean to be.

"Hey, she's not wearing any panties!" exclaimed an excited young man.

Oh FUCK! He had forgotten to buy panties. And he'd forgotten to close his legs when he was sitting down. Almost every head near the back of the bus turned his way and he quickly crossed his lovely long legs. Sam's face was burning up with embarrassment; he'd never blushed this hard when he was a man. He was so stupid! How had he forgotten to buy panties?

When the bus stopped, Sam walked as quickly as he could in his new stilettos to get away from that hell hole. He averted his eyes to the ground but he knew everyone, even the bus driver, was looking at him as he left. That had truly been the worst experience of his life. Being constantly harassed was no way to live. With all the perks that came with being a gorgeous woman, it still wasn't worth it. Back in his old body, he never would've had to fear for his well-being on the streets. He wasn't prepared to live the rest of his life like this!

He entered his apartment, determined to find a way to turn back into his old self. Luckily none of his roommates were in the common area and he slipped unnoticed into his room. He wanted to be the one to mock and have sex with woman, not be harassed all the time. There was no way that he could lose all of the respect and privilege that came with being an alpha male jock. It was just horrible.

It must've been his girlfriend who did this to him, there was no other explanation. She was the only one on this planet who hated him, everyone else loved him! And it was odd that he hadn't received a text from her all day. Normally, she'd be bombarding his phone with demands to know who he was with the prior night and where he had slept. If anyone knew a way to turn him back into the dominant man that he used to be, it would be her.

He pulled out his phone to call her and demand an explanation, but something on his desk caught his attention out of the corner of his eye. It was a note, all pink and frilly. It was his girlfriend's handwriting and it read:

"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 sleep with 25 men before next Sunday. That's right babe, pucker up. I hope you enjoy being slammed into by all the 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! He

couldn't take a dick, it was just disgusting! Fuck Andrea, she was so evil. That twisted little cunt, how could she do something like this? There was no way this was happening! Rage filled Sam's tiny hands. He punched his pillow hard in anger. (*She's even hotter when she's mad*) the boys on the bus had said. Well, fuck them, and fuck Andrea, thought Sam.

He didn't deserve this; he wasn't that bad of a boyfriend. A lot of his friends on the football team cheated on their girlfriends too, it wasn't a big deal. But being a woman was, and he couldn't handle it. What would his parents and his grandparents say? He couldn't even imagine the remarks at Christmas. He was so hot that even his own father and brothers would try to fuck him. No, this wasn't acceptable. He needed to turn back into a man. A strong, athletic man like he'd always been! But how?

He touched up his face a bit by putting on some make-up. He'd always wanted to know what it was like to put on mascara anyways. Sam didn't want too much make up so the only other thing he put on was a sexy red lipstick. It hadn't been as hard as he expected it to be. He smacked his lips together, making a popping sound. Mmm, hot. Sam put on his diamond earrings and slung his new handbag around his shoulder. He looked remarkable, incredible even. His blonde straight hair was so shiny that it could've reflected light from a laser pointer on a plane.

Andrea wasn't returning his calls, so he figured the only way to sort this nonsense out was to go see her in person. And he knew exactly where she would be: at the football player's party. Being a cheerleader, she never missed a football party. It would be the perfect chance to corner her and get some answers.

The party was outside in a backyard, and when he walked through the gates nearly every head turned to witness the stunning new blonde at the party. His fancy black dress and high heels were perhaps a bit on the dressier side, but it was all he had. He still didn't have any panties, but he would at least remember to cross his legs when sitting down now. All of the girls turned towards each other and started gossiping about how fancily the new girl was dressed. But Sam didn't care. All he needed to do was find Andrea.

Sam was immediately approach by a throng of football players, but ignored their drink offerings and kept walking. He didn't see Andrea, maybe she was back towards the edge of the property, by the woods? He walked back there but still couldn't see her. Damn! Where the hell was that bitch?

Turning around, he was greeted by a familiar voice. It was Joe, one of his teammates on the football team and roommate.

"Hey, I don't recognize you. Are you new on the cheerleading team?"

Sam blushed. His roommate was hitting on him.

"Uhh, No. I've been on the team for a while," Sam replied. Fuck, why had he said that? Obviously none of the other cheerleaders would vouch for that story. He was so stupid.

"Really? I don't think so. I definitely would've recognized someone *like you*," Joe said as his eyes went over every inch of Sam's gorgeous body. "I'm the quarterback, Joe," he said smiling, as if being the quarterback made him instantly likeable. Well he was the most popular guy on campus, but still, what a douche.

"Ok," said Sam. "It's nice to meet you, but I have to get back to the party now."

Sam stepped past Joe, but his arm caught the blonde on her waist. Sam inhaled sharply,

surprised. Joe was an alpha male, just like he'd been, and was used to getting what he wanted. Sam glanced upwards at Joe's broad shoulders and perfect teeth. Maybe having sex with a guy wouldn't be as bad as he thought it would be? After all, he just had to get them to cum on his face, he didn't need them to fuck his precious pink pussy. If this was what he needed to do to get his old body back, then so be it.

The gorgeous model-like blonde stood on her tiptoes in her stilettos, and Sam kissed his first man squarely on the mouth. His heart fluttered like a school girl. Just yesterday he'd been a guy, and now he was an amazing young sex bomb making out with the quarterback! This was crazy! Joe's scruff scratched his clear porcelain skin. It bothered him at first, but not too much. He kept his tongue intertwined with Joe's and could feel the man's big cock pressing against his dress.

Sam didn't see any need to postpone the inevitable, so he grabbed Joe's junk through his pants. The quarterback was taken aback with pleasure and surprise. Fuck, Sam really was being a slut, just like Andrea had said. Joe slipped one of Sam's breasts out of his dress, and bit into it. Sam winced with pleasure and shock. He hadn't expected to be so sensitive there. His tits sent energy back throughout his entire body. Now he knew what it was like to be truly horny as a woman.

Wetness started to drip down his inner thighs. His pussy felt like it was on fire. Determined, he grabbed Joe's big, calloused hand and thrust it between his legs. (*Oooh Fuck*) It was such a relief. He never realized before how badly he'd needed a man's hands on his clit. He held onto Joe's wrist like it was his life preserver in the middle of an ocean. Being an experienced stud, Joe quickly found Sam's clit and gave it a long run over with his middle finger. Sam moaned loudly throughout the summer night. He didn't care if the entire party heard what the quarterback was doing to him right now, he needed the release. Never in his 20+ years as a man had he experienced anything as powerful as this. Pleasure rolled from this groin and through his entire body.

But Sam was on a mission, he needed Joe's thick cum on his face. Reluctantly, he pushed Joe's hand away from his throbbing pussy and whispered seductively in Joe's ear. (*No, let me do you.*) Sam dropped to his knees and undid Joe's belt buckle. He knew the quarterback had a big cock, but seeing it in person was another story.

He took the veiny member in his hands, stroking it. His perfect nails were the excellent juxtaposition to the thick manly cock he was holding. Nervously, he liked the head of Joe's cock and looked up at him. Joe moaned and threw his head back. (*Don't tease me like that! You're way too hot.*) It was now or never. Sam couldn't truly believe that he was here, a gorgeous blond on his knees and about to suck his first cock.

He took the rock hard dick in between his luscious red lips and pushed forward. Joe was wide and his lips smacked tightly around the sides of his cock. It wasn't as bad as he had imagined though. In fact, it was almost enjoyable. He loved watching Joe squirm in pleasure at the bombshell model's every move. He picked up his pace and moved his hands along with his mouth. Although he kind of enjoyed it, his mouth was starting to ache and he didn't want this to last all night.

Could he take the whole cock? He doubted it, but he was already down there. He'd always wanted to know how hard deep throating actually was. Inching closer and closer, Joe's jumbo cock almost reached the back of Sam's throat. It was hard to breathe through and there was no

way he could take the last inch or two. His saliva pooling, he started to take the quarterback's dick out of his mouth. Joe had other plans though, and grabbed a hold of Sam's hair, pushing him down hard on the cock. Oh Fuck! Sam gagged and his eyes watered quickly.

A second later, Joe's grip softened. As quickly as it had started Sam's first blowjob was almost over. He felt a pump in his throat and a full stream of semen went all the way back. No! This wasn't supposed to happen; he needed it on his face. He pulled Joe's cock out as fast as he could and jerked him off violently with his hand. With every stroke a stream of thick white cum soared down and coated his perfect face. It felt like he was jerking for minutes, pumping Joe's cum all over his thick red lips and cheeks. Some had already found its way down to the black sparkling dress he was still wearing. Satisfied, he stood up with Joe's cock still in his hands. None had gotten in his eyes and he still looked stunningly exquisite. He leaned in and spit some cum out of his mouth. It dribbled down his chin. (*Do your friends want to join?*)

Sam lay with his back on the ground and with one hand started to pleasure himself. He was already exceedingly wet. Joe's cum felt so good when he rubbed some on his fresh pussy. Within seconds, Joe was back with a group of mountainous football players. One of them was his roommate Tyler.

"Hey, you're the chick that Sam fucked! What's the matter, he couldn't satisfy you?" The boys all chuckled and caught sight of the cum dribbling down Sam's chin. "Oh my, you are a little slut, aren't you," one of them said. God, they were so right. He was the sluttiest, hottest girl on campus. And he wanted them all to take him now.

Sam's dress was hiked up, and one of the football players joined him on the ground with his dick out. Sam must've looked super sexy lying on the ground, because all the men were already rock hard. Without any need for a pre work, the linebacker Dave slowly entered Sam's fresh tight pussy. Sam screamed with pleasure. It was the first time anything had been stuck up his glorious tight hole. He felt himself expanding to accommodate the huge cock inside of him. It was like a hole he never knew existed before had been plugged, and he needed more of it.

Another player straddled Sam by his tits, and shoved a thick cock into his open mouth. Sam tried to do his best to suck it, but he couldn't control his mouth between Dave's hard thrusts. It felt so good to be wanted by so many men at the same time. He still couldn't believe that his best friends were fucking him like crazy in the back of a party, but here he was.

A third man that Sam couldn't see stuck a finger in Sam's ass. Oh god. He hadn't expected that, but there was nothing he could do now. Sam was so wet that his pussy juice had dripped down to his ass and was making it easy for his teammate to enter him. He had never stuck a single thing in his ass as a man before, and it was an entirely new sensation. And it was so fucking hot. The dick in his mouth was amazing too, he loved it. He knew that with a little practice he'd be a great cocksucker. Sam moaned passionately. Everything felt so good, better than he'd ever experienced as a man.

Suddenly, something entered his asshole that was a little bit bigger than the finger that had been in there. Oh fuck, it was a cock! Sam screamed with a mixture of pain and pleasure. His tight, warm asshole was being taken over. Oh god, he was being ravaged by three of his football teammates, all huge men. The sensation in his ass burned, but it started to feel good, like he needed it there. It was another hole he'd be unaware of, but now he needed it filled.

The cock in his face exploded, sending streaks of cum in his eyes, hair and neck. There was no rhyme or reason to its eruption, it just flowed everywhere. Still the cocks in his dick

and ass raged on. Sam knew he must've looked so hot, a slim blonde covered in white sticky cum and being destroyed by two huge men.

The imagery of how crazy his situation was made Sam wetter than ever before. His hips spasmed uncontrollably, and his back arched. His breasts rose pointedly to the sky and his legs shook up and down. He was cumming so hard, harder than he'd ever done as a man. His eyes wide and his face covered in cum, pleasure hit him like a lightning bolt as he had a full body orgasm.

The two jocks fucking him managed to hold his legs down but his upper body slim stomach still spasmed wildly. They pumped his ass and pussy full of thick cum. Sam wanted to tell them no, that they had to cum on his face, but he couldn't find the words. His mind was totally blank as he came again when they emptied their seed into him.

A couple of more football players came and took their turns fucking the amazingly beautiful blonde that had appeared at their party. No one could say no a supermodel like Sam. After a while, Sam lost count. He truly had turned into the slut of the century.

How many had came on his face, he didn't know? All he knew that he was left in the woods, covered head to toe in semen and still wearing his expensive black dress and high heels. It had been the most sexual experience of his life, and he couldn't get enough. Somewhere along the way he had turned into the cum whore that he'd always been deep down inside.

He figured at least seven or eight of them had emptied their loads onto his spectacular, womanly face. He gathered his handbag and walked through the college town's streets, doused in semen. Maybe he would take the bus home. Only eighteen more to go until he became a man again.

Gender Swap: All Over His New Face (Book 2)

The sound of rustling leaves woke Sam. The sun was so goddamn bright. Why the fuck was he outside anyways? Disoriented, he lifted his head, but leaves were stuck to his cheeks. The events of the previous day slowly started coming back to him. Oh no. He thought it had all just been a bad dream. There was no way it was real. It seemed so ridiculously phony, almost comically unlikely. Sam tried to brush off the layers of cum and dirt stuck to his smooth girly skin. He reached down and felt his silky smooth legs. No, that wasn't right! He stuck his hand in between his legs and felt his bare, hairless pussy. Something inside of him ached. Fuck, it had all been real. This was his new reality now, he was a beautiful woman and there was nothing he could do about it.

Except for, of course, he could meet Andrea's demands and she would turn him back into the football playing jock that he used to be. That meant having twenty five men blow their loads all over his gorgeous, perfect new face. Goddamnit, Andrea was such a bitch. He had fucked her best friend, but that didn't mean she had to be so ruthlessly evil. Taking twenty five men was cruel and unusual punishment. He was a new girl, a virgin! His tight pink pussy couldn't handle all of that cock!

Sam groaned and brushed the shiny blonde hair out of his face. His beautiful blue eyes were crusty from all the layers of thick cum that had been dumped on them. The details were still fuzzy in his mind. He remembered being fucked hard by the quarterback, Joe. Joe had taken every inch of Sam's gorgeous body, and hard. He must've enjoyed it too, considering how quickly he had cum all over Sam's exquisite face. Joe was used to fucking a lot of hot girls, but evidently none as stunning as Sam now was.

Joe's friends arrived quickly after, and Sam wanted nothing more to be taken again and again inside all of his warm new holes. They took turns penetrating his ass and pussy. Sam hadn't even seen the men doing work on him down there, he'd been preoccupied by all the dicks shoved in his face. The whole time, Sam had been wearing his expensive, shiny black dress. Sam knew he looked hot, he was a slim blonde covered in thick cum, still getting ravaged by multiple men. The thought of how good he must've looked made him even hornier, and he had an explosive, wet orgasm.

The supermodel looking babe could've gotten up, but something stirred within him. Maybe all the cum he had swallowed was having an ill effect on him, or maybe it was all the cum still inside his holes that made him feel this way. But whatever the reason, the escapades from the previous night hadn't been enough.

He licked some of the dry cum on his cheek and rubbed two fingers up and down his pussy. The scent of early morning flowers and salty thick cum filled his nose. Birds chirped as he felt how unbelievably wet he already was. Sam felt his firm tits and moaned. Oh god, they were so sensitive. There had been some semen spilled on them, but he wished there'd been more. He was still wearing his stunning black dress. If anyone saw the stunning hot blonde lying in the morning grass they'd have to come over and investigate. And maybe fuck him. Fuck, his craving for something deep inside of him was so intense. In and out, ah, he had loved

being pummeled with cock like a dirty slut.

His fingernails were still perfect; somehow not a single one had broken the night before. He stuck his long fingers in his mouth and tasted the mixture of his fresh wetness and the football team's sticky semen. The fact that he was being such a filthy whore turned him on even more. Deep down, he knew that he was really a man, and that he shouldn't enjoy being a woman. But it just felt so fucking good. All of his new hormones raged through him, overpowering his masculinity.

His clit burned with passion as he rubbed himself from top to bottom. He was like an adolescent boy, exploring himself for the first time. All of the sensations he felt were so new, and strong. His smooth legs jolted with pleasure every time he flicked his clit. Sam's legs were so long and fuckable. He wished he could be a man and have sex with a girl as hot as he was now. He was so sexual now; his new hormones were on overdrive. Vibrations spread out from his groin and through his entire body. When he was a man, all of his sensual feelings had been in his dick. But now, joy spread throughout every inch of his womanly body.

It flowed up through his legs and tits and made his back arch up to the sky. It was almost like the sensations had a mind of their own. He thought about the dick he had in his tight virgin ass. Fuck, it had felt so good. It had hurt at first, but that quickly turned to amazement at how good it felt. Sam's round ass had been slapped so hard by the football team too, mmm. His incredible plump ass was still red and sore. They had used his new body like a fuck toy; an amazingly sexy, supermodel fuck toy.

Sam's pussy was so wet that some was spewing out onto the fresh morning grass. He threw his head back and let out a long moan. He was still wearing the beautiful black dress from the night before, covered in cum. Sam gripped onto the ground below him with both hands as his hips exploded upwards. (*Aaah!*) He was cumming so hard. His body shook with energy as it released a sharp, long orgasm.

His body was a wonderland, with entirely new trigger sensations and orgasms. The thought never occurred to Sam that people could probably see him from street. He probably wouldn't have cared anyways.

When Sam finally gathered himself, he decided to walk back to his apartment. He had nowhere else to go, really. He caught more people staring at him on the streets than ever before. Sam still somehow managed to look presentable, but it was the scent that caught people off guard. They could smell the sex, sweat, and cum from half a block away.

Some of them were openly shocked at the sight of him, and others laughed. He overheard two college aged boys calling him a 'cum bucket' as they pointed at the huge white stains on his black dress. Sam was disgusted at them, honestly. Couldn't they just leave him alone for one day? The trip on the bus yesterday had been bad enough, but it was just one day. Dealing with this sort of stuff everyday was not an option. He was going to have to turn back into a man.

But how exactly would he do that? He couldn't fuck ten more guys between now and the end of the week, could he? That was so disgusting and depraved. And what was stopping Andrea from lying and not letting him turn back into a man after meeting her demands? Fucking Andrea. He had to find her. If there was anyone that could change him back, it was her.

Sam carefully scouted out his apartment building, and snuck back in when he was sure that

his roommates had left. Surely they must be wondering where the real Sam was by now. He was their bro and one of the most popular dudes on the football team. They must've been going crazy. Sam wondered how long he had until his parents sent out an amber alert for him. Didn't people care about him? On second thought, his friends probably chalked it up to him being away on one of his adventures. They likely assumed he was at a new girl's place, or that he took a one way plane ticket somewhere just for fun. The bros would notice soon though, if he missed the next football practice. Maybe he could accelerate his change back to his normal body somehow.

He stripped down and ran a hot bath. He never used the tub as a man, but he was a woman now, so perhaps he had better start to enjoy the more girly things in life. Besides, his body was covered in aches and pains from being gangbang-ed on the rough ground outside. A bath was exactly what he needed to de-stress.

He tied his hair up, like a real woman would, and stretched out his lean legs in the tub. He felt exquisite, like the classy creature that he looked like. Being a woman had been hard, especially one this gorgeous. People stared and harassed him everywhere he went. But there had to be an upside to being so wonderfully good looking. If he had a chance, in between taking loads on his face, he would try to make his newfound beauty work for him. There had to be some perks that he could take advantage of, and he didn't plan to be a woman forever. His time frame to enjoy those perks was getting shorter.

Stepping out of the bath, he toweled off his amazing hourglass figure. God, he had almost forgotten how good his body looked. Something caught his eye, a note stuck behind the mirror. It was another message from Andrea! Sam's heart race as he started to read it. That bitch! How had she snuck in here and left him another note?

Hello my precious little cum slut! I wanted to write you again and update you on your progress, in case you weren't too sure just how many dicks you've sucked. You took eight massive loads on your lovely face! Congratulations, you're almost half way there! Well, not really, but keep trying sweetie. I'm so proud of you and I have no worries that you'll be able to get to twenty five by the end of the week. Just make sure they all cum on your face, or they won't count, like some of them did last time.

Anyways, I know all the football players enjoyed using your body like the little fuck toy that you are. It was all they were talking about last night after the party. I'm sure you look like a mess now. You should have a bath and light a candle. Embrace your womanly desires, because if you don't take seventeen more hot loads on your face, you'll be stuck like this forever. I've left you a couple of fun, girly things so that you can make yourself look presentable. Good luck babe, you might need it :) You filthy cock-whore ;).

xoxo – Andrea

A tube of mascara was on the restroom counter. He guessed that this was one of the gifts Andrea had left? Sam usually hated everything to do with feminine beauty products. But he had already taken a bath, like Andrea had suggested. He didn't see any harm in following her advice and spicing up his facial features a little bit. He took the mascara brush out of the bottle with his smooth hands. Sam batted his eyelashes and made an 'O' shape with his mouth, like he had seen so many of his girlfriends do when applying make-up. With a couple of quick strokes, his eyelashes grew. There, that hadn't been too hard! He did his other eyelashes and applied some of the lip gloss out of the pink girly tube. He stepped back and smacked his lips,

admiring his beauty. The mascara had worked marvelously; he looked like such a diva now.

Wetness seeped down his bare legs, the sight of himself in the mirror was turning him on tremendously. He was still very much attracted to women, especially ones as attractive as he was now. But somehow he had managed to suck it up, literally, and take cock in all of his holes. He wasn't even attracted to men, but his new sex organs just needed to be filled. In fact, he was kind of repulsed by what he had done. Fucking guys would be a lot easier if he was just forced to do it. He wished there was some way he could just get it over with already.

In his bedroom, he found a classy cashmere sweater and black tights. These were things that someone as hot as him would wear. Their elegance certainly matched his level of beauty and sophistication. He strapped on his expensive woman's watch and his pearl diamond earrings. If he was going to be a woman, he might as well do it right. Underneath, he wore a thin, sexy little thong. He almost wanted to thank Andrea for getting it for him, it made his ass look incredible. But he quickly stopped that thought; he should be mad at Andrea for doing this to him, not thankful! He pulled on some knee high boots left by his girlfriend and was ready to wow the entire city. It was a shame that he would never be able to truly fuck a girl as sexy as he was now.

Sam headed to Andrea's house for some answers. He didn't want to fuck anymore guys if he didn't have to. And if there was anyone who could turn him back it would be her. As usual, the stares he got walking through the street were ridiculous. He was being totally objectified by all the men that passed him. Part of him was flattered, but deep down he resented them. He wished they would all just go away.

Knocking on Andrea's door, he got a glimpse of his reflection; his blonde hair flowing in the wind. He held those unruly strands back with a bobby pin. Being a woman was so much more work than being a man. Everything had to be just perfect or otherwise his whole look would get thrown off.

Andrea wasn't answering her door, or her phone. Where the hell was this chick? Sam was frustrated. This stupid bitch kept leaving him annoying notes but didn't have the courage to talk to him in person. He would absolutely kill her right now if he ever saw her. He turned to leave, pissed off at the world. Was he really going to have to fuck all those guys? But something stopped him dead in his tracks.

"Hi there, I don't recognize you. Looking for someone?" A dark featured, well-built man asked Sam.

"Oh hi, um... yes, yes I am." Sam's heart fluttered. He wasn't attracted to men. So why did this one have him all tongue tied?

"And who might that be?" The man raised his eyebrow.

Sam twirled his hair nervously. "My, uh, friend. Andrea. She lives in this apartment."

"Oh I know Andrea, I'm Alex," replied the man as he extended his hand. He was tall, about as tall as Sam used to be. He felt almost intimidated by the man's stature, and suddenly oh so... wet? Oh god, he could feel his loins stirring. His femininity was very attracted to this man, even if his mind wasn't.

"Nice to meet you Alex. Listen, do you know when Andrea's going to be back? I really need to talk to her." He scrunched up his nose and made an adorable pouty face. It wasn't on purpose, it just kind of happened.

“Haha, no I’m not sure. But I’ll wait with you if you’d like. I got nothing better to do than to talk to a beautiful woman like you.”

Sam blushed. Wow, this guy was totally hitting on him. And he was so... dreamy. Sam could barely concentrate between sentences as the two chatted about where they were from and how they knew Andrea. Sam felt himself staring into Alex’s big brown eyes and being whisked away in his strong arms. But most of all, he imagined being held down by Alex, bent over, and taking his cock again and again. The muscled stud would pull his hair and slap his ass like he meant it. Mmm, he would let this guy cum all over his face, that’s for sure.

“You doing okay there?” Alex smiled playfully

“Oh yeah, sorry! I was just, like, thinking about something. Super sorry! What were we talking about?” Sam blushed again and batted his long eyelashes. He wasn’t gay! He didn’t like men! Because deep down, he still was one. So why was this guy so captivating? His womanly lust was starting to take over, he couldn’t stop himself from being attracted to big hunks of handsome men, except for brief moments of clarity.

“Well if you’re thinking what I’m thinking, it’s that Andrea clearly isn’t coming back anytime soon. And that you and I should continue our conversation and get to know each other better. Want to come in and wait for her?”

Sam wanted to say no. He wanted to tell this guy to go to hell, to get the hell out of his face. He should be a strong man too, a big douchebag like Alex was. But he couldn’t find the words. Instead, he heard his girly voice saying that he’d loved to come in, and thank you very much. No! He involuntary brushed the hair out of his eyes and giggled. No, this was all wrong!

Alex took out his keys to unlock the door and Sam saw a big BMW logo on his keychain. This guy was confident, and rich. Sam supposed that was the kind of men he attracted with this body of his. No regular joe shmoe had enough balls to approach a woman like him. With a sigh, he entered Andrea’s apartment. She was clearly avoiding him, and the only thing he could was to wait for her to come home.

Sam realized it had been a while since he’d been at his girlfriend’s place. He’d usually come over late at night, just to fuck her and the leave early in the morning. It was weird to see it sober, and in full daylight. He placed his purse down on the counter and took a seat on the couch and pulled out his smartphone. He probably looked like a vapid, blonde bimbo. His stuck out his lower lip as he typed an angry text to Andrea. He wasn’t going to leave until she came back and explained everything to him.

“Can I offer you something, a drink?” Alex had rolled up his sleeves, exposing his veiny forearms.

“Oh, um just a water. Thank you.” Sam barely looked up from his phone

“How about something a little bit harder? Come on, loosen up.”

Sam weighed his options. He did need to de-stress. And he hadn’t had a drink in days. He tossed his long hair back. “A beer would be great actually.”

“A beer? Uh sure. Didn’t expect that from a classy lady, like you,” Alex said, teasingly.

Sam blushed. He had forgotten what body he was in for a second! Haha, of course. Beautiful women like him didn’t drink beer. “Wine would be fine, thank you. Red if you have it.”

Alex sat down on the couch and opened a bottle of wine, pouring a large glass for each of them. Sam crossed his legs and held his wine like a proper woman would.

“So, Andrea didn’t say she had a new roommate?” Sam used his sassy voice.

“She also didn’t say how beautiful her friends were,” Alex grinned

Sam’s heart melted. Oh my god, there was nothing he could do to not be attracted to this hot guy in his girlfriend’s apartment. He was so confident and alpha. Every time Sam tried to get the upper hand in the conversation, Alex one-upped him.

“But seriously, I just moved in. It’s been two weeks now, and I love it. I thought I wouldn’t like having roommates, but when they are clean, amazingly beautiful women, I guess it’s all right.”

Sam finished his glass of wine and helped himself to another one. His body was buzzing and he could feel it anticipating some hot action. Just being in the same room as a stud like Alex was enough to send his new body parts into a frenzy. He didn’t care if his girlfriend hadn’t told him about her new roommate; he was going to be all his anyways. Andrea could fuck him if she wanted to, he knew he would.

He brushed his fingers over Alex’s arms. “So, are you a student too Alex? What do you study?”

“Oh no, no. I moved here for a job. I’m a sales manager at one of the major auto parts manufacturers in town.”

Alex did look a little bit older than most students, now that Sam had thought about it. He had only been fucked by college boys before, but this was a true man. And Sam was a young girl, prime and ready to be taken hard by an older, wealthy man. He could feel his wetness start seeping through his panties as Alex moved closer, putting his arm around Sam’s back.

Sam swished the wine around in his mouth seductively. His make-up looked fantastic; his red lips matched the color of his wine. He knew he could have any guy in town, hell, any guy in the state. But he really just needed the closest dick he could get.

His girlfriend’s new roommate had enough, and grabbed Sam by the back of the neck, pulling him in for a passionate kiss. Alex’s hand felt amazing on his neck, like it was supposed to be there. He pushed the man back and tore off his dress shirt. Sam’s lust was in overdrive, there was no stopping him now. He pounced on top of Alex, kissing him, and grabbing his dick through his pants. He suspected that Alex had already been hard for some time. With Sam’s slim, hourglass figure, he’d be more surprised if every guy that looked at him didn’t get hard or at least jack off while thinking about him later.

Alex reached around Sam’s back and snapped off his luxurious bra. Sam’s firm breasts plopped uncovered into Alex’s face. They were already so sensitive. Alex bit into Sam’s perfect nipples, sending shockwaves through Sam’s body. Sam hadn’t been expecting that! But it felt so fucking good. Alex turned his attention to the other breast, prompting a similar reaction from Sam. His body was just on fire, so delicate and sensitive to every little touch. It had never been like that when he was a man.

Suddenly, Sam was on his back and Alex was taking off his yoga pants. He had been overpowered so quickly, and now Alex was rubbing his pussy through his lacey pink underwear. Fuck, Alex was just so strong and hot. Sam wanted this alpha male to just have his way with him, and fuck him senseless like the gorgeous blonde slut that he was. God, he was so slutty. He couldn’t keep his legs closed for anyone. Andrea had set his quota to twenty five men, but that seemed low with the way that Sam’s hormones were raging now.

A big lick up the front of Sam’s vulva felt like he had been shot in the gut. He moaned

loudly and reached back with his arms. But Alex stopped after that one lick and went back to kissing his inner legs. What the fuck! Sam was being teased! Who the fuck had the guts to tease someone as hot as him? That was not acceptable. He needed attention on his clit and he needed it right away. He tried to push Alex down between his legs but he just looked up grinning, and playfully bit near Sam's pussy.

Please, Sam whispered softly. Alex didn't look like he was going to give in to Sam's wishes, until he abruptly rubbed his scruffy facial hair up Sam's fresh wet pussy. Sam yelped in surprise and Alex held back Sam's clit, licking it vigorously with his tongue. Sam didn't have time to be mad, his loins exploded with pleasure. His hips seemed to move on their own, vibrating up and down with each new lick on his clit. He felt like he was going to come already, this never happened when he was a man. But he didn't want to cum so soon. He lifted up Alex's face, which was dripping wet. *Let me do you*, he panted.

Sam had put it nicely, but what he meant was that he wanted Alex's big fat cock in his mouth right away. Alex stood, took off his pants, and unleashed a massive eight inch cock. Sam took a big gulp and dropped to his knees. He knew he wouldn't be able to take this whole cock in his mouth. It was way bigger than the football team he had sucked off. Really, it was the biggest dick he'd ever seen in his life.

He licked his lips, and then the underside of Alex's shaft. He looked up seductively at the man he had just met and felt his cock pulse with pleasure in his mouth. He hoped his feminine beauty wouldn't make Alex cum too quickly, like it had with some of the football players. Most men just weren't used to fucking someone as outrageously sexy as Sam, and had cum within a couple of minutes. And it's not like they were virgins, these were fuck tested athletes, the best this school had to offer.

Alex held back Sam's shiny blonde hair. He really would have to learn how to keep it up in a bun, at least a ponytail or something. He had so much to learn about being a girl. Another thing to learn was deep throating. Alex pushed his thick cock back into Sam's throat, causing the hot young girl to gag. A stream of spit spilled out onto Alex's cock as he withdrew it from Sam's sexy mouth. Sam was taken aback, but wasn't ready to give up yet. He was confident he could take this monster of a cock.

He stroked it a few times and looked Alex in the eyes. He bit his lips, causing the big man to release a guttural groan. He could do this. He was exceptionally hot, the perfect slut. If anyone could take this cock, it was him. Inching down on it slowly, his eyes began to water. Still he persisted, but the cock was so wide. He could feel it in the back of his throat and there was still an inch or two to go. He closed his thick red lips down around it and tried to force the last bit in his small womanly mouth.

Suddenly, he heard the door open behind him and he tried to jerk his head around to see. But there was still a massive cock in his mouth, and he gagged hard, almost throwing up. He grabbed the base of Alex's big member and slowly withdrew his head. With his mouth free, he turned to the door, expecting Andrea to be there, surprised at the scene in her living room. Instead, it was five burly dudes, Alex's friends. Sam wiped the spittle off his chin and looked up at their bulging waistlines in anticipation. He was in full cock-slut mode, and the more the better. It wasn't about meeting his quota anymore; he just needed to be filled in all of his holes.

Alex said something about being sorry. He had forgotten to mention his friends were coming over or something, but Sam could barely hear him. He was just focused on getting

these men out of their pants and their cocks into his mouth. One by one, they showed off their members and Sam took them in his mouth, gracefully. He was the cock queen now. It felt so good to be desired by so many hot men all at once. Deep down, he still didn't like men. He simply wasn't attracted to them. But his girl parts craved rock hard dick and he had to satisfy those feelings.

None of the other men were as big as Alex, and Sam could take their entire cocks much easier, even though they were still large. He had one in each hand, and deep throated a third one all at the same time. The one he took deep did a couple of long thrusts, and then started to cum inside of Sam's mouth. Surprised, Sam pulled the cock out and finished on top of his fresh rosy cheeks. The guy was a little bit embarrassed, but Sam had the effect on a lot of guys. He was simply too hot to handle for the majority of dudes.

The other dudes were astounded that Sam had finished their friend on his beautiful face. He could feel a couple of them tense up and get really turned on. Alex scooped him off the ground and dropped him on all fours, on the couch. Alex slapped his ass hard, and Sam winced. Alex started to enter Sam's tight virgin pussy. *Only if you cum on my face!* Was what Sam started to say, but he was muffled quickly by a cock in his mouth.

He could feel his pussy expanding to take Alex's massive cock inside of him. It would've hurt if he wasn't so fucking wet. Alex slapped his round ass, using him like the sexy fuck doll like he was. Sam still couldn't believe that he had just met this guy, and now he was getting fucked by him and his friends on his girlfriend's couch. He was such a slut now, but it felt so fucking good. Waves of pleasure and pain rolled through his lower body as Alex pummeled his pussy like a used piece of meat. There were so many hands on Sam. They were groping his tits, slapping his ass, and pulling his hand down onto different cocks. The pleasure inside him mounted. He could feel himself getting closer.

The cock in his mouth came out, and Sam felt that same wet cock slowly enter his asshole. It was a joy that he never knew he missed. It was an odd sensation at first, but soon he couldn't get enough. He moved his hips back and forth with the cock in his ass, taking it deeper and deeper. This caused Alex's cock to go even further in his pussy, and Sam moaned so hard that he almost but the dick that was currently in his mouth.

Before he knew it, someone was coming all over his face. The guy in his ass started to cum at the same time. Streaks of salty cum got up his nose, all over his beautiful face and firm, round ass. The whole time they emptied their massive loads on to him, he continued to get fucked in the mouth and pussy. White semen coated his entire face, he looked magnificent.

Another cock entered his ass, pushing some of the previous guy's semen deep inside Sam. His legs spasmed with pleasure and he could feel his clit tingling. Suddenly, his body went limp and he dropped down flat on the couch. He spasmed uncontrollably, vibrating up and down in the midst of a massive orgasm. Alex pushed his head down on another man's cock; Sam couldn't breathe. His feminine voice screamed loudly, he was a pretty girl in sexual hysterics. Two more men emptied massive loads on to Sam's face as his orgasm lasted for over a minute. The salty cum mixed together on his face, drowning him in semen. He couldn't see and could barely breathe.

Still, his orgasm raged on. His mind was entirely blank; his lower body pulsing rapidly. Alex smacked him on the ass hard again for good measure, and unloaded his huge load into Sam's pussy. He groaned, and the two orgasmed violently together. Alex had shot his messy wet load

deep into Sam's fresh, pink pussy.

Sam couldn't even process what had just happened. He started laughing, giddy with pleasure. He was covered in cum, from head to toe. He had been used and abused like the little cumslut that he was. He must've gotten a good four or five loads on his face? He had lost count. But for a second, he didn't care anymore. He would stay the rest of his life as a beautiful young girl if it meant getting fucked hard like that every day. His pussy and ass were still wide open from his hard fucking. He had truly become a dirty little whore, just like Andrea had wanted him to be. He passively licked some of the cum off his chin and into his mouth. There wasn't a thought in his mind.

Gender Swap: All Over His New Face (Book 3)

The sun glistened through the window, making the cum shine on Sam's beautiful face. He gazed, giddily, up at the ceiling. Still reeling from his most recent orgasm, he could barely think straight. He was alone in his girlfriend's apartment, as the men who had mercilessly fucked him had just left. His long blonde hair swayed with the nice summer breeze that was coming through the window. The events of the past hour played over and over again in his mind.

He had come to Andrea, his girlfriend's apartment, to convince her to change him back into a man. Sam had cheated on her with her best friend, another sexy cheerleader. When he woke up after that escapade, he wasn't only shorter and slimmer in the waist; he had amazingly firm tits and a tight ass. But it wasn't just that he was a hot blonde with an amazing figure. No, he was the most stunning girl he had ever seen. In fact, he looked like some chick out of a magazine: he had perfect eyebrows and high cheekbones. Sam was a classy, super feminine girl. He looked like he should be on a movie set or dating some billionaire somewhere.

But he was on a campus, and men ogled him everywhere he went. Ugh, men. He hated all the douchebags that tried to hit on him now that he had his new body. Andrea left a note saying that she would only turn him back if he slept with twenty five men in one week. What a bitch! The worst part was that he was still only attracted to women, and couldn't stand all the attention from men. They were all so gross.

It was with reluctance that Sam decided to try and meet Andrea's demands. In order to turn back, twenty five men would have to cum all over his gorgeous, womanly face. He needed to do it, to become the strong jock that he used to be. It would be worth it, he told himself. Sam didn't want to live as a woman for a second longer than he had to. He was tired of all the dudes grabbing his ass and mocking him everywhere he went. He wanted his cock back, and his big muscles and bro friends.

Sam quickly found it that having that many guys cum on his face was going to be difficult. They kept cumming in his pussy or on his tits. He reckoned that he would've met his quota by now if all the guys he fucked had actually cum on his face like he had instructed them to.

Two hours ago, Sam had come to Andrea's apartment, ready to call her out on her bullshit and demand that she turn him back into a man this instant. Her quota was too much! Andrea wasn't home, but her new male roommate, Alex, was. Sam's mind wasn't attracted to men, but his pussy demanded to be filled. He couldn't say no to having his holes filled, over and over again. It felt so good to be held down and have his asshole plundered while sucking on a cock at the same time.

Sam's womanly body came alive, and his girly hormones took over. He had a powerful female orgasm for the first time, while a man was cumming inside his pussy. Alex and his friends had fucked Sam ruthlessly, tearing up his fresh virgin pussy and asshole. They had cum everywhere imaginable, leaving him covered in a thick mess. He lay on the couch still, giggling in the aftermath of his orgasms and licking some semen off of his fingers.

He had come to his girlfriend's apartment to call her out on her evil ways. But he hadn't been able to control his new body's lust for hard cock slamming into his tight holes. He had

been turned into a cum slut, unable to deny any hard cock entrance into his body. And he was still barely half way to 25 men. He had a lot more work to put in if he wanted to get his manliness back.

Still in a semen induced nirvana, Sam hazily drifted off into a light sleep.

Sam awoke to a wet feeling on his cheek. He sprang up on the couch, surprised. Andrea beamed back at him, knowingly. She had just licked up some cum off of Sam's face.

"What the fuck!" Sam couldn't believe his eyes. He had tried so hard to get into contact with his girlfriend, and here she was licking cum off his face.

"Hi Sam," she bit her lip with all of her upper teeth. Andrea was clearly enjoying watching the struggle happening in Sam's mind.

"You, you bitch!" Sam shrieked. He had almost forgotten how high pitched his voice could be.

"Oh. You're hot when you're mad," Andrea said playfully "I didn't expect you to be this hot, actually. You're...beautiful," she twirled Sam's shiny blonde hair around in her finger.

Sam's heart dropped. Andrea had turned him into a sexy girl, and forced him to fuck countless men. He had taken almost a dozen thick loads on his face in an attempt to meet her 'quota' and turn back into a man. He had dressed in girly clothes, reluctantly done his make-up, and been harassed by cat-callers everywhere he went. And all Andrea had to say to him was that he looked beautiful?

"What the fuck is wrong with you! You evil, twisted bitch! Turn me back into a man right now!" His steely blue eyes were fiery with anger under his perfectly done mascara. The two sexy young ladies were engaged in a serious cat fight.

"My dear, you've only had ten men cum on your face," Andrea moved closer and ran her fingers down the back of Sam's neck. "You know the rules. You have to have twenty five creamy white loads on your perfect new face by Saturday, or else you're stuck in this body forever. That's it, there's nothing else I can do to help you"

Sam calmed down. At least turning back into a man was possible. He hoped Andrea wasn't bluffing. She was right about one thing, he was stunningly hot. He wasn't just some run of the mill party slut, he was downright gorgeous. He could last a couple of more days in this body. It would be difficult, but worth it if he could turn back into a man. He took a deep breath and looked over his gorgeous girlfriend from head to toe.

When he was a man, he'd never noticed how truly nice Andrea's skin was. She must really take care of it well, Sam thought. And her long brown hair was always so perfect. He knew she didn't have naturally straight hair; he now knew how much effort it took to straighten it every day.

"But, if you do what I say, I can make it as... painless as possible." Andrea's let a sly smile spread over her face. That was the smile that made Sam fall for her in the first place. Something about it gave him the butterflies, almost incapacitating him.

Sam was confused. What the fuck was Andrea talking about? It was bad enough that she was probably going to break up with him. She had gone the extra mile and turned him into a little bimbo slut. He had been humiliated in front of his whole football team. It'd been worse than that, actually. They had ravaged his sweet pink pussy and fucked him like a disposable piece of ass. His insides still ached from all the hard cock he'd taken over the past couple of days. Suddenly, the realities of his transformation came crashing down on him. His emotions boiled over, and he struggled to keep the tears back.

He batted his long, girly eyelashes. Sam didn't remember the last time he cried. But his new feminine hormones seemed to be taking over. He had been determined to find Andrea and

physically hurt her, or at least call her out on her bitchiness. But the emotional rollercoaster that had come with his new body was now crashing down on him. Andrea sat beside him on the couch, and he wept quietly into her shoulder. Andrea held him close, laughing on the inside at what she'd done to her cheating boyfriend. She had turned a douchebag jock into a slutty model at the wave of her hand. Sam couldn't have been humiliated any further.

"Don't cry dear, you'll ruin your pretty make-up," Andrea wiped away his tears and looked him in the eye.

Sam caught his breath and regained his composure. He was a beautiful woman now, and he had to get his emotions under control. Something in him had changed, and it wasn't just his body. He had new hormones now, and it was affecting the way he thought and acted. It was going to take some getting used to, but he could manage it. Sam needed to stay focused a most important thing was finding out if there was a way that Andrea could turn him back sooner.

He tried to brush the shiny blonde hair out of his eyes. All of his crying had made a big mess of his long locks. In doing so, he was greeted by a big wet kiss from Andrea. Sam closed his eyes and let himself fall deep into the kiss. He was kissing Andrea like he had so many times before, but now it was different. The two girls' skin brushed softly against each other. Sam felt his heart drop in his stomach. It was like he was kissing her for the first time all over again.

Embraced in a passionate kiss, Sam could feel a wetness start to emerge in his panties. He wanted to rebel and tell Andrea to fuck off. He wasn't just some whore that she could control any time she wanted to. He should be angry and yelling at her, not obliging her sexually. He tried to pull away his luscious red lips, but Andrea advanced and stuck her tongue into his mouth.

Andrea stood up and brought Sam back into her bedroom. It was a familiar sight. Sam had fucked her here many times before, although he never hung around for too long afterwards. It was a typical college room. The walls were painted bright pink, and there were girly things like nail polish and make-up strewn across all of the surfaces. Pictures of fashion icons and posters with motivational phrases lined the walls. It was a very nice room, really. Sam found himself taking some mental notes; maybe he could make some changes to his room to make it more fabulous and feminine. He caught those thoughts short when he realized what he was thinking. He wasn't going to be woman for too much longer. He definitely didn't need to remodel his bedroom!

His girlfriend slipped off the tight black dress she was wearing, regaining Sam's attention. She took off Sam's blouse, revealing his lacy black bra. Andrea's firm tits poked up against Sam's. They were similar to his, equally perky, but a little bit smaller. The two engaged in another passionate kiss. Their bodies pressed against each other. They were only separated by their round, bouncy tits.

Sam took a deep breath. He could barely believe what was happening to him right now. He had just taken a ton of hot loads all over his face. He wasn't even sure how many men had fucked him. All he knew that his asshole was still stretched open, and now his 'soon to be ex' girlfriend wanted a piece for herself. It seemed like everyone needed to fuck him, and he couldn't say no. His sweetness was already dripping wet in anticipation of Andrea's toned body.

He was definitely still attracted to women. Sam's sex drive had been in overdrive, ever

since he had turned into a slutty girl. He couldn't turn down a hard cock or tight pussy even if he wanted to. His body needed it.

Andrea had been one of the hottest girls on campus and he was always proud to have her as a girlfriend. She had been a conquest, like a trophy for him. But now Sam was a woman too, but even sexier than her. He imagined how this situation would look to any his bros on the football team. It was so hot that they would probably cum instantly. The thought of how gorgeous he and Andrea were together caused his loins to purr.

He could feel something twitch between his legs as Andrea slipped of his lacey bra and took his tit into her mouth. God, she looked so gorgeous sucking on his nipple. She even looked hotter than when he was a man and she gagged on his cock. She had been an incredible cocksucker, and Sam didn't doubt that she would be equally skilled at licking pussy. But was it her first time with a girl? She hadn't mentioned anything to Sam before. Then again, she also never mentioned her insane witchcraft that had turned Sam into a stunning blonde!

Naked, Sam lay on Andrea's bed. She guided him in their lovemaking session, taking control. She kissed every inch of Sam's feminine body. The touch of her lips sent Sam into a heated frenzy. Before, he had taken initiative in all of their sexual encounters. He had decided when to kiss, when she would suck his cock, and when he would penetrate her. But now he was helpless in his passion. Andrea kissed his inner thighs, sending shocks up his spine. He was incredibly sensitive. Everything was more connected and alive; feelings in his pussy were felt all over his body.

Andrea withdrew from between his legs and came back up for a kiss with a smile on her face. She had just been teasing him with her antics near his cunt. Sam let out a small moan. He was so worked up, and he needed salvation soon. Really, he should've been pushing the evil bitch out of the way, and demanding he be changed back into a man. But the burning sensation in his pussy didn't let that thought even cross his mind. He needed to be filled, now. His pussy demanded it. Andrea started her kisses again, this time working down Sam's sexy and toned stomach.

"Puh-lease. Please," Sam managed to squeak out in between gasps for breath.

"Please what, Sam?" Andrea flipped her hair back. She looked at Sam in a deadpan manner.

"Please... do it. Do it!" Sam lifted his hips, putting his pussy near Andrea's face

Andrea pushed it back down, and started to drag one of her meticulously manicured fingers up from Sam's hole to his clit. Sam's insides clenched. It was only the smallest of touches, but it felt amazing. Andrea had him begging for more.

"Now, now. You're a proper girl now. Classy girls enunciate correctly. Tell me how you want your slutty little pussy to be filled and fucked. You love taking hot loads on your face, don't you?" Andrea inserted her pinky finger into Sam's tight virgin hole unexpectedly, causing him to squirm in pleasure.

"Yes!" Sam moaned and thrust forward, trying to take more of Andrea's finger in his tight snatch. He threw his blonde hair back in pleasure and frustration from even this little touch from Andrea. He pussy was dripping wet and incredibly sensitive. Even a pinky felt amazing.

"Yes - what, dear? Andrea grinned. She was clearly enjoying watching her douchebag boyfriend squirm under her direction.

"Yes, I love taking big hot loads on my girly face! Please just lick my pussy Andrea, fuck!"

Sam grabbed his tits, squeezing them. Everything just felt so good.

Sam let out a long moan when Andrea finally gave his vulva a good lick from bottom to top. It had been everything he had hoped for and more. Andrea's face rubbed so smoothly over his freshly shaven pussy. Her tongue darted across Sam's clit like only a woman's could. Andrea kept a steady licking motion but it was obvious that Sam wouldn't be able to hold on for much longer.

His legs withered uncontrollably with sensations he'd never thought possible. Sam's brain could barely process all of the sexy sensations that were happening in his new body. He gushed with wetness and Andrea slurped it all up. Sam could see it running down her cheek, covering her face. It was so fucking hot. As a man he had never experienced anything like this. His whole body started to glow in a heightened state. He held on to Andrea's curly brown hair, holding her down against his pussy. He never wanted her to stop again.

Sam's legs spasmed. They had done so on their own, they were acting on their own. It seemed like his whole body was in a reaction mode, he could barely even control it. His hips bucked with pleasure, he was close to a massive orgasm. He didn't know what the fuck Andrea was doing down there, but it was amazing. How had she become so good at licking pussy? Sam abruptly grabbed the bed sheets with both hands; he had to hold onto something. His clit was on fire, and Andrea looked incredible between his silky smooth, girly legs.

Suddenly, he felt so empty. Andrea had gotten back on her knees, withdrawing from Sam's nether regions. Sam let out an exasperated sigh. No! He was so close. Why was she stopping!?

"What the fuck? No, keep going!" Sam's eyes were wide, he needed salvation.

"MMmmm... Let's see..." Andrea bit her lip. She was always so fucking sassy. "No, I don't think so," she said playfully. "You're new to being a girl. We're gonna make you work for it."

Sam fell back in the bed. He had done everything Andrea had asked for, why did she have to be such a bitch? He felt something tighten around his wrists. It was too late before he noticed what was happening. He squirmed, but he couldn't be free. No, he was attached to the bed post now. Andrea had handcuffed him, a gorgeous, naked blonde, to the bedpost. Fuck. This was not good. Andrea had left the room, leaving him exposed and alone. His clit still burned with desire, but he couldn't even touch himself. He was stuck in her room, a prisoner.

At first, Sam struggled to get free and pulled against the handcuffs. But he wasn't as strong as he used to be when he was a man. His muscles were weak, and he soon gave up. He waited there for some time, a slave to his girlfriend. This was the last straw, thought Sam. He was going to have to turn back into a man in order to get his strength and respect back. This was such bullshit. He really should have called the cops or something.

Sam realized how stupid that sounded immediately after he thought of it. The cops don't believe in witchcraft or body swapping. All they would see is a superhot blonde girl, drenched in semen and yelling about how some other hot girl changed her body. Hell, they would probably want to fuck him too, if they could ever control their laughter.

He was on his knees on top of the bed, facing the wall. He heard the door open and Andrea entered. Craning his head, he could see her legs. She was wearing knee high garter stockings, and probably not much else. Well, that was one way to show off her hourglass figure and perfect butt. But she wasn't alone. Behind her came four big, burly dudes. They were

muscular and ready to go. Sam thought maybe they had fucked him before, outside at the party, but he couldn't be sure.

Sam's pussy flowed with wetness when he saw all the hard cocks that were about to fuck him, and he got weak in the knees. He struggled again with his handcuffs. Part of him still wanted to rebel, and stop the crazy fuckfest that had been his life for the last couple of days. But his body wouldn't let him do that. He needed to be filled; his dripping wet pussy demanded it. Deep down, he felt an ache for hard cock in his tight virgin hole. He craved it ripping up his sweet pussy and almost impossibly tight asshole. He aching needed to be fulfilled, that was all there was too it.

Suddenly, his head snapped back, and Andrea was looking him with a smirk on her face. She pulled his long blonde hair up by the back of his head, and he winced in discomfort. He was still new to being a girl. That kind of painful sensation was going to take some getting used to, especially considering how much less tolerant to pain he seemed to be now.

Sam's sexy, pouty red lips hung open in surprise. Andrea took the opportunity to kiss him with an open mouth. At the same time, someone smacked his ass, hard! He jumped out of the kiss, almost knocking Andrea's head. He yelped, to the delight of the onlookers. They responded by shaking his firm ass with their hands. Sam took a deep breath in. That had hurt! His ass cheek was bright red, with a hand imprint left on it. He wasn't used to this sort of play. Usually, he was the one doing this sort of thing to Andrea.

When Sam looked up again, he had a dildo shoved in his mouth. He gagged, having not expected to be face fucked so immediately. Andrea grabbed his cute girly ears and guided him closer, urging him to take the whole thing. Oh fuck, she was wearing a strap-on. Sam got even wetter thinking about getting fucked by Andrea. He was being such a little slut, but that was what Andrea wanted him to be. Maybe she would take him back after all this was done and over with.

The strap-on was large. Sam wasn't sure quite how big, but it was certainly bigger than his cock back when he'd had one. His hands were still in cuffs, so he couldn't exactly control how much of it he was taking in his mouth. Andrea guided his petite, full mouth closer and Sam gagged on her thickness. She pulled it out of his mouth, leaving behind a long trail of saliva.

Sam's eyes started to water as Andrea kneeled down to look him in his pretty, girly face.

"We're going to be a good little cumslut, aren't we?" Andrea tilted her head mockingly.

That was when Sam felt his asshole opening up. There had been no warning. No fingers, or lube. There was just the undeniable feeling of a thick hard cock stretching out his entrance. Sam sharply inhaled, surprised again. He had a wide expression on his face as the anonymous cock entered his virgin asshole. His eyes went to the back of his head as the man expanding him and grabbed his ass cheeks with his hands. As uncomfortable as it felt, there was also a strange feeling of pleasure. Sam would've grabbed onto the bed sheets if his hands were free. He was being taken to depths of his body that had never been explored before.

A quick slap to his feminine face jolted him back to reality. "Aren't we?" Andrea repeated.

"You're going to take all the cock in this room, including mine, and you're going to love it," she rubbed her strap on the inside of Sam's mouth again.

Of course she was right. Sam was still a man at heart, but he couldn't deny his body's craving for thick dicks. He had to oblige his wet pussy's demands. The man slapped his ass, entering him again. It didn't seem like he had too much a choice, anyways.

He almost wanted to ask the guy in his ass if he wanted a blowjob first. It would have been the proper, womanly thing to do. He couldn't make any words due to his constant moaning, but it was like the guy read his mind. In one quick motion, the cock was out of his buttock and in his mouth. Sam lubed it up good in his mouth. That was going to be much easier in his ass now. But he had spoken to soon! Andrea had gone behind him, and taken the man's place. His tight virgin hole expanded again, making room for his girlfriend's thick member.

Another cock entered his flowing wet pussy. He shivered with pleasure as his vagina finally got the attention that it needed. All of his sex organs expanding made him feel wonderful. The full dick in his pussy reached deep, and he moaned on the cock in his mouth. He had never felt so many sensations before when he was a man. This was crazy, and it was his girlfriend who was leading the charge.

Jolts of pleasure spread through his whole body. His ass would've felt better with lube, but it still felt good, very good in fact. He never would have stuck anything up there as a man, but now it was incredible. His arms started to get heavy; he was still on all fours. A sensation was building up in his groin, and he could feel an explosion building. Andrea grabbed his hair again, this time from behind. He felt like such a little slut, getting fucked hard by multiple guys. But he yearned to oblige them. He felt totally helpless as he was pummeled in all his holes. Andrea reached around and put her hand over the front of his throat, choking him.

That was when the cock in his mouth exploded. The first thrust went down his throat, and then the man pulled out. Streams of hot cum pelted over his sexy, feminine face. It was thick, wet, and messy. He looked so good with it on his face though, like a glamour model. His cheeks were covered in goo, and that was just from the one guy.

The cum on his face made his knees quiver. Something about being covered in it just made him even wetter. It felt so hot to be wanted by all of the men in the room at the same time. He had made that guy come quickly too, in just a couple of minutes. That seemed to happen a lot, because Sam was just so irresistibly sexy.

His clit hummed with joy. Sam could feel the pleasure spread outwards as he took Andrea in his ass and a cock in his pussy. He was being used, like a slutty little college girl, and there was nothing he could do about it. Totally helpless, he took everything that his cute girlfriend and her friends gave him. He was a long cry from being the strong, cheating jock that he used to be.

Sam started to whimper with pleasure and another cock was shoved in his face. It forced itself down his throat. Sam could barely take its thickness but he didn't protest. He was getting used to being a dirty little cumslut.

The pent up pressure in his pussy exploded, sending Sam into a frenzy. His legs shook uncontrollably and he lost all of his composure. It was like his mind suddenly went blank, and didn't have any extra energy to focus on moving his limbs. All of his capacity was centered on the mind blowing orgasm that he was having. His arms gave out, and he collapsed head first with his ass up.

The cocks in his pussy and ass didn't stop for his orgasm though. Still, they raged on as Sam's whole body convulsed in shocks of pleasure. He would've been thoroughly embarrassed if he hadn't been busy cumming. He was used up like a sexy blonde toy, and had liked it.

His pussy tightened around the cock that was penetrating him. The force on the cock made the man cum hard inside of him. Sam hardly even noticed because he was still experiencing

ecstasy himself. Jets of thick white cum entered his fresh pink pussy. This man wasn't the only one to cum inside of Sam in the past 48 hours, and Sam loved the feeling. It made everything extra wet.

Andrea had stopped fucking his ass and was holding his head still as he rocked back and forth in orgasm. She smiled at him wickedly, knowing that he had never experienced anything like it before. Sam was a boy and wasn't used to full body orgasms.

His girlfriend released him from the cuffs and Sam rolled over. His legs were still vibrating incessantly. He was giddy with laughter, but otherwise had a blank stare on his face. Andrea bit her lip knowingly. Sam had been a good filthy little cumslut, and she was pleased. She still wasn't sure if she ever wanted to turn him back into a man though. He was much better at being a hot blonde whore than he'd ever been at being a boyfriend.

His big blue eyes blinked below her. She noted that Sam had done his make-up exceptionally well for being a new girl. But his nails really could use some professional work. Maybe she could take him out for a spa day together? Sam would like that.

Table of Contents

1. [Cam Walks A Mile In Her Shoes](#)
2. [Brody Becomes A Schoolgirl! \(Part 1\)](#)
3. [Brody Becomes A Schoolgirl! \(Part 2\)](#)
4. [Brody Becomes A Schoolgirl! \(Part 3\)](#)
5. [Jen Feminizes Her Step](#)
6. [Luke's Pink Pacifier](#)
7. [Punished by Gender Swap](#)
8. [Tess Turned Her Husband into A High Priced Call Girl](#)
9. [Gender Swap: All Over His New Face \(Book 1\)](#)
10. [Gender Swap: All Over His New Face \(Book 2\)](#)
11. [Gender Swap: All Over His New Face \(Book 3\)](#)
12. [Swapped and Dominated](#)
13. [Magic Mask Super Feminine Transformation](#)
14. [Gender Swap: The Cuckold Joins In](#)
15. [Tim Turns Into A Sexy Schoolgirl](#)
16. [Femdom: Grant Gets Feminized in Diapers](#)
17. [Zack Becomes A Sissy Schoolgirl \(The Schoolgirl Curse\)](#)
18. [Amy Diapers and Feminizes the Man of the House](#)
19. [Vicky's Spotlight](#)
20. [About The Author and New Releases!](#)

Swapped and Dominated!

Sniiff! Auggh “Oh fuck yeah!” Christian weezed as he inhaled a massive line of cocaine through a crisp dollar bill. Looking up to see his slut du jour, he laughed and smacked her ass. Haha, he could barely believe himself. All though his life he had never slept with beautiful, amazing woman. But now that he was in his fifties, they just seemed to flock to him. And the younger the better! This particular girl was a 5’ 5” stunning brunette. She said she was on her college’s cheerleading team or some shit like that? Whatever. All Christian knew was that she was a total babe, and had been eating out of his hand all night. And his cock, for that matter.

Ever since he had scored a new, high paying job a couple of months ago, he seemed to have a new lease on life. And also a literal new lease on a German sports car. The thing was a chick magnet! All he had to do was take a couple of spins through the nearby college town and the girls would practically be begging for his dick. And who was he to refuse them? Back when he was in college, he hadn’t been so good with woman. But now even the sauciest of co-eds loving looking up to him as their older man.

The drugs helped too, he was sure. College girls love a good party, and what kind of a party doesn’t have drugs? Christian smiled, aroused at the thought of fucking this girl again while high. Fuckin –eh! He didn’t remember the last time life was this good. For years he had been working the shithole 9-5 job, slaving away while he only grew older. Screw all that! Now he had fresh young pussy, money, and drugs! Life was definitely good.

For some reason his wife’s opinion differed. Lindsay had always been a kind, sweet person. In fact, her compassion was what drove Christian to him in the first place. As a wife, she doted on her husband and never questioned his decisions. Lindsay cooked, cleaned, and sucked her husband off regularly, which she considered her duty as a wife. So she simply couldn’t understand what she was hearing when a friend told her that her husband had been cheating on her.

Her ears were still ringing as her friend snapped her fingers in front of Lindsay’s frozen face. The nail salon attendant turned away to give the two women a moment alone, but Lindsay didn’t notice. Her world was shattered. That asshole! Sure, she had mostly loved him for the money and prestige, but she still loved him. To find out that he’d been cheating on her was... unthinkable! How could Christian have done this to her? She’d been nothing but a perfect wife... there was no way that she deserved this.

Lindsay found the words to thank her friend for the tip, and rushed out of the salon without getting her nails done. That would have to wait. Now, she had more important things to do, like finding out the truth about her relationship. Was her husband a drug addict? How long had he be whoring around? God, she felt sick just thinking about him. She was supposed to have his children! Well that certainly wouldn’t be happening now. What the fuck was going on! Lindsay’s entire world was upside down. Someone had to pay for this.

When Christian entered the house, he could tell that something was wrong. Everything

seemed neat and tidy, but his wife was nowhere to be found. That was odd, usually she was home by now. He stretched out on the couch and settled in to watch some good old fashioned sports news on the TV. At least it was quiet without Lindsay there. She was always going on and on, badgering him about one thing or the other. Now he could finally watch his sports in peace.

And he truly was at peace. Goddamn, how could he not be, after the great fucking he just had? College girls really know how to do it. And if they don't, their enthusiasm certainly makes up for it, he chuckled to himself. Fuck, their pussies were so tight, just like their perfectly smooth skin. And they were always so adventures, eager to fuck their way through learning. Sex with Lindsay had been the opposite lately. Well, it was still good, but sometimes it felt like they were both going through the motions. Fuck that! Fresh pussy was well worth the inexperience.

"What the FUCK is the meaning of this?" Lindsay appeared in the hallway, startling Christian.

"Uh... I'm watching sports. What does it look like?" Christian didn't move from his spot on the couch.

"You smell like a stripper peed on you! Did you fucking cheat on me?" Lindsay crossed her arms.

"Uhhh... no?" Christian looked bewildered as he realized the gravity of the situation.

Lindsay stormed off, crying. Fuck, that was not good, thought Christian. Surely she would come around, but she did seem pretty upset. She didn't have to be such a bitch about it though. What had crawled up her ass and died? Still partially drunk, Christian turned his attention back to the sports game at hand. He had more important things to worry about than his marriage. Like college girls and TV. Fuck yes. He loved weekends. He drifted off into a deep sleep on the couch.

Christian jolted awake; his heart racing. He had been having some pretty messed up dreams. He sat up, disoriented, and looked out the window. A hard rain pelted the flat roof but it sounded like it was pounding right down on him. His head ached. He closed his eyes and tried to find some peace. Christian hadn't drank that much, but he was way out of it. The only that could help him now was more sleep.

"Well aren't we looking cute?" Christian opened his eyes to see Lindsay standing over him with her arms crossed.

"What?" Christian said groggily, but the voice that came out of his mouth wasn't his. It was all high pitched and girly.

"I said, aren't we looking *soo* cute!" a smile crept over Lindsay's face.

What the fuck?! Christian leaped off the couch. That hadn't been his voice that came out of his mouth. What was happening to him? He ran over to the mirror and gasped. What he saw shocked him. His entire facial structure had changed. His cheekbones were higher and naturally rosy. His lips were getting plumper by the second. And his hair! Oh my god, his hair. It had somehow become blonde. That bitch Lindsay must've dyed it or something. How had she done that without him noticing? But as he watched he saw his hair was actually getting longer and longer before his eyes.

The stranger in the mirror let out an inaudible, "no". He didn't believe it. He held his hands

up and watched them shrink as his fingers elongated and thinned into perfectly lady like fingers. He moved them through his still growing hair. It was women's hair. There was no doubt about that, it was silky and long. But it wasn't his. He was a man! Christian didn't need ladylike fingers and flowing blonde hair! He was a strong, independent man. This was all wrong.

Overcome with shock, Christian shrieked like a real woman, and turned back to Lindsay.

"What have you done to me, you crazy bitch!" Christian grabbed Lindsay on the wrists.

"Watch it, sister." Lindsay twisted Christian's arms and pushed him down to the ground.

There was nothing Christian could've done. All of his muscles were gone and he was left with puny little arms. He looked on helplessly as Lindsay towered over him.

"I've just done a little something to teach you a lesson," Lindsay kicked her husband in the side, causing him to squirm on the ground. "Besides, you're actually pretty hot, you little slut. You should be thanking me," Lindsay couldn't hold back her stifled laughter.

"Th...thank you? You're crazy! I'm gonna sue you! You fucking bitch! You can't do this!" Christian squealed from the floor.

Lindsay knelt down before her rapidly transforming husband and slapped him across his rosy cheeks. "Let's be very clear about this, shall we? You are going to do *precisely* what I tell you to do, or you will never be a man again. Do you understand? But that's not even half of it... I'll have you declared a missing person. I'll take every cent you ever owned and you'll be left with nothing but some pretty looks. Just like your little college sluts. Do you understand?"

Christian gulped. He still couldn't believe it, but he didn't know what else he could do but submit. "Yes" he said meekly. "Good," Lindsay grinned and stepped the heel of her shoe into Christian's cock, causing him to yelp out in pain. His cock! Oh god, what had happened to his cock? Christian felt his crotch, but had to do a double take to find his dick. No! His strong, reliable member was disappearing as he held it in his hand. This was cruel and unusual punishment. He didn't deserve this treatment! But there was nothing he could do to stop it. He withered on the floor for some time, grasping on to his rapidly receding cock. His manhood, his identity as a person, was gone. How could he function without it?

After enjoying his agonizing, Lindsay pulled her husband up to his feet and trotted him to the front of the mirror. Fuck, he actually was hot. All of the wrinkles on his face were gone. His skin was clear and smooth, like an eighteen year old. In fact, he looked exactly like one of his college girls: young, hot, and tight. He was exactly the kind of girl that he would've loved to fuck, and abuse emotionally.

His flowing blonde hair was down to his breasts now. Oh my, his breasts. They were firm and round, but not too big. They weighed on him heavily. He felt them up, in awe. They were so sensitive, more than he ever could have imagined. It was such an unusual sensation, but in a good way. He didn't know what to make of it. His transformation was still so much to take in.

Lindsay observed his discomfort and procured a bra. "I'm not totally sure, but this should fit you." She handed the pink, lacey bra to her husband. Christian took it in disbelief. He needed some support for his breasts, but goddamn him if he was going to wear a bra. He knew deep down that he wasn't a girl, and he didn't need this shit.

"Do you ever want to be a man again?" Lindsay urged the bra to him once more.

Christian's eyes widened. It seemed like he was going to have to do everything that his wife wanted. With resent, he took the bra from her and struggled to do it up. He finally got it in place, but it seemed a little bit too small. His girls spilled out over the top of his feminine

brassier. He bit his lip worriedly and stared in the mirror. This was his reality now.

Lindsay left again and re-appeared with a smile on her face and a pink miniskirt. She could tell right away that her husband was less enthused with her idea than she was.

“I am not wearing that,” Christian said sassily

“Oh I think you are,” Lindsay cooed. “You’re a sweet little college girl, and you need to dress like one.”

It was true. Whatever magic Lindsay had worked on Christian to transform him into a girl had also made him appear much younger than he was as a man. And more than anything, he wanted to re-gain his manhood. If that meant playing dress up with his wife, then so be it. If that entertained her sick, twisted mind, then he was okay with it. It was only temporary, after all. There was no way she could’ve changed him into a girl for good.

He put on the pink mini dress and the simple, low cut top that his wife had picked out. He took his own breath away when he looked in the mirror. He knew he looked good, but now that he had clothes on he could really see the shape to his body. He batted his eyelashes and smacked his lips together, almost instinctually, as he inspected himself. His teeth had straightened, and his ass had changed shape in all of the right places. Goddamn, he looked good.

“When you’re finished admiring yourself, put these on” Lindsay teased as she handed him a pair of bubblegum pink heels.

“But... I don’t know how to walk in those!” Christian pouted. He looked adorable, really. “And, hey, what do you mean put these on? I’m not going anywhere!” he proclaimed as he put his hands on his hips saucily.

“Of course you are dear, we’ve got an appointment at the salon. Can’t be late! Here, I’ll grab your purse.” Lindsay said as she scooted off to the bedroom.

Christian felt anger at first, but the sexy long heels in his hand seemed to have an effect on him. He could cry like a defeated little girl, or he could put on the shoes and place his wife’s little game. In a heartbeat, he was down on the floor tightening up his fresh pink stilettos. They really didn’t go with his outfit. Was Lindsay *trying* to make him look like a slut? As if being a girl in public for the first time wasn’t going to be hard enough.

Wait, had Christian just caught himself thinking about how his outfit matched? What the fuck? Why was this happening to him? He stood up and grabbed on to the nearest couch for support. He took a couple of steps, and must’ve looked like a kid learning to skate! They did make his figure look good though. And wow, his legs really were so much thinner and his skin was super smooth! It was such a change from his normal hairy monster man legs.

“Oh darling, you’re a natural!” Lindsay exclaimed as she re-entered the room.

Christian caught himself smiling, and then proceeded to blush. He was actually pretty good at walking in them for his first time. But that wasn’t anything to be proud of. He was a man! So why did Lindsay’s compliments feel so good?

Lindsay handed her sissy little husband a high class designer bag, similar to hers, and the girls were off to their appointment. Maybe it would be fun! Christian brushed his hair aside and climbed up to the passenger seat of Lindsay’s range rover without a second thought. Lindsay was older, she should drive. Besides, there was no way he could drive with these heels on!

At the salon, Lindsay introduced her sissy husband to her group of girlfriends. She

introduced Christian as her niece, and gave them all a special wink. The girls welcomed him knowingly and giggled behind his back as Christian settled into the massage chair to get his manicure. He was feeling welcomed, relaxed even. The nail attendant took his hands and started scrubbing. It felt magical. Was this what being a girl was all about?

“So a clear polish to start?” The attendant flicked her hair and asked Christian.

“Oh yes, and then she’ll have a bright pink layer on top,” Lindsay interrupted, as Christian was left unsure what to say. Sure, bright pink. At least that would go with his outfit.

“Oh and dear, my friends Tom and Rick are in the area, so they’re coming over. They’ve offered to come and help you adjust to being a new girl. They’re very excited to meet you.

“Tom and Rick? The guys from the warehouse?!” Christian gulped. The duo worked for Lindsay’s company in the shipping department. They were rugged and rough as any tough biker dudes that Christian knew.

“Yes, of course that Tom and Rick! Who else would it be?” Lindsay laughed as the nail care attendant started to give instructions to Christian on how to mess up his manicure. “They’re actually quite the sweethearts when you get to know them.”

Christian’s head was spinning. Tom and Rick - sweethearts? They were the farthest thing from sweet he could imagine. And help him get used to being a girl? What did *that* mean? Christian wanted to protest. No, *fuck* that! He was a man, and he didn’t need those two goon’s help with anything. This was all too much. He needed to get the fuck out of this salon, and back into his normal body.

He opened his mouth with the intentions of telling Lindsay off, but nothing came out. Something wasn’t working right. Christian gaped slack jawed with his pretty face at Lindsay, who grinned back at him.

“Great! I’m so happy for you! It’s gonna be a great first time, hon. Oh my god, we need to get you ready!” Lindsay exclaimed as she started rummaging through her bag.

Before he could protest, Christian found himself being pampered in a smattering of brushes and rods. In a way, it felt good to be so girly, almost as if this was how he was supposed to be. But deep down, he knew it was wrong. It was all a sham, he was a man. He caught himself smiling and pushed away Lindsay’s hands.

“Listen Lindsay, I don’t know what exactly you expect me to do, but I’m not doing it. This is ridiculous. You’ve had your fun, now let’s go home,” Christian said as seriously as a pretty young girl could.

A jolt across his face shocked Christian. Lindsay had smacked him with the backside of her hand. He looked up at her in fear and confusion.

“Now you listen to me you little slut. You’re going to take some big cocks like a good girl, or you’re never going to be a man ever again. Are we clear on that?” Lindsay threatened.

Christian held his cheek in pain and nodded absently. Why had that hurt so much? It was either because he hadn’t been expecting it, or his body had changed to have a lower pain

tolerance as a girl. Either way, he was in shock. His wife had just hit him, and meant it. What the fuck was happening to him?

Lindsay lifted her husband's chin and handed him a tube of mascara. "Here, you do it." Christian took the make-up applicator in his new, manicured hands. He was going to have to suck some dick, and there was no way around it. He might as well look good when he did it. Maybe he could get the guys to come quickly. He scrunched up his face, like he had seen Lindsay do so many times, and proceeded to apply his make-up. Lindsay held the mirror in front of him. Christian had a red mark across his face from where she had struck him, but looked otherwise impeccable. One thing was for certain: the bikers that Lindsay knew were going to be two lucky guys.

The door busted open, and the two burly men entered. They were so wide they could barely fit through the entrance. Lindsay ran to give both of them hugs. The crowd in the Salon had thinned out, and they had the entire place to themselves. Rick and Tom followed Lindsay to where Christian was sitting and they introduced themselves with a couple of grunts.

"One second fellas, we almost forgot her lipstick!" Lindsay produced a tube of lipstick, bright red. "Okay, pout your lips out sweetie," said Lindsay as she knelt down in front of her husband.

Christian obliged and his wife generously applied the make-up to his face. Goddamn, he knew he looked sexy. He could feel something foreign stir between his legs as he looked over to his newest friends. The bikers were brawn and intimidating; one had rather big tattoo on his arm. But Christian barely noticed that as his eyes were drawn to the bulge under each of their belts. Their bulges were growing by the second, and Christian started to feel butterflies in his stomach.

"Look at me dear, pay attention or I'll mess up your make-up," Lindsay said patronizingly.

Not more than a couple of seconds had passed after Lindsay was done with the lipstick before Tom and Rick had their big thick cocks out of their pants and in front of Christian. He looked nervously to Lindsay, who gave him a look of determination. Quickly, he reached up and grabbed them both between his freshly painted fingers. Christian smiled and looked up at his studs, coaxing a moan out of them. His pussy purred between his knees, calling out for attention. This is where he was meant to be: smiling so prettily and with a cock in each of his hands. After all, he was a sissy little college slut.

"No fucking teasing," Tom said as they grabbed Christian by his ponytail and smothered his cock into the young girl's face. Christian gagged, but there was nothing he could do. The first cock he had ever sucked was seven inches deep in his throat. When Tom finally released him, Christian gasped for air. He knew that hadn't been a very nice thing for the man to do, but his pussy had loved it. He wanted to play with it so bad, and started to push a finger under his skirt.

"Fucking right," Rick said as he pulled Christian's sweet mouth onto his own cock, before Christian could ever catch his breath. Christian's eyes watered as the men were rough with. He could see Lindsay out of the corner of his eye, giggling and laughing at his attempts to breathe. Being used so badly made his pussy yearn for attention even more. He didn't understand it, but he didn't have any time to think about it. He needed his new hairless snatch to be touched.

Christian withdrew his mouth from Rick's monster cock, and held it in his hand as he caught his breath. He hiked up his skirt with his other hand and gave Tom a look that screamed

for his touch. Tom obliged, and his big manly hands sent shockwaves through Christian's dripping wet pussy. Christian moaned loudly as his virgin cunt was touched for the first time. He was so fucking wet; he was in awe that anything could feel that good.

He only had a couple of seconds to bask in his new womanly glory before Rick reminded him of his duties with a pull on his hair. Christian sat up in the salon chair and took Rick whole in his mouth while stroking him with his hand at the same time. Watching the sexy young starlet service his cock caused Rick to moan loudly. That moan made Christian feel good, like he was being a good little cocksucker. He was proud of himself for pleasing a big man like Rick, and he knew that he looked superhot with his bright red lipstick thrashing around Rick's thick dick.

The pleasures in his pussy had multiplied and he was now dripping down his legs. Tom was obviously an expert at using his fingers. Christian didn't know what he was doing down there, but it felt amazing. He stopped sucking cock for a second to bask in the ebb and flow of the rollercoaster that was happening between his knees. But Lindsay wouldn't have it, and before he knew it his wife had dragged his head back onto Rick's throbbing member.

Choking on Rick's dick only seemed to make Christian wetter. Goddamn, he was completely insatiable. He needed to be filled, and soon. He squirmed his girly hips as Tom continued to pleasure his clit with his hand. Lindsay kept her grip strong on the back of Christian's long blonde hair. She reveled in the frustration and humiliation that she was causing her husband as she made him choke on a huge cock.

Christian grabbed the base of Rick's shaft, and finally managed to take the cock out of his mouth. "Do ... do it," he gasped between breaths.

"What's that you little slut?" Lindsay said mockingly.

"Please, just do it... fuck me!" Christian's tight little bottom squirmed in anticipation.

Lindsay raised her eyebrows, "You want this big biker cock inside of your girly pussy? Say it, slut."

"YES! Fuck me now! I need it!" Christian begged his wife to let the big strange men fill him in all of his holes.

"Sure sweetie," Lindsay cooed as she reclined the salon chair to a flat position.

Rick grabbed Christian's smooth legs aggressively and pulled his cock to position. He entered Christian slowly at first, causing him to scream out in pleasure at having a cock inside of him for the first time. Christian's tight pussy expanded to accommodate the full girth that the biker was packing, and his juices flowed heavily. He had wanted it so badly, and now he finally had it. Rick fucked him more forcefully now and pleasure jolted through Christian's entire body. It felt so good to be fucked like the little girly slut that he was. Christian moaned when he could, he had Tom's cock fucking his mouth. It was almost too much handle. He was wanted and desired, no longer lust after, by two big meatheads. Christian was a sexy young college girl, and was eager to give them everything they wanted.

Rick pushed Christian over onto his flat, sexy belly and slapped him hard across his firm ass. Christopher was shocked. He didn't know how to feel. He had never been hit like that during sex when he was a man, but now here he was taking it, and there was nothing he could do. The intense pain gave way to pleasure as Rick entered his pussy again. Christian's mind was short-circuiting; he couldn't have called out or made an intelligible sentence if he even tried. His mouth hung open and sounds of pain and pleasure randomly escaped from it as Rick ruthlessly pounded him from behind, making the 110 lb. college slut his little bitch.

Christian jolted back to reality when he felt a new sensation: something very large and foreign was circling his asshole. With nary a spit of saliva, Tom pushed his monster cock into Christian's super-tight hole. Christian yelped in shock at having his anal virginity taken. Tom was ruthless as he invaded Christian's buttocks. No space was personal anymore. Christian gripped the salon chair with both hands as he was fucked without remorse from behind. Again, the men slapped his ass, and again Christian flinched in pain. He was their cumslut, and he getting dominated by Rick and Tom was his duty. It was what he was put on earth to do.

Christian held on tight as the men hit him and grabbed his hair from behind. His make-up totally ruined now, he knew he looked like a true two-piece whore. And that's what the men called him as they pounded him ruthlessly. They pulled his long blonde hair and grabbed his tits from behind. They made him know that he was theirs.

Lindsay sat facing her husband with a sinister look on her face. Rick grabbed Christian's arms and tied them behind his back, leaving the sultry young girl feeling even more powerless. Christian tried to bury his head into the chair, but his wife wouldn't let him. She pulled up his pretty face, with mascara and eyeliner running down it, and shoved it into her pussy.

Again, Christian couldn't breathe as was made to eat his wife's pussy. She held him there, knowing that his girl lungs couldn't hold much breath and watched him struggle to turn his head away. But his arms were all tied up, and he couldn't manage to sneak a breath. Something about being dominated like that made his pussy light up with fire again, and he soaked Rick's cock with his wetness. Deep down inside of him, Christian liked being told that he wasn't allowed to breathe and that he truly was a sissy little slut.

When he was finally allowed to breathe, Christian's face was even more red than his ass and tits. Being used was hard work, and he was totally exhausted. He couldn't do a thing for himself in that moment. The biker men withdrew and threw Christian over onto his back again. They switched positions, finding his ass and pussy again.

Christian's body jolted with waves of pleasure as they two studs fucked him harder than he ever could've imagined was possible. Lindsay came around and sat on his chest and grabbed Christian's throat, forcing him to look up at her. She berated him for being a filthy cheating little cunt and a goddamn sissy little bitch. When Christian's eyes looked like he longed for his wife, she slapped him hard across the face. Here he was: being pummeled in the ass and pussy by two separate men, and humiliated by his wife. Any semblance of being a man seemed to leave Christopher in that moment. He didn't deserve to become a man again. That wasn't possible for a true girly whore like him.

Lindsay slapped him hard again, on the other cheek, before climbing a top of his face. She rubbed her pussy hard over his entire beautiful, womanly face. She reached down and choked him as she did this, sending Christian's body into a frenzy. Being choked lit his clit on fire and pleasure flew through his entire body. His hips spasmed uncontrollably, but Rick and Tom held him down. Christian didn't know what was happening; his body had a mind of its own. His shoulder's jerked and so his wife restrained him. She slapped him again and sent Christian into his first full body orgasm as a woman. He screamed his high pitched voice as the pleasure spread out from his clit to his whole body in jolting, powerful movements.

His body was still jerking as Rick pulled out of Christian's pussy to cum all over his toned core and lower body. Tom took his cock out of Christian's tight ass and shoved it in Christian's open, orgasming mouth. Christian, surprised, took a huge white load down his throat as his

wife choked him. The pleasure in his clit raged on. His hips vibrated up and down as his body was happy to see that it had fully obliged the muscular biker dudes.

Lindsay was satisfied that her husband had learned his place as her little cum slut, and ordered the men to stop fucking with him. Christian was a dirty college whore, and he didn't deserve any more orgasms than he'd already had. That saucy feminine bitch had just been used by two monster cocks, and that was more than was worth anyways.

Christian lay on the salon chair, too gleeful and out-of-it to even sit up. Cum dribbled out of his mouth as he giggled in ecstasy. Now he knew what it was like to be on the other side of his hard college fuck fests, and he liked it.

At home, Christian tried on a couple of dresses in his wife's closet. Nothing seemed to fit him quite right. He was tighter in the midsection in ass, and more petite overall. He fretted and wondered if the mall was still open late at night. He needed something to wear, because he and Lindsay were going out for a fancy dinner. A girl's night! He was so excited and he giggled when he remembered how excited he was.

He asked Lindsay if they could quickly go find something more appropriate for him to wear, and Lindsay agreed. But her idea of appropriate was a little different. She would be wearing an evening gown, yes, but perhaps a short-shorts and a skimpy little bra would be more than enough for Christian. He was her dirty little college whore after all, and he needed to remember his place.

Table of Contents

1. [Cam Walks A Mile In Her Shoes](#)
2. [Brody Becomes A Schoolgirl! \(Part 1\)](#)
3. [Brody Becomes A Schoolgirl! \(Part 2\)](#)
4. [Brody Becomes A Schoolgirl! \(Part 3\)](#)
5. [Jen Feminizes Her Step](#)
6. [Luke's Pink Pacifier](#)
7. [Punished by Gender Swap](#)
8. [Tess Turned Her Husband into A High Priced Call Girl](#)
9. [Gender Swap: All Over His New Face \(Book 1\)](#)
10. [Gender Swap: All Over His New Face \(Book 2\)](#)
11. [Gender Swap: All Over His New Face \(Book 3\)](#)
12. [Swapped and Dominated](#)
13. [Magic Mask Super Feminine Transformation](#)
14. [Gender Swap: The Cuckold Joins In](#)
15. [Tim Turns Into A Sexy Schoolgirl](#)
16. [Femdom: Grant Gets Feminized in Diapers](#)
17. [Zack Becomes A Sissy Schoolgirl \(The Schoolgirl Curse\)](#)
18. [Amy Diapers and Feminizes the Man of the House](#)
19. [Vicky's Spotlight](#)
20. [About The Author and New Releases!](#)

Magic Mask Gender Swap (Super Feminine Transformation)

Watching the young college girls' asses bounce up and down in their workout gear, Dan got hard in his pants. Fuck, coming to the gym was always an exercise in frustration for him. The girls always looked so goddamn good, and it was hard to concentrate on his workout. He almost dropped the weights that he had on his shoulders. He winced, and put the dumbbells down. He needed to stop getting so distracted.

Dan had seen some modest improvements in his physique since he started working out, but he wasn't buff by any means. He was tall and only now starting to fill out his large frame. He wasn't sure if it was his body or his improved confidence, but he was getting more and more attention from women.

Up and down they went on the stair-master, their long legs giving way to incredibly shapely buttocks. And there were just so many of them, all so fit and hot. Dan had come from a small town, and wasn't used to seeing this many hot women in one place, all at the same time.

A cute blonde caught him staring, and he immediately averted his gaze. Fuck, he didn't want to be that guy that creaped on girls in the gym. It looked like she had smiled as he turned away, but he couldn't be sure. Dan didn't want to risk looking again, so he continued his workout.

Thrusting up on his shoulder press, Dan wondered what it would be like to have magnificent firm breasts like that blonde girl on the stair machine. That girl was so hot she could have any guy that she wanted. Surely her life must be that of a dream, Dan thought. She probably never had to work a day in her life, simply because of her stunning looks. But hell, he was projecting. He didn't actually know anything about her.

Dan had worked hard to get into university, and he was busting his ass at two jobs to pay for it. Even though there were so many chicks at his school, he barely met any of them because he was so busy. When his roommates went out partying and fucking sluts, Dan was getting ready for his second shift at the restaurant.

He tried to stay calm, but it was hard not to get frustrated sometimes. All of these hot party bitties were out getting wasted every night on their parents' dime, and he was working like a dog. Most of them probably weren't doing anything worthwhile with their degrees anyways; they were just at school to party and get fucked hard by hordes of douchebag guys. Yeah, maybe Dan was a little bit resentful. And they were all so hot... fuck. He had to step it up and make some moves.

Grunting, Dan finished his set and headed to the water fountain. When he finished taking a drink, he looked up to see a stunning blonde beauty grinning at him. It was the same one he had ogled earlier, and she was every bit as hot as he had thought.

"Are you going?" She bit her lip coyly.

"W – what?" Dan snapped out of it. Shit, he had been staring again.

"Are you going?" She motioned with her head towards the announcement board above the water fountain.

Dan regained his composure and looked up to the board. A gold, glittery invitation card read in big letters "ALUMNI AND SPECIAL GUEST DINNER AND DANCE." Fuck, of course

he would go if this smoking hot chick was going! His eyes drifted downwards to the much smaller words and his heart sunk. \$2,000 for tickets to this event! Holy crap, there was no way he could afford that. That's what he got for going to an ivy league school, he supposed. People had too much money for their own good.

"Oh, uh. I think I have to work that day." Dan shifted his feet

"Oh, that's too bad. Well If you're done work by 9 you can just come to the dance. I'll be handing out the party masks." She said saucily.

The bombshell flicked her hair and left before Dan could say anything else. Fuck, Dan should've kept the conversation going! He looked over at the announcement board again. \$2,000, holy shit. He did desperately need to network with some people for a job after school. Maybe he could rationalize it somehow. All he knew for certain was the he absolutely had to see that sexy little blondie again.

Dan had booked the night off work and was ready for the big night. He had managed to get a ticket just to the after party for half price. He donned his nicest, and only, suit jacket and a red power tie. He hadn't been able to get the thought of the hot blonde girl out of his head all week, and he was incredibly excited to go out for once.

In the line-up, Dan chatted with some alumni. They were bankers from New York. He didn't necessarily want to go into finance, but he knew that these guys had connections that could land him a job anywhere. Dan couldn't help but notice how nice their suits were. His looked cheap and gimmicky in comparison. Oh well, as long as he was confident in who he was any girl would respect him. But when he saw the watches that the bankers were wearing, he shuddered. Why would any woman pick him over these rich studs? He didn't even own a watch for fucks' sake. And as expected, the duo stopped talking to him immediately when a hot young girl joined the line behind them.

Dan presented his ticket as he was greeted by the hot blonde from earlier. She was very happy to see him, but the line was moving quickly and Dan didn't have time to talk to her past the pleasantries. That was okay; there were plenty of hot girls here. Dan examined the party mask that he had been handed upon entrance. He wasn't too excited about dressing up, but he supposed it could be fun. Everyone else was doing it, so he would have to as well. His mask was black with gold glitter and embezzled purple studs. Had she given him the wrong mask? Dan was trying so hard to talk to the workout girl that he hadn't noticed she'd given him a girl mask. Oh well, it wasn't like he had much of a choice now.

Putting on the mask, Dan felt a weird sensation start in his face. His ears tingled, and his face suddenly felt much tighter. He tried to take the mask off, but he couldn't! Terrified, he held his face with his hands. His hands, oh my god! His fingers were shifting before his eyes. Before they were large and rugged, but they were shrinking at an alarming rate. His fingernails grew, and they had very feminine, large white nails.

Dan tried to stay calm, but he felt something hit his back. It was long, flowing, black hair. And it was still growing! He pulled it in front of his face. It was incredibly soft and shiny, but why? He wasn't a girl. What the hell was happening to him!? He bolted to the washroom and hoped that no one had seen him. This was so embarrassing!

Looking in the mirror, Dan thought he saw a stranger. A gorgeous woman stared back at him, and she was wearing a long, black cocktail dress. His mouth hung open. How could this

be?! Just a couple of minutes ago, he was a tall, muscular, stud. And now he had shrunk by at least a couple of inches. He looked down at his feet. Wow, he was wearing some seriously sexy black heels! It looked like he had lost more than just a couple of inches. He took a couple of steps. The amazing part was that he already knew how to walk in them!

He watched as his waist shrunk and his hips grew; he was now had a slender, sexy figure. He felt his cock shrinking between his legs, and then he wasn't even sure if it was there anymore. His thick, steady cock had always been there for him, but now it was disappearing before his eyes! Frightened, he grabbed his balls as they receded, but he was quickly distracted by his chest. His horror quickly turned back to shock as he watched breasts grow before his eyes.

The sudden expansion of his firm, supple tits made him become wet between his legs. He squished them beneath the black, lacey bra that had appeared on his chest. Never before had he felt anything so sensitive. They looked to be at least a B cup, maybe even a C. They looked big on his now slender frame. He couldn't get over how much thinner and shorter he was. All of the muscles he had worked so hard on at the gym were replaced with weak, feeble strength. His nipples hardened as he played with them between his long feminine fingers. The new sensation sent a shock through his whole upper body. He didn't know that breasts could be this sensitive... Oh god.

The new feelings in his big round tits sent waves of longing through his loins. Dan felt up his silky smooth, freshly shaven legs to where his dependable jackhammer of a cock used to be. Fuck! It was true...His dick really was gone! In its place was a sleek nothingness; a void wetness that grew damper by the second. He pulled his fancy silk underwear to the side and stuck a finger into his tight, wet, virgin pussy. FUCK! His legs almost buckled underneath him as experienced himself in a new way. It was almost too much to handle. His new body was just so incredibly turned on and rearing to go.

Dan pulled the finger out of his new pussy and caught his breath. Pulling his dress back down, he took a good look at himself in the mirror. Oh my god, he was drop-dead gorgeous. Dan wasn't just some cheap looking slut. He looked exquisite; even classy. His dress, hair, and shoes all oozed luxury. And his make-up was done perfectly. He took a closer look at his face and noticed that even his bone structure had changed. His cheekbones were now much higher, his eyes bigger, and the shape of his face more oval.

He took off his feminine party mask, and examined his fully dolled up face. Dan was wearing blush, eye liner, mascara, eye liner, and probably half a dozen other things that he didn't know the name of. Either way, it all came together tremendously. Goddamn, he looked like a legitimate celebrity - he was that hot. Dan was the kind of girl that was even too hot for modelling; he was the kind that just married a rock star or athlete.

On the ground was a cute little black clutch. He opened it and found a few items, mostly make-up. He took out the lipstick and decided he could use a reapplication. Hell, why not? He puckered up his lush, thick lips and expertly smoothed the lipstick down and around, like he had seen so many girls do. He smacked his lips and envied his body again in the mirror. He wished he could've fucked a girl this hot when he was a man. It wasn't that he didn't want to be a hot woman, but he wasn't sure how long his transformation was going to last. Deep down, Dan missed having a big cock swinging around. But those thoughts were cut short by the burning in his fresh new pussy. His new feminine hormones were raging through his body, and

he started to crave a thick, meaty dick. If he couldn't have his own cock back, he was going to have to get some other cock in between his legs.

Dan emerged from the washroom feeling saucy. He took a few tentative steps in his black, 3 inch high heels and felt immediately comfortable. It was like he had been waiting his whole life to walk in heels. His toes stuck through the front of them. Oh my god, his toenails were already painted! There was a sleek, clear polish on them. It made him feel so girly and complete. His shoes made a solid sound against the hardwood floor as he walked towards the bar, and every man in the vicinity turned to look at him.

Confidently, he ignored their glares and leaned up against the bar. His legs were tall and bare, and his ass was pushed up by his tall heels. It felt so different to wear a dress; so incredibly free. Never before had he felt the bare wind against his smooth inner thighs. And his pussy! Oh my god. It purred between his legs as men from all around tried not to stare at him. Some blatantly could not control themselves, and just unabashedly looked at his slim, long figure. It made him feel sexy, really, and so wanted. The girls in the room were glaring at him too, but with contempt on their faces. He could tell that they were jealous by the way they looked at him, and then back to their own boyfriends and husbands.

It had only been a couple of seconds before Dan was approached by two cocky young studs. They were the same bankers that he had met earlier in the night, but that was when he was an average looking nerdy boy. Now he was super feminine, and he truly had their attention. They asked him what he was drinking, and Dan started to ask for a beer. No! That was the old him. The classy woman he was now definitely wouldn't be caught dead drinking a beer. Dan thought carefully before ordering a long-island ice tea. It was super girly, but also sophisticated. It was not a little girl cocktail; that was for sure.

It arrived with a pink umbrella in it, which Dan twirled gracefully between his long, elegant fingers. He took a sip, and smiled half-heartedly at the two men who had just bought him a drink. They kept going on and on about the job opportunities that they had available for him, and how great of an asset he would make for their team. He played with his long, flowing hair, bored already of these douchebags. They couldn't help but sneak glances at his firm, supple breasts. One would talk and one would ogle him, and then they would switch. It was flattering really, but oh so low-brow. Dan didn't need these guys anymore, and he was barely paying attention to them anyways.

He felt a heavy pair of eyes on him, and looked behind his shoulder. His heart fluttered, and his pussy did the same. Oh my god! It was James RR, a professional baseball player! Dan wasn't a huge baseball fan, but he absolutely knew who James RR was. The man was the dream of college girls worldwide; so manly and grizzly, but also down to earth with a heart of gold. Dan knew James was good looking from the fact that he had graced the front page of fashion and sports magazines alike, but seeing him in person was something else.

Dan tried to turn his attention back to his conversation with the two Wall Street executives, but his pussy was starting to soak through his panties. He was getting so moist at the thought of having his newly minted woman lips spread apart and licked upside down. God, he had never experienced sex as a woman before, or any of these sexual urges. Something deep down inside of him needed to be filled, it was an itch that needed to be scratched. Or better yet, pummeled, held down, and fucked mercilessly.

He looked up at the two white collar douchebags that were trying to woo him. He didn't need these guys. With a fake smile, he took his drink and turned away from them. They stood, flabbergasted at their denial. They tried to shrug it off, but it was clear the bankers were not used to such rejections. Dan didn't see them moping though, as he sauntered gracefully towards Mr. RR. The two caught eyes, and Dan bit his lip in anticipation. He pretended not to be paying attention as James RR left his table and approached the stunningly hot woman.

"What's a beautiful girl like you doing here alone?" James asked as he put his drink down next to Dan's, showing off his huge, muscular arms. Dan swooned. He couldn't have dreamed of having arms that toned when he was a man.

"Oh, you know. Just networking." Dan flicked back his gorgeous long hair. He was terrified and anxious on the inside, but calm on the outside. The true beauty of his new body made everyone give him the benefit of the doubt.

"Looks to me like you're here for a little more than that," Jason swirled his drink.

Dan laughed his new girly laugh. It was so cute, the kind of laugh that just melted men's hearts. Dan knew he was too hot for most of the douchebags at this party, but Jason was different. He was the only one that was actually confident when talking to him. He was the only one that was on his level; who deserved to deflower his tight, fresh pussy. Plus, He made Dan just so goddamn wet.

Dan's pussy hummed along as Jason continued to flirt with him. Jason asked where Dan was from, and Dan made him guess where. When he guessed wrong, Dan pretended to be severely offended. He didn't want to be too easy, even if he needed Dan's cock so badly.

"I'm sorry, I think I should go network with some other people. You aren't the only alumni here you know and I need a job after college," Dan teased Jason. He made a spectacle of getting up, exposing his cleavage over the table.

"Hey, hey. You got all night. Let's get some more drinks," Jason grabbed Dan's petite wrists and guided him back down to his seat. Jason's tight grip made Dan's breathing get faster. Fuck, yes. Here he was, with the hottest, most famous guy at the event begging for him to stay and to buy him drinks. He could feel every eye in the venue on him as he sat back down. It felt good to be wanted by every man in the whole place. Hell, even the women were jealous, if not straight up envious.

"Besides, I have a ton of good business contacts. I can hook you up with whatever job you want," Jason grinned and moved closer to Dan.

"Well, you know, I haven't even really thought about what I want to do that much," Dan said in his high pitched, girly voice. It was still surprising to hear his own voice like that.

"I can think of one thing that I want you to do for me..." Jason's fingers walked up the side of Dan's bare, smooth leg.

Dan squirmed with anticipation. He took a deep breath in as his heart fluttered. He reopened his eyes and turned to face Jason. He couldn't handle the tension anymore. In one quick motion he grabbed Jason's shirt and pulled him towards him. He kissed him passionately on the mouth, their tongues entwined. It was the first time Dan had ever kissed a man, and it was different. Jason's stubble rubbed against his flawless skin, but it felt good. He closed his eyes and threw his arms around Jason's neck like a true feminine girl would do.

Before he knew what was happening, Dan was being led out of the party confidently by Jason. They entered a small, chic room with a bar and a couple of couches. It must've been

Jason's private suite provided by the college, but Dan was a little too preoccupied to ask. Jason grabbed him by the waist and fell on top of him, on to the couch. It felt so good to be told exactly what to do by a stud like Jason. Dan's breathing intensified. He wasn't sure exactly what was happening to his new body, but he knew that he needed attention on his pussy *now*. It couldn't wait.

But Jason could. Slowly and methodically he massaged Dan's thin, smooth legs. He started low by Dan's calves and worked his way upwards. He pulled Dan's sexy black dress out of the way and continued to work Dan's inner thighs with his large, manly hands. It was almost too much to handle for Dan, as his shoulders collapsed back into the couch and he closed his eyes. When Jason finally worked his way up to Dan's pussy, he skipped over it and continued to massage the other leg. All the blood flowing to Dan's lower body caused him to moan. He had had enough. He had teased Jason back in the party room, but now he was the one being teased, and he would not stand for it. He needed cock, and Jason was going to give it to him.

The stunning new woman sat up on the couch, surprising Jason, and lunged for his cock. She grabbed him underneath his suit pants and kissed him deeply on the mouth. Dan grimaced at the sensation as Dan grinned sexily at him. Dan could feel that Jason was rock hard underneath his pants, and definitely larger than Dan was as a man. He grimaced at the thought of taking it in his tight new pussy. Goddamn, it was so big. That was all the better to wrap his sexy red lips around, though. He hadn't reapplied his lipstick for nothing.

Dan slowly undid Jason's belt and pants, pausing to bite his lip and play with his hair. Jason inhaled sharply as Dan's long feminine fingers grabbed his member firmly and gave it a strong tug. Dan licked his lips and could see that Jason was on the verge of outright begging for Dan to suck his cock. He continued to tug on Jason's thick dick as he made a show of kissing Jason's chest, and slowly making his way down. He couldn't believe that he had Jason RR, one of the richest and most famous men in America, practically pleading with him. That was the kind of power that came with being in the upper echelon of sexy, classy girls.

He reached Jason's cock and licked all the way up from the shaft to the head. Jason squirmed in delight at the black haired bombshell giving him head. Dan took the head of Jason's cock in his thick lips, and bobbed up and down. He had never sucked a cock before, and had never wanted to. But now, as a woman, nothing felt more right in the world than having a dick in his mouth. He used his hands and his mouth at the same time, twisting up on Jason's rock hard member. He looked up at Jason and batted his eyelashes, causing Jason to groan. Dan had been tentative at first, but he had no reason to be. If Jason RR was satisfied, then he must be an incredibly talented little girly cocksucker.

Dan tried to take more of Jason's cock in his petite womanly mouth, but it was just so big. He got three quarters of the way down on it, but then gagged. It didn't hurt, but it was just too big and long in his throat. He tried again and was slightly more successful. Sucking cock was not totally easy, but it was hot as hell. He was getting incredibly wet in his panties as was slobbering all over Jason's dick. In fact, his panties were now totally soaked. It was simply just impossible to suck cock without imagining it ramming open his tight new girl hole.

He came up from his deep throat attempt and spit saliva all over Jason's throbbing member. It was a stark contrast to see such an elegant woman spitting all over a fat dick. It was almost too much for Jason, who stopped Dan from going back down for another deep throat. Dan was just too fucking hot, and Jason didn't want to cum yet.

Jason stripped Dan out of his black dress, and sucked on his firm tits. It was the first time that Dan had ever been naked as a woman, and it was incredible to finally see his fully fledged feminine body. Jason's meaty hands working on his breasts made him feel warm inside. Every touch that Jason's hands made sent shockwaves throughout his entire body. But he needed more than that; he needed to be fulfilled in every way. He lay down on the couch and pushed Jason down between his knees.

The first long lick up his vulva was like a firecracker had gone off inside of him. Dan's thin waist jolted, and he was only kept on the couch by Jason's grip around his hips. He eased his back into the couch in pleasure as Jason expertly licked his clit. That was why he held out for a man like Jason RR; he knew what he was doing in the bedroom. Every flick of his clit was a better feeling than Dan had ever felt before. He hadn't known what it meant when woman said they could have full body orgasm, but he could imagine it now. Waves of pleasure poured over his whole body with each prickle of Jason's rough facial hair against his sweet pink pussy. Never before had anything in his body been as sensitive as his clit was now. He bucked his womanly hips and moaned out like only a girl could do. But still, he needed more.

"Please, stick it in me," Dan panted between baited breathes.

"What's that?" Jason smirked knowingly.

"Please...do it!" Dan could barely make coherent sentences.

"You need to tell me exactly what you want... you want my fingers inside of you?" Jason teased.

"Fuck me! I need you in my pussy right now!" Dan threw his hair back as his pussy gushed with wetness.

With a thrust, Jason entered deep into Dan's fresh pussy, taking his virginity. Dan cried out in surprise as he found himself expanding to accommodate Jason's massive cock. It felt so good to be penetrated, Dan was finally full. He grabbed onto the couch with both hands as Jason entered him forcefully again. Pleasure built up inside of him and he sunk his long nails into Jason's back. There was nothing better than being a gorgeous model and being fucked by powerful men.

Jason withdrew his burgeoning cock and motioned for Dan to turn around. Dan was eager to listen and quickly assumed the position. Jason rammed into him and it felt like the first thrust again. It was pleasurable, because he was so wet, but almost overwhelming. Jason grabbed Dan's amazing round ass, which was another new sensation for Dan. He was being overpowered, and absolutely used up by a rich, powerful man. And it felt so fucking good.

The thrusts came quickly now, and a hard slap to his ass reminded Dan who was in charge. Suddenly, Dan's big hand came around in front of him, and grabbed his neck. Being choked instantly made Dan's pussy gush in response. Fuck, he was such a slut; a super feminine, sexy little slut who was being punished by a dominant older man. Dan moaned loudly as the hand came off his neck and behind his head, pulling his hair tightly. His head snapped back and he screamed in pleasure and surprise as his pussy was pounded vigorously from behind. He didn't care if everybody in the other room, or hell, the whole school knew how much of a slut he was. He was a saucy little woman, and he needed to be filled up by Jason RR's strong cock.

Jason groaned and brought Dan back to the original position, but this time with Dan's long leg's draped over Jason's shoulders. Jason held Dan by his smooth, girly legs and pummeled his tight virgin pussy. Dan's eyes rolled back as he was taking the thick dick deeper than ever

before. Warmness spread out in shockwaves through his whole body. He didn't know it, but the position was causing Jason's cock to hit up to his G-Spot.

The gorgeous new woman could barely hold on to the couch for she was being fucked too hard. Dan's legs started shaking and Jason pinned them against the couch with his strong hands. Dan arched his back as the pleasure continued to build, ripping through his body. Dan had never been too outgoing or expressive during sex as a man, but now his body seemed to twist and shout on its own. Dan arched his back and Jason choked him again. Being choked seemed to fulfill a primal instinct inside of Dan; it just felt so fucking good.

Dan's hips bucked and pointed towards the sky. He bit his lip as he came hard! Fuck! Something exploded from inside of him. Pleasure ripped throughout his whole body, and he experienced his first full body orgasm as a woman. His legs spasmed underneath him and Jason held him down. Dan moaned loudly and squirmed in pleasure as he watched Jason withdraw his monster cock and start to cum all over Dan's slim, feminine body.

Dan would've grabbed Jason's cock but he was just too incapacitated from his own orgasm. Instead, Jason's thick cum shot like a gun, landing on Dan's toned stomach, breasts, and even his cheek. Dan tasted cum for the first time, and it only served to prolong his orgasm. Fuck, he was such a little beautiful slut, covered in cum. Elegant woman usually didn't swallow semen, but Dan actually liked it. Like a good cum slut, he gathered up the sticky white mess, and stuffed it in his mouth and around his face. Jason lowered his cock into Dan's face, and Dan sucked it for every last drop.

Lying on the couch, Dan's legs and hips were still vibrating. He looked up at Jason, but couldn't make a proper sentence with his words. He tried to speak, but all that came out was laughter. He was too giddy from having just received the fuck of a life time. He lay there recovering for some time. He was an elegant, classy lady, but had been used up and fucked like a little whore. And he had loved it.

Later that night, Dan re-emerged back to the party. He had reapplied his make-up, and straightened out his dress. But everyone at the party knew where he had been; it was in the way that they looked at him. But he bounced around the venue gracefully, with semen smeared on his chest and a choke mark on his neck. He laughed at their jokes and accepted their drinks, playing them the whole time. To be honest, the looks that the men gave him turned him on even more. It was way more fun to be a dirty little slut than it was to be an up-class, sophisticated woman. Hell, why not be both?

Table of Contents

1. [Cam Walks A Mile In Her Shoes](#)
2. [Brody Becomes A Schoolgirl! \(Part 1\)](#)
3. [Brody Becomes A Schoolgirl! \(Part 2\)](#)
4. [Brody Becomes A Schoolgirl! \(Part 3\)](#)
5. [Jen Feminizes Her Step](#)
6. [Luke's Pink Pacifier](#)
7. [Punished by Gender Swap](#)
8. [Tess Turned Her Husband into A High Priced Call Girl](#)
9. [Gender Swap: All Over His New Face \(Book 1\)](#)
10. [Gender Swap: All Over His New Face \(Book 2\)](#)
11. [Gender Swap: All Over His New Face \(Book 3\)](#)
12. [Swapped and Dominated](#)
13. [Magic Mask Super Feminine Transformation](#)
14. [Gender Swap: The Cuckold Joins In](#)
15. [Tim Turns Into A Sexy Schoolgirl](#)
16. [Femdom: Grant Gets Feminized in Diapers](#)
17. [Zack Becomes A Sissy Schoolgirl \(The Schoolgirl Curse\)](#)
18. [Amy Diapers and Feminizes the Man of the House](#)
19. [Vicky's Spotlight](#)
20. [About The Author and New Releases!](#)

Gender Swap: The Cuckold Joins In!

Jon watched his wife wither and moan silently in her sleep. It seemed like she almost always came harder when she was having a wet dream than when they were actually having sex. Not that they had too much sex anymore, anyways.

Jon was addicted to porn, and couldn't stop himself from jacking off. On the rare occasion that his wife, Taylor, wanted to have sex with him, he was already so spent from his solo sessions. He couldn't keep it up for her for longer than a couple of minutes. It wasn't that she wasn't hot. On the contrary, Taylor was a black haired bombshell, and always had been. Jon knew that he'd been very lucky to marry such a beautiful woman. But when she wanted sex it just felt like there was so much pressure on him to perform, which is why he couldn't last. Or at least, that's what he told himself. He couldn't think of any other good reasons.

He looked down at his cock, and immediately was able to think of another reason. Ugh, his cock was definitely below average size. Taylor said she didn't mind, but Jon could tell when she got out her big dildos that there was no way he could match up. How could a man like him ever satisfy a sex goddess like her? If he was her, he'd wouldn't bother fucking him either. Her sex toys looked like way more fun.

Ironing his shirt, Jon got ready for work. It was six in the morning, but he usually had to be at work before 7. If there was one thing that he knew he was good at, it was hard work and bringing home the bacon. Women respected men who could provide. Why else would Taylor marry him in the first place? He loved her so much. And she loved him back, or at least he was pretty sure she did. He could see it in her eyes when they went out for nice dinners, or on her birthday and their anniversary. They were a truly happy couple. Jon just wished he could satisfy her sexual needs.

He watched his wife twisting and turning in bed, imagining being taken by big, hard cocks. Jon found himself getting hard in his pants as he watched. He lifted up the cover and saw the sheets getting wet underneath her. Oh god, she had never gotten that turned on when he went down on her. How could a simple dream be hotter than having her husband in real life?

He turned to leave but the bulge in his pants kept getting bigger and bigger. Taylor moaned another man's name in her sleep. Jon couldn't quite make it out, but it didn't matter. There was something so hot about imagining his wife with another man; someone that could satisfy her and finally fill her up in all of her holes. She was the love of his life; she deserved that much,

and more. He licked his lips, realizing how turned on he was getting. He looked at his watch. Fuck! He turned and practically ran out the door.

At work, Jon said the usual good mornings and hellos to his regular co-workers. He didn't love his job, but it paid the bills, and then some. Sitting down at his desk, he had a major case of the Mondays. It was going to take some strong coffee to get through the day. He checked his emails, but couldn't bring himself to do any actual work. He kept on thinking about his wife with another man. And not just any other man, but a ripped stud.

He shook his head. He didn't want his wife to cheat on him. Hell no! He loved her so much. That would ruin their relationship, he was sure of it. So why was he having all of these sexy thoughts of infidelity? He didn't mind that he was having such thoughts, but the fact that they were majorly turning him on was distressing. He sipped his coffee, spilling some on his crotch. Fuck, he had a massive boner again.

He looked around. People were still filtering into the office. He wondered if he could maybe sneak off to the loo and have a quick wank. His mind was so foggy; he needed something to refocus him or else it was going to be a very long day at work. Jon did masturbate at work sometimes, when he was bored, or when he needed to. It helped him get the juices flowing. He needed some way to get his hotwife and images of muscular studs pounding her out of his mind.

Standing up, Jon was interrupted by his boss,

"Jon? My office please," Mr. Nayson said quickly, walking past him.

Jon's heart rate quickened as he followed his boss down the hall. He took a seat, his dick still half hard in his pants. But what followed was a severe disappointment. Mr. Nayson chewed Jon out for being late, and questioned his performance at the office.

"We need you to improve your work output in the next six months, or you're gone," Mr. Nayson adjusted his tie. "It's that simple."

Jon went back to his desk with a heavy heart. Fuck! He couldn't lose his job. That would be truly disastrous! His security and wealth was one of the only things that Taylor respected him for. He stared blankly at his screen for a couple of minutes before beginning to type furiously.

He worked hard throughout the day, but felt like it wouldn't be enough. Commiserating, Jon opened the bottom drawer to his desk, and took a big long gulp of whiskey. It burned on the way down, and he coughed. Fuck, he had never been good at drinking. The liquor had been a Christmas gift from nearly a decade ago from his brother-in law George. George had

said something about him needing to man up and learn how to drink. That comment had always stuck with Jon, but it wasn't his fault he wasn't a macho truck driving man. That was just the way he was. He started sweating as he thought about losing his job, and took another swig. Jon felt like such a loser. Couldn't he do anything right in his life?

Jon stumbled home after work, nearly falling into the front door. He heard Taylor making dinner in the kitchen. Oh god, his wife, his lovely wife. She would be so disappointed in him. He didn't think he would be able to look her in the eye. He could barely look at himself in the mirror, let alone at his adorable love.

"It's ready," Taylor called.

Jon entered the kitchen and hung on to the table to stop himself from falling over.

"Oh Jon, what the fuck? What did you do?" Taylor's rushed over to hold her husband upright. "Were you drinking?" She flipped her gorgeous shiny hair behind her shoulder and made Jon sit down."

"Oh you, know. Just a little bit," Jon couldn't take his eyes off his wife's glorious tits. God, they were so sexy. There was no way he deserved a pair like that to come home to. Of course it wasn't like he played with them much anyways.

"Did you get fired? Jon look at me in the eyes and tell me what the fuck is wrong with you!" Taylor put her hands on her hips.

Jon stood again and burped. "You know, I wouldn't mind if you needed to see another man. I know I can't make you cum like a real man could," he stuttered.

"What the fuck?" Taylor scrunched up her face.

"No really, hun," Jon burped. "You deserve so much better. And you know what the sad thing is? That would actually turn me on. Thinking about you with a big bull of a man is the only way I can masturbate now. Did you know that? How fucking embarrassing is that? I mean really, what kind of a man am I?" Jon slurred his speech. He hadn't been that drunk in years.

Taylor stood back from her husband in disgust, letting him fall to the ground. She frowned, disgusted with her husband's antics. She had just made a nice, nutritional dinner and he came home like this? That was fucking bullshit. She didn't need to put up with that shit. Taylor left him on the ground in the kitchen. If he wanted to pass out like a fucking drunk loser then that was his problem.

Jon sulked around the house the next day, trying to avoid his wife. He had a horrible hangover. God! He was such a pussy. He wasn't used to drinking so much and his low tolerance made it ten times worse. Jon tried to drink water, but it just wouldn't stay down. He

held his head in despair. What had he said to his wife last night? Had he really meant it?

No! Of course not! Taylor cheating on him would rip his heart in half. He didn't care how much it turned him on, that was definitely off limits! What kind of perverted, twisted fuck would actually enjoy watching his wife get man handled by a stud? Yes, of course he wanted Taylor to be happy. But that didn't mean he wanted her to get pounded by a muscular stud with a cock that actually could get hard. He paused and thought about how big a cock could really get. He hadn't seen many in his life time, and his was so inadequate at best.

"Hey honey, do you need some more water?" Taylor entered the living room and handed him a glass.

"Oh, yeah, uh thanks," Jon took the glass of water, his eyes cast downwards.

He didn't want to face his wife. He knew that he had truly embarrassed himself with his actions last night; he didn't need to be reminded of it. Although he supposed that he should apologize. Why was she being so nice to him anyways? He had clearly been out of control. Normally she would be shaming him and expect a least a bouquet of flowers before even talking to him again after a fuck up like that.

"Sorry about last night... things I said, guess I was pretty drunk, huh" Jon blushed.

"That's okay sweetie. I'm glad you were honest with me. It was an important talk to have. I think you'll be pleasantly surprised," Taylor smiled.

"Wait, what?" Jon's eyes widened.

Was his wife being serious? He had been totally drunk the night before! He didn't actually want to see her with another man, or her luscious red lips wrapped around a thick meaty cock. Oh no, god no! That was his worst nightmare! Why was she smiling at him like that?

"I was drunk, you know. I didn't mean it!" Jon said, exasperated.

Taylor shifted her smooth, long legs. She was wearing a shimmering silver dress. How had Jon not noticed what she was wearing before? Fuck, she looked absolutely stunning, and her make-up was all done up perfectly. Was she going somewhere? Going to suck a cock? Jon reluctantly found his pathetic excuse for a dick growing inside of his pants. Something about imagining his wife being taken hard from behind just made him insatiable.

"Of course I know you were drunk," Taylor laughed. "But I also know you were telling the truth. Let's be honest, Jon. When was the last time you were able to make me cum in bed? Ever? And really, I deserve to be satisfied. Don't I?" She gave her husband the doe eyes.

"Well yes, of course you deserve to be satisfied. You're beautiful and an amazing wife! But honey, let's talk about this. Can't we come to a compro-," Jon stopped talking mid-sentence. His voice had suddenly changed octaves, it suddenly sounded much higher, like a girl's voice.

“Yes, I think it’s already working,” Taylor grinned. “Don’t worry, I know all of your deepest fantasies. I know how much you secretly admire and worship cock. I know that the only thing you want more than to see me with a stud is for him to take you harder than he takes me. You’ll be very happy with this change, I guarantee it.”

Jon stared at his wife in a daze. He looked down at his body and saw his arms shrinking. He was already a small, gangly, man, but now he was getting even more petite. His pot belly was disappearing before his eyes, replaced by a toned, thin, and hairless midsection. Even the shape of his body was changing as his hips slowly grew wider and his waist got smaller. His mouth hung open in shock. What was happening to him! This was crazy!

“See, that water you drank was special. Basically, the more turned on you get by me fucking another man, the faster you’ll turn into a woman yourself. Because let’s be honest, you don’t deserve to be a man anyways,” Taylor said a matter-of-factly.

The water was...special? Jon’s head was swimming. No! This was crazy! He was the man of the house, and Taylor did what he said! He wasn’t some toy that she could just manipulate. And what was this talk about her hooking up with another man? He’d already made it clear that was off the table. Why would he want to subject himself to watching a hung, younger, ripped stud absolutely tear through his wife’s pussy? He could hear her screams in his head right now. No, he would not enjoy that. That would be beyond torturous. He would rather be water boarded than made to eat another man’s cum out of his wife’s fresh, pink pussy, which he had never even been able to penetrate more than three inches.

Shit! He looked down and felt his dick rapidly receding in his pants. How was this possible? It had to be a dream. He grabbed at it, but that only seemed to make it go away faster. Jon felt his smooth, creamy legs. They were so thin and feminine. Taylor was turning him into a woman!

He looked over at his wife, who had taken the opportunity to hike her dress up. She played softly with her pussy while watching her husband’s transformation.

“Ooooh. I can’t wait to be filled up by a real man,” she moaned.

Jon couldn’t help but get more turned on. He felt breasts slowly erupting from his feminine frame. Tentatively, he raised his hands to them. Although they were small for now, they were growing, and so sensitive. He pinched his nipple and was shocked at how good it felt. He could only imagine how much better it would feel if a man had been doing it.

“I bet you can’t wait to get some cock in you either, you pathetic sissy slut,” Taylor said as plunged a finger inside her tight hole.

It was all too much for Jon to handle. He didn’t want Taylor to fuck another guy. That

would ruin their relationship. But he was so confused by all the new feelings he had all over his body. He felt his dick, and it was still there, for now. There was no doubting that he'd become incredibly feminine though.

He stood up and looked in the mirror. His entire facial structure had changed. His lips were fuller, his eyebrows fuller and more defined. It seemed like the water had even managed to change the shape of his face. What had before been an ugly, obtuse shape was now a perfect oval with high cheekbones. He looked mostly feminine. More importantly, he looked like he could suck a really good dick. He licked his lips and thought about double teaming a giant cock with his wife. His clitty excuse for a dick tingled in his pants. He looked back to his face; it was still changing slowly.

"Well you might as well take those clothes off. I don't think they're gonna be fitting you anymore hun," Taylor said as she tossed him a pair of pink panties.

Jon held them in one hand like they were poisonous. They were the pair that he had some times stolen from his wife's drawer to try on and masturbate when she wasn't home. Had she known? Taylor gave him a knowing smile and Jon undressed. She was right, his current clothes weren't going to work. He gingerly put on the panties, and tucked his little clitty dick up. He blushed and looked up at his wife who was still touching herself and enjoying his transformation. He stood naked in the living room, with nothing but a pair of pink, frilly panties. She hadn't even given him a bra to wear. One thing was for certain, Taylor was in control now. There wasn't going to be any compromise. Clearly, Jon was going to have to obey her from here on out.

In the washroom, Taylor helped her sissy, transformed husband apply some make-up. Jon had protested at first, but then relented when he realized that he wasn't going to get any manlier. If he had to become a woman, he might as well start acting and looking like one. Either way, he had to placate his wife until he could convince her to stop with this evil plan of her. If he could just appease her by pretending to enjoy being a woman for a couple of hours, or a couple of days before she found a bull to fuck, then maybe he could save their relationship.

So it was with contempt at first that Jon applied his mascara. He opened his mouth and eyes at the same time, just like he'd always seen Taylor do. Taylor helped him with a little bit of blush on his girly face, and even convinced him to try on some lip gloss. She wanted him to wear lipstick, but lip gloss would be good enough. There, they compromised!

Jon smacked his lips as Taylor painted his nails, a bright pink. It was an odd sensation,

something he'd never experienced before but it actually made him feel really good. He was slowly growing thick, shiny blonde hair, and it was past his shoulders by now. He dared to say that he actually looked halfway good. He wondered how much better he would look with a cock in his mouth. Mmm, maybe he should've gone with the lipstick. Ooh, he imagined how good Taylor would look with a *real* dick in her mouth for once. Not that she ever sucked him off anyways. That was only reserved for special occasions like his birthday.

The doorbell rang, and Taylor jumped. "I'll get it," she ran excitedly.

That was odd. Jon hadn't been expecting anyone to visit them today. His heart raced. He still had traces of the old Jon in his body. Would a friend or relative recognize him? Could he pass as a girl? Fuck, this was crazy. What had his wife been thinking? He couldn't live like this!

Jon heard his wife talking to someone and giggling. He peeked his head out of the washroom and saw a large black man. His heart almost exploded! Who the fuck was that?! He didn't know anyone who looked so manly and strong like that. His heart sank as he watched Taylor flirt with him, touching him gently on his arms.

"Here she is," Taylor said radiantly, as she pulled Jon out of the washroom and pushed him in front of their guest.

"It's a pleasure to meet you miss, I'm Amir," the tall man extended his hand.

Jon took his outstretched hand and got weak between the knees. His hands looked tiny in comparison to this man's black, creamy colored monster hands. He barely came up to Amir's chest. He hadn't noticed when, but he had definitely shrunk in height sometime after he started transforming into a woman. He looked over to his wife, who he could tell was insatiably horny. He was almost shorter than she was now for fuck's sake! There was no way he could be a provider, a true man for his wife compared to the black bull that stood in front of him. He looked more like his wife than he did Amir.

"Nice to meet you too, Mr. Amir," Jon said meekly, blushing. Oh god. He could barely get that sentence out. Amir was just so undeniably hot and full of confidence.

"Please, it's just Amir," he laughed.

Jon laughed too. No! Fuck no! This was all wrong. He wanted to tell this man to get the fuck out of his house! He had paid for this house, it was his, and so was Taylor! He couldn't just come in here and act like everything was his! He tried to talk but the words couldn't come out. He was transfixed by Amir's large shoulder and back muscles. He wasn't sure how old Amir was, but he definitely looked younger than him. Well, at least when Jon had been a man, anyways. As a woman, he now looked like he was in his mid-twenties.

Taylor grabbed Amir's cock through his pants, causing the big man to start growing. Amir

looked happy to have a true babe like Taylor wrapped around his neck. That was the kind of men that Taylor usually attracted, the kind that she deserved. Jon watched as his wife's eyes sparkled, and she kissed her man on her tiptoes.

Jon started to protest, but was stopped short by his breasts popping out. He held them in his hands. God, they felt so good. They were firm, round, and so sensitive. He sat on the couch, mesmerized, and played with them. He couldn't help it; Taylor finally getting a big cock was just turning him on so much.

He pulled down his pink panties and started to ravage what was left of his pathetic little cock. Jon jerked off furiously as he watched Amir manhandle his wife. She turned around and faced Jon, grinding her ass into her lover. Amir smacked her ass loudly and took off her shirt. For some reason Jon couldn't help but wish Amir was shirtless too. He was probably absolutely sculpted under there.

"Haha, holy shit!" Taylor pointed. "Look! Look how little his cock is now! Well, believe me, it wasn't much bigger before. But *that* is truly pathetic!"

Jon could barely breathe. It was one thing to watch his wife flirt with another man. But now she was truly humiliating him, and calling him out in front of Amir! That bitch! It wasn't his fault that it turned him on so much that he had to furiously stroke his pathetic little wiener in the living room.

Taylor undid Amir's belt, and Jon felt himself sploosh between his legs. Oh fuck! He felt where his cock had used to be. In its place was a sleek nothingness, a hole that was growing wetter by the second. Holy shit! He had a pussy now; he had fully become a girl!

He arched his back and threw his hair back, which was now long and past his waist. Moaning, he touched himself in his tight, fresh pussy. It felt so fucking good. He no longer cared about Taylor cheating on him, or any of the bullshit at work. All he knew was that he needed to be filled up, and soon. Jon was desperate for a cock, and his only option was Amir. Standing up, he sauntered over naively to the big bulge in Amir's pants.

"Hold on sister, this is my cock. I get first dibs," Taylor giggled.

Jon sat dejected. He was going to be made to watch his wife take this black cock first, before he ever got a taste.

"Now watch and learn, you sissy faggot," Taylor stroked Amir's giant with both of her hands.

Jon was shocked. He'd never seen such a big cock in all of the porn he'd watched. That was truly monstrous. Taylor looked so good as she licked the shaft, and bobbed it in her mouth. God, Jon was so jealous. This was truly the cock that Taylor deserved. She looked like

a goddamn princess with it in her mouth! She'd never have looked like that with Jon's cock; that was for sure.

Jon continued to play with his fresh new pussy while Taylor slobbered all over that black meat. Jon caught Amir's eye and almost came right there. The way the big man looked at him was something that he'd never experienced before. Amir's gaze had a passion that almost frightened Jon it was so intense. Amir was looking right through him, like he was a piece of meat and he couldn't wait to get inside of Jon's tight, virgin holes. Even when he and Taylor had first met she hadn't looked at him with that much desire, and lust. He felt up his now blossoming, supple breasts. They were so big and sensitive and touching them sent shivers down his spine. Fuck, he knew he looked good. He didn't need a mirror to know that Amir would only look at a superhot babe the way he looked at Jon.

"Come choke on this dick, slut," Taylor said as she giggled and kissed Amir's giant cock.

Jon tentatively approached his wife. He had been her husband! And now he was on his knees about to suck a big black dick with her? It was craziness! He knew that he could run away, that he could stop this madness instantly. But he was mesmerized by the bulging dick in front of him. He nearly drooled as he ran his hands over it. It was really as big as it looked! If he had still been a man, Jon would've felt totally inadequate. Well he did anyways, seeing how hot his wife looked with a cock that big. But touching it himself made his wetness drip down his legs. He was so incredibly turned on that his transformation was totally complete. He was an absolute bombshell blonde pulling on a big black dick and he was loving it. Every single trace of his masculinity was gone.

"Don't be shy, sweetie. And no touching yourself!" Taylor pulled Jon's hand away from his clit.

Jon licked up Amir's shaft. He couldn't believe that he was sucking cock for the first time. He paused anxiously, and looked up smiling at his man. Amir groaned quietly, and Jon took the head of his cock into his mouth. Holy shit! He was doing it! It felt so feminine and sexy to be wanted by a stud like Amir.

"That's it faggot, go down deeper," Taylor said. "I know you love it."

And Jon did. His wife was totally humiliating him. He didn't know if he was ever going to be able to look her in the eye again after today. How could he after he just stuffed his face full of a big black cock? His relationship was ruined, and Taylor would be finally satisfied. But why did that turn him on so fucking much? Why couldn't he resist the temptation of Amir's veiny, thick member?

Oh god, it was so thick. He could barely get halfway down on it before having to come

back up. Exasperated, he slobbered saliva all over it. He wondered if Amir liked it. Taylor had been able to nearly deep throat the whole thing after all!

Suddenly, Jon didn't have much of a choice. Amir grabbed him by the back of his luscious blonde hair and thrust deep into his mouth. Jon expected it to hurt, but it didn't. Wow, he was actually deepthroating! He felt his pussy get even wetter as he had Amir's dick all the way to the back of his throat. It was so big and powerful. But he needed to breathe, and he couldn't breathe through his nose. He tried to take the dick out of his mouth, but Taylor held his head against it, his chin in Amir's ball sack. He struggled, but there was nothing that he could do. After a couple of seconds, he realized that having his wife choke him on that big black dick was making him even hornier. Wetness practically gushed down his legs.

"I know you fucking love choking on that dick you whore. You've wanted it for so long and now you're finally a pathetic little slut. Take that all the way baby," Taylor said as Amir thrust his cock in deeper.

As much as it hurt, it didn't take long for Jon to realize that his new body loved pain. When he finally took the cock out of his mouth a giant trail of saliva followed. His face was totally flushed red. What the hell was happening to him? He'd just been throat fucked and he'd loved it. Maybe Taylor was right, he had always been a sissy deep down inside.

"Now go back to your corner and watch your hot wife fuck this big black stud," Taylor said, patronizingly.

Amir didn't need to be told twice. His strong frame picked Taylor up and flipped her onto her back on the couch. Jon watched intently as he sat on the floor, touching himself. He didn't want to masturbate. A real man would've set aside his emotions, and thrown the bull out of his house. A real man would never have sucked that dick like a cock sucking champion, but here he was.

Taylor moaned as Amir slipped his meaty dick into his her pussy. Jon had never her seen her react like that before to a dick. She was thrusting her body in time with Amir, totally into it. Jon was so wet watching his wife get fucked. She looked like she was in heaven as the big man's muscular arms held her down. What could Jon do besides sit there and touch himself? He moaned effeminately as his pretty, nail polished fingers serenaded his clit. A shiver released through his ass and up his spine. He didn't care how he looked in front of his wife anymore. He didn't care about his work anymore. He couldn't be humiliated any further; he just needed that meaty, veiny cock inside of his tight holes, right now.

"I need you inside of me," he whined.

Amir looked over at him and flashed his teeth. Taylor looked like she was going to cum she

was being thrust into so hard. “You think you deserve this cock?” Taylor asked between Amir’s thrusts.

“You wanted to see your wife satisfied, but now you’re begging for my cock instead?” Amir asked.

Taylor moaned and arched her back, clearly enjoying that Jon had just begged for the big black dick. Not only had she totally humiliated her husband, she’d transformed him into a true sissy and made him beg for her lover’s cock. She came hard on Amir’s giant member as the big man continued to thrash her pussy. She gripped onto the couch with both hands and shouted loudly. Jon had never seen her do anything remotely close to that. Amir had fulfilled Taylor’s thirst for satisfaction more than he could ever have dreamed of. And that realization made Jon more insatiable than ever.

“Please... fuck me!” He moaned in his super feminine voice.

Taylor lay on the couch, recovering from her massive orgasm, while Amir approached Jon. Before he knew it, Jon was thrown over Amir’s shoulder and then was bent over, hands on the table.

“You wanna get fucked, huh?” Amir smacked Jon’s ass hard. “You pathetic piece of shit.”

Jon jumped in surprise and pain at getting his ass smacked. It seemed like all of the pain tolerance he used to have as a man was gone, and everything hurt way more. It was either that, or just that Amir was really fucking strong.

Jon gasped and held onto the table as the big black bull entered him slowly from behind. He felt his fresh pink pussy expanding to accommodate the large man’s massive erection. He couldn’t believe it; Amir was taking his virginity as a woman. His hole was so tight, and his eyes rolled backwards as the long meaty cock plunged all the way into his pussy.

Amir entered him again, this time faster. Jon had completely soaked the black man’s cock with his dripping wet pussy. Amir pushed his back down, and Jon felt like his insides were going to explode with pleasure. He’d never been fucked before, not like this. He was Amir’s now; the black stud was in total control over his sissy boy pussy. Amir rammed him hard, and Jon felt his legs start shaking. His first time as a woman was going to be the best fuck he’d ever experienced, or even seen in porn.

Jon looked over at his wife, who was surveying from the couch. “I’d always known you’d love meaty cocks, you faggot. Did you know that I’ve actually been cheating on you for years? Of course I have! You didn’t think I could actually be satisfied all this time with your pathetic tiny little cock, did you? Don’t act surprised sweetie, it’s only natural for a woman to want to be filled up by a real man. Besides, I’m so much happier that you’re a girl now. We’re going to

have so much fun together! We can go shopping together and try on clothes. We'll even go clubbing and pick out some guys together. I have a feeling you'll be good at picking out the big cocks," she laughed heartedly.

Taylor kept talking, but Jon barely heard her. She had been cheating on him this whole time? How had he been so stupid? She was right, it wasn't a surprise. How could he blame her when she could get action from a stud like Amir? Jon moaned effeminately as the big man plowed into him, slapping his ass from behind. He didn't care about any of that stuff anymore; his mind went blank. All he cared about was the each lunge of Amir's giant member into his tight pink pussy.

Taylor walked around to the other side of the table and faced Jon. Jon felt himself sploosh around Amir's cock as Taylor smirked at him. For some embarrassing reason, humiliation only served to further turn him on and Amir just fucked him even harder. Taylor grabbed his pretty, feminine face and looked him in the eye.

"Now you know what it's like to have a real man inside of you. You could never match up to this," she said.

Taylor grabbed his hair from behind, and slammed his face into the table. She held his face there as Amir ruthlessly pummeled his tight hole. Waves of pleasure rolled from Jon's pussy, where his cock used to be, and through his entire body. He could barely breathe as his wife held him down and continued to berate him. He knew he was a loser and a sissy little faggot. But hearing his beloved wife of ten years say it just made him even wetter.

He gripped onto the table with all his might as Amir repeatedly bore into him. It felt so fucking good to get used up by a stud and humiliated by his wife. Jon's legs quivered as he had a massive orgasm. A powerful sensation shook his entire body. He had never experienced anything as strong and raw like it as a man. At the same time he heard Amir groan, and enter him deeper than he ever had. Thick white cum shot out of his meaty black dick and into Jon's pussy. It oozed out of Jon's tight hole as Amir thrust again.

Jon's entire toned, feminine midsection was shaking uncontrollably with pleasure as he screamed out. He didn't care who heard him. He was a pathetic sissy slut and he loved big black cocks. The orgasm lasted so long, he was still cumming. His body was totally limp and worthless as his lower body continued to quiver. He collapsed, grinning. He was totally used up. His mind was blank as he looked up at his wife, who for the first time in years looked satisfied.

Hours later, Jon lay in a heap on the couch, overcome with emotions from his first fucking

as a woman.

“When will I turned back into a man,” he asked his wife Taylor, who was trying on some earrings that Amir had brought her.

“Well, it would’ve happened by now, I thought,” Taylor said, feigning concern. “But I think because Amir came inside you, you might be stuck like that. There’s no going back if you’re pregnant,” She said, returning her attention to the mirror.

Jon didn’t know how to react. The rich, sticky semen was still inside of him. He pulled some of it out and played with it. He licked it with his tongue. Ugh! So salty! He was going to have to learn to appreciate the taste of cum.

He looked over to his wife who was busy now trying on another dress. Was she going out tonight? Maybe he could join her. He didn’t have much time to waste picking up men before he became a mother.

Tim Turned Into A Sexy Schoolgirl

Tim relaxed in his recliner, holding in a giant toke from his bong. It was a Saturday night, and he loved nothing more than to sit back, smoke some pot, and jerk around on the internet. Well, he liked to do that every day, but especially Saturday. Some called him a lazy slob, but he didn't see that as a bad thing. He was living like a king! His ancestors had probably dreamed of being able to chill and stream movies while baked out of their mind like he did. He exhaled and closed his eyes. This was the good life.

Of course, his fiancée Kirsten didn't see it that way. She was out being busy, busting her ass in an office job while Tim sulked around the house all day. The man that'd she'd agreed to marry just a few short months ago seemed so distant now. Ever since he'd lost his job, Tim had been a real slob and had even started talking about being a house husband for his next career. He figured that Kirsten made a lot of money, what more would they need? He'd love to sit on his ass all day and "tend to the house." How hard could that be?

Tim hadn't noticed that Kirsten was late coming back from her hair appointment. He'd been too caught up watching funny cat videos online and wanking it to weird things. Unbeknownst to him, Kirsten was on the far side of town, consulting with a homeopathic medicine doctor about a supposed magical medication. The doctor assured her that the pills he provided would teach Tim a lesson, and he would be subservient to her in every way. Kirsten liked Tim, she really did, but she figured that if she could improve him then why wouldn't she? A man should listen to what his woman says, and it was time for him to get a job.

"Hi Hun, I'm home," Kirsten said, entering their luxury condo and putting her coat in the closet.

"Hey," Tim said from the other room.

Kirsten joined him in the living room and kissed him on the cheek. She was very excited. She hoped that this new doctor could totally change their relationship.

"It's late," Kate said. "Have you eaten dinner?"

"Oh – Uh, no. I was gonna make something for the both of us, but then I got kinda caught up, you see," Tim said, holding up a video game controller. "Lost track of time," he added sheepishly.

"No problem sweetie. I'll fix something up," Kirsten said.

That was why Tim loved Kirsten. Even when he screwed up she was always there for him. She was just so easy to be in a relationship with because she was always going the extra mile. He could do whatever he wanted and she would still work so hard to make it work.

Kirsten tucked her straight black hair behind her ear in the kitchen, and set about to making a nice big steak dinner. She took out the pills that the doctor had given her and read the label. It said something about getting a man in touch with his feminine side. Kirsten could get on board with that. Tim definitely needed to get in touch with his feminine side and stop being such a grouchy shut in. She lamented what had become of him, but wasn't ready to give up on him yet. She hadn't had much luck with men in the past and Tim had proposed to her so she was determined to make it work. Come to think of it, she wished that Tim actually was a woman. She always got along with girls better. That would be one way to improve their relationship!

Laughing to herself, she mashed Tim's potatoes and stuck four pills in. The label only said to use two, but she *really* wanted this to work. She set the placemats and poured some wine for her and a beer for Tim. The label on the medicine said not to mix with alcohol, but she didn't really care. It was either this or call off the wedding, so whatever. And besides, there was no way she could convince Tim not to drink a beer on a Saturday night. Whatever happened from the pills happened, and she was okay with that. Tim could turn into a mythical creature and she wouldn't honestly care at this point.

"Tim, dinner's ready!" she hollered from the kitchen.

"Can you bring it in here?" I'm watching something. And my beer, thanks," Tim mumbled from the living room.

Kirsten obliged, like she always did. She was so sick of getting walked all over. But finally today was the day she stood up for herself. She put Tim's steak dinner in front of him. Normally she wouldn't stick around and watch whatever stupid vulgar cartoon he was watching now, but she wanted to watch him eat this medicine.

He finished his potatoes and Kirsten was still there smiling at him, waiting for some change to take place. But nothing happened instantly. Maybe it needed more time, or maybe they were just duds. She wasn't sure, but she left Tim in his zombie like TV watching state. He hadn't said a nice thing to her the entire meal. He could've at least asked how her day went. Well, whatever. Good riddance to him! Kirsten decided that if the pills didn't work then she would just break up with him. There was no way she could marry such a slob.

Tim got up and slowly made his way to the bedroom. He had almost fallen asleep on the couch but decided that he ought to at least make it to the bedroom for once. He opened the door and saw that Kirsten was already in bed, and – oh! It looked like she was embarrassed about something.

"Did I interrupt you?" Tim asked, pulling the covers off of his fiancée.

"No, no," Kirsten said trying to grab the blankets back to cover her naked body.

"Awh please, come on hun. I know I can help you out... It's been a while since we've done it, y'know." Tim got in the bed and went in for a kiss.

Kirsten kissed him with her mouth closed. "You really think you can satisfy me, you pathetic loser?" her lip curled. "You're dick hasn't made me feel good in over a year. All you do is lounge around all day, drink, and do drugs. Do you really think that is at all attractive?" Kirsten spat. She wasn't sure where this was coming from. Yes, everything she'd said was true, and she'd told Tim many times to stop being such a loser, but she'd never been mean to him like that before. Maybe he deserved it now.

"Babe, don't be like that. You know I still got it," he winked and lowered his hand to Kirsten's bare loins.

But something happened inside of him and his hand never made it there. He looked at his fiancée and his eyes widened in shock. He could feel his body transforming, twisting and turning rapidly. He looked down at his chest and... it, it was growing! The rest of his body was shrinking, but his breasts were growing. No longer was he a two hundred pound masculine hunk of Cheetos and protein shakes. He looked up at Kirsten in horror, who could only grin back at him.

He felt his waist which had shrunk significantly. And he had hips! What the hell was

happening to him?! This was crazy! He must've been dreaming or something. He was a man, a real man who played football in college and fucked his fiancée all the time. He didn't have breasts and long hair. This was all wrong! Tim didn't believe in magic or anything like that, but there was no other explanation.

"Ooooh, aren't you precious?" Kirsten said happily. "You're so cute!"

Cute? Tim wasn't cute! He was strong and manly! He was supposed to be the exact opposite of cute!

"What?!" was the only phrase he could manage to mutter from his mouth, but it sent him into a frenzy. Why was his voice so high? That wasn't who he was. For fuck's sake, his voice sounded even higher than Kirsten's! There was no way this was possible.

"I said, you're so cute!" Kirsten gushed. "Here, let me show you," she said, leading Tim to the mirror by her closet.

What Tim saw nearly gave him a heart attack. His face was still changing in front of his eyes, which were now a deep blue. His big obnoxious nose was now gone and the bones making up his facial structure had totally shifted now. He didn't only look like a girl; he looked like a damn hot one! His cheekbones were high and his eyebrows were well-defined. His hair was long, luxurious, and very blonde. He could barely breathe he was freaking out so much. Who was this woman looking back at him in the mirror with the long, sexy legs, petite frame, and generously sized breasts? He smacked his lips. He used to dream about banging a girl this hot; but not about being one!

His mouth hung open and he turned back to his fiancée. He wanted to cry.

"What... what happened?" he said in his new girly voice.

"Sweetie, it's okay. I knew that this was a possible side effect but... wow. I didn't expect this! This is great. You're now a nineteen year old girl, how does it feel?" Kirsten asked smugly.

"You... you did this?" tears welled in his eyes. He felt so betrayed. Kirsten had been the love of his life.

But now, Tim wanted to attack his fiancée. He had loved her so much! They were just about to get married! And now she did this to him?! That stupid bitch! He wanted to tear her head off her stupid body that fucking cunt! He knew that he'd been a bit of a loser but he didn't deserve this! He wanted to pound her into the ground!

But his new feminine body couldn't handle all of its new emotions. Instead of getting angry, all he was able to do was cry, and so cry he did. The tears came quickly down his soft feminine skin, and he buried his eyes in his hands. It wasn't fair! He wailed in terror. He wasn't supposed to be a girl!

Kirsten embraced him in a big hug. "There, there sweat heart, it's okay. I think we're gonna get along just fine like this. It could really help our relationship," she smiled.

Tim couldn't believe it. How was she taking this so lightly? This could save their relationship? But what about his manhood? He had dreams and aspirations, he had friends and family that all knew him as a man, He couldn't just walk away from that all just to please some psychotic witch of a fiancée!

Tim regained his composure. He exhaled sharply and dried his eyes. This wasn't right, he wouldn't take it so easily. "You have to turn me back!" he demanded. He was a good couple of inches shorter than Kirsten now. Before he used to tower over but now he was shrieking in his

new feminine voice with his hands on his hips, trying to be assertive.

“Now sweetie, I know this is a big change, but you’re not thinking clearly right now. Why do you go to sleep and we’ll see how you feel in the morning. This can be a good thing,” Kirsten said patronizingly.

“No!” Tim screamed. He aggressively approached his fiancée and put his hands on her shoulders. He wanted to shake some sense into this cruel bitch. How could anyone be so mean to the person they loved?

Smack! Tim felt a lightning bolt across hit him across his face and he recoiled in horror. He stood aghast, mouth hanging open. He looked up at Kirsten, who looked content. Had she just hit him? Oh my god! His fiancée had just smacked him in the face. But what was worse than that was how much it fucking hurt! He held his cheek in pain! Holy shit! He couldn’t believe she had just done that to him. And he couldn’t believe how much it hurt. He’d been in fist fights before and been knocked around pretty hard in football, but this had hurt way more than any of that.

Then it sunk in. He was in a woman’s body. He was no longer able to impose his will on his fiancée simply by being so much bigger. In fact, she could really hurt him now. His pain tolerance as a woman was much less than it’d been before. Not only did he have the body of a girl, but he had feminine hormones, brain, muscles, and everything else. He was powerless to stop Kirsten from doing whatever she wanted.

“You have to change me back,” he sobbed.

Kirsten day dreamed for a little bit. She wasn’t even sure if or when Tim would turn back into a man, but she could have a lot of fun with him like this.

“I want you to go to school,” Kirsten said, twirling her hair. “You need to learn what it’s like to be a girl, a *real* girl, and you have to do it right. Make friends, maybe even get a boyfriend, you know, that kind of stuff. And then, maybe, I’ll think of turning you back into a man. Okay, how’s that sound?” She asked. Each word was like a dagger in Tim’s heart.

He sulked down onto the bed. Go to school as a girl? He didn’t want to do that. He just wanted to lounge around the house all day and smoke pot. He’d hated school as a guy. Why would it be any better as a woman? Ugh, he couldn’t believe that Kirsten was not going to help him change back into a man. She wanted to test him first or something? That as crazy! This wasn’t who he was.

“Maybe, if you are a good girl, I’ll change you back into a man one day,” Kirsten said seductively. “But you’ll have to do everything I tell you to do, because I’m the only one who can turn you back, understand?” she said confidently. She wasn’t even sure if that was true, but she didn’t care. She could go back to her doctor and get some reversal pills when she felt Tim had learned his lesson.

Tim looked up at his fiancée with his big doe eyes and nodded sadly. Yes, he would do it. He would do whatever it took to get his masculinity back, his normal life back. He didn’t like that Kirsten forced him into this situation, but he would be okay. How hard could going to school be as a girl? He was a smart guy, he was sure he could survive and convince Kirsten to turn him back. She usually wasn’t this strong willed. He figured she’d turn him back to a man within a couple of days.

“Let’s make sure everything everything’s working out down here,” Kirsten grinned.

Warmness spread through Tim’s upper body as Kirsten expertly rubbed down Tim’s lower

back. Tim let out a small whimper of appreciation; it was all he could muster. The touch of another woman on his smooth skin was an entirely new sensation.

Kirsten had reached around to his breasts and squeezed them hard. His heart almost exploded it was beating so fast. He wanted to protest; he wasn't supposed to have breasts! But then why did it feel so good? Kirsten's soft touch sent waves of pleasure through his whole body. The sensitivity of his tits had caught his off guard. He hadn't expected them to feel so positively alive and full.

Everything he felt was entirely new. Something stirred between his legs, a longing that he'd never felt before when he'd been a man. It was like he had a new itch to scratch, a desire that needed to be filled. Wait, holy shit! Was his cock gone? His heart nearly exploded out of his chest. He felt Kirsten slip her hand down into loins and his heart sunk. His reliable, dependable six and a half inch member was gone. In its place was a sleek nothingness, an empty, hairless void. No!

"Ka.. Kirsten." He managed to spit out.

"It's okay," replied his fiancée. She turned Tim around and brushed the shiny blonde hair out of the younger woman's eyes.

"Relax sweetie. Sometimes you just have to trust your fiancée," Kirsten kissed her way up Tim's tender, feminine neck. Tim felt butterflies in his stomach, something that never happened when he'd been a man. His new body was more on edge, and so much more emotional. Tim tried to respond, but couldn't. Before he knew it, Kirsten pushed her bright red lips against his, and the two engaged in an extraordinary kiss. Tim closed his eyes and all of his doubts and worries washed away. They'd never kissed like this before.

Tim could feel a wetness seeping down his legs. He had never been so turned on in his whole life. Kirsten stopped touching his pussy for a second, teasing her fiancée. Tim wanted to beg her not to stop, but he could barely form the words. For a split second, Tim forgot about the body he'd left behind. He was in the moment, and he needed attention between his legs right away.

His fiancée gave Tim what he wanted, starting with an excruciatingly long lick all the way up the front of his vulva. Tim shuddered with pleasure. He was getting his pussy licked for the first time, and it felt incredible. The long, slow licks from Kirsten sent pulses through his legs and lower stomach. It was so wrong. He wasn't supposed to be a woman! But then why hadn't he ever felt anything like this when he'd been a man? No, this was something amazingly different. Every flick of the Kirsten's tongue sent another jolt through his body.

"Yup, I think it all checks out," Kirsten said, pussy juice running down her chin. "You're good to go sweetie. The school bus will be here in an hour."

Tim lay on the bed, already exasperated from his first minor experience as a woman. He had to go to school? Like today? What the fuck...

Kirsten brought in some clothes for him. Tim slipped on the silky pink panties and Kirsten helped him fasten his bra. It felt so wrong, but at the same time there was a sense of camaraderie with them both being women now. His fiancée showed him how to put on some mascara and lip gloss, and selected a bright pink nail polish for him to wear. He didn't have much time to get ready, but Tim knew he looked fantastic. He pulled up the skirt and blouse that Kirsten had for him and gave her a little bow. This was crazy; he truly looked like a

schoolgirl. He wondered what the students at school would think.

He watched in the mirror as Kirsten brushed his beautiful shiny blonde hair from behind him with a big smile on her face. He hadn't seen his fiancée that happy in years. He felt a pit in his stomach grow as the minutes went on. School! He was going to go to school! All he wanted to do was stay home and smoke his bong and chill. Just thinking about all the other stupid girls and boys at the school made him want to puke. He'd had a horrible time in school, and once was enough. Now this horrible, evil Kirsten was making him go back.

"Amazing!" Kirsten beamed. "Okay, school time! Here we go!"

Tim followed her out of the room. He couldn't believe he was actually doing this. There had to be some other option. Couldn't he, y'know, escape and fly to Mexico or something to get away from this psychotic witch? He remembered that he didn't have any ID that looked like he did. And there was no guarantee that he would ever be able to turn back to himself without Kirsten's help. He would have to appease her.

Tim walked outside at the lunch break with two friends he'd made, Shelly and Daisy. Well, it was more like they just started talking to him and now he was their friend. He didn't actually like them too much. His mind drifted as they walked along the park outside. They were talking about some stupid girly TV show or music – he wasn't sure what the hell it was.

His eyes drifted over to the football field. Big, strong men hit each other over and over again. That's what he'd been doing when he was in school. Not gossiping about some lame bullshit.

"You okay?" Shelly asked, raising her eyebrow.

"What – yeah, yeah, I'm fine. You know, just a lot to take in and all. It is my first day," Tim replied.

"Haha, sure," Daisy joked. "I think you've got a little lost in that sea of hunky men over there sis."

"Rawr," Shelly giggled. "Oh Mr. Larson is so hot. I wish he would tackle *me*."

"No – uh," Tim's face grew red. He didn't know what to say so he just joined in on the giggling. Those guys did look really strong and manly. "Who's Mr. Larson?" Tim tried to ask innocently.

"Just the hottest stud on campus," Daisy rolled her eyes.

"The coach of the football team," Shelly said. "I think he's in his late twenties and he's an absolute gorgeous hunk... And – oh, I think he's coming over here," she said excitedly.

Mr. Larson approached the three ladies with a big white smile. For some reason Tim's heart was fluttering and his palms felt sweaty. He already felt lost in the coach's deep dark eyes.

"Hey girls, how are ya?" the coach said cheerfully.

"Gooood," they replied.

"Great, alright. Just wanted to come over and introduce myself to the new student here, nice to meet ya," he said, extending his hand to Tim.

The coach's hand fully engulfed Tim's. It felt so much bigger and powerful than his tiny feminine features. He didn't know what was happening to him but it felt so right. Mr. Larson was so hot.

"Nice to meet you too," he managed to squeak out, batting his eyelashes profusely. It felt like time had stopped for him.

“Yeah. Hey, have you done cheerleading before? You look like you’re in shape. You should come out for the tryouts anyways,” Mr. Larson said, flexing his broad muscular stature.

Tim felt like he was melting in the coach’s hands right there. “Okay.” was all he was able to say. He felt like he was going to faint.

“Cool. Yeah, I’m actually gonna be helping out to coach this year. We’re in between cheerleading coaches right now, so I offered to help. I figured I’ve seen them do their thing from the sidelines a million times, so how hard could it be, right? Okay then, see ya,” the coach said before trotting back to the football field.

Tim was still in awe and the other girls burst out in laughter.

“Damn girl, I think I know what you’re doing after school!” they said.

Tim didn’t know what was happening to him. He’d never felt that way when he’d seen a man before. He recovered his composure slowly. He didn’t know what he was doing. He wasn’t a real girl. Deep down, he knew that this was wrong, and he was supposed to be like one of those guys on the football team. But he also knew that he would definitely be at cheerleading practice after school.

It was blistering hot in the afternoon, and Tim hadn’t exercised in years. And didn’t you have to be flexible to do cheerleading? He was not very confident that this would go well at all, but he would try. He jogged out to the practice field in his tight shorts, feeling exposed. He’d never shown this much skin outside before. But at least he looked good enough that he could probably pull it off now. There was no way Mr. Larson wouldn’t be able to pay attention to him when he looked this good.

During the warm up stretches, the coach leaned over to tie his shoes and his shirt rose up, leaving his back exposed. Tim had never noticed how muscular and hot men’s backs could be before. It must’ve been from all the hard workouts the football team did together. Tim sat crossed legged and tried to tease his shiny hair into a sexy ponytail before practice started but was struggling to get it right. He took a deep breath. What the hell had come over him? He couldn’t believe that he was actually here, dressed in a cheerleader’s outfit.

Tim was nervous to do a lift in practice, he had no idea what he was doing and didn’t trust himself to hold anyone up. For some reason everyone assumed he had cheerleading experience. But if the coach wanted him to do it, he would. On his coach’s command, Tim held another girl on the hips before she stepped up on his shoulders. The girl’s frilly skirt waved in the wind above Tim. He caught Mr. Larson’s eye and nearly had a heart attack. What about that man was so attractive to him? The whole team relied on Tim being the base of the pyramid, but he couldn’t help himself. The butterflies were fluttering like crazy in his stomach. He found himself getting so distracted by Mr. Larson’s huge muscular arms and sexy chest. He stumbled and lost his balance causing the pyramid to fall down! What had he done?

“Tim are you okay? You look like you’ve seen a ghost.”

“Huh? Oh yeah Coach. I’m fine. Just a bit... distracted is all.”

“Maybe you need to go inside, take a couple minutes to recoup.”

Tim was still lying on the ground; that had been super embarrassing. Mr. Larson put his arm around Tim, helping him get up. The older man lifted him effortlessly to his feet and Tim swooned hard. He wasn’t sure if he’d lost his breath from the fall or from the coach being super sexy. That was enough cheerleading practice for him today. He needed a time out and

headed back into the locker room.

An itch burned inside of him and Tim wasted no time trying to scratch it. He sat on a Timch in the locker room and spread his legs. He could feel his sweetness getting wetter as he pulled down his tight cheerleading shorts. They were only 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 of the cheerleading girls, he had long nails. He stuck his finger in his mouth which he had never done before. Fuck, it tasted so good. He wondered how Mr. Larson's cock tasted. It was probably so big and hard.

Tim 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 Mr. Larson's big brawn shoulders. He was a real man, the kind of guy that took charge of situations. He wished Mr. Larson had kissed him when he was had picked him up from the ground.. Ugh, that would've been so hot.

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 change room. His pussy had made a damp spot on the locker room Timch. It would probably stain his cheer uniform but he didn't care. His sex purred. It wanted any and all of them: that guy in his sociology class, Mr. Larson, the entire football team, any of them. They were all so fucking hot.

It felt so wrong. He wasn't a sexy little cheerleader – He was supposed to be a man! Yet here he found himself with his smooth legs spread out over the locker room Timch; his fresh pussy wet over the thought of a man using it. No! He was supposed to be a masculine, strong-willed man! Not some blonde schoolgirl who was eager to suck any cock around.

He threw his head back and let out a long feminine moan. He had fully caved. He let all of his inhibitions go as he imagined Mr. Larson grabbing his ponytail and pounding him from behind. He grabbed his breast through his cheer 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.

Tim took a couple deep breaths. It looked like he had just run a marathon. Giddiness overcame him and he started laughing and giggling. He had never had an orgasm that big before. It was incredible. He sucked on his fingers again; he had to get more somehow. He basked in the warm afterglow, his mind hazy from the pleasure. He sat happily in a pool of his own wetness. He needed to get some cock.

At home, he sheepishly hung out in the living room and watched TV with Kirsten. They were watching a cooking show, and Kirsten was making Tim take notes. He would try to recreate the vegetarian dish for the two of them. He told himself that he was just doing whatever it took to turn back into a man, but a part of him enjoyed spending some quality time with his fiancée, even if she was controlling everything.

She didn't let him smoke pot, or play his video games, but Kirsten managed to keep Tim busy enough that he didn't think about those things too much. If he could show her that he'd truly learned his lessons, then maybe she would turn him back into a man soon.

So together they sat and watched their shows, and Tim filed his toe nails. He then slowly started to paint those pink to match his fingernails at Kirsten's suggestion. He lamented the idea at first, but once he started doing it he found it actually quite soothing. He was pretty good at it and didn't get the polish in the wrong places. It was pretty relaxing just to paint his nails and hang out with Kirsten. And now they would match his fingernails too, which was pretty cute. He wondered if he could wear sandals at school tomorrow so everyone could see how they matched.

Tim looked up at his fiancée and hoped that he had impressed her. But instead he found that she had her face buried in her phone. He wondered who she was texting and giggling with. Had she been taking any picture of him while he was painting his nails? Well, it wasn't like anyone would believe that it was actually him. But still! He wanted to keep some sense of dignity.

"What're you looking at?" he asked Kirsten innocently.

"Oh, it's just Andrew. Work stuff," she replied before typing another long string of words into her phone and smiling. She seemed to be smiling a lot more these days.

Tim scowled and turned back to his nails. He didn't dare pry more into the issue, lest Kirsten got upset at him and delayed his transformation back to manhood. He felt a growing resentment for Andrew. He always seemed too friendly with Kirsten. And he was such a wannabe macho prick who thought he was better than everyone else. Tim hated that kind of cockiness. He really hoped that Kirsten wasn't seriously flirting with him.

He went up –stairs and took a bubble bath to try to relax. What was he worried about? He would complete this one short week as a girl and then Kirsten would turn him back into a man. They had their wedding in May for christsakes! She was just having a bit of fun. There was no way she could just leave him like this for too long. He just had to survive and make it through the next couple of days.

Tim nearly fell asleep during his morning class. Math was so boring! And it was mostly stuff he'd known how to do, like trigonometry. He'd been good at math, or at least decent, when he'd been a man. But now his body felt younger than it had been, and he'd forgotten all that stuff. He could pay attention to what the teacher was saying anyways. He just kept losing focus and daydreaming about big, meaty cocks, full with cream spouting out of them into his mouth and hot nineteen year-old feminine body. His gaze didn't drift far from the studs on the football team that were sitting on the far side of the room. Their shoulders were so big and wide, it looked like he could just hang around their frame. He would give anything to get taken and pounded by those big dudes in his fresh, virgin holes. Or even better yet, by their coach, the dreamy Mr. Larson.

"You awake, sis?" Daisy whispered. "This mathy stuff is important."

"Huh" Tim's batted his eyelashes. "Oh, yeah. Whatever."

"You're a naughty girl, you know that?" Daisy laughed.

"How do you figure?" Tim replied.

Daisy raised her eyebrow and nodded her head toward Tim's smooth legs.

A wet, sticky substance was dripping down his creamy colored skin. Tim crossed his legs, embarrassed. Biting his lip, he turned back to Daisy. Fuck, he was so horny. He didn't want to be a schoolgirl, or a super sexy cheerleader at all, but he was and now that he was his

hormones were in overdrive. He wouldn't be able to ignore them forever. It felt wrong but at the same time he knew that he would eventually have to satisfy the craving that was ever present between his legs.

At that moment, Mr. Larson entered their math classroom and looked Tim right in the eyes. He thought he was going to cum right there.

"If you'll excuse the young miss at the back of the room, sir," Mr. Larson spoke to the math teacher, "Her and I have some plans to go over for this weekend's football game."

"Yes, of course sir," the math teacher replied, before sarcastically adding, "Extra-curriculars come first. It's not like math is important!"

Tim didn't care what the math class thought or if it was important at all. He was out of there in a second, trying to keep up behind Mr. Larson's big steps down the hallway to his office. Tim's heart rate was going a mile a minute the entire time, and his pussy was not far behind. Was he going to get kicked off the cheer team? What was this all about? He didn't care. Any time spent with this man-hunk was good enough for him.

"It's very simple," Mr. Larson said, sitting down at his desk opposite Tim. "We have video cameras in some areas of the locker rooms for theft prevention purposes – not the changing areas, but the entrances and exits. I'm sure you can imagine where I'm going with this."

Tim's face turned bright red. Oh god. Mr. Larson had caught him furiously masturbating on Camera. He'd been rubbing his pussy so vigorously all over the Timches in the locker room area. Jesus Christ. He couldn't let anyone else see that video or his reputation at the school would be ruined. There was no way Kirsten would turn him back into a man if he caused some pandemonium at the school.

"That's a public place," the coach continued. "Other girls had to come in after you and sit on that sticky, wet Timch. What do you have to say for yourself?" He asked in his deep demeanor. God, he sounded so manly and serious. Tim could never have been as intimidating when he'd been a man.

"I – I'm so sorry," Tim said, putting his hands up. His eyelashes batted as tears welled in his eyes, but they didn't come yet. He tried to not be too emotional, but it was difficult with his feminine hormones raging through his body.

"I don't know what to say. I'm a woman and I have needs. I just get so unbelievably horny sometimes, okay?" Tim said, exasperated. He figured he might as well tell the truth.

"Mhmm, I see," Mr. Larson said. "I'm going to recommend you go to our school psychologist. She's very nice."

Tim couldn't keep his eyes off Mr. Larson's pants. There was a thick, hard wood inside of it that was urging to get out. Tim couldn't help but lick his lips. He wanted this stud to take him so badly. He wanted to feel the coach's thick meaty cock inside of him. His loins stirred at just the thought of seeing the big man's weapon unsheathed. He wondered if he could take it all.

"Please, that's really unnecessary," Tim sat on Mr. Larson's throbbing member, straddling the jacked football coach.

Before he knew it the older man had ripped into Tim's luscious breasts with his mouth and was feeling around Tim's behind with his big manly hands. Tim threw his head back and moaned loudly. His tits were incredibly sensitive and Mr. Larson was going to town on them. He never knew that they could possibly contain so much pleasure as the coach bore into them with his mouth, sucking and biting them. All the while, Tim's fresh virgin cunt was riding hard

on the teacher's giant meaty cock. He could feel it pressing into his vulva it was so hard.

Tim was giddy with lust, anticipation, and a dripping desire to be taken hard in his tight holes. He dry-humped Mr. Larson and tossed his blonde hair backwards as Mr. Larson kissed up his slender neck. This was a man, a real man who knew how to please a woman, and Tim was about to experience what that meant first hand. As a man, he thought the notion that someone could be turned on by having someone bite their neck tenderly was ridiculous, but now it was making him more turned on than ever. He put his hands on the coach's strong chest, feeling up his big muscles, and kissed him squarely on the mouth.

Mr. Larson kissed back, intertwining their tongues and sending butterflies flying like crazy in Tim's stomach. The scruff of the coach's five o'clock shadow grazed the sexy cheerleader's supple cheek, but it didn't hurt. It was an odd sensation at first, kissing such a brawn, handsome man. He was so much more rugged than Kirsten, who Tim was used to kissing, and it turned him on so much. He could feel his loins gushing with wetness now. He was riding Mr. Larson's cock through his clothes so hard, like it was a part of him. He wished it was, or at least inside of him.

"You fucking little slut," Mr. Larson picked Tim up and turned him around.

Tim yelped. His face was driven into the coach's desk and his juicy cheerleader ass was sticking out, facing Mr. Larson. In a flash, the coach had torn off Tim's revealing schoolgirl miniskirt and was caressing his plump bare ass. Tim squealed, surprised, as the older man grabbed a fistful of his shiny blonde hair and pushed his face against the desk.

Tim was so turned on. He'd never imagined in his wildest dreams that he would be excited about taking a stud's big, meaty cock. But here was being absolutely dominated and humiliated by a real man, a stud with a giant cock. What was even crazier was that he *liked* it. He realized how hot he must've looked to the coach, who was an alpha male that was used to getting what he wanted. He wondered if he could tease the coach and make him want it even more.

"I'll be a good girl, I promise," he said, teasingly.

Whack! Mr. Larson's open palm came down hard on Tim's exposed bosom.

Tim yelped and would've jumped an inch if the coach hadn't been holding him down so strongly. His ass was bright red with a palm print, holy shit! The intense pain quickly gave way to a powerful longing and burning sensation. It felt so dirty; it felt so wrong. He was supposed to be a macho man. He wasn't supposed to get turned on when he got spanked hard in the ass. But it was so hot, he couldn't resist it.

The coach spanked him again, and again Tim got immensely turned on. Maybe it was because he couldn't do anything else except lie there, half on the desk, and take it. Mr. Larson was in total control.

"Now suck it," the coach said sternly.

Tim didn't need to be told twice. He dropped to his knees and undid the stud's belt carefully. Part of him wanted to tease the older man, but he was just so anxious. He wanted it in his mouth so badly; he was salivating just thinking about it.

But when he finally grabbed it in his feminine hands, he was shocked at just how big it actually was. Wow. He stroked it, playfully, and took the head of the big man's cock in his mouth. It felt so right. His loins were gushing with wetness below him. But he wasn't sure if he could even take half of this thing in his mouth, let alone his tight virgin pussy.

He licked it from the shaft upwards, smiling at the coach who shuddered with pleasure. He

could feel the giant cock pulsate in appreciation. Tim knew that he must've looked amazing when he did that.

"No more playing games," Mr. Larson grunted and grabbed Tim's hair from behind, shoving him forward.

The coach's giant cock slid forcefully down the cheerleader's throat. Tim gagged, but the older man held him in place. The cock reached deep back down into his throat. His first reaction was how gross cocks were, but his feminine instincts took over. In and out, Mr. Larson slid his big, meaty member to the back of Tim's throat. Tim thought that deepthroating would've hurt, but the longer the coach throat fucked him, the more he realized how hot it was. Mr. Larson was in total control and Tim was loving it. He felt his pussy gushing with wetness; he'd never been more turned on in his life. Mr. Larson berated him and called him a filthy slut, but all it did was make Tim's tight pussy urge to be filled up even more. Oh god. Tim realized it was true. He really was a slutty, pathetic cheerleader sissy who was drunk on cock. The most humiliating part was that he wouldn't have it any other way.

The coach pulled Tim up by his hair and caressed his body. Every touch that Mr. Larson's hands made sent shockwaves throughout his entire body. But he needed more than that; he needed to be fulfilled in every way. Mr. Larson sat him up on the desk and got down between the dripping wet cheerleader's knees.

The first long lick up his vulva was like a firecracker had gone off inside of him. Tim's thin waist jolted, and he was only kept on the desk by Mr. Larson's grip around his hips. He eased his back into the desk in pleasure as Mr. Larson expertly licked his clit. Every flick of his clit was a better feeling than Tim had ever felt before. He hadn't known what it meant when woman said they could have full body orgasm, but he could imagine it now. Waves of pleasure poured over his whole body with each prickle of the older man's rough facial hair against his sweet pink pussy. Never before had anything in his body been as sensitive as his clit was now. He bucked his womanly hips and moaned out like only a girl could do. But still, he needed more.

"Please, stick it in me," Tim panted between baited breathes.

"What's that?" Mr. Larson smirked knowingly.

"Please...do it!" Tim could barely make coherent sentences.

"You need to tell me exactly what you want... you want my fingers inside of you?" Mr. Larson teased.

"Fuck me! I need you in my pussy right now!" Tim threw his hair back as his pussy gushed with wetness.

With a thrust, Mr. Larson entered deep into Tim's fresh pussy, taking his virginity. Tim cried out in surprise as he found himself expanding to accommodate Mr. Larson's massive cock. It felt so good to be penetrated; Tim was finally full. He grabbed onto the desk with both hands as Mr. Larson entered him forcefully again. Pleasure built up inside of him and he sunk his long nails into Mr. Larson's back. He hadn't wanted to become a girl. But this was the moment he knew that there was nothing better in life than being a glamorous cheerleader getting fucked by her stud of a coach.

Mr. Larson withdrew his burgeoning cock turned Tim around. Tim was eager to listen and quickly assumed the position. Mr. Larson rammed into him and it felt like the first thrust again. It was pleasurable, because he was so wet, but almost overwhelming. Mr. Larson smacked

Tim's plump ass and Tim moaned effeminately in pleasure. He was being overpowered and absolutely used up by a real man; Mr. Larson was someone who women actually respected. And it felt so fucking good.

The thrusts came quickly now, and a hard slap to his ass reminded Tim who was in charge. Suddenly, Tim's big hand came around in front of him, and grabbed his neck. Being choked instantly made Tim's pussy gush in response. Fuck, he was such a slut; a super feminine, sexy little slut who was being punished by a dominant older man. Tim moaned loudly as the hand came off his neck and behind his head, pulling his hair tightly. His head snapped back and he screamed in pleasure and surprise as his pussy was pounded vigorously from behind. He didn't care if everybody in the other room, or hell, the whole school knew how much of a slut he was. He was a saucy, slutty little cheerleader, and he needed to be filled up by Mr. Larson RR's strong cock.

Mr. Larson groaned and brought Tim back to the original position, but this time with Tim's long leg's draped over Mr. Larson's shoulders. The coach held Tim by his smooth, girly legs and pummeled his tight virgin pussy. Tim's eyes rolled back as he was taking the thick dick deeper than ever before. Warmness spread out in shockwaves through his whole body. He didn't know what exactly was happening, but the position was causing Mr. Larson's cock to hit up to his G-Spot.

The gorgeous cheerleader could barely hold on to the desk for she was being fucked too hard. Tim's legs started shaking and Mr. Larson pinned them against the desk with his strong hands. Tim arched his back as the pleasure continued to build, ripping through his body. Tim had never been outgoing or expressive during sex as a man, but now his body seemed to twist and shout on its own. Tim arched his back and the brawn older man choked him again. Being choked seemed to fulfill a primal instinct inside of Tim; it just felt so fucking good.

Tim's hips bucked and pointed towards the sky. He bit his lip as he came hard! Fuck! Something exploded from inside of him. Pleasure ripped throughout his whole body, and he experienced his first full body orgasm as a woman. His legs spasmed underneath him and Mr. Larson held him down. Tim moaned loudly and squirmed in pleasure as he watched Mr. Larson withdraw his monster cock and start to cum all over Tim's slim, feminine body.

Tim wanted to grab Mr. Larson's cock but he was just too incapacitated from his own orgasm. Instead, Mr. Larson's thick cum shot like a gun, landing on Tim's toned stomach, breasts, and even his cheek. Tim tasted cum for the first time, and it only served to prolong his orgasm. Fuck, he was such a little beautiful slut, covered in cum. Like a good cum slut, he gathered up the sticky white mess, and stuffed it in his mouth and around his face. The coach lowered his cock into Tim's face, and Tim sucked it for every last drop.

Lying on the desk, Tim's legs and hips were still vibrating. He looked up at Mr. Larson, but couldn't make a proper sentence with his words. He tried to speak, but all that came out was laughter. He was too giddy from having just received the fuck of a life time. He lay there recovering for some time. He was supposed to be a man, a macho man who was getting married in March, but he had been used up and fucked like a little whore. And he had loved it.

When Tim returned home, Kirsten gave him a knowing look.

"Did you have a fun day sweetie?" she asked.

"Yes, it was good," Tim replied.

And that was the truth. His memories of being strong willed man were fading. He went to the living room and got started on his homework. He couldn't wait for the next cheerleading practice, and for Mr. Larson to pound his fresh pussy again. He wanted to do everything he could to impress the coach.

Deep down, he knew that he wanted to become a man again. But there was no rush. His priority was to fill up his sissy holes, which were just begging for cock. He wondered how many of the football players could fuck him all at once. Four? Five? He knew he could work his way up there.

"I'm glad," Kirsten smiled. "I'm going out for drinks," Kirsten paused, putting on some lipstick before adding, "With a man.,, Maybe when you turn twenty-one, you can come out with me."

"Yes, I'd like that," Tim said, thinking about how much cock he could get in a bar or club.

Tim didn't think about the fact that his fiancée was getting drinks with another man. He didn't think about the fact that he was supposed to be having a wedding with Kirsten in a couple of months. Instead, he wondered if he could get into bars with a fake ID. He certainly looked twenty-one. There had to be all sorts of hard cock for him in bars and clubs.

Femdom: Grant Gets Feminized In Diapers

Grant lifted his head to find that he'd fallen asleep on the couch again. He reached for the remote control and turned the TV off. He could get a couple good more hours of sleep. It wasn't like he had anything to do, anyways.

Since getting laid off, Grant life had been in a bit of a rut. But it was the good kind of rut; the kind where you drink beers until the fridge is empty, and then you just go to the store and get more. He'd caught up on all the TV he'd missed in the past ten years since he'd been married. He'd played some awesome video games. Back when he played video games they had been in two dimensions. He had the whole world of 3D to explore!

He burped and eventually got off the couch to let his dog out. That was his only responsibility in life now, taking care of his pets. He supposed he could clean the dishes, or take the trash out, but what was the point? His wife, Rebecca, did all that stuff anyways. She had always taken care of him. He didn't even know how to cook for christsakes! He'd been subsisting off of microwave dinners, pizza, and beer for the past two months, and he was perfectly okay with that. It was the good life, really.

It wasn't that he had hated his job but the monotony had really got to him. Rebecca made a decent wage so they would be fine on her income alone. It just wasn't worth it to pick everything back up and try to find another job. Grant didn't know if he could take another stint in the stale, depraved shithole that was corporate America.

It wasn't the life that he'd envisioned for himself when he'd been a newlywed one long decade ago. He had so much hope back then; the American dream was going to be his! But he was burnt out. TV and sports were his only great friends now.

He still had his wife of course, the lovely Rebecca. He loved her so much. She was such a champion for cooking and cleaning for him, and for working so hard. Their relationship had gotten a little flat lately, it was just the same crap over and over again, but he still loved her. Even if she wasn't as radiant as she was on the day that they married, Rebecca was still a beautiful and doting wife. It wasn't Grant's fault that he'd taken advantage of her kindness lately; it was so easy to do. Relying on her wasn't just a habit, it was a lifestyle.

At forty, Grant didn't care if he was having a mid-life crisis. All of his friends were running around with their kids and he was just sitting hungover on the couch. But that was a good

thing; he didn't think he'd have been a good father anyways. Sure, they had tried for kids, but it just wasn't meant to be. In the back of his mind, Grant's couldn't help but wonder if Rebecca resented him for that.

"What's for dinner," Grant asked as he heard Rebecca in the kitchen.

"What's for dinner? I don't know, I worked all day! Maybe you can make something considering you were just slobbering around at home in your boxers!" Rebecca replied.

Grant didn't say anything. Sometimes she got a little bit sassy, but he knew Rebecca well. He just had to lay low and she would call him when dinner was ready. She got worked up sometimes, but she didn't mean it. She was tired and stressed from a long week. Everything would be fine in a couple of hours, after dinner. Grant turned his attention back to the sports game at hand. That was important stuff; stuff that really mattered.

"It's almost ready," Rebecca said as she gave Grant a back massage from behind the couch.

That felt really nice. See, Grant knew everything was fine with Rebecca. After all, she actually enjoyed cooking. He would do it himself but he knew how much his wife enjoyed it. There was a *snap* around Grant's wrists, who looked down in confusion. What the hell? Pink hand cuffs were now tied over his wrists, and Rebecca quickly locked them up.

"What are these?" Grant shook his constraints.

"These are your new best friends," Rebecca smiled and put her hands on her hips. "These are you new girly little baby cuffs, to keep you docile and obedient at all times. They don't let you move your hands very far apart, so you'll need help to do, well, pretty much everything."

"Pink girly baby cuffs? What?" Grant looked up at the woman he loved in bewilderment.

"That's right sweetie. Since you've been unable to take any modicum of responsibility for yourself or contribute to this household in any meaningful way, I'm taking over your life. You're going to be my sissy little adult baby, and you're going to do everything I tell you to do, because I'm in charge now. Okay hun?" Rebecca raised her eyebrow.

Grant hated the way she spoke. It was like the way he spoke to the dog, or like a mother to a child. That was unacceptable! He was the man of the house, and she had to do what he said! She wanted to keep him in handcuffs? What kind of a relationship was that? He wouldn't be forced to beckon Rebecca when he wanted to change the TV channel, or pull up his pants. What was he supposed to do when he went outside, into the real world?

Enraged, Grant stood up and moved towards Rebecca. He would never hurt her, not that he could anyways with his cuffs on, but he couldn't sit down and take that sass from her

anymore. He had a frown on his face as he struggled to break free of his cuffs.

Smack! Rebecca's hand came across Grant's face hard and unforgivingly.

Grant recoiled in shock. It took him a couple of seconds to process what had happened. Had his wife really hit him? His doting, loving wife, who he'd been with for over a decade? What the hell was happening? He held his face with both of his handcuffed hands. He'd been punched in the face in a fight before, but that was totally different. This came from the love of his life and it stung deep.

"Hey! No trying to get out, understand?" Rebecca grinned.

Grant whimpered and sat back down on the couch. He wasn't sure what was happening, but he didn't want to get slapped in the face again. Maybe this was a good thing, he could just do what his wife told him and everything was going to be fine.

"Good boy!" Rebecca said, using that tone again. "Or should I say girl. I don't think you should be allowed to call yourself a man anymore. You're a pathetic loser, you can't even get a job. You're gonna look much better as a sissy."

Grant looked down at his feet. He wasn't sure when his feet got cuffed too, but they were. He couldn't even run away now if he wanted to. When he looked back up, Rebecca had an electric shaver in her hand and her green eyes twinkled with delight.

"Sissy's don't have hair," she said. "You have to do everything I tell you, or else I'll never unlock you from those cuffs, understand sweetheart?" Rebecca said when she noticed Grant's reluctance to take his shirt off.

Grant relented and let Rebecca shave him bare. He laid down and watched in horror as she plucked his eyebrows, and painted his nails. His toenails were gnarly before, but now they were a super cute bright pink, perfect for a little girly. He closed his eyes and let it all happen. It seemed refreshing, in a way. He didn't have to do anything except keep still and hold his hands out to let the nail polish dry. He didn't even mind when his wife slipped a long blonde wig on him. If that's what Rebecca wanted, then that was okay. He would just have to appease her for one wild night and then everything would go back to normal. By the next day he'd be back on the couch eating chips again.

When Rebecca explained to him that Grant that he would be sleeping in the guest room, he was hesitant. He'd always slept beside Rebecca in the master bedroom, at least when he wasn't falling asleep on the couch. And what if he needed help? His hands and legs were bound tightly together. It wasn't like he open doors or even pull the covers off of himself.

"Don't worry sweetie. You won't have to get up to go to the washroom because you'll have a diaper on," Rebecca cooed.

Grant stared ahead blankly. Was he hearing her right? The more he thought about it, the more it made sense. It was true; he couldn't really help himself in his current state. And how many times had he wished that he didn't have to get up in the middle of the night to take a piss? Now he could just lay there and relieve himself in his diaper.

He didn't have much time to think before the diaper was on him. His wife was so good with it. She would've been a great mother. And it was pink too! Grant didn't want to look at himself in the mirror, he probably looked like some freak sissy. He went to his new room quickly, and brushed his teeth with Rebecca's help. He got a big boner when she helped him like that. There was something that turned him on about being submissive, and needing Rebecca to help him in every way.

He went to bed a big, confused sissy baby. He didn't know what he was anymore. All he knew was that Rebecca was in charge, and that he was doing what he was told. He had to, to get his masculinity back. Yes, tomorrow he would convince her to let him out of the cuffs.

Rebecca woke him up at seven a.m. sharp to change his diaper. Grant hadn't even noticed when it had happened, it just did. Part of him was embarrassed that he couldn't hold it in the whole night. It had been so easy before, but now that he was wearing diapers it seemed like he couldn't control it anymore. He sheepishly thanked Rebecca as she replaced his diaper with a new one, also pink and frilly. He would've preferred a more masculine diaper, but it didn't really matter. He told himself that they all ended up in the same place anyways.

His wife helped him walk down the stairs for breakfast, which was a difficult task given the cuffs around his legs. He was still wearing the ridiculous blonde wig that Rebecca had put on him. Clearly, she was enjoying making a femme out of him. Grant looked at himself in the hall mirror. He didn't look *that* bad. He could pass as a woman if he put a little more effort into it.

Grant sat down for breakfast and shoved that thought out of his mind. No! He was a man! And he deserved to be treated like one. He didn't want to be a girl. He had to find a way to make Rebecca un-cuff him, or else he would have to find the key. There could only be so many hiding places that she kept it.

Rebecca denied him coffee. That was only for real men, she said. Instead, Grant got a big helping of mush. It tasted alright, or at least that was what he told himself. He could handle it. But for some reason he found a growing attraction to his wife's breasts. They were looking very firm and plump. He wondered if they had any milk in them, and how they would taste. Truthfully, it had been a while since he sucked on his wife's tits. Their sex life had been rather lacking lately. But if he could somehow get those big titties in his mouth then that would be

great, he thought as he licked his lips.

“Okay, you sissy little faggot. Listen up,” Rebecca sipped on her coffee. “Here’s what we’re going to do today. I’m going to do your make-up, and freshen you up a bit. We’ll pick out some nice girly clothes for you and make sure your diaper is clean. Then, we’re going to take a little walk in the park. If you do all of that then *maybe* I’ll take your handcuffs off and let you be a man again,” Rebecca flicked her long blonde hair behind her shoulder.

Grant’s heart sunk. That was a bold task. His wife was asking a lot. He wasn’t a sissy, or a baby! But could he do what she asked and have a chance at redeeming himself? If it meant regaining his masculinity, did he really have any other choice?

Before they left, Rebecca helped Grant put on some make-up. Just a little blush and mascara, he didn’t need anything fancy. His cheeks were red and cute! Grant batted his eyelashes like he’d seen Rebecca do a million times. It was a lot to take in, but he would do it for the love of his life. It was a warm day, and he wasn’t allowed to wear anything over his diapers. The whole world would see his pathetic feminine diapers.

Rebecca let him wear a pink frilly shirt on top. Grant wondered where the hell she got it from and how long she’d been planning this for. To be fair, his body wasn’t too large or manly; he could fit in a lot of woman’s clothes, but he’d never seen this one before. It was sleeveless and soft. To be honest, he kind of liked the way it felt on his skin. As a final touch his wife handed him a pacifier. Or rather, she stuffed it in his mouth. Grant took it and chewed on it for a second. He had already come so far. What more was a little pacifier? If that was the one thing it took to appease his wife, then that was okay. Rebecca smiled radiantly at him. He looked so cute dressed as a little girl.

The couple got into the car, but this time Rebecca drove. Normally Grant would be driving, or at the very least watching and judging everything his wife did from the passenger seat. But from the backseat, he could barely see where they were going. He sighed and sucked on his pacifier. There was something soothing about it all. All he could do was back there and let the day take its course.

When they got to the park, Rebecca took the cuffs off his legs, but kept the handcuffs on. Grant’s heart was beating fast. It was one thing to dress up like a sissy baby at home, but it was an entirely different thing for everyone in the park to see his pink diaper. He walked obediently behind his wife with his eyes cast downwards. They past a couple, a normal couple, and Grant could feel their eyes beating into him. He could feel them judging him. They would save the laughter for later, once they fully processed what they saw, but that didn’t make it any better. He knew that he that sooner or later he’d be joke fodder for everyone he saw in the park. If it

wasn't at the dinner table tonight, it'd be later at the bar or the watercooler on Monday.

He felt ashamed, but Rebecca couldn't have been happier. She dragged her pathetic husband behind her, smiling and waving at everyone they passed. When they passed a real mother with her child, Rebecca watched her push a stroller in envy.

"Aww! We should get you one of those! Wouldn't that be great sweetie?" she fawned.

"What? Oh, um. Yeah it would've been good. But you're taking me out of these handcuffs when we get home, remember? This is it, it's all going to be over and I'm going to be my normal manly self again."

"Oh, yeah, right," Rebecca laughed. "You're normal self, which is *so manly*,".

Grant wasn't sure what to make of that last comment, but that was okay. They were almost a third of the way through the park and he was getting more accustomed to the stares and gawking. It would all be over soon anyways.

That was when Grant's heart stuttered. In the distance, he saw his old boss approaching him; the same man who had fired him just a couple of months ago. There was no way that Grant could let him see him like this. Although he'd been fired, he'd walked out of that job with his head held high. He couldn't bear to be the laughing stock of all his old co-workers and supervisors.

He couldn't take it anymore, so Grant turned and bolted back to the car. Rebecca had undone the cuffs on his feet, so he was able to outrun her with the head-start he got. He simply just could not let his old boss have the satisfaction of seeing him all dressed up like that.

The car was unlocked, so Grant cowered in the back seat. How had he gotten to this point? Seeing his old boss had brought back all the bad memories of work place humiliation. He just wanted Rebecca to drive them home and take his cuffs-off.

"What the fuck was that?!" Rebecca said as she entered the back seat beside him.

"Sorry, I. I couldn't do it," Grant looked out the window, wondering if his old boss had seen him.

Suddenly he felt his face being shoved into the seat of the car. Rebecca held his face down and berated him with a bunch of insults. He couldn't quite make out what she was saying but it didn't sound good. He'd never heard her use that kind of language before. She laid him over her lap and quickly smacked his ass.

"You pathetic piece of shit! You think you can just run away like that?" Rebecca smacked him again, harder.

Grant winced. The pain went right through his big pink diaper. He had no idea Rebecca

could hit that hard. His whole body seemed so much more sensitive lately, ever since he'd been wearing diapers. He gripped on to the car seat as his wife hit him again. How had he let it come to this in his life? He had been the true man of the house just a couple of days ago, but here he was dressed up like a sissy baby and taking all sorts of stuff from his wife.

But he also felt another sensation, a growing bulge in his pants. Oh god, he was getting turned on. As much as he loathed Rebecca for what she was doing to him, he couldn't help but be massively turned on by her dominance.

Rebecca, sensing his sexual urges, turned him over. Grant lay on his back as Rebecca stuck her hand underneath his diaper and tugged on his cock a couple of times.

"You like being a sissy little slut, don't you?" Rebecca laughed.

Grant sucked on his pacifier and closed his eyes. That felt amazing. It had been so long since Rebecca had touched his cock.

She slapped his balls and Grant nearly shrieked in surprise.

"Do you think pathetic sissy babies like you get to cum like a normal man?" Rebecca spit on his balls, before pulling his diaper back up. "Now come over here and service your mommy."

Grant's member stung, but he did what he was told. His cock was still rock hard as he took his pacifier out and got on the car floor to eat out his mommy. Wait, what? When did he start calling her that? She was his wife, he was her husband, and he could eat her out in the car if she wanted. He would be back to being real man soon.

He slurped his wife's pussy up as she moaned above him. Rebecca pulled on his wig, bringing him closer and messing up his fake blonde hair. She held him close as Grant did his duty. His wife was so wet, wetter than he'd ever made her over the course of their whole marriage. He felt a little ashamed that dressing up in drag had turned her on so much. Had all of the sex they'd had as a normal couple not meant anything to her?

The wetness dripped down his legs and Rebecca moaned in pleasure. Grant continued licking her clit, but it wasn't like he had much of a choice. He tried to move his head back and catch a breathe, but Rebecca wouldn't let him. She was so much stronger than him and she kept him airtight against her oozing pussy. Grant tried to breathe, through his nose, but he couldn't. It seemed like his struggle was just turning on his wife even more. She bucked her hips, hitting Grant in the jaw but keeping him tight against her. Passionately, she thrust against his mouth, holding him there as she came all over her husband's pathetic girly face.

Grant tried to break free and get a breath, but he couldn't. What he found more disturbing was that he was getting even harder in his diaper. He liked being dominated by his wife. He

liked being her little fuck toy that she could dress up in a wig and diapers. He liked being a pathetic little sissy slut. And the realization of that just made him even hornier.

Rebecca finally finished coming, and let her husband off of her pussy. She played with his hair, satisfied with her sissy lover.

“Turn around,” she ordered.

Grant didn’t have to be told twice. He got on all fours, exposing his pink diaper up in the air to his wife. He heard a rip, and then he jumped at the odd sensation on his buttocks. Oh god, Rebecca had made a hole in his diaper and was fingering his ass! He tensed up, afraid of what was going to happen. He’d never stuck anything inside his butt before, but he would do it if it meant he could eventually turn back into a real man, and get his old life back.

“Relax your ass!” Rebecca spanked him hard.

Grant jolted, but then settled down again. Rebecca’s long finger entered his butt, and Grant gasped. He’d never felt anything like it before. He ground his teeth, not sure if it was painful or pleasurable. The only thing he knew for sure that was Rebecca was in charge, and that she was fucking him however she wanted. Grant held on to the windowsill, and looked outside. He could see the people in the park still walking by. He hoped his old boss wouldn’t walk by their car. Could all the other people hear him whimpering? Or worse, could they see him getting fucked through the window?

Rebecca paused and Grant took a deep breathe. It was okay, he could do this. Her finger hadn’t been that bad. In fact, his cock was still rock hard. Maybe this would exceed his expectations and he would really enjoy it. He opened his eyes as Rebecca took his pacifier out.

“Here, I think this is more appropriate for you, you cock hungry sissy loser,” Rebecca said as she shoved a strap-on dildo into his mouth.

Grant was shocked but he found himself obeying and opening his mouth. Rebecca shoved it deep down his mouth and he obliged. His wife had always been so sexually prude. Where on earth did she ever get this huge strap-on from? There was no way she’d been confident to walk into a store and just buy it. Grant’s cock was so hard that it strained against his diaper. Rebecca thrust the dildo into his mouth again, deeper and deeper. It felt serene, and so sexy. Grant wondered how he’d never sucked a cock before if it was always this easy and fun.

Rebecca shoved it in harder, and Grant deep throat it. He looked up at her, his eyes watering. He held up his hands, but she didn’t relent. Instead, she fucked his throat ever harder. Grant felt like his cock was going to burst. He was being dominated and throat-fucked by his wife, and he loved it. When she finally withdrew, Grant gasped and spit a massive amount of saliva on his wife’s fake cock.

“That’s it you little slut. Wow! I didn’t know you were going to be so good at that. Maybe I’ll bring you along next time I cheat on you. All the studs at the bars would love to get their cocks sucked by a beautiful little baby like you,” Rebecca said.

Grant’s head was spinning. Had Rebecca really cheated on him or was she just saying that? Had he even heard her right? The Rebecca he knew never would’ve done such a thing. But he didn’t have much time to think before he was thrust down onto the giant dildo again, taking it deep in his throat. Did it really matter anyways? Clearly their relationship was changing to something much more intense. When Grant got his masculinity back he would sort it all out, but for now he was enthralled with Rebecca’s cock and domination.

Grant heard another rip as the hole in his diaper got bigger, and then he felt it. The huge strap-on was at the entrance to his asshole. He arched his back and prepared by relaxing all of his muscles. Rebecca moved her member up and down over his entrance, slowly. Grant started breathing heavily and Rebecca smacked his ass again. His cock was so hard. He was ready for it. God, he was so ready for it.

But it didn’t come. Instead, Rebecca kept twirling the dildo around his asshole, but never penetrating him.

“Are...Are you going to do it?” Grant panted.

“Oh, you want it that badly you little slut? You want me to fuck you through your diaper you pathetic excuse for a man?” Rebecca laughed, spanking him again.

Precum dripped from Grant’s erect cock. Yes, he needed that dildo inside him so badly. He had never done it before, but now his ass was aching for something to fill him up. Just a day ago he would’ve thought his wife was crazy if she had mentioned fucking him from behind, or wearing diapers, or nail polish, or any of that stuff. But now, he needed it so badly.

“Yes, please... fuck me,” Grant begged, pushed his ass back against the strap-on.

Rebecca entered her husband, who groaned lightly in shock. The dildo was much thicker than her fingers had been. Grant held onto to the car seating intensely as he felt himself expanding to accommodate the girth of his wife’s strap-on. It plunged deeply, entirely filling him up. His eyes widened, and his mouth hung open as Rebecca fucked him with all eight inches of her cock.

She smacked his ass again, throwing Grant into a frenzy. It felt so good to be fucked and dominated by his wife, better than he ever could’ve imagined. Just yesterday he had been a strong, albeit lazy man. Now he was taking it hard in his ass while wearing a blonde wig and diapers. Rebecca grabbed his neck from behind, choking him. It felt so fucking good. He was hers to do whatever she so pleased. He would obey her and get fucked by her ten-fold if that’s

what she wanted.

Pleasure spread through his asshole and out into his whole body. It was a feeling he'd never experienced before. It was he'd always imagined sex as a woman, where the good feelings vibrate throughout the body instead of being concentrated in his cock.

"You like being fucked in your little boi-pussy, don't you sissy?" Rebecca hissed.

Grant's cock firmed up even more. His wife had never talked dirty like this to him before and it was just absolutely incredible. Yes, he did like getting fucked in his boy-pussy! Oh god, he loved it so much.

Rebecca continued plunging his ass repeatedly and Grant moaned in pleasure. He wasn't sure if he ever wanted to re-gain his masculinity. No, this was where he belonged. This was where he fit in society. Maybe he was supposed to be a pathetic little sissy lover. He liked feeling helpless, getting fucked in the ass, and needing Rebecca to do everything for him.

But his asshole was so raw, and Rebecca fucked him mercilessly. He was truly being used up like the slut that he was. He felt totally humiliated as he looked out the window and saw some people in the distance, staring at the car. They knew that he was no longer a man anymore. He was just a pathetic bitch. Everyone seeing him get fucked turned him on even more, he was totally humiliated. How would he ever show his face in this neighborhood ever again? How would he tell his friends and family that he was just some pathetic baby loser now?

Rebecca continued insulting him and Grant felt himself swelling up inside. He was taking the cock in his ass so well for his first time, but it was rough and rugged. The pleasure built, and Grant felt a powerful sensation rip through his body. At the same time, his little cock exploded with cum. He had never cum without a hand or pussy around his cock before; he hadn't even known that was possible. But now the pleasure flew through him, expanding outwards from his asshole and taking up his whole body. It was the most powerful orgasm he'd ever experienced. He closed his eyes and held on tightly as it ripped his whole body up, lasting for so long.

Rebecca laughed and watched her husband slide up and down on her strap-on, desperate for that last bit of cock in his ass as he came. When he was finally done, she pushed him down, leaving him helpless and dejected in the back seat. He lay in a pile of his own filth, grinning ear to ear, having never cummed so hard in his life.

She started the car back up in the front seat, and Rebecca noticed that they had gotten a bit of a crowd watching them. She chuckled to herself, happy to lead her husband in his public humiliation. He would make a good sissy pet. Maybe she wouldn't take his handcuffs off after all. In fact, maybe she would put a chastity lock in his pathetic little cock. That would ensure

he was always submissive and would do whatever she said. He didn't deserve to cum like that anyways.

Grant lay exhausted in the back seat. It had been an exhilarating day. It had been a lot of fun, but he was ready for his hand cuffs to come off. Being a sissy was quite the experience, but he was ready to re-gain his masculinity. He felt something in his diaper.

“Mommy? I think I need a diaper change?” he said innocently.

“Of course, sweetie. Just wait until we get home,” Rebecca smiled and looked at her husband in the rear-view mirror. This was how their relationship should be. Everyone was happier this way.

[See Vicky's entire catalog!](#)

Zack Becomes A Sissy Schoolgirl (The Schoolgirl Curse)

“Woo!” the line of people standing at the bar erupted in a cheer before throwing a jagerbomb down their throats. Zack, The man who had bought the drinks, pumped his fist in the air. “Fucking right!” he screamed, “I love jager bombs!” The crowd high-fived each other and winced at the stiffness of their drink.

It was a riot of a night, and Zack loved it. Sure, maybe he should’ve been studying for his exams that were coming up, or hanging out with his girlfriend, Mel. But that wasn’t fun! He was living in the moment, and at nineteen years old, he wanted to tear up the big city. He looked around the club and smiled as he caught a beautiful woman’s eyes. It was hard not to, wherever he looked they were usually looking back at him.

Yes, he had been cheating on Mel for a couple of weeks now. He knew the relationship would end at some point because of it, but he didn’t care. Hell, Mel was superhot! He figured he might as well take the easy sex when he could get it. And she was none the wiser. Mel still fawned over him, like most girls his age did. Zack had the feeling that he could walk all over her and she would never break up with him. Why would she? He was a stud, and being his girlfriend gave her status among all the other girls that he knew she valued.

But none of that mattered at the moment. Tonight, Zack was here to get some fresh pussy, and there were some beautiful sorority girls out tonight. He’d been talking to one, a blonde, but he’d forgotten her name by now. He could barely hear here over the music anyways. What was more interesting was the physical connection they were making.

“So do you always wear a bra that is too small for you?” Zack said laughing as he grazed her arm. She looked up at him, shocked at first. That would be something ridiculous for most guys to say, but Zack was able to pull it off. He learned a long time ago that if he was confident enough then he could say pretty much anything to pretty girls. Most guys were too scared to say something like that, and the girls loved it. Sure, there was the odd one that stood up to him and spat in his face or kneed his balls. But the overwhelming majority seemed to respect the confidence and swagger it took to say something like that.

“I, ummm...” the blonde twirled her hair, unsure of what to say. Her mouth hung open. “Are you saying they’re big?” she finally responded, with a mischievous look on her face.

That was when Zack knew that he was in, it had worked. “Well I didn’t say that *exactly*,” he teased.

It was almost too easy. The blonde girl readjusted her bra, now self-conscious about her fit and eager to impress Zack. She perked herself up and ran her fingernails up the back of Zack’s arm. “Never judge a book by its cover,” she purred.

It was official; Zack was rock hard in his pants. This girl was a knockout, and he couldn’t wait to see her face down on a bed as he thrust mercilessly behind her.

But everyone in the bar turned their heads when a stunning brunette walked through the door. Zack gaped openly. There was something about this girl that captured everyone’s attention. It wasn’t just her beauty, but some sort of aura. The blonde tried snapped her fingers, but it was too late for her. This new girl was not only the most stunning woman in the bar; but maybe one of the hottest Zack had ever seen.

He got up and sauntered over. He didn’t need to offer any explanation to the babe he’d just

left. She could easily find another guy if she wanted to. To most other guys in the bar he probably looked crazy. The blonde was a sure thing, and he was walking away from her! But this new girl was different. She seemed less stuck-up and obnoxious, but also infinitely more classy.

“Whatcha drinking baby doll?” he smirked and slid into a seat across from the fierce eyed brunette with long straight hair.

“Is that the way you talk to a woman?” she rolled her eyes at him.

Zack grinned. He loved a challenge. All sorority girls were the Zacke, even if this was seemed different. She just wanted to play hard to get. The brunette started to get up. She had a disgusted look on her face.

“C’mon, let me buy you a drink. You look thirsty.” He said.

The girl scrunched up her face. “Under one condition,” she said. “We’re both drinking strawberry daiquiris.”

“Haha, of course,” Zack laughed. “I love daiquiris. And your name is?”

“Victoria,” she replied and motioned to the bartender for two of the girliest drinks possible.

It was a test and Zack had passed it. Victoria had wanted to see if the most macho guy in the bar was comfortable enough with his masculinity to drink a bright pink drink in front of everyone, and he was. He would drink anything if it meant he had a shot with a babe like her. She was tall, thin, and well-proportioned in every way. Her voice seemed to rise above the crowd and the music, like an angel. And she would be Zack’s, he was sure of it.

“So tell me about yourself Zack?” she asked.

Ugh, she was so boring! “Well Victoria, I’m in my senior year of college, and I’ve already been accepted for law school starting next year. In my spare time I usually race cars or party the house down! When I’m not playing football, of course” he rolled his eyes.

He couldn’t tell if Victoria picked up his sarcasm or if she believed every word of what he’d said. It was all a lie, except for the partying part. It was his first year of college, and he was nowhere near a good enough of a student to be accepted to law school. The last time he had played football was nearly a decade ago, and despite his broad stature and muscular frame, he wasn’t the least bit athletic. Victoria didn’t know that though, and he didn’t care about intentionally misleading a woman. Part of him wanted to see what kind of ridiculous things he could say and still sleep with them. This time he was actually playing it rather safe. All of those statements were partially believable.

“Oh, I see. So accomplished,” Victoria batted her eyelashes “That’s quite the resume. It must keep you busy. How do you find time to cheat on your girlfriend?” she asked innocently.

Zack nearly spit out the fruity feminine drink from his mouth. What?! Was this bitch friends with Mel? No... It wasn’t possible. He would’ve remembered if his girlfriend was ever friends with someone as powerful and radiant as this.

“Well, I’ve cheated a couple of times in card games if that’s what you mean,” he recovered. “I’ll have you know I’m a bit of a poker shark, so watch out,” he said.

“Is that right?” Victoria cocked her head. “Well this isn’t poker, and I’m the only shark around here. Your time has come, and you can’t cheat your way out of this one,” she inched closer to him and rubbed his erect cock through his pants.

Woah, that was aggressive. Not that he was complaining; Victoria was a bombshell. Zack looked around the bar, wondering if anyone else would see. But his vision had started to get

swirly. Pink streaks were everywhere, like he was looking through his strawberry daiquiri. He looked back to Victoria, who had a determined, sexy look on her face. He tried to talk to her. He wanted to tell her that they should get out of this bar and go find a place a little more intimate. But no words came out of his mouth. He tried to move, to stand up, but it was all in vain..

He looked down at his pants, which Victoria was still rubbing vigorously. All of a sudden he broke out in a cold sweat. He couldn't feel his cock. Surely, it was still erect. It had to be with a girl this hot rubbing it. But the tent in his pants was gone. He looked back at Victoria, in desperation. What was happening? No! She had to help him. He wanted to beg her to stop, but he was transfixed by her body, and her words. Was she speaking in tongues? Or was he just not hearing her right? Why couldn't he make sense of anything?

Zack rolled over. He'd had a terrible dream. He had been at a bar and his girlfriend had broken up with him, or something. He didn't remember exactly, but he remembered being really mad. And none of the other girls at the bar had liked him. Ugh, what a nightmare.

He fluttered open his eyes. Fuck, everything was so bright and his head was spinning. He just wanted to go back to bed. How much had he drunk last night? He usually had a huge tolerance, so it must've been a lot. Maybe it was those jagerbombs. Those can catch anyone off balance.

At least he had banged that blondie though, fuck she had been hot. He closed his eyes and thought about her. She had been there at the bar, looking so good, and mmm. He tried to remember past that, but couldn't. She must've been a great cocksucker with lips like those. Maybe she was down for some more morning action. He rolled over in bed, trying to find the warmth of his lover's body. With a thud, he fell to the floor. What the fuck! This wasn't his room! Ugh, he must've spent the night at her place, and clearly she was up already. Whatever, he would just wrap himself in the blankets and catch a snooze on the floor. Ah, there was nothing to do all day and he could just relax.

"Good morning sweetie," Zack heard the door open.

The voice didn't register for a second. Suddenly, the blankets were yanked off of him.

"What the fuck, yo?" he muttered.

"I said, good morning my little slut!" Victoria slapped him in the cheek, waking him up.

"Holy shit. Wait, you? What? What happened to my voice?" Zack yelped. His voice was now an entire octave higher than it had been. His deep, dark, attractive male voice was gone and replaced with a more tender and high-pitched alternative.

"Now I know this is going to be a lot to take in for you," Victoria said, straddling Zack and sitting on top of him. "So you need to listen very carefully. You were a bad man. You cheated on your girlfriend, and she's summoned me to get revenge on you. For now, you will be known as Natalie, a proper, polite nineteen year-old schoolgirl. Do you understand?"

Zack struggled to get up from underneath her. What? What was this girl talking about? She was crazy! This was crazy! Why couldn't he lift this girl off of him? She weighed like nearly nothing for fuck's sake.

Victoria held his arms down. "You're a woman now. And you will do exactly as I tell you to do if you ever want a chance to appease your girlfriend and change back into a man. Don't believe me? Come look." She helped Zack up and dragged him in front a mirror.

Zack's heart dropped. No. No, it wasn't possible! He held his tender, womanly hands up to his face. His skin was so smooth it was like nothing he'd ever felt before. Even the shape of his face had changed and become less angular, and more ladylike. His eyes were a deep, convincing blue. He batted his eyelashes, instinctively. "How, how was this possible?" He squeaked in his new girly voice?

"It doesn't matter how, or even why at this point," Victoria said. "What matters now is what you're going to do about it. You start school today and you're going to be in your senior year. You have to do everything possible to experience life as a woman, or else you'll be stuck this way forever. You need to really live it," Victoria smirked.

She carried on for some time, talking about teachers and courses and the school bus. But Zack didn't hear any of that. He was transfixed with the blonde in the mirror. He looked very similar to the one he remembered from last night, the kind of girl that he used to fuck, chuck, and abuse all the time. He was shorter than he'd been as a man, by a lot. He looked deliciously sexy, tart, and petite. He could feel something inside of him stir, similar to how hot girls used to make him feel. He smacked his thick lips together and turned to Victoria with an exasperated look.

"Oh, you're horny, are you? Yes, that's part of it," she said, reaching out and grabbing his breasts.

Zack nearly collapsed from the sensation. He didn't know if he was more shocked from the revelation that he had tits, or from the realization of how sensitive they were. His knees nearly buckled and he held on to Victoria's shoulder as she continued to squeeze his luscious nipples. It felt so fucking good. But it was so crazy. He moaned effeminately, to the delight of Victoria.

"Yes, I think that's working quite well," Victoria said, stepping away.

Zack panted rapidly and settled himself down. This was insane. There was no way this was real. Could it just have been a bad dream? It had to be. He didn't believe in witchcraft, or spells or any of that bullshit. There was no way he could've just turned into a girl; it had to be a trick of some sort.

"You have to turn me back. Now," he said, regaining his composure.

"Oh sweetie, I don't think you've been listening very closely. This is who you are now. There's no going back," Victoria turned Zack around, and started brushing his long blonde hair. "They are going to love you at school, you know," she said excitedly.

Zack pushed her away. "No!" he screamed in his high pitched voice. "I'm not a girl! This isn't fair! You have to turn me back, now!" he angrily approached Victoria, ready to tear her apart. Who did this bitch think she was?! She thought she could just go around, changing how people looked. No, he wouldn't have it. He was the big man on campus. He had a life as a man. He couldn't just start all over again as a sexy little bimbo!

"Stop," Victoria held up her hand.

Zack froze in place. He couldn't move a muscle. He had an angry expression etched on to his stunning, well-defined face.

"You are a girl now. Proper girls don't get mad and scream like that. You need to learn how to be classy my dear," Victoria said softly, before she moved around behind Zack and started brushing his hair again.

"Oh, I suppose you're waiting for my permission to move," she said as a statement of fact, while continuing on with the hair brushing. "You see, you've committed a great wrong, and I

have been granted all the power necessary to do whatever I want with you. That means you are obligated to follow my every command. You're gonna be my perfect little slut," she said, satisfied.

Holy shit! This bitch *was* crazy! He had to find a way to get out of here, out of her reach, and turn back into a man. Because clearly, she wasn't doing him any favors.

"Now lie down on the bed, I just want to run some final tests to make sure everything is working well," she grinned.

Zack didn't want to do anything this crazy angel or demon witch bitch said, but he felt compelled to. Without questioning, he lay down on the bed and spread his legs. That's when he realized that his dick was gone. With terror, he felt where he used to have his reliable, six and half inch monster. It had been there with him through everything, and now it was gone. In its place was a slick nothingness; a vacuum where before there'd been a piston. He wanted to cry. He wanted to hurt this Victoria person. He wanted to do anything except be there right then, be a woman, and submit to Victoria's wishes. But there was nothing he could do about it.

"I didn't even have to ask you to open your legs," Victoria chuckled. "I think you're gonna make a great sissy slut."

Victoria caressed his soft, tight abs. He was in great shape, for a woman. Each touch was like bliss to Zack as she slowly worked her way towards his loins, making him moan in anticipation. Zack grabbed onto the bedsheets, bracing for her to touch his womanhood. He felt a pool of wetness building. God, he was so turned on, he was more turned on then he'd ever been. He didn't remember ever feeling this good as a man. No, this was something else, something better. This was miraculous.

Victoria twirled over his clit with her fingers, and Zack released his built up energy. Victoria was so hot, and so was he. This was almost better than when he'd fucked girls before in the past, in a way, because now there were two beautiful women. Their sexy bodies slipped over each other. Everything about it was so slick and sexy.

Victoria flicked his clit, eliciting a big moan from her sissy fuck toy. .Fuck, it felt so good! But Victoria took her hand away, and instead came back up to his perky tits. No, he didn't want her to stop. He wanted to beg her to keep going at his clit, but he couldn't find the sounds to make the words come from his mouth. He opened his eyes in desperation, looking up at a very playful Victoria.

"Yup, I think you're good to go. And just so you know, you won't be able to orgasm with another woman. That's strictly forbidden. You'll need a cock in or around you if you ever want to come again. The bigger the better," Victoria smiled.

Zack lay on the bed, exasperated. What? What the fuck? That was it, it was over? How dare she tease him like that, after turning him into a woman in the first place. It wasn't right. His loins ached with a wanting that he'd never felt before. It was like he wanted to be filled up.

He saw Victoria leave the room, and slid his hand down the bare, smooth skin. As he felt his own wetness a rush of excitement washed over him. It felt so wrong. He wasn't a woman, this wasn't who he was. But his body made it feel so good. He plunged deep inside of himself with his finger, moaning as he did so. He felt at peace, like he was finally where he should be. It was crazy, and deep down he knew it wasn't right. But for one brief moment he felt at peace.

Zack brought his finger out and licked it clean. God, he must've looked so hot. Back when

he was a man, he would've done anything to have seen a babe like their finger like he just did. It tasted just like every other pussy he'd ever eaten, but for some reason it turned him on more. Pleasure gushed through him and he held on tightly to his oversized, sensitive breasts.

"No," Victoria said as she re-entered the room.

That was all she had to say, and Zack instantly sat up in his bed, attentive and ready to serve. All of the pleasurable sensations he'd just felt were a mile away.

"You are not allowed to touch yourself. Sissies like you only get big meaty cocks, okay?" She chided him.

Zack nodded in agreement. What the fuck, no! He didn't want to agree with her, but he did. Only big cocks for him? He wanted to barf right there. He wasn't attracted to guys! Hell, he was a guy! That's why Victoria touching him had been so hot – because she's a babe! He didn't want a sweaty, meaty man to touch him there. That was gross!

But there was nothing he could do about it. Victoria was in charge, and what she said went. Zack was going to have to listen to her for a while, before he could try to break this wretched curse and turn back into a man. He would have to appease her for now; he had no other choice.

"Here, put these on," Victoria threw a skimpy white top and a pair of short jean shorts at him. "Bras and panties are in the cabinet, pick your own."

Zack felt the tiny shorts and top in his hands. There was not a lot of fabric there. His heart dropped. He was going to be showing a lot of skin, and he didn't know if he was comfortable with that. He knew how guys approached and talked to girls and he didn't want to be in the opposite position.

Sensing his hesitation, Victoria clapped her hands.

Zack quickly got up and complied with her wishes. He didn't want to give Victoria any reason to keep him in this body for longer, or make even crazier things happen. He quickly grabbed a pair of pink frilly underwear and pulled them over his taunt ass. Goddamn, he had a nice ass. A white, flowery bra fit his full breasts perfectly. It felt so good to have them bundled up there now, for some reason. His body looked fantastic, and he knew it. He admired it in the mirror as he pulled on his shorts and the top with the revealing neckline.

"Beautiful," Victoria said. "Okay, you're almost ready for school. Watch carefully and tomorrow you can do this yourself," she said as she put Zack in front of the mirror and got the make-up out.

Zack was feeble and didn't want to piss her off. Besides, something about Victoria's voice was so inviting. He watched intently as she applied mascara and lip gloss, some blush, and even some eyeliner. For some reason it felt good to get dressed up. He couldn't help but be excited about how cute, and sexy, he looked. Yes, he wanted to be a man. Hell, he was a man. But Victoria's demeanor so was soothing and she reassured him that everything was going to be okay. He could go to school! He'd done it before as a guy and it'd been easy. How hard could it be now?

"Great!" Victoria clapped her hands together. "Okay, I'll drive you to school today, but there a couple of things you should know. Some instructions, you might say. Number one is that a friend of mine works there, Mr. Dawyer. I want you to listen to what he says and make him very comfortable okay? He's doing us a favor by letting you join his class in the middle of the year, and I want him to know that you are grateful for that." Victoria's eyes sparkled. She

was clearly enjoying her torturous rules.

Zack didn't know what to think. He didn't want to fuck some old teacher guy! Hell, he didn't want to fuck any guys!

"And the second thing is very important, so listen carefully," Victoria snapped her fingers and Zack stood attentively. "If you have sex with any of the students, then you will be stuck in this body *forever*. Is that clear?"

Zack nodded his head as felt some wetness drip down his leg. Oh god, he was still so horny. Class was going to be torturous.

Living a nightmare, Zack walked into the classroom 1202. All the eyes in the room stared at him as he made his way through the class, trying to find an open seat. There was only one, and it was in the back row. Nervously, he sat down and closed his eyes. All the students behind him started whispering and gossiping thin sexy blonde who was joining their class. He took deep breathes and wished he was invisible – he could do this. He knew he could.

Mr. Dawyer introduced Zack as Natalie to the class and he meekly waved. He tried to start a conversation with the girl that sat beside him, but she was preoccupied on her phone. It seemed like everyone already had friends and he was late to the school year. He gulped. Life in school without friends would be tough.

He daydreamed throughout the first lecture in the morning. He mostly thought about Mr. Dawyer's bulky, manly body. How was he supposed to concentrate on math when this hunk was showing some of his muscular chest off by undoing one of the buttons on his dress shirt? Oh, and his arms were so large and mmmhmm. Zack closed his eyes. He thought about how good it would feel for Mr. Dawyer to hold him up in those arms like a princess.

Suddenly, Zack's attention was diverted to a noise coming from a male student on the other side of him. The two made eye contact and blushed immediately. Zack's heart was racing. He knew that he was superhot and would be irresistible to all of the guys in the class, but he hadn't expected it to affect him so strongly. He felt a moistness promulgate in his panties. He could have any guy in the room right now, any single one of them, and that turned him on so much.

Zack looked back at the other student out of the corner of his eye. Oh my god! He was jacking off! Holy shit! This little pervert was jacking off in the middle of class and no-one else noticed! Zack felt a lump in his throat. This was crazy! On one hand, he was aroused as he could reach out and touch that guy's cock, like right now. But he also felt so objectified. Was this his life now? Everywhere he went, he was going to have guys jacking off at him? That's no way to live!

He was so embarrassed, but there was nothing he could do except feel turned on and pretend to pay attention to the math lesson. He didn't want to be turned on, but he was! Deep down he knew that he was still a man, and that this was so wrong. He didn't like cock! He didn't want to be filled up by thick meaty men in all of his holes! Ugh, that was so gross! He looked over to student beside him again, who had seemingly cum in his pants. Zack couldn't help himself, he licked his lips. He still couldn't believe that guy was jacking off to him. That was *so* hot.

At the end of class, two girls introduced themselves as Zack was packing up,

"Hi, I'm Devon and this is Lisa," Devon said, throwing her black hair behind her shoulder.

"So, like, we know you're new here, and if you have any questions you can just ask us.

And we'll chill and stuff. Wanna go out for a smoke?" Lisa said.

"I'm okay, uh. Actually, I would but, I've got to meet with Mr. Dawyer, I think," Zack squealed.

"Yeah, whatever," Lisa said. "Meet us by the front gates at 1, and we'll go for lunch. See ya, new girl," she winked and turned to leave.

Zack felt good. He had some friends! Yay! And they seemed like nice girls too, so that was good. He was hotter than both of them, he thought. He hoped they wouldn't make him start smoking, he didn't like the smell and the image wasn't a good look for a hot blonde like him. He remembered that Mr. Dawyer wanted to give him a tour of the school or something, so he went to the older man's office.

"Hey, Mr. D," Zack said, clearing his throat. "You said you wanted to see me?"

"Yes, come on in sweetie," Mr. Dawyer said from the comfort of the couch in his office.

"How are you finding your first day?" he asked, lifting his eyes up from the stack of papers he was reading.

"Oh, it's okay. The girls are really nice, actually. I think I've made some new friends," Zack blushed.

"Oh, that's great," the instructor stood up and moved to his desk where he took a sip of coffee. He towered over Zack, who gazed at the older man's brawn shoulders. "Here, sit on the couch and fill this out. It's the transfer papers that you need to fill out, just some administrative stuff" Mr. Dawyer said, as he sat down, his back to Zack.

"And how are the boys? Not giving you any trouble, are they?" Mr. Dawyer continued.

"Oh n-umm.. Well, there was this one...", Zack started to say. He sat down on the couch and his legs started tickling him. He remembered how upset it made him that the guy was jacking off in the middle of the class room. But he had also become so horny. It made him wish he had that big juicy cock in his mouth. MMmm.. oh god, it had been quite large and veiny. He wondered what Mr. Dawyer's member looked like. It was probably so big.

Zack couldn't help himself. He hiked up his skirt to reveal his dripping wet panties and touched himself vigorously on the couch. It felt so good. His body was so feminine, and so sexy. The hormones that ran through it necessitated that he become familiar with his new form. Every touch on his clit was more pleasurable than any he'd ever felt as a man.

"Oh, so those transfer forms, you fill out your old sch-" Mr. Dawyer's jaw dropped as he turned back to Zack and saw the smoking hot blonde bombshell withering in ecstasy on his couch.

Zack looked up and saw a massive bulge forming in the older man's pants. He salivated at the thought of having a thick meaty cock between his luscious feminine lips. It was so right; it was what he was meant to do.

Mr. Dawyer approached him, with a low growling sound emitting from his throat. "Victoria did say you were slutty, but this is something else," he said below his breath as he ripped Zack's top off. All of a sudden, Zack had a manly stud licking and biting his full breasts, and it felt amazing. Mr. Dawyer grabbed a firm tit with his hand and squeezed it. It felt so good to be in the arms of a real man, a rugged leader who knew what he was doing. Zack moaned in delight. His breasts were so sensitive and watching an older stud go to work on them was making him absolutely insatiable.

Deep down, there was a part of Zack that was hesitant. He had always been a man! He'd

never imagined sucking a cock in his wildest dreams. He was supposed to be in college, fucking sorority sisters and chugging beers. He wanted to play Frisbee on the beach with his shirt off and tease sexy ladies in bars. That's what he was supposed to be doing! Not sucking cock in Mr. Dawyer's office! But for some reason, it felt so right. His new body craved cock, and he needed to give it to it. It wasn't worth holding on to whatever masculinity he had left; he needed to fill the crazy urge inside of him. He wanted Mr. Dawyer's cock so badly.

The older man fingered Zack through his panties, and Zack squirmed in delight. It felt even better than when he'd tried to do the Zacke thing. He threw his arms around the man's neck and kissed him passionately on the lips. The man's stubble razed against his creamy, perfect skin, but in a sexy way. It turned him on magnificently. And Mr. Dawyer knew what he was doing with his hands. Oh god, it felt great. Zack moaned as his instructor twirled his clit with his fingers. It felt so right, and his body agreed. He had practically soaked his panties by now, and was begging his hot teacher to take them off.

But Zack was not prepared for the intensity of pleasure that followed next. Moving downwards, Mr. Dawyer gripped Zack's pink panties with his teeth. He playfully pulled them to the side and gave a lick up Zack's vulva. Zack hadn't been expecting it, and gasped with surprise. Mr. Dawyer grabbed the wet spot on Zack's panties with his mouth and proceeded to drag them off Zack's womanly legs. Zack could barely stand being teased, his clit needed attention now! But all the while he couldn't keep his eyes off of Mr. Dawyer's massive erection. He wanted it so badly.

Zack breathed heavily as Mr. Dawyer massaged his pussy up and down with his tongue. Zack panted heavily, it was unlike anything he'd ever felt before. His legs rattled with anticipation. Mr. Dawyer stuck one of his manly hands inside of Zack, feeling the girl's tightness. His pussy expanded at first, and then tightened around Mr. Dawyer's finger. Zack's hips moved in motion with Mr. Dawyer's finger, as it curled upwards repeatedly inside of him. "AAAhhhh MMM" he moaned loudly. That felt so fucking good!

Mr. Dawyer teased him, licking Zack's pussy slowly and deliberately. Zack couldn't take it anymore. He held back his clitoris hood and shoved the older man's face right into it. He then grabbed his head from behind and pushed his tongue right up against his clit. Mr. Dawyer didn't waste any time and got to work on Zack's throbbing pink clit.

Zack's legs jolted against the side of Mr. Dawyer's head. He gripped Mr. Dawyer's hair with both hands and propelled his hips towards the sky. Zack was in so much pleasure that he was gasping for air. With an explosion of lust, Zack arched his back into a frenzy. Mr. Dawyer still had his finger inside of him, pumping away at the young girl's g-spot. Zack's moaned loudly. He didn't care if the whole world knew that he was fucking Mr. Dawyer.

There was a pressure building up inside of him that needed to be released. He grabbed his tits and squeezed, everything was so sensitive. Zack came hard against the older man's tongue, sending waves of joy through his entire body. He was practically screaming now as the pleasure reverberated throughout his sexy feminine body. That was incredible.

He closed his eyes, and took some deep breathes. He was recovering from a massive orgasm, his first as a woman, and his legs were still shaking in pleasure.

"No time for rest," Mr. Dawyer said, "You look like an amazing cocksucker."

Zack's eyes were sparkling as he looked up at Mr. Dawyer, who was unzipping his pants. He wasn't sure how it was possible, but he was instantly becoming horny again, starting the

second that he saw the older man's unsheathed monster-sized cock. It was incredible, and it was all his. He gulped. Was he going to be able to take that entire thing in his pretty little mouth? Something between his legs stirred. Oh god, he wanted that thick cock inside of him so badly.

But the truth was that Zack had never sucked a cock before, let alone one this big, and he was tentative to take it all at once. He licked it slowly, starting from the shaft, and Mr. Dawyer groaned deeply.

For a second, Zack thought about his masculinity. He almost had second thoughts about doing it, but it was so hard with this thick dick right in front of him. He knew, deep down, that he was a man and that he shouldn't be sucking cock. He licked his lips. How could he say no to a stud like Mr. Dawyer?

He slid his instructor's meaty member over his thick red lips and down into his mouth. Mmmm, oh god. It was making him so wet. It was kind of fun too actually. He enjoyed making Mr. Dawyer's breaths go shorter and faster when he got a really good jerk of his hand in. It was like he was totally in control of him. The older man sighed or grunted with every sexy move he made. He stopped and looked up for a second, and smiling, he bit his lip. Zack felt totally sexy and powerful, like a real woman. Mr. Dawyer groaned. Goddamn, he must've looked so hot.

He wanted to see if she could take his cock deeper in his throat. Deep throating seemed like it would be totally impossible. He got halfway down and held it for a couple seconds. That wasn't so bad! And Mr. Dawyer loved it, so why not keep doing it? He tried again, a little farther. Woops, a little too far! His gag reflex kicked in and she spit the hard cock out. He went back to moving his hand and mouth at the Zacke time on Mr. Dawyer's girthy member. He mostly loved just sucking and being with the cock. Anything with the cock, really. And judging by the older man's reactions, he was a pretty good cocksucker!

Mr. Dawyer grabbed Zack's luscious blonde hair and brought him forward onto his cock. He pushed his cock deep into Zack's throat, who gagged. But Mr. Dawyer kept going, moving his cock in and out of Zack's sexy red lips. Zack's eyes bulged at first, and he started to drool. It was too much!

But then he felt another sensation between his legs. Taking Mr. Dawyer's cock deep in his throat like this was actually turning him on an incredible amount. Oh god, he was such a slut. Zack could barely breathe, and he wanted nothing more than to be filled up in his sweet pussy by this huge cock. The older man briefly took his cock out of Zack's sexy mouth, and the luscious blonde gasped for air. Just yesterday he'd been a full grown man partying at the craziest clubs in the city, but now he was a superhot blonde babe who was choking on a huge dick. And he loved it. Mr. Dawyer entered Zack's throat again, fucking his mouth with some force. Nothing made Zack hornier than being used like a slut like this. His insides were stirring; he couldn't take it anymore. He needed that giant cock inside of him!

And he got his wish. Mr. Dawyer mounted him and entered his tight, virgin pussy slowly. Zack felt himself expanding to accommodate the girth of his partner. He gushed wetness all over it. Yes! He moaned loudly as the cock pushed further and further inside of him. Oh god, yes. It was like he'd had some hole, that needed to be filled, and he hadn't known it before. It was an itch that was finally getting scratched. Yes! Fuck me! He screamed. And Mr. Daywer obliged.

He felt a pulsing building in his pussy. Waves of pleasurable sensation moved outwards from the giant cock inside of him. Just the imagery of him taking this giant cock was making him crazy. He could see himself in the mirror, a superhot blonde in half a schoolgirl outfit, getting taken by a strong man. It was insane! Just yesterday he'd been a masculine, proper man's man, and an athlete. Now he was taking dicks like the slutty supermodel that he really was, in the office of his stud of a teacher.

Mr. Dawyer tossed Zack around like he was weightless, and pushed the blonde's head down into the cushions of the couch. The stud entered Zack's dripping wet pussy from behind with force, causing Zack to squeal in delight. He was being used like a stupid slutty schoolgirl, and it felt so good. Mr. Dawyer slapped his bare, round ass, and Zack gushed over the strong man's thick meaty cock. It felt so good to know who was in charge. All Zack had to do was lie there and take the dick like one of the valley girls he had fucked so many times.

The teacher grabbed Zack's hair from behind. His grip was so strong that Zack's entire back arched upwards. Zack felt powerless; Mr. Dawyer was in control. All Zack could do was take the pounding in his tight virgin pussy and do whatever Mr. Dawyer wanted, and he loved it. Pleasure jolted through Zack's feminine body as Mr. Dawyer shoved his head down again into the cushions. Zack could barely breathe but it was so fucking hot. His entire body trembled with ecstasy as the older man bore into him ruthlessly. It felt so fucking good.

The pleasure expanded from his pussy to his entire body, in rolling waves as he had a massive full body orgasm. He screamed in pleasure as his mind went blank from the sensation of being held down and fucked without mercy on the teacher's couch. It was incredible. He heard Mr. Dawyer grunt and the man's thick member exploded inside of the busty, hot blonde. The two came together as Zack's eyes rolled back and he withered in positive sensations. In that moment, he was not thinking of being a man again. The only thing that was going through his mind was how good Mr. Dawyer's oversized cock made him feel. It made him feel like a real woman. A true sexy, slutty schoolgirl and how good it felt to be taken that way.

His body was still spasming on and off as Mr. Dawyer got up and gave the blonde babe one last smack on the ass.

"Turn the lights off when you leave," the stud grunted.

Zack barely heard him. He had just received the fucking of a lifetime. He lay on the couch, with his eyes glazed over for some time. It was going to take a while for his body to stop trembling.

"Welcome home sweetie!" Victoria smiled. "How was your first day at school?"

Zack entered his fancy bachelor pad condo, but barely recognized it. All of the furniture was different... the décor... His sixty inch TV! It was gone! His ratty old couch? Where did it go? In its place were tasteful, minimalist furniture, stainless steel appliances, and floral wall-paper. His jaw dropped.

"What...What did you do to my place?!" he demanded.

"Oh hun, I figured your place needed a bit of a re-modelling. This matches your new persona much better, don't you think?" she smirked. "We wouldn't want you to have to bring any guys back into a pig-sty, right?"

Something boiled inside of Zack. This was taking it too far. He had friends and family! What if they came over to his place and saw what had happened! No-one would believe that

he'd been transformed into a girl! This was insanity!

Zack marched up to Victoria and raised his feminine hand, pointing his finger at her. "Now you listen to me you stupid whore witch! Change me back right now!" It was cute, really. The neighbors must've thought that two women were having a cat-fight.

Victoria slapped him hard across his pretty face, and Zack recoiled. Holy shit that hurt! He held his hand to his cheek, and felt tears flow from his eyes. Nothing like that had ever hurt so much when he'd been a man! What had happened to him? It seemed like his pain tolerance was totally different in this body, he couldn't even take a slap!

"Look, I know you're emotional, but you are not allowed to talk to me that way." Victoria put her hands on her hips. "Well, you could talk to me like that, but not if you ever want a chance at turning back into a man. I'm in charge, understand?" Victoria said firmly.

Zack nodded meekly. He wasn't sure what had come over him. He was lucky that he'd only gotten a slap. He knew that Victoria's punishments could be a lot worse than that. His cheek still rang with pain, fuck. He gathered himself and got off the floor. It had been a long, hard first day as a schoolgirl, and his pussy ached from the pounding he received. He wanted nothing more than to curl up in bed with a scented candle and hot chocolate.

"Okay slut. I know you've had a long day, but your duties aren't over yet." Victoria seemed to always be smiling. She was clearly enjoying punishing the sexy blonde in front of her.

"I need you to make me dinner, and then clean the whole apartment. It's dusty and filthy in here. Now get to work. I'll be having a bubble bath until dinner is ready so do not disturb me."

Zack got up and started working on dinner. For some reason, he didn't feel too bad about the whole thing. He liked being told what to do. And when he got in the kitchen, he felt like he actually kind of knew how to cook food, so that was good. He found the work calming, and he hoped that he could impress Victoria enough that she would want to change him back into a man. Maybe if he obedient enough as a woman, she'd change him back!

"So how did you like Mr. Dawyer's fat meaty cock?" Victoria asked at the dinner table.

Zack blushed. "Victoria, that's kind of inappropriate... We're trying to eat here!"

"Did you gargle his cum and choke on his dick?" Victoria twirled her pasta. "Oh did he make you lick his asshole?" she laughed.

Zack couldn't help but laugh too. "No, no I didn't do that." He thought about it. Maybe that wouldn't be too bad. That was what slutty schoolgirls like him were for, anyways. And Mr. Dawyer would probably love it.

"It did feel really good inside of me though," Zack said seductively as he remembered the pounding that he received. He was getting wet again just thinking about it. And Victoria obviously wanted the details. He didn't hate her, he decided. He would tell her whatever she wanted to hear if she turned him back into a man. Or, at least that's what Zack told himself.

"I don't know how anyone can take a cock like that all the way down their throat," Zack continued, his blonde hair bobbing up and down as he spoke enthusiastically. "I mean, it's just so big and wide. It's impossible unless he just shoves it down there," Zack laughed.

"Hahaha, I know, right?" Victoria agreed. "It's definitely a monster. I thought you would like it," she winked and took a ladylike sip of her white wine.

"So what are you doing this weekend?" Victoria asked. "It's your first weekend as a

woman... We can go to the salon if you want, go shopping at the mall? Something a little more mature than your schoolgirl outfit perhaps? I know you probably want to attract the older men and get some stud cock at the clubs.”

Zack licked his lips. Victoria was right, he could barely think about anything other than cocks. “Actually, some of the girls at school invited me to a party, so I guess I should go to that. You know, I’m trying to be a really good woman and do all the proper things so that you might turn me back one day,” Zack said politely. “One day, soon, I mean,” he added with a big fake smile.

“Oh of course you little slut! You already have friends? That’s great. Of course you should go to the party. But don’t think something like that is a simple ticket back to manhood. I need to see some real dedication to being a pathetic little sissy loser. And no more emotional outbursts, or you’ll add another month to your time as a woman,” Victoria finished her glass of wine, satisfied with Zack’s dinner efforts. “Now get to sleep. Sissies like you need their beauty sleep,” she smirked.

Zack met Devon and Lisa at Devon’s house before the big party. They wanted to try on each other’s clothes and find a good look for all of them before going. As a man, Zack would’ve just worn whatever he had lying around. How he dressed really hadn’t mattered that much for picking up girls. But now, he was becoming increasingly fascinated with the girly process of getting ready. It was so fun, maybe even more fun than actually being at the party with all the awkward guys trying to hit on him.

“Oh my god, try on this!” Lisa said, shoving a pink miniskirt to Zack. It looked pretty skimpy. Zack wasn’t sure if he wanted to show that much skin! As a new girl in school, he wanted to gain the respect of not just the men, but the girls too. And girls were always especially judgy of hot babes like him. He didn’t want to give them an extra reason to attack him by dressing like a slut.

“I dunno,” Zack hummed. “It’s pretty showy,” he said. It looked even skimpier on him due to his long, sexy legs. He looked like a sex bomb, but he wasn’t sure if that was the look he wanted to go for. He was so hot that he didn’t need to dress like that to get attention from men.

“It’s super cute!” Devon chimed in. She was wearing a skirt herself, although it was black. His two friends seemed a little more edgy than Zack.

Something out of the corner of his eye caught Zack’s attention. “That dress! Oh my god, can I try it on??” Zack beamed.

“Sure,” Lisa replied. “I think it’ll look great on you actually. We have similar physiques actually, well, you might be a little bit taller and have more of an ass,” she laughed.

“Yay!” Zack squealed with delight. It was a black dress, but it was shimmery, and it would almost sparkle under the moonlight. It hung to Zack tightly, and showed off his feminine stature perfectly. Zack beamed. “I need to wear this, wow! Don’t worry Lisa, I won’t get it dirty, I promise!”

“Yay!” Lisa chimed back. “So glad you like it. It’s classy... the guys are definitely gonna like it,” she winked.

“Oh the guys, hey?” Devon asked from the other side of the room. “Mmmm... I’ve got my eye on Tyler. He’s so dreamy.”

“That’s one of the football players, right?” Zack asked.

“Yup. He’s a super-stud. Well, most of the dudes on the football team are,” Lisa said, her words drifting off.

Zack was felt a moistness seek through his panties. He wondered if Joe was going to be there. All of the football players were so manly and strong. Just thinking about being manhandled and taken by one of them gave him the butterflies. He admired himself in the mirror, fixing his straight, blonde hair. He put on some beautiful looking earrings that Devon had lent him. The girls were nice, and didn’t seem to care much why he didn’t have a lot of his own clothes and accessories. He settled down and took a couple of deep breathes. He’d never felt or looked so feminine in his life, and it was turning him on like crazy.

“What about you Lisa, gonna hop on any beefy men tonight?” Zack asked as he sat down for Lisa to apply some make-up to his face.”

“I dunno... ya never know hun,” Lisa responded, not taking her eyes away from the mascara brush.

“Oh come on you slut,” Devon laughed. “If I don’t see you gargling Joe’s nuts by midnight I’ll be surprised!”

“Watch it *Devon*” Lisa said vehemently. “Oh but Joe....mmm... I hope you’re right.”

“Another football player?” Zack asked. The two looked at him like he was crazy.

“Yeah, no shit doll-face. We pointed him out to you at lunch, remember?” Devon said sarcastically

Oh yeah, how could he have forgotten. Joe was built like a tank, and probably the most popular guy in school. He hadn’t been introduced, but the girls pointed out the stud to him at lunch. But it had been right after Zack had fucked Mr. Dawyer and he was still in a trance like state of ecstasy. He’d hadn’t remembered much about Joe, other than his muscular stature.

“Oh yeah, right, Joe. Sorry, I forgot his name,” Zack blushed.

The three friends posed for some pictures now that they were all done up and ready to go. They all looked magnificent, but Zack stood out as the classiest, most stunning beauty. Victoria would be happy to see those pictures, he thought. If he could prove that he had friends like this, that would be one step closer to turning him back into a man, he was sure of it.

“Okay, ladies, off we go,” Lisa said, holding the keys to her car. “Let’s have a fun time, and remember, we’re a team. Don’t worry about any asshole dudes out there. Tonight is about us.”

Zack smiled. It was nice to have good friends like this, looking out for him. As a man, he never would’ve respected stupid sluts like this, but now he was starting to care about them. He shook his head. No! That was all wrong! He was supposed to be a tough guy! Ugh. He had to change back into a man soon, or he would get way too used to being a girl!

His mind reeling, Zack got in the car and tried to get excited for the party. He would relax tonight, he deserved it after all the hardships he’d been through! He could worry about regaining his masculinity another day. Tonight was about him and his girls having a good time and getting proof for Victoria that he was being a good girl and playing along with her bullshit. Maybe they even had some daiquiris or other sweet girly drinks at the party!

“Hey, I don’t recognize you. Are you new at school?”

Zack blushed. Holy shit, this guy was manly and hot.

“Uhh, No. I’ve been around for a while,” Zack replied. Fuck, why had he said that?

Obviously none of the other girls would vouch for that story. He was so stupid.

“Really? I don’t think so. I definitely would’ve recognized someone *like you*,” the man said as his eyes went over every inch of Zack’s gorgeous body. “I’m the quarterback, Joe,” he said smiling, as if being the quarterback made him instantly likeable. Well he was the most popular guy on campus, but still, what a douche.

“Hey...,” said Zack, mesmerized by Joe’s manly forearms. “It’s nice to meet you, but I have to get back to the party now.” Zack wondered about fucking this football player. Maybe it would show even more legitimacy to Victoria and get him turned back into a man.

Zack stepped past Joe, but his arm caught the blonde on her waist. Zack inhaled sharply, surprised. Joe was an alpha male, just like he’d been, and was used to getting what he wanted. Zack glanced upwards at Joe’s broad shoulders and perfect teeth. His precious pink pussy throbbed in his panties. He was just here to make Victoria happy; so it looked like he was integrating well into life as a woman. Had Victoria mentioned something about being stuck as a woman forever if he had sex with one of the other students? Zack wasn’t sure. He could barely concentrate on anything other than the pulsing desire growing in his panties. He needed to be filled and Joe was so fucking manly and hot.

The gorgeous model-like blonde stood on her tiptoes in her stilettos, and Zack kissed the stud on his mouth. His heart fluttered like a school girl. Just yesterday he’d been a guy, and now he was an amazing young sex bomb making out with the quarterback! This was crazy! Joe’s scruff scratched his clear porcelain skin. It bothered him at first, but not too much. He kept his tongue intertwined with Joe’s and could feel the man’s big cock pressing against his dress.

Zack didn’t see any need to postpone the inevitable, so he grabbed Joe’s junk through his pants. The quarterback was taken aback with pleasure and surprise. Fuck, Zack really was being a slut, just like Victoria had said. Joe slipped one of Zack’s breasts out of his dress, and nibbled on it. Zack winced with pleasure and shock. He hadn’t expected to be so sensitive there. His tits sent energy back throughout his entire body. Now he knew what it was like to be truly horny as a woman.

Wetness started to drip down his inner thighs. His pussy felt like it was on fire. Determined, he grabbed Joe’s big, calloused hand and thrust it between his legs. (*Oooh Fuck*) It was such a relief. He never realized before how badly he’d needed a man’s hands on his clit. He held onto Joe’s wrist like it was his life preserver in the middle of an ocean. Being an experienced stud, Joe quickly found Zack’s clit and gave it a long run over with his middle finger. Zack moaned loudly throughout the summer night. He didn’t care if the entire party heard what the quarterback was doing to him right now, he needed the release. Never in his 20+ years as a man had he experienced anything as powerful as this. Pleasure rolled from this groin and through his entire body.

But Zack was on a mission, he needed Joe’s thick cock in his mouth. Reluctantly, he pushed Joe’s hand away from his throbbing pussy and whispered seductively in Joe’s ear. (*No, let me do you.*) Zack dropped to his knees and undid Joe’s belt buckle. He expected that the quarterback had a big cock, but seeing it made him salivate even harder.

He took the veiny member in his hands, stroking it. His perfect nails were the excellent juxtaposition to the thick manly cock he was holding. Nervously, he liked the head of Joe’s cock and looked up at him. Joe moaned and threw his head back. “Don’t tease me like that!

You're way too hot," he grunted. It was now or never. Zack couldn't truly believe that he was here, a gorgeous blond on his knees and about to suck the quarterback's cock.

He took the rock hard dick in between his luscious red lips and pushed forward. Joe was wide and his lips smacked tightly around the sides of his cock. He had missed cock so much; this was where he felt most at home. He picked up his pace and moved his hands along with his mouth. The quarterback's cock was so big that his mouth was starting to ache. He slurped all over it like it was saving his life, it was his best friend in the whole world.

Could he take the whole cock? Mr. Dawyer had helped him take his cock, but this time he was going to try by himself. Inching closer and closer, Joe's jumbo cock almost reached the back of Zack's throat. It was hard to breathe through and there was no way he could take the last inch or two. His saliva pooling, he started to take the quarterback's dick out of his mouth. Joe had other plans though, and grabbed a hold of Zack's hair, pushing him down hard on the cock. Oh Fuck! Zack gagged and his eyes watered quickly.

A second later, Joe's grip softened. As quickly as it had started, the blowjob was nearly over. Zack felt a pump in his throat and a full stream of semen went all the way back. No! This wasn't supposed to happen; he needed it in his throbbing pussy. Mr. Dawyer had been more experienced, he wouldn't have come so quickly like this. He pulled Joe's cock out as fast as he could and jerked him off violently with his hand. With every stroke a stream of thick white cum soared down and coated his perfect face. It felt like he was jerking for minutes, pumping Joe's cum all over his thick red lips and cheeks. Some had already found its way down to the black sparkling dress he was still wearing. Satisfied, he stood up with Joe's cock still in his hands. None had gotten in his eyes and he still looked stunningly exquisite. He leaned in and spit some cum out of his mouth. It dribbled down his chin. He felt so *goddamn sexy*. He was the hottest girl at this party, and he had made a stud like Joe cum that quickly. He giggled and found a new appreciation for older men like Mr. Dawyer. They really knew how to treat a woman and wouldn't come in the first minute. But he wasn't here right now, and Zack needed to get filled up.

Zack lay with his back on the ground and with one hand started to pleasure himself. He was already exceedingly wet. Joe's cum felt so good when he rubbed some on his fresh pussy. Within seconds, Joe was back with a group of mountainous football players.

Zack recognized some of them. One, Tyler, had been in his math class. What's the matter, he couldn't satisfy you?" The boys all chuckled and caught sight of the cum dribbling down Zack's chin. "Oh my, you are a little slut, aren't you," one of them said. God, they were so right. He was the sluttiest, hottest girl in town. And he wanted them all to take him now.

Zack's dress was hiked up, and one of the football players joined him on the ground with their dicks out. Zack must've looked super sexy lying on the ground, because all the men were already rock hard. Without any need for a pre work, the linebacker Dave slowly entered Zack's fresh tight pussy. Zack screamed with pleasure. As much as he'd been anticipating it, having a cock in his pussy was always a shock. He felt himself expanding to accommodate the huge cock inside of him. It was like a hole he never knew existed before had been plugged, and he needed more of it.

Another player straddled Zack by his tits, and shoved a thick cock into his open mouth. Zack tried to do his best to suck it, but he couldn't control his mouth between Dave's hard thrusts. It felt so good to be wanted by so many men at the same time. He still couldn't believe

that all of these students were fucking him like crazy in the back of a party, but here he was.

A third man that Zack couldn't see stuck a finger in Zack's ass. Oh god. He hadn't expected that, but there was nothing he could do now. Zack was so wet that his pussy juice had dripped down to his ass and was making it easy for the macho football player to enter him. He had never stuck a single thing in his ass as a man before, and it was an entirely new sensation. And it was so fucking hot. The dick in his mouth was amazing too, he loved it. He knew that with a little practice he'd be a great cocksucker. Zack moaned passionately. Everything felt so good, better than he'd ever experienced as a man.

Suddenly, something entered his asshole that was a little bit bigger than the finger that had been in there. Oh fuck, it was a cock! Zack screamed with a mixture of pain and pleasure. His tight, warm asshole was being taken over. Oh god, he was being ravaged by three football teammates, all huge men. The sensation in his ass burned, but it started to feel good, like he needed it there. It was another hole he'd be unaware of, but now he needed it filled.

The cock in his face exploded, sending streaks of cum in his eyes, hair and neck. There was no rhyme or reason to its eruption, it just flowed everywhere. Still the cocks in his dick and ass raged on. Zack knew he must've looked so hot, a slim blonde covered in white sticky cum and being destroyed by two huge men.

The imagery of how crazy his situation was made Zack wetter than ever before. His hips spasmed uncontrollably, and his back arched. His breasts rose pointedly to the sky and his legs shook up and down. He was cumming so hard, harder than he'd ever done as a man. It was hard not to when he was so wanted by everyone. His eyes wide and his face covered in cum, pleasure hit him like a lightning bolt as he had a full body orgasm.

In that moment, Zack was at home. He wasn't thinking about how he could become a man again, or what it even meant to be a man. He didn't care. All he wanted was to feel this good and this feminine for the rest of his life. With easy access to as many cocks as he wanted, he would be forever happy in this life. He didn't know what he would tell his friends, but it didn't matter. Being a woman was amazing.

The two jocks fucking him managed to hold his legs down but his upper body slim stomach still spasmed wildly. They pumped his ass and pussy full of thick cum. "Yes!" he screamed. It felt so fucking good. "I need more cocks inside of me!" His mind was totally blank as he came again when they emptied their seed into him.

A couple of more football players came and took their turns fucking the amazingly beautiful blonde that had appeared at their party. No one could say no a beautiful babe like Zack. After a while, Zack lost count. He truly had turned into the slut of the century. He was a true sissy slut.

Zack returned to his condo apartment that night, still high on the amazing sex that he'd had. His pussy throbbed from pleasure as he collapsed into his bed. He was still wearing Lisa's sparkly dress. He laughed out loud. He'd told her that he wouldn't get it dirty, but it was covered, if not absolutely drenched in cum. He'd been used up like a real sissy slut and he'd loved it.

The dress would be fine; he'd take it to the dry cleaner if he had to. It was worth it for the experience, to be fucked senselessly in a gangbang like that, by almost the entire football team. He'd never felt more at home than when he'd had multiple huge cocks inside of him.

He sat up in bed, suddenly panicked. Where had Victoria gone? He wanted to show her the

dress and the pictures of him and his girlfriends, and gossip all about the night. They could have a ball of a time staying up late and chatting about the different dudes that Zack fucked and how hot they were. But where did she go? Ever since his transformation, Victoria had remained close by, if not physically in Zack's apartment whenever he'd been there. It was just odd.

He got up, and listened. He didn't hear her anywhere in the house. He sauntered quietly in the kitchen. Where had she gone? That was when he saw a note on the kitchen table. His heart raced as he picked it up.

Zack, I'm glad you've fully submitted to being a horny, pathetic little sissy. Hopefully your experiences have taught you some humility, if nothing else. I had planned to eventually turn you back into a man, but as the rules said, I must leave you as a woman forever now. You took on nearly half the football team! That was truly impressive. I simply enjoy watching you be a cock hungry whore way too much to give you the pleasure of turning back into a man. Xo – Victoria

Zack nearly broke down crying. He was stuck in this body *forever*? No! That was crazy! He wasn't a girl! He was a man, with a life! With his own cock and the ability to get any girl he wanted! He'd been in college! It just wasn't fair. A tear rolled down his feminine cheek. He didn't care if he cried now –he was going to take off all of his make-up anyways. But then his phone vibrated in his purse. It was a message from Lisa.

“Hey girl! Hope you had a good time tonight! I heard you got a little wild ;) Hope my dress is okay hahaha. Cya in school on Monday hun!

Zack smiled. He had friends, great friends that he could trust in Lisa and Devon. And he had as many thick, meaty cocks as he could ever want. All he had to do was go outside and he would have guys lining up to give him cocks! He was stunningly beautiful, and could go to college again next year, this time as a woman. He smiled and wiped the tear off his cheek. He was going to be okay.

Amy Diapers and Feminizes the Man of the House

Cam couldn't help marvel at what he'd accomplished. He'd bought enough beer to last the entire week, but it was already gone! Groggily, he got off the couch and surveyed the scene. Party cups lined the floors, and almost every surface in the house was sticky. The details were fuzzy, but he remembered taking at least half a dozen tequila shots, and he didn't even like tequila.

The strippers had come over at 11 p.m., and then more people showed up. At that point, he couldn't turn them away. The more the merrier! And after all, he was celebrating! It was the first week that he'd had away from his wife, Jodi, in almost a decade and he deserved to let loose. He laughed, that had been the most fun he'd had in a long time.

Usually, his wife kept a watchful eye on him and made every decision for him. She even went as far to put a chastity device on him, which she affectionately called his "cute little cage." Cam was smart though, and he was able to steal the key from Jodi before she left. He was free at last! Free to drink, do drugs, and fuck anything that moved!

He was hungover like an Irishman after St. Paddy's Day, but that didn't bring his spirits down. That was a good thing; it meant was alive and living large. There had been many dry days where he was forced to paint his wife's toenails or otherwise pamper her, so having a hangover was a welcome change. He brewed a big cup of coffee and sat down to watch some sports highlights. It was great, really. When Jodi was home she controlled the remote, and he wasn't allowed to watch TV during the day.

Cam was always so bidding and compromising, he'd do anything Jodi asked. He didn't even protest when Jodi wanted to adopt an orphaned girl six years ago. She said that it was "his fault for not being able to get her pregnant like a real man," whatever that meant. Cam was a real man, he loved boxing and gambling and fucking. He was just totally infertile. He didn't think that the couple needed an adopted brat, but he obliged because he loved his wife and he wanted to make her happy.

The girl, Amy, had blossomed into a stunning nineteen year old woman and was currently attending college out of state. It was expensive, but Cam didn't mind paying for her education. It wasn't like had much choice anyways, given that Jodi controlled their finances. Never mind that he made all the money, he never saw a cent of it. Jodi controlled the purse strings.

He wasn't bitter about it though. Amy had been accepted into their family, and Jodi and she had grown very close. Cam was close to her as well, but there were somethings that only women could bond over. He took Amy to baseball games, and pretended to interrogate any new boyfriends that she brought over. They still enjoyed each other's company, even if Amy seemed a little bored with him now.

Around her eighteenth birthday, Amy really started to blossom into her beauty. Every guy in town begged to go out with her when her firm, supple breasts developed. Cam too had been caught taking some extra-long looks at her long blonde hair and striking blue eyes.

Needless to say, Jodi wasn't pleased about her husband's glances at Amy. In one particular instance, Amy had been outside in the backyard, tanning. She didn't want to get an uneven tan

and so had taken all her clothes off. Cam's erection gasped for breath inside of his lock as he watched the sun glisten on the sexy brat's flat belly. It took all of his effort to stop himself from getting a much closer look. After excruciatingly being made to mow the lawn while Amy was sunbathing, he locked himself in the bedroom to avoid any further stimulation. Amy had known, he was sure of it, but they never spoke of it. It was better to let those things remain unsaid.

Amy didn't know of his chastity situation, and Cam begged Jodi to keep it private information. Any time he misbehaved, she threatened that she would tell the girl, or his co-workers, how much of a pathetic sissy he really was. All Amy knew was that her adopted father did a lot of work around the house and seemed like a pretty submissive guy, at least around his wife.

In order to make up for his obvious arousal, Cam licked Jodi to multiple orgasms that night. He sucked on her toes and was made to wear a thong over his chastity to work the rest of the week. He knew better than to beg for his own satisfaction. As part of his punishment, Jodi made him wait another month before he could take of his chastity and experience an amazing orgasm at her hands. When he did come, his little clit-like penis spurted cum everywhere. His orgasms were like a woman's now, powerful and ripped through his whole body.

He loved his wife though, even though she put him through so much. Cam knew that he was better off with someone like here in his life, someone to control his urges and stop him from doing stupid things. But that didn't mean he wasn't excited to experience a full week without his chastity. He wanted to get his old life back, even for just one short week. The first thing that meant was a trip to the liquor store, and more strippers. He smiled as he put on his boxer briefs and thought of his wife, 3,000 miles away. It was going to be a good week.

Amy made a quick stop at the new fancy coffee store before she pulled onto the freeway. Daddy had bought her a new corvette, and she was going to light it up on the way back home. Her first semester of college had been a blast, but Jodi was making her go home to check up on Cam. Ugh, stupid Cam, he was always ruining things. There was a giant frat party happening this weekend, and she was going to miss it because her adopted father was a slob and couldn't live on his own.

She put on a hot red lipstick in the mirror. It had taken her a couple of years to realize it, but she looked absolutely incredible. She was so lucky that she didn't get Cam's genes; that would've sucked. The boys in college were true studs. They were athletic, jacked, and hot, unlike all the guys back home. Amy didn't have a boyfriend yet, but she could have her pick of the litter any day of the week. Except tonight of course, because she had to go home and check on her pathetic loser of a "step-father".

It all made so much more sense now. For years, she thought that Cam was just a normal older guy, one who made lots of money and didn't mind spending it on her and Jodi. But when she came of age, Jodi gave her a better glimpse into who really controlled the power behind closed doors. Cam was a good guy, but he was a loser who couldn't stop himself from cheating on his wife. That was why Jodi kept him locked up, and why he always looked like he was in such pain whenever Amy or Jodi did anything sexy.

It had evolved into a bit of a game in the last couple months. Suddenly, Amy found it much more difficult to remember to bring a towel with her when she showered. She'd made an effort

to leave her sexy pink panties and thongs around the house, tempting Cam to try them on for himself. And of course there were the times when she'd brought a guy home and got fucked by him super hard. Haha, those were her favorites. Her bedroom wall was right against where Cam slept, and she knew it was torture to hear her moan at the top of her lungs. She could practically hear him clawing at his stupid little cage while she took big dicks in all of her holes.

But Cam would never be allowed out of his chastity, or he might re-gain all of his masculinity that had previously been stripped from him. Amy had heard stories of how much of a lying, cheating asshole Cam was when he was out of his cage, and so she agreed to help Jodi make sure he was never let out of it. She liked him much more that way: docile, submissive, eager to pay for anything she asked for, and oh so fun and easy to tease.

That was why Jodi had given her a special present, a pink chastity lock. She was only to use it in dire situations, if Cam had somehow escaped his normal lock and was acting out. Jodi hadn't said what exactly it would do, or why it was so special, but Amy really wanted to find out. She got a little wet thinking about making her older man submit to her. Maybe it wouldn't be such a bad weekend after all.

When Amy arrived home, the driveway was full with cars so she had to park in the street. She knew that she should go inside and reprimand Cam, but something told her to wait outside. Parties were definitely not allowed. Cam hadn't been allowed to throw a party in 15 years, so why was he getting all uppity now? That was bullshit, thought Amy. She was going to have to punish him for having all these people over with both Jodi and Amy gone.

But no sooner had she camped out in her corvette than did people start leaving the party. She quickly realized just exactly what kind of party it was. Everyone who left the house was a wretched, half naked woman. They looked like those whores that Amy had seen in porn, when she caught Cam watching it that one time. Except these ones were older and more washed out. These whores weren't even good enough for porn.

Amy spat on the ground as she walked up to the house. Ugh, was Cam really that desperate that he had to pay these ugly prostitutes to come rub his clit though his pathetic little cage? Or maybe even grosser, he had called them over here just so he could eat them out. She almost threw up in her mouth. Yup, that sounded like something gross that Cam would do. He couldn't enjoy sex himself and he couldn't wait until Jodi released him from his cage next month, so he had to call over some prostitutes to eat out. That was bad news.. She was definitely going to have to punish him.

Cam was in his boxers, trying to get the cum out of the carpet, when he heard the door open. He hadn't been allowed to cum in so long, and had almost instantly blown his load when he entered the pussy of one of his strippers. He had quickly pulled out, but his thick white cum had already exploded everywhere. He had a lot of practice cleaning, but cum was still difficult to clean. He was going to have to do a good job or Jodi would know that something had been going on.

But why had the door opened? Had one of his friends forgot something? He looked around and didn't see any extra underwear or anything. That was strange, so he headed to the front door.

"Oh my god," Amy said as she nearly ran into the sweaty and perfume smelling man of the house.

Cam's heart almost exploded in his stomach. Shit! She wasn't supposed to be home! What was happening! "Oh, Amy! What a surprise! Oh sorry, uh, I was just getting changed. Uh, what are you doing here?" Cam squeaked out as a million thoughts ran through his head. There was so much open liquor in the other room; he was going to have to hide it all quickly. Good thing the strippers had left, that was such a close call! Oh god... He noticed Amy's revealing white see through blouse for the first time. Wow.

"I've just come home to get a few things," Amy recovered from her shock. "Do you need to go get some pants on?" she flipped her hair behind her shoulder. She could feel Cam eyeing down her hourglass figure. Ugh, this loser couldn't even control himself in front of his own adopted daughter. She glanced down to his boxers and saw a distinct growing bulge. What the fuck! He had gotten out of his sissy lock somehow! Rage boiled inside of her. Jodi was going to be mad, and she had to make this right.

"Oh! Yeah, sorry. I was just cleaning this morning and got a little caught up... Ha-ha. You know, with Jodi away and everything my sleep schedules been hectic. I fell asleep on the couch," Cam's train of thought drifted away as he saw Amy expose her tanned, slender legs from her skirt.

"You know Cam, I was always attracted to you... You're such a strong older man," Amy licked her lips.

Cam stared with his mouth open. He couldn't move, let alone think clearly. Was this really happening? He didn't know if this was real life. He had crushed on Amy so hard, and now she was seducing him.

He gulped as Amy sauntered over to him and pulled down his boxers. She looked him in the eyes and pulled on his throbbing erection, sending a jolt of pleasure down his spine. Amy grinned as she jacked off her pathetic excuse for an adoptive father. He was naked in the living room, and she was fully clothed, yanking on his dick that hadn't seen freedom in years.

It was all too much for Cam, who was overcome with stimulation. It didn't matter that he had just had sex less than an hour ago, the sight of the delectably sexy Amy set him off like he didn't know was possible. Shivers shook his body as Amy gripped and twisted his member rigorously. She had always seemed so cute and innocent, where did she learn to do something like that? She tugged on the head of his cock, giving Cam a mixture of pain and pleasure.

Cam looked like he'd been shot and no sooner had it started than it was all over. White cum dribbled out of his erection and into Amy's hands. The older man groaned in pleasure. His deepest fantasies were coming true. It felt so fucking good. The sexy college coed pulled once again, finishing off her older man.

Exasperated, Cam collapsed down on the floor. Amy wasn't sure if he was still coming, but she didn't care. She had gotten all of this gross white stuff on her hand, and had nowhere to put it. Ugh, this was disgusting. She knelt down to the floor where Cam lay with his eyes closed, and got an idea. She wiped off the cum into his open mouth, shoving it all in there. Well, it had to go in there, and she couldn't have it on the carpet. Cam made a good garbage can.

"What the fuck?!" Cam tried to ask though a mouth full of thick cum.

But while Cam coughed on his own cum, Amy was already busy tending to his dried up, pathetic little weiner. It was so small after he came! Quickly, she set in place the pink chastity and locked it in place.

Cam instantly felt all of the power leave his muscles. "What? What did you do to me?" he squeaked, terror showing in his eyes.

"It's for your own good," Amy smiled. Don't worry, I'll take care of you now.

Cam boiled over in rage. He clawed at his flaccid penis, but it was too late. He had been locked up, and Amy had the key. He felt betrayed and ashamed. She had tricked him! No, this wasn't right! His heart was crushed as he realized the only reason she jacked him off was to get him into chastity.

"But...how did you know? Why?" Cam whined as he swallowed the last of the cum that had stuck to his throat.

"Oh, you pathetic sissy loser. You really didn't think I knew about your submission to Jodi? All this time, with the teasing, and the walking around naked?" Amy laughed. "She sent me here, to check up on you, and make sure you hadn't escaped your lock," she bit her lip. "Good thing I found you."

Cam's face scrunched up. He was so angry! He had been free, and this bitch had just locked him back up! He wouldn't let her ruin his week. He got up to his knees, and lunged towards her hand which held the key.

He fell short, and crashed into the ground at Amy's feet. Holy shit that had hurt! He winced in pain. Why did everything hurt so much? He was a full grown man, he should've been able to take a little fall on the floor. And why the hell did he fall in the first place? He looked up at Amy, who was disgusted with him. He wanted to grab the key from her, and show her who was boss. He was her superior for christsakes! He had helped raise her! But a tear fell from his cheek. He couldn't stand up.

"Hmmm... Well, Jodi did say this chastity belt did have some interesting properties. Which makes sense, really. I wouldn't be able to control you if you had your normal strength."

With a grin, Amy sat on her adoptive father's chest, pinning him down. "You were a bad boy, weren't you Cam?" she asked. Cam struggled from underneath her, but couldn't get the sexy coed off of him. "No, they were just strippers! I didn't have sex with anyone, I swear," he pleaded.

"Liar!" Amy's open hand caught Cam hard across his cheek. He recoiled in shock.

"The place smelled like Cum the second I came in. Those were prostitutes, and I know it," Amy raised her hand again.

"Ok yes! Fine, I admit it! Just ... please, don't hit me again, and don't tell Jodi. She'll kill me!" Cam begged.

"Oh, we'll see about telling Jodi. But she's not home for another week. For now, you have to do everything I say," Amy spat into the older man's mouth, and pinned down his hands. "Do you understand?"

Cam, exhausted, agreed to her instructions. His cock was still dribbling with cum, and it was torturous to have such a sexy woman on top of him, grinding on his chastity belt. He would have to do what she said, or risk Jodi's wrath.

So when Amy re-emerged from the bedroom with a big adult diaper, he didn't object. In a way, there was something comforting about being in a diaper. He watched with earnest as Amy pulled it up over his chastity belt and tucked him in. As much as he wanted to party, and be free, it was kind of reassuring to know that he wouldn't have to make any decisions for the next week. Amy would take care of that. He gulped. Amy, the sexy nineteen year old brat was

in charge of his life now. Oh god. At least with Jodi he knew what she wanted and how to make her happy. But Amy was totally knew, and surprisingly cruel. Fuck, the strippers were supposed to come back again tomorrow. This was not a good situation.

After reprimanding Cam, Amy spent the rest of the day sunbathing and enjoying herself. She even snapped a couple of nude pictures to send to some studs back in college. Everyone was texting her and asking why she wasn't at the party, but she tried not to get too down on herself. There would be more parties, and more guys lining up to fuck her. She didn't making taking some time to keep Cam in line and help out Jodi. She was still new to dominating the older man that she used to respect, but she had a feeling it was going to be really fun. Part of her really enjoyed seeing him squirm and crawl around like an infant. She was in charge now.

Cam had taken a nap, tired from cumming twice in one day. He hadn't cum that much, and so soon, in years. He hadn't meant to sleep through the whole night, but he did. Something about wearing that diaper had made him so inexplicably tired. It had been a long day for such a pathetic wannabe man.

When he woke up the next day, he was still lying on the ground in the living room, where Amy had left him. Disgruntled, he started calling for his provider. When she didn't come, he cried louder. He crawled on the ground towards her room. Something didn't feel right. There was a warm mass in his diaper and he wanted to get rid of it. It didn't feel bad, necessarily, but it was a new feeling. Amy would know what to do.

He tried to open the door to the master bedroom, where Amy was sleeping, but he couldn't reach the handle. Upset, he sat there for some time and wet his diaper. Had he lost all control of his bodily functions since he had been put in this thing? Ugh! He was supposed to be a real man! This shouldn't be happening to him. But it was, and he couldn't do anything other than wait for Amy to change his diaper.

"It's 7 a.m., what the hell is wrong with you?" Amy asked as she opened the door. "Proper girls have to get their beauty sleep, don't you know that? Go back to bed sissy."

Cam gave her a look of helplessness before Amy understood what he needed.

"Did you wet your diaper? Goddamnit Cam! You're a full grown man! Can't you keep it under control? You fucking loser, I swear to god..." she retreated into the bedroom for to fetch some more diapers.

She came back and helped Cam on the changing table. "This pair is pink, perfect for a stupid faggy like you! Don't you like the pink diapers," Amy asked condescendingly?

Cam didn't respond. He would wear the diapers if it made her happy, but he didn't have to like it. And he didn't care what color the diapers were either. Jodi had been making him wear pink stuff for years, and he was used to it now. Sure, he'd prefer a different color, but he was all but accustomed to his feminization now.

"Hey! Did you hear me you sissy slut? I asked if you liked your pink diapers!" Amy said as she smacked Cam's bottom. He straightened out, wincing in pain.

"Yes, oh yes Amy! Thanks for changing me," he squealed. Oh god, did his voice get higher? He sounded almost like a little girl. Something was happening to him but he didn't know what it was.

"You're welcome loser," Amy said as she teasingly pulled on his chastity before tucking it into his diaper. Cam felt a throb in his cock, but it wasn't trying to expand. In fact, it looked

smaller than ever before, like a large clit. Normally he would react to such a hot girl pulling on his dick, but it wasn't working! Oh god, this was all wrong. He never thought that he would find himself wishing Jodi would come home, but here he was. She was the only hope to stop his feminization.

"Yup, looks like you're turning into a real sissy slut now. No more fake bullshit. Soon, you'll be so girly that we can even unlock you from the chastity! It will be hard to sleep around when you don't even have a dick to fuck with," Amy laughed. "Won't that be great Cammy? That's what you get for cheating on Jodi. Hopefully you've learned your lesson."

Cam gulped, speechless. That was her plan, to totally turn him into a helpless little girl? That was cruel and unusual punishment. He didn't want to be a girl! He was a man and he had to find a way to reverse the process soon!

"Okay now go and be a good sissy and eat your mush for breakfast," Amy rolled Cam off of her and back on to the floor. She expected him to crawl away, but he kept staring at her breasts.

"Oh god... You want breast milk? Jesus christ, you're fucked up. It's only been a day and you already can't help yourself, huh?" Amy said, disgusted.

Cam wasn't sure what he wanted, but once Amy said that it was so clear. Yes! He did want to suck on her breasts. Oh my god, that would be heaven. How had he not known before? It seemed so ... right. It was what he had to do.

"Well, you can try," Amy said, laughing. "At least I know you won't get hard when you do it!"

Amy undid her bra, revealing her firm, pert breasts. Cam leaned in, taking her perfect nipple in his mouth. He suckled on it, and felt like he was at home. Yes, this was where he was supposed to be. He didn't care if Amy was the woman that he helped raise. He didn't care if she was only nineteen. Here breasts were spectacular, and were exactly what he needed.

He tried to feel his clit, but Amy swatted his hand away. To his surprise, he could still not get an erection, even though the superhot coed was half naked in front of him. He felt shame, and embarrassment. He never would've done this yesterday, but his pink diapers had changed his world. And those bad feelings all washed away once the first bit of warm milk entered his mouth.

Cam didn't know how it happened, but Amy was lactating. He didn't care anyways, he was busy enjoying it. It satisfied him in a way he never knew was possible. With white milk dripping down his chin, he came away from Amy's breasts. He was a truly pathetic man. A 45 year old sissy who had just sucked milk out of a nineteen year old's breasts. She patted him on the head and laid him down for a nap. He was thoroughly embarrassed, but he fell asleep with a smile on his face. Amy tucked him in and went on to start her day, like a real adult.

Cam woke up and had a brief moment of clarity. He was naked except for his pink diaper and chastity. What the fuck was he doing? He was a full grown man for christsakes, and he could take care of himself. He had to find a way to survive until Jodi came home. Jodi was relentless and unforgiving, but she wasn't as cruel as Amy. He knew that if he begged hard enough Jodi would restore his manhood. His only hope was to appease Amy. He couldn't piss her off any more or she would punish him. He needed her to let her guard down so he could steal the key from her, or at least placate her until Jodi came home.

He rolled out of bed and glanced up at the clock. Shit! He had almost forgotten. The strippers were supposed to come back again today. Oh god, they couldn't see him like this. If pictures of him dressed in a diaper and otherwise naked found their way to his circle of friends or co-workers, he would be finished.

He gulped as he realized that was the least of his worries. If the strippers came over, Amy would be so pissed at him. She'd interrogate them, or worse, get them to join in on his humiliation. Fuck. He couldn't allow that to happen.

Crawling out of the bedroom, he made his way to the kitchen where he started to search for his phone. Amy had confiscated it, but if he could find it then he could call the strippers and cancel their visit. He was slow, for he could only crawl, but he saw Amy outside, sunbathing again. She was drinking beer and smoking a cigar! Part of Cam wanted to go out there and reprimand her. That was not allowed! Jodi and he had set very stringent rules, and smoking and drinking were definitely not allowed at nineteen years old!

Logic came back to him as he spied the landline phone on the counter above the couch. It wasn't his cell phone, but it would have to do. He made the ascent to the couch and started to look through recent calls in the phone. He hoped he had called the strippers from that phone.

"What the *fuck* do you think you're doing?" Amy slammed the door closed.

Cam turned around to see Amy with a look of desperation on his face. Fuck! He'd been caught. Fear grew within him. He was done-for now.

Amy had a devilish smile on her face as she approached Cam who cowered behind the couch. "Oh, you little slut. Trying to make a phone call? What do you think this is? No. You have to play by my rules," she said as she pulled Cam out by his ear.

"You've been a bad little sissy, do you know that? And do you know what happens do bad sissies?" Amy asked rhetorically. The tone of her voice was like she was talking to a puppy. Cam shook his head.

"They get punished!" Amy slapped him hard across the face.

How could he have been so stupid? Cam truly had been a bad girl. He should've just listened to Amy and done what she'd said. Why did he have to go looking for his phone when he could've just played it cool!

Cam got on all fours, as Amy instructed him to do so. He wasn't sure what was going to happen, but he knew whatever it was, Amy was going to be in control.

He winced in pain as a black leather whip smacked him in the ass. Ow! Shit, Jodi had given Amy access to all of her toys? Oh my god, he was done for. It was worse than he thought. He was so embarrassed. How long did Amy know about his submissiveness to Amy? How long had she been silently mocking him, waiting to take control of him?

As much as it hurt, it also felt good. The whip crashed down again, leaving a big red mark on his back and underneath his diaper. Amy was so sexy, and it felt good to give himself up to her. Afterall, he was just a worthless piece of man. His dick didn't even work anymore. Amy, on the other hand, was stunning and confident. Submitting to her made him feel like everything would be okay in the world. If she was going to turn him into some sort of girly man in a diaper, so be it. As long as he got to drink more from her tits, he would be happy.

Suddenly, Amy appeared in front of him, fully clothed. She was wearing a strap-on, one of Jodi's new ones. Cam felt his asshole pucker. He'd never taken anything that big before. Oh god, Amy was so sexual! Just a couple of days ago he had thought that she was a virgin for

sure. But the way she was working all these sex toys, it was clear that she was no amateur. He wondered how it would feel to take the whole thing in his butt, but was cut-off by having it rammed down his throat.

Amy grabbed him by the hair, and pulled him down onto her thick strap-on cock. He gagged, but Amy kept pushing him down. "Hey, it's your choice," she mocked him. "If I were you, I'd want to get the whole thing lubed up," she said with a twinkle in her eye.

Cam enthusiastically took the plastic dick in his mouth, and shoved it in there deep. He liked taking things in his ass; Jodi had trained him well. But they definitely had to be lubed up first!

"Oh my god, you whore! You love gobbling up cock, don't you!?" Amy laughed at her older man.

Cam took a break. She had just tricked him into sucking a fake dick as much as he could, and he liked it.

"Nice job sissy! Almost as good as me," Amy grinned. "Maybe we should get you some real cock to suck on. I know a couple of big studs that would *love* to put you in your place," Amy laughed and shoved him down on his favorite new toy again.

Cam felt his diaper coming off, and hanging down by his knees. His asshole opened up to accommodate the large girth of Amy's strap on. The sexy, fully-clothed coed fucked her adoptive father deep in his butt. Cam was apprehensive at first, but felt relief and pleasure as Amy thrust for the second time. He had given the brat total control, and he loved it. With each plunge of his asshole, she was in charge. Any pleasure or pain he felt was her doing. It felt so good to give himself up to a higher, sexier power.

But he had been a bad girl, and this was his punishment. Amy slapped him hard on the ass and pulled his hair. Fuck, how had Amy gotten so good at dominating pathetic men from behind? Cam felt so weak, he couldn't resist, and he didn't want to. This was his happy place in life; where he belonged. He felt his clit tingle as Amy took away his arms, and drove his face into the hardwood floor.

It was a new sensation, and it felt so good. It was one he never experienced as a man, when Jodi had punished him. But now, he was turning into a woman and each thrust into his ass elicited a spark though his clit of a penis, and up through his spine.

Pleasure spread through his loins. He couldn't believe that he was being dominated by sexy Amy, the brat the he'd help raise. His legs started to convulse as she continued to pound his sissy ass. She was berating insults at him, things that Cam didn't know where in her vocabulary. But he barely heard her; pleasure jolted through his body as she reached his prostate.

His legs started convulsing, and he moaned effeminately. Amy smacked him on the ass again, and made a comment on how girly he was being. It was true; pleasure was undeniably storming through his man clit. Cam felt so fucking good. He grabbed on to the couch as Amy fucked him mercilessly. It was all so much stimulation. He grated his teeth as an orgasm ripped through his entire body.

Cam's body was twitching, and then shaking as he experienced his first full body orgasm. Amy was magnificent. She had satisfied all of his sissy desires. She pulled out of his ass and left Cam shaking in pleasure on the ground. His asshole was going to need some time to recover from that pounding, but it had been worth it. He was truly a pathetic, sissy little slut,

and he had come to accept it.

He groaned, still cumming. Something leaked a little bit from his clitty cage. Amy diapered him back up, and said something about how she was so proud of him. He was turning into a woman, and had just experienced his first orgasm as a woman. Cam barely heard here. He gazed up at her breasts longingly. He didn't care if he was transforming into a girl, as long as he got to suck on those nice firm titties again. He hoped Jodi never came home.

NEED MORE VICKY?

Wow – 18 stories and you slutty sissies just can't get enough. If you really need more super sexy feminization in your life right now, check out this new reluctant gender swap tale. [“It's Dan's New Life As A Cheerleader”](#) You wish that could be you right now, I know. xoxox – VICKY



Vicky's Spotlight

[Joel's New Life as His Wife's Little Girl](#)

Kate and Joel take a romantic trip to Budapest for their anniversary. But their quest for a change of perspective becomes literal for Joel when a gypsy curses him. As a little girl, he'll have to deal with brushing his hair and painting his nails, all while trying to turn back into a man. But his masculine tendencies and personality slowly disappear, leaving Kate with the daughter she'd always dreamed of having. Will she keep desperately trying to turn Joel back into the man she loved? Or will she give up and seek a new male role model for her precious princess? **BESTSELLER!!!** [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!](#)

[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!](#)

About The Author And New Releases!

Vicky Innes has many more hot sizzling stories available for purchase today! Visit her author page: <http://www.amazon.com/VickyInnes/e/B00PKZCPIA>

If you enjoyed Vicky's story, and have the time to do, please consider leaving an honest review on Amazon!

As a newer author, it would mean the world to her :)

Want to be notified of each release by Vicky Innes?

Join the mailing list at: <http://eepurl.com/8zdcr> No spam, ever. Only pure, sexy stories.

Table of Contents

1. [Cam Walks A Mile In Her Shoes](#)
2. [Brody Becomes A Schoolgirl! \(Part 1\)](#)
3. [Brody Becomes A Schoolgirl! \(Part 2\)](#)
4. [Brody Becomes A Schoolgirl! \(Part 3\)](#)
5. [Jen Feminizes Her Step](#)
6. [Luke's Pink Pacifier](#)
7. [Punished by Gender Swap](#)
8. [Tess Turned Her Husband into A High Priced Call Girl](#)
9. [Gender Swap: All Over His New Face \(Book 1\)](#)
10. [Gender Swap: All Over His New Face \(Book 2\)](#)
11. [Gender Swap: All Over His New Face \(Book 3\)](#)
12. [Swapped and Dominated](#)
13. [Magic Mask Super Feminine Transformation](#)
14. [Gender Swap: The Cuckold Joins In](#)
15. [Tim Turns Into A Sexy Schoolgirl](#)
16. [Femdom: Grant Gets Feminized in Diapers](#)
17. [Zack Becomes A Sissy Schoolgirl \(The Schoolgirl Curse\)](#)
18. [Amy Diapers and Feminizes the Man of the House](#)
19. [Vicky's Spotlight](#)
20. [About The Author and New Releases!](#)