

CORRUPTION TRANSFORMATION

THE
BIMBO
TRANSFORMATION

RAVEN RENGUARD

Jezebel never thought a nerdy, portly girl such as herself would invoke jealousy in others, but when she finds herself at the wrong end of a witch's spell, she realizes just that. As her body changes and her mind turns to nothing but wanton things, Jezebel discovers who transformed her into someone she no longer recognizes. And the new Jezebel decides it's time to teach the girl a lesson in the best way she knows how.

The Bimbo Transformation is a corruption transformation story with a female-to-bimbo transformation.

SONORA STARED ACROSS the library. She seethed with anger. There was Jezebel, the stupid bitch from her chemistry class, surrounded by all the hottest jocks in school. One of them—the school’s star basketball player—leaned over Jezebel, flipping her hair over her shoulder so that he could get a better view of the book she held in front of her. She giggled as he leaned down from his towering height, whispering something next to her ear. Nervously, the girl pushed her glasses back up her nose. Then she slid the book across the table to Jameson, one of the hottest guys in school. Add that recruiters had been eyeing him for months, and Sonora knew that the school’s baseball captain would spend the rest of his life being able to get any girl he wanted. And there she was, the portly, homely Jezebel, surrounded by the sexiest guys in school. They flocked to her and her gentle nature and her unending patience. Every evening at precisely 7 PM, Sonora was forced to watch this disgusting display. Like she was some kind of saint, Jezebel sat herself down at the largest table in the back corner of the library, offering tutoring lessons for anyone on a sports team. Sonora didn’t even think someone like Jezebel followed sports, yet she was determined to do her part to make sure that the jocks’ grades stayed high enough that they weren’t kicked off their teams.

Sonora glared at her so hard, that Jezebel must have sensed her anger, for the girl turned her eyes up from the book in front of her. Her gaze slid across the library and over to where Sonora sat alone in the corner. Jezebel’s eyes blinked nervously, but then she offered Sonora a shy smile. Sonora only glared at her. She hated the girl she’d never met. With her glasses and her too-big shirt that tried to high her massive chest and full ass. Sonora knew what she tried to hide, but she saw through her act. A body like that wasn’t meant to be demure. If only the girl dressed better and got rid of that flabby stomach, she could look better. Sonora shook her head in disgust. She was trying to be pissed at the girl, not dream about how she’d look with a makeover.

The girl’s bashful giggle rang out in the quiet back corner of the library, the sound sending intense anger through Sonora’s body. She came here to study, not socialize with all the hottest guys in school. Sonora wished there was another time she could use the library, but with her school and work schedule, she was all but forced to watch this disgusting display. She hated how smart Jezebel was. So smart that she used her spare time to help others instead of studying for her own classes or going out and partying and getting laid like a normal college girl. Sonora stared back down at her book, at the words and

symbols that meant next to nothing to her. She promised herself then and there that she'd do something about Jezebel. She just didn't know what.

SONORA STOOD IN THE small kitchenette of her dorm room. She stared down at the pot of bubbling liquid on the hot plate. It was Thursday night at 9 PM. All but one of the girls on her floor was out. Probably working their way through their third drink and about to let some strange college boy finger them under the table or fuck them in the parking lot. She knew what went on on Thursdays. It was the universal night to go out on the prowl. She knew the rest of her floor wouldn't be back until at least midnight. She'd have her privacy until then.

The liquid began to bubble up toward the rim of the pot. Sonora tried to even her breath and calm her mind as the words of the chant fell soundlessly from her lips. The liquid continued to rise and Sonora's chant quickened, her mind falling into a trance-like state as she continued with the spell. And then, finally, the liquid fell, the bubbles falling away and the liquid swirling down within the pot like a drain had been opened. She stared forward into its depths. All that was left was a single, solid, crystal-like form. Using a small paper wrap, Sonora pulled the sugared crystal from the pot and wrapped it tightly. Now all she needed to do was to get Jezebel to eat it.

THERE WAS A SINGLE wrapped candy sitting on Jezebel's table in the library. Leaning closer, she realized there was a scrawled note sitting next to it. She'd arrived early for the tutoring sessions. Apprehensively she looked around the silent library. *Was this note really for her?* She was punctual as always. Everyone knew that at 7 PM she sat here at this table. Surely, it couldn't be for her. She picked up the note, examining it closer. The script was quick and messy, indicative of most of the guys that she tutored. *But would one of them have left this?* She read the note again, this time aloud. "A sweet for the sweetest girl I know."

With one last look around the library, seeing nothing save for the same girl who always sat across the room, Jezebel opened the candy and popped it into her mouth. Creamy sweetness covered her tongue. The flavor swirled in her mouth, seeming to overcome her tongue with complex flavors and shifting sensations. Suddenly it dissolved, and Jezebel was left wanting more. She licked her tongue over her lips, desperate to capture a lasting image of the delicious treat. She wondered if the person who left it for her would reveal himself after tutoring tonight. She hurried into her seat, anxious for everyone to arrive. She could feel the sensations of hope swirling inside of her, soon she'd discover what this mysterious treat really was all about.

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JEZEBEL FELT LIKE ALL their eyes were on her, but when she looked up from the book in her hands, everyone was busily at work. But she felt it; she felt watched. *It's all in your head*, she told herself. She was just anxious because one of these guys could be the one who left her the treat. She smiled when Barron looked up from his book. He offered her a smile in return, but no knowing glance passed between them. *Not Barron*, she told herself.

"Jezebel. Jezebel?" Someone was trying to get her attention. She turned her eyes upward to see Damon towering above her. "Hey," he said, his voice deep and rumbling in the quiet space. "Can I ask you a question?"

"Sure!" Jezebel said a bit too loud and a bit too excitedly. She'd startled some of the guys' eyes away from their work. Even the girl across the room stared at her now. "Sure," she said again, this time lowering her voice. *This was it!* her voice squealed in her head. It was Damon. He's the one who left you the treat.

Damon slapped his heavy chemistry book down in front of her and jammed his finger into the open page. "I don't understand this equation," he said.

Jezebel's eyes rolled down from his face to where his finger stabbed into the book. "Chemistry?" she asked, confusedly.

"Ahh, yeah, Jez. You know I've got a big test coming up."

Jezebel could feel her cheeks heat. *It wasn't any of them*, she thought. *No one had left me the candy. And if it wasn't anyone at the table, who was it?*

"Uhh..." Jezebel's voice vibrated out as she tried to make sense of the chemical equation before her. It was one of her favorite subjects, but for some reason, the words and the symbols seemed to swirl on the page before her eyes. She squeezed her eyes shut, wondering if there was something in the candy that was affecting her vision. She opened her eyes. The images settled together. "It's, *umm...*" she tried to pull the information from her mind, but she felt drugged, sedated. She stood up suddenly, scraping her chair across the thin carpet and almost dropping it onto Damon's foot.

"Whoa!" he exclaimed, helping the agitated Jezebel to her feet. "Are you okay? Are you going to be sick?"

"I'm..." Jezebel gripped the sides of her head. The pressure in her skull intensified. Damon grabbed her around her waist as she felt her knees buckle beneath her.

"Fuck," she heard him mumble. She slid down in his arms, her body nothing more than dead weight. His hands slid up under her breasts, and even in her altered state, a flush of heat entered her body where his hands pushed into her skin. The other guys had already stood from the table, and she felt hands all over her body. A hand on her forehead, checking her temperature. A hand peeled back her eyelid. Hands on her waist. A warm body pressed against her breasts.

"Get her to the nursing station," she heard a voice call. She floated, weightless from the ground. Strong arms held her under her breasts, and another set captured her thighs. Jezebel wanted to tell them to just let her here, surrounded by strong hands, by warm bodies. Instead, the next thing she knew, she thumped heavily onto a gurney at the nursing station.

She smelled the alluring scent of a male's cologne, and a set of dark brown eyes stared down at her as he pressed up her eyelid and shined a light at her pupil. Then he flipped to the other eye, shining the light. Jezebel blinked against the spots before her eyes. "Equally reactive," he murmured above her. "What happened?" he asked, turning to the group of jocks that surrounded her.

"She just went out," answered Damon.

"Low blood sugar, perhaps," the nurse said, noting Jezebel's hefty body.

"Nah, I mean, shit, it was before that."

“What do you mean?” asked the nurse as he continued to poke and prod at Jezebel. She wanted to tell him not to slip his hand down inside her v-neck shirt, pressing the cold stethoscope to her bare breast. She felt the warm edge of his finger, and her pussy stirred with a wicked desire. She opened her mouth to tell him to stop, she wasn’t a lustful college girl—but then he sat her upright, hands all over her body as he pressed the stethoscope to her back and listened carefully to her lungs.

She could hear Damon talking, but the words seemed to float in and out of her head in no particular order. “Chemistry. Equation. Smart. Confused. In my arms.”

She felt the flow of oxygen as a tube was pressed into her nose. She sucked in the fresh air. When the nurse spoke, she could make sense of his words. “It’s not abnormal for someone not to understand a chemical equation.”

“Nah, not Jez though. She knows her shit.”

Murmurs of agreement floated around the room.

“She’s our tutor,” somebody said. “She’s the girl that keeps us in line.”

“Will she be okay?” asked another voice. “I need her, man. I’ve got to bring my grade up before playoffs.”

The nurse corralled the agitated men out of the room. She could hear the deep timber of their voices on the other side of the door. After a few more puffs of the fresh oxygen, she was able to pull herself upward on the bed. She pressed her hand to her chest, feeling for the normal thud of her heart. It felt more rapid than she was used to, and she turned her eyes to the side, staring wordlessly at the monitor next to her. The words that came to her made her sad. All the men out there, they worried for her for only one reason, she was the person who helped them with their grades. Nothing more, nothing less. If something happened to her, they’d head over to the student union and sign up for another tutor. Jezebel wouldn’t be missed for long.

She closed her eyes as the nurse walked back into the room. She didn’t want to see the look of pity on his face.

She answered his questions, but by the time her heart resumed its normal beat and her head no longer felt dizzy, he had no reason to hold her. She hadn’t told him about the mysterious candy she ate, she felt stupid and ashamed that she thought it was something special from a secret admirer.

Defeated, Jezebel lugged herself back to her dorm room. She knew the library would long be locked up for the night, and she’d need to collect her belongings from lost and found tomorrow. Surprisingly when she reached her door, she discovered her books, her coat, and even her reading glasses were stacked nicely outside her door. She looked up and down the hall like she

expected the kind stranger to still be around. *It couldn't have been one of the guys, could it?* They wouldn't have been let into an all-women's dorm. *Maybe they'd caught one of the other residents on the bottom floor and asked them to bring it up?*

Jezebel carefully scooped her things off the floor and entered her room. She nodded a curt hello to her roommate before setting her things aside and flopping down onto her bed. She only intended to rest for a moment, but the next thing she knew, her eyes fluttered open to daylight.

JEZEBEL STARED UPWARD from her bottom bunk. She couldn't see her roommate's tell-tale divot in the upper bunk, so she hoped that meant she was alone. Jezebel's body ached, and she wondered if she had indeed fallen to the floor before Damon captured her in his arms.

She sat up, holding onto the sides of her head. Her hair spilled forward, seeming to glow like golden silk in the daylight, but Jezebel didn't notice. The intense pain that entered her guts overwhelmed her. She pressed her palm into her stomach, trying to quell the powerful cramping. She left off a shaky breath as the sensation subsided, and she swung her legs over the side of her bed. She ran her hand back down her abdomen, wondering why it felt flat and less round than normal. Then she remembered that she hadn't eaten since dinner yesterday, and that must be why. She was just less bloated than normal, she told herself. She carefully stood to her feet, pushing her hands under her breasts as she stood. They ached like they did when she started her period, but she knew that wasn't due for a couple of weeks. *It was Damon's arms*, she told herself, rationalizing yet another symptom. He'd hitched her under her breasts when he caught her and then when he helped carry her to the nursing station.

Jezebel was thankful that she didn't have any classes on Friday. At least she'd have the rest of the afternoon to recover. She considered not going to tutoring that night, but then she chastised herself for letting her embarrassment and shame take over. *The guys rely on you*, she reminded herself. Even if you are only useful for keeping them on their teams, you're at least useful for something.

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JEZEBEL STARED DOWN at the food on her fork. She seemed to have lost her appetite. She kept her face down, but tipped her eyes up, looking around the cafeteria. She felt watched. Her heart seemed to thud in her chest and her cheeks felt flushed. Her breasts still pained, and in her mind, everyone knew the pain she felt. *That's ridiculous*, she told herself. *No one is watching you, and no one is staring at your breasts.*

Although Jezebel had always been voluptuous, she always tried to hide it with sensible bras and overly baggy clothes, but today her clothes felt stretched, her ass a bit bigger, her swollen breasts begging to be let free from her top. She pulled at the collar of her shirt. *It's just a bit of a cold*, she told herself. *Maybe a mild fever.* But then her eyes caught the sensual curves of a passing girl, and her hand automatically reached out to her. She stood

suddenly, her fork clattering back down onto her plate. What was wrong with her? The pretty girl turned to her, startled by Jezebel's sudden movements.

"Sorry," she mumbled. Jezebel grabbed her tray and tossed her food in the trash and hurried from the cafeteria and all the sights and the sounds that overwhelmed her senses.

A group of guys passed her as she pushed out through the doors. She caught a whiff of the first one's cologne. It wrapped around her senses, and it was all she could do to not wrap herself around the poor, unsuspecting man. The next one had been to the gym. His scent was warm and musky. Jezebel grabbed her hand as it snaked out to capture him. She spun around, bouncing into the group as she fought her impulses.

She wanted them.

She wanted *all* of them.

She squealed, scaring the guys and sending them staggering back from her. She looked like a mad woman, fighting against her own body—her own mind—as she desperately wanted to rip her clothes from her body and have the men ravage her.

She bounced off the hallway wall, skittering away from the men and out through the front doors of the building. She had to get out of here. Something was wrong with her. Something was very wrong.

JEZEBEL LAY IN HER bottom bunk, her blanket pulled up to just beneath her eyes. She was naked beneath the covers, her skin glistening with dewdrops of sweat. Her breasts heaved, giant breaths coursing through her lungs as she desperately tried to calm herself. She'd hidden in her room all afternoon, too afraid of what was happening to her to be around other people. Her eyes wandered over to her locked door, and to the desk chair that she had propped underneath the doorknob. Her roommate wouldn't be coming home tonight, and she wasn't worried about people trying to get into her room as much as she was worried about getting out. She was afraid to sleep, afraid of what she would do if she lost any more control.

Her slick fingers slipped back into the soft folds of her pussy, desperately trying to satiate the relentless desire coursing through her body. She dove her fingers into her core, deeper, harder, hoping that one last orgasm would rid her of the wicked thoughts in her mind. Jezebel had always been chaste. She stuck to her studies, stuck to her tutoring, and kept her head down on campus. But now she wanted to run through the halls naked. She wanted to press open the thighs of the pretty girls, to slip her tongue deep into their cunts. She wanted the men to grab her, to press their strong hands into her back as they rammed their cocks into her from behind. A soft moan left her lips. She flicked her fingers across her clit, her body shuttering as her head tossed back and another orgasm ripped through her body. She panted heavily, her slick juices dripping down between her thighs. She could control her desires, she told herself as she slipped her fingers back into her wet cunt.

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JEZEBEL'S NIGHT WAS filled with dreams, wicked dreams of desire. She'd dreamed of walking from her room in the middle of the night, her body taut, her breasts full, her ass tightly curved. Her hips swung side to side as she strutted down the dorm hallway, seeking out her prey. It had been quiet; most students were in their dorms. But as she entered the student lounge, she found a man more than willing to meet her desires. He'd fucked her on the couch, her huge breasts swinging, his hips slapping against her fat ass. At first, she'd startled him, walking into the lounge completely naked, but Jezebel's needs were obvious. Orgasm after orgasm had rippled through her body. Yet still, she felt no release. She wanted more, was desperate for more. He'd pressed his hand into her back, pulling on her long hair as he fucked her from behind. It was just the way she'd thought about it, just the way she'd needed him to take her. Her fat

tits swung wildly, each pounding of his cock sending them into motion. Finally, the young man was spent, and Jezebel reluctantly slid her pussy off his cock, and wandered back to her room.

She awoke with a start, a door banging closed in the hall. She blinked the dream from her memory, her heart thudding in her chest. *This isn't me*, she told herself. *What was happening to her?* She pressed her hand against her forehead, desperately hoping to find that she was hot with a fever and that somehow she could rationalize the sensations coursing through her body. She sat up, swinging her legs over the side of her bed. Warm, thick juices slid from her cunt and down into her sheets. Her eyes flickered over to her door, where the chair was pushed aside and the door unlocked. *Let me be hallucinating with fever*, she begged. Anything had to be better than this.

"No," she said, panic rising in her throat. "Please no." Jezebel stood. Thick rivers of cum slipped down her full thighs. "No. No," she said, hurrying into the bathroom. She stared at the girl who stared at her in the mirror. Her golden hair swept across her cheeks which were kissed with a bright pink glow. Her eyes seemed to shine. Her skin glowing. Her eyes drew down to her fat tits. They were pert, standing out full from her chest. She had to touch them, and she ran her hands down over the full flesh, teasing her hands across her nipples and down the swollen mounds.

"Who are you?" she asked the girl in the mirror.

The girl giggled at her, her voice soft and light. Jezebel gasped, covering her mouth with her hand, where another giggle escaped the girl's throat as the thick cum trickled down her legs. It wasn't a dream. It had been real. Jezebel had gone out at night, walking the dorm halls naked, seeking out a man to pleasure her. She'd let him take her out in the open, in the middle of the student lounge. Anyone could have walked by and seen her.

"Stop it!" she snapped at the reflection in the mirror. Jezebel pulled her fingers out from between her legs. She wanted more. It was all that she wanted.

"You can control this," she told her reflection. "You are more than a set of tits and a fat ass and a..." she dipped her fingers into her pussy, teasing across her clit. She panted out a breath. "You're more than a wet pussy too," she told her reflection. "Fuck!" she screamed at the mirror. Desperately she brought herself to orgasm, her hand digging into the countertop as she fingered herself wildly. She gasped, her voice rattling out from her lips. "Get it together," she chastised herself. "You can do this. Get dressed and go down to the student union. You can find someone else to tutor besides a group of hot jocks." She stared back at her reflection. "It's a simple task," she told herself. Jezebel knew she couldn't stay in her room all day. All she wanted to do was finger herself until she trembled. She had to get out of here. The student union would be safe. There

was nothing but nerds working there. And Jezebel could feel it, she'd changed. She wasn't one of them anymore. She was different.

JEZEBEL SHUFFLED DOWN the hall. She'd put on the biggest shirt she owned, but she couldn't help it, when she passed the large pane of windows, she had to take a look. Her ass was full and pert in her leggings, her shirt long but it didn't hide the sensual curves of her body. And her god-dammed hair. It seemed to glisten in the sun like it was spun from silk. What had happened to her? Jezebel stopped, standing in front of the long glass window, staring at her reflection as the other students passed her by. *Maybe she had hit her head when she passed out the other night?*

"Oh shit!" she exclaimed as she moved closer to the glass, staring into her own eyes. "Maybe you're in a coma. Maybe this is a dream?"

Damon sauntered up to her, draping his arm over her shoulders and smiling at her reflection. He gave her a pinch in the side, causing her to squeal and squirm against his side. "Not a dream, sugar lips. You're looking fine."

Jezebel gasped at his forwardness, staring up at his reflection. He gave her a wink before releasing her from his grasp and continuing down the hall.

"What just happened?" she asked herself. And she felt the sudden desire to chase him down the hall and beg him to take her. She could feel her nipples twist beneath her shirt. She shouldn't have left her room. She should have stayed locked behind the door. *Not that that worked last night, you fucking slut.*

She hurried down the hall, trying to outrun her dirty thoughts. She could still feel the boy's cock between her legs, the way it sunk deep into her core. She scrubbed her hands against the sides of her head, forcing her hair to stick out wildly. She paused when she reached the door to the student union. She could hear voices inside. *Was this where Damon headed?* She didn't know if she could control herself if she saw him again. She pressed her ear against the door. She heard a female's voice, and the soft timber of a male's voice, but it didn't sound like anyone she recognized.

Someone behind her cleared their throat.

Jezebel pulled her ear away from the door. Embarrassed, she looked up at the woman.

"Eavesdropping, are we?" The woman crossed her arms over her chest, her eyes slit behind her glasses.

"*Nuh-umm,*" said Jezebel, her voice ringing out shakily. "Just wanted to see if anyone was here." She pushed her way through the door, with the stern woman following along behind her. Jezebel skittered out of the woman's way as she moved past her into the back of the offices. "Hey," she said to the guy at the

front desk, her eyes still turned to the woman as she moved down the hall. "I need a new tutoring assignment."

"Ah," said the guy. "So that's why half the school's jocks made their way through here today."

Jezebel turned her eyes to the guy behind the desk, recognizing him as the head of the student union. "Oh, hey, Jeff," she said with a sigh. His sandy, strawberry hair stood on end, and his glasses were pushed up to rest on the top of his head. Her eyes trailed down his chest to where he had a mess of pens jammed into his shirt pocket. Jezebel wondered if he'd scream for her if she let him fuck her. She squeezed her eyes shut, trying to close off her lascivious thoughts. She thought she needed to hide from the sexy jocks, not from the nerds too. As a big girl herself, Jezebel had always gravitated toward big, strong men, not dainty ones that she could accidentally crush.

She tipped her eyes up to the ceiling as she spoke to Jeff. "I need something—someone... do you like have anyone who requested a last-minute tutor for the night?" What Jezebel really wanted to ask him was if she could sit on his cock and bounce up and down on it until he screamed for mercy. But she hoped that something, anything would distract her for the night, and she could make it through whatever was going on with her.

Jeff eyed her skeptically, but then flipped open his schedule. "I've got one request," he said. "A girl requesting a tutor for the first time. Physics 101. You up for that?"

"Uhh, yeah," Jezebel said. "Physics. A girl. That's great." Her eyes flitted down to his face but then she pretended to occupy herself with a sight across the room.

"Okay," he said, apprehensively. "I've reserved room 216 at the Sloman library." He picked up the phone and Jezebel hurried toward the door. "I'll have her meet you in an hour!" he called after her.

"I'm heading there right now!" yelled Jezebel as she ran from the room.

Jezebel reached the outside, bending over at the waist and panting out a heavy breath. She dug her hand into her side, trying to quell the knot she felt in her ribs. "I can do this," she told herself. Her breath came out heavy, her thoughts on returning to the student union, taking Jeff by surprise, and forcing him to suck on her fat tits. Then she'd sink down to her knees and take his cock in her mouth beneath the desk. She knew he'd cum fast for her. She licked her lips, feeling like she could taste his salty cum already. "What is happening to me?" Jezebel sobbed. The group of girls walking past her gave her a wide berth. Tears poured down her face and her chest heaved with breaths.

She blew out one last shaky breath. "I can control this. I'm fine." She straightened up and pressed her hands down the length of her hair. She jutted out her chin and sauntered off toward the library. Once she was in a familiar place, she would feel herself again. The library was her favorite place. She'd feel better once she got there.

JEZEBEL GOT THE KEY from the front desk and made her way to room 216. Depending on when Jeff reached the girl she was to tutor, Jezebel could have a bit to herself before she arrived. Although she'd aced her physics classes, it had been a couple of years since she'd taken the beginner course. She decided she'd do herself some good and flip through the textbook so that when her tutee got there, they could easily dive right into the lessons.

Jezebel plopped down at the round, center desk, spinning the chair around in a circle before stopping herself next to the table. She flipped open the book and glanced at the chapter headings. She blinked, feeling as if her vision was faltering. The words seemed to swirl haphazardly off the page, the words making no sense to her. She spread her hands out across the pages, smoothing them out and leaning closer to the book. Maybe it was just the dim lighting of the room. Jezebel flipped on the small desk light and pushed the book beneath its bright glare. She leaned over the desk, her breasts pressing heavily against the table. The letters appeared to bounce around the page. She squeezed her eyes shut and then opened them. Bursts of light swirled in her vision.

"No. No. No. This can't be happening." Jezebel shoved the book aside, grabbing one of the student newspapers that were discarded on a shelf. She pressed it down into the light. She read one headline, and then another. At least she could understand something. But when she pulled the textbook back to her, the words continued to be a jumbled mess. *How was she going to tutor someone if she couldn't even read the book?*

Think about something smart, she commanded herself. But all she could think about was fucking. Dirty, dirty fucking. She pressed her hands into the sides of her head, desperately trying to quell the thoughts that were overtaking her brain.

The knob on the door rattled and then someone entered the room. Jezebel looked up with a start. There stood the girl who always studied in the library when she held her tutoring sessions with the athletes.

"You?" the girl exclaimed, startled to see Jezebel in the small study room. She started to backpedal out the door, but something stopped her. She was fascinated by how the girl looked. No longer were her clothes dumpy or her hair unkept around her face. Her body was tight, yet full, her breasts large, her ass barely contained in her leggings. It worked. She couldn't believe how well her spell worked. She wanted to reach out, to touch her, to see if she was real. Her

hand fluttered before her, the long black nails on the tips of her fingers seeming to glow in the overhead light.

Jezebel watched the girl nervously as she seemed to chant beneath her breath. She cocked her head to the side, a sudden thought entering her mind. “You?” she asked.

The girl stepped back suddenly, her back bouncing against the door that had closed at her back. “*Uhhh...*” she stammered out.

“It was you,” Jezebel said. “Wasn’t it? It wasn’t any of the guys. So it had to be you. You’re the only other one who was there every night at the library.”

“I—*uhh...*” The girl’s words stammered out, her fingers floating up to the collar on her neck when Jezebel stepped forward.

“What are you?” she asked. She took in the girl’s long black hair and the heavy collar around her neck. Her eyes ran down the girl’s body and Jezebel could feel the heat of her skin expelled upon her.

The girl pressed her body into the wall. She panted nervously. They were in the far end of the library, in a small private room. They were alone.

“What did you give me?” Jezebel asked. “Was it poison? Some kind of poison?”

The girl shook her head wildly.

“Then what was it? I know it was you, wasn’t it?”

The girl’s eyes widened, the blacks of her pupils seeming to overwhelm her face. “Just a spell,” she said, her voice no louder than a whisper.

Jezebel arched an eyebrow at the girl. “What kind of spell?”

“I—I just—” The girl swallowed, her voice seeming to get stuck in her throat. Jezebel smelled of honey and something else. Some kind of spice wrapped around Sonora’s senses. She wanted to reach out to her, to rub her tits along the length of her body, to feel the curves of her ass beneath her palms. “No,” she said, her voice small. “I just wanted it to stop.”

“Wanted what to stop?” Jezebel said. She stepped closer to the girl, forcing her to drop her hands down from her chest for fear that they’d be pinned between her and Jezebel. She could feel the heat of the girl’s body leaping onto her own.

“You,” Sonora said with a whisper. “I wanted *you* to stop.” When Jezebel didn’t speak, she continued. “I’d sit there in the library, trying to study, but there you would be with your group of jocks.” Sonora swallowed heavily, desperately trying to continue. “I saw the way they looked at you. They worshipped you. You were the one keeping them on their teams, making sure that they passed their tests.”

“And?” Jezebel said.

“I hated it,” the girl spat. “So easy it was for you to understand while I sat there, unable to make sense of anything.”

“And?” Jezebel said, inching her way even closer to the girl.

“I just wanted you to know what it felt like to be a normal girl. One who didn’t always have her head in her books and who would just go out and—” Her voice caught in her throat as Jezebel leaned down to her. She could smell the sweet smell of her hair. She wanted to reach up and touch it, to bring the silk locks to her nose to inhale the girl’s scent.

Jezebel’s lip curled. “You wanted the boys to fuck me? Is that it?” Jezebel tipped her head back, a wicked chuckle leaving her lips. “You wanted me to get my nose out of the books and have the boys fuck me.” Jezebel clicked her tongue, shaking her head at the girl. “Gosh,” she said. “That was just so kind of you. I mean, the boy down at the student lounge in the dorm really appreciated the change in me.”

A hot heat swirled in Sonora’s stomach. Her jealousy had gotten her here, and now Jezebel stared her down.

“Or maybe it was you?” Jezebel accused. “Maybe you were jealous that *you* couldn’t fuck me?”

Sonora’s cheeks flushed bright red, the contrast brilliant against her pale skin. Her pussy thudded. Jezebel’s pert nipples tickled against her tits. She wanted to sink one of them past her lips. She opened her mouth to speak but no words came out. She swallowed. Gasping for a breath like a fish out of water.

“That’s it, isn’t it?” Jezebel said with a wicked smile on her lips. “You could have done something, anything besides sit there and seethe while I tutored every night. Yet, religiously you sat there, watching us. Watching *me*. Weren’t you?”

Sonora’s heart thudded in her chest. Jezebel’s body pressed against her own. She feared that the girl could feel the heat coming off her pussy and could see the throbbing of the veins in her neck. Sonora no longer knew what she felt—no longer knew what she thought. *Had she been jealous of the portly girl, surrounded by all the adoring jocks, or had she really wanted her to herself?*

“I—I don’t know,” she stammered. “I don’t know why I did it.”

Jezebel stepped back from her, lifting her arms over her head and allowing Sonora to admire her new body. “Well, look at me now!” she exclaimed. She tipped her head upward, roaring laughter coming from her lips. “I can’t understand fuck-all about physics but look at me now.”

The laughter died from her lips and she stared at Sonora who still quivered against the closed door. “What are you going to do about this?” she asked the girl. “I mean, I can’t exactly fuck my way to a degree, can I?”

“I don’t—”

“I mean, come on. Do you think I should fuck Mr. Delery?” Jezebel asked, speaking about their middle-aged chemistry teacher.

Sonora shook her head.

“What about the lady down in records? Do you think if I fuck her she’ll change my transcripts?”

Sonora seemed to meld into the wall as she shook her head wildly.

“Well, then, who do you suppose I should fuck to get my degree then?”

Sonora opened her mouth, then quickly closed it. She’d almost said, *me*.

“You want me, don’t you?” Jezebel asked. “You want these huge tits and this fat ass.”

Sonora’s pussy thudded, her mouth drying.

“Is that what it will take to fix this?” Jezebel asked. “If I fuck you will you fix this? Will you change me back?”

Sonora’s arms were wrapped around her stomach, her thoughts swirling. “Do you want to change back?”

Jezebel blinked, her lashes fluttering long and slow against her cheeks. She’d been so caught up in feeling out of control, that she hadn’t paid attention to how powerful she felt. How alluring. How tempting. She could get anything—and anyone—she wanted. And right now, she had her sights on Sonora. The poor girl trembled against the wall, her arms wrapped over her chest, her eyes wide in fear.

Jezebel thought maybe she’d break her.

And then she’d make her beg for more.

JEZEBEL PULLED HER shirt free from her body as she stared down at the naked girl. Sonora sat in the chair, her pale skin naked, her body trembling. Her tits were small and pert, a silver nipple ring adorning the right one. Jezebel couldn't wait to hear her gasp as she rolled her nipple across her tongue.

"So tell me," Jezebel said as she slowly unhooked her bra and allowed her large tits to fall free, "is this what you wanted?"

Sonora's body trembled against the cold, trembled in anticipation. She wanted to reach up to grasp the heavy breasts, but Jezebel had tied her hands to the sides of the chair. Her eyes connected with Jezebel's as Jezebel sunk to her knees before her. She laid her hands softly on Sonora's thighs, spreading open her legs and exposing her pussy to her. Her eyes never left her face as Jezebel sunk her mouth into her soft cunt. Sonora gasped as her tender lips connected with her sensitive core. Her tongue tickled at her mounds, spreading them open. Sonora squirmed wildly, her body overwhelmed with the sensations. She wanted to grip Jezebel's hair, pull her head out from between her legs, but she could not move her arms. She writhed and moaned, Jezebel's tongue pleasuring her already throbbing pussy. She wanted to tell her to stop, but she also wanted to beg her for more.

Jezebel slipped her tongue past the girl's mounds and into the depths of her pussy. She flicked her tongue over the girl's clit, circling the swollen bud with her warm tongue. The girl moaned, her body fighting against the pleasure Jezebel brought to her. The pert nipples on her small breasts hardened and Jezebel reached up, tugging on the nipple that held the silver ring. A tremor released from the girl's lips, her body shaking so hard she could barely remain seated.

Then Jezebel sunk her fingers into the girl's cunt and she moved her lips away from her pussy. She stared up at the girl, her lips wet with pleasure. "Tell me you want it," she commanded her.

Sonora's pussy pounded. She was so close to orgasm that it hurt. She wanted the girl to fuck her, to show her what her careless magic had turned her into. "I'm sorry," Sonora said.

Jezebel slowly slid her fingers in and out of the girl's cunt, her eyes never leaving the girl's face. "And," she said, pausing her movements.

"I've been careless."

Sonora gasped as Jezebel rubbed her thumb into her clit. How she wanted the girl to sink her face back down into her pussy and slip her tongue into her

core.

"I shouldn't have done what I did," Sonora said. With that admission, Jezebel slipped another finger inside of her, spreading her tight pussy around her fingers. "I was bad," Sonora said, desperate for more. She gasped, her head tipping back against the chair. "Oh my," she sighed. She panted out a heavy breath. "I shouldn't have changed you. I shouldn't have been jealous of you. I did it because I wanted you to fuck me!" She practically hollered the last part, her body so desperate for release that she pained. "Please," she begged. "I'm sorry. Punish me for what I've done."

Jezebel's eyes never left the girl's face as she fingered her cunt and teased her clit. The girl's eyes rolled back into her head, but then she desperately looked back into Jezebel's eyes. How she wanted to cum on the girl's face, but she knew she wouldn't let her have what she wanted just yet.

"Will you cum for me now?" Jezebel asked her. Her thumb pressed into the girl's clit, teasing it faster and harder as the girl trembled in the chair, her arms tied behind her back.

"Ooh," the girl moaned. She bit into her lip, desperate to scream yet knowing she'd need to keep her voice down, even in an abandoned part of the library. The girl bounced up and down on the chair, her thighs burning as she sunk her pussy on and off of Jezebel's fingers. Jezebel reached upward, grabbing at the girl's pert breast, flicking her finger across her hard nipple, teasing her higher and higher to her pleasure. A strangled cry left the girl's lips and she came hard, her body bucking wildly as her pussy clamped onto Jezebel's fingers. Her head flung back and she panted out heavy breaths as she continued to cum. But she wanted more. She wanted so much more.

"More," she begged. The words fell from her lips without any thought. She just knew she needed more. Was desperate for more.

"No," Jezebel said, standing. Her tits shone in the bright light, her nipples taut against her smooth skin. "It's my turn now. And I want to cum on your face."

"Yes," the girl said, shaking her head wildly. "Untie me."

Jezebel's lips curled. "You know," she said, "I'm not sure you've proven yourself to me yet."

"Please," the girl begged, her mind seeming to lose all sense of control. "I want you to sit on my face." She shook her head, trying to dislodge the wicked thoughts from her mind. *Where was this coming from? What control did this girl have over her?*

Jezebel grabbed the collar around the girl's neck, and pushing her backward, she slowly lowered her to the floor. Her collar dug into her skin, her eyes watering as her breath stalled. But then the back of her chair rested

against the ground with her arms still tied to the sides. Jezebel smiled a wicked smile and slowly lowered her pants to the ground. She wore a pair of small, silk panties, her full pussy outlined against the thin fabric. Sonora's tongue slipped out from her lips, desperate to taste the girl.

"Are you sure that you're ready for me?" Jezebel asked.

The girl nodded wildly, uncertain of what was in store for her, but desperate to find out.

Jezebel stepped over top of the naked girl. Her thick thighs lowered her down around the girl's head. Her fat tits jiggled as she settled onto her knees. "Make me scream," she told the girl. "Make me scream and maybe then I'll forgive you." Her thighs wrapped around the girl's head, pressing into her ears. She still wore her silk panties, but when Sonora tipped her mouth upward, connecting her warm lips with the outline of Jezebel's cunt, the girl gasped in pleasure.

Sonora swirled her lips over the silk panties, teasing against Jezebel's swollen mounds. Sonora could move nothing but her face, for Jezebel had her pinned to the ground with her body, and her arms were still tied to the chair. But Sonora loved it. She loved the power that Jezebel held over her. She loved the way the big girl squirmed as she teased at her cunt.

"More," Jezebel commanded of the girl. Jezebel pulled the edge of her panties aside, allowing Sonora access to her soft, sweet core. Sonora moaned in pleasure as she sunk her lips into Jezebel's warm cunt. She lapped at her sweet juices, desperate to taste all of her. She slid her tongue inside her pussy, then desperately tipped her head upward, trying to reach the sensitive bud of her clit.

"Give it to me," Sonora begged Jezebel. She wanted to suck the bud into her mouth, wanted to make Jezebel tremble above her. Yet Jezebel wasn't going to give her what she wanted just yet.

Jezebel sunk her weight further down onto Sonora, allowing her to slip her tongue deeper into her cunt. She moaned and slurped at Jezebel's cunt, desperately tasting her, desperately trying to pleasure her. But the she consumed Sonora, her fat ass pressed into her tits as she rocked back, slipping her pussy against the girl's lips. Sonora was at the girl's mercy, and she didn't know if she ever wanted to be anywhere else ever again. It was like Jezebel had cast a spell on her in return. She'd do anything for her.

Sonora gasped in a breath, her warm air panting against Jezebel's cunt. The soft fabric of her panties tickled against her lips, as she desperately tried to explore more of the girl.

She squirmed, trying to release herself, desperate to dig her fingers into the fat tits that swung above her head, but Jezebel refused to let her have more.

Sonora's pussy pounded. She wanted more. So much more.

"Release my hands," she begged Jezebel.

"Lick my cunt," Jezebel said in response. "I want to cum on your face."

"Give me more," Sonora said.

Surprisingly, Jezebel sunk her weight down onto Sonora's face. She tipped her hips forward, allowing Sonora access to the swollen bud of her clit. Sonora gasped in pleasure as she sucked the bud between her lips. She lapped at the sensitive bud, her tongue swirling against her clit.

Jezebel started to moan, her body rocking back and forth over Sonora's head. Her ass cheeks tickled against Sonora's tits, and when she realized how much pleasure it brought to Sonora, she sunk down, grinding against the girl's chest. Sonora sucked in a breath, then plunged her lips back over Jezebel's pussy. Her lips slipped over the moist flesh, her tongue once again seeking out her sensitive clit. Sonora squirmed wildly, the pleasure she brought to Jezebel seeming to transfer into her own body. She was desperate to cum, desperate to feel the trembling of her body beneath the big girl.

Like she could read her mind, Sonora gasped in delight as Jezebel reached back, her fingers sinking into Sonora's wet pussy.

"*Oooh—ohh*," she moaned into Jezebel's cunt. She writhed beneath her, willing the girl to move her fingers faster, to fuck her with her fingers as Sonora licked her cunt.

Her movements became more erratic. Her tongue plunged deeper and deeper inside Jezebel. She tried to concentrate, to focus on the pussy on her lips and not the fingers inside her own pussy. But she was ready to cum. Her body couldn't contain her pleasure any longer. Her hips bucked upward, allowing Jezebel to sink her fingers deeper inside of her. She jerked her hand as Sonora's pussy clamped tight. And then, with a strangled scream, Jezebel's body trembled, her body consuming Sonora's face, the lips of her pussy plunging between Sonora's lips. She convulsed as she came, her slick juices slipping across Sonora's tongue. The two girls trembled as they brought each other to orgasm, the small girl pinned helplessly on the floor. She wanted it again, and then a thousand times after that, but as Jezebel regained her senses, she stood from the floor, her pussy disconnecting from Sonora's lips. Sonora's dark makeup streaked down her cheeks and her lipstick smeared from her lips, but Jezebel looked as pristine as when she entered the room. Sonora's eyes locked on her full tits, her tongue dying to taste one of her full nipples. She wanted to beg, to get down on her knees and wrap her arms around the girl's

legs and beg her to take her with her, to bring her pleasure until her heart burst, and to sit on her face and cum until she could no longer breathe.

Jezebel's lip curled upward as she looked down at the naked girl tied to the chair. She thought maybe she'd learned her lesson, and that she wouldn't be so careless with her magic after this. But as Jezebel slipped her heavy breasts back beneath her shirt, and slipped her silk panties back over her wet pussy, Jezebel wasn't certain if she would be done with the girl just yet. She had an affinity for teaching lessons, that was something she always knew, but now, she'd teach other lessons, and she was wondering *who* would be next on her list.

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PREVIEW – [BODY SWAP COLLECTION #2](#)

IN KINDLE UNLIMITED for a limited time! Featuring 5 body swap stories, plus a bonus body corruption story.

[Mind Meld](#)

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[Demon Girl](#)

MIND-MELD - PREVIEW

BRYON'S LIFE HAS ALWAYS been filled with a side of weird, especially with his father being a scientist. But when he discovers that his father is testing a mind-meld experiment, he finds himself stuck right in the middle of it, when his best friend, Alison, begs him to meld his mind with hers so he can help her out on her first date with the hunky football captain. As their minds become one, Byron feels like he's losing control inside his sexy friend's body. And then with one look at the muscled, naked jock standing before them, he may never leave Alison's body again.

Mind-Meld is a body possession story with a male-mind into female-body transformation. As he's mind-melded in Alison's body, there is M/F explicit play. Mature audiences only.

1 – MIND MELD

“I’M GOING TO DIE,” sobbed Alison. “I’m literally going to die.” Her breath heaved in her chest, her body trembling from nerves.

Byron ran his hand up and down the inconsolable girl’s back, trying to stave off a complete meltdown. “This is a good thing,” he soothed. “Remember, you wanted to move on from that asshole Kensley and start dating again?”

She tipped her head upward, her eyes glistening with tears. “I didn’t think it’d be the football captain that asked me out though!” Her voice squealed out and she blinked her lashes rapidly, trying to quell the rising fervor of her emotions. “I can’t do it,” she said. “I’ve only had one boyfriend, ever.”

“One sucky boyfriend,” Byron grumbled under his breath.

“I don’t know what to do. I have no idea what to do!”

“He’s just a guy, Ali. A normal guy that isn’t any different from me. And you’re with me every day.”

“That’s different,” Alison whined. “I’ve known you since I was seven. You’re practically my twin. I know everything about you. Just like you know everything about me. That’s it!” she suddenly exclaimed. “You need to get to know Josh. Infiltrate the football team.”

Byron blinked his eyes open wide, wondering if his best friend had finally lost her mind. As much as he’d love to be forced to spend time with a bunch of sexy football players, he didn’t think that was the best option for making sure Alison’s date went well. Hell, if Alison wasn’t careful, he’d steal Josh for himself. Not that he’d do that to her, but he was the sexiest guy he’d ever seen in real life. Byron had never been with a guy before, but somewhere around the start of senior year, he’d felt a tingle or two inside of him when somebody tall and muscular walked by. He thought it was just hormones causing him to not think straight, but from the way his cock now tingled after talking about Josh Renbright, he was worried it was more than that.

“Well?” questioned Alison. “Will you do that for me?”

“Ali, honey, you know I’d do anything for you, but I don’t think playing BFF to Josh is going to make your date go any better.”

“You’re right.” Alison dropped her head down into her hands, her blonde hair falling over her face. “It’s hopeless. It wouldn’t matter how much you learned about him; once I saw him in person, I’d forget everything and act like a complete fool.” She sighed dramatically and Byron patted her on her head. He wanted to argue with her that she’d do just fine, but he had witnessed her abysmal performance in their elementary school play. She’d forgotten every

single one of her lines that they'd studied all month. She cried right in front of the entire audience and even though she'd only been eight, the memory still sat at the forefront of her mind. Byron wished he could erase it for her. The last thing he wanted her to have was another experience like that. He could tell from the panic on her face that she'd cancel her date with Josh before the week was up. She wouldn't risk making a fool of herself.

"We'll think of something," Josh soothed, as he ran his hand in circles upon her back. "Don't you worry. I'll take care of everything."

BYRON WOKE WITH A START. He lay motionless in his bed, wondering if he'd been woken from a sound in the house or from something in his dream. He'd been dreaming about Alison and the second grade. They both stood on stage—the bright spotlight blasting into their eyes—and the entire audience laughed at them. Even his own sister pointed and laughed, something he knew she'd never do in real life.

A boom echoed through the house. Byron sat upright, the sound no longer striking fear in his chest now that he was awake. He knew it was a percussion from his father's nuclear diatron machine. He'd been obsessed with his new experiment all week. And actually, Byron couldn't remember the last time he'd seen his father this week.

He slid out of bed, slipping on a pair of shorts and heading down to the kitchen. He stared at the clock on the microwave, realizing that somehow he'd slept until eleven o'clock. He'd stayed up way too late consoling Alison last night. Before he finally left, he instructed her to not make any rash decisions about her date with Josh, and to give him the weekend to try to come up with a plan.

Byron slipped out the kitchen door, two plates piled high with sandwiches and chips. With his dad focused on his newest project in the lab, he couldn't be sure that he'd even bothered to come inside to eat.

Byron knocked quietly on the shed door. He didn't receive a response, so he knocked louder. He grumbled, quite certain his father was just too caught up in his work to hear him knocking. Carefully stacking one plate upon the other, Byron shuffled his way into his father's lab.

"Quick!" He heard his father's voice but didn't see him. "Shut the door or I'll try to escape!"

Byron had no idea what his father was talking about, but he quickly pulled the door to the shed closed. "Dad?" he asked, calling out into the small space.

An orange tabby cat jumped up onto the countertop, startling Byron and almost causing him to drop the plates of food.

"*Shoo*," Byron admonished as the cat tried to get a taste of the tuna fish sandwich he'd made for his father.

"No, it's me," the cat said.

Byron pinched his lips between his teeth, determined not to squeal, but even behind his closed mouth, a high-pitched wail left his throat.

The cat sat down on the counter, silently observing Byron. Then his eyes turned toward the sandwiches, his tail swishing back and forth. Byron slowly pushed one of the plates toward the cat, and it leaped forward, voraciously devouring its meal.

“Thank you,” it mumbled in his father’s voice. Half the sandwich was already gone, and now the cat swatted at the other half, knocking the bread aside, and devouring the meaty insides. “I haven’t eaten in three days,” he said between mouthfuls. “Couldn’t figure out how to work the doorknob with my paws.”

Byron’s body seemed to tremble with some sort of electrical sensation coming from the nuclear diatron machine. It was oddly pleasant. “I know I may regret asking this,” Byron said, “by why is it that you’re a cat?”

Byron reached toward the orange tabby and its ears twitched, before hissing and swatting at his hands. One of its claws caught Byron’s skin, and he pulled his hand back, bleeding.

“You’re going to want to wash that well,” his father the cat said.

“You shouldn’t have scratched me then!” exclaimed Byron.

“That wasn’t me. That was the cat.”

Byron set his plate down on the countertop, slouching down onto a stool. He rubbed his hands across his forehead, trying to make sense of anything coming out of the cat’s mouth.

“Ah,” his father said, noticing his confusion. “I’m not fully cat, and I’m not fully me. We’re mind-melded if you will.” He chuckled to himself, the sight odd as the orange tabby opened its mouth in laughter. “Cats are quite an unpredictable species.”

The cat shifted on the countertop and stretched its back leg up to scratch at his ear. Byron waited in silence, wondering if it was his father who had an itch or the cat. And then the cat began bathing itself, completely ignoring Byron’s presence. Byron turned from the cat as it decided to wash its nether regions, feeling as if he’d never quite look at his father the same again. While the cat continued to bathe, Byron nibbled on his sandwich, assuming that at some point, his father would resume their conversation.

“Ah, yes,” his father said, spitting a chunk of fur from his lips. “My feline counterpart seems quite obsessed with the act of bathing.” His father flicked his tongue in disgust. “Quite an odd pastime.”

“Dad,” Byron huffed out. “Could you please tell me why it is that you’re inside a cat?” Byron looked around the room, uncertain. “And where’s your body? Is it... gone?” His heart suddenly thudded in his chest, not at the thought that his dad had melded his mind with a cat, but that there was a possibility his father would forever *be* a cat and never return to his human body.

"In the closet."

"Huh?" Byron asked.

"My body. It's in the closet," said the cat.

Byron stood slowly, fear coursing through his body as he walked toward the small closet in the corner of the room.

"Careful," the cat called out as Byron's hand rested upon the handle.

Byron slowly opened the door. And there, face slacken, propped up in the corner, was his father's body. "Shit," Byron muttered. It was horribly weird seeing his father's body so lifeless. If he'd come across his body before hearing his father's voice come from the cat, he'd have thought his father was dead. He slowly reached forward, but then decided touching his father's lifeless body would be too creepy to handle.

Byron turned to his cat-dad. "Do I need to do anything to keep it viable? Like water it or some shit?"

The cat shook his head, then took a moment to scratch at its ear. Byron thought that maybe he'd need to check to make sure he didn't have fleas. He squeezed his eyes shut, then opened them. Nope, his father was still a cat. He sighed heavily. "I wish you'd have told me you were going to do this, Dad. I could have come in here and found your body and thought that you'd died."

"I'm planning on reusing that body," his father said. "Please don't dispose of it."

"I'm—" Byron shook his head. "I won't, Dad." Byron wrinkled his nose as he looked around his father's lab. "Do you need anything? How long are you planning on being a cat?"

"Just for the week," his father said. "Could you get me some cat stuff at the store?"

"Yeah," Byron said. "I'll go get you some stuff."

His cat-dad suddenly flopped over, scratching wildly at his neck. "I think I have fleas."

"Yeah," Byron said, morosely. "I'll get you something for that too."

Byron collected the empty plates, careful to pull the door tight behind him so that his father didn't escape the shed. "My life is so fucked up," he muttered to himself as he reentered the house. He'd been hoping to talk to his dad about what he could do to help Alison. His father was always so logical, and while Alison was all emotion, it was nice to have an outside opinion on things. He didn't figure the cat would have any logical love advice though.

After showering and readying for the day, he would call up Alison, figuring a trip to the pet store would distract her mind from her worries, at least for a little

bit.

“HEY,” HE SAID AS SHE slid into the passenger seat of his car.

“Where are we going?” she asked.

“To the pet store,” Byron grumbled.

“Oh! Did your sister get a pet?”

Byron eyed Alison and then pulled away from the curb. “My father’s a cat,” he said.

“Your dad got a cat? That’s weird. I always thought of him as a dog person.”

“Nope. He’s a cat-person all right.”

Alison eyed Byron out of the corner of her eye, certain he had something on his mind that he wasn’t telling her. “Byron?” she asked. “What’s wrong.”

Byron blew out a heavy breath. “My father didn’t *get* a cat. He *turned himself* into a cat.”

Alison gasped, her hand covering her mouth in shock. “He did what?” she exclaimed.

“Yeah,” Byron said morosely. “You heard me right. My father *is* a cat. Well, a partial cat.”

Alison wrinkled her nose in disgust.

“No, no,” Byron said, realizing what she thought, that his dad was half-cat half-man. “He fully looks like a cat, but he’s...” Byron shook his head, wishing for the millionth time that he had a normal father. “He’s melded his mind with a cat.” He turned to look at Alison while he waited for the light to turn green. “Actually, his body—his human body—is pushed into the cabinet in the shed. Just jammed into a corner.”

“Oh, Byron,” Alison said. She reached over to him as far as her seatbelt would allow, wrapping her hands around his neck. “I’m so sorry. That must have been awful.”

The car behind them beeped its horn, and Byron looked up, realizing the light had turned green. He turned into the shopping center, parking in front of the pet store. He stopped the engine and turned to Alison. “It’s like he’s gone off his rocker since mom died,” he said.

Alison reached over, taking Byron’s hand in her own. Although Byron’s mother had passed away years ago, his father still didn’t handle life well without her. Luckily Byron’s sister, Ana, was older, and she took over the role of taking care of both Byron and their father. Alison’s eyes blinked rapidly, sadness on

her face. She'd loved Byron's mom as her own. "He's dealing the best way he knows how, Byron."

"Yeah, I know, really, I do, but this is just over the top. Why would you even want to put your brain into a cat?"

Alison giggled. "He didn't put his brain in there, he just melded their minds. I'm sure he wouldn't have done it if he didn't have a perfectly tested protocol in place for reversing it."

"I know," Byron said. "You're right. I know you're right. It's just... weird."

"There's nothing wrong with weird," Alison said, patting Byron on his arm. "We're all a bit weird in our own way."

Byron chuckled. "That we are." He sighed, pulling his keys from the ignition. "Well, let's go buy my father a litter box."

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