

Purple Lightning: Changing Places (Gender Swap TG)

By FoxFaceStories

When Tayla and Alex, a former college couple whose relationship ended badly, ended up sheltering together due to a strange purple storm, new changes begin to ignite. Thanks to this mysterious storm, they start turning into their own fantasy for the other gender. But with Tayla becoming a powerful alpha male, will the new man try to turn Alex into a devoted bimbo girlfriend?

Purple Lightning: Changing Places

It was a freak storm, one that had come out of nowhere and ripped straight through the holiday resort and hiking trails at the little mountain lake town of Cradle. Tayla Hawkins ran, covering her head while her dark curls whipped about behind her. She was twenty five years old, and had desperately needed a break from her corporate position in marketing, especially since she'd been passed over for a promotion yet again in favour of an inexperienced and incompetent peer whose sole qualification was having a penis. This town, with its lovely hikes, gorgeous lake, and its calming scent of pine forever in the air, was supposed to be the perfect getaway for her. Now, instead, just two days after arriving, the dark-skinned woman was scrambling to find shelter after it had suddenly manifested while she was hiking.

"C'mon! There's meant to be a log cabin this way!"

She slipped over on some mud; the rain was already falling heavily. It hurt, but she managed to right herself and retrace her steps. She just barely managed to catch sight of the cabin and ran towards it. If she'd missed it, the town of Cradle and her holiday resort would have been perhaps an hour away.

"Please don't be locked, please don't be locked!"

Tayla ran, still slipping on the mud a little. Bright purple lightning forked in the sky, utterly unnatural looking, so that even the clouds seemed to bloom with a bright violet colour. She reached the little rest cabin and flung the door open, grateful to find it open, only to immediately be confronted by another hiker: a tall man with dark skin like her own, a well-built figure and neat cornrows. His left arm had a scar down its length that was pale against his black skin, and Tayla remembered that scar well, just like she remembered the person.

"Alex!?" she exclaimed.

The man frowned, and she noticed that his left fist clenched, like the pain from his old wound had just returned. "Tayla. Hey, what the fuck are you doing here?"

“What the fuck are you doing here? I’m - get back and give me some damn room, will you? I’m not leaving my ass out in the rain!”

She barged through, pushing past the man who didn’t easily give way. The door slammed shut behind her, though the howl of the wind was still loud against it. She immediately advanced to the other side of the room, opened a cupboard and found some rolls of absorbent paper to start getting the mud and excess water off of her.

“I see you’re just as gentlemanly as you were when we were dating five years ago,” she muttered.

“Four and a half, actually,” Alex said casually. “But who’s counting, right?”

She folded her arms and raised an eyebrow, giving her ex her sassiest face. “Not me, that’s for sure. All I know is that it’s been four and a half years of freedom from your misogynistic assholery.”

At this, the man scoffed. “Yeah, right. Just ‘cause you were trying to be the man in the relationship. You still on that feminism kick, or did you finally learn how to put on a fucking *skirt* from time to time?”

“Exhibit fucking A,” Tayla said. “I can’t believe I dated you for nearly two years. Cooking your food, cleaning your apartment, giving up my job all so I could treat your manbaby ass and spoonfeed you.”

“Please, you were just being a good woman to me,” Alex boasted. “Besides, I remember you liked the way I made you feel. I didn’t hear no complaints while you were sucking me off.”

“Gross. Straight to me sucking on your dick. You haven’t changed. And you never went down on me.”

“Yeah, because I’m not gay, Tayla.”

She went to say something, only to huff and growl loudly, clenching her fists together in anger. “Jesus Christ! You haven’t changed one bit, have you? What the fuck are you doing here? Are you stalking me?”

At this, Alex chuckled. “I won’t lie, I do miss you, honey. I’d forgotten how pretty you are, even when you’re angry. Especially when you’re angry. Plus, I miss how much you moaned when I touch those fine tits of yours. Just wish you’d get those implants. You’re about the only black girl I’ve seen that has no ass to speak of.”

“Don’t fucking dodge the question!” she yelled, jabbing her finger in his direction, her movements punctuated by a flash of bright purple lightning and the boom of its power mere seconds afterwards. “Why are you here? You *did* know I was here, didn’t you?”

Alex shrugged. “Maybe I did, maybe I didn’t. Maybe I was feeling nostalgic, and you didn’t set your socials as private as you thought when you posted that you were heading this way. Maybe I just wanted to see my old girl and check in on her since she commented that

she 'needed some time to think about the past and what she would have done differently.' And hey, here I am, girl. Falling right into your lovely lap. Hell, I thought I'd lost you on the trail when this freak storm came through, but now you came to me. Almost like we were meant to be, babe."

Tayla felt a fury burn through her that she hadn't felt ever since she'd had to literally *claw* her way free of this man's grip when she'd dumped his disloyal and abusive ass. Well, she liked to think she'd dumped him. The day she finally worked up the nerve and started her speech, he walked out on her and didn't come back. It had shattered her self-esteem.

"You have some fucking nerve, Alex. You were the worst experience of my life. You fucking tried to destroy my business degree enrolment just so I could be your little servant! You just insulted my fucking body and talked about me giving you blowjobs and now you want me back?"

"I didn't insult your body," the man said in a teasing tone. "I said your ass is crazy, Tay. I still remember when you used to shake that booty for me on the dance floor . . . and in the bedroom."

Tayla continued to pout angrily. The storm was still howling outside, but she was almost ready to risk her chances against it, even with the weird purple streaks of energy, if it meant getting away from her ex. He was looking at her with that predatory smile, and it made her quickly get her bag out and pull out her bear mace.

"How about you keep *your* ass on that side of the fucking room, you cheating asshole."

Alex shrugged, then took a seat opposite her, his arms folded casually, his tongue occasionally slithering over his lips. "Yeah, I miss you alright, Tay. This was a good decision, coming up here. Seeing you again. Did I tell you I make good money these days? Real good money. I have a podcast, and-"

"I don't want to hear about your fucking sigma-beta-alpha bullshit podcast," she snapped.

Another shrug, another smile, another wink and another streak of purple lightning, the loud crack of thunder closer than ever. Something in Tayla's stomach churned. She could barely believe she'd once been a naive thing that went along with this playboy. He'd managed to make her so submissive during those two years, so dutiful and pathetic, desperate for his compliments all while he treated her like meat and fucked around behind her back. And now he was back in her life, stalking her.

"Too bad," he finally said after this pause of silence. "I make real good money. Enough that I could give you the life you always deserved, girl."

"I can have that without you. And I don't wanna hear one more word about using it to get fucking breast implants, either."

Which was a shame, because part of her still wanted them. She'd always been self-conscious about her flat chest, especially compared to her prominent backside. Her older sisters and her mother all had bigger boobs, but she only had the ass, which annoyed her. But then Alex had ruined *that* particular desire too; she'd always associate breast augmentation with his endless negging and comments about her chest.

"I want you out of here," she continued. "You follow me around after this, and I *will* call the police. Once this storm is over-"

Suddenly, hell broke loose. Tayla's hair rose up, as did all the minute hairs on her arms and legs. Alex's mouth opened in shock, and in the reflection of his eyes she could see a purple streak growing brighter and brighter. She barely managed to perform a half-turn before the window *exploded* open, a bolt of brilliant violet energy forking out through the room, tendrils of pure purple electricity shooting not just around Tayla but through her and then into Alex. She screamed, as did he, and for a moment she felt something like a connection form between them; an intimate awareness not just of Alex's position but his body as well. Everything he was feeling in that frozen microsecond, every molecule of his body was *her* body as well. She could feel his entire form, from head to toes, even the presence of his genitals, as if they were her own.

And then the moment passed and she was thrown to the floor with a pained cry.

The rest was darkness.

Tayla couldn't have been happier to be given a clean slate of health. For one, she'd been hit with a giant bolt of fucking *lightning*. That had been enough for her to be terrified about her health. But for two, she'd also been stuck in a cabin with goddamn Alex Barkley. That had scared her almost more than the lightning bolt, and it had nearly reset all her progress in the years since she'd dumped him. Or he'd dumped her. God, she hated how much he'd managed to beat her to the punch on that one.

She strode out of the local Cradle hospital, grateful to have nothing wrong with her other than a small burn on the inside of her wrist, one that didn't even require a full bandage. A 'miracle,' she'd been told, and her only true disappointment was learning that Alex had been equally uninjured. He'd been in the bed beside her, separated by a curtain, and his teasing tone had droned on and on while she'd waited for a doctor to check her vitals and her sole injury again.

"I just think you should give me another chance, Tay. I'm not going anywhere, baby. I'm a changed man, and besides, you know I can keep up with you wherever you go. I miss

that ass of yours, and those lips in certain places. Plus, you know I love that loose afro of yours. I love the way it bounces whenever you run.”

She'd said nothing, wanting nothing more than to run away from him. So when her nurse visited, she quietly told the woman that this man was her stalker, and she wanted a different room. They'd moved her quietly away, assessed her quickly, and then, given that she didn't have any evidence to press charges, at least did her the courtesy of promising to hold him longer.

“Getting the fuck out of this lake town,” Tayla told herself as she marched back to her resort. She made her way up to her room, and found that it was no longer peaceful to her, even though nothing had changed. When she opened the window for some much-needed fresh air, the scent of pine seemed to be much more like the scent of Alex Barkley. The woman nearly hyperventilated. It was only when she remembered her breathing exercises from her therapy with Dr Matheson that she was able to calm down.

“Four seconds in, six seconds out . . . four seconds in, six seconds out . . .”

The world became a little clearer. The stench of her horrid ex was no longer quite so thick in the air around her, though it still lingered in her recent memory. She took another set of deep breaths and then noticed something rather odd. Tayla frowned, then moved to the mirror and looked herself over, cupping her chest a little and letting out a sigh of disappointment.

“They feel even *smaller*,” she groaned. “And my hips! Ugh, I thought they looked better than this?”

Even her nice butt looked a little diminished, but she chalked that up to her recent encounter with Alex wrecking her confidence in her body again. She tried to focus on her beautiful black skin, her lovely lips, the way her hair hung in a cute loose afro, though it was shorter than she remembered it being that morning.

“Ugh, he's in my brain!” she suddenly shouted. “Fuck this, I'm getting out of here. Leaving him in my dust.”

She began packing, but she didn't get far, because suddenly she felt a strange pulse in her wrist. She turned it over, and for just a fraction of a second, she could have sworn that she saw a strange purple glow emanating from that little burn. But it passed too quickly to be sure, leaving only a slight impression . . . and an impossible effect.

She couldn't pack her luggage.

It wasn't that Tayla didn't want to; she *physically* couldn't pack her luggage. When she tried, she started unpacking it, as if by compulsion. And at the same time, she felt an even stranger thing occur; a connection that spread to the other side of the lake. She could feel Alex's presence, all of him, just like at the moment of that lightning strike, and she could

feel him feeling her as well, aware of her presence. He was shaking a little, and pushing his chest in, or trying to do so.

“Tay!?” his voice echoed in her mind.

“Alex!?! Get out of my head, asshole!”

“You get out of my head, babydoll! What the fuck are you-”

The connection severed almost as quickly as it had arrived. Tayla was left shocked, yet unable to leave. She tried to pack her things even more hastily again, but the same glow occurred in the corner of her eye, springing from her injured wrist. This one sent her doubling over, and the connection formed again with Alex, who was likewise stumbling about in his own room. She could see through his eyes. He was pushing at his chest, angry with it. He had - he had small breasts! Feminine nipples! His chest hair was gone, and he was groaning in agony as he tried to bind up the evidence.

“You’ve got tits!?” her voice communicated.

“Get out of my head!?! I’m having an allergic reaction! Shit, I can feel you! Why are you g-getting taller!?”

Tayla hadn’t even realised it, she was so caught up in her ex’s sensations. But then she focused back on her own body - one of the *two* her consciousness was currently inhabiting. She was getting taller. Her pants legs were sliding up her ankles, her spine was stretching, her arms were growing out beyond her sleeves. The woman grunted, feeling damn Alex riding her consciousness and experiencing what she was experiencing. The woman groaned, but then her voice cracked and started to sound just that little bit deeper.

“What the actual f-fuck!?! This ain’t h-happening!”

“It can’t be!” Alex intruded into her mind. *“This has gotta be some freaking - agh!”*

She felt his hips stretch wider at the same time as hers pulled in half an inch. She moaned, the sensations strangely pleasurable, and that caused Alex’s nipples to distend and stiffen with arousal.

“You bitch!” Alex screamed mentally. *“You’re affecting me! You’re -”*

Again, the connection severed. Tayla was left panting, her chest rising and falling, her already meagre breasts *definitely* seeming smaller now. She had to be at least three inches higher than she was previously, and her form had lost curves, much to her despair.

“What the hell,” she finally said, *“was that!?”*

Tayla couldn’t leave. When she tried, that thread of connection prevented her, and worst of all it allowed her to feel Alex’s presence across town on the other side of Cradle’s lake. He was in his motel, and it was clear that he was in a panic. The woman had no sympathy for

him, but she was in a panic too; what was happening to her? When she went downstairs to the reception, the woman at the desk, a kindly old spinster named Susan, simply smiled.

“There’s my beautiful tall customer!” she exclaimed.

Tayla paused for a moment. “I’m . . . a bit taller than I was, Susan. Do I look different to you?”

The bespectacled woman smiled sweetly. “Only as beautiful as you were when you arrived! I’m so glad that this strange storm didn’t hurt you. It’s a freak thing, really. Trust me when I say it’s not a regular occurrence.”

“Yeah, I feel that. But . . . I do *look* taller, right? Like three inches taller than when you saw me this morning? I mean, I’m literally too big for my . . . clothes . . .”

Tayla had looked down and seen that her clothes were now perfectly fitted, but her taller height had remained the same. It was as if reality itself had reshaped around her. She looked back up at Susan, who just shrugged.

“Honey, I pegged you at 5’9 when you came in, and I’m pegging you as that now. Are you okay?”

Tayla wasn’t. She returned to her room after making a humorous excuse and then looked through her things. All her clothing fit her new body, as if it always had. It was enough to drive her to madness, and it left her struggling to go to sleep that night, given that she couldn’t leave.

“Please wear off by the morning,” she pleaded to the universe.

But instead, she woke up even further changed. Tayla had experienced a surprisingly sexually charged dream, one where the perfect man was holding her protectively, touching her in all the right places, and finally making her moan in a way that Alex once did. Only this was pure and perfect. It had been beautiful. The perfect man. The perfect specimen for her. The idealised male partner, strong and tall, but not too stocky. Sensitive and soulful, with a handsome well-trimmed goatee and a shaved dome. She’d always liked that look, and it left her licking her lips in the dream.

And screaming when she woke up, because suddenly her hair was all gone. She was bald on top. Totally bald, and with a five-o’clock shadow around her mouth as if she truly was starting to grow a thin black beard. She was taller again, and her breasts were almost gone. Worse, she immediately felt the pulse in her wrist, connecting her directly to Alex’s consciousness.

“Oh God, what the fuck!? This ain’t happening, man! This ain’t happening!”

He was cupping a pair of breasts now. A pair of genuine B-cup breasts, the same as her size had been, was enough to form a thin line of cleavage when he squeezed them together. His body hair was gone, his skin smooth and womanly, and instead of having cornrows he now possessed longer black braids. Female braids, styled in a feminine

manner. He was trying to saw at them with a pair of half-rusted scissors he'd found, and occasionally during his grunting his voice seemed to squeak a little.

"Tayla!? Tay!?"

"Alex! I told you to leave my mind alone!"

"You came to my mind! What the fuck, you don't have tits anymore? Bitch, I told to get tits, not lose what you had!"

"Looks like you're getting the tits, prick!"

She sensed his anger, but also his deep humiliation. It almost made this bizarre, impossible situation worth it.

"Look, peace," he communicated. *"We need to see one another, okay? This ain't natural, and it's clearly that purple lightning shit."*

"Obviously," she replied. *"It connected us, and I ain't happy about that. I can't even leave this freakin' town. I literally can't get away from you, ugh!"*

"Really?"

She detected something in his mind; interest. Opportunity. It made her changed body shiver in discomfort.

"We definitely need to see one another," he said. *"Maybe we can control this. I had this hot dream about you, babe. Or at least a girl who looks like you. Real sexy dream, you know what I'm saying? Maybe that's why I changed. If we can control it, I can get the body of your dreams, girl, and you can have the body you always deserved to have. A body I'd never step out on, I swear."*

"In your dreams, you motherfucker!"

Tayla was so disgusted that she somehow managed to sever the connection, falling backwards onto her ass and cringing at the pain in her tailbone that resulted. Her mind was disentangled, but her body was changed. She experienced a little push, a slight purple glow upon her wrist suggesting another attempt at connection, but she resisted it again.

"Huh. I guess it's a two-way street."

Which made sense given what Alex had suggested. She'd had a sexy dream, and now she'd become a little more like the man in her dreams. When she checked herself out in the mirror, the conclusion was obvious. Her jaw was a little wider, her eyebrows less feminine and defined. She was freakin' *bald*, and had goddamn facial hair. The transforming woman patted her hands over her body.

"Still got my vagina, thank God. Still got my ass, though . . . is it smaller? Hips are. Shit. I think my legs are a little hairy."

Not very, but they were. The woman cringed, pushing back against her tears.

"Okay, positives, Tayla. Don't let him, or this, bring you down. Remember therapy. See the silver linings. Remember the positives. Positive one: Alex is caught in this too, and

he's turning into a woman. Positive two: you're taller now, and a little stronger it seems, so y'all can't be pushed around, girl. And three . . . I guess I feel more powerful too. Just a tetch."

But it was enough, for now at least, to calm the woman down. This was still, somehow, a less horrific experience than having Alex as her boyfriend for two years. If she could survive that, she could survive *this*. She had cried and hated herself for a long time after she dumped Alex/he'd dumped her. Tayla wasn't going to let that happen again.

"Practical responses," she told herself, just like Dr Matheson had said. "What can I affect right now?"

First was getting a shave. The purple lightning had shifted her reality somewhat and taken away many of her makeup supplies, but she still had a shaving kit. Her mind gained peace as she removed the body hair on her legs and arms and chest, and then attended to her face. By the end, she still appeared more manly than she would have liked, but not too bad. Enough to get by.

When she descended down the steps that morning to go get breakfast, Susan waved hello from the reception desk.

"There's my favourite new customer! I love the bald look! Miss the beard though; I thought you said you were growing it out for your holiday!"

"I - uh - had a change of heart! Decided to go more feminine, you know!"

"Ah, all the rage for men these days! I remember when I was younger, men were men and women were women. I can't keep up with it these days, but I suppose that's just growing old, isn't it? It's something to celebrate, change, even if I don't understand it!"

Tayla just smiled and waved goodbye for the morning, then muttered under her breath. "Don't worry, Sue, I don't understand any of it either."

For the rest of the day, she managed to avoid Alex Barkley, and any further transformation. Her wrist still ached, and she could still sense Alex's location, but she did well to avoid him, always staying on the opposite side of the lake while also probing every exit by car or on foot. None worked. Every time she tried to leave, the strange cord keeping her within a certain distance of Alex snapped tight. She swore she could almost see it, sometimes. It was, of course, purple.

"Ain't fair," she muttered under her breath, trying to ignore how her voice was sounding deeper now. "Can't escape him. Can't fucking escape him."

The only thing she could do was keep her distance. Occasionally she felt his cord tug upon hers as he too probed the boundaries of their strange, reality-rewriting connection. But he also advanced closer, and she could always sense his distance closing in, at which point she made sure to manoeuvre herself around the lake, keeping him far away. At one point, a message of his got through into her mind.

"We need to talk, Tay! Don't be stupid. You used to be way smarter up until you left me. I can just take a boat across if I want. So stop being a dumb bitch and come meet me."

She didn't reply, and instead kept her distance further. Perhaps once she would have collapsed beneath his entreaties, but something was more stubborn in her now, even more than it had been before the weird purple lightning storm. Tayla could feel an assertiveness bubbling up inside of her, and when Alex reached out again, she lashed out.

"Shut up, Alex. I'm not seeing you today, so don't reach out to me again, got it? Just stick on your side."

In that moment she felt something amazing; as her mind inhabited both bodies, she could literally experience his willpower diminish, his own confidence crack. Alex, the most overconfident, narcissistic man she'd ever met, suddenly pulled back, assertion giving way to submission.

"F-fine," he communicated. *"Whatever you want. I'll - I'll ask again tomorrow, right?"*

He was true to his word, and no further connection was opened between them, which left Tayla feeling more free even as her body slowly masculinised. Still, as she returned to her room and inspected her changes, she couldn't help but sense a greater power in herself. Perhaps more control than she thought she'd possessed.

This time in the dream, Tayla was the man. She could feel the penis between her legs. She could feel it *harden* as she took in the image of the perfect woman on the bed before her, though the woman was nothing more than a shadowy silhouette, her final appearance not yet defined. Still, Tayla *knew* this person was the one for her. Her dick was hard, her muscles defined and powerful, her form lithe yet impressive. She moved herself up onto the bed to get a better view of her lover, and then, to her shock, saw that the curvaceous shadow had a face she recognised . . .

"Ugh, stupid dream," Tayla muttered as she woke, only for the tiredness of sleep to suddenly vanish. Her voice was different, and her body felt different as well. She quickly got out of bed, trying to ignore that invisible cord still linking her to Alex. He was getting up as well - she could sense his movements - but she pushed him from her mind in order to inspect her changes.

"More of them," she said in shock. "I look mannish. Ugh, I look like I'm definitely becoming a man now!"

Her jaw was more square, and she was now definitely six feet in height. Her muscles were growing, particularly on her arms and legs, and her nipples were now male-sized with little areolas. Her facial hair had regrown with a vengeance, making her definitely look like a

man, though her eyelashes and cheekbones had feminine qualities to them, as did her hips and waist.

“Shit, I look buff,” she said. The woman posed several times, testing her new muscles and enjoying her new height. She knew that she should be freaking out a lot more, but she was very aware now that she was likely as tall as Alex and almost as tough, able to defend herself. And this confidence! This assertiveness! There was a dominant streak seeping into this changing body, and as wrong as it was to be turning into a man, she *liked* it. It was almost enough not to be grossed out by her swollen and expanded clitoris, which could well become a penis in the future if she didn’t find a way to reverse this.

“Gotta shave again,” Tayla said, rubbing her smooth bald head. “And I’d like my damn hair back. But these muscles . . . I could keep these. It’s funny, it’s almost like I’m becoming my own idea of a perfect . . .”

The transforming woman paused, eyes wide and jaws slack as the epiphany hit her.

“Aw hell no! I’m turning into my dreamboat guy!?”

There was no denying it; the bald head, the manly but short goatee, the slim but strong frame, all of it. She was taking on all the traits she thought were hot as hell in the perfect man, and in her dream it had certainly felt like she’d had one massive member as well. As if responding to that very thought, her clitoris throbbed a little, almost like it was growing.

It was at this point that the strange connection between her and Alex re-asserted itself. Well, it *halfway* asserted itself. Tayla could feel that there was something wrong with Alex’s body, but she got the sense that her ex was blocking her out from seeing the full picture.

“I told you, we need to meet now! P-please!”

Please. Please? Please!? Since when did Alex ever say ‘please’, especially in such a pitiful, almost submissive tone? But then again, if Tayla was becoming her own ideal dream guy, then what was Alex becoming?

“Okay, this I’ve *gotta* see,” she murmured to herself.

They met at a cafe of Tayla’s choosing, one with an outside area where they could talk without being easily overheard. It was a warm sunny day, and Tayla could already feel Alex’s agitation and nervousness as she approached, her clothing a little more masculine now; no skirts, just pants, and plenty of button shirts instead of blouses. As she strode forth, she realised that she didn’t feel nervous at all; not one bit. She hadn’t even looked around to see if a man was checking her out or following her, not that they’d be into her by this point.

Instead, she was possessed of a manly confidence, striding forward with long steps down the streets of Cradle without a care in the world.

"This is awesome," she muttered to herself, not even minding the lowering in her voice. "And now, time to see what Alex looks like."

It was not a disappointing sight. Her ex had arrived at the cafe earlier, and Tayla couldn't help but cackle audibly as she saw her self-proclaimed 'alpha male' of an ex. Alex had shrunk several inches and was now below six feet in height. His black hair was now snaking down to his shoulder blades, and was fuller and more styled on top than it had been previously, looped around in a braided bun before descending in separate braids. His face was softer, girlier, and with some very full female lips that were almost in a permanent pout. Even his eyelashes were longer, and he had no facial hair anymore. In fact, his skin was as smooth as a baby's bottom. But that paled compared to what he was wearing and how his body looked: her narcissistic and abusive ex had shrunk considerably in the shoulders, and his muscles were noticeably quite deflated. He was stuck wearing a freaking *pantsuit*. A *woman's* pantsuit, specifically, one that was dark blue with vertical white lines, and it was clear how much this humiliated him. But best of all was the obvious; the breasts that Alex so obviously possessed now. They had grown again, and looked like they were full C-cups, perhaps even small D's. Not that D's were small.

As soon as Tayla started laughing the changing man immediately looked up with a powerful scowl, albeit one that looked shamed and pathetic rather than intimidating as it had once been.

"Don't fucking mock me! This situation ain't fucking right, Tay! We need to talk and get this over with!"

But Tayla just loomed over her ex, smirking at him until he subsided a little, clearly the one who was *really* intimidated.

"C-can you just sit down already, girl? We need to figure out what's going on here!"

"I was thinking of getting a coffee first. You mind standing so I can see those hips and that ass of yours, Alex?"

Tayla was surprised by her own words. They had simply leapt out of her, without any hesitation. It also aroused her a little, seeing Alex like this. Her clitoris throbbed, pulsating with pleasure at the thought of seeing Alex change further. At him becoming the woman in her dream, that gorgeous and curvaceous silhouette.

"I'm not showing you shit, bitch!"

"Do it," she said, voice lowering again.

To her shock, Alex slowly stood, looking utterly nervous and completely ashamed of his actions. He took a step to the side so that the table did not obstruct Tayla's view of his transforming body, and then slowly pivoted. He didn't even meet her eyes directly, fuming as

he looked at the ground like someone who was utterly dominated. Sure enough, his ass was becoming quite the bubblebutt, while his hips had widened. His figure definitely looked female, and would only become moreso.

“Oh, this is fucking wonderful,” Tayla said, finally taking a seat. “You’re finally becoming the hot little piece of ass you always wanted me to be, and I’m becoming the alpha male you *thought* you were.”

“This isn’t a joke!” Alex whined. He cupped his boobs, producing a nice line of cleavage that made Tayla *very* interested. Much more interested than she had ever been in a lovely pair of breasts.

“It’s a pretty funny one,” Tayla quipped. “You know, you seem to be off your game, Alex. I ain’t even heard the word ‘slut’ escape your mouth, and apart from that ‘bitch’ comment, you haven’t even insulted me properly yet. Almost like you’re a little more submissive now that you’re a bit female. So yeah, I find that a little funny.”

“Well, do you find it funny that you’re looking like a fucking man!? Do you find it funny that you might be growing a fucking *dick!*?”

Tayla shouldn’t have. She knew she shouldn’t have. Her life was turning upside down, and yet . . . something about that prospect wasn’t so bad, so long as Alex was on the other side of the equation.

“You wanted to meet,” Tayla said in her low voice. “So what did you want to say?”

“We got this connection, right? We need to use that to turn this around. I tried it on my own this morning, even made my tits smaller, but it didn’t stick. We need to do it together. You’ve found out the same, right babe?”

She hadn’t. She realised she hadn’t even tried that hard. Tayla felt her cheeks go warm, but she kept her face even. What did it say about her that she hadn’t even put in the full mental effort to change back?

“We can maybe even turn this to our advantage, hey?” Alex continued. “Look, you can get that lovely ass of yours back before you lose it, and you can finally get a pair of tits worth talking about, girl. And I can be even stronger, taller, handsomer. The kind of guy that would never cheat on a girl like you, because you’d be my goddess, Tay.”

Tayla narrowed her eyes and clenched her fists beneath the table.

“I’m gonna order and have a think about it.”

Alex had to wait, often shushed into a dutiful silence, as Tayla ate. The changing woman delighted in this, and couldn’t help but check her ex out, loving his humiliation but also finding him very attractive, somehow. Maybe she was into women now? It only made sense with how things were going. Finally, she finished her brunch and took a sip of her OJ.

“Okay, we’ll try it,” she said. “In the park across the street.”

“Fucking finally. You won’t regret it, Tay. I know you won’t.”

“I regret everything with you, Alex.”

They walked to the park. Other couples were there, but Cradle was not a large town, so they found a private space under the shade of some trees. Tayla had already been amused by Alex having to hurry to keep up with her longer strides, and with his frustration at how his breasts bounced.

“These are what you should have,” he muttered in a squeaking voice.

“I don’t know, I rather like them on you, Alex. Or should it be Alexis now? I guess I’ll just be Taylor with an ‘o-r’ at the end of my name.”

“Bitch, don’t even joke about that. C’mon, let’s just do this.”

They focused, and once more that connection rose up between them, their minds joining, and their bodies too, at least in terms of their awareness. Tayla could feel Alex’s shame, his anger, his desire to be a man again. And no doubt he could feel her emotions too, though she wasn’t sure what she even wanted at this stage. It was to become a woman again, surely? Even though for once she wasn’t feeling afraid in his presence.

“I can feel it! I’m giving you something! Give me something in return!”

Tayla did so, just taking something little of herself and passing it to him. They both groaned, and the minute transformation happened.

“Yes!” Alex cheered. “I ain’t got long lashes anymore! And your eyes look hella feminine again. Let’s keep going, Tay. We’re coming home, girl!”

“I - that’s enough for now!”

She severed the connection and swallowed, panting a little from the effort of ending even that tiny change. It had been difficult; their connection *wanting* some kind of transformation to proceed.

“Man, why’d you have to go and do that for, Tay? We could have worked this out!”

But Tayla shook her head. “Not there, not in the park. Come to my room tonight, we’ll fix this up there. Once and for all.”

Alex didn’t look too impressed, but she’d spoken with such clarity and assertion that he backed down, looking rather demure with his feminine expression. “Fine, tonight it is. I’ll be round at six. Be ready to change us back. I want my fucking dick long again, and trust me when I say you’ll be wanting to suck it soon.”

He stormed off in anger. Again, Tayla found her suspicions rising. Alex was many things, but he wasn’t an idiot. Panicking and desperate, yes, but he could be manipulative as hell. It was only his boasting that gave him away.

“You’re up to something,” she whispered to herself. “And I’m gonna figure you out, Alex Barkley. I ain’t afraid of you anymore.”

Her horrid ex turned up at six on the dot. Both were further changed by that point, though only a little. The man's thighs were thicker, his hair still longer, his bust definitely a D-cup. Her clitoris was looking more like a little penis, and two testes were starting to descend. With the hair on her chest and her strong body, Tayla looked more male than female.

"Jesus, can't wait to have what you have," Alex whistled as he entered, now wearing a dress but trying not to show it off. "And you can have these hips, goddamn. Why the fuck am I wearing a dress that shows off so much titty anyway?"

"You know we're becoming our own perfect ideals of the opposite sex, right?" she asked, closing the door for him, as she always had back in the day.

At this, he nodded, confident. "Yeah, makes sense. I figured that out once I started getting all these dreamy curves, and these tits. Don't worry, baby. You'll get them too. And then you can decide if we're gonna be an ultimate couple."

She paused, looking down at him, then slowly nodded. "Uh-huh. Okay, let's do this, then."

Alex chuckled in a feminine manner. "Woman of action, good. You're definitely more like a man now. No pottering around putting on makeup and shit."

"I just want you out of my space."

"Never say never. And this is private. Nice for us to inspect each other when we're done."

She wanted to puke, but also wanted to actually inspect Alex. He was looking mighty fine, and her proto-penis stirred in a strange yet obviously aroused way.

"In your dreams, prick. Let's see if we can open that connection and put all our parts in the right places."

She wasn't even sure if she wanted that, but she needed to make sure of something. Alex was a serpent, which meant that he was confident something could be done if this worked. Tayla didn't like the idea of that.

"So how do we put this all back?" she asked. "I only got a faint idea this morning."

"I tugged on that damn purple cord connecting us. I tried to push some of these stupid bitch parts to you, but they only made it halfway across the cord when I did it on my own. This morning was better with you in the know. Way I figure, you need to take them willingly. Then you can give me the male bits, I'll give you the female bits, and you give me the male bits, and soon I'll be banging the hottest hoe there is, and trust me girl, that'll be you once you see me. You won't be able to resist me."

"Don't make me make you twirl around to show off your ass again."

Alex frowned. "Well, just follow that instruction. I remember you were really good at following instructions, especially on your knees. You remember how hot that was?"

The manipulation became clear to her in that moment, even as the pathway between them opened. Her mind floated between his body and her own, occupying both forms and neither at the exact same time. His own thoughts mingled with hers, and she knew that he was feeling out her strength, testing her understanding. She held back some of it, refusing to let him know that she had seen through his ruse. They were changing places; him becoming the beautiful, curvaceous woman, and her taking on the role of the dominant, assertive man. And if he had his way, then all the female parts he'd send her way would no doubt leave her far more submissive than Alex was already becoming. He was going to turn her into his perfect woman, a lusty, busty slut who couldn't resist being totally devoted to an alpha male asshole like him. She'd be exactly like he had made her all those years ago, only she'd never be able to escape, and he'd reshape her body into that of the ultimate bimbo.

"It's working!" his mind announced. *"I can push all the sexy girl parts to you, and then you can give me my guy parts, Tay. C'mon! We can do this and both be happy!"*

Sure thing, she thought, though she hit that from his mental gaze. He was going to take advantage of this situation. A man who stalked her all the way to the small town of Cradle wasn't going to stop taking advantage of her. She'd never be free of Alex Barkley and his constant attempts to make her his pathetic little pet.

Unless she stopped him.

Unless someone *e/se* became the pet instead.

Like someone who was halfway along that journey already.

Tayla gasped, feeling her muscles recede and her height lessen. Her breasts began to form again, and Alex's own appearance was slowly regaining a male aspect. Her heart beat in her chest as she felt a sense of victory surge in her former boyfriend. It was a smugness she knew well; a vindictive, dominating smugness that relished control, especially over women. Especially over *her*. And in that moment the last kernel hidden in his mind turned over, and she saw the very image of what he was turning into, and what he would be giving her.

The ultimate fantasy bimbo. She was gorgeous, with perfect ebony skin and long black braids and curves that simply wouldn't quit. She had one seriously fat ass, so bouncy and yet firm in all the right ways that you could kill someone with a ricochet if you bounced a quarter off of it. Her tits were big DD's, perhaps even larger, pushing up by a tight crop top that bared her perfectly flat midriff. She wore tight yoga shorts that revealed all her proportions and showed off her thick, perfect thighs. But it was her face that made Tayla most frightened of all. The expression was dim and stupid, vacant and sex-obsessed. The woman was rubbing her thighs together, pouting like a goldfish, and the woman started licking those luscious lips and moaning, slowly lowering herself to her knees so that she could suck on her master's cock. That very word, 'master', was deeply rooted in her mind.

Not just part of her personality, but her directive as well. Alex's ideal woman was a horny, busty, curvaceous and libidinous female who was helpless but to follow her male master's wishes. She was the ultimate bimbo slut, just like someone as awful as Alex would desire.

"You know the funny thing, Alex?" Tayla communicated to him as the transfer began to halt.

"Hey! What are you doing? Keep it coming, girl!"

"What's funny is . . . that perfect slut you want me to be? That sounds pretty hot to a guy like me now too."

And with that, she suddenly *pushed* back against him, overwhelming his mind and reversing the changes that had just taken place.

"Tay! Tay! Girl, what are you doing? My tits are growing again!"

"Making you into your perfect girl, Alex. You know what? I can handle being a guy, especially if I can turn the tables on an asshole like you. Let's finish this transformation early, the way it was meant to be!"

She flooded him with femaleness, then reached out with her mind to seize his testosterone, his strength, his male prowess. She grew more confident, and his own willpower waned.

"You can't! I'll - I'll stop you! You can't do this if I don't agree!"

"Then do what I say, girl," she taunted. *"Give me what I want, and I'll give you what you need, my sexy curvy babe. Grow that ass and those tits for me. You know you want to."*

Alex's mind called out in anger and defiance.

"The fuck is this, Tay? You ain't gonna be a man! I'm the man. I'm gonna be YOUR man. So grow your fucking tits and start looking pretty for me, baby!"

He tried to push his femaleness back to her, but she easily obstructed his will in a way that she had never been able to do before, blocking his every attempt.

"No, time for you to get your tits, Alex. And a nice wet pussy for me. And luscious lips, and an hourglass figure, and a mind that hungers for me and to do everything I want. I ain't your girl anymore, but you sure as hell are gonna be mine! So go ahead, change! I'm ordering you to! Your BOYFRIEND is telling his girl what to do, ALEXIS, so are you gonna do it or what?"

"I - no! Fuck you, bitch! I'm not!"

"Keep changing! Be a girl! I told you already, and the man is in charge in this relationship, Alexis. You're my woman, my beautiful bimbo, and your ass is mine. So CHANGE."

The man before her was crying, tears rolling down his cheeks. He hugged his body, but his will shattered, his submissive nature already too strong for him to resist when compared to her expanded confidence. He let down his guard for a moment, but a moment

was all it took to revert his changes and then some, and then his guard could never be up again.

“Oh f-fuck!” he cried out, his voice that of a gorgeous black woman’s, complete with a sultry husky quality in it. “N-no! You can’t! Ohhhhhhhh!”

All of her femaleness poured into him at the same time as he was emptied of his maleness. It poured into Tayla, who moaned in ecstasy as her body finally made its final transition. Her height increased, limbs extending outwards at the same time as her spine grew.

“Yesss! Oh God, that’s f-fucking fantastic! I can’t wait to t-take it all, Alexis!”

“N-no!” her ex cried, but already his body was completing its change. The connection between them still existed, and so Tayla experienced the very moment that his penis finally pulled back inside of his body and left him with a wet and very aroused vagina. “Ohhhh, my d-dick! You can’t, like, take my dick! Why am I talking like some bimbo slut!?”

“Because you’re going to be one,” Tayla said, sighing with relief as her balls formed and her clitoris swelled into a full-size and very, very large penis. Her clothes altered with the change, becoming impressive male attire that showed off his muscles and his tall, lithe form. “Hell yeah! I can see what you were raging about with all that alpha male bullshit, Alexis! I feel great!”

“You can’t - ohhhh! M-my tits! My body! I’m, like, getting really f-fucking curvy! Please, I’ll d-do anything, Tayla!”

Indeed, the new woman’s body was changing rapidly, taking on curves that were so killer that Tayla was already becoming incredibly erect, his new dick straining his pants very noticeably. Her breasts were large round globes, her ass round and squeezable, and her hourglass figure was off the charts, with wide breedable hips that almost made Tayla want to complete her ex’s punishment and get her knocked up *hard*.

“Mhmmm!” the woman moaned, her clothing turning into a tight pink cocktail dress that showed off her devastating figure. Her lips were now permanently pouty, makeup adorning her face to show what a fashionista and total bimbo she was. Her mind emptied of higher thought, her intelligence and ability to manipulate others drained away and given to Tayla, who already knew that he would do a lot more good in the world with such talents.

“No! You can’t t-take my brain! I’m a huge success! I don’t c-care how sexy you are! You’re m-meant to be my girl, not the other way around! I’m not your bimbo slut! I’m n-not gonna f-fuck your . . . your big . . . your big, sexy dick. Ohhhh . . . so hard and big . . .”

She literally began to salivate, and it made Tayla’s new balls tense with arousal, producing sperm that he never imagined he would ever possess. He was easily 6’3 in height now, compared to Alexis, who was left as merely 5’5. He stepped towards her, and the woman failed to back up. That connection was still there, though with the completion of their

change, the new man no longer possessed a mental link, for which he was almost a little disappointed. Tayla would have enjoyed feeling the ex-man's humiliation. She was already surveying her own body, cupping her breasts and moaning, then looking up at Tayla and swallowing.

"Y-you - you made me into this! Like, how do I change back!?"

"You don't," Tayla said, though he had a sense that he was Taylor, now. Just like Alex was actually Alexis. "Just like I'm not changing back either. And while I was looking forward to leaving you like this and jetting out, it seems we're still stuck together for life, so I ain't gonna be able to leave you and find a new life in another state. But maybe I shouldn't even try. Maybe . . . this is just what was meant to be."

Alex licked her lips. She was rubbing her thighs together. It was obvious she was heavily aroused; her nipples were so stiff with sexual desire that they were pressing noticeably against the fabric of her pink bimbo dress.

"Wh-what was meant to be? I - I don't understand! My mind is all confused, Tay! I hate you! You bitch! You're making me soooooo fucking turned on here!"

"Exactly," Taylor said, leaning down and whispering in the sexy woman's ear. "You were right all along, Alex. I was fighting it for years, but we *should* have gotten back together. We just needed to change places to make it work. Now, I'll have all the power, and you'll be the sweet woman under *my* control."

She quivered and moaned. Her face betrayed humiliation and shame, but also an intense and powerful flush of libidinous pleasure.

"I - please don't treat me like I treat you! I swear, g-girl, I didn't mean nothing by it all!"

"Oh, don't worry. I'll treat you better than you ever did me. That's a promise, Alexis. But you might remember that the one thing we were really good at was fucking. That's what you bragged about the other day, wasn't it? So let's put it to the test and see if we're still compatible."

Alexis was about to protest, but then Taylor unbuckled her trousers and then dropped them to the ground, along with his underwear, revealing his enormous black dick that was literally throbbing. He bit his lip as he looked Alexis up and down, including those beautiful tits and that amazing ass of hers.

"You gonna say no to this?" he taunted, gesturing to his new package.

"Oh - oh God. S-so big. So f-fucking hot!"

To her credit, Alexis managed to last five whole seconds before she was all over the man. Her face went through all five stages of grief until she looked upon Taylor's amazing member once more, and then acceptance settled in.

"F-fuck it!" she cried, literally leaping into his arms and gripping his waist with her thick thighs. "This bimbo body, like, needs you in meeeee! I hate it but I neeeeeed it!"

They groped and squeezed and made out with one another. Tayla revelled in this; he'd never felt so much power in his life, or such dominance. He caressed Alexis' breasts and chuckled at the way his horrid ex moaned in arousal. She was the perfect woman, and now that the two had changed places, a whole world of possibilities opened up in the new man's mind. He no longer needed to be afraid, no longer needed breaks for his mental health or to deal with his fears of the past. No, now *this* woman was in *his* control, and he was pressing all of her buttons. She was too much of a sex-crazed bimbo to ever hurt him again, totally devoted to him whether she liked it or not. They made it onto the bed, tearing off one another's clothes and continuing to make out. He kissed her neck and lowered a hand to rub her new clit.

"Ahhhh! F-fuck you! But f-first, fuck me! I, like, really need you inside meeee!"

She widened her legs, presenting her wet pussy to him. Taylor couldn't believe how big his new dick was, and he found that he couldn't wait to use it. He licked and sucked upon Alexis' nipples, driving her more wild, even as she begged him to fuck her again and again. But Taylor held off, forcing his new girlfriend to wait. It was a minor punishment before the main event, but one that was totally deserved. Alexis had planned to make him a submissive cock holster. Well, he would never do that to Alexis. Taylor would never be that cruel, not even for revenge. But he would enjoy having her as a dutiful bimbo, and perhaps even one day she'd come around to her new existence.

The first step was letting her learn to love it. He thrust into her, sliding his cock deep into her passage. Alexis squealed, biting her lip to try and stop herself from crying out in bliss and then failing anyway. He began to thrust into her, slowly at first and then gaining speed.

"I c-can't believe I w-want this! We were m-meant to be together! I knew it!"

Alexis wailed. "But n-not like this! Ohhhhhh, don't stop! Fuck me, I hate how much I love thisssss!"

"That's my girl," Taylor teased, and then he started to squeeze her large left breast before fucking her even harder. He shifted positions, lowering himself to kiss her passionately and grip her magnificent ass at the same time. "Cum for me. Like I used to cum for you, Alexis. Cum even harder than that. We're gonna do it right this time, you and me. We ain't gonna split up. Not with you as my loyal girl. Ain't that right?"

"Ohhhh!" she cried, delirious with each thrust. "Y-yes! Yes! YESSSSSS, TAYLOR! OHHHHH!!!"

The new woman's eyes rolled into the back of her head as she was hit by her first female orgasm, and Tayla was quick on her heels. His balls tensed, his dick throbbed inside her new girlfriend's wet tunnel, and then she roared like a lion as an entire river of semen erupted from her cock, ejaculating deeply into Alex's pussy. It caused the woman to cry out again, clinging to Taylor like the new man was a liferaft in the middle of a roiling ocean. Her

fingernails raked down his back, and her lovely thugs gripped him. The pair shared a passionate kiss, moaning into one another's mouths, and still the pleasure went on and on and on, until finally Taylor collapsed onto Alexis, completely spent, his head rested on the former male's ample bosom, which was wet with a sheen of sweat from the sheer excitement of their coital action.

"That was fucking incredible," Taylor said. "I'm glad that purple lightning hit us, Alexis. You're gonna be my horny girl for life now."

Alexis moaned and bit her lip. "L-like, I really need that. Ohhhh, this ain't right, but I really need to be your girl, Taylor! I need to be your perfect girl forever!"

At this, Taylor just grinned, feeling the woman's beautiful black hair before running his fingers down her perfect curves. In just ten minutes, he predicted they'd be going at it again, and Alexis' new life as a woman and devoted girlfriend and future wife would truly begin..

"You know what, Alexis?" Taylor said. "I'm so glad you and I could patch things up."

The End