

# **SISSIES LEARNING TO BE**

**FEMININE**

**VICKY INNES**

# **Sissies Learning To Be Feminine**

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## **Table of Contents**

1. [Cam Walks A Mile In Her Shoes](#)
2. [Tess Turned Her Husband Into A High Priced Call Girl](#)
3. [Brody Becomes A Schoolgirl!](#)
4. [Vicky's Spotlight](#)
5. [About the Author](#)

## Sneak Peek – Brody Becomes A Schoolgirl!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Brody accepted her rules half-heartedly. It didn’t appear that he had many other choices. He desperately wanted to become a man again, and it seemed like the only way to do that was by appeasing his wife. He would put up with her games for a short while, how hard could it be? He knew Ally better than anyone, and she would crack once her girlfriends asked where Brody was or a neighbor asked who the sexy blonde was that lived with her now. She simply didn’t

have it in her to be downright cruel for any extended period of time. By the end of the weekend he would be back in his normal body and he'd be at work on Monday.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

until someone at work realized he was missing. He had to get back at her somehow.

**Later...**

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## Cam Walks a Mile In Her Shoes

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Oh, I just wanted to show you the new underwear I bought," Lindsay said as she walked

back into the living room, holding a pair of lacy pink panties.

Cam got aroused instantly. He wasn't sure if it was because Lindsay looked amazing or because she was talking about something sexual, but it didn't matter. Dating a supermodel meant he was aroused almost constantly.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Cam's mouth hung open.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Cam sat up and looked at his beautiful girlfriend. It was true, he'd been cheating on her.

That must've been why she slipped him that pill last night. It had to have been some sort of magical hormone thingy. He felt his chest. Oh god, was he growing breasts?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Cam wasn’t sure what exactly to expect. Men held the door for him as they entered the boutique, upscale shopping center. The muscular dudes were not shy about gazing up and

down his tight body. Suddenly, Cam wished he had worn something that was more concealing. He wasn't used to getting that kind of attention everywhere he went. He felt so weak in his new body, both emotionally and physically. All he knew was that he was willing to do whatever it took to re-gain his male body back.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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He didn't even get to go home. Lindsay explained that the show started promptly at 7 p.m., and he needed to be there three hours early. When pressed for details, she didn't say much. Only that Cam had better do everything asked of him if he wanted to change back into a man again.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Cam slowly tried to deep throat the cock, working his way down the shaft and breathing

through his nose. He suppressed his gag reflex, and dragged his thick, lipstick covered lips closer and closer to the base of Greg's dick. Wow! He couldn't believe it, he actually did it! Proud of himself, he looked up at Greg and batted his eyelashes. He felt the cock rumble in the back of his throat. Tee-hee, Greg really liked that, he could see it in his face. He bet that he could make this cock cum pretty soon if he tried.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“There’s a male show, after we’re done,” the girl replied, visibly judging Cam.

“Oh...” Cam’s train of thought drifted as he lost himself in the muscular frames of the two bodybuilders wearing tight underwear. This wasn’t fair. His sleek pussy hummed along, desperate for action. How was he supposed to concentrate like this?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

He could see it in the mirror, he was a true supermodel.

For a second, Cam thought about being a man. He almost had second thoughts, but it was so hard with these thick dicks right in front of him. He knew, deep down, that he was a man and that he shouldn't be sucking cock. But he was so overcome with lust when presented with these two muscular studs.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

With two huge men behind him, Cam was screaming for joy. They smacked his ass, causing him to jump. Yes! Abuse me like that! He loved it. One guy grabbed his hair from behind, pulling him up. Cam felt helpless, and hornier than he'd ever been in his life. Usually,

as a man, he'd always dictated the sex. But now, these guys were in control and it felt so good.

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

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

"You were great out there!" Lindsay beamed. – *the end* - See Vicky's [entire catalog](#) now!

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

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

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

## Tess Turned Her Husband Into A High Priced Call Girl

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"I'm fine, fine," George rolled over. He was so ashamed of himself. He could barely look his wife in the eye.

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

said, aghast.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

He racked his mind for answers but was too tired and beat up. There had to be some way he could go back and undo what he did. He knew he was an idiot, but he still felt sorry for himself. One stupid night had ruined his marriage and his life. He drifted off into an uncomfortable sleep.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

George couldn’t believe it! He didn’t want to be a woman; he wasn’t a woman! And now he was supposed to take orders from Tess? And what the hell did she mean about being an escort? He wanted to punch his wife, and throw things at her. But she was so much stronger than him. There was nothing he could do. A sense of helplessness washed over George as tears slipped from his eyes. He had never cried as a man, but he was just so emotional now. He

couldn't control it. His transformation hadn't only made him girly on the outside; he had female hormones making him all weepy and feminine.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

But he took a quick step and stumbled. He would've fallen down if Tess didn't grab his arm. "I'm here for you honey," she said. The gorgeous blonde fixed his dress and got ready to

try again. He took a smaller step this time, just a couple of inches. “Good!” his wife cooed. George kept going. This wasn’t so bad after all! Truth be told, he had secretly wanted to try wearing heels for some time, but his feet were always bigger than Tess’. But now he had heels of his own! And they were so stunning.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

George relaxed as Taz massaged his upper back. The large hands of a man felt so right on his tender feminine body. His hands were so strong and big, he could cover the width of George's entire shoulders. George's pussy squirmed in the lingerie he was wearing under his

dress. He wondered what those magic hands could do to the spot between his knees that was humming insatiably.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

breath. But Taz pushed him from behind, and George took the rest of Horatio's giant cock down his throat. He gagged, but Taz kept him there. He could hear Horatio moaning in pleasure above him. At first he tried to pull away from the cock in panic, but then he realized that gagging on Horatio's massive dick was actually making him even more wet. Something about being abused, in his mouth, or his ass, just turned him on so much. There was nothing better than knowing that this big stud needed him all the way down on his fat dick.

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

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

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

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

Horatio withdrew and entered him slowly again. It was every bit as pleasurable as the first thrust. Again, he felt himself expanding. He wondered how he had lived his life so far without a pussy to fill up with big dicks. He was more satisfied and content now than he'd ever been in his whole life. Horatio filled him completely, and made him whole again. Taz was holding his luscious blonde hair and thrusting diligently into George's sexy mouth. He could hear Taz groan happily as the powerful older man fucked his throat. He was being used like a sexy toy, and George loved it. There was nothing better than for his holes to be filled up repeatedly by these two giant studs.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Taz kept pumping away at his pussy as George moaned and continued to cum. Suddenly, George saw Tess in front of him with a devious smile on her face.

"I can come in her mouth, right?" Taz asked?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## Brody Becomes A Schoolgirl!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Brody loosened his tie as he stepped out of his car. His erection was already building as he walked towards the strip club. When he wasn't fucking younger woman, he still liked to watch them do their thing. It was art, in his opinion. Nothing was better than a couple of cold beers and beautiful woman prancing around half naked. Lap dances were his salvation from a bitchy

boss and a wife who was never satisfied.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Hungover in the morning, Brody slouched off the bed, but it seemed like the drop to the floor was a little bit higher than it usually was. He confusedly made his way to washroom and took his boxers off to start peeing. What happened next would've made Brody have a heart attack if he hadn't been so groggy and hungover. He tried to grab his cock and start peeing, but there was nothing there! His reliable, meaty member was replaced by a sleek nothingness. His

hand grazed over his new pussy as his mouth hung open in shock. No! It couldn't be! What the hell happened to him? This was impossible.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Brody's mind spun. No, this was all wrong. It wasn't supposed to be like this. He was the man of the house, and he did what he wanted. "I... I... No. I won't do it! This is crazy!

You're crazy! Change me back, right now. I mean it," Brody pouted. To an outside observer, it would've looked like a college aged girl was having a temper tantrum and fighting with her mother. There were no signs of the power play that was truly going on.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

But at least the men smiled. The women glared at him with contempt as he unpacked his textbooks from his fancy designer bag. He was undoubtedly one the hottest girls in the room, and they were all jealous of them. Oh god, this was going to be worse than he thought. This was going to be torture.

He introduced himself as Brienne to the two girls he sat beside, Mandy and Elaine. They

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

It was all too much. Brody's emotions boiled over and he could feel himself getting teary-eyed again. It didn't matter; none of it mattered. He was a man, really, and shouldn't care about what those bitches thought about him. But his new body didn't listen to reason. He had to get out of there, out of that room and away from those horrible girls. He gathered his things into his purse quickly, and hiding his face, made a beeline for the door. He could still hear their snickering as he ran out of the classroom.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Brody caught his breath. Holy shit! That had been so hot. He'd never been picked up like that before. He couldn't believe Trevor was that strong. It seemed like he had moved him so effortlessly. The tension in Brody's body built again as Trevor got on his knees and started kissing Brody's legs. Goddamnit, he wanted to be touched on his clit so badly. Moaning, Brody

threw his head back like his wife used to do. Giving into his feminization felt dirty and incredibly hot. He breathed in sharply with each kiss as Trevor slowly worked his way upwards to Brody's naughty box.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Brody's heart sank. No, no, no! That was going to be bad news. The last thing he needed was Ally sticking her nose in everything he did. When he was a man, he barely told her what'd been up to or who he'd been hanging out with. He didn't want her to get her hands over everything in his life.

Dejected, Brody tiptoed out of the gym. To his surprise, he looked up and saw a window filled with mostly male faces. His jaw dropped. Oh my god, how many people had seen him

and Trevor hooking up? Good thing they didn't actually have sex or he would've been known as the biggest slut in town! He saw Trevor up there, high fiving some friends. He knew he shouldn't care, but Brody was embarrassed. Trevor was probably boasting about how much of a ladies man he was, and how stupid Brody was. Goddamnit, he didn't want to be just another conquest for some asshole jock. He lowered his head and tried to get the hell out of there.

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

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

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

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

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

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

To top off his make-over, Brody enlisted his wife to straighten his blonde hair. He knew that he couldn't do it every day, because that would damage it, but he wanted to look hot today. And he did. He nearly got wet just looking at himself in the mirror. He looked like he was older than eighteen – he could've easily passed as being in his early twenties. He joked to

Ally that maybe he would go to a bar after school for some fun, but was met with a serious look. His mother explained that there was to be exactly no alcohol consumed by him until he was twenty-one. Brody laughed. A beautiful girl like him would find a way.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Brody cringed. Why were girls so mean?

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

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

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

"What a loser," Maddy chimed in. Brody wasn't sure if she was talking about him or Trevor. Maddy made a face like she was sucking and choking on cock, mocking Brody for his promiscuity. Elaine laughed heartedly. "What a pathetic cum slut. Well at least it looks like you've dressed the part more today," Elaine raised an eyebrow at all the skin Brody was showing.

Brody wanted to cry again. It seemed like there was nothing he could do to avoid being

ridiculed by these sassy bitches. Self-consciously, he pulled down his blouse to avoid showing so much of sexy toned mid-section. He fixed his hair. Ally had been teaching him how to do proper ponytails and braids. It was simple stuff, but it helped. Deep down, he knew he was beautiful. He didn't care what stupid Elaine and Maddy said. It was almost lunchtime; the day would be half over soon.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Brody held back the hood of his clit and gave it a couple of flicks. He gasped like he had been shot. He didn't remember the last time he was this horny, this was crazy. He touched himself and thought of Trevor's muscular shoulders and Mr. Daley's ridiculously toned

forearms. Ugh. He wished he could see Mr. Daley fucking Trevor. That would be hot. He sucked on his fingers again, but he wished it was a cock. Where was Trevor when he needed him? He would do anything to devour that stud's meaty member right now.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

smiled, admiring his natural beauty and perfect teeth. He didn't even need to make-up to look like a hot babe.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Yes! Yes I do," Brody begged.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

But his newfound lust was so intrusive! Brody lay on his stomach and got wet while thinking about Mr. Daley taking him from behind. God, he was so strong. That man would fuck him ruthlessly and slam his head repeatedly into the sun chair. He could feel himself wetting his new bikini. He tried to move around on top of the chair, stimulating his clit. He was humping slowly like a truly pathetic sissy slut. He didn't know if it would work, but it did! Fuck, it felt good. Brody had no doubt that he could come from his make-shift grinding. He was so sensitive and it didn't take a lot for him to cum.

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

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

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

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

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

“You want a cock? I’ll give you a cock, you pathetic loser,” his wife taunted him.

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

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

“Repeat after me,” Ally started. “Proper young ladies don’t touch themselves,” she said.

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

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

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

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

“What, did you think I was going to lick your clit and make you cum?” laughed Ally. “No, this is your punishment sweetie. You should’ve been a good girl.

Brody clenched the couch with both hands as Ally entered him from behind. His eyes rolled back into his skull as she slowly entered him, expanding his tight asshole. When Brody thought it was all the way in, it kept going. He sucked in air when he remembered to breathe, surprised

at how much cock his ass could take. Slowly, Ally withdrew from inside of him, before slamming it in hard again.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

He was getting better at putting make-up on. He knew now how not to apply too much. Or rather, he still applied the same amount, but it looked like he had less on. It was a valuable skill, and he was still learning. This morning, he even experimented with some eye-liner. It was dazzling really, it made his eyes pop! To top it all off, he donned a white bow on his head. Ally had picked him out for him on their shopping trip, and it was super cute. The bow stayed on as

he twirled in the bathroom, his long blonde hair flowing behind him. It really tied together his whole schoolgirl look. He flashed his perfect white teeth in the mirror, happy that his ability to accessorize himself was improving. He grabbed the new cell phone that Ally had bought for him and was ready for class.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

They exchanged phone numbers, and Brody sauntered off confidently. All the ladies in the school were desperate to hook up with Trevor and he was actually going to make it happen! He didn't care what Elaine and Maddy thought. He was way hotter and better than those nasty bitches anyways.

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Nothing could bring Brody down for the rest of the day. He felt like a million bucks. Sure,

he missed the advantages that came with being an older man, but being a schoolgirl was incredibly fun, even though it was new and scary. He had just been asked out by the hottest stud in the school! Sure, he didn't have many girlfriends but life was still exciting and sexy.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Brody wanted to rage and punch his wife. She couldn't do this to him! But they would see it as a schoolgirl's angst, and only punish him more. There were two of them, and they were so much stronger than him. He wanted to yell and scream, and tell Mr. Daley what was really going on. He had to tell the truth! But nothing came out of his mouth. The girly part of his brain took over as he noticed Mr. Daley's growing bulge.

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

The two older adults beamed at him profusely.

“See, I told you she’d make friends,” Mr. Daley said as he raised his glass again.

“Oh my god! That’s great honey!” Ally’s eyes twinkled.

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## BOOK 2

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

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

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

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

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

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

Brody licked his lips and flipped his long hair behind his head. He was supposed to be doing homework but couldn't stop thinking about cock. He withdrew his hand and pulled up his jean

shorts as he heard the two older adults come up the stairs. He opened up his closet and pretended to be picking out an outfit for tomorrow. Since his transformation, Ally had bought him a whole new wardrobe. The guestroom had been entirely re-done with pink décor and girly posters and pictures of hot men lined the walls. It was like he was and always had been a true woman.

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

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

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

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

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

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

But Brody couldn't cum from touching himself. Exhausted, he slumped down onto his neatly made bed. His thoughts were all tangled up and confused. He hated his wife for cheating on him but was envious of her at the same time. He wanted to become a man and reclaim his old life, but not as much as he needed to get some cock. It was the only way he could achieve orgasm. He nodded off to sleep, dreaming of cock as his wife came again in the other room.

She was so lucky to have such an attentive stud for a lover.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Ally drove Brody to the dance, and gave him advice for hooking up with guys on the way. Brody was mostly worried about the dancing. He had never danced before as a man! And

everyone would be looking at him on the dancefloor, and expecting him to be a good dancer. He tuned Ally out; he knew how to kiss a guy! He just didn't know how to fit in and dance like a hot slutty woman. But he was excited to try! Deep down, he knew that he would fit in and Trevor would love his tight little ass bouncing up and down on the dance floor.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Brody had enough. He shrieked, and in a fit of rage he pushed Elaine away from him. His

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

When Mr. Daley turned his back and picked up the phone, Brody hiked up his dress and felt his sopping wet pussy. He didn't care if Ally found out that he tried to seduce Mr. Daley, it couldn't make anything worse. He was already going to get in so much trouble for pushing

Elaine. He didn't have a chance at Trevor's cock tonight, and he needed a strong cock so badly.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Brody had never dreamt of cock as a man, but now it felt so good to have one in his mouth. He edged it deeper and deeper into the back of his throat, his red lips pressing against

the shaft. His pussy was wet and warm. Brody was dripping in anticipation. He could hardly wait to get this big meaty member inside of him. It was going to feel so fucking good.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Mr. Daley grabbed Brody's hair from behind, and Brody felt a rush of pleasure in his loins. His legs jolted with electricity as he started to cum hard on the older man's thick cock. He moaned loudly and effeminately, as his girly body took over and started convulsing. Still, Mr. Daley continued to pound him from behind.

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

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



## BOOK 3

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

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

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

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

So yes, his first school dance had been a success. He had originally wanted to fuck Mr. Daley to get back at Ally for taking a new lover. Well that, and the insatiable eighteen year old feminine hormones coursing through his body that made him wet just thinking about cock. But that had been secondary reason, he told himself. Other than a good excuse to explore his body, he had fucked Mr. Daley to gain some leverage on his wife. He needed to turn back into a man, and appeasing Ally wasn't getting him anywhere, especially with her myriad of rules. He

hoped that by fucking her new boyfriend it gave him an extra card to play, a bartering chip to use in his quest to gain back his manhood.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"WHAT?" Ally almost spit out her coffee.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

She traced a finger along his neck, still standing behind him. “Or maybe I’ll do something really cruel... Do you think Trevor would still like you if you were four hundred pounds heavier? I wonder what the girls at school would have to say,” she laughed.

Brody cringed. Life as an undeniably sexy schoolgirl was a challenge, but he couldn’t

imagine what it would be like to be obese. The insults the other girls would throw at him would be horrendous. Instantly, he would become even more of an outcast than he already was at school.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Good,” Ally said.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Finally, he applied just a hint of flowery perfume, and straightened his hair. His clit was still

tingling in his panties. It was a lot of work to look as good he looked, but it was going to be worth it. Men were going to be falling over him for a chance to talk to him. He would have his pick of big, reliable strong cocks.

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

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

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

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

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

Ally was looking forward to her new mother-daughter relationship with him. Shopping, trying on clothes, gossiping about boys. It was all going to be so much fun once Brody really accepted his new body. With any luck he would also accept Mr. Daley being his new father figure. Ally licked her lips. It would be nice to have a real man around the house. He certainly wasn't afraid to punish Brody if he got out of line.

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

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

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### THE SCHOOLGIRL CURSE



#### **Zack Becomes A Sissy Schoolgirl! (The Schoolgirl Curse)**

Zack's been a bad, bad boy, and if he ever wants a chance at regaining his masculinity, he'll have to go along with *everything* Victoria says. That means attending class, assisting the muscular Mr. Dawyer, and ensuring the football team is always comfortable. But Zack finds being a schoolgirl harder than he ever could've imagined. He'll have to make friends, navigate the life of a student, and do it all as a sexy, blonde bombshell. Will Zack submit and learn to love his new super feminine body? Or will he resist and cause Victoria to punish him even more? [\*\*Read now!\*\*](#)

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Jon drunkenly relates to his beautiful wife, Taylor, that he's ashamed he's never been able to fully satisfy her. Secretly, he's always fantasized about her being taken by a strong black bull. The next day, he regrets what he said, but not before his body starts transforming. Taylor reveals that the more turned on he gets watching her with her new lover, the faster his change into a sexy woman will happen. Will Jon fully transform into an insatiable, lust filled woman and be totally humiliated by his wife and her lover? Or will he stave off his transformation and demand that his wife stop flirting with her stud? [\*\*Read Now!\*\*](#)

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Rebecca is tired of Grant slouching around the house watching TV and making a mess. She's had enough and decides that if her husband wants to act like a loser, then she'll treat him like one. But simply wearing diapers and a blonde wig aren't enough punishment for him. Rebecca will take him out in public, spank, and humiliate him until he learns his lesson. Will Grant be good or will Rebecca need to punish him from behind? [\*\*Read Now!\*\*](#)

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When his wife is out of town and forgets to lock him up in chastity, Cam goes wild and throws a massive party. He didn't expect his adopted brat, Amy, to come home from college and find him surrounded by strippers. Luckily, Amy came home with a little pink cage in case he was being bad. She pretends to seduce him and even puts him in diapers to make sure he's totally submissive and docile. The sexy nineteen year old coed assumes total control of his sissification, and life. But Cam deserves a lot more punishment than that... [\*\*Read Now!\*\*](#)

## GENDER SWAPPED AND DOMINATED



### [Gender Swapped And Dominated](#)

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

## GENDER SWAP ALL OVER HIS NEW FACE



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

*Good morning Samantha, my new girlfriend! I hope you're enjoying your new body, asshole. Sleeping with my best friend was the last straw and now it's time for you to walk a mile in my heels. If you ever want to have your party boy lifestyle back again, you need to*

*fuck 25 men before next Sunday. That's right darling, pucker up. I hope you enjoy being slammed into by the hordes of disgusting douchebags on campus. And that's not all. Every single one of them has to cum on your beautiful new face, or else it doesn't count. Remember when you wouldn't kiss me after cumming in my mouth? Hehe :) Sounds like you're gonna be a busy little slut. Love ya babe – Andrea xoxo*

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

### [Luke's Pink Pacifier](#)

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

### [Jen Feminizes her Step](#)

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

[Read Now!](#)

### [Punished By Gender Swap](#)

Matt's newest secretary, Lisa, has plans to enact revenge on him for his systematic harassment of all the hot women in the office. Matt first shrinks between his legs and finds himself growing breasts. But he deserves much worse than that for what he's done. By the end of his slow transformation, he'll be a sex crazy slut with a need to be filled in all of his tight new holes. Lisa will make sure that he gets absolutely dominated and degraded by a group of his former business executives. Reluctantly, Matt will have to come to terms with the fact that he's been humiliated and turned into a helpless, feminized little whore. [Read Now!](#)

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

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

### [Under His Spell](#)

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

## About The Author And New Releases!

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